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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1513.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886.

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*A reproduction of* TIEPOLO'S *picture of*

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"

*is accompanied by an article by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886

## THE EX-SOLDIERS AND THE NEW YORK REFORM LAW.

THE civil service law of New York provides that persons who have been honorably discharged from the army or navy shall not be disqualified from holding any position because of age or physical disability, except of a kind which incapacitates them for the proper discharge of the duties of the position sought, and that such persons shall be preferred for appointment over other persons of equal standing as ascertained under the act. What is the preference here intended? This question has become an important one. Last year the EARL bill sought to relieve such persons of any examination whatever. The object was evident. It was to nullify the law and to enable bosses to secure the appointment of favorites. Had it passed, few capable persons would have cared to enter into a competition the result of which could be at once set aside in favor of an ex-soldier or ex-sailor, without regard to other considerations. The EARL bill was [illegible] immense vote in the Assembly, but by [illegible] it was defeated in the Senate. During the summer the State Commission was called upon to interpret the preference for which the law provided, and it held that the phrase equal standing applied not to all persons who pass the minimum, but to those at the head of the list who are certified for appointment. That is to say, the preference given to the soldier is, first, his relief from the requirement of age; second, from that of physical ability; and third, that if, with these advantages, he appears among the three certified as highest, he shall be selected.

This degree of preference is not acceptable to the Veteran Association, and it will present a bill providing in substance that if ex-soldiers and sailors pass the minimum at the examination, they shall be certified before all others. The advantage secured to them will thus be freedom from the requirements of age and ability, and precedence of all other persons upon the eligible list. That is to say, the bill substitutes for ex-soldiers and sailors, as against other applicants, a pass examination for a competitive examination. With the utmost desire to do all just honor to the veterans, and to favor them in every fair way, but holding in view the principle and the purpose of reform, this proposition seems to us to be open to two serious objections. First, the method of ascertaining equal standing under the act is competition, and it is conceded that to require merely a pass examination is really to annul competition, because the principle of a competitive examination is strictly to find the most proficient, and that principle is modified in the State law so far as to apply to the three most proficient. A pass examination differs from a competitive examination in this, that it requires candidates to pass a certain line or minimum, and makes all who pass eligible. The objection to it is that when passing a minimum and not approaching the maximum is the essential requirement, there is a constant and resistless tendency to lower the minimum until it becomes merely a form and really excludes nobody. It is true that it is proposed to certify the ex-soldiers and sailors in the order of their standing, beginning with the highest, but if there should be fifty persons who pass a minimum of 65, and one of them should be a soldier who stands at the foot of the list, say at 65, he would take precedence of all the forty-nine whose standing ranges from 65 to 100.

In point of fact the proportion of applicants who are ex-soldiers and sailors is large, and their standing as a class is higher than that of others. This fact, shown from the official records, disposes of the assertion that the law at present discriminates against them. The modification of the law in the manner proposed, therefore, would tend to exclude others, however admirably qualified, from the public service. The second consequence and objection is that the relaxation of the principle to favor a particular class would greatly facilitate its relaxation to favor other classes. The argument that there is no other such class is sound, but it does not meet the objection, because the claim of each class is different. But once establish the precedent that there are claims not arising from the technical or other character of the service which may properly set aside the competitive principle, and the first step, which is the most difficult, is taken toward the overthrow of the law. This is the obvious and fair view of the proposition from the principle of reform. It is exceedingly unjust to say that it shows hostility to the veterans. When a law has been passed in plain obedience to a strong and wholly non-partisan public conviction to reform great abuses in the public service, and a proposition is made to abandon its essential safeguard in gratitude to a most honorable and meritorious class of citizens, the complete reply is that their unquestionable deserts ought certainly to be rewarded, but in some other way than by weakening necessary and useful laws to aid them.

## THE NEW RULES.

THE new rules were adopted by the House by an immense majority. The vote was 227 to 70, and there were but 27 members absent. An analysis of the vote shows that of the 227 ayes, 126 were Democrats, and 101 Republicans; and of the 70 nays, 42 were Democrats, and 28 Republicans. The change was therefore effected by Republican votes. So far as it will facilitate the transaction of business, the change will be approved. But the distribution of the duties of the Appropriation Committee among many committees is a change which—as Mr. McKINLEY said is "admitted all over"—will stimulate extravagance. The true view was strongly urged upon Republicans by Mr. LONG, of Massachusetts, and Mr. McKINLEY, of Ohio, and the votes of these gentlemen, with those of Mr. PHELPS, of New Jersey, and a few others in opposition to the scheme, represent the better Republican view.

The Republican aid in effecting the change can hardly have been due to any conviction that it would facilitate the transaction of business, or that it would tend to promote economy in expenditure. It was undoubtedly designed, as was stated last week, to foment [illegible] in the Democratic camp. Mr. RANDALL and Mr. MORRISON are rival chiefs, and they are both very positive men. The position that Mr. RANDALL has held and still holds in his party, and the zeal with which he led the opposition to the change, make his overwhelming defeat a signal humiliation. The details of the vote show the division of party sentiment upon a question which, among its other aspects, presents the rivalry of the Speaker and the ex-Speaker. And such an event at the opening of the session will not produce the utmost harmony in the Democratic councils. Indeed, the Republican minority is much more favorably situated than the majority for a party contest. It has not the responsibility of legislation, and it is largely harmonious. Its leaders are Mr. REED, of Maine, Mr. HISCOCK, of New York, and the three gentlemen already mentioned, Messrs. LONG, McKINLEY, and PHELPS. Their personal differences, whatever they may be, will not interfere with unity of party action, and the long habit of mastery gives the minority a fortunate self-confidence.

But that the Republicans have acted wisely in aiding Mr. MORRISON and the Speaker to humiliate Mr. RANDALL has yet to appear. It is not a happy time for mere party tactics to widen a Democratic breach, because the country cares nothing for such a game, however skillfully played, but cares very much for increased expenditure. Should this prove to be the result, the analysis of the vote shows that the Republicans will have made it possible, and they will not be able to hold the Democrats to account. If, again, the Republican purpose was to prevent a surplus by promoting extravagance, and so defeat any plan for reducing the revenue, the course was equally mistaken. It is not an argument for popular support of a party that the party policy requires public extravagance and vast expenditure. If, again, the Republican object had been to simplify the rules so that the majority could have its way more easily, and, having more rope, hang itself more speedily, that object could have been attained without the distribution of appropriations. The change has been ratified by the Republicans, who have assumed the responsibility for the consequences, which will be awaited with interest, and the Republican action will not be forgotten in future political campaigns.

## IN THE SENATE.

THE order of the Senate that all nominations shall be printed in the *Record* is an admirable one, and it would be of great public service if the condition first laid down in the Brooklyn rules of Mayor LOW, that recommendatory letters might be published at the discretion of the appointing power, should be made the basis of general practice. Every man ought to be willing that it should be known that he has recommended a particular person for public employment. It is not a private affair. He is asking to have his neighbor's business, as a member of the community, intrusted to a certain agent, and his neighbors have a right to know who has urged the appointment. The letter is a matter involving the public welfare, and the public has a right to know. Were such a rule adopted, the number of recommendations would be greatly reduced, for every man would consider carefully before writing. Those who sign every petition, and write for every one who asks for a letter, would be relieved of a very onerous task.

The bill introduced by Senator HAMPTON, making it a penal offense for members of Congress to act as office brokers, will hardly pass. But it has a very strong support in public opinion. Senators are said to have smiled when it was presented. But every Senator who attempts to influence nominations upon which he is officially to pass invites corrupt collusion with the Executive. Presumably his sense of honor forbids such interference. If it does not, he could not be expected to vote for a bill which his own conduct makes necessary. The extraordinary confusion of mind which the organized abuse of patronage has produced is well illustrated by the reported conduct of Mr. O'DONNELL, a Representative from Michigan, who called upon the Postmaster-General and "insisted that it was a right of a member of Congress to inspect the papers regarding offices in his district"; and if not a right, then an immemorial usage. The Constitution and common sense carefully separate the legislative and the executive authority, and give a Representative no more right to interfere with appointments than to command the army or navy. It is merely an immemorial abuse.

The case is very different with Senators. They are constitutional participants in appointments. This fact, which makes their recommendation and solicitation with the Executive a gross impropriety, authorizes them to require complete knowledge of the circumstances when they are asked to consent to removals. The President, indeed, may reply that he acts upon his responsibility, but the Senate may decline merely to register his wishes. It is very characteristic of the frank and direct methods of President CLEVELAND that he is reported to have communicated to the Senate in response to its request his reasons for suspending an officer, and to have invited Republican Senators to apprise him of any real objections to an appointment which might be known to them. The President, more than any conspicuous public man, has the courage of his opinions, and he would not hesitate to state the reasons of a public act to those who, in his judgment, have the right to inquire. His conduct in this respect is another title to the confidence of the country. Meanwhile if the Senate should inquire carefully into the character and fitness of nominations, as is reported to be its intention, it would do no more than its duty. But with such an inquiry party opinion has no concern, and as the rejection of a nomination under such circumstances would necessarily leave a stigma upon the reputation of the rejected person, the Senate is morally bound to exercise the utmost care.

## MR. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

MR. GLADSTONE'S position upon the Irish question is the subject of profound and universal interest in England, and apparently it involves the integrity of the Liberal party. What his precise position actually is, however, is not yet known. In the midst of the amazement and excitement he published a statement that he was "bound to none of the ideas respecting home rule for Ireland" recently announced in his name. The peculiar phraseology may have meant not that the ideas attributed to him were not entertained by him, but that he was not bound to them, not unalterably committed to them. The *Spectator*, one of his ablest, most constant, and most reasonable friends and supporters, deplores the general plan which he was said to favor, and argued that it led necessarily to the disintegration of the empire. Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposal, as reported and understood, is an Irish Parliament empowered to legislate upon Irish affairs, but with guarantees for the unity of the empire, the authority of the crown, and the supremacy of Parliament.

The details of the scheme are, of course, conjectural. The important point would be the definition of the two Parliamentary powers. If the Irish Legislature may act without revision of its action, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament would be very seriously abridged. To say that it will have the same kind of authority as Congress is to forget that Congress never had the absolute authority over any State which Parliament holds over Ireland. There might be, indeed, a concession of certain parts of its supremacy, but that would be a surrender, and, so far, an abandonment of the existing imperial authority. It is not easy to see how an arrangement which leaves the unity of the empire, the authority of the crown, and the supremacy of Parliament untouched could be acceptable to the Irish leaders. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand how they are to be satisfied, except by some substantial concession of the

kind. There are most serious considerations in every aspect of the question. Thus the obligations of the government to the minority in Ireland can not be overlooked. Are they to be abandoned to the pleasure of the nationalists? Must not an actual Irish Parliament governing the island lead to a practical alienation of interest and feeling which will be equivalent to secession, and so England be brought face to face with a substantially foreign state in her dominions?

Undoubtedly many such questions arise in any consideration of the subject. But at this distance it seems that great actual concessions, wholly foreign to English traditions and pride, must be made if a peaceful settlement of the Irish question is to be secured. A few remedial statutes will not avail. The gravity of the situation is such that unless the island is to be held by force of arms as a crown colony, its independent local government in a large sense must be acknowledged. The uproar around Mr. GLADSTONE, and even the possible rupture of his party, would not probably dismay him, nor drive him from a course which seems to him under all the circumstances the best. State events of such gravity shake parties and sever friends. The repeal of the corn laws cost Sir ROBERT PEEL the friendship of vast bodies of good men—his fellow citizens. But repeal of the corn laws was a much less momentous question than a repeal of the Irish union. We do not doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE'S courage is equal to his conviction, and the statesman who is not able to endure a pitiless storm of vituperation must not take the initiative of fundamental change in state policy.

## LIGHT WANTED UPON THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE.

SOME weeks since we had occasion to comment upon "a very pretty job" in the form of sanitary precaution. The Health Officer of New York had ordered the disinfection of all rags not disinfected abroad to his satisfaction, and there is only one process here in operation that he will accept, and that is a strict monopoly. The Quarantine Commissioners were in sympathy with the Health Officer, but the public protest against the job was so vigorous that they promised to ask the Health Officer to find some adequate process of disinfection which is neither a secret nor a monopoly. We have not learned, however, that their efforts have been crowned with success, but, on the contrary, one of the Commissioners, ex-Senator PLATT, is understood to be the strongest "worker" for Mr. ERWIN as Speaker of the Assembly. As Speaker ERWIN last year left the chair of the Assembly with a reputation which was not superior to that of the body over which he presided, the question naturally arises whether his election would promise relentless hostility to jobbery of every kind, or whether it would not in every way protect and favor the rag-disinfecting ring.

Mr. DAVID W. JUDD, one of the Quarantine Commissioners, who does not sympathize in this matter of disinfection with his colleague Mr. PLATT, and the Health Officer, wrote, some time since, a letter to the *Evening Post*, to which we alluded as a strong protest against the disinfecting monopoly. Commissioner JUDD states in that letter "that the present quarantine system is a fraud upon tax-payers of the State and upon the commerce of the port of New York," and he asks why, since the Collector, the Naval Officer, and the Surveyor receive stated salaries, should the Health Officer of the port receive more than $50,000 for boarding foreign vessels alone—a receipt independent of numberless other charges? Mr. JUDD justly asks why, with the enormous revenue received in quarantine, should there be every year a very large appropriation by the State for its maintenance!

The Health Officer's fees are by far the largest in the State, and large fees under our system of appointment constantly tend to become corruption funds. Mr. JUDD makes no personal accusation whatever, but he says in his letter plainly that the Quarantine Commissioners could provide in fifteen minutes for disinfecting rags in a way to prevent cholera instead of making money. He is a witness to the opportunities and conditions of the Quarantine system whose testimony is most important. He insists that the Quarantine can be made and should be made self-sustaining. The facts that he mentions, the existence of the rag-disinfecting monopoly and ring, the evident interest of the ring in the election of Mr. ERWIN as Speaker, all show that it is high time for the Legislature to interfere; first, by selecting another Speaker than Mr. ERWIN; and second, by a thorough investigation of the whole Quarantine system. The present Commissioners are holding over, and the Governor will nominate their successors. Should the Republican Senate refuse to confirm because of partisan reasons, and the abuses which are now possible and probable at the Quarantine should be thereby protected, Congress would be properly asked for relief. The investigation would reveal the corrupt tendency of enormous public salaries, and with results advantageous to the community in other quarters than the Quarantine.

## PASTEUR AND HYDROPHOBIA.

AN epidemic of mad dogs is hardly to be feared, even if the isolated cases of the appearance of such animals when aggregated should make a large number. But public attention is naturally drawn to the subject at this time by the incident of the children who were bitten in Newark, and who have been sent to Paris for treatment by PASTEUR. He began his experiments upon dogs in 1882, and it was not until last July that he began to inoculate human beings.

The first case was that of an Alsacian boy, JOSEPH MEISTER, nine years old, and the treatment was successful. Since then PASTEUR has treated about one hundred and fourteen cases, and has now twenty under treatment, and all doing well. There is nothing improbable or irrational in the theory, and it is most desirable that it should be fully tested.

This is now likely to be done in the cases of the Newark boys by a happy thought of Dr. BILLINGS. The dog which bit them also bit other dogs, and Dr. BILLINGS secured six of the animals, and has secluded them under constant observation. Their condition will test the efficacy of the treatment. If the dogs should show no sign of madness, the freedom of the children from the malady would prove nothing, as the fair conclusion would be that the dog which bit them was not really and dangerously mad. But should the dogs develop hydrophobia and die, and the children remain unaffected, the value of PASTEUR'S process would be incontestably established. The result of this experiment will be watched with very great interest.

## MR. EVARTS'S FIRST SPEECH IN THE SENATE.

THE first speech of Senator EVARTS, from New York, commanded unusual attention. It is not customary for a newly elected Senator to take a prominent part in an important debate so early in the term of his service. But Mr. EVARTS disarmed unfriendly comment at the outset by saying that it was a subject to which he had had occasion to devote especial attention; and a Senator of mature years and of known ability, who has served the country in the highest offices, may well be heeded when he speaks to a point of constitutional interpretation.

Mr. EVARTS'S speech was a plain argument addressed wholly to the intelligence of the Senate, and although brief, it was very forcible. He held that the Constitution contemplates a certain periodicity in the recurrence of the Presidential term, which is essential to the proper and harmonious movement of the system, and that it intends to deprive Congress of all part, and especially of all discretionary power, in the election of the President. The duty devolved upon the House voting by States to elect the President in a certain contingency he holds to be given to it as a rough and ready substitute for a Convention of the States, but that it is not devolved upon it as a proper Congressional function. This was strongly put, and the brief reply to Mr. EDMUNDS was sound upon the main point of withholding the election from the control of Congress.

The appearance of Mr. EVARTS in the Senate is the advent of a well-equipped member whose opinion upon fundamental questions of this kind will be necessarily weighty, and a contention between him and Mr. EDMUNDS will be always interesting as the contest of two acute and trained minds, a debate worthy of the arena.

## THE PURITAN FESTIVAL.

THE satisfaction with which the sons of the Pilgrims annually recall the qualities and achievements of the Puritans, and hold high festival upon Forefathers' Day—whatever day it truly be—is always tempered by a suggestion from some orator of their own degeneracy. This year, at the dinner in New York, the suggestion was made with eloquence and vigor and pungency by the Rev. Dr. PAXTON, who, in celebrating "the old-fashioned man of God," drew rather a gloomy picture of the living children of that personage, possibly as corroborating the old and familiar saying that the minister's son is the worst imp in the parish. Dr. PAXTON said that the road of godliness, courage, and civic duty is not a popular road nowadays, and he pretty plainly intimated that we are a morally flabby and emasculated set of descendants of the sturdy old men of God.

But we are disposed to believe that the sturdy men of God are as numerous as ever they were, that there is quite as much moral and political independence as ever, and that both the ideals and the attainments of human society are as lofty and as beneficent as they were three centuries ago. Indeed, one of the proofs of it is that despite such ridicule and stinging contempt of that independence as mere "refinement" and "manner" and "culture" as was illustrated in the Doctor's speech, it still powerfully asserts itself, and is no more afraid of obloquy and sneers and denunciation than it was when it took the form of the Puritan protest in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The patriotic devotion of the young men of twenty years ago in this country was worthy of the old Puritans, and was of the same character as theirs. The form, indeed, was different, but the spirit was the same. The fine eulogy of General GRANT by General HORACE PORTER was received by the sons of New England with heart-felt feeling and admiration. But surely a time which produces GRANT is not a degenerate time.

There could, indeed, be no surer proof of the decline of the best quality of Puritanism—its conscientious self-reliance—than the growth of a tendency to belittle as over-refinement and dudism the disposition to insist upon honesty in public affairs and public men, even at the cost of party ties and associations. Admiration of the Puritan spirit and force in destroying despotism in the English government does not require admiration of the Barebones Parliament. The constancy of the Puritan was not a stolid adhesion to a name, or a form, or a party; it was uncompromising fidelity to a principle, and sturdy independence in following that principle wherever the conscience of the individual showed him that it led. There was never a truer Puritan than GARRISON when he refused to sit in the World's Anti-slavery Convention in London because it excluded women, or CHARLES SUMNER when, obedient to his own conscience, and not to a party command, he refused to support his party action in 1872. While that spirit endures, Puritan pluck survives.

## PERSONAL.

OF Mr. F. S. CHURCH'S very remarkable fantasy in the Christmas number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which represents an American girl in the midst of a group of good-natured dancing bears, the Omaha *Herald* says: "The delicate grace and beauty of the girl and the grotesquerie of her queer bruin companions present an artistic contrast at once striking and humorous, while the spirit of the picture—the idea of universal harmony and merriment in the happy Christmas-tide—is simply exquisite. Mr. CHURCH'S individuality has already made for him a permanent place among America's best artists, and every succeeding work from his lively pencil only asserts his rightful prominence with increased force. Without flattery or danger of contradiction the statement can be made that HARPER'S WEEKLY surpasses any holiday attempt of the past in this sterling pictorial publication. The illustrations are of a degree of art never before reached, and even the cover is an unusually rich artistic design."

—Professor LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the eminent historian, reached his ninetieth year, at Berlin, on the 21st of December. In honor of the occasion the Crown Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM was present among the *élite* of Berlin society, and the Emperor WILLIAM and the Empress AUGUSTA each sent an autograph congratulatory letter, together with their portraits, while the members of the cabinet forwarded a collective letter of congratulation, and delegates from the various German universities made speeches to which the Professor replied. The energies of the historian are still given to his great work, the *Universal History*, which he hopes to complete in three years, and which has been received in the highest literary quarters with an appreciation awarded to no other contemporaneous historical work whatsoever.

—Dr. DANIEL G. BRINTON has been announced as Laureate of the *Société Américaine de France* for 1885, and awarded the medal of the society, for his works on the Aboriginal tongues of America.

—The architect of Mr. CHARLES A. POTTER'S house, at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, has produced a novel effect by giving to the trimmings of the parlor the tint of charred wood. It was an altogether accidental result, the wood having been primed with a light coat of black, which turned out to be so satisfactory that it was allowed to remain without change.

—A New Yorker, who was a policeman at the time of the burning of Barnum's Museum, on the site of the present *Herald* building, recalls the fact that soon after the fire broke out, he, with several others, rushed into the interior, took the sea lion—which was simply a large seal—by the fins, and was dragging it out along the pavement, when the animal suddenly tore off about a square foot of his trousers, and put him in such fear of his life that he relinquished his hold, and was content to see his friends escort him around the corner. He declares that the roaring of the sea-lion was something magnificent.

—In the new chapter of his autobiography Mr. RUSKIN describes his father's counting-house in London as a room about fifteen feet by twenty, including desks for two clerks, and a small cupboard for sherry samples on the first floor, with a larger room opposite for private receptions of elegant visitors, or the serving of a chop for himself if he had to stay late in town. The bell handle was brightly scrubbed by the single female servant in charge of the establishment, but visitors were expected to announce themselves by the knocker, with a flourish in proportion to their eminence in society.

—A photographer was asked the other day what was the most difficult subject to take. "An old man with the palsy," he replied; "and the easiest is a light-haired baby dressed in white, which can be taken more quickly than any other subject whatever." Being further questioned as to whether or not he ever took any horrible subjects, he answered, "Often; and the most horrible one I ever took was a dead Japanese."

—At Chester, Delaware, not long ago, two negroes were put in the pillory for some misdemeanor, and an enterprising photographer made a view of them, which he proposes to circulate as a relic of barbarism. The two men appear standing on a platform about ten feet above the ground, their heads and arms being held fast in three parallel openings of a thick plank. In order to give zest to the scene, a third negro is being flogged just beneath the platform, his hands being tied up to the post that supports it.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* is mistaken in supposing that the late Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT was "one of the most successful prominent New-Yorkers in eluding the interviewer." Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is authority for the statement that Mr. VANDERBILT was usually glad to see "the gentlemen of the press," and many a New York reporter will confirm his words.

—General ARTHUR, owing to insomnia, has until recently been in the habit of trying to read himself to sleep when in bed; but not very long ago, having placed a pitcher of ice-water beside him on retiring, he awoke to find that he had unconsciously upset the pitcher, and emptied its chilling contents upon his bed. It being too late to call a servant, he managed to worry through the night as best he could, and the next morning said to the proprietor of the hotel where he was stopping: "Suppose that it had been a lighted lamp that I upset last night in my sleep, instead of a pitcher of cold water. I might have set the bed and the house on fire. Henceforward I shall never again read myself to sleep at night."

—President McCOSH has been sending to the alumni of Princeton College an autographic circular concerning what the *New Princeton Review* is to be, in which he announces that the intention is to "help you to keep up and carry on the knowledge literary and scientific acquired by you at college." He adds that he expects the alumni loyally to sustain their alma mater, whose colors are borne on the cover of the new periodical.

—Mr. THEODORE THOMAS'S trouble with the Musical Union, because he imported an oboe-player from Europe, and employed him before his residence in this country had lasted six months, has created fresh sympathy not only for himself, but for his orchestra, which the public want to be as good as it can be; and Mr. THOMAS is a person of such determination that they expect him to carry his point.

—Miss MARGARET MATHER, now approaching her seventy-fifth performance of Juliet at the Union Square theatre, is undoubtedly a tragic actress rather than a *comédienne*. She has real force in tragedy, but her love-making is inferior to that of the late Miss ADELAIDE NEILSON in the same part. Her speech to Romeo from the balcony has none of the conversational charm which was so admirable in that of her distinguished predecessor; but when she has swallowed the contents of the vial, she produces a profound sensation by walking up three steps to the window whence Romeo has taken his departure, and then suddenly falling prostrate along the top step, and rolling over and over down to the floor, until she stops, flat on her back, in the centre of the room. Miss DAVENPORT in *Fedora* never beat this.

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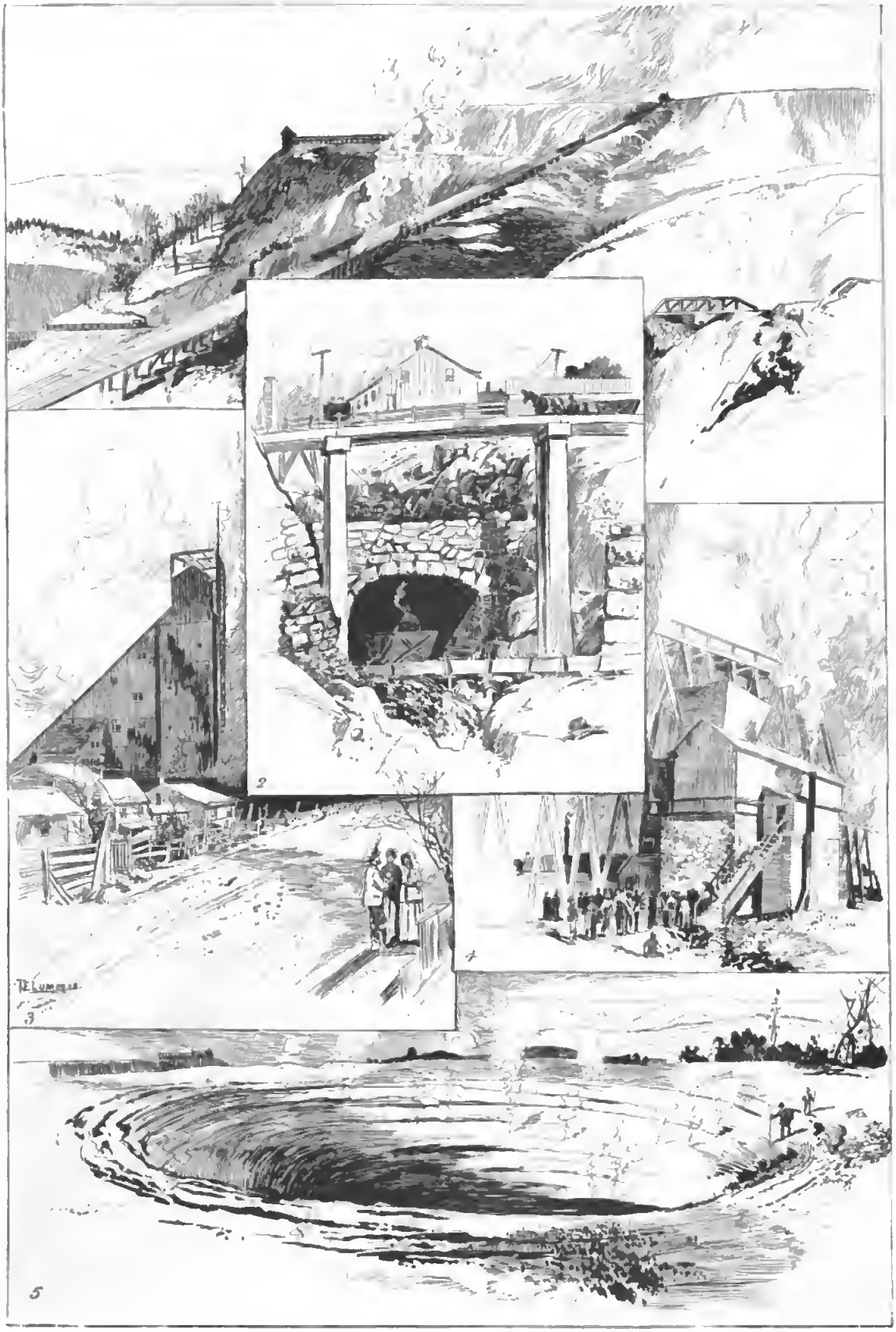

THE NANTICOKE MINING DISASTER.—DRAWN BY F. E. LUMMIS.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

1. Culm Pile. 2. Entrance to No. 1 Slope. 3. No. 2 Shaft and No. 5 Breaker. 4. Fan-house. 5. Cave-in on Culm Pile.

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*"'Any trade doing here?' he asked, phlegmatically, designating the village in his van by a wave of the broadsheet."*

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A MILKMAID," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

One evening of late summer, before the present century had reached middle age, a young man and woman, the latter carrying a child, were approaching the large village of Weydon Priors on foot. They were plainly but not ill clad, though the thick layer of dust which had accumulated on their shoes and clothing from an obviously long journey lent a disadvantageous shabbiness to their appearance just now that did not belong to it in ordinary times.

The man was of fine figure, swarthy, and stern in aspect, and he showed in profile a facial angle so slightly inclined as to be almost perpendicular. He wore a short jacket of brown corduroy, newer than the remainder of his suit, which was a fustian waistcoat with white horn buttons, breeches of the same, tanned leggings, and a straw hat overlaid with black glazed canvas. At his back he carried by a looped strap a rush basket, from which protruded at one end the crutch of a hay knife, a wimble for hay bonds being also visible in the aperture. His measured, springless walk was the walk of the skilled countryman, as distinct from the desultory shamble of the general laborer, while in the turn and plant of each foot there was, further, a dogged, cynical indifference, personal to himself, showing itself even in the regularly interchanging folds of his leggings, now in the left knee, now in the right, as he paced along.

What was really peculiar, however, to this couple's progress, and would have attracted the attention of any casual observer otherwise disposed to overlook them, was the perfect silence they preserved. They walked side by side in such a way as to suggest afar off the low, easy, confidential chat of people wrapt in reciprocity; but on closer view it could be discerned that the man was reading, or pretending to read, a ballad sheet, which he kept before his eyes with some difficulty by the hand that was passed through the basket strap. Whether this apparent cause were the real cause, or whether it were an assumed one to escape an intercourse that would have been irksome to him, nobody but himself could have said precisely; but his taciturnity was unbroken, and the woman enjoyed no society whatever from his presence. Virtually she walked the highway alone, save for the child she bore. Sometimes the man's bent elbow almost touched her shoulder, for she kept as close to his side as was possible without actual contact, but she seemed to have no idea of taking his arm, nor he of offering it, and far from exhibiting surprise at his ignoring silence, she appeared to receive it as a natural thing. If any word at all was uttered by the little group, it was an occasional whisper of the woman to the child—a little girl in short clothes and blue bands of knitted yarn—and the murmured babble of the child in reply.

The chief—almost the only—attraction of the young woman's face was what was imparted to it by its mobility. When she looked down sideways to the girl she became pretty, and even handsome, particularly that in the action her features caught obliquely the rays of the strongly colored sun, which made transparencies of her eyelashes and nostrils, and set fire on her lips. When she plodded on in the shade of the hedge, sheerly thinking, she had the hard, half apathetic expression of one who deems anything possible at the hands of Time and Chance, except perhaps fair play. The first phase was the outcome of nature, the second probably of civilization.

That the man and woman were husband and wife, and the parents of the girl in arms, there could be little doubt. No other than such relationship would have accounted for the distinctive atmosphere of domesticity which the trio carried along with them like a nimbus as they moved down the road.

The wife mostly kept her eyes fixed ahead, though with little interest—the scene, for that matter, being one that might have been watched at almost any spot in any county in England at this time of the year: a road neither straight nor crooked, neither level nor hilly, bordered by hedges, trees, and other vegetation, which had entered the blackened green stage of color that the doomed leaves pass through on their way to dingy and yellow and red. The grassy margin of the bank and the nearest hedgerow leaves were powdered by the dust that had been stirred over them by hasty vehicles, the same dust as it lay on the road deadening their footfalls like a carpet, and this, with the afternoon total absence of conversation, allowed every extraneous sound to be heard.

For a long time there was none, beyond the voice of a wash-bird singing a trite old evening song that might doubtless have been heard on the same hill, at the same hour, and with the selfsame trills, high quavers, and low breves, at any sunset of that season for the last thousand years. But as they approached the village, sundry distant shouts and rattles reached their ears from some elevated spot in that direction, as yet screened from view by foliage. When the outlying houses of Weydon Priors could just be descried, the family group was met by a turnip-hoer with his implement on his shoulder, and his dinner bag suspended therefrom. Whatever the husband's absorption in his sheet of ballads, it did not render him unconscious of the laborer's approach; and as soon as they nearly confronted each other, the reader promptly glanced up.

"Any trade doing here?" he asked, phlegmatically, designating the village in his van by a wave of the broadsheet. And thinking the laborer did not understand him, he added, "Anything in the hay trussing line?"

"Hay trussing?" said the turnip-hoer, who had already begun shaking his head. "Oh no. Why, save the mark! what wisdom's in fashion that 'a should come to Weydon for a job of that sort this time o' year? You be quite out of your bearings here if trussing is all ye can turn your hand to."

"Then is there any house to let—a little small new cottage just finished, or such like?" asked the other.

"No, faith. Pulling down is more the nature of Weydon," replied the peasant. "There were five houses cleared away last year, and three this; and the folks nowhere to go—no, not so much as a thatched hurdle, so that 'tis the way o' Weydon Priors, when any stranger comes among 'em with an eye to look in stare at him as cold as water."

The hay trusser, which he obviously was, nodded with some superciliousness. Looking toward the village, he continued, "There is something going on here, however, is there not?"

"Oh, ay. 'Tis fair day. Though what you hear now is little more than the clatter and scurry of getting away the money o' children and fools, for the real business is done earlier than this. I've been working within sound o't all day, but I didn't go up—not I. 'Twas on business of mine. And now I'm for home along."

The trusser and his family proceeded on their way, and soon entered the fair field, which showed standing places and pens where many hundreds of horses and sheep had been exhibited and sold in the forenoon but were now in great part taken away. At present, as their informant had observed, but little real business remained on hand, the chief being the sale by auction of a few inferior animals, that could not otherwise be disposed of, and had been absolutely refused by the better class of visitors, who came and went early. Yet the crowd was denser now than during the morning hours, the frivolous contingent of frequenters, including journeymen out for a holiday, a stray soldier or two home on furlough, village shop-keepers, and the like, having latterly flocked in—persons whose activities found a congenial field among the peep-shows, toy stands, wax-work, inspired monsters, disinterested

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medical men who travelled for the public good, thimble-riggers, nick-nack vendors, and readers of Fate.

Neither of the pedestrians under notice had much heart for these things, and they looked around for a refreshment tent among the many which dotted the down. Two, which stood nearest to them in the ochreous haze of expiring sunlight, seemed almost equally inviting. One was formed of new, milk-hued canvas, now tinted to orange on its western face, and bore red flags on its summit; it announced "Good Home-brewed Beer, Ale, and Cyder." The other was less new; a little iron stove-pipe came out of it at the back, and in front appeared the placard, "Good Furmity Sold Here." The man mentally weighed the two inscriptions, and inclined to the former tent.

"No, no, the other one," said the woman. "I always like furmity, and so does Elizabeth Jane, and so will you. It is nourishing after a long hard day."

"I've never tasted it," said the man. However, he gave way to her representations, and they entered the furmity booth forthwith.

A rather numerous company appeared within, seated at the long narrow tables that ran down the tent on each side. At the upper end stood a stove, containing a charcoal fire, over which hung a large three-legged crock, sufficiently polished round the rim to show that it was made of bell-metal. A hag-like creature of about fifty presided, in a white apron, which, as it threw an air of respectability over her as far as it extended, was made so wide as to reach nearly round her waist. She slowly stirred the contents of the pot. The dull scrape, scrape of her large spoon was audible throughout the tent as she thus kept from burning the mixture of corn in the grain, milk, raisins, currants, and what not, that composed the nourishing slop in which she dealt. Vessels holding the separate ingredients stood on a white-clothed table of boards and trestles close by.

The young man and woman ordered a basin each of the mixture, steaming hot, and sat down to consume it at leisure. This was very well so far, for furmity, as the woman had said, was nourishing, and as proper a food as could be obtained within the four seas; though, to those not accustomed to it, the grains of wheat, swollen as large as lemon pips, which floated on its surface, might have a deterrent effect at first.

But there was more in that tent than met the cursory glance; and the man, with the instinct of a perverse character, scented it quickly. After a mincing attack on his bowl he watched the hag's proceedings from the corner of his eye, and saw the game she played. He winked to her, and passed up his basin in reply to her nod; when she took a bottle from under the table, slyly measured out a quantity of its contents, and tipped the same into the man's furmity. The liquor poured in was rum. The man as slyly sent back money in payment.

He found the concoction, thus strongly laced, much more to his satisfaction than it had been in its natural state. His wife had observed the proceeding with much uneasiness, but he persuaded her to have hers laced also, and she agreed to a milder allowance, after some misgiving.

The man finished his basin, and called for another, the rum being signaled for in yet stronger proportion. The effect of it was soon apparent in his manner, and his wife but too sadly perceived that, in her strenuous avoidance of the Scylla of the licensed liquor tent, she had only got into Charybdean depths here amongst the smugglers.

The child began to prattle impatiently, and the wife more than once said to her husband: "Michael, how about our lodging? You know we may have trouble in getting it if we don't go soon."

But he turned a deaf ear to those bird-like chirpings. He talked loud to the company. The child's black eyes, after slow, round, ruminating gazes at the candles when they were lighted, fell together; then they opened, then shut again, and she slept.

At the end of the first basin the man had risen to serenity. At the second he was jovial; at the third, argumentative; at the fourth, the points signified by the shape of his face, the occasional clinch of his mouth, and the fiery spark of his dark eye began to tell in his conduct; he was overbearing—even brilliantly quarrelsome.

The conversation took a high turn, as it often does on such occasions. The ruin of good men by bad wives, and, more particularly, the frustration of many a promising youth's high aims and hopes and the extinction of his energies by an early imprudent marriage, was the theme.

"I did for myself that way thoroughly," said the trusser, with a contemplative bitterness that was well-nigh resentful. "I married at eighteen, like a fool that I was; and this is the consequence o't." He pointed at himself and family with a wave of the hand intended to bring out the penuriousness of the exhibition.

The young woman, his wife, who seemed accustomed to such remarks, acted as if she did not hear them, and continued her intermittent private words on tender trifles to the sleeping and waking child, who was just big enough to be placed for a moment on the bench beside her when she wished to ease her arms. The man continued:

"I haven't more than fifteen shillings in the world, and yet I am a good experienced hand in my line. I'd challenge England to beat me in the fodder business; and if I were a free man again I'd be worth a thousand pound before I'd done o't. But a fellow never knows these little things till all chance of acting upon 'em is past."

The auctioneer selling the old horses in the field outside could be heard saying: "Now this is the last lot; now who'll take the last lot for a song? Shall I say forty shillings? 'Tis a very promising brood-mare, a trifle over five years old, and nothing the matter with the hoss at all, except that she's a little holler in the back, and had her left eye knocked out by the kick of another, her own sister, coming along the road."

"For my part, I don't see why men who have got wives, and don't want 'em, shouldn't get rid of 'em as these gypsy fellows do their old horses," said the man in the tent. "Why shouldn't they put 'em up and sell 'em by auction to men who are in want of such articles? Hey? Why, begad, I'd sell mine this minute, if anybody would buy her!"

"There's them that would do that," some of the guests replied, looking at the woman, who was by no means ill-favored.

"True," said a smoking gentleman, whose coat had the fine polish about the collar, elbows, seams, and shoulder-blades that long-continued friction with oily products will produce, and which is usually more desired on furniture than on clothes. From his appearance he had possibly been in former time groom or coachman to some neighboring county family. "I've had my breedings in as good circles, I may say, as any man," he added, "and I know true cultivation, or nobody do; and I can declare she's got it—in the bone, mind ye, I say—as much as any female in the fair—though it may want a little bringing out." Then, crossing his legs, he resumed his pipe with a nicely adjusted gaze at a point in the tent canvas.

The fuddled young husband stared for a few seconds at this unexpected praise of his wife, half in doubt of the wisdom of his own attitude toward the possessor of such qualities. But he speedily lapsed into his former conviction, and said, harshly:

"Well, then, now is your chance; I am open to an offer for this gem of creation."

She turned to her husband and murmured: "Michael, you have talked this nonsense in public places before. A joke is a joke, but you may make it once too often, mind!"

"I know I've said it before; I meant it. All I want is a buyer."

At the moment a swallow, one among the last of the season, which had by chance found its way through an opening into the upper part of the tent, flew to and fro in quick curves above their heads, causing all eyes to follow it absently. In watching the bird till it made its escape the assembled company neglected to respond to the workman's offer, and the subject dropped.

But, a quarter of an hour later, the man, who had gone on lacing his furmity more and more heavily, though he was either so strong-minded or such an intrepid toper that he still appeared fairly sober, recurred to the old strain, as in a musical fantasy the instrument fetches up the original theme. "Here, I am waiting to know about this offer of mine. The woman is no good to me. Who'll have her?"

The company had by this time decidedly degenerated, and the renewed inquiry was received with a laugh of appreciation. The woman whispered; she was imploring and anxious. "Come, come, it is getting dark, and this nonsense won't do. If you don't come along, I shall go without you. Come!"

She waited, and waited; yet he did not move. In ten minutes the man broke in upon the desultory conversation of the furmity drinkers with: "I asked this question, and nobody answered to't. Will any Jack Rag or Tom Straw among ye buy my goods?"

The woman's manner changed, and her face assumed the grim shape and color of which mention has been made.

"Mike! Mike!" said she; "this is getting serious. Oh—too serious!"

"Will anybody buy her?" said the man.

"I wish somebody would," said she, firmly. "Her present owner is not at all to her liking."

"Nor you to mine," said he. "So we are agreed about that. Gentlemen, you hear? It's an agreement to part. She shall take the girl if she wants to, and go her ways. I'll take my tools, and go my ways. 'Tis simple as Scripture history. Now, then, stand up, Susan, and show yourself."

"Don't, my chiel," whispered a buxom stay-lace dealer in voluminous petticoats, who sat near the woman. "Yer good man don't know what he's saying."

The woman, however, did stand up. "Now who's auctioneer?" cried the hay-trusser.

"I be," promptly answered a short man, with a nose resembling a copper knob, a damp voice, and eyes like button-holes. "Who'll make an offer for this lady?"

The woman looked on the ground, as if she maintained her position by a supreme effort of will.

"Five shillings," said some one, at which there was a laugh.

"No insults," said the husband. "Who'll say a guinea?"

Nobody answered; and the female dealer in stay-laces interposed.

"Behave yerself moral, good man, for Heaven's love! Ah, what a cruelty is the poor soul married to! Bed and board is dear at some figures, 'pon my 'vation 'tis!"

"Set it higher, auctioneer," said the trusser.

"Two guineas!" said the auctioneer; and no one replied.

"If they don't take her for that, in ten seconds they'll have to give more," said the husband. "Very well. Now, auctioneer, add another."

"Three guineas—going for three guineas!" said the rheumy man.

"No bid?" said the husband. "Good Lord! why, she's cost me fifty times the money, if a penny. Go on."

"Four guineas!" cried the auctioneer.

"I'll tell ye what—I won't sell her for less than five," said the husband, bringing down his fist so that the basins danced. "I'll sell her for five guineas to any man that will pay me the money and treat her well; and he shall have her forever, and never hear aught o' me. But she sha'n't go for less. Now, then, five guineas, and she's yours. Susan, you agree?"

She bowed her head with absolute indifference.

"Five guineas," said the auctioneer, "or she'll be withdrawn. Do anybody give it? The last time. Yes or no?"

"Yes," said a voice from the doorway.

All eyes were turned. Standing in the triangular opening which formed the door of the tent was a sailor, who, unobserved by the rest, had arrived there within the last two or three minutes. A dead silence followed his affirmation.

"You say you do?" said the husband, staring at him.

"I say so," replied the sailor.

"Saying is one thing, and paying is another. Where's the money?"

The sailor hesitated a moment, looked anew at the woman, came in, unfolded a crisp piece of paper, and threw it down upon the table-cloth. It was a Bank of England note for five pounds. Upon the face of this he clinked down the shillings severally—one, two, three, four, five.

The sight of real money in full amount, in answer to a challenge for the same till then deemed slightly hypothetical, had a great effect upon the spectators. Their eyes became riveted upon the faces of the chief actors, and then upon the note, as it lay, weighted by the shillings, on the table.

Up to this moment it could not positively have been asserted that the man, in spite of his tantalizing declaration, was really in earnest. The spectators had, indeed, taken the proceedings throughout as a piece of mirthful irony carried to extremes, and had assumed that, being out of work, he was, as a consequence, out of temper with the world and society and his nearest kin. But with the demand and response of hard cash the jovial frivolity of the scene departed. A lurid color seemed to fill the tent and change the aspect of all therein. The mirth-wrinkles left the listeners' faces, and they waited with parting lips.

"Now," said the woman, breaking the silence, so that her low dry voice sounded quite loud, "before you go further, Michael, listen to me. If you touch that money, I and this girl go with the man. Mind, it is a joke no longer."

"A joke?—of course it is not a joke!" shouted her husband, his resentment rising at her suggestion. "I take the money; the sailor takes you. That's plain enough. It has been done elsewhere, and why not here?"

"'Tis quite on the understanding that the young woman is willing," said the sailor, blandly. "I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world."

"Faith, nor I," said her husband. "But she is willing, provided she can have the child. She said so only the other day when I talked o't!"

"That you swear?" said the sailor to her.

"I do," said she, after glancing at her husband's face and seeing no repentance there.

"Very well: she shall have the child, and the bargain's complete," said the trusser. He took the sailor's note and deliberately folded it, and put it with the shillings in a high remote pocket with an air of finality.

The sailor looked at the woman and smiled. "Come along!" he said, kindly. "The little one too—the more the merrier!" She paused for an instant, with a close glance at him. Then dropping her eyes again, and saying nothing, she took up the child and followed him as he made toward the door. On reaching it she turned, and pulling off her wedding ring flung it across the room in the hay-trusser's face.

"Mike," she said, "I've lived with thee a couple of years, and had nothing but temper. Now I'm no more to you; I'll try my luck elsewhere. 'Twill be better for me and the child, both. So good-by."

Seizing the sailor's arm with her right hand, and mounting the little girl on her left, she went out of the tent, sobbing bitterly, and apparently without a thought that she was not strictly bound to go with the man who had paid for her.

A stolid look of concern filled the husband's face, as if, after all, he had not quite anticipated this ending; and some of the guests laughed.

"Is she gone?" he said.

"Faith, ay; she's gone clane enough," said some rustics near the door.

He rose and walked to the entrance with the careful tread of one conscious of his alcoholic load. Some others followed, and they stood looking into the twilight. The difference between the peacefulness of inferior nature and the willful hostilities of mankind was very apparent at this place. In contrast with the harshness of the act just ended within the tent was the sight of several horses crossing their necks and rubbing each other lovingly as they waited in patience to be harnessed for the homeward journey. Outside the fair, in the valleys and woods, all was quiet. The sun had recently set, and the west heaven was hung with rosy cloud, which seemed permanent, yet slowly changed. To watch it was like looking at some grand feat of stagery from a darkened auditorium. In presence of this scene, after the other, there was a natural instinct to abjure man as the blot on an otherwise kindly universe; till it was remembered that all terrestrial conditions were intermittent, and that mankind might some night be innocently sleeping when these quiet objects were raging loud.

"Where do the sailor live?" asked a spectator, when they had vainly gazed around.

"God knows that," replied the man who had seen high life. "He's without doubt a stranger here."

"He came in about five minutes ago," said the furmity woman, joining the rest, with her hands on her hips. "And then 'a stepped back, and then 'a looked in again. I'm not a penny the better for him."

"Serves the husband well be-right," said the stay-lace vender. "A comely, respectable body like her—what can a man want more? I glory in the woman's sperrit. I'd ha' done it myself, od send if I wouldn't, if a husband had behaved so to me! I'd go, and 'a might call, and call, till his heart was raw; but I'd never come back—no, not till the great trumpet, would I!"

"Well, the woman will be better off," said another, of a more deliberative turn. "For seafaring natures be very good shelter for shorn lambs wi', and the man do seem to have plenty of money, which is what she's not been used to lately, by all showings."

"Mark me—I'll not go after her!" said the trusser, returning doggedly to his seat. "Let her go. If she's up to such vagaries, she must suffer for 'em. She'd no business to take the maid—'tis my maid; and if it were the doing again, she shouldn't have her."

Perhaps from some little sense of having countenanced an indefensible proceeding, perhaps because it was late, the customers thinned away from the tent shortly after this episode. The man stretched his elbows forward on the table, leaned his face upon his arms, and soon began to snore. The furmity seller decided to close for the night, and after seeing the rum bottles, milk, corn, raisins, etc., that remained on hand loaded into the cart, came to where the man reclined. She shook him, but could not wake him. As the tent was not to be struck that night, the fair continuing for two or three days, she decided to let the sleeper—who was obviously no tramp—stay where he was, and his basket with him. Extinguishing the last candle, and lowering the flap of the tent, she left it, and drove away.

## CHAPTER II.

The morning sun was streaming through the crevices of the canvas when the man awoke. A warm glow pervaded the whole atmosphere of the marquee, and a single big blue fly buzzed musically round and round it. Besides the buzz of the fly there was not a sound. He looked about—at the benches, at the tables supported by trestles, at the basket of tools, at the stove where the furmity had been boiled, at the empty basins, at some shed grains of wheat, at the corks which dotted the grassy floor. Among the odds and ends he discerned a little shining object, and picked it up. It was his wife's ring.

A confused picture of the events of the previous evening seemed to come back to him, and he thrust his hand into his coat pocket. A rustling followed the act, and he discovered the sailor's bank-note thrust carelessly in.

This second verification of his dim memories was enough; he knew now they were not dreams. He remained seated, looking on the ground for some time. "I must get out of this as soon as I can," he said, deliberately, at last, with the air of one who could not catch his thoughts without pronouncing them. "She's gone—to be sure she is—gone with that sailor who bought her, and little Elizabeth Jane. We walked here, and I had the furmity, and rum in it, and sold her. Yes, that's what's happened, and here am I—I've been here all night. Now what am I to do? Am I sober enough to walk, I wonder?" He stood up, found that he was in fairly good condition for progress unincumbered. Next he shouldered his tool basket, and found he could carry it. Then lifting the tent door, he emerged into the open air.

Here the man looked around with gloomy curiosity. The freshness of the September morning inspired and braced him as he stood. He and his family had been weary when they arrived the night before, and they had observed but little of the place, so that he now beheld it as a new thing. It exhibited itself as the top of an open down, bounded on one extreme by a plantation, and approached by a winding road. At the bottom stood the village which lent its name to the upland and the annual fair that was held thereon. The spot stretched downward into valleys, and onward to other uplands, dotted with barrows, and trenched with the remains of prehistoric forts. The whole scene lay under the rays of a newly risen sun, which had not as yet dried a single blade of the heavily dewed grass, whereon the shadows of the yellow and red vans were projected far away, those thrown by the felloe of each wheel being elongated in shape to the orbit of a comet. All the gypsies and showmen who had remained on the ground lay snug within their carts and tents, or wrapped in horse-cloths under them, and were silent and still as death, with the exception of an occasional snore that revealed their presence. But the Seven Sleepers had a dog; and dogs of the mysterious breeds that vagrants own, that are as much like cats as dogs, and as much like foxes as cats, also lay about here. A little one started up under one of the carts, barked as a matter of principle, and quickly lay down again. He was the only positive spectator of the hay-trusser's exit from the Weydon fair field.

This seemed to accord with his desire. He went on in silent thought, unheeding the yellow-hammers which flitted about the hedges with straws in their bills, the crowns of the mushrooms, and the tinkling of local sheep bells, whose wearers had had the good fortune not to be included in the fair. When he reached a lane, a good mile from the scene of the previous evening, the man pitched his basket, and leaned upon a gate. A difficult problem or two occupied his mind.

"Did I tell my name to anybody last night, or didn't I tell my name?" he said to himself; and at last concluded that he did not. His general demeanor was enough to show how he was surprised and nettled that his wife had taken him so literally—as much could be seen in his face, and in the way he nibbled a straw which he pulled from the hedge. He knew that she must have been somewhat excited to do this; moreover, she must have believed in the binding force of the transaction. On this latter point he felt quite certain, knowing her freedom from levity of char-

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acter, and the extreme simplicity of her intellect, which was far removed from strong, though not positively weak, as that word is usually understood in this connection. There may have been a little recklessness beneath her unbroken placidity. On a previous occasion, when he had declared during a fuddle that he would dispose of her as he had done, she had declared that she should not hear him say that many times more before it happened, in the resigned tones of a fatalist. . . . "Yet she knows I am not in my senses when I do that!" he exclaimed. "Well, I must walk about till I find her. . . . Seize her! why didn't she know better than bring me into this disgrace?" he roared out. "She wasn't queer, if I was. 'Tis like Susan to show such idiotic simplicity. Meek—that meekness has done me more harm than the bitterest temper!"

When he was calmer he returned to his original conviction that he must somehow find her and his little Elizabeth-Jane, and put up with the shame as best he could. It was of his own making, and he ought to bear it. But first he resolved to register an oath, a greater oath than he had ever sworn before; and to do it properly he required a fit place, for there was something fetichistic in this man's beliefs.

He shouldered his basket and moved on, casting his eyes inquisitively round upon the landscape as he walked, and at the distance of three or four miles perceived the roofs of a village and the tower of a church. He instantly made toward the latter object. The village was quite still, it being that motionless hour of rustic daily life which fills the interval between the rising and departure of the field laborers to their work and the rising of their wives and daughters to prepare the breakfast for their return. Hence he reached the church without observation, and the door being only latched, he entered. The hay-trusser deposited his basket by the font, went up the nave till he reached the altar rails. Opening the gate, he entered the sacrarium, seemed to feel a sense of the strangeness for a moment, then knelt upon the foot-pace. Dropping his head upon the clamped book which lay on the communion-table, he said, aloud:

"I, Michael Henchard, on this morning of the sixteenth of September, do take an oath here in this solemn place that I will avoid all strong liquors for the space of twenty years to come, being a year for every year that I have lived. And this I swear upon the Book before me; and may I be stricken dumb, blind, and helpless if I break this my oath!"

When he had said it and kissed the big book, the hay-trusser arose, and seemed relieved at having made a start in a new direction. While standing in the porch a moment he saw a thick jet of blue smoke suddenly start up from the red chimney of a cottage near, and knew that the occupant had just lit her fire. He went round to the door, and the housewife agreed to prepare him some breakfast for a trifling payment, which was done. Then he started on the search for his wife and child.

The tantalizing nature of the undertaking became apparent soon enough. Though he examined, and inquired, and walked hither and thither day after day, no such characters as those he described had anywhere been seen since the evening of the fair. To add to the difficulty, he could gain no sound of the sailor's name. As money was short with him, he decided, after some hesitation, to spend the sailor's money in the prosecution of this search; but it was equally in vain. The truth was that a certain shyness of revealing his conduct prevented Michael Henchard from following up the investigation with the loud hue and cry such a pursuit demanded to render it effectual; and it was probably for this reason that he obtained no clew, though everything was done by him that did not involve an explanation of the circumstances under which he had lost her.

Weeks counted up to months, and still he searched on, maintaining himself by small jobs of work in the intervals. By this time he had arrived at a Western sea-port, and there he derived intelligence that persons answering somewhat to his description had emigrated a little time before. Then he said he would search no longer, and that he would go and settle in the district which he had had for some time in his mind. Next day he started, journeying southwestward, and did not pause till he reached the town of Casterbridge, more than a hundred miles off.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WHO SHOULD GO WEST?

It is really pathetic to any one who has lived in the West to see the number of young men who annually go out there with a vague hope that they will somehow make their fortunes, only to find that they have reached the very place to which their qualities of mind and body least fit them for success. Many a man thinks himself a Cincinnatus solely because he shares the latter's unfortunate inability to draw a plough, and many a young fellow thinks he can succeed in the West merely because he is too feeble, restless, and indolent not to fail in the East. In reality a wild, new country calls for the existence of all the rougher and more virile virtues on the part of those who would try to live therein. The far West is the place of all others where the weak will most surely and quickly be pushed to the wall. In most Western towns there are a certain number of young Easterners to be found struggling along in a dismal way, often in really squalid poverty, and these are usually men who were originally brought up to mental, not physical, labor, and who have brought their wares to the precise market where there is no demand for them. They did not get along very well at home, so they came out West, with the result of exchanging an already moderately unsuccessful career for a flat and unqualified failure. A clerk who believes that his life is too narrow, a law student whose prospects are not very bright, a college boy who thinks he would like a career of adventure, a young fellow of limited means who "has not found any work he can take an interest in"—these are the very ones who make up the largest proportion of the failures in the West. Literary or artistic talent is of no use whatever out there; a taste for study or the possession of a higher education is not of much more service; and any predilection for luxury, intellectual or physical, is a positive disadvantage. It is true that a great many college graduates succeed in the West, but the qualities which insure their success have nothing whatever to do with the qualities which made them college graduates. Several of my classmates in Harvard are now successful ranchmen and first-class cow hands, exactly as another one of them has turned out to be a very able engine-driver; but I question if the former any more than the latter owe their success to their college training.

The man most apt to succeed in the West is he who knows a trade well or who is a skillful craftsman with his hands. An energetic, thrifty, hard-working young fellow who is a good carpenter or blacksmith will always find an opening, and if he labors as hard as he did in the East, will get along much faster. Of course I am not now speaking of such exceptional success as falls to the lot of a few of the men who go West, but of the chances opening themselves to the average man who possesses both push and honesty. It is always possible that a man may make a fortune by speculating in town lots, by striking pay gravel in mining, by having an unusual chance in cattle or sheep; but such instances as these stand on the same plane with the fortunes made in Wall Street. An exceptionally able speculator always runs a chance of making a fortune, West or East, and in both places he also runs at least a hundred chances of losing everything he has in the world. Men forget this, however, and those who, if they stand at home, would esteem themselves fortunate if they were able to earn a competence, become discontented in the West if they do not rapidly acquire great wealth. Take a man who tries farming in eastern Dakota, for example. A farmer's son, accustomed to work all day long on a sterile tract of New England land, which he will inherit mortgaged, and which, with all his efforts, he will only be able to make support himself and his family and pay enough interest to stave off foreclosure—such a one will vastly better himself by getting on a quarter or half section of the rich soil in the valley of the James or of the Red River of the North. He will work eight or ten hours a day instead of twelve or fourteen; he will live a little better, and have his property absolutely free from incumbrance; and after educating his sons and daughters he will have been able to put up a thousand dollars in the bank, perhaps very much more. But to make a fortune out of such a farm is an entirely different affair, and a man not already used to farming will find it hard enough to make a bare living.

A large number of young men from the cities and from the country districts of the East have recently taken to ranching. Many apparently think that this is a business needing no especial thrift or training on the part of those who take it up. A greater mistake could not well be made. All over the plains there are now plenty of skilled cow hands—men who have been all their lives in the saddle, and who know every trait of the cattle they have to guard, and every phase of the wild life of the wilderness. An outsider, to compete with these men, must not only be naturally well fitted for the life but he must also spend at least two years in downright hard drudgery learning the business. A great many young fellows—including, by-the-way, quite a fair proportion of clergymen's sons—have an idea that the life of a ranchman, from its very hardships and risks, must have a certain romantic attraction to it. So it has; but it is wonderful how the romance evaporates for many of these same young fellows after a couple of months spent in a muddy dug-out, with no amusements whatever, and on a steady diet of salted bacon, sodden biscuits, and alkali water. Hardships are romantic enough in the abstract, but in the concrete cold, hunger, wet, dirt, and fatigue are not only annoying, but are also very prosaic. The risks, too, are by no means imaginary. The tyro will be far from enjoying the vicious, half-broken horses that will certainly fall to his lot, and he will find it no joke in the bitter winter weather to make his daily rounds over a country whose main features may be entirely changed by the snow, and where getting lost may mean death, while the long, dreary winter nights will as often as not be passed in shivering discomfort, and at the best will be unutterably monotonous. To sit in the saddle all day is not such hard work as to wield axe, spade, or hammer for the same length of time, but it is real work, nevertheless, and for the months during which the different round-ups take place it is always very severe, as well as being often both tame and irksome.

To be able to follow the business at all, the man must be made of fairly stern stuff. He must be stout and hardy; he must be quick to learn, and have a fair share of dogged resolution; and he must rapidly accustom himself to habits of complete self-reliance. If he wishes to lead a happy life, he must also be good-natured, for his companions will greet with the most merciless raillery the slightest timidity or clumsiness on the part of the beginner, and they are a class of men who will resent in the roughest and most effectual manner any exhibition of ill temper. Even after many months of patient practice it is rare that an Eastern-bred man attains to the perfection shown by the plainsmen in the actual cowboy work, such as throwing the rope, stopping a stampede, breaking a rough horse, etc. To make up for his short-comings in these particulars, he must show especial excellence in other regards. He must work regularly, not by spasms; he must keep sober, must be always alert and ready, and willing to turn his hand to whatever comes up. Many of the most expert cow hands work irregularly, get drunk whenever they go into one of the frontier towns, and scorn to raise a finger except in the regular cow work. Some of these men have to be kept with all the large herds. It is a necessity, for instance, for every outfit of any size to have at least one first-class roper; but a man who is always on hand, always willing to do outside work, and who is perfectly trustworthy, has a value of his own, and will often be kept in preference to one who is less steady, though perhaps better up in the actual business.

As soon as a man becomes worth any wages whatever, he will find that he can at least live without having to spend but very little money—taking it for granted that he does not care for the coarse vices which masquerade as pleasures in the various raw frontier towns. He will soon be able to put by almost all of his wages, and if he is working for certain outfits, he will be encouraged to invest it in cattle, which will be turned in with the rest of the herd, for many owners wisely deem it advisable that the men working for them should have a personal interest in the well-being of the ranch. At any rate, after a couple of years, he will be certain to see some chance for himself. If he has a little money to start with, or is promised some by his friends, he should follow precisely the same course as if he had none. For at least a couple of years he should not spend a penny except to actually keep himself alive, and during that time he should work as hard and as faithfully as if he had nothing to look to beyond his wages. He will then be able to go into the business knowing it thoroughly, and will not pay for his experience with his capital.

Altogether, a ranch is not the place for any man who is either feeble, or irresolute, or unaccustomed to out-door life. But while I would advise such to stay in the East, and while I think that a ne'er-do-well who doesn't like work will amount to as little in one place as another, I at the same time most strongly believe that active, energetic young men, without much capital, but with stout hearts and sound bodies, can usually very much better their condition by going West. They would probably get along moderately well even in the East, but in the West their progress will be infinitely more rapid. And in almost every Eastern family there will be one or two members who are square pegs in round holes; they have a genuine taste for adventure and rough work, and a genuine willingness to endure hardship, coupled with an intense loathing for the decorous hopelessness of the office or the counting-room. Kept at home, they may never amount to anything, and will probably, in the revolt against their surroundings, end by going to the bad entirely; whereas, if turned adrift in the West to shift for themselves, they would be very apt to carve out for themselves honorable and useful careers. For such men, of bold, free spirit, yet with balance and self-control, the West is the place of all others; and indeed so it is for any one of the brotherhood of hard workers who happens to be short of money, but is willing to put both heart and body into whatever he undertakes, and who in addition possesses that most salable of all qualities, "horse sense."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## THE REV. SAM P. JONES.

This successful evangelist, who may already be described as famous, at least in the South, was born in Alabama, but has spent nearly all his days in Georgia. He is under forty years of age, and lived until thirteen years ago an erratic life. His father was a lawyer, successful in his profession, of good social position, and esteemed by his friends as a consistent Christian. The son adopted his father's profession, but, unlike him, was dissipated in his habits. The evangelist in his public addresses speaks of this part of his life with entire candor, and confesses his worthlessness to his family and society. Intemperate and addicted to gambling, he seemed to himself to be on the point of ruin, when he was brought to serious thought by his father's death. The story runs that, overcome by his father's appeals, "the prodigal boy fell down at the death-bed, saying: 'I'll quit, I'll quit. God be merciful to me!'"

This change in both the inward and outward shaping of his conduct occurred in or about 1871. Sensible of the dangers which he had so narrowly escaped, he began to warn others. So great was his revulsion from his old life that his pictures of it were drawn with terrible power. He became noted at once for the severity with which he spoke of the common vices of society, and censured the inconsistencies of Christians. Often he gave great offense, irritated and angered his hearers, but his persistence and sincerity uniformly secured him the victory over passion and prejudice. As is often the custom among Methodists, especially in the South, he was sent as a raw beginner to learn the art of preaching on a hard circuit, and by this is meant a number of congregations mostly composed of the poor, and with a slender prospect for a liberal support of the preacher. This was in 1872, the year when he entered the North Georgia Conference of the Southern Methodist Church. It very soon became apparent that SAM JONES had, to an extraordinary degree, the power of arresting and holding the attention of his hearers. He had perfectly at command the homely dialect of the common folk; though always serious, yet when a slang phrase suited his purpose it never came amiss. And so it has continued to this day; his speech is the most upright and downright Anglo-Saxon conceivable. But other and higher qualities enter into his make-up as a public speaker. Wit, sarcasm, playful humor, a lively fancy which occasionally casts over his theme the light of beauty, all concur in making him persuasive with men.

By the time eight years were past SAM JONES had become well known as a powerful evangelist, and his services were sought for in every part of the State. His Conference, therefore, gave him a general commission as the agent of its Orphans' Home. The Home was in distress for want of money; it was his business to meet the people wherever they would open the way for his coming, and to take collections for its relief. On these terms all Georgia was ready to receive him. The Home was soon relieved, made more commodious, and put upon a career of prosperity. In reading this incident the student of history naturally thinks of WHITEFIELD'S Orphan House in Georgia a century or more ago, and of his journeys up and down the colonies to raise funds for its maintenance. The parallel is slight enough, perhaps, but the North Georgia Conference has shown wisdom in giving the Rev. SAM JONES a responsible position, and at the same time granting him full liberty to answer the calls for service which multiply on every side.

In person Mr. JONES is tall, though under six feet, spare, but well proportioned. In speech he is deliberate, never seeming to be in haste to express his thought, but rather holding it well in hand for effective delivery. When his audience is shaken with laughter, he waits till the laugh is over, and then strikes home. Like all masters of human feeling, he makes sudden transitions from humor to pathos. But the quality most apparent in his discourses is his intense earnestness. It is evident in an instant that he thoroughly believes the message which he has for the people, and that he is aiming at a complete renovation of their lives and characters. Some of his sayings, though not especially novel, have the merit of compactness, and are worth quoting. "What is culture worth, if it is but the whitewash of a rascal?" "I can not bribe God's Grand Jury, nor defy the Court that tries me at the last day." "One sin is enough to cut the soul adrift from God." "You don't believe what you don't see; did you ever see your backbone?" "Some men believe they have a backbone, when it is nothing but a cotton string run up their backs." "It is a principle in the economy of God that just what you feed other people on, the devil makes you feed on, and out of the same spoon."

Mr. JONES has lately been travelling through the South, taking with him a large tent which will afford sittings for two or three thousand persons. Wherever his tent is pitched, the crowds flock to him. From May 10 to 30 last, his tent services in the city of Nashville were attended by all classes of citizens, and the testimonies to their usefulness from the Nashville pastors are of the most emphatic kind.

## MAYOR O'BRIEN, OF BOSTON.

HUGH O'BRIEN was re-elected Mayor of Boston on Tuesday, December 15, by the quite unusual majority of 8577. The election was of peculiar significance, inasmuch as Mr. O'BRIEN had but recently avowed his thorough belief in the policy of civil service reform, and was known as an ardent supporter of the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND. He is an Irishman by birth, and is about fifty-five years of age. He was brought to this country by his parents, who were in humble circumstances, when only five years of age, and made his way steadily by industry to a position of respectability. For many years he was a butcher and provision dealer in Boston, and took a more or less active part in politics, but always with credit to himself. He was a member of the Common Council, and then of the Board of Aldermen in Boston, being re-elected to the latter position several times. A year ago he was nominated for Mayor by the Democrats against a Republican already in office, who had made a good record and was supported as a citizens' candidate, and was elected by a majority of something over three thousand. This was due in part to the exceptional strength developed by the Democrats of Boston last year in the Presidential contest, and it was regarded as a purely party triumph. On entering upon the office at the beginning of the year, Mr. O'BRIEN at once began to display great independence of character and a straightforward determination to perform his duties in the interest of the public and not that of the ward politicians. The attitude which he assumed aided materially in securing legislation which greatly increased the power and responsibilities of the Mayor of Boston. He proved himself fully equal to the new demands of the office, promptly removing a Superintendent of Schools who was believed to be guilty of corruption and extravagance, and reorganizing the Water Board, which had produced a scandal by some of its transactions in acquiring lands for the city. All his efforts were directed at securing greater economy and efficiency in the municipal administration. His course produced considerable opposition among the worst elements of his own party, but not enough to defeat his renomination, while it brought to his support many Independents and Republicans, including ex-Mayor HENRY L. PIERCE. It was after his nomination and before his re-election that he attended the dinner given by the Reform Club of Boston in honor of DORMAN B. EATON, and unequivocally avowed his faith in the cause of civil service reform. His vote, as compared with that of the previous year, showed a loss in the strong Democratic wards and a decided gain in those where the Republican voters are in a majority. Of his election he is quoted as saying: "The best elements of both parties and all parties, men who believe that public office is a public trust to be administered honestly, faithfully, and on business principles, are the men who stand behind me."

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GATHERING CHRISTMAS LAUREL.—Drawn by Frederic Dielman.

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# MY DAY.

How long is that of most people, I wonder? Some perhaps can number the full six hundred and thirteen thousand six hundred and eight hours of the allotted threescore years and ten, while others outlast the pre-Adamic day of the geologist, and cover all eternity. But mine was just the ordinary daylight one, the shortest in the year too, for it was the 21st of December.

And even short as it was, I had already wasted some hours of it. Had I thought it would have set so soon, I might have been up at its dawning, though usually I hold, with Lever, that the sun looks best—as every one else does—when he's up and dressed for the day, and that it's a piece of impertinent curiosity to peep at him when he's rising and at his toilet: he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared not look at him. But when one's sun shines such a little while as mine, might not one be pardoned for rushing to the levee at an unfashionable hour?

Yet it was noon before I was out in the bright glow, trudging down the lane with yesterday's fall of snow crisping under my feet, and last night's sleet clashing overhead, as the wind caught at the straggling, overgrown hedge-row boughs, and sent them ringing together, with such an icy jewelled flash and splendor of green and gold and red and blue as summer, with all her wealth of leaves and blossoms, could not rival. The very splendor promised the glittering mockery but a short life: the sun is a traitor with his kisses, and the warmth of them would soon wither away the snow wreaths, making their delicate mimicry of the white May and the hawthorn in the hedge. But meantime they were very fair, and the snow lay light and white under the great peach orchards that had their icy sparkle too, as they swept away, with gentle undulations, right and left of the still lane. And the blue sky had the merest snow-flake of a cloud drifting along, and the sun was shining full upon me, and somehow a glint of it had got into my heart, though there was nothing in particular to bring it there. Christmas was so near, the first I had spent out of my own old home, an empty one, and Father Christmas, when he comes to us with a changed face, has the saddest of all looks. Yet I did not intend to mope. Aunt Margaret and the girls were friendly and kind, and the least I could do would be to put aside the shadow of my crape, and show them a contented face. And so—

Perhaps something more than content flashed into it just then, when that thought of mine was broken short off by a sharper clatter of those hedge-row boughs, and some one sprang down through the gap, bringing with him a little clatter of falling icicles into the road before me. For, as we shook hands, there was a pleased look in his eyes, and he said, with some abruptness:

"You are a little glad to see me? You won't mind my finishing your walk with you?"

I tried to answer carelessly, though it was not so easy, under that gaze of his: "Oh, if you are of a zoological turn this morning. I am going in search of foxtail and crow-foot. I marked a quite splendid bed down by the brook in the woods in a sheltered spot where I dare say that light snow has not covered it. The girls tell me they are not in the habit of putting Christmas evergreens about the house, but I always did it at home, and—"

He understood me at once. He said, with his rare gentleness: "And you are trying hard to keep some of the old Christmas feeling about you. You must forgive me if I can not help seeing something of your brave struggle, and yearning to help you in it."

Yearning! It was a strong word, but his eyes made it stronger, so I could not help glancing up to see. And before, in my confusion, I could drop mine again, somehow my muff was on the snow at our feet, and both my hands were in his.

"Miss Deane—Annie—I can help you—with my whole life, Annie!"

And, after that, is it any wonder if the sun shone straight into my heart?

I don't think our researches would have added much to the cause of either zoology or botany that day. On the latter especially my lover would have made strange confusion, insisting that we were passing under quite a number of mistletoe boughs, if my superior knowledge of the science had not set him right. We did find the crowfoot, however, and, as I had expected, not too deep in the snow. But when he had torn up a long spray of it and flung it trailing over my shoulder, I stayed his hand. Madge and I could come another day for some—there was plenty of time before Christmas—but to-day's ingatherings I meant to keep all to myself.

At least for this one day, I told him, when we had reached the house, and paused together in the porch. For this one day we would not call in any one, however friendly, to see what it had brought me; but to-night, when he was gone, then I would tell Aunt Margaret that I was to be his wife. I said the word in a little flutter as we stood there together, for already he had been asking me how long I meant to keep his own from him. As I said it, I glanced up shyly at him, and it would have discomfited me to see how his face changed, paling at that word, if his hand had not closed on mine with a tightening grasp which made me ashamed of a dawning doubt that he wanted it.

"Annie—"

The voice, full of a strange pain, startled me. Could this day have any pain in it?

Perhaps he read that thought—he was always so quick to understand—for he said: "I have a story to tell you, Annie, a story that may take some of the brightness out of this hour for you, as it has taken all the brightness out of the last seven years of my life until now. Shall I tell it you now? Or can you trust me that it is nothing which ought to part us? and would you rather wait to hear it until to-morrow?"

I could trust him, ay, rather, I could not distrust him; and I told him so. Let us live this day out without a shadow; afterward, if shadows must come, he should lead me safely through them.

"There is no danger in the shadow, Annie; there is only something for us both to forget."

"Let us forget it now, then. See, there is Aunt Margaret at the window signing to me; she is afraid I shall let her neighbor so offend against her good old-fashioned hospitality as to go away to his bachelor's hall, when it is three o'clock and our dinner hour."

The shortest day of all the year. We were watching its setting from the library window, we two left alone, for Madge and Fanny had driven into the village for the mail, and Aunt Margaret was summoned to one of those kitchen-cabinet councils which in view of Christmas cheer grew more and more frequent under old Lettie's able administration. So we two were standing together in the bay-window, watching the crimson glow fade off from the wide snow stretch of lawn that sloped down to the lane, dotted here and there with a black-green pyramid of fir, between the oaked oaks, when presently I caught sight of something moving across those shadows flung stiff and dark against the white.

"Some one is coming," I said, breaking the happy silence. "A lady, I thought—though I wonder who it could be, walking."

"What a bore!"

"Oh, she'll not be shown in here, and unless you feel disposed to go to Aunt Margaret's assistance—"

Here I saw the side door of the library opening from the lawn. The visitor must have observed us at the window; some one on sufficiently unceremonious terms.

It was a stranger.

She had closed the door behind her, and had come forward into the full glow of the Christmas wood fire blazing on the hearth. A stranger, certainly: if I had ever seen her before, I should never have forgotten her.

She was standing on the hearth, and drew her slender gloved hands out of the folds of her cashmere shawl, holding them to the warmth, before she turned to us the fairest face I have ever seen—the fairest face one ever dreamed. Only that would have been a strange, Fouqué-like dream in which such a vision should come.

It could not have been after knowledge on my part, for before she spoke, while she still fronted us with that gay smile upon her perfect lips, I thought of Undine in her soulless loveliness, light-hearted, glad, careless of others' pain because she could not feel it. There is the Undine nature in a child too, for whom there exists no pain that does not bruise its own tender flesh, and that soft hardness made itself felt in every line and curve about this woman, as she stood there, white and golden, looking at us out of those great brilliant eyes, of which I have read somewhere,

"Alive in their depths, as the Kraken beneath the sea-blue"—

eyes which I would fain have followed, for they fixed themselves on Brian. Only I could not, that face so held me.

"They told me at your house that you were here, perhaps, that you were often here; and so I came," she said, still looking at Brian.

I turned and looked at him too then: the clear, soft, shallow, child voice broke the spell.

But he never saw me. His eyes were riveted on her—just as a man might look who sees a ghost.

And then she smiled. She had been beautiful before, but now her beauty was bewildering. She stretched out her hands to him.

"Have you never a word of welcome, Brian, for your wife?"

He drew a long, hard breath, and passed his hand heavily over his eyes. He never once glanced my way, though I felt he saw me all the while. He answered her slowly:

"How is it you are not dead, Louise? For nearly seven years you have allowed me to believe you were."

She laughed a mocking little laugh. Though she did not turn toward me, I knew she had flashed a glance at me.

"Have you been a disconsolate widower all that time, my poor Brian? It was very wicked of me, of course. But then, you see, I always hated poverty; and you were so very impecunious at that time, I really thought it better to die off your hands."

Here she turned suddenly to me with a sweet graciousness of manner, while her eyes, alive with mocking spirits, looked me through and through.

"My husband is a little remiss of introductions, so I find I must make myself known to you, as I see you are one of his friends. Every one has a skeleton in his closet, you know, and I present you to Brian's."

She made a playful courtesy as she spoke.

"Only he fancied it was laid away underground," she added. "Perhaps he has told you of our runaway match when he was at college, and how angry poor mamma was, and hushed the matter up, and carried me away to Europe to finish my school days there. And there it was that mamma made her brilliant second marriage—a real, true German baron; and we went away to Vienna to live. But first I died; for one must die—must not one?—to get into paradise. Brian would never have let me go there alive, so I sent him a lock of my hair and a little scrawling death-bed note inclosed in a letter from mamma's maid, who had helped us to run away the year before. You remember Fifine, Brian? She has come over with me now. Such a clever soul! I can't tell how I should ever, without her, have managed to keep myself informed of your movements, and of course I had to do that, for all widowers aren't so constant, and you might have married, you know—"

He interrupted her, hoarse with passion. "And how do I know that you—"

"Oh, Brian, how can you! As if that were not just what my step-father and I quarrelled about! After dear mamma died—she died last year" (with a pretty, plaintive fall in voice and eyelids, come and gone as swiftly as a child's grave look)—"he was quite set on making a match for me, and of course that wouldn't do at all, you know. Dear mamma was content to let me enjoy life in my own way, but after she was gone, the step-papa became just a little difficult. And so— Well, Brian, I knew you were no longer a poor man, and that I should not drag you down now. And so I have come back to you, if you will have me." She put out her hands then in the prettiest pleading way. If I had been a man—

But Brian did not soften in the least. He had pent up his wrath now, and had it under his control; but his voice was still hoarse as he said to her:

"I shall take pains to learn whether all this is truth. Meanwhile we will not trespass any longer upon Miss Deane's patience. I shall take you back to my house, and will set out within the hour for Vienna. Miss Deane will pardon—"

There he broke off huskily. He had not once lifted his eyes to me since first they fell upon her shadow, which the waning sunset cast between us.

But—how I had the strength I do not know—but I went straight up to her and took her hand, and kissed her on the pretty smooth white brow as she lifted up her face to mine. Is there woman born who can keep anger for a pretty child? And there are some people who never outgrow the charm and irresponsibility of childhood; if they pluck at one's heart-strings with their careless fingers until one could be stung into giving them a blow or a shake, one must kiss and be friends afterward. And then I turned to him—I must have had a vision of how it would all end: for she was wonderfully fair; she had been his first love; she would be his last. I turned to him.

"I am sure she will find all as she has said, and that you will forgive her. I don't think I shall be here still when you come back from your long journey, so you must let me give you my best wishes now."

Our hands met for one instant—not our eyes; we neither of us could bear that. Then our hands fell apart, and presently I was alone.

My day was over; twilight darkened in the window, gray and blank.

And after twilight?

Just a paragraph in a book I have been turning over by my solitary fireside to-night has set me thinking of all this. It says:

"There are women who live all their lives long in the cold white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live in, after all. It may leave some dark, gloomy corners in the heart unwarmed, but, like other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides."

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# AN AUDIENCE WITH PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

By BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

The outbreak of hostilities in the Balkan peninsula has made Prince Alexander of Bulgaria the most prominent figure for the moment in European politics. Ever since the Berlin Treaty, a result of the Russo-Turkish war, there has been a steadily growing discontent among the Bulgarians, not only in the new principality north of the Balkans which bears the name of Bulgaria, but in East Roumelia, lying south of the Balkans. The division of all Bulgaria into these two countries was an act of Beaconsfield, strongly supported, if not originated, by Austria, which saw in a divided Bulgaria some prospect of carrying her authority down to the Bosporus, and thus counteracting the Russian designs. There was no more ground, as a matter of exact justice, in dividing Bulgaria than there would be in cutting asunder Massachusetts or New York by an artificial line drawn midway across either State. From the moment the act of injustice was done, the Bulgarians of both sides of the Balkans longed for reunion. They organized patriotic societies, not only in Bulgaria proper, but even in Bucharest, the Roumanian capital. When matters became ripe for revolt, and the growth of the Bulgarian love for unity was no longer to be resisted, Prince Alexander took the lead, and declared that East Roumelia should come out from under Turkish suzerainty, and be united with Bulgaria. He issued a manifesto that the country was one, and that he was Prince of the Bulgarias, from Macedonia in the south to the Danube in the north.

The result of this act was to bring on a war. Turkey was cautious. But Servia, which joins Bulgaria on the west, saw in the act a measure calculated to interfere with her own aspirations, and, no doubt with the fullest encouragement from Austria, invaded Bulgarian territory, with the disastrous results that are already familiar to the public.

Alexander has so far proved a strong character, and eminently adapted to the organization of his new country. His relation to the Protestant bodies laboring among the Bulgarians was important, and shortly after his accession to the throne an event occurred which augured but little good to one mission in particular—that of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. In Sistov the teachers and pioneers, notably the Rev. Stephen Thomoff and Professor Kemourdff, were arrested and thrust into prison.

In October, 1884, the session of that mission took place in Rustchuk, on the bank of the Danube. It was my official duty to meet the members of the mission, and to confer with them concerning their plans for the following year. Mention was made of the propriety of conferring with Prince Alexander—who was making a short stay in Rustchuk—and of explaining the objects of our work, so that our plans should be perfectly understood. He has a palace in Rustchuk, a plain and large building near the bank of the Danube, and spends about a fortnight each year there. At that time his sister, the Princess of Battenberg, was with him. One of the missionaries made inquiries at his palace, of his Chamberlain, if an application for an audience would be acceptable. Without any ceremony he received the request, and inquired if Sunday would suit me. I replied that another time would be preferable. He then set Saturday evening, at half past six, as the time for the audience. Professor Kemourdff accompanied me. A number of guards in heavy uniform stood at the entrance to the court. They seemed to be informed of the coming of the two visitors, for they exhibited the utmost courtesy, and stepped back to allow an ingress to the main door. A messenger stood in waiting, who reported our arrival. The Chamberlain immediately appeared, and recognized my companion as a former fellow-student in Robert College, Constantinople. We were led up to the second floor, where a servant took charge of our wraps.

The Chamberlain conducted us to the Prince's cabinet, or working room, which had all the appearance of a busy ruler's taste. Newspapers and magazines from western Europe were scattered here and there over a large table. No guard was present, and even the Chamberlain left the room. I stated the object of my visit. Our mission had been in the country over thirty years, and, with the exception of two members, were native Bulgarians. They were working for the spiritual development of the country, and meant to stay and aid him, in their way, to build up the Bulgarian people into a better life.

The Prince—who, by the way, speaks English with a decided German accent, but has a fair vocabulary at command—invited by his manner a description of our work, our methods, and the mission stations. After I had gone over the chief characteristics of the mission, he told me, in a plain and almost jocular way, his own difficulties in endeavoring to establish a little place of worship of his own confession. His words were memorable, and are typical of the usual difficulties of a new ruler endeavoring to retain his faith in the midst of a people of another confession. His subjects are of the Russo-Greek Church, but, according to the constitution, he can retain his Lutheran belief; but should he have heirs, they must be educated in the doctrines of the people. He said that, Lutheran as he was, he had found it impossible to establish public worship in Sophia, his capital, according to the dictates of his own conscience. He had even tried to build a little Lutheran chapel near his palace, but had completely failed, owing to the antipathy of the people to such a Protestant innovation.

He gave me an opportunity to explain to him the relation of our missionaries and the members of their communion to his government. I assured him that they were thoroughly loyal, that, besides their sharing fully the national feeling, our Book of Discipline enjoined obedience to the temporal authorities wherever our members might be citizens. Knowing that his secretary and several other attachés of his court had been students of Robert College, I told him of the important relation which America, one of whose citizens had founded that institution, held to the country over which he reigned. Its graduates had already been scattered over the land, and were holding some of its prominent offices of civil trust. More than that, an American gentleman who was a professor there—the Rev. Dr. Long—was himself a member of our ministry, and his pen had been one of the first and strongest potencies to expose the Bulgarian atrocities which first awakened the sympathy of Europe, and led to the independence of his country. He expressed himself as fully aware already of the important relation of that college to his country. I told him now what gave him more satisfaction than any other communication I was able to make, namely, that in the struggle for the independence of Bulgaria our American people sympathized fully with the Russians in their efforts to secure the autonomy of Bulgaria. This he did not seem to have been aware of, or at least had not considered. But the pleasure he exhibited at the thought of the fact was keen, and led him to greater freedom of expression.

He spoke of his present relation to the Russians. Here the ruler disappeared in the man, and he expressed his thoughts on the existing want of cordiality on the part of the Russian government with a candor which betrayed his great sorrow, and at the same time his fears for the future. His precise words are still in my mind, and while he did not enjoin secrecy, they had too important a bearing on the most recent history of the Prince and Russia's now pronounced antagonism to him to be reproduced. The fact is, Prince Alexander, so long as his government was personal, was a Russian favorite. He had fought with the Russian army for the freedom of Bulgaria, was a nephew of the late Empress of Russia, and was Russia's choice for the crown of new Bulgaria. But it remains a fact that Alexander was a Battenberg, and therefore a German, and that his lessons since his accession had been coming from Berlin rather than St. Petersburg. This last crime was enough to forfeit Russia's sympathy, and hence the sword which had made Bulgaria free has, in these last days, done nothing to render it aid.

When I was about withdrawing, the Prince said: "Now, you are a Methodist, and I am a Lutheran. Tell me, what is the difference between your faith and mine?"

My stay had already been too protracted for

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an audience, according to the code, but at this last intimation toward further conversation, I remained a while longer. We talked about consubstantiation and some other doctrines of the Lutheran faith, as distinguished from the Arminian system, when I took leave. My companion, Professor Economoff, frequently participated in the conversation. His presence seemed especially pleasant to Alexander, but, in view of his Bulgarian citizenship, I was greatly surprised at the Prince's warmth and freedom of speech; for it is the only, I believe, of princes to say to foreigners things they would not think of uttering in presence of a subject.

Prince Alexander is a fine specimen of physical manhood: tall, muscular, calm, and with a welcoming and winning expression, he is a model of princely bearing. His dash and daring, now present afresh at the head of his victorious troops, will give him a new hold on the affections of his people. If peace comes soon, he is likely to be more firmly on his throne than formerly. But the Balkan people are fickle, and the least adversity causes the crown to fall on another head. The European royalty and nobility look with little favor on him, as, like his brother Henry, the husband of Beatrice of England, he is the scion of only a morganatic marriage. He is not married as yet, and rumor says that he has made a vain suit for the hand of a Hohenzollern at Berlin. But when peace comes, with new laurels on his brow, and with his sceptre still in hand, even a victory in this new field will not be hard to win. He will be an attraction in any court. More than any ruler I have seen he reminded me in his appearance of Frederick William, the Crown Prince of Prussia.

What gave me more pleasure than any other words he spoke was a strong assurance that as long as he wore the Bulgarian crown, the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church should never be disturbed in his country. This, he substantially declared, was not alone his wish, but a necessity, as they shared with all other confessions the perfect religious liberty which his constitution guarantees to every faith.

## DON'T YOU THINK SO?

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

It's all very well to be jolly
When everything's going just right;
When, in summer skies showing no hint of
A shadow, the sun's shining bright,
When around you your merry friends cluster
With many a laugh-bringing jest,
And wherever you turn you discover
The world in its gala robes dressed.
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly
When mirth-loving spirits have fled;
When your path is in gloominess shrouded,
And the tempest hovers over your head;
When fainter hearts beg you to cheer them,
Though your own heart be lonely and drear,
And you scarce can help doubting if ever
The darkness will quite disappear.

The bird that sings sweetly when golden
The earth is and gentle the wind,
When the bees hum their *joy* o'er the honey
That, hid in the flowers, they find,
When, vying in beauty and fragrance,
Red roses and white lilies grow,
And butterflies, splendid in raiment,
Through their airy realm flit to and fro,
Is a dear little songster; but dearer
Is the bird that its *joy*-giving strain
Undaunted trills loudly and gayly
In spite of the chill and the rain;
For that to be jolly 'tis easy
In sunshine there isn't a doubt;
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly
When there's naught to be jolly about.

## STEPHEN BARKER GUION.

A PORTRAIT is published in this issue of the late Mr STEPHEN BARKER GUION, who died suddenly of apoplexy at Liverpool, England, on the 19th of December, 1885. Although a resident of Liverpool since 1850, the early part of Mr GUION's life was spent in this city, and he was properly be classed as having been among the successful business men of New York, his name having been made familiar in connection with one of the great transatlantic steam-ship lines.

Mr. GUION was born in New York, June 17, 1820. He could lay claim to being of good old American stock, his ancestors having settled in this country two centuries ago, and his grandfather having won a measure of distinction during the Revolutionary war. After having received a thorough common-school education, he entered into partnership, while still a young man, with JOHN S. WILLIAMS. This was in 1843. The firm of WILLIAMS & GUION, thus early established, remained in corporate existence up to within less than three years ago, and its history is coincident with the growth of Atlantic travel during the last forty years.

At the time of the establishment of the firm of WILLIAMS & GUION, the largest part—in fact nearly all—of the business of transportation between this country and Europe was done in sailing vessels. By establishing a line of fast sailing packets between New York and Liverpool, which was known in those days as the "Black Star Line," WILLIAMS & GUION jumped into almost immediate popularity, not only with the travelling public, but with shippers of freight as well. The speed of the WILLIAMS & GUION clippers, which were American built boats, gained an enviable reputation for the line, which soon had a fleet of eighteen vessels in operation. Old sailors still delight to talk of the quick passages that were made forty years ago by the *Adelaide*, the *John Bright*, the *Universe*, the *Cultivator*, and their sister vessels of the Black Star Line.

In the year 1866 WILLIAMS & GUION determined to abandon sailing vessels, and launch their first steamer, the *Manhattan*. It was not long after this until the old packets were entirely superseded by steam craft.

Mr. STEPHEN BARKER GUION had several years before this left America to take up a permanent residence at Liverpool—the other end of the WILLIAMS & GUION route. As a testimonial of his devotion to the city which his business interests had compelled him to forsake, Mr GUION presented to New York the bronze figure representing "Commerce" which is to day one of the art treasures of Central Park. Mr JOHN S. WILLIAMS, the head of the firm of WILLIAMS & GUION, died in 1870, and Mr S. B. GUION then became the senior partner and directing manager. He continued to reside in Liverpool, leaving the management of the New York offices to WILLIAM HENRY GUION, his brother. During all this time the efforts of the well known ocean travel firm were in the direction of increased steam-ship speed, and the feats accomplished, as, for instance, in the construction of the *Arizona*, which built was the fastest vessel on the Atlantic, are too fresh in the mind of the public to need more than passing mention.

The firm of WILLIAMS & GUION was finally dissolved at the time of the settlement of the WILLIAMS estate in 1883, and the vessels of the fleet passed into other hands. The firm of GUION & CO. succeeded the old house, and Mr WILLIAM HENRY GUION, Jun., who resides on this city, is now at the head of this firm. It was the custom of Mr STEPHEN B. GUION to visit this country every year, and his death has occasioned much sorrow in New York.

## CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR THE VETERANS.

THE Bureau of Employment and Emergence of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Brooklyn, has on its roll of indigents one hundred and fifty veterans and widows of veterans. Last Christmas a special dinner was given to them out of the emergency fund of this bureau; but this Christmas the idea was conceived to give the dinner the significance of a children's expression of gratitude to those who had suffered for the defense of the nation, and the pupils of the public schools of the city were asked to contribute vegetables. On the two or three days before Christmas barrels were placed at the schools to receive these offerings. The children took such pride in thus contributing to the comfort of the indigent veterans that when their offerings were collected it was found that they had given enough for a Christmas dinner for more than the number; and although the request was merely for vegetables, they gave fruits and meats and delicacies as well. The students of the Polytechnic Institute made a contribution in money, with which the committee bought chickens.

On the day before Christmas the veterans, or the children or the widows of those who are dead or were unable to leave home, came with their baskets to the store-rooms of the committee, and received as heavy loads of both substantials and delicacies as they could carry away. While the dinners were distributed some of the school-children stood by to see the men who received their gifts, and they gave with their offerings wishes for a happy Christmas. The store of vegetables that was left will be given to the indigent as they need it. The children took so much pleasure in making this appropriate offering that by the special request of some of the donors this pretty method not only of making the old soldiers comfortable on Christmas, but also of reminding them that the people's gratitude is transmitted from generation to generation, is likely to be continued as long as there is a needy veteran or a veteran's needy widow in Brooklyn.

## THE NANTICOKE DISASTER.

A BLAST fired in one of the mines of the Susquehanna Coal Company at Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, on Friday morning, December 18, 1885, brought down the whole roof of the chamber, followed by a flood of water, culm, or coal-dust, and quicksand. Between six and seven hundred men and boys were below-ground at the time, most of whom escaped. It was soon learned, however, that twenty-eight men, ten of whom were Poles and Hungarians, the others being Welsh, Irish, or American workmen, were imprisoned in the flooded mine. Work was at once suspended in all the other collieries, and six thousand miners offered their services to effect a rescue. One hundred of the mightiest men were sent down into the black hole with shovels and picks. Before them, blocking up the gangways and passages, were immense piles of mud, culm, and quicksand, through which water, in search of the lower levels, incessantly trickled. With the memory of Sugar Notch in 1880, when five men were buried for six days and nights, and finally rescued alive, stimulating their hopes and nerving their arms, the Nanticoke miners toiled with unceasing exertion. Around the mouth of the mine ten thousand distracted men, women, and children were collected, receiving the news of the progress of the men below with mingled cheers and sobs.

From Friday noon until the following Monday evening the work of removing the debris was continued without interruption. The difficulties were tremendous, but the courage or the strength of the miners never flagged. Culm and quicksand filled the gangways to the roof with the remains of broken cars, timbers and mine props cemented in the enveloping mass. Although the suspension of work at the other collieries meant the idleness of six thousand men and boys, and a loss of 50,000 tons of coal daily to the trade, nobody thought of that—all thoughts were directed solely toward the unfortunate men so buried alive in the mine. The discovery of a chamber not in the one in which the break had occurred of three miles alive after an imprisonment of thirty-six hours headed afresh the hopes of the people for the ultimate rescue of the buried men. Shortly before midnight on Monday, however, came a calamity which extinguished all hope. A second fall of culm and quicksand had occurred in the workings, filling the slope up which the brave rescue party had been toiling, and rendering all their heroic labor of the past three days vain. Accompanying the slide was a dense volume of deadly fire-damp, which quickly filled all portions of the mine, making further work for the time impossible, and forcing the rescue party to retreat to the surface. This fall seemed to show that the workings beyond the slope in which it had been hoped that the men were imprisoned were choked with dirt and filled with deadly gases.

There are at the writing a few people who pretend to believe that the imprisoned miners are still alive and are subsisting upon mule flesh, but it is doubtful, considering the lonesome of the culm, if even the dead bodies of some of these unfortunates will ever be recovered.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THOSE who send postal cards find them convenient, no doubt. Not mere handwriting of ordinary size will go upon them, and they are quickly finished. There is no stamp to be affixed, and no sealing to be done. Half a dozen lines of scribbling, the rapid conduct of a signature through its familiar evolutions, and the thing is finished. To some senders, again, the postal is recommended by its cheapness. There are people of ample means who would rather expose a confidence in the world for one cent than secrete it in an envelope for two. The person who gets the postal is the one who is likely to be squeamish about it. Of course he does not have to pay the postage or perform the work, and he can afford to be nice. He it is who refuses to believe the sophistry that postals are not read by all who handle them, and who stigmatizes the convenient card as the "penny dreadful."

The largest American cannon throws a ball weighing 1080 pounds—almost as much as a ton of New York coal.

A town law in Weimar commands the windows to be shut in every house containing a piano when the piano is in use. This is a bold blow aimed at a delicate art. The restraint that the law imposes is not in itself especially irksome, unless, maybe, in the few very warm days of summer-time, but it is offensive to the soul of a piano-player. The idea that fire malady will not be allowed out-doors under penalty of a fine is ridiculous, because it presents the malady as a nuisance generally deprecated of men. Similar precautions are taken against dogs during the rage of Sirius, and it is owing to restrictions of a like character that populous communities of late years have been rid of fish-horns. Weimar has come to be a considerable school of music, and it is probable that the piano law is really directed against the "one, two, three, four" of pupils, which certainly becomes a very painful nuisance when it is zealously continued, and one cultivated to not a town of narrow streets and sans culottes like Weimar a good deal on edge. But the law makes no exceptions, and Wagner and the first principles are equally shut up.

Persons happening across a newspaper paragraph which declared that railroad accidents and kerosene lamp explosions were beneficial to the human race, because they definitely assisted in the removal of weak and inferior persons, would be apt to suspect that they were reading a bit of comic literature whose fun was somewhat lacking in delicacy. A great many of them, very likely, would get the same impressions on reading that drunkenness was a good thing for the same reasons. Still, the idea is treated at length in an article recently contained in a medical journal, and readers would err in suspecting that the writer intended any fun. "The shortest road to self-extermination," he says, "is one of the most speedy and yet destroying the weak and inferior, and although some who so lect this road are brilliant specimens of mental power, yet as a whole they are weak and unworthy of preservation. The certainty and celerity with which intemperance destroys the weak and wicked classes of society favorable recommend it over the ordinary methods of to-day in the administering of justice." The suggestion in the closing sentence of the foregoing is altogether novel. In oceans, of course, that alcohol should be the agent employed in cases of capital punishment. The science somehow reminds one a little of the treatment of geese in Strasburg, but undoubtedly criminals could be fed with alcohol in such a way that the end would be more or less speedily brought about. Whether such means of removal would suggest itself to a great many persons as delicate, and would encourage them in the commission of capital crimes in order to assure themselves of its employment, is a question which the author of the idea does not discuss, and which, anyway, would have to be discussed without the support of facts, inasmuch as no government in the world, so far as is known, is in the habit of putting its capital prisoners to death by alcoholic process.

It is announced that "the Prince of Wales is at liberty to wear several different uniforms." The advantage of the Prince over seventy of the rank and file of her Majesty's army is that he is at liberty to wear his uniforms, and is not compelled to wear them.

If Congressmen answer all the letters they get, there are reasons indeed why the franking privilege should be allowed to remain with them. An Indiana member has recently revealed the contents of two of the letters sent to him. One said: "Dear Sir,—My husband left me seven years ago, and I have not heard from him since. Will you please go to the Census Office, get his present address, and send it to me?" The other letter contained a request from a constituent that the member would write to the American Minister at Rome, asking him to send on an Italian queen bee.

A Western newspaper tells a story of a doctor whose watch stopped as he was feeling the pulse of a patient. The patient died. Some time afterward the doctor was again feeling the pulse of a patient, and again the watch stopped, and the patient died. A third patient, seeing the doctor about to take out his watch, cried, "Don't pull that on me!" but too late. The watch stopped, and the patient expired. It is a question, of course, whether all these patients would not have died if the watch had kept on going, but the community in which the doctor labored were not willing to test the matter in their own persons, and the doctor, after the third coincidence, found himself without practice.

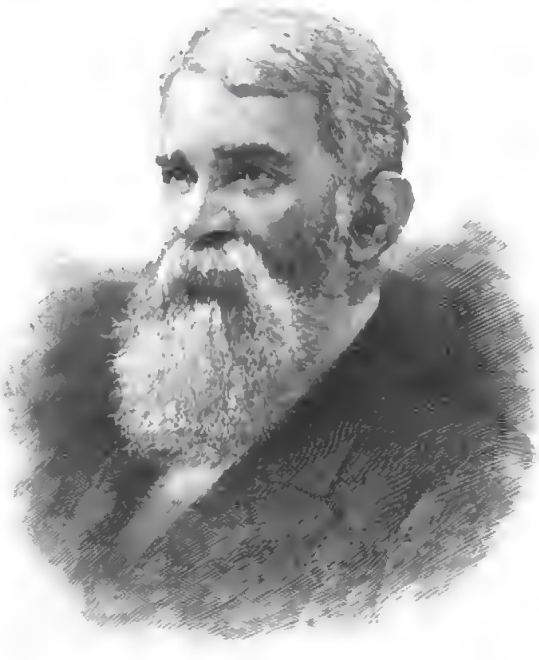
A grape-vine at Oeo, in Portugal, is said to be the largest in the world. It has borne fruit every season since 1802, the largest yield being in 1864, when it furnished grapes enough to make one hundred and sixty-five gallons of wine. In 1874 it furnished some twenty gallons less, and in 1884 its yield was only a little more than seventy-seven gallons. It spreads over 5848 square feet of ground, and the stem in its thickest part is six and a half feet around.

Thirty-four of the Gloucester (Massachusetts) fishermen lost their lives at sea last year. The year before, one hundred and thirty-one were lost. In the fifteen years previous the average yearly number of those that perished in storms on the fishing banks was one hundred and twenty-four.

"The Englishman," says the Paris *Gaulois*, "is more 'at home' in his club than the Frenchman. There he carries on his correspondence, eats and drinks, makes his toilet, occasionally sleeps, receives his friends, and gives them dinners. One hears no laughter, no loud conversation; one knows not his neighbor, and avoids making his acquaintance. While a Frenchman in his club engages in a thousand conversations on questions of the day, the Englishman speaks only when he meets one of his friends, ignoring every one else. In London a club is a second home, where one takes his ease. In Paris it is a place where one seeks company and entertainment. At the Paris clubs guests are rarely invited to dine. In London the upper circles hardly have any other restaurant facilities. In regard to gambling, the rules are less strict in London than in Paris clubs. In Paris contributions are high—$60 to $100; in London they do not exceed $50 in the aristocratic clubs. Boredom, however, seems to prevail in the clubs of both cities, and that is as it should be, for the proper place to enjoy one's self is at home."

THE QUICKEST TIME ON RECORD.

PROFESSOR J. C. DRAPER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.



STEPHEN R. GIFTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID GILBERT, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 13.]

## PROFESSOR JOHN CHRISTOPHER DRAPER, M.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR JOHN CHRISTOPHER DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., the eldest son of the eminent scientist JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, was born in Virginia on the 31st of March, 1835. Entering the Grammar School of the University of the City of New York, he passed to its academic department, and leaving this in his Junior year, he entered its medical department, whence he was graduated as a Doctor of Medicine in 1856. After serving a year in Bellevue Hospital he went to Europe, and there continued his studies until 1859, when he returned to assume the Professorship of Analytical Chemistry in the University. In 1860 he served in Virginia with the Twelfth Regiment of New York Volunteers, but returning after the surrender at Harper's Ferry, he was in 1863 appointed Professor of Natural History in the College of the City of New York, and three years later was called to the chair of Chemistry in the medical department of the University, which positions he held at the time of his death, December 20, 1883. The late Professor was a member of the New York Academy of Medicine and of the Century Club. Besides other honors, he received in 1873 the degree of Doctor of Laws from Trinity College, Hartford.

Professor DRAPER was an earnest and untiring worker, believing in the complete classification and thorough perfection of all methods and experiments, even in the most minute details. These traits were shown not only in his teaching and original researches, but in the arrangement of the work of the departments with which he was concerned, thus aiding greatly in placing the University Medical College in its present high position, and giving to the College of the City of New York a fine working cabinet of typical specimens of natural history. In his lectures he was clear, concise, accurate, and apt in illustration, and his method of imparting knowledge was characteristic of the man. As an author he was well and favorably known abroad, as well as at home, by his text-books, magazine articles, and purely scientific papers, embodying many original researches in the fields of chemistry and physics.

Professor DRAPER leaves a widow, but no children. He was very happy in his home life, and his death will be keenly felt by all his friends.

HON. HUGH O'BRIEN, MAYOR OF BOSTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

THE REV. SAM JONES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TUTTS, KOHLSEN & GIBBS, NASHVILLE.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

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ISSUING CHRISTMAS DINNERS TO THE VETERANS IN BROOKLYN.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

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## THE SUNFLOWER.

The æsthetic movement contributed largely to the culture of the sunflower. We were informed by a seedsman recently that the sale of sunflower seeds for ordinary garden purposes has greatly increased both in this country and in England during the past few years.

The common tall sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*) is said to have derived its name of sunflower from its resemblance to the radiant beams of the sun, and not, as is popularly supposed and celebrated by poets, from its flowers turning to face the sun—a delusion fostered by Darwin, Moore, and Thomson, the latter of whom tells us that, unlike most of the flowery race,

> "The lofty follower of the sun,
> Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
> Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
> Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray."

In his book on *Plant Lore*, etc., Mr. Folkard informs us that "the helianthus has also been falsely identified with the sunflower of classical story—the flower into which poor Clytie was transformed when, heart-broken at the desertion of her lover, Phœbus, she became rooted to the ground, and became, according to Ovid, metamorphosed into a flower resembling a violet. 'Held firmly by the root, she still turns to the sun she loves and changed herself; she keeps her love unchanged.' Now the helianthus, or modern sunflower, could not have been the blossom mentioned by Ovid, inasmuch as it is not a European plant, and was not known in his day. In its native country of Peru the helianthus is said to have been much reverenced on account of the resemblance borne by its radiant blossoms to the sun, which luminary was worshipped by the Peruvians. In their temple of the sun the officiating priestesses were crowned with sunflowers of pure gold, and they wore them in their bosoms and carried them in their hands. The early Spanish invaders of Peru found in these temples of the sun numerous representations of the sunflower in virgin gold, the workmanship of which was so exquisite that it far outvalued the precious metal of which they were formed."

The sunflower is turned to many economic uses. It furnishes the finest honey and wax. When the seed is crushed as linseed is, it will produce the finest oils in larger quantities in proportion to any other seed for the table as well as the painter, particularly in mixing green and blue paints. The cake is superior to linseed for fattening cattle; the oil makes the finest soap, very softening to the hands and face, superior to any other for shaving. Sheep, pigs, pigeons, rabbits, poultry of all sorts, etc., will fatten rapidly upon it, and prefer its seed to any other, pheasants in particular, causing them to have a much more glossy plumage, and become plumper in body. When shelled the seed makes, when ground, the finest flour for bread, particularly tea-cakes.


HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Dr. N. S. Read, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia, and diminished vitality."—[*Adv.*]

HUMAN CALVES.

An exchange says: "Nine tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint, or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases, and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. Of druggists.—[*Adv.*]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, as a *Remedy for Consumption.*—Dr. H. J. Pratt, Montello, Wisconsin, says: "After a thorough test of over two years, I voluntarily recommend Scott's Emulsion to those afflicted with consumption."—[*Adv.*]

ALLEN DODWORTH,
No. 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.,

Assisted by his son, Frank Dodworth. Classes and private lessons in Dancing. See Circular for terms, etc.—[*Adv.*]

No Christmas or New-Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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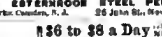

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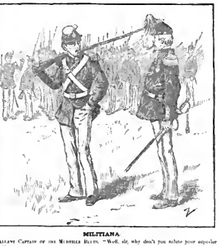

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in every sense, and the dangerous taint is largely fostered by careless and irresponsible giving in the street and at the door. Those who wish truly to obey the Christian command, and the natural instinct to relieve suffering and help the needy to help themselves, will take the trouble to aid the Charity Organization Society, at 21 University Place, or the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, at 79 Fourth Avenue, which will conduct all necessary inquiries if the charitable can not themselves inquire. To give without inquiry is to become a public nuisance, and to breed pauperism and crime.

## THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

M. GRÉVY, at the age of seventy-three, has been re-elected President of France. The election is made by the two Houses acting as a National Convention, and M. GRÉVY received an enormous majority of the votes cast; but he had only a majority of thirty of all the members, because the monarchists and impracticables, like PAUL DE CASSAGNAC and HENRI ROCHEFORT, refused to vote. The result shows merely that the Assembly preferred to maintain the *status quo*. M. GRÉVY represents simply the republic, but no particular policy of the republic.

The opposition is monarchical and anarchical, and the uproar and violence of the members of these views upon the floor of the Assembly during the voting were probably typical of the actual situation. Should M. GRÉVY die before the expiration of his term, it is not clear that there would not be a serious convulsion. There is no strong, conspicuous, and popular representative of the firm and moderate republic in whose power and purpose the country would confide so generally as to keep the country steady. France undoubtedly has made great political progress. But the republic is still an experiment.

On the other hand, there is no royal or imperial pretender of any intimate weight. The old BOURBON line is merged in the house of ORLEANS, and the Comte de Paris is an amiable gentleman, but neither very popular nor very forcible. He would hardly undertake a *coup d'état*, while the BONAPARTE faction, represented by Prince JEROME and his son, commands no general confidence. But they are all of them heads of factions in a country which readily "resorts to combat." Meanwhile the public debt is rapidly increasing, and the prestige of France abroad has been dimmed under republican control. Upon the whole, the situation in France is not re-assuring. But the country has suffered so much from revolutions and insurrections that there must be a strong reserve of conservative resolution which in a crisis would make itself felt.

## TENNYSON'S "TIRESIAS."

THE new volume of poems by Lord TENNYSON is just issued by the HARPERS in the very convenient form of the "Handy Series." The book is highly praised by some of the English critics, and it is declared by some of them to be better than any verse that he has published. It contains a new idyl, and studies in the Yorkshire and Irish dialects, and, as the work of a poet who is now seventy-six years old, it is extremely interesting.

The position of TENNYSON as the chief living English poet is contested only by BROWNING, and by him only among a limited circle of readers. The popular "primacy" of TENNYSON is undisputed; and although it has been recently the fashion to regret the decline of his powers, the great sale of this last volume in England shows that his hold upon the English people is unrelaxed.

Mr. BROWNING is seventy-four years old, and his continued literary productiveness, like that of Lord TENNYSON, is remarkable. But our LONGFELLOW at seventy-five was not less so. Indeed, his last poem, the "Bells of San Blas," shows his poetic faculty to have been untouched to the end. It is as fresh in feeling and as characteristic in touch as any of his verses. An illustration of the undiminished public interest in TENNYSON is furnished by the statement on his behalf in the London *Times* that he is unable to answer the innumerable letters or to examine the myriad MSS. that he receives since the publication of this last volume.

## A NATIONAL CONVENTION OF POSTMASTERS.

A NATIONAL convention of third and fourth class postmasters has been called to meet at Chicago on the 13th of January, 1886. Postmasters of the third class receive more than $1000 and not more than $3000; and those of the fourth class receive not less than $250 and not more than $1000. The third class are appointed by the President and Senate, and the fourth class by the Postmaster-General. The convention is called by a Postmasters' National Committee, which was appointed at a preliminary meeting of representatives of the postmasters interested, and the object of the convention is one which many Postmasters-General have recommended, but to which Congress has been indifferent. The proposed action of the convention is simply and practically a petition to Congress for relief from what are declared to be unjust incumbrances upon the offices concerned. To the remark that if such postmasters do not like their positions they can resign in favor of those who would gladly take them with all the annoyances, the committee reply that, as American citizens in the service of the government, they propose to represent to the government that the system is unjust, and therefore ought to be corrected, whether there are those who are willing to submit to it or not.

The grievances of the third-class postmasters are stated to be that they are required to give all their time and attention to the office, and not to engage in any other business, and at the same time to pay for rent, light, fuel, stationery, clerk hire, and every other expense of the office, while the expenses of the first and second class offices are paid by the government, although the heads of those offices perform no greater service. First Assistant Postmaster-General STEVENSON renews the recommendations of his predecessors, that the rent and office expenses of the third-class offices should be paid, and last March an act was passed giving the Postmaster-General discretion in paying the rent of third-class offices; but the sum appropriated was so small that the law was inoperative. The fourth-class officers complain of the compulsory division of box rents with the government, when the boxes are paid for by themselves, and are their private property. They ask that the boxes and fixtures should be paid for by the government. The compensation for the issuing of money orders is also held to be inadequate.

There is no doubt that the experience of postmasters is invaluable in rectifying the postal laws. But upon the theory of our post-office service, and with the large annual deficit, the case of the protesting postmasters must be made very plain to secure relief. Yet if raising the appropriation for rent from $250,000 to $500,000 would secure more efficient service, the money would be well spent.

## AN UNFOUNDED SUPPOSITION.

WE are very sorry that a remark in the sketch of Senator SHERMAN, lately published in the WEEKLY, escaped our attention. This was the statement that the veto message of President HAYES upon the first silver bill, which was justly characterized in the article as "one of the strongest financial state papers in our history," was generally credited to Senator SHERMAN, at that time Secretary of the Treasury.

It may have been so credited; but the credit, if he has heard of it, must certainly have been a great surprise to Mr. SHERMAN, whose financial laurels need no such additional leaf. The veto message, like all his messages, was the work of President HAYES, whose financial views were always sound, and who was elected Governor of Ohio as the representative of such views, after a campaign in which the issue was financial, and during which he expounded and defended the soundest opinions upon the subject with great ability.

If any of our readers have supposed that Senator SHERMAN either wrote or dictated the message, we are glad of this opportunity of correcting the misapprehension.

## FALSE PROPHECIES.

TEN months have passed since the President was inaugurated, and the prophets of disaster have been brought low. Also the "knowing" assertions that, despite all the smooth words of the President, there would be a clean sweep of the public service, have all been made ridiculous by the event. Since the spoils system was practically introduced, fifty-six years ago, there has never been a party change in administration with so little change in the offices as now, and never has there been so watchful and intelligent a public opinion upon the subject.

The best answer to the allegation that the reform declarations of President CLEVELAND are false is made by the facts. The special correspondent of the *Herald* in Washington has made a careful investigation of the subject, and his report is very significant. It is as follows:

"There are about four thousand 'Presidential' offices—places to which the President nominates, but which the Senate must 'advise and consent to.' These four thousand include the mass of the higher subordinates in the service, consuls, assistants and heads of bureaus in the departments, collectors and other customs and internal revenue officers, postmasters in the cities, Indian agents, marshals and other officers of the Attorney-General. A careful count of the whole list of such placemen 'suspended' by the President shows that there have been only 643 such 'suspensions' or removals. Under the State Department there have been 60, under the Treasury, 161, under the Postmaster-General, 266, under the Interior Department, 76, and under the Attorney-General, 41. Besides these Presidential places there are the large number of subordinate clerkships which come under the civil service rules, and where appointments and promotions are made only on examination. Then comes the great bulk of the places, the petty postmasterships. These do not go to the Senate for confirmation. There are about forty-nine thousand five hundred of these places, which were for years systematically used by the Republicans, as everybody knows, for the manipulation of local politics. It seems that not more than seven thousand of these small postmasters have been removed since Mr. CLEVELAND came into power."

These figures embrace the actual removals, not the resignations, which are few, and they will naturally surprise a great many persons who have supposed that enormous changes were taking place.

The administration of JEFFERSON is generally supposed to have made few changes. But in July, 1803, in reply to an expostulation from Philadelphia that the offices were practically held by Federalists, Mr. JEFFERSON said that his object was to give to "Republicans"—that is, to his political friends, who then bore that name—"their due proportion of office." He adds that he has steadily adhered to this rule. "Many vacancies," he says, "have been made by death and resignation"—which is a curious contradiction of his famous phrase of two years before, "few die and none resign"—and he continues:

"Many by removal for malversation in office, and for open, active, and virulent abuse of official influence in opposition to the order of things established by the will of the nation. Such removals continue to be made on sufficient proof. The places have been steadily filled with Republican characters, until of 316 offices in all the United States subject to appointment and removal by me, 130 only are held by Federalists."

This number of offices does not include the judiciary and military, nor the post-offices, nor those of the internal revenue, but the change had been effected in a little more than two years. The course of President CLEVELAND compares most favorably with that of JEFFERSON, and it has this superiority, that it proceeds upon a sound principle of public service. JEFFERSON had chiefly in view the welfare of a party, not of the service.

## PERSONAL.

MRS. CHARLES F. MCKIM'S new house at Lenox, Massachusetts, which attracts some attention as a revival of the old colonial style, has a roof that looks about a hundred years old, the appearance of age being due to the fact that the shingles, instead of lying in the usual straight and flat courses, are in partly depressed lines. This device has been successfully tried in several other houses.

—A Chicago young lady was looking at three large photographs, containing respectively the foot-ball teams of Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, of 1885. Her father is a graduate of Harvard; her *fiancé*, of Princeton; and her *fiancé's* father, of Yale. After scrutinizing the groups with a critical air, she expressed her conviction that "the Princeton men are the handsomest, the Harvard men the most distinguished, and the Yale men the most enduring."

—A distinguished English soldier has called attention to the fact that if British rule is unpopular in the East, it is because the Hindoos are no longer allowed to burn their wives, and because the Mohammedans can not kill their wives without being hanged for it, and can not buy girls any more by the pound. The natives, he says, have thus been deprived of many of "the most valuable luxuries of life."

—A foreign reviewer of Mr. W. O. STODDARD's books notes that the winter amusements of the youthful Yankee, with his cutter, coasting, donation parties, sallies, and crullers, are different from those of other lands. "What can a cruller be?" he asks. "Apparently something eatable," he answers. Right for once.

—The story printed by some of the newspapers in connection with a recent revival in this city, to the effect that one of the audience, when asked by the minister if he was a Christian, replied, "No, I am a reporter," is only a revised version of a similar story told a few years ago in reference to Mr. Moody and a *Herald* reporter who was describing one of the large gatherings at the Madison Square Garden.

—The Rev. Mr. PRICE, one of the English missioners who officiated in this city, was explicit in privately telling his friends that he did not wish any display of emotion on the part of his audience, and that therefore he had resolved to speak in a low, unimpassioned, and almost monotonous tone. In particular he did not wish to hear sobs or to see tears, believing that such evidences of feeling are hinderances rather than helps. It was noticed at some of his services that most of the petitions sent in for prayers in behalf of friends were for husbands and sons who were drunkards.

—A student of the Stevens Institute at Hoboken was explaining to a lady how a mechanical engineer ranked higher than a civil engineer. "A civil engineer," he said, humorously, "has to do, you know, with bodies at rest; but a mechanical engineer has to do with bodies in motion, and of course if he can manage them when in motion, he can manage them when at rest."

—Mr. J. S. MOSES is authority for the statement that Christmas Day in New York city was as much of a holiday with the Jews as with the Christians, and the occasion of as frequent gifts.

—"HUXLEY and TYNDALL," said the manager of a literary syndicate, "will never write anything for publication unless they have something to say. I have tried them many a time, and with good offers of money, but always unsuccessfully. They care too much for their fame. But when they have anything to say, they are ready to say it, and to charge for it too."

—The *Nassau Literary Magazine* expresses its disappointment that Canon FARRAR went away without lecturing in Princeton, and its regret that Princeton is not more fortunate in securing prominent men to deliver lectures. "Our sister colleges Yale and Harvard are always on the alert to secure prominent men, and seem to have no difficulty in getting them. The effect of a literary lecture in Princeton by Canon FARRAR would have been stimulating in the extreme. Something of that sort is what is needed to strengthen the fresh literary awakening which is felt among us."

—The charter of Brown University makes the trustees, who are thirty-six in number, consist of twenty-two Baptists or Antipædobaptists, five Quakers, five Episcopalians, and four Congregationalists. Since 1874 vacancies have been filled in accordance with nominations made by the Alumni. The charter also requires that "the President must forever be of the denomination called Baptists."

—The Bishop of Peterborough, England, promises to introduce a bill into the House of Lords declaring the equal right of all parishioners to the free use of seats in parish churches. In this country the practice is becoming more and more general to have the seats in churches free during at least one service on Sunday.

—Literary men nowadays are dedicating their books to one another a good deal—in fact, almost as often as to their wives. Mr. EDMUND GOSSE dedicates his new volume of poems to Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON, saying:

> "We have shared laborious days,
> Shared the pleasantness of praise;
> Brother and more kind to brother,
> We have cheered and helped each other,
> Till as in the fields of each
> Into the other's stretch and reach,
> That perchance when both are gone
> Neither may be named alone."

—King THEEBAW, as he appeared in 1880, was handsome, with cruelty stamped on his features, but no intemperance. He neither smoked nor chewed tobacco, and his small, slightly almond-shaped eyes, his full lips, and small mustache made the impression of an indolent, *blasé*, perhaps rather sensual, young man. Very few foreigners have ever seen his face.

—The Mount Sinai Hospital in this city is not the only mixed hospital that admits women as resident physicians. The Philadelphia Hospital, otherwise known as the Blockley Almshouse, opened its doors to them in 1883, and since that time the position of interne has been held successively by Drs. PAULINE ROOT, ALICE MAY FARNUM, and ELIZABETH PECK, graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

—The effort now making to place a tablet in Marquand Chapel, at Princeton College, in memory of the late Professor ARNOLD GUYOT, originated with Professor WILLIAM LIBBEY, Jun., who issued a circular calling upon two hundred of Dr. GUYOT's old pupils to subscribe five dollars apiece. "Such a tribute to his worth," he said, "would be appropriate from his students, and would be appreciated by all his friends." Marquand Chapel has already several memorial tablets.

—Mr. JOHN BRIGHT declines to join the Radicals in the matter of Church disestablishment, although he believes that Churches flourish better when disestablished, as in Ireland and in the United States. He will have, however, no wholesale robbery of property on the part of the government—no crowbar and skeleton-key policy. The most prominent Nonconformist clergymen in England have taken pains publicly to deny that they wish the disintegration of the Church of England.

—Mr. WILLIAM BLAIKIE, the author of the well-known book on how to get strong, has recently been emphasizing the need of an even and systematic athletic development. He observes that rowers are apt to be all chest and no leg. He himself is a good specimen of the results of the doctrines which he teaches. Some lady athletes have also been inculcating their views on the necessity for exercise, at the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn. They claim that the right kind of exercise rightly applied will develop any figure in any required direction. They like walking, they say, but walking is not more than half enough.

—The lady managers of the Society of Decorative Art, now in the seventh year of its existence, justly pride themselves upon the large number of designs which they have introduced into this country for the benefit of private and professional workers. Especially in embroidery great service has been rendered by reproducing the ideas of the early French, Italians, and Spaniards, and it is the intention soon to introduce some Oriental patterns. The lady managers find a favorite pastime, during their European excursions, in collecting and bringing over the choicest old pieces of embroidery they can lay hands upon. It is in embroidery rather than in painting that the most successful contributors to the society find their vocation.

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REHEARSING FOR THE AMERICAN OPERA—A SCENE FROM "ORPHEUS."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 30.]

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

## CHAPTER III.

The high road into the village of Weydon Priors was again carpeted with dust. The trees had put on an air of yore their aspect of dingy green, and where the Henchard family of three had once walked along, two persons not unconnected with that family walked now.

The scene in its broad aspect had so much of its previous character, even to the voices and rattle from the neighboring village down, that it might for that matter have been the afternoon following the previously recorded episode. Change was only to be observed in details; but here it was obvious that a long procession of years had passed by. One of the two who walked the road was she who had figured as the young wife of Henchard on the previous occasion; one her face had lost much of its roundity, her skin had undergone a textural change, and though her hair had not lost color, it was considerably thinner than heretofore. She was dressed in the mourning clothes of a widow. Her companion, also in black, appeared as a well formed young woman of eighteen, completely possessed of that ephemeral precious essence youth, which is itself beauty, irrespective of complexion or contour. A glance was sufficient to inform the eye that this was Susan Henchard's grown-up daughter. While subtle summer had set its hardening mark on the mother's face, her former spring like specialties were transferred as deuteronomy by Time to this second figure, her child, that the absence of certain facts within her mother's knowledge from the girl's mind would have seemed for the moment, to one reflecting on those facts, to be a curious imperfection in nature's powers of continuity.

They walked with joined hands, and it could be perceived that this was the act of simple affection. The daughter carried in her outer hand a shiny basket of old-fashioned make; the mother a blue bundle, which contrasted oddly with her black stuff gown.

Reaching the outskirts of the village, they pursued the same track as formerly, and ascended to the fair. Here, too, it was evident that the years had told. Certain mechanical improvements might have been noticed in the roundabouts and high-flyers, the machines for testing castle strength and weight, and in the erections devoted to shooting for nuts. But the real business of the fair had considerably dwindled. The new periodical great markets of neighboring towns were beginning to interfere seriously with the trade carried on here for centuries. The pens for sheep, the tie-ropes for horses, were about half as long as they had been. The stalls of tailors, hosiers, cutpers, linen-drapers, and other such traders had almost disappeared, and the vehicles were far less numerous. The mother and daughter threaded the crowd for some little distance, and then stood still.

"Why did we hinder our time by coming in here? I thought you wished to get onward?" said the maiden.

"Yes, my dear Elizabeth Jane," explained the other (somewhat equivocally, as will be seen). "But I had a fancy for looking up here."

"Why?"

"It was here I first met with Newson—on such a day as this."

"First met with father here? Yes, you have told me so before. And now he's drowned and gone from us?" As she spoke the girl drew a card from her pocket and looked at it with a sigh. It was edged with black, and inscribed within a design resembling a mural tablet were the words, "In affectionate memory of Richard Newson, mariner, who was unfortunately lost at sea, in the month of November, 18—, aged 41 years."

"And it was here," continued her mother, with more hesitation, "that I last saw the relative we are going to look for—Mr. Michael Henchard."

"What is his exact relation to us, mother? I have never clearly had it told me."

"SHE PRETENDED TO EAT A LITTLE OF THE FURMITY WITH THE LEADEN SPOON."

AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE OYSTER WAR ON THE CHESAPEAKE.—From a Sketch by F. Crosby Schell.—[See Page 22.]

"He is, or was—for he may be dead—a relation by marriage," said her mother, deliberately.

"That's exactly what you have said a score of times before!" replied the young woman, looking about her inattentively. "He's not a near relation, I suppose?"

"Not by any means."

"He was a hay-trusser, wasn't he, when you last heard of him?"

"He was."

"I suppose he never knew me?" the girl innocently continued.

Why should Mrs. Henchard have paused? She did pause for a moment, and answered, "Of course not, Elizabeth Jane. But come this way."

Let judgment be reserved on Mrs. Henchard's morals for that negative till her hard circumstances are fairly recognized.

"Come this way," she repeated.

"It is not much use inquiring here for anybody, I should think," the daughter observed, as she gazed round about. "People at fairs change like the leaves of trees; and I dare say you are the only one here to-day who was here all those years ago."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Newson, as she now called herself, keenly eying something under a green bank a little way off. "See there."

The daughter looked in the direction signified. The object pointed out was a tripod of sticks stuck into the earth, from which hung a three-legged crock, kept hot by a smouldering wood fire beneath. Over the pot stooped an old woman, haggard, wrinkled, and almost in rags. She stirred the contents of the pot with a large spoon, and occasionally croaked, in a broken voice, "Good furmity sold here!"

It was indeed the former mistress of the furmity tent—once thriving, cleanly, white-aproned, and chinking with money—now tentless, dirty, owning no tables or benches, and having scarce any customers except two small whity-brown boys, who came up and asked for "A ha'p'orth, please—good measure," which she served in a couple of chipped yellow basins of commonest clay.

"She was here at that time," resumed Mrs. Newson, making a step as if to draw nearer.

"Don't speak to her—it isn't respectable!" urged the other.

"I will just say a word. You, Elizabeth Jane, can bide here."

The girl was not loath, and turned to some stalls of colored prints while her mother went forward. The old woman begged for the latter's custom as soon as she saw her, and responded to Mrs. Henchard-Newson's request for a pennyworth with more alacrity than she had shown in selling sixpennyworths in her younger days. When the *soi-disant* widow had taken the basin of thin poor slop that stood for the rich concoction of the former time, the hag opened a little basket behind the fire, and, looking up slyly, whispered, "Just a thought o' rum in it?—smuggled, you know—say two penn'orth—'twill make it slip down like cordial."

Her customer smiled bitterly at this survival of the old trick, and shook her head with a meaning the old woman was far from translating. She pretended to eat a little of the furmity with the leaden spoon offered, and as she did so said blandly to the hag, "You've seen better days?"

"Ah, ma'am, well ye may say it," responded the old woman, opening the sluices of her heart forthwith. "I've stood in this fair ground, maid, wife, and widow, these nine-and-thirty year, and in that time have known what it was to do business with the richest stomachs in the land. Ma'am, you'd hardly believe that I was once the owner of a great pavilion tent that was the attraction of the fair. Nobody could come, nobody could go, without having a dish of Mrs. Goodenough's furmity. I knowed the clergy's taste, I knowed the dandy gent's taste; I knowed the town's taste, the country's taste, I even knowed the taste of the coarse, thoughtless females. But, Lord my life! the world's no memory; straightforward dealings don't bring profit; 'tis the sly and the underhand that get on in these times."

Mrs. Newson glanced round; her daughter was still bending over the distant stalls. "Can you call to mind," she said, cautiously, to the old woman, "the sale of a wife by her husband in your tent eighteen years ago to-day?"

The hag reflected, and half shook her head. "If it had been a big thing I should have minded it in a moment," she said. "I can mind every serious fight o' married parties, every murder, every manslaughter, even every pocket-picking—leastwise large ones—that 't has been my lot to witness. But a selling? Was it done quiet like?"

"Well, yes. I think so."

The furmity woman half shook her head again. "And yet," she said, "I do. At any rate, I can mind a man doing something o' the sort—a man in a cord jacket, with a basket of tools; but, Lord bless ye! we don't gi'e it head-room, we don't, such as that. The only reason why I can mind the man is that he came back here to the next year's fair, and told me quite private-like that if a woman ever asked for him I was to say he had gone to—where?—Casterbridge—yes—to Casterbridge, said he. But, Lord's my life, I shouldn't ha' thought of it again!"

Mrs. Newson would have rewarded the old woman as far as her small means afforded had she not discreetly borne in mind that it was by that unscrupulous person's liquor her husband had been degraded. She briefly thanked her informant, and rejoined Elizabeth Jane, who greeted her with: "Mother, do let's go on; it was hardly respectable for you to buy refreshments there. I see none but the lowest do."

"I have learned what I wanted, however," said her mother, quietly. "The last time our relative visited this fair, he said he was living at Casterbridge. It is a long, long way from here, and it was many years ago that he said it, but there I think we'll go."

With this they descended out of the fair, and went onward to the village, where they obtained a night's lodging.

## CHAPTER IV.

Henchard's wife acted for the best, but she had involved herself in difficulties. A hundred times she had been upon the point of telling her daughter, Elizabeth Jane, the true story of her life, the tragical crisis of which had been the transaction at Weydon Fair, when she was not much older than the girl now beside her. But she had refrained. An innocent maiden had thus grown up in the belief that the relations between the genial sailor and her mother were the ordinary ones that they had always appeared to be. The risk of endangering a child's strong affection by disturbing ideas which had grown with her growth was to Mrs. Henchard too fearful a thing to contemplate. It had seemed, indeed, folly to think of making Elizabeth Jane wise.

But Susan Henchard's fear of losing her dearly loved daughter's heart by a revelation had little to do with any sense of wrong-doing on her own part. Her almost vacuous simplicity—the original ground of Henchard's contempt for her—had allowed her to live on in the conviction that Newson had acquired a real and binding right to her by his purchase, though the exact bearings and legal limits of that right were vague. It may seem strange to sophisticated minds that a sane young matron could believe in the validity of such a transfer; and were there not numerous other instances of the same belief the thing might scarcely be credited. But she was by no means the first or last peasant wife who had religiously adhered to her purchaser, as too many rural records show.

The history of Susan Henchard's adventures in the interim can be told in two or three sentences. Absolutely helpless, she had been taken off to Canada, where they had lived several years without any great worldly success, though she worked as hard as any woman could to keep their cottage cheerful and well provided. When Elizabeth Jane was about twelve years old the three returned to England, and settled at Falmouth, where Newson made a poor living for a few years as boatman and general handy shoreman.

He then engaged in the Newfoundland trade, and it was during this period that Susan had an awakening. A friend to whom she confided her history ridiculed her belief and position; and all was over with her peace of mind. When Newson came home at the end of one winter he saw that the delusion he had so carefully sustained had vanished forever.

There was then a time of sadness. Newson left home again on the Newfoundland trade when the season came round. The news of his loss at sea a little later on solved a problem which had become torture to her meek conscience. She saw him no more.

Of Henchard they heard nothing. To the liege subjects of Labor, England is a continent, and a mile is a geographical degree.

Elizabeth Jane developed early into womanliness. One day, a month or so after receiving intelligence of Newson's death off the Bank of Newfoundland, when the girl was about eighteen, she was sitting on a willow chair in the cottage they still occupied, working twine nets for the fishermen. Her mother was in a back corner of the same room, engaged in the same labor; and dropping the heavy wood needle she was filling, she surveyed her daughter thoughtfully. The sun shone in at the door upon the young woman's head and hair, which was worn loose, so that the rays streamed into its depths as into a hazel copse. Her face, though somewhat wan and incomplete, possessed the raw materials of beauty in a promising degree. There was an under-handsomeness in it, struggling to reveal itself through the provisional curves of immaturity, and the casual disfigurements that resulted from the straitened circumstances of their lives. She was handsome in the bone, hardly as yet handsome in the flesh. She possibly might never be fully handsome, unless the carking accidents of her daily existence could be evaded before the mobile parts of her countenance had settled to their final mould.

The sight of the girl made her mother sad—not vaguely, but by logical inference. They both were still in that strait-waistcoat of poverty from which she had tried so many times to be delivered for the girl's sake. The woman had long perceived how zealously and constantly the young mind of her companion was struggling for enlargement; and yet now, in her eighteenth year, it still remained but little unfolded. The desire—sober and repressed—of Elizabeth Jane's heart was indeed to see, to hear, and to understand. How could she become a woman of wider knowledge, higher repute—"better," as she termed it—this was her constant inquiry of her mother. She sought further into things than other girls in her position ever did, and her mother groaned as she felt she could not aid in the search.

The sailor was now lost to them; and Susan's staunch, religious adherence to him as her husband, till her views had been disturbed by enlightenment, was demanded no more. She asked herself whether the present moment, now that she was a free woman again, were not as opportune a one as she would find, in a world where everything had been so inopportune, for making a desperate effort to advance Elizabeth Jane. To pocket her pride and search for the first husband seemed, wisely or not, the best initiatory step. He had possibly drunk himself into his tomb. But he might, on the other hand, have had too much sense to do so, for in her time with him he had been given to bouts only, and was not a habitual drunkard.

At any rate, the propriety of returning to him, if he lived, was unquestionable. The awkwardness of searching for him lay in enlightening Elizabeth Jane, a proceeding which her mother could not endure to contemplate. She finally resolved to undertake the search without confiding to the girl her former relations with Henchard, leaving it to him, if they found him, to take what steps he might choose to that end. This will account for their conversation at the fair, and the half-informed state in which Elizabeth Jane was led onward.

In this attitude they proceeded on their journey, trusting solely to the dim light afforded of Henchard's whereabouts by the furmity woman. The strictest economy was indispensable. Sometimes they might have been seen on foot, sometimes on farmers' wagons, sometimes in carriers' vans; and thus they drew near to Casterbridge. Elizabeth Jane discovered to her alarm that her mother's health was not what it once had been, and there was ever and anon in her talk that finality of tone which showed that but for the girl she would not be very sorry to quit a life she was growing thoroughly weary of.

It was on a Friday evening, near the middle of September and just before dusk, that they reached the summit of a hill within a mile of the place they sought. There were no hedges to the highway here, and they mounted upon the green turf and sat down. The spot commanded a full view of the town and its environs.

"What an old-fashioned place it seems to be!" said Elizabeth Jane, while her silent mother mused on other things than topography. "It is huddled all together; and it is shut in by a wall of trees, like a plot of ground by a box-edging. . . . Why, it is square."

Its squareness was indeed the singular characteristic which most struck the eye in this antiquated borough—the borough of Casterbridge—at that time, recent as it was, untouched by the faintest sprinkle of modernism. It was compact as a box of dominoes. It had no suburbs—in the ordinary sense. Country and town met at a mathematical line.

To birds of the more soaring kind Casterbridge must have appeared on this fine evening as a mosaic-work of subdued reds, browns, grays, and crystals, held together by a rectangular frame of deep green. To the level eye of humanity it stood as an indistinct mass behind a dense stockade of limes and chestnuts, set in the midst of miles of rotund down and concave field. The mass became gradually dissected by the vision into towers, gables, chimneys, and casements, the highest glazings shining bleared and blood-shot with the coppery fire they caught from the belt of sun-lit cloud in the west.

From the centre of each side of this tree-bound square ran avenues east, west, and south into the wide expanse of corn land and coombe to the distance of a mile or so, after which the highway was bare. It was one of these avenues that the pedestrians had entered. Before they had risen to proceed, two men passed by, engaged in argumentative conversation.

"Why, surely," said Elizabeth Jane, as they receded, "those men mentioned the name of Henchard in their talk—the name of our relative?"

"I thought so too," said Mrs. Newson (as she may be called for the present).

"That seems a hint to us that he is still here."

"Yes."

"Shall I run after them and ask them about him?"

"No, no, no! Not for the world just yet. He may be in the work-house or in the stocks, for all we know."

"Dear me—why should you think that, mother?"

"'Twas just something to say—that's all. But we must make private inquiries."

Having sufficiently rested, they proceeded on their way. The dense trees of the avenue rendered the road dark as a tunnel, though the corn-land on each side was still under a faint daylight; in other words, they passed down a midnight between two gloamings. The features of the town had a keen interest for Elizabeth Jane's mother now that the human side came to the fore. As soon as they approached the margin they could see that the stockade of gnarled trees which framed in Casterbridge was itself an avenue, standing on a low green bank or escarpment, with a ditch yet visible without. Within the avenue and bank was a wall more or less discontinuous, and within the wall were packed the abodes of the burghers.

Though the two women did not know it, these external features were but the ancient defences of the town, planted as a promenade.

The lamp-lights now glimmered through the engirdling trees, conveying a sense of great snugness and comfort inside, and rendering at the same time the unlighted country without strangely solitary and vacant in aspect, considering its nearness to life. The difference between burgh and champaign was increased, too, by sounds which now reached them above others—the notes of a brass band. The travellers wandered down the High Street, where there were timber houses with overhanging stories, whose small-paned lattices were screened by dimity curtains on a drawing-string, and under whose barge-boards old cobwebs waved in the breeze. There were houses of brick-nogging, which derived their chief support from those adjoining. There were slate roofs patched with tiles, and tile roofs patched with slate, with occasionally a roof of thatch.

The agricultural and pastoral character of the people upon whom the town depended for its existence was shown by the class of objects displayed in the shop windows. Scythes, reap-hooks, sheep-shears, bill-hooks, spades, mattocks, and hoes at the iron-monger's; bee-hives, butter-firkins, churns, milking stools and pails, hay-rakes, field-flagons, and seed-lips at the cooper's; cart ropes and plough harness at the saddler's; corn drills and winnowing machines at the wheelwright's and machinist's; horse embrocations at the chemist's; at the glover's and leather-cutter's hedging gloves, thatcher's knee-caps, ploughmen's leggings, villagers' pattens and clogs.

They came to a grizzled church, whose massive square tower rose unbroken into the darkening sky, the lower parts being illuminated by the nearest lamps sufficiently to show how completely the mortar from the joints of the stone-work had been nibbled out by time and weather, which had planted in the crevices thus made little tufts of stone-crop and grass almost as far up as the very battlements. From this tower the clock struck eight, and thereupon a bell began to toll with a peremptory clang. The curfew was still rung in Casterbridge, and it was utilized by the inhabitants as a signal for shutting their shops. No sooner did the deep notes of the bell throb between the house fronts than a clatter of shutters arose through the whole length of the High Street. In a few minutes business at Casterbridge was ended for the day.

Other clocks struck eight from time to time—one gloomily from the jail, another from the gable of an almshouse, with a preparative creak of machinery more audible than the note of the bell; a row of tall varnished case clocks from the interior of a watch-maker's shop joined in one after another just as the shutters were inclosing them, like a row of actors delivering their final speeches before the fall of the curtain; then chimes were heard stammering out the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn; so that chronologists of the advanced school were appreciably on their way to the next hour before the whole business of the old one was satisfactorily wound up.

In an open space before the church walked a woman with her gown sleeves rolled up so high that the edge of her under-linen was visible, and her skirt tucked up through her pocket-hole. She carried a loaf under her arm, from which she was pulling pieces of bread and handing them to some other women who walked with her, which pieces they nibbled critically. The sight reminded Mrs. Henchard-Newson and her daughter that they had an appetite, and they inquired of the woman for the nearest baker's.

"Ye may as well look for manna-food as good bread in Casterbridge just now," she said, after directing them. "They can blare their trumpets and thump their drums, and have their roaring dinners"—waving her hand toward a point further down the street, where the brass band could be seen standing in front of an illuminated building—"but we must needs be pinched for want of a wholesome crust. There's less good bread than good beer in Casterbridge now."

"And less good beer than swipes," said a man with his hands in his pockets.

"How does it happen there's no good bread?" asked Mrs. Henchard.

"Oh, 'tis the corn-factor. He's the man that our millers and bakers all deal wi', and he has sold 'em grown wheat, which they didn't know was grown—so they say—till the dough ran all over the ovens like quicksilver; so that the loaves be as flat as toads, and like suet puddens inside. I've been a wife, and I've been a mother, and I never see such unprincipled bread in Casterbridge as this before— But you must be a real stranger here not to know what's made all the poor folks' innerds plim like blowed bladders this week?"

"I am," said Elizabeth's mother, shyly.

Not wishing to be observed further till she knew more of her future in this place, she withdrew with her daughter from the speaker's side. Getting a couple of biscuits at the shop indicated as a temporary substitute for a meal, they next bent their steps instinctively to where the music was playing.

## CHAPTER V.

A few score yards brought them to the spot where the town band was now shaking the window panes with the strains of "The Roast Beef of Old England."

The building before whose doors they had pitched their music stands was the chief hotel in Casterbridge—namely, The Golden Crown. A spacious bow-window projected into the street over the main portico, and from the open sashes came the babble of voices, the jingle of glasses, and the popping of corks. The blinds, moreover, being left unclosed, the whole interior of this room could be surveyed from the top of a flight of steps opposite, for which reason a knot of idlers had gathered there.

"We might, perhaps, after all, make a few inquiries about—our relation, Mr. Henchard," whispered Mrs. Newson, who, since her entry into Casterbridge, had seemed strangely weak and agitated. "And this, I think, would be a good place for trying it; just to ask, you know, how he stands in the town, if he is here, as I think he must be. You, Elizabeth Jane, had better be the one to do it. I'm too worn out to do anything. Pull down your fall first." She sat down upon the lowest step, and Elizabeth Jane obeyed her directions, and stood among the idlers.

"What's going on to-night?" asked the girl, after singling out an old man, and standing by him long enough to acquire a neighborly right of converse.

"Well, ye must be a stranger, sure," said the old man, without taking his eyes from the window. "Why, 'tis a great public dinner of the gentle-people and such like leading folk, wi' the Mayor in the chair. As we plainer fellows bain't invited, they leave the winder-shutters open that we may get just a sense o't out here. If you mount the steps you can see 'em. That's Mr. Henchard, the Mayor, at the end of the table, a-facing ye; and that's the Councilmen right and left. . . . . Ah, lots of them when they begun life were no more than I be now!"

"Henchard!" said Elizabeth Jane, surprised,

but by no means suspecting the whole force of the revelation. She ascended among the other persons to the space at the top of the steps.

Her mother, though her head was lowered, had already caught from the window tones that strangely riveted her attention before the old man's words "Mr. Henchard, the Mayor," reached her ears. She arose, and ascended to her daughter's rear as soon as she could do so without showing exceptional eagerness.

The interior of the hotel dining-room was spread out before her, with its tables and glass and plate and inmates. Facing the window, in the chair of dignity, sat a man approaching forty years of age, of heavy frame, large features, and commanding voice, his general build being rather coarse than compact. He had a rich complexion, which verged on swarthiness, a flashing black eye, and dark bushy brows and hair. When he indulged in an occasional loud laugh at some remark among the guests, his large mouth parted so far back as to show to the rays of the chandelier a full score or more of the two-and-thirty sound white teeth that he obviously still could boast of.

That laugh was not encouraging to strangers, and hence it may have been well that it was rarely heard. Many theories might have been built upon it. It fell in well with a conjectured temperament which would have no pity for weakness, but would be ready to yield ungrudging admiration to greatness and strength. Its producer's personal goodness, if he had any, would be of a very fitful cast—an occasional almost oppressive generosity rather than a mild and constant kindness.

Susan Henchard's husband—in law, at least—sat before them, matured in shape, stiffened in line, exaggerated in traits, disciplined, thought-marked—in a word, older. Elizabeth, encumbered with no recollections as her mother was, regarded him with nothing more than the keen curiosity and interest which the discovery of such unexpected social standing in the long-sought relative naturally begot. He was dressed in an old-fashioned evening suit, an expanse of frilled shirt showing on his broad breast; jewelled studs, and a heavy gold chain. Three glasses stood at his right hand; but, to his wife's surprise, the two for wine were empty, while the third, a tumbler, was half full of water.

When last she had seen him he was sitting in a light fustian jacket, corduroy waistcoat and breeches, and tanned leather leggings, with a basin of hot furmity before him. Time, the magician, had wrought much here. Watching him, and thus thinking of past days, she became so moved that she shrank back against the jamb of the deep doorway to which the steps gave access, the shadow from it conveniently hiding her features. She forgot her daughter, till a touch from Elizabeth-Jane aroused her. "Have you seen him, mother?" whispered the girl.

"Yes, yes," answered her companion, hastily. "I have seen him, and it is enough for me. Now I only want to go—pass away—die."

"Why—O what?" She drew closer, and whispered in her mother's ear: "Do he seem to you not likely to befriend us? I thought he looked a generous man. What a gentleman he is, isn't he? and how his diamond studs shine! How strange that you should have said he might be in the stocks, or in the work-house, or dead! Did ever anything go more by contraries! Why do you feel so afraid of him? I am not at all. I'll call upon him; he can but say he don't own such remote kin."

"I don't know at all; I can't tell what to set about. I feel so down."

"Don't be that, mother, now we have got here and all! Rest there where you be a little while; I will look on and find out more about him."

"I don't think I can ever meet Mr. Henchard. He is not how I thought he would be; he overpowers me. I don't wish to see him any more."

"But wait a little time and consider."

Elizabeth-Jane had never been so much interested in anything in her life as in their present position, partly from the natural elation she felt at discovering herself, in the old phrase, akin to a coach; and she gazed again at the scene. The younger guests were talking and eating with animation; their elders were searching for tidbits, and sniffing and grunting over their plates like sows nuzzling for acorns. Three drinks seemed to be sacred to the company—port, sherry, and rum, outside which old-established trinity few or no palates ranged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NEW NAVAL CRUISER.

The steel cruiser *Chicago*, the largest of the four vessels whose construction was authorized by the Forty-seventh Congress, was launched from Roach's ship-yard, at Chester, on the Delaware, on December 5. The traditional bottle of champagne was broken over her bows by Miss Edith Chandler, and three birds—an Irish thrush, a Baltimore oriole, and a canary—were at the same time liberated from a cage gayly decorated with red, white, and blue ribbons. The keel of the *Chicago* was laid on December 15, 1883. Her cost was estimated by the Naval Advisory Board at $1,248,000, but Mr. John Roach offered to build her for $889,000, and the contract was awarded to him. His bids for the *Boston*, the *Atlanta*, and the *Dolphin*, submitted at the same time, were lower than those of any of his competitors, and he also secured the contracts for those vessels. Before any one of the three cruisers was completed Mr. Roach made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The government undertook to finish the vessels, and work upon the *Chicago* was carried on under the direction of officers detailed from the bureaus of the Navy Department.

"The *Chicago*," said Secretary Chandler, in his Annual Report for 1883, "is an example of the largest and best unarmored cruising and fighting vessels now built, and will have no superior in the world in the combination of speed, endurance, and armament." She is a steam cruiser of 4500 tons displacement, and her dimensions are as follows: Length, between perpendiculars, 315 feet; extreme breadth, 48 feet 2 inches; depth of hold, 31 feet 4 inches; mean draught, 19 feet. She was constructed with a double bottom 42 inches deep, extending through the space occupied by the machinery and boilers. The machinery is below the water-line, and is protected by a defensive steel deck whose outer edge bends downward and extends at a point four feet below that line. She has two complete sets of compound beam engines, which are to drive twin screws, each 15½ feet in diameter, and with these are fourteen steel boilers, each 8 feet in diameter and 10 feet long. The engines are required to show 5000 horse-power. Her sea speed was estimated at fourteen knots, and her smooth-water speed at sixteen knots. Part of her armament will consist of four 8-inch and ten 6-inch breech-loading rifled cannon.

The selection of beam engines and brick furnaces for this vessel has been severely criticised, and it has been said that a closer imitation of methods prevailing abroad would have insured greater speed at a reduced consumption of coal. The exact measure of the *Chicago*'s speed has not yet been ascertained, but the sea speed of several similar vessels built in Europe far surpasses the speed estimated for her by her designers. Inasmuch as speed is especially desired in an unarmored cruiser, the record to be made by the *Chicago* will be very useful in guiding the designers of the other cruisers which are to be built for our new navy.

## THE OYSTER WAR.

A more peaceful and nonexciting occupation than the pursuit of the dumb and unresisting oyster can hardly be imagined, unless, perhaps, it be the resurrection from muddy depths of the soft-shell clam, and yet it would appear from newspaper reports, published annually at this season of the year, that there is engaged in this quiet walk in life a class of as blood-thirsty pirates as ever drew cutlass or hoisted the black flag. The yearly warfare between these oyster pirates and the State authorities of Maryland has just begun on the Chesapeake Bay, and a graphic picture of a naval engagement between the two forces is published in this issue.

Everybody is doubtless aware that the bottom of Chesapeake Bay is in many places fairly macadamized with oysters in the shell, and that the work of one who dredges therefrom is full of profit. Oysters are shovelled up in that vicinity like coal from a well-filled bin, and as they are always a marketable commodity, it is not to be wondered at that they attract piratical river-men in large numbers. To thwart the work of these oyster poachers, the State of Maryland keeps in service a fleet of police war ships which cruise among the islands below Annapolis, and frequently come into contact with the thieves. The first affair of the present season occurred a night or two before Christmas, when a police steamer swept down upon a fleet of the oyster pirates, and was received with plenty of cold lead from the poachers. It was not reported that anybody was killed, but in the words of one of the valiant policemen, "Things were lively for a while." Finally, however, the admiral of the State forces got a cannon into range, and routed the pirates.

Last year there were several serious battles, and the outlook is said to be bright for several fierce engagements in the near future. Trouble appears to be brewing all around the bay. The police steamer *Kent* a few nights ago met a flotilla of determined dredgers making for Fishing Bay, bent upon recapturing an oyster boat that had been taken by the authorities. A general fusillade was opened upon both sides, and continued until the small boats of the pirates succeeded in escaping in the fog. The routing of these oyster pirates is rendered difficult by the fact that they spring up from all points on the bay, taking advantage of the removal of the police boats to any one threatened point by hurriedly working forbidden beds in other localities. They also, reversing the order of making hay while the sun shines, are quick to take advantage of the frequent and heavy fogs which hang over the bay. Although a police sloop is kept continually on patrol at ground reserved for oyster tongers near the mouth of the Wicomico and Nanticoke rivers, the piratical dredgers, by bold sorties, have already succeeded this year in taking hundreds of bushels of oysters from the forbidden ground. It should be explained that the State law forbids dredging, while permitting oysters to be fished for with tongs in many portions of the bay. As a consequence of this law there are innumerable conflicts between the dredgers and the tongers, in addition to the battles between the dredgers and the police.

## THE APACHE TRAIL.

The long record of our Indian hostilities contains no "war" so full of peculiar difficulties as is that which continually goes on with the several bands of the Apaches. It began as soon as they were near enough for a collision, and it can hardly be said to have ceased at any time. Some of the features of the perpetual conflict are vividly presented on our front page. The waterless, treeless, burning levels of rock and sand break down the horses of pursuing cavalry. They receive a trail but faintly, and it soon disappears. They are bordered or broken by mountain ranges, whose rugged slopes arise from the very sand, and whose passes are known to the red men, but have been little explored by the whites.

A further complication of every attempt to bring the Apaches within the control of our very efficient and devoted military police is the elements of the Mexican boundary line. Beyond that political barrier United States soldiers may not ride, and it is rarely possible to secure the co-operation of Mexican armed forces. In fact, the Mexican States bordering New Mexico and Arizona have been so desolated and weakened by the depredations of these savages as to be no longer able to do much for their own protection. Such troops as they at times gather are said to be but little feared by the Apaches. The most vigorous and persistent trailing and hard riding is baffled by the Rio Grande or the landmarks further southward, which inform a commanding officer that the dim traces he is following have crossed the frontier.

The vast regions exposed to the operations of the Apaches can not by any stretching be considered "their country." They are not all desert and mountain, but contain rich agricultural areas, as well as valuable mineral deposits. That settlers will venture deeper and deeper into the land of danger is one of the certainties of American enterprise and daring, but each exploring party, each ranch, each drove of quadrupeds, offers another temptation to chiefs like Geronimo and bold raiders like his followers. It is probable that the greater part of their exploits is unreported, but that which is known is sad enough.

All honor is due to the army officers who have had this trying and thankless warfare in charge. They have moderated and restrained the vengeful wrath of the settlers, while they have made the best use possible of the limited forces at their disposal.

The cut presents a life-like illustration of the manner in which the difficulties of desert and mountain trailing have been overcome in part by the employment of the Chiricahua band as army scouts. They are Apaches precisely like the rest, no better, and are all looked upon as "coyotes" by such tribes as the Sioux, Cheyennes, or Navajoes. Even physically they are inferior to size and strength, and are for the greater part of mixed race. For three centuries, in their raids upon the Mexican tribes, they have carried the women off as booty, like the horses.

As the settlements increase in number and population, the need of protection increases, and the capacity of the settlers for self-protection becomes a positive assurance that they will act with increasing vigor, and not always wisely.

The Apaches must be suppressed, but the fighting to be done should be under the intelligent control of regular army men, ample supplied and re-enforced as they never yet have been.

## NEW-YEAR'S CALLS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The Dutch custom of gentlemen making New-Year's calls on the ladies of their acquaintance remained exclusively a local fashion in New York for a hundred years after the settlement of New Amsterdam; and it did not become a generally observed American custom until so recent a period that its introduction in many communities is within the easy recollection of persons who are not yet old. After New York became the great city it now is, gentlemen of large acquaintance began to find it physically impossible to call on all their friends; and ladies of large acquaintances were forced to make it the busiest day in the calendar. When to these practical inconveniences fashion added the folly of making it a feast-day, the beautiful old custom became burdensome. The postman, therefore, now carries the compliments that most callers formerly paid in person; and the duty of paying calls is observed chiefly by intimate friends. The elaborate formality of the New-Year's Day of a few years ago will soon be only a matter of history.

But its most ceremonious observance has become an interesting and permanent feature of official life at Washington. On the first New-Year's Day of President Washington's first term he congratulated himself that the pretty New York custom of making calls was adopted at Washington in official society; and after receiving the compliments of all the distinguished persons at the capital, he turned at ten that evening to a visitor from New York, and said, in his stately fashion: "The highly favored situation of New York will, in the process of years, attract numerous immigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial and cheerful observance of New-Year's Day."

Since Washington's time the observance of New-Year's Day, which he so graciously welcomed and encouraged, has become perhaps the most rigid unwritten law of official society, and there is no other day in the calendar of so much ceremonious pomp. It is the only day when all the members of official society at the capital call on the President. At eleven o'clock he receives the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps. The ministers, of course, are attired every one in his official robes, and nowhere else in the world, except at the court receptions at a few European capitals, can the sight be seen of representative dignitaries of all nations in one group. After these come the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; then Senators and Representatives, and the most important officers of the District of Columbia; then the officers of the army and of the navy, in full uniform. After these the more important officers in the several departments at Washington, veterans, and members of the Grand Army of the Republic are received, and between one and two o'clock the President holds a reception of citizens. The rest of the day is spent by these several classes of official persons in calling on one another. This ceremonious character that has been given to the observance of New-Year's Day at Washington is becoming a feature of its observance also at State capitals, so that the old Dutch social custom has given our official society one of its most pompous but at the same time "cordial and cheerful" features.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Genoese gentleman has just disclosed the fact that he is in possession of the chains with which Columbus was bound after his discovery of America. The gentleman has owned the chains for twenty years without telling. In 1865, becoming aware that the chains were in existence somewhere on this continent, he came hither and secured them. He was likely to have kept his possession of them a secret for a still longer time, but reading so frequently newspaper paragraphs regarding the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery, his conscience reproached him, and he permitted the facts concerning the chains to become known.

The theory that there is no unscrupulous humor on the land of Friedrich Barbarossa is made to appear fallacious from time to time. A Berlin journal is credited with observing: "It is incredible to what expedients American newspapers resort to gain a point over a competitor. Three notable papers, printed on sugar-cakes flattened out, appear at present in America, two on rolled chewing tobacco, five on fly-paper, one on porous-plaster, and seven on linen handkerchiefs. Three publishers have each of their subscribers published yearly, and make them a present of a dozen photographs; several give them free burial, five invite them to dinner once a week, and 261 give orders which entitle subscribers to the services of a physician." The paragraph has quite a Western air, or it might be a product of our own West—where the existence of humor is undoubted—and attributed to Berlin for the sake of giving it additional tang.

In view of the rare privilege which the mistletoe brings, and of the fact that it was rarely seen here a score of years ago, it is interesting to note that sprigs of it were sold in this market for ten cents apiece during the holiday season just passed.

A correspondent of the *Princetonian* objects to the short cheer in vogue among the Princeton men. It is emitted more quickly than the Yale cheer, he says, and the Yale cheer continuing after it has ceased (say at a foot-ball match), "the natural deduction is that the Yale men can outyell us. . . . Would not sufficient moderation to allow the long, strong cheer to be given, and thus drown out all opponents, be an advantageous thing?" The correspondent's idea has long been a practice in the Chinese army. They make an indomitable noise. The advantage of it is said to depend a good deal upon the nature of the enemy.

A newspaper paragraph says that a Harvard student has an insurance of twenty thousand dollars on the furniture of his rooms.

A recent essay deals with the terrors of English spelling. The child learning to spell, it says, undergoes "one of the most mind-stunting processes that has ever formed a part of the general education of any people." The child who finds it hard to learn to spell "may be expected to develop strong logical faculties." The essay supplies a long-felt want. There is a vast army of otherwise praiseworthy people who can not spell, and who will hug to the heart an assurance which sets a premium on orthographic inability. A little over nine hundred hours is the time it takes an Italian boy to learn to read, the essay says, while it takes an English boy three thousand five hundred hours.

In three years from now, according to the London *Truth*, England expects to have finished the strongest war ship in the world. She has already been three years building, and was recently launched at Portsmouth. The labor and materials for making her have cost £475,000, and her machinery will cost £160,000 more. Her name is the *Camperdown*. Seven hundred hands have been constantly employed in her construction. "She is the heaviest ship ever launched from government slips, and is the first man-of-war that has been launched with her armor on. The *Camperdown* is built entirely of steel, and in her armament she will be the most powerful vessel of all her class; her displacement will be ten thousand tons."

An interesting discussion concerning Anglomania has recently been carried on in the columns of the Harvard *Crimson*. An editorial article in the paper rebuked American college men for imitating Englishmen. Reply was made by a student who spoke of himself in his letter as "thoroughly American," and at the same time said, "I wish to protest against this narrowing down of our models. I can not see that I am less patriotic because, finding that the dress of Englishmen is more becoming, and their speech more musical than our own, I try to copy after them in these respects." Other correspondents immediately came on, with pens finely sharpened against this one. "To pretend to be what one is not," says one of them, "is to be dishonest or well an ill bred. . . . I venture the assertion, based upon some knowledge of what I am talking about, that the most ardent imitators (who are always at a respectful distance) of English society manners are the ones sure to be most hopelessly left on application for *entrée* to social life in England. In England the flattery of imitation is left to serving-people; when it spreads to other classes it becomes the subserviency of fools." The controversy was confined to letter writing, and at no time has it been made unpleasant for a person at once in Cambridge a top-coat which was shorter than his under coat, or to speak in imitation of any model to which his fancy pleased to turn.

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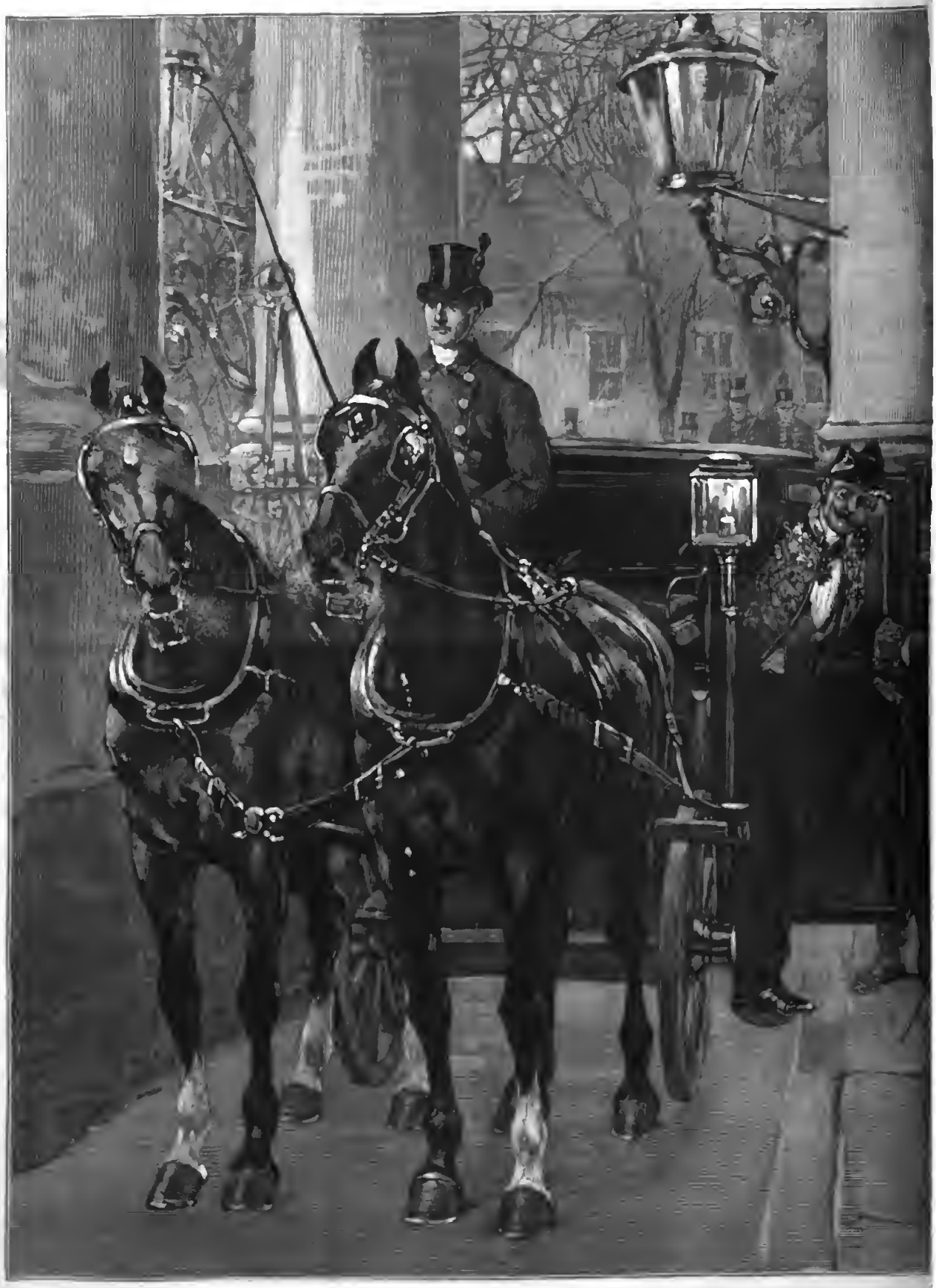

NEW-YEAR'S CALLS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

RAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 23.]

# AN AMERICAN PENELOPE.

## I.

Anthony Ledgett arrived at the thriving town of B—— at half past two o'clock on a summer afternoon. In every sense of the term his was a return of the native. He was born here in a small house, which had since been demolished to make space for a wide thoroughfare. He had been away for twenty-five years, and young citizens knew him not. He sought a convenient hotel on foot, with his portmanteau in his hand. He had come unannounced to those who should welcome him, and his incognito amused him. There is a Haroun-al-Raschid element in most men, and especially in one absent since youth. Anthony Ledgett glanced about him, half hoping to see a familiar face. He met only the responsive scrutiny of a town where he was completely forgotten. All was changed; and, oddly enough, while the place, stirred by modern enterprise, had grown, expanded in every direction, it seemed narrow and contracted to the returned wanderer. Such was his revenge on his birthplace for flourishing without him. Stay! Was all changed? Ah, no, the foundation-stone of the community remained. The familiar sign of Sheen & Co. confronted and re-assured him. Sheen & Co. welcomed him at every turn. Other houses might crumble and disappear, but the very name of Sheen had an untarnished lustre, and was stamped all over the town, in public museum and library, in a park, with a zoological collection; in a bank adorned with a great gilt eagle; and in an extensive pottery on the outskirts, where the operatives formed a separate community in model dwellings, warranted as to sanitary regulations.

"They are the right sort, Sheen & Co.," mused Anthony Ledgett, nodding his head at the first man he met with an expression of such mysterious confidence that the pedestrian stared in suspicious surprise. "There are no ups and downs in their prosperity. The business is handed down from father to son. Safe and sure is their creed, and none of your break-neck modern speculations. What says the fable? One man traverses the world in pursuit of coy Fortune, while another stays at home and is sought out by the fair goddess instead. The Sheens have tarried here and imparted an opulent aspect to the very streets, and I have journeyed thousands of miles to lag at all sorts of trades. Well, we must each take our chances; and it is a question of luck, after all."

He entered the hotel—no other than the Sheen House—in the pride of citizenship, and meekly followed the waiter to a room assigned him by the clerk at the desk. He carried his own portmanteau—a proceeding which lowered him in the estimation of the establishment. Once alone, he locked the door, seated himself before the table, opened the portmanteau, and drew forth a package. Then he pushed aside the bag with his foot. The package contained bank-notes and bonds to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

"I am like the sailors who reach port with prize-money," thought Anthony Ledgett. "How shall I place this sum? The old woman's teapot, or a stocking, is the only safe place. Sheen's Bank is next best. I will leave this money in their care until I decide how to invest. Next week will be time enough, after I've visited the old farm and seen my dutiful nephew."

He slipped the packet of money into the breast pocket of his coat, and went out. Banking hours were not over. Anthony Ledgett hastened to the bank, and found no difficulty in depositing the modest nest-egg which he had brought with him. Going and returning he encountered no familiar face. At the hotel he again sought his own room, and looked at himself in a mirror with cynical curiosity. The glass reflected a large and tall figure clad in light, loose raiment of eccentric fashion. The face was oval, with strongly marked brows and fine features, clear gray eyes, and a bronzed skin, while the hair was of a silvery whiteness. The eyes expressed resolution and daring, the mouth was firm, with audacity perceptible in the curves; the carriage of the broad shoulders was reckless.

"Some girl might fall in love with you, old fellow, if you kept your hat on," he said aloud; and then he yawned, consulting his watch.

He had no very definite plan other than to eat his dinner when the hour came. He fell asleep in his chair, and dreamed that a maiden, as airy and fresh as the June day, gave him a rose. The boom of the hotel gong mingled with his slumbers, yet did not awaken him. At seven o'clock a servant knocked loudly at his door, and bade him, somewhat indignantly, descend to the remnants of the feast. The meal over, Anthony Ledgett lighted a cigar, and simultaneously a project dawned on his mind. He hired a light wagon and a sober horse to drive to a village ten miles away, where he owned an old house. The soft twilight deepened to night, and the moon rose overhead. Youth and gayety stole over him with the scent of the pines and the murmur of the sea on the sandy New Jersey coast. He hummed a song as he drove along. He reached his destination. The village was drowsy and silent, save for the usual animation about the store. The large mansion beyond was one blaze of light, shed abroad from every casement, while music hummed on the air. Anthony Ledgett entered the gate and walked up the avenue of pine trees. He removed his hat and bowed to the house.

"These festivities must be in honor of my arrival," he said.

He approached a window, and paused spell-bound. He saw a girl dancing.

## II.

Anthony Ledgett was charmed with the vision thus unexpectedly presented to his eye. Revelry animated the old mansion, which belonged to him, and the movement of many feet responded to that invitation of the music, yet his gaze singled out the central figure of the dancing girl. Perhaps some poetical sentiment was awakened in his breast similar to that which has inspired the artists of all ages to depict the light swaying form of maidenhood in motion, whether on frescoed wall, canvas, or in marble. She advanced toward him in the figure of the quadrille, down the length of the hall, smiling, buoyant, graceful, and with outstretched hands. She was like the girl of his dream. Small and slight, her rose-colored dress clung to her rounded form in the now quaint fashion of the First Empire, and was belted with a wide sash. Loose gloves of white kid were drawn above her dimpled elbows, while the scant draperies of the skirt revealed to advantage a Cinderella shoe of pink kid and silk stocking. She was literally crowned with dazzling gems, for her black hair was gathered high over a sparkling comb, and escaped in little silky tendrils on the neck, and strings of glittering stones encircled her throat.

Anthony Ledgett seemed to have waited all his life for this blooming creature to advance toward him. A thrill shot through his heart. He drank deep of the light in her soft and arch eyes; he inhaled the perfume of the flowers which became associated with her presence. He forgot that he was fifty years of age, and instinctively extended his hands in turn; but just then the fair dancer retreated to the side of her partner, a handsome youth with curling hair and blue eyes. At the same moment a dress brushed the silent observer on the outer porch, and a voice said,

"Pardon me, but do you not come from a distance?"

"Yes," he replied, turning away reluctantly from the object of his absorbed contemplation.

A lady stood beside him. She was tall and of dignified mien, and her faded comeliness was in keeping with her brocaded robe and powdered hair. Surely some masquerading spirit had taken possession of the old house to-night. Anthony Ledgett's glance rested carelessly on her, and without recognition. She blushed faintly in the dusk.

"I believe you are Anthony Ledgett," she said, tremulously. "Welcome home."

"And you?" he questioned, abruptly.

She toyed with her antique fan a moment before replying:

"You must have forgotten me in all these years. I am Augusta Selborne."

"Ah? No; I have not forgotten Augusta Selborne. Thank you for remembering me."

This was a polite fib. He had completely forgotten the young lady of his own youth, and he recalled her now only as the foot-bridge of the path exhaled an aromatic scent fraught with associations, and the breeze swept over the place laden with salt spray and the good odor of seaweeds and clams.

"How did you know me?" he demanded, laughing, and holding her hand in a friendly if loose clasp.

"I should have recognized you anywhere," she replied, with a wistful glance at his profile, which was as keen and handsome as that of a cameo.

He removed his hat and showed her the crown of white hair.

"You, also, are unchanged," he asserted, with the more emphasis that the touch of Time was so plainly apparent in the sallow tint and lines of her aquiline face. "Who is that lovely creature in pink?"

Miss Selborne winced, and closed her fan with a snapping motion.

"My niece, Amy Bates. Sister Alice did not marry until after you had gone west, I think. That is Alice's daughter."

Anthony Ledgett frowned slightly.

"I must find my sister-in-law and the boy," he said, in a dry tone. "I did not write that I was coming."

"Mrs. Ledgett is serving coffee. We are having a calico ball to-night, as you see. The proceeds go to the Orphan Asylum fund."

Miss Selborne led the way to a room where a small lady in widow's weeds was standing behind a table and urn.

"Dear me, is it brother Anthony come already?" she chirped, and tossed back her cap strings with a fluttering movement. "I mean, we did not expect you before next year. I hope you do not object to using the house for a ball? Does Harry know—"

Mrs. Ledgett paused and gazed around vaguely.

The next moment a cheery voice exclaimed, "Uncle Anthony arrived? You don't say so! What luck! He shall dance the Virginia Reel with Amy."

The new-comer found his hand cordially wrung by the youth with curling hair, on whom he had gazed through the window a moment before.

"Oh yes," assented another voice, softer and infinitely more musical.

A little hand in a wrinkled white glove was laid on the coat sleeve of Anthony Ledgett, with a gesture of childish, coaxing insistence, and the girl in the pink dress smiled up at him. Delight and amusement kindled in his eyes. The muscles of his strong arm, used to slinging a rifle and guiding rebellious horses, trembled under the touch of the tiny fingers.

"Am I to dance with you?" he demanded, breathlessly.

She nodded the pretty head, crowned with the sparkling comb, while her bright eyes continued to scan his face with a pleased and interested scrutiny.

"Come along, then." He slipped his arm around her waist, and drew her to him with an imperious movement. Music in the adjoining hall rendered this unceremonious proceeding admissible, according to the dictates of fashion.

Amy quickly extricated herself from this embrace.

"Not yet," she laughed. "The reel is not formed."

Harry Ledgett gazed at her proudly.

"Is she not a darling?" he demanded. "Kiss her, Uncle Anthony."

"My dear Harry," interposed Miss Selborne, sharply.

But Anthony Ledgett had stooped to salute the fair round cheek with its roguish dimples, submissively held up to him.

"We are all dressed in calico," said Amy, in no wise embarrassed by the caress which had brought a tide of warm blood to the man's face.

"I thought it was brocade and satin," he retorted, glancing at Miss Selborne's flowered draperies.

The girl clapped her hands.

"Delicious! So like a man, too. Behold Aunt Augusta *à la Marquise* in paniers of chintz! Behold me in rose-colored print, after a portrait of my grandmother, only I should have a poke-bonnet of Leghorn straw! Oh, don't tell me you fancied my ornaments were glass, because they are real Japanese crystals."

"I have a trinket here more worthy of your neck," said Anthony Ledgett.

He took from his pocket a Mexican pearl the size of a hazel-nut, and of a delicate rose tint, like the eggs of some birds. The gem was set in a claw of rough gold. He threaded a slender gold chain through the loop, and suspended it around Amy's throat. One pair of eyes, at least—those of the lady attired *à la Marquise*—noted that he brushed the girl's silky tresses with his lips, furtively, in clasping the chain.

"The pearl is superb!" exclaimed Amy.

"Keep it. I brought it for you," said Anthony Ledgett.

"Do you hear? The pearl is for me, Harry."

"You are most generous," said Harry, again pressing the hand of his kinsman.

The reel was danced to the entire satisfaction of Anthony Ledgett, and somewhat to the amusement of the company. He forgot his loose travelling raiment, with Amy's rose-colored dress twirling about him at every step. He forgot the night outside, and the busy world beyond, where he had joined in the race for gold, when his hand clasped the little white glove of this siren. The whole nature of the man was charmed and subjugated. Harry Ledgett had selected Miss Selborne for his partner, and led her to the other end of the line of dancers. Thus Miss Selborne, sedate and dignified in her flowered paniers, met Anthony Ledgett advancing with boyish skips and extraordinary steps, while Amy and Harry sped together like birds on the wing. The two couples resembled the threads of shuttles, thrown and drawn back. The shuttles were those of Time, and the many-colored strands the years.

"Amy, come for some lemonade," said Harry, after the reel, and swept her away.

"That is scarcely fair to the returned wanderer," said Anthony Ledgett, somewhat ruefully.

Miss Selborne unsheathed one of those keen-edged weapons which every woman is supposed to possess in her armory.

"Oh, we must be indulgent to young lovers," she rejoined.

"Lovers," he repeated, mechanically.

She did not look at him, this man secretly cherished by her as a hero for so many years, and who had never bestowed on her more than a careless smile.

"Did you not know? Amy has been engaged to Harry for a year, and they are to be married next month."

Anthony Ledgett was silent.

## III.

"The Sheen Bank has suspended," said Harry, two days afterward.

"Failed!" exclaimed Anthony Ledgett, paling perceptibly, and dropping his cigar.

"The bank has been shaky for some time," continued Harry. "The Sheens have gone the pace in stocks lately."

Anthony Ledgett stooped to recover his cigar. Miss Selborne observed him closely.

"Are you acquainted with the Sheens?" she asked, quietly.

"It seems not," he retorted, with a short laugh. "I believed in them, and you should not put your faith in the princes of this world. I deposited a sum of money there the other day."

"Oh, brother Anthony! we could have warned you had you asked us," cried Mrs. Ledgett, in dismay.

"I never asked advice of any one," he said, and his face acquired its most reckless expression.

They were seated in the porch. The old house looked in the sunshine, with a certain solemnity in the peaceful aspect. In the rear were the detached buildings where the original owner kept his slaves years ago, while in front an avenue of pine-trees led to the gate. Ridges of sand defined the shore beyond, and formed a barrier which rendered the sea invisible. The horse-chestnut-trees were in blossom, and humming-birds hovered near like sparkling jewels, to sip the nectar of the flowers. Such was the haven reached by Anthony Ledgett, a property left him by his grandmother, and tenanted by his sister-in-law while her husband had joined him in the West, where he had died. Miss Selborne and her niece were spending the summer with Mrs. Ledgett. Amy, still wearing the pink dress and little high-heeled shoes, quitted her place for a swaying hammock.

"Do you mind about the money so very much?" she inquired, attaching a rose-bud to the button-hole of Anthony Ledgett.

"No," he replied, looking down on her with tenderness.

"I dreamed of a white horse last night," observed Mrs. Ledgett, dolefully.

A telegram was brought to the new arrival. The town of Ledgettville, in Nevada, built by the brothers Ledgett, had been totally destroyed by fire.

"It never rains but it pours," he said, grimly.

"Then we are all ruined!" cried Mrs. Ledgett.

"No; the town must be rebuilt."

Uncle and nephew drove to B——. They returned toward evening.

"I am going to rebuild Ledgettville," Harry announced.

"You!" gasped Amy.

"You!" echoed his mother.

Harry soothed his sobbing *fiancée*. Anthony Ledgett paced the pine avenue like a restless spirit until midnight.

"All's fair in love and war," he muttered. "I mean to have her myself."

## IV.

Harry departed full of enthusiasm. The three women hung on the descriptions of Ledgettville imparted by his uncle. Amy listened breathlessly.

"If brother Anthony would marry Augusta," whispered Mrs. Ledgett to Amy.

The girl nodded. How stupid of him not to perceive that Aunt Augusta had always secretly worshipped him! Instead, he followed Amy like a shadow. She was sufficiently quick-witted to temporize. Did he not hold the fate of all of them in his hand?

A month later Amy stood at a window where a fern-pot of Hunan-ware filled the ledge. A humming-bird dashed in, like a gem slanting down a sunbeam, to fall at her feet, a bundle of iridized plumage, ruby and gold.

"Country folk believe that a humming-bird brings a love message to somebody in the house. Aunty, do pick it up."

Miss Selborne complied.

"Why did you not keep the messenger?" inquired Anthony Ledgett.

"I do not need it." She opened a locket worn over her heart, and showed him the words, "Love is stronger than death."

"This was to have been their wedding day," admonished Miss Selborne.

Anthony Ledgett's eyes flashed, while a glow suffused his singularly youthful face. In the next room Amy intrenched herself behind a frame on which was stretched a web of black Brussels net.

"I must work hard to finish this before Harry's return," she said, gayly.

"A model Penelope," commented Anthony Ledgett.

Miss Selborne had seated herself at the piano, and began to play a melancholy nocturne. Suddenly he bent forward and clasped Amy's hand, murmuring,

> "She was a Phantom of delight
> When first she gleamed upon my sight;
> A lovely Apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament;
> Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
> Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
> But all things else about her drawn
> From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
> A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
> To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

"Take care, or I shall prick you with my needle," warned Amy, tracing the pattern on the web with silks of bronze, terra-cotta, and peacock-green hues.

That night the girl clung to her aunt.

"Let us go away," she pleaded.

"Leave Mrs. Ledgett alone! Why?" demanded Miss Selborne, a cold suspicion dawning in her eyes.

"Perhaps we had better remain."

Amy shrank into herself. She evaded Anthony Ledgett, or listened to him silently, schooling the indignation of her warm young heart to endurance of treachery and wickedness. Mrs. Ledgett perceived nothing amiss. Miss Selborne gave no sign. The surface was calm, with under-currents of passionate tears, secret prayers, and wakeful nights. Anthony Ledgett telegraphed to his nephew: "*Trust nobody to oversee the work besides yourself.*"

"Ledgettville will make a man of him. Boys are too much coddled at home," he said, in response to timorous inquiries from Mrs. Ledgett.

Amy was half sheltered behind her web of lace in the frame, weaving the bronze silks through the meshes. Anthony Ledgett watched her musingly. Her inaccessibility of mood was tantalizing. "Well, Penelope, how goes your work?" he asked. She threw back her head to survey the delicate arabesque of fern and flower, with butterflies hovering near. "Show me the locket you wear," he demanded, abruptly. Amy gave it to him. He read the words, "Love is stronger than death," then dropped it awkwardly, shattering it in two halves. The girl uttered a cry. "I will have it mended," he said, coolly, and thrust the fragments into his pocket.

Amy quitted her place, and remained invisible for two days. The third day she appeared, pale and collected. "Mrs. Ledgett, I believe I will join Harry in Nevada, and be married," she announced.

"Do. I will take charge of you on the journey," said Anthony Ledgett, promptly. Amy resumed her work with the look of a hunted creature. "The real Penelope unravelled her web at night to foil importunate suitors," he pursued.

"I need not follow her example," said Amy. "Besides, my web can not be unravelled."

"Will you work on this every day?"

"Oh yes"—facetiously.

The mask fell suddenly. "I love you. Promise to give me a hearing if he has not returned when the web is finished."

"Yes. I mean—"

"It is a bargain," he cried, triumphantly.

That night Amy stole down-stairs and sought the summer parlor where her work was stretched on a frame. She had decided to cut it to shreds, to sear it in the candle flame. Arrived before it, she did neither. The glistening flowers travers-

ing the dark surface seemed to her like threads of life "I will work slowly," she thought, with a bitter smile

Hush! She extinguished her light, and glided along the wall Anthony Ledgett entered, and bent over the web. He even traced the pattern with his finger. Oh for good fairies to complete the task with nimble cunning of midnight spells, so that he might gain the prize! The woman, watching in shadow, longed to destroy, the man to complete

Next day Amy gazed incredulously at her needle-work. Half of the first medallion was effaced, the threads had been withdrawn with incredible dexterity She watched for several nights. One dawn revealed a female figure seated before the frame She recognized Aunt Augusta Amy dazzled Anthony Ledgett with ominous smiles. In response to a long letter from Harry he sent a telegram "*Stick to your bargain or at least wait until I come.*" At home he mentioned only that Sheen & Co. would pay seventy-five cents on a dollar in time.

A year afterward a girl dressed in black was knotting the silk fringe of a faded piece of needle-work, while a man watched her eagerly The girl was dejected, the man ardent. "Harry could write if he chose," he said

A shower of yellow rose leaves fell in the porch, and Harry Ledgett stood on the threshold Indians had captured and not slain him. Illness had smitten him, and yet here he was, bronzed and vigorous. Amy flew to his arms. Love is stronger than death.

Two years later Anthony Ledgett married Augusta Selborne, and dwells in the old mansion. Amy, the match-maker, smiles at her husband

VIRGINIA W JOHNSON.

## RAILROAD FORTUNES.

ONLY when the fact is recalled that fifty years have elapsed since the railway locomotive became a practical factor in the transportation problem can the marvellous development of our railway system, and the growth of wealth owing to that development, be fully appreciated. The struggles of the inventors of half a century ago have advanced commerce and civilization in a manner that seemed almost magical, and have given fortunes that would shame the wealth of CRŒSUS. The men who first grasped most comprehensively the power, and foresaw the capabilities of the locomotive engine, are dead. Conspicuous among these were Commodore CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JOHN W. GARRETT, and Colonel THOMAS SCOTT. The first great railway systems of this country were established by their energy and genius The roads that form these systems were, as a rule, built by others, but they conceived the idea of uniting or organizing separate portions into single extensive lines of traffic. In fact, they took the first important steps toward consolidating various interests and centralizing power. The results of Colonel SCOTT's labors are largely the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company In the cases of Commodore VANDERBILT and Mr GARRETT, the results have been vast fortunes, and the identification of their families with the control of the respective systems established by them The first colossal fortune acquired by railroad development was left by Commodore VANDERBILT, and the first heir to such a fortune was Mr WILLIAM H VANDERBILT Commodore VANDERBILT's first railroad undertakings were to a large extent the result of circumstances. He was driven from the water transportation business in which he had accumulated an ample fortune by the operation of the navigation laws and the introduction of iron ships. He increased his interests in railroads, and became a manager and manipulator of railway properties, in which capacities his success was, as every one knows, phenomenal. His eldest son accepted the results of his father's exertions with a keen sense of responsibility, and after bearing that responsibility for a little less than eight years, he has developed upon others.

It was with the view of preserving intact the railway system with which the family name is identified that WILLIAM H VANDERBILT made the will that he did. His idea in leaving to his two eldest sons the great bulk of the family fortune was not to endow them with wealth in excess of their brothers and sisters, or in any sense, but to leave them the successor to, and in control of the business that his father had established People generally, and Wall Street in particular, look upon the millions that have descended to the younger VANDERBILTS as so much material for enjoyment and speculation. That some enjoyment may be derived from them can not be gainsaid, but it can hardly be commensurate with the task of caring for such vast wealth and managing the properties in which it is invested Devotion to the latter is imperative The popular idea seems to be that young men possessing the wealth that CORNELIUS and WILLIAM K VANDERBILT have just become possessed of have nothing but ease and luxury before them. This is decidedly not the case. They can, and must of necessity, place a large part of their responsibility upon others, but the greater burden must be borne by themselves, and to them only will the public look for the discharge of what is really a public trust. In order to show clearly the nature of their obligations it is only necessary to observe the relations of the VANDERBILT estate and influence to the railway system that bears the name, and the proportion that system sustains to the entire transportation facilities of the country. The estate can very safely be estimated at about $200,000,000. The greater part of it is invested in continuous lines of railroad reaching from the Atlantic almost to the Rocky Mountains. These lines include such leading roads as the New York Central, the Harlem, the West Shore, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, Michigan Central and its auxiliary line the Canada Southern, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha, and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Their total mileage is fully 10,000 miles, or about one-twelfth of the entire mileage of the United States, while their capitalization, par value, is in round numbers $687,000,000, and stands in about the same proportion as the mileage to the entire railroad capital of the country Aside from forming so large a part of the nation's transportation facilities, the lines are so situated as to dictate the terms of traffic to at least one half of the entire railroad mileage In addition to the direct power over the system indicated, the estate is to a lesser degree potential in the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, the Boston and Albany, the New York, Ontario, and Western, and the Philadelphia and Reading, to say nothing of the partially completed South Pennsylvania system, which is in process of transfer to another interest. It is worth noting that the estate of Mr WILLIAM H VANDERBILT is nearly equal to one-half of the capitalization of the first group of roads mentioned

A glance at the men who are to wield the enormous power indicated can not fail to be of interest. CORNELIUS, the eldest son of WILLIAM H VANDERBILT, is now forty years of age He was born in New York, and educated in one of her academic schools Before attaining his majority he began serving as a clerk in the banking house of his uncles, the KISSAM Brothers. It was his father's intention that he should become a banker After a few years' experience in banking, he was appointed assistant treasurer of the New York and Harlem Railroad, and soon after Treasurer Upon the accession of his father to the presidency of the New York Central Company, CORNELIUS was chosen one of the vice-presidents, and placed at the head of the finance department of the company, and upon the retirement of his father from the presidency, and the introduction of the English system of management upon the VANDERBILT roads, he was elected chairman of the board of directors, a position he still holds He also continues at the head of the finance department of the company. At the same time he was elected chairman of the New York Central board, he was chosen to a similar position in the Michigan Central directory. He is further a director in nearly all of the companies, and will doubtless succeed his father in others. He has devoted over twenty years to business, to which he applies himself assiduously. He has the reputation of being methodical, careful, and painstaking, scrupulous as to details, and a thorough student of his specialty, which is financiering. The Commodore took a fancy to his namesake while the latter was a youth, aided his advancement, and left him a larger fortune than any of his other grandchildren, $5,000,000. He looks CORNELIUS bears a striking resemblance to his grandfather. He is affable, and though fond of society, is a domestic rather than a society man. For several years he has served as vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association, is treasurer of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions, a trustee of St. Luke's Hospital, and of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary of New York, and is one of the principal patrons of the St. Johnland colony, founded by the Rev. Dr MUHLENBERG on the north shore of Long Island, which is a sort of country auxiliary to St. Luke's Hospital. A building costing $20,000 was recently erected at St. Johnland at Mr VANDERBILT's expense. The principal social distinction he has attained is the presidency of the St. Nicholas Society of New York

Mr WILLIAM K VANDERBILT, who is now in his thirty-sixth year, is very unlike his older brother, but, according to those who know them best, supplies many qualities that make them excellent working companions. He possesses more distinctly than any of his generation the Commodore's quick perception and daring Where CORNELIUS is cautious and inclined to reasoning, he is audacious, and takes chances on his intuitions. He received his education, an academic one, at Geneva, Switzerland, and soon after becoming of age entered the traffic department of the New York Central Company. His first official position of importance was that of vice-president of the Central in charge of the traffic department, and after the retirement of his father he was made chairman of the board of directors of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Company, and president of the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis road Again, unlike his brother, WILLIAM K is fond of society, with all that term implies. He inherits his father's and grandfather's love for horses, and maintains an extensive stable, but allows none of his stock on the course, although he is a patron of the American Jockey Club. Both brothers are married, and each, like the other children of WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, own a princely house on Fifth Avenue. WILLIAM K also maintains an elegant country residence at Babylon, Long Island. The brothers have accepted the advisers and assistants whom their father and grandfather depended upon. Chief among them is Mr CHAUNCEY M DEPEW, the president of the New York Central, who has been more to them than a business associate It is quite doubtful if Wall Street sees much of either of these young men They have had their experience there, and paid for it. As investors, of course their money will have to pass through the usual channels, but with their experience, reinforced by the decided views and wishes of their father relative to the matter, it is not considered likely that their money will be an active factor in speculation

The heir to a railway fortune that has been most conspicuous for a year or two past is Mr ROBERT GARRETT, of Baltimore About four years ago he succeeded his father, JOHN W GARRETT, as president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He had been trained for the position in the family banking house of ROBERT GARRETT & SON, of which he is now the senior partner, also as vice-president of the railroad company and for a few years prior to his father's death as practically the president of the company Upon the death of his father he came into a fortune estimated at $12,000,000, and with a wealthy corporation at his back he determined to extend the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to New York, and also to build a telegraph system that would rival the largest in the country. The former project is now in a fair way of being completed, but as much can not be said for the latter, which, by the way, is largely a personal enterprise Mr GARRETT's first financial success was the placing in London of the $10,000,000 mortgage loan of the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad Since then he has raised an equal amount to extend the Baltimore and Ohio road to and through Philadelphia The system he now controls includes nearly 2000 miles, which is represented by a capitalization of about $[illegible] Mr GARRETT is now approaching his fortieth year He received a collegiate education, and is a man of culture. In business he is as autocratic as his father, but less direct, or perhaps more politic, in carrying his point. He possesses a good amount of energy, executive ability much above the average, and has the happy faculty of dispatching his work with great rapidity Mr GARRETT is prominent in both Baltimore and New York society, and is a member of the Union Club of the last-named city Wall Street sees him occasionally, and probably hears from him more frequently.

We now come to the young man who is prospectively the principal heir to the most marvellous acquisition of wealth from railway undertakings Mr GEORGE J GOULD was born in this city about twenty-two years ago. Just as he was of age his father took him into the stock brokerage firm in which he was then a special partner, and subsequently bought him a seat in the Stock Exchange The idea apparently was to give him a Wall Street training He has been elected vice-president of all the larger companies in which Mr JAY GOULD is interested, and at present, having left Wall Street, is taking lessons in corporate management under the guidance of his father. As yet young Mr GOULD has had no opportunity to test or display his capabilities to an extent that would attract public notice In business he is unassuming, and, as becomes him, is most tractable under the tuition of his father It would be useless at this time to attempt any estimate of the estate in which he is likely to share. This fortune at present is principally invested in and controls the 6046 miles composing the South-western or Missouri Pacific system of railroads, and the $271,000,000 of capital that they represent. This does not include the now disintegrating Wabash-Pacific system, with its 3550 miles of road and $129,000,000 of obligations, direct and indirect. What is of more importance to the country, this fortune controls over 150,000 miles of pole lines and two Atlantic cables, besides other telegraph facilities that are capitalized in the Western Union and auxiliary companies at $122,000,000. Mr GOULD also has an almost absolute ownership of the elevated railroad system of New York, which is stocked and bonded for $45,000,000, making the total amount, par value, of the securities controlled, not including the Wabash Pacific, $438,000,000 When all these figures are carefully considered, and the limits of man's energy and endurance gauged, the burden and anxieties of a great railway fortune may be appreciated.

## NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN MANY LANDS.

In China New-Year's Day is the chief festival of the year. It comes, by the uncertain calendar of our antipodes, late in January or the beginning of February It is celebrated with many of the observances peculiar to New York. Visits are exchanged, presents made; the Chinese, clothed in their finest dress, hasten from house to house to call upon their dearest friends. Wines, cakes, and confectioneries are offered, congratulations are exchanged, and good wishes for the new year pass from guest to host. It is not said that the Chinese ladies share in the festivities, but they probably consume their sweetened balls of rice and their sugared fruits in the inner rooms of their dwellings. The resemblance between the Chinese celebration of New Year's Day, and that of our Dutch ancestors is so alike as almost to prove that the one is borrowed from the other.

For thousands of years the Chinese have exchanged visits and good wishes on New Year's Day—when Cæsar penetrated the Belgic marshes, and when the errant Goths descended to the sack of Rome. We may be sure that the custom has never changed. One of its peculiar traits may well be borrowed in other lands. On New Year's Eve every Chinaman pays his debts, and is freed from every liability. For ten days before the new year business ceases, accounts are balanced, books written up Honesty is a Chinese virtue, and the unlucky bankrupt in his remorse is often driven to suicide The Chinese among themselves are a contented, cheerful, uncomplaining people Family life among them is usually happy and united, the teachings of Confucius and Mencius are full of hope.

But the intense superstition of the race fills China with a constant disquietude. On New-Year's Day it is supposed that the "Spirit of the Hearth" makes his annual visit to the skies. If he should go away in anger the good fortune of the family would be lost forever He is followed with incessant prayers and a farewell from each member of the household A peculiar kind of sweetmeats is offered him to close his lips together, and some beans to feed the horse on which he is supposed to ride. Even the educated Chinese share these ideal fears In a recent inundation of the Yellow River, that was followed by a wide devastation, one of the most learned and powerful of the Chinese officials fell on his knees before a water-snake that had crept out of the flood, beseeching it to save the country from any further danger

On our own continent, long before England and Holland had adopted the Eastern custom New-Year's Day was celebrated with strange and fanciful ceremonies in the splendid cities of Yucatan The story of Mayan civilization is as yet only imperfectly known.

But we may still wonder amidst the ruins of its great capitals, along highways once trodden by countless travellers, and lift in part the veil that covers its fallen splendors

Fifty cities, it is said, covered the peninsula of Yucatan They were joined by fine roads paved with stone Their temples and public buildings were of enormous size They were not far behind the Chinese in many of the refinements of a civilized life To the Mayas the new year came as to all other races, the symbol of a new existence The temples were swept and decorated anew; perfect cleanliness was a part of their faith. The huge idols were carefully freed from dust. The children of the schools, the priests, and nobles joined in the work of purification Many persons fasted for thirty days before the new year's ceremonial. But when the morning dawned all was joy and congratulation. The women of Yucatan, like those of China, took little part in the ceremony. But the princes, nobles, and priests, clad in fine robes, filled the courts of the temples. A banquet of Mayan delicacies was provided; wine and intoxicating liquors flowed freely; the people drank madly, and the barbaric scene usually closed in a fierce and bloody contest.

In their wild superstitions the Mayans surpassed even the lowest savages. They fed on the bodies of their captives and slaves; their temples rang with the shrieks of their victims.

Roman, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, rejoiced with the new year At Rome an image of the golden age was imagined. The slave became for a moment free; perfect equality ruled in the Roman home; gay sports and laughter filled up the fleeting moments of the *Saturnalia* The Roman celebration passed down through the Middle Ages, and something of the license that had prevailed in the houses of Cæsar and Sallust was adopted in the homes of our European ancestors. But to the modern the conception of the new year and its duties is of a higher and happier nature. It is not the Mayan, the Chinese, or even the Roman festival. It is the opening of a new period in which better thoughts and purer motives may have freer play We rejoice, visits are exchanged, good wishes shared, the hopes of the future rekindled, the new page of life surveyed with an desponding eye.

In the new year that opens upon us New York has much to do. It has to provide for the health of its people, to build them good houses, to purify the city, and make it an example to other cities. We are to remember more than ever that we are but men We are to study more than ever how to help each other.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

With me Life's Summer
Has reached its prime,
You're a new-comer
On the sands of Time.

Much of the sunshine
Is past with me.
You on the threshold
Of joys should be.

Bright is the verdure
Of early Spring;
Pleasant the perfume
Young flowers fling

Thrilling the clear notes
Of larks on high,
When their rich music
Gladdens the sky.

Light, free, and springing
The step, in sooth,
As the heart's singing
In gladsome youth!

Brief in duration
These epochs in lives:
Scarce the sensation
Youth survives

Yes, were it fitting
Answer me this
With Spring yet flitting
Autumn to kiss?

Or a brooklet's babbling
In a river strong?
How will they mingle,
The old and young?

Autumn is nearing;
Then Winter uncouth!
Ah, the endearing
Lures of youth!

Can it be mine, though,
Can it be mine?
That laugh of Spring-tide,
Can it be mine?

Can it be mine? Ah,
Vainly I opine.
My hair is bleaching
With the snows of Time!

D. T.

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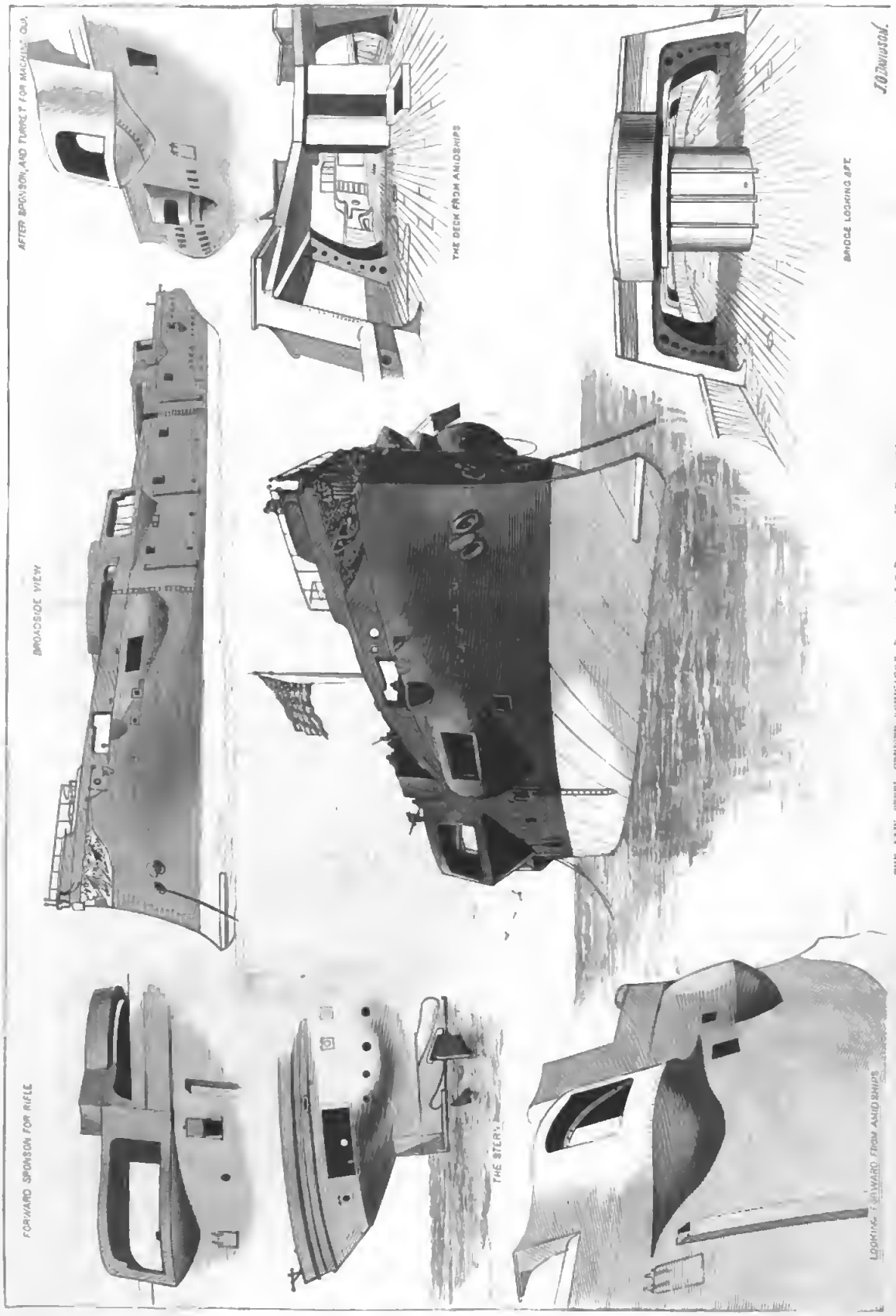


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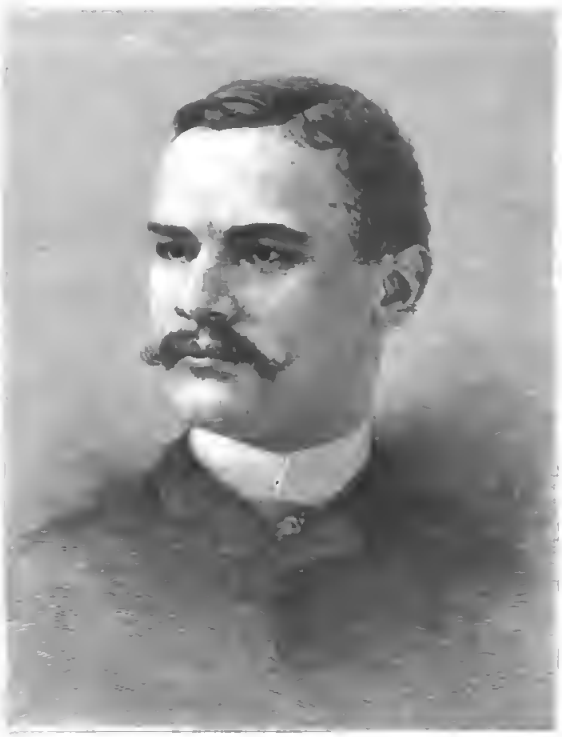

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HEIRS TO GREAT RAILROAD ESTATES.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

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## THE AMERICAN OPERA.

THE American Opera Company, from one point of view, may be regarded as the latest and most interesting American industry. Hitherto opera, as it has engaged the attention of the public, has been the finished article from the European manufactories. Only some casual disturbance with the customs over the trunks and properties has intimated that it came over in sections, and not in its full and glittering panoply, to be set up on this side.

But the American Opera Company springs from the soil, to the last button it barges on native resources. To meet these requirements it calls into action a wide-spreading industry, sets thousands of busy fingers going, draws to its assistance a train of unsuspected specialists, and makes lights to unknown demands on the population. This particular direction toward the development of the resources of the country has as yet been unconsidered by political economists, but the outer price of Mr CHARLES LOCKE measures its length with the higher results of older countries, and includes a wider range of possibilities than does a Waterbury clock or a Willimantic spool of thread.

The statistics of an operatic plant, as it may be called, would be both interesting and valuable. There is, for example, preparing the costumes, properties, and *ensemble* for a dozen operas. The opera of *Lohengrin* alone requires nine hundred costumes. These require an knowledge of scenic effects, and of the way in which they are produced—a specialist, in fact. Mr HOSCHNACK is that specialist, and requires an establishment for his own purposes.

In another building, a dismantled church, is the founder which turns out the musicians of war. The helmets and shields are forged from formidable papier-mache, and the pikes and savage battle-axes hewed from American pine. This work, and the artistic semblance which it afterward receives, demands knowledge of innumerable details, insignia, heraldry, and special artistic and mechanical skill that is scarcely appreciated by those who see in these but accessories otherwise unimportant.

The scenery calls to its services not only the well known scenic artists, but also assistance of men with reputation in other departments of art, such as Mr WILL H LEPINGOTT and Mr. CHARLES GRAHAM.

In this respect until recently the theatrical stage has been more artistically considerate and more authoritative in its effort to give the plays produced appropriate setting. The American Opera Company, in departing from the usual operatic methods so far as to place its strength on the completeness of its representations, is in a sense forced, even if not otherwise prompted, to add the more perfect illusion of scenery that shall place less strain on the imagination than that which the audiences in the Academy of Music, under the spell of some star, are accustomed to bear. To this end all the disengaged painting frames of the New York theatres are now occupied.

If illustration could successfully reproduce nationality, the chorus, when rehearsing in its real shape, persons, and fur tippets, it would be seen, belongs to the chimney-corners of a hundred American homes, and has served its apprenticeship to church choirs and matriculated in Belshazzar's Feast, and the Cantata of Esther for the benefit of the Sunday school Library. Unquestionable such preliminary preparation places it on a higher tone morally than rests the professional operatic chorus, to American eyes at least. To preserve it, to provide an outlet for the unusually good voices found among young Americans, and to surround them with influences, so that no self respecting American girl can hesitate to avail herself of the opportunity, is one of the avowed purposes of the management. Herr HOCK, who is an expert in all the varied emotions of the operatic gamut which an operatic chorus is expected to realize, and who conveys these to the new chorus, says that the impressionable American temperament and the average high intelligence of the chorus amply make up in the severe stage-training for the artistic atmosphere in which operatic choruses are fostered in other and older choruses.

American genius has never yet tended toward the ballet. But Professor MARCUS BIJSTRUM will tell you, as the little girls come trooping in after school in their bonnets and satchels, and while a stage for them to re-appear among the butterflies in *Orpheus*, that are seen dancing down the illustration, that this is only from lack of encouragement. The greater number of the corphées, the premières, and the secondes are from Italy, but twelve of the American school, and several of these in that post of honor, the first line, and the thirty six figurantes, are Americans.

The principals, with but few exceptions, and those of long residence in this country, are native. That lady so gracefully posed, with whom the prompter, now for the first time revealed to mortal eyes in interesting conversation, is an unmistakable product of the soil.

A glance at the roster of the American Opera Company shows that a dozen States have contributed the principals, and give a national stamp to the undertaking. Miss JUCH was born of naturalized parents in Vienna, but, patriotically, on the Fourth of July. Miss JUCH is too well and too favorably known in this country to require comment. Madame E. ALLEMAN, who has never been heard in this country, was born in Syracuse, in this State, and studying in Paris, Dresden, and Stuttgart, has since been one of the most prominent coloratura singers of Europe. Miss HELENE HAUPTMANN is a native of Louisville. Miss ANNIE MONTANE is already well known to our concert and opera goers. Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, the conductor, by his long residence and conspicuous career, really counts also as an American.

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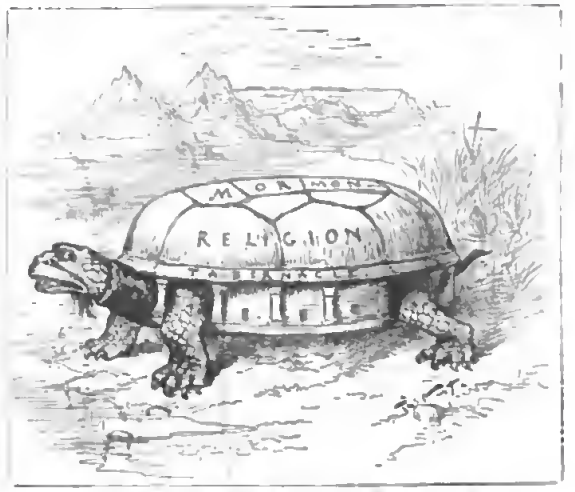


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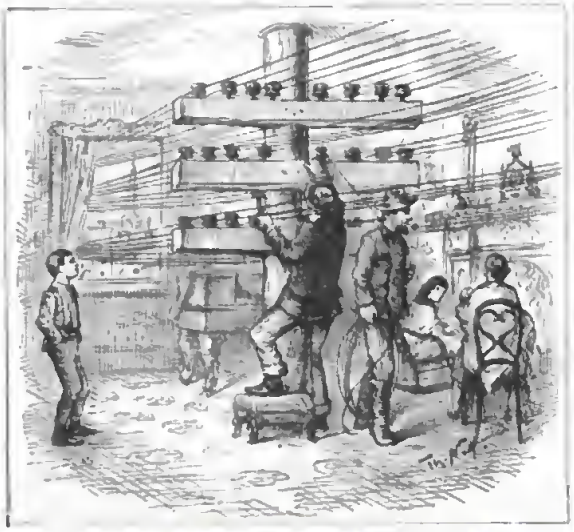

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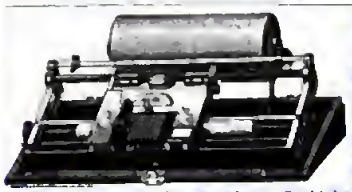

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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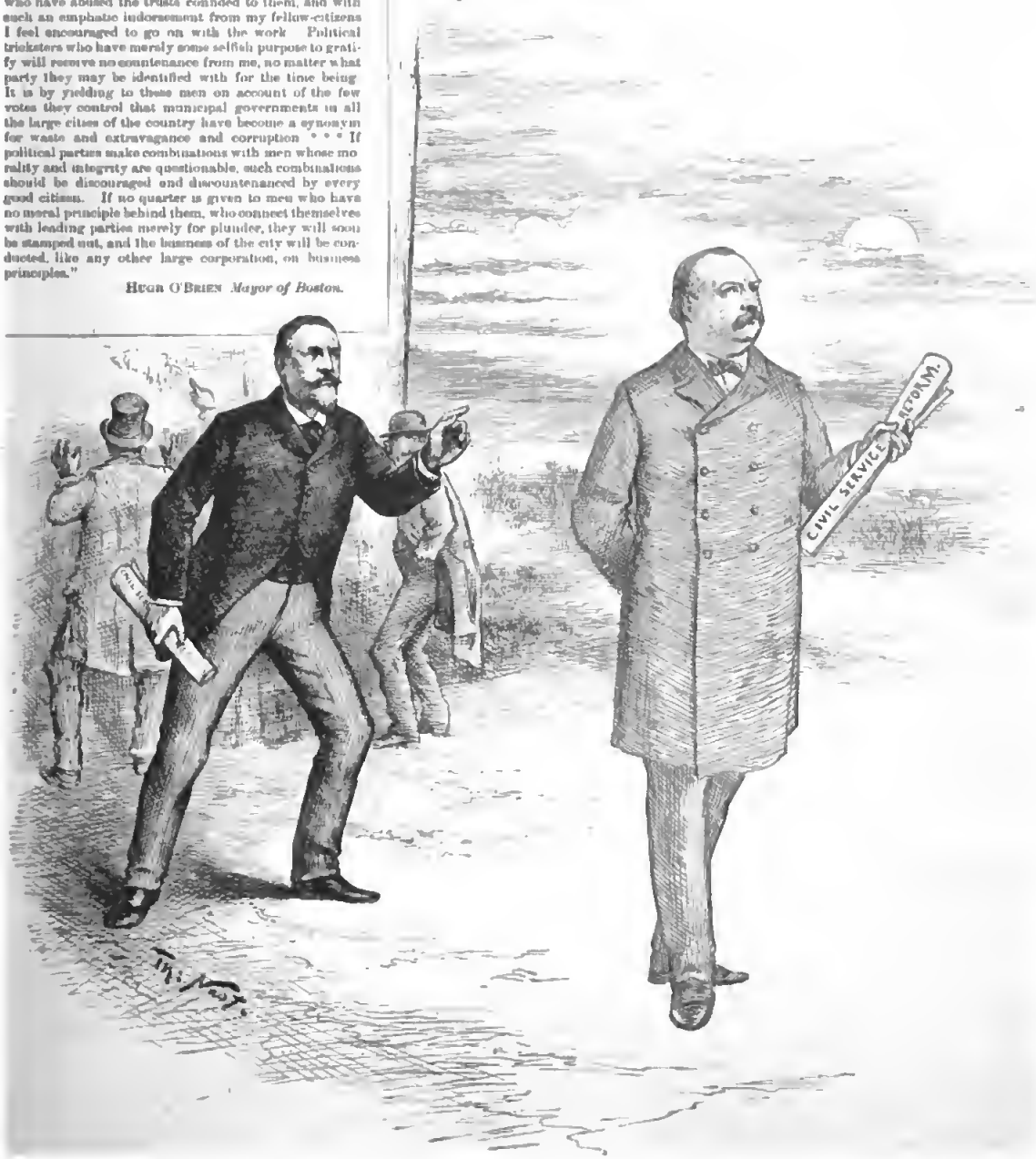
MAYOR'S MESSAGE.

"Regardless of threats regardless sometimes of adverse criticism from parties who do not understand the true facts, I have given no quarter the last year to any who have abused the trusts confided to them, and with such an emphatic indorsement from my fellow-citizens I feel encouraged to go on with the work Political tricksters who have merely some selfish purpose to gratify will receive no countenance from me, no matter what party they may be identified with for the time being It is by yielding to these men on account of the few votes they control that municipal governments in all the large cities of the country have become a synonym for waste and extravagance and corruption * * * If political parties make combinations with men whose morality and integrity are questionable, such combinations should be discouraged and discountenanced by every good citizen. If no quarter is given to men who have no moral principle behind them, who connect themselves with leading parties merely for plunder, they will soon be stamped out, and the business of the city will be conducted, like any other large corporation, on business principles."

HUGH O'BRIEN *Mayor of Boston.*

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NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB,

*accompanying which is an article by* Robert Bridges, *entitled "A Model Gymnasium, and what can be done without it."*

*"Tom Fairweather at Pulo-Penang and Singapore,"* by Lieutenant E. W. Sturdy, U.S.N.; *"Tommy the Cow-Boy,"* by R. K. Munkittrick; *and "Señor Giacomelli's Performing Birds," by* Henry Hatton, *the well known magician, are among the other literary contents of the number.*

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, January 16, 1886.

## POST-OFFICE CHANGES

THE great patronage department of the government, measured by the number of places and their general distribution throughout the country, is the Post-office. It is through the Post-office that the Administration is known and felt in every little community, and the Post-office in its extended ramification has been the most efficient political organization of a party in power. One of the worst abuses of patronage is the subsidizing of local newspapers by appointing the editor or proprietor a postmaster. This is but a form of securing party support by bribery. A paper which is under pecuniary or other obligation to an Administration can hardly be fair in its comments upon it. This was an early abuse of Post-office patronage, and it is of course very serviceable to the member of Congress. In any case, however, the management of the 52,000 or 53,000 post offices of every grade, ranging from the frontier office where it is difficult to find a proper person who is willing to undertake the responsibilities and the duties for the inadequate remuneration, up to the great city offices, is an extremely difficult and perplexing problem. Every day the Postmaster-General is required to act upon vacancies arising from death, resignation, or other cause in remote parts of the country, of which he knows nothing, and no resident of which is known to him. It is from this situation that the practice has arisen of consulting the member of Congress from the district which includes the particular post-office. This is a most pernicious practice, not only because it confounds the two spheres of executive and legislative action, which are jealously separated by our political system, but because, also, of the inevitable corruption and demoralization which it produces.

Under this abuse the present practice is to regard the great multitude of post-offices in a district as the virtual property of the district Representative in Congress, to be allotted as he chooses. It is a power which the Constitution carefully omits to confer upon him, and which he uses in the district to further his own purposes, and at the capital to drive bargains with the department. If the department does not gratify the Representative, the Representative will remember it when he comes to vote upon the appropriations for the department. The Postmaster-General, therefore, is compelled by the present practice to consult those whose advice he is equally compelled to distrust. This is a peculiar perplexity to the existing Administration. It is notorious and frankly admitted that great numbers of the smaller post-offices have been for many years partisan head-quarters. In all such instances there should be a change. But it may be fairly assumed that to make a change in pursuance of the advice of a member of Congress, or local committee, or politicians of the other party, would be a change which would only perpetuate and aggravate the evil. The Presidential offices have been equally abused, and in the same way, while the Presidential choice of a successor to the offender is no less embarrassed than that of the Postmaster-General. To follow the advice of a Senator like Senator Gorman, of Maryland, or of a Representative who holds, as most Representatives do hold, to the old system, is certainly not to promote reform, but to discredit and perplex it. This situation is put in a strong light by the late letter in the *Tribune* of Mr Foulke, of Indiana, recently an Independent Republican Senator in that State, and a Mugwump in 1884 at serious personal cost. Aroused by the suspensions and changes in post-offices in his State, he wrote to 193 suspended officers in Indiana and to 102 elsewhere, and received 159 replies. There were some resignations and expirations of terms, but 136 of his correspondents gave him the information that he sought. In all but two cases the suspension had been summary, without statement of cause, or opportunity to hear or refute charges. The closest inquiry revealed generally the fact that the displacement had been effected by secret machinations, of which the member of Congress was often or usually the agent. In very many cases, if not generally, the successors were strong partisans of the other party.

Such changes, of course, and such methods of effecting them, are not in accordance with the principle of regarding public office as a public trust, and they are fatal to reform. No officer should be suspended or removed for offensive partisanship upon the mere secret assertion of other interested offensive partisans. Mr Foulke reports the President as saying that it is impracticable to inform postmasters of the charges upon which they are suspended. The President must have been misapprehended, because he would not say that it is impracticable to do justice. The difficulties in all such cases are undoubtedly great, but that is not a reason for violation of the fundamental principle that a good officer shall not be displaced during his term. Nor ought any sincere friend of reform to regard a wrong system of effecting removals as something to be overlooked and condoned because of the undoubted fact that there will be mistakes, and that everything can not be done at once. There will be mistakes undoubtedly, for which every reasonable allowance will be made. But a plainly unfair system of procedure is not an exceptional mistake. There are two things of which the Administration is bound to make sure: one is that no postmaster shall be suspended without an opportunity to hear and answer charges, and the other that offensive Republicans shall not be replaced by offensive Democrats. We know that offensiveness is a term applicable to abuse of the office which can not be proved but by experience. But as a question of expediency, if the Administration replaces a Republican blatant in office by a Democrat blatant out of office, and a man of exactly the same kind, the verdict of the community affected will not be favorable to the reform character of the Administration. The President states to the special correspondent of the *Herald* that he proposes to respect the great constitutional rights both of his own office and of that of members of Congress. But this can be done only by repelling with decision the interference of members of Congress in dictating appointments to post-offices and other executive agencies. They should be made to understand that their interference is an intolerable impertinence. They are to make laws, and the President is to execute them, selecting the executive agents as the Constitution and the laws prescribe. If any member of Congress wishes to test public sentiment upon the question, let him introduce a bill giving the appointment of postmasters in a district to its member of Congress. Yet that is the present practice without law, and it should be forbidden. The principle of Senator Hampton's bill is perfectly sound.

## A NOVELTY IN INTERNATIONAL COMITY.

If a great body of British subjects should organize a league to collect a fund to pay the expenses of a large number of members of Congress in Washington whose avowed purpose was a radical change in the Constitution of this country and of the internal relations of the Union, there would be "a state of things" in a general uproar about wicked British gold and a vehement denunciation of British insolence and impertinence. There is no doubt that strong pressure would be applied to the Administration to demand an explanation of so extraordinary an interference of foreigners in our domestic affairs. This is, however, just what the Parnell Parliamentary Fund Association and similar societies are doing in this country. They are collecting money for the support of members of Parliament who are pledged to demand, and if possible to secure, certain British legislation involving a constitutional reconstruction of the empire. If a body of British subjects should raise a fund to support free-trade members of Congress at Washington, they would do precisely what these aid societies are doing.

There is, indeed, no law prohibiting any class of American citizens from voluntarily contributing money for any purpose, not criminal, and sending it to any Frenchman or Irishman or Englishman whom they may select. Such a tribute to Mr. Herbert Spencer, to Huxley, to Lord Tennyson, or to any beneficiary in England who might be named, would be only like the British fund which is proposed as a mark of respect to Mr. Walt Whitman in this country. It produces nothing but a generous and friendly international feeling. A similar tribute might be offered by American admirers to Mr Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, or Lord Salisbury. But an American fund to pay Mr. Parnell's or Lord Salisbury's election expenses, or to support him as a member of Parliament for a particular political purpose involving the integrity of the empire, and among the subscribers to which, or its public supporters, should be an ex-President and the present Governor of New York, although not forbidden by the law, would not be a movement which savored of comity toward England, and it would be sure to be resented by public feeling in that country. It is very unfortunate that this country should be made by any class of citizens the pecuniary base of political movements in another, and it is a gross abuse of the spirit and purpose of our laws that any one should seek naturalization here in order to take part with greater impunity in political conflicts elsewhere.

It can hardly give moral weight to the position of a member of Parliament that he is known to have been imposed as a candidate upon his constituency by a committee or a dictator, and to be supported in his position as a member by the money of citizens of another country. It is a position which would not satisfy the self-respect of many poor men quite worthy to be members of Parliament, and the movement is one which deserves attention as an anomaly in international relations.

## THE AMERICAN OPERA

The opening night of the American opera in New York was an event of great interest and promise. The enterprise originated in the conviction that the time had come when a school for opera could be sustained as hopefully in America as in Europe, and that with the opportunities and advantages in New York, there is no reason that students of operatic music should not find as thorough and admirable a training here as anywhere in the world. It was, of course, taken into the account that much of the musical taste and accomplishment which make such a plan feasible is to be found among foreign born Americans, especially among Germans. It was also probable that teachers might be invited from Europe. But it was believed that by intelligent and vigorous treatment of the situation an American operatic school could be founded successfully which would make New York an independent centre of such music, like Paris or Berlin or Vienna.

Theodore Thomas was naturally invoked as the tutelary genius of the undertaking, and his extraordinary intelligence and energy and administrative skill have worked the chaos into cosmos—as Carlyle said of Tennyson—and produced the promising result of the opening evening. The opera selected was the *Taming of the Shrew*, by Herman Goetz, which was brought out at Mannheim in 1874, and was at once successful. The composer died two years afterward. He is known in our concerts by a symphony, and the opera made a delightful impression. If there was no single singer of surpassing excellence, there was not only a carefully trained and excellent company, but there was also the assurance of adequate local support of great singers when they appear, and in the mean time of admirable operatic performances. This, as the *Times* well points out, is the precise point at which foreign cities have hitherto surpassed New York. The great singers can always be procured. But, as has been proved in New York, they can not always be supported. The new school not only secures this result, which is indispensable to good opera, but it furnishes for the great singers, when they are born in this country, the complete education which they require, and every external condition of success.

The spectacle of the opening night was very brilliant, and the good feeling unmistakable. If the beginning is favored by fashion, and if fashion is proverbially fickle, and if mere national feeling and pride can not sustain such an enterprise permanently, it is to be remembered that it is not upon such supports that the American opera relies. Its dependence is precisely that of Irving's drama, thoroughness in every circumstance and detail. The same attention to careful preparation and presentation which, without a single remarkable actor, made the *Merchant of Venice* by Mr. Irving's company a memorable and constantly attractive performance, will secure public favor for the American opera. It is an enterprise upon the fair prospect of which the ladies and gentlemen who have undertaken it are to be warmly congratulated, and which bids fair to be another of those happy events in our musical progress for which we are so greatly indebted to Theodore Thomas.

## THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE INDIANS.

The importance of the Indian question is evident from the report of Secretary Lamar. It has been generally held that the Indians must be hustled off their lands as fast as white men wanted them, and that the true key note of our policy is that a dead Indian is the best Indian. But the humanity of the country, which has so long slumbered over this important question, involving the national character and honor, is now thoroughly aroused, and the firm and just attitude of the President in dealing with the depredators upon the solemnly guaranteed rights of the Indians is warmly approved. The Indian Ring, in its various ramifications, has not been able to confuse or mislead him, and there is a bright prospect that a policy worthy of the nation will be laid down and enforced by his Administration.

Secretary Lamar says distinctly that the practice of moving the Indians farther away is possible no longer. All the reservations are surrounded by civilization, so called, and the Secretary says of the Indian: "He must make his final stand for existence

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where he is now. Unless he can adapt himself to the necessities of these new conditions, his extinction will be sure and swift." The condition of such adaptation is separation from the demoralization of the whites, and regard for the actual condition of the tribes. They are in widely different stages of civilization, and no single system can be applied to them indiscriminately and at the same time. General SHERIDAN admits that his scheme of allotting a tract of 320 acres to each Indian family, and selling the rest of the reservations at $1 25 per acre, and investing the proceeds to furnish a fund for support of the Indians, can be "most advantageously applied gradually." But the government is bound to regard the Indians as wards, and even to defend them against themselves. It is not enough that their consent should be the condition of depriving them of their lands. The history of the country is full of instruction as to the methods of obtaining that consent. Secretary LAMAR's remark is ingenuous and timely. "Keeping the Indian reservations from the settlements of white men is a policy which, in my opinion, should be more rigidly enforced."

The bill introduced by Senator VAN WYCK, of Nebraska, proposes a Territorial government over the whole Indian Territory, and, as it says, without impairing the rights of the Indians to open certain parts of the lands to settlement. But it is impossible to do this without injuring the rights and preventing the civilization of the Indians. They are powerless against the United States. They have no possible hope but in the national honor. The nation practically holds their lands in trust for the Indians themselves. Their sole chance against extermination lies in adapting themselves to civilization, and this must be done under the sympathetic care of the United States and upon the lands where they are settled. This seems to be plainly perceived by the Administration, and its wise treatment of the question would be another strong title to the respect and confidence of all good citizens.

## THE HARRIS COLLECTION OF POETRY

THE Rev. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE is engaged in the interesting work of cataloguing the gift of the late Senator ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, to the library of his *alma mater*, Brown University. This gift comprises the well-known Harris Collection of American Poetry, which takes its name from Mr. CALEB HARRIS, of Providence, who largely increased it, but which was begun by ALBERT G. GREENE, and completed to the time of his death by Senator ANTHONY, and which now comprises between five and six thousand different "titles."

Mr. GREENE, who died a few years since in Cleveland, was for many years one of the chief—perhaps the chief—representative of purely literary interests in Providence. He was Municipal Judge, and diligent in his office, but he was also a bibliophile and a man of much literary accomplishment, with a charming gift of versification. The only copy of his verses which is sure of a long date, however, is "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man"—a happy echo of GOLDSMITH's "Madame Blaize." Mr. GREENE's library was noted for its treasures of American poetry, and reached the number of nearly twenty thousand volumes before his death. Mr. GOWANS in New York and other collectors in the country reserved for it every fresh "find" in the special character of the library.

When this library was sold, Mr. FISKE bought such part of the American poetry as, with similar tastes and ample means, he had not already procured, and at his death, upon the sale of his books, this portion was secured by Senator ANTHONY, who gave it to the college. Mr. STOCKBRIDGE contemplates what may be called an instructive catalogue, with such notes and remarks as may reveal its character and scope, making, in fact, a curious and valuable survey of that branch of American literature. A limited number only will be issued, and the list of subscribers is nearly full. The work can not fail to be a very curious and interesting addition to our literature.

## NEWSPAPER LYING

THE President's letter to Mr. KEPPLER, of *Puck*, has naturally excited a great deal of attention, and has been described as a general denunciation of the press. But that is a gross misrepresentation. The letter is a strong expression of disgust from a strong man who knows by experience how much "newspaper lying" there is. We differ from the President, who thinks that it was never "more general and mean" than it is now. It was much more so in regard to him, for instance, in 1884 than it was in 1885.

There is no doubt, however, that upon all political subjects, which occupy so large a space in newspapers, the party organs upon both sides are much more anxious to produce a party effect in discussing the news than to ascertain the truth. The active presumption in every Republican newspaper editorial room is that the Democrats are something incarnate, and vice versa. The party organ on either side does not wish to praise its political opponent or the acts of an administration of the other party; for why, then, should it urge that both be turned out upon the general ground that everybody and everything outside of its own party pale is hypocritical, treacherous, and dangerous to the common welfare?

The President's vigorous and uncompromising statement of a feeling which is very general shows indirectly how the press abandons its true function in wearing a mere party yoke. Every public officer should be able to feel that the criticisms of the press are honest, and made in the interest of the public. But it is plain that the comments of a press of either party which a public man sees to be generally false and mean can have no influence with him. It is in vain to try to make President CLEVELAND's letter appear to be a general diatribe against the press. He says that newspaper lying was never more general. But to qualify that remark as too strong a generalization is not to deny that there is immense newspaper lying.

## THE ALBANY "EXPRESS."

MR. S. N. D. NORTH is announced as the editor and part proprietor of the Albany *Express*, a journal which, under the editorial control of Mr. CHARLES E. SMITH, subsequently of the *Evening Journal*, and now of the Philadelphia *Press*, became one of the able and important papers of the State. Mr. NORTH is an accomplished and experienced journalist and a shrewd student of public affairs, who has been long the chief assistant of Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS in the conduct of the Utica *Herald*, and he is singularly qualified for his new post. The *Express* will be a Republican journal, but, we presume, an advocate of Republican principles rather than a mere party organ pledged to uphold and defend whatever is done in the name of Republicanism. Such a paper must sometimes become the severest censor of party action, and it can be of the highest service in a political capital like Albany.

## THE MAYORS' MESSAGES

THE opening of the political year brings many messages of Governors and Mayors, and the most striking fact in all of them is the evident change of public opinion which they reflect in regard to the just limits of party administration. Mayor LOW's four years' service in Brooklyn marks a memorable epoch, for it has demonstrated that municipal government may be kept free from party to the great advantage of the community. His successor, Mayor WHITNEY, although elected as a Democrat, evidently feels that his administration must follow in the line traced by Mayor LOW's, or that he will suffer by the contrast.

In Boston, the similar firm and sensible independent course of Mayor O'BRIEN, an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and a Democrat, has been so satisfactory to the people that he was re-elected by an unusually large majority, including a considerable Republican vote.

He says in his Message:

"Political tricksters who have merely some selfish purpose to gratify will receive no countenance from me, no matter what party they may be identified with for the time being. It is by yielding to these men on account of the few votes they control that municipal governments in all the large cities of the country have become a synonym for waste and extravagance and corruption. This is strong language, but I know that every word of it is true."

And he adds:

"If political parties put unscrupulous men to the front, they ought to be voted down. If political parties make combinations with men whose morality and integrity are questionable, such combinations should be discouraged and discountenanced by every good citizen. If no quarter is given to men who have no moral principle behind them, who connect themselves with leading parties merely for plunder, they will soon be stamped out, and the business of the city will be conducted, like any other large corporation, on business principles."

Mayor GRACE's message in New York, in the same spirit, highly commends the reformed system of appointment in the municipal service, which he has faithfully enforced. Upon this point the three Mayors, Mr. LOW, who retires, and Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. GRACE, all of whom speak from experience, are unanimous, and they will be hardly ridiculed as sentimentalists, or political Pharisees and purists. Their remarks leave the unhappy defenders of the theory that the public service is properly the spoils of a party in a still more forlorn position.

## GOVERNOR HILL'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of Governor HILL contains much information about State affairs, many recommendations, and many fine sentiments. The Governor favors the separation of municipal and State elections, and also of the Police Department and the Bureau of Elections. He recommends the abolition of useless municipal offices, and the reduction of salaries. He would have a special commission to prepare a new charter providing for home rule and the election of many local officers who are now appointed. The Governor criticises the course of the Superintendent of State prisons in having regard only to pecuniary considerations in his arrangement of labor, and urges a settled policy providing for the diversification of trades so as not to compete with outside labor, and for the sale of products at ruling outside prices only. But he does not recommend any policy, and his reflections are unjust upon the Superintendent, whose report is a very valuable contribution toward a sound prison-labor policy.

Governor HILL renews the recommendation of the abolition of the Board of Regents of the University, and the transfer of their functions to the Department of Public Instruction; also of the State boards of Charities and of Health, and the Commission on the State Survey, their respective duties to be vested in a Commissioner of Charities, a Health Commissioner, and the State Engineer and Surveyor—propositions of which we shall have something to say hereafter.

But what must have been the dismay of the "Jeffersonians" upon reading the excellent sentiments of Governor HILL in regard to civil service reform! The Governor's remark that "the undue thirst for office and the unrestrained power of distributing patronage are the most potent factors in the oppression of the people and the overthrow of popular liberty"—a sentence worthy of the Reform League—must have been astounding and inexplicable to the true Jeffersonian, until he probably detected a solemn wink in the Gubernatorial eye, as the Governor suggests that "a sufficient number of names of eligible persons—*possibly the entire list*—should be certified to an appointing officer to afford a reasonable discretion in selection." We do not know a single shrewd opponent of the reformed system who is not of the same opinion. Let the change be made, and reform receives its death-blow. It is evident that Governor HILL's fine sentiments must be read carefully to the end, and considered in the light of the views of his most ardent supporters, Mr. BURKE COCHRAN and the other sages of Tammany Hall.

## PERSONAL.

THE first Ladies' Reception of the Fencers' Club last winter brought together a distinguished representation of fashionable society, and was in general so successful that the club has determined to hold another one on the 23d of January from 4 to 6 o'clock P.M. All fencers believe that the practice of their art is an excellent exercise for young ladies, but less than for men, and Captain HIPPOLYTE NICOLAS, the instructor at the club, is an enthusiastic promulgator of this doctrine. He teaches the art of fencing after simple and natural methods, believing with MOLIÈRE that it consists in "touching and not being touched." The reception will be under the auspices of the Executive Committee, consisting of Messrs. HENRY CHAUNCEY, Jun., J. COLEMAN DRAYTON, ARTHUR S. CARHART, M. M. HOWLAND, CHARLES DE KAY, J. MURRAY MITCHELL, KERRICK HOSSO, GEORGE L. RIVES, and S. MONTGOMERY ROOSEVELT.

—Mr. PHILIP B. PERRY, an American, has written a symphonic march, which he has dedicated to Herr WILHELM JAHN, Director of the Vienna Royal Opera, and a "Theodora Mazurka," which he has inscribed to the German actress CHARLOTTE FROHN. The Vienna *Extrablatt* says: "These beautiful compositions, so rich in melody, bespeak for this talented composer a very brilliant future."

—Ex-Mayor LOW, who is a graduate and honor man of Columbia College, has been exerting himself in behalf of the library of that institution. At his suggestion Mr. A. A. LOW, his father, has given $10,000 for that purpose. Mr. LOW, now in his seventy-fifth year and in excellent health, has contributed very liberally to the library of Salem, Massachusetts, his native place, and one of his personal friends said recently that there is not a charitable institution of note in the city of Brooklyn which has not been the object of his generosity. The new hospital which he is now erecting in that city in memory of his deceased daughter will cost over $400,000. Mr. LOW is not in the habit of speaking of his charities, and even his business partners do not know of them, except through the newspapers.

—A recent writer notices the fact that although the present century has been, *par excellence*, the century of science, yet it has given birth to the marvellous imaginations of SCOTT, BYRON, KEATS, SHELLEY, COLERIDGE, TENNYSON, BROWNING, ARNOLD, LAMARTINE, VICTOR HUGO, TOURGUENEFF, and HEINE, which shows, he thinks, that whatever may be the disenchantment of science, it covers too small a field to beat back the imagination of man.

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has been elected an honorary member of the Authors' Club, and Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT and Mr. WILL CARLETON have also been added to the membership.

—Some of the brightest letters written to the daily press are those signed by Mrs. CUSTER, in the Chicago *Tribune*. They are bright as a bright woman's conversation, full of color and detail, breezy and stimulating. Mrs. CUSTER first became known as a writer by her delightful volume *Boots and Saddles*, which has charmed many thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

—The *Mikado* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, now in its twenty-first week, causes admiration, among other things, for the delicacy and softness of the hues of the dresses worn by the chorus girls, the effect being almost as delicious as that of the faint blues and greens seen sometimes in our winter sky at sunset. It is noticeable that when singing the song about "the merry madrigal," Pooh-Bah pronounces the word "madrigaul," but Yum-Yum, who is an American, says "madrigal." Her poses during the song "The flowers that bloom in the spring" are extremely noticeable for their ease, variety, and beauty. Miss GERALDINE ULMAR is Yum-Yum.

—Mr. RUSKIN having recently declared that MARIA EDGEWORTH's novels contained more essential truth about Ireland than can be learned from any other sources whatsoever, the librarians of our circulating libraries expect to do considerable extra work in supplying the demand that is now sure to arise for those books. Such statements from such a source almost impose extra duty upon the librarians, though not quite so much as does a noted author's death.

—The Grolier Club, having held an exhibition of the various processes used in reproducing paintings, have followed up the matter by an exhibition of modern wood engravings, with an address by Mr. ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY, the wood engraver, who does not believe that the present rapid advance in the development of these mechanical processes will injure the future of wood-engraving, which to-day takes such high rank as a fine art.

—Mr. ENOCH PRATT, of Baltimore, has recently seen the successful opening of the great library which he founded in that city. He tells his friends that he preferred to give the money during his lifetime in order that he might be sure it was used exactly in accordance with his desires. Baltimore is justly proud of this new charity.

—During the late cold snap a New Yorker who spent the winter of 1877 in New Orleans recalled with pleasure the floral district of that city, where he resided, especially the rose beds, with their borders of English violets, in front of the house, and the orange-trees, whose fruit he could reach out of his window. The family with which he was living had suffered much during the war, and the head of it used to declare that he once was compelled to walk 140 miles in order to buy some jean for trousers for himself, and some calico for a gown for his wife.

—The five-hundredth performance of *Adonis* at the Bijou Theatre, in New York, was given last Thursday. The event coincided within a day with the actor's thirtieth birthday. The double event was celebrated by a breakfast given to Mr. DIXEY at Delmonico's by a party of friends, by a special and very crowded performance of *Adonis*, and by a Dixey Ball at the Metropolitan Opera-house. The performance of *Adonis* was signalized by the irruption upon the stage of well-known actors from other theatres in costume.

—The people of New York and Brooklyn owe to Postmaster PEARSON another obligation in the publication of the weekly *Official Postal Guide* for those two cities, which is published under his supervision. The first number of the new Guide has just appeared, and is in every way creditable to the Post-office. In addition to all the general postal information that is needed by business men, it contains local and current intelligence concerning the mails that is equally important to the communities for which it is published, and that has not heretofore been readily accessible.

—So many persons seem inclined to blow out the gas when they are going to bed that the effect of such a course upon the physical system can not be absolutely devoid of interest. Physicians say that ordinary illuminating gas contains a good deal of carbonic oxide, a deadly poison, which drives out the oxygen of the blood, and makes the current dark and sluggish. The treatment is usually to bleed the patient, and then to whip up the blood which has been taken from him. This process puts oxygen into it, and it is then returned to the body by transfusion, the object being to replace the oxygen which has been driven out. Another method is to transfuse a simple saline solution, which serves the purpose of giving the needed volume to the blood. Miss NICOLSON, who recently blew out the gas in her room at a New York hotel, was required to inhale pure oxygen from a calcium-light cylinder, to the extent of about seven hundred and fifty gallons in twenty-four hours. She used a large rubber bag, which was filled repeatedly from the cylinder, almost as soon as emptied. She became better from the moment that she began to inhale this pure oxygen, although when brought to the hospital she had a leaden complexion, a swollen larynx, and incipient pneumonia, and was unconscious besides.

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JAMES W. HUSTED, SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.

EDMUND L. PITTS, PRESIDENT *PRO TEM* OF THE NEW YORK SENATE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.

## SPEAKER HUSTED.

JAMES WILLIAM HUSTED, who has just been elected Speaker by the Republicans of the New York Assembly, is entering upon his fourth term in that office. His career, especially as a politician, has been a very remarkable one. He was born in the county of Westchester, in this State, on October 13, 1833, of French and German ancestry. He was graduated at Yale in 1854, was admitted to the bar in 1857, and derived his first earnings partly as a school-teacher and partly as a lawyer. He has been Superintendent of Schools, School Commissioner, Deputy Superintendent of the Insurance Department, Harbor Master, Deputy Captain of the Port of New York, Judge Advocate of the Seventh Brigade of the State Militia, and is now a Major-General of the Fifth Division of the National Guard of the State. In Freemasonry he wears the jewel of the Thirty-third Degree.

General HUSTED—for so he is generally called—has been sixteen times elected to the New York Assembly. Fourteen times he represented his home district, but twice he was returned from Rockland County, on the opposite side of the Hudson. This is considered an astonishing political achievement, since in this country legislators are sent only from the counties they live in, but General HUSTED had announced that he would stand out of the way of aspiring young men in his own county, and so he boldly crossed the river and stood among strangers. He was made Speaker in 1874, 1876, and 1878. He is noted for his thorough knowledge of parliamentary practice, for astonishing quickness of intellect and of speech, and for his knowledge of the public men and affairs of the State. He excels both as a host and as a remember.

MR. ZUKERTORT. MR. BURNETT.

THE MATCH FOR THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

## SENATOR PITTS.

SENATOR EDMUND L. PITTS, whom the Republican Senators of the State Legislature honored with an election to the Presidency *pro tem.* of the Senate, was already a conspicuous figure in State politics. Mr. PITTS was born in Yates, in the county of Orleans, on the 23d of May, 1839. His schooling was obtained in the common schools and in the academy at Yates. Although he prepared for college he was prevented from entering it. Having determined to become a lawyer, he had the great good fortune to pursue his studies at Albion, in the office of the late SAMUEL E. CHURCH, afterward Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. Mr. PITTS was admitted to the bar in 1860, the same year in which he cast his first vote. It was cast for ABRAHAM LINCOLN for President, and Mr. PITTS has ever since remained a Republican.

Mr. PITTS was sent to the Assembly in 1864, and returned each year until after 1868. In 1867 he was elected Speaker of that body. He was Assessor of Internal Revenue from 1872 to 1877, and in 1881 and again in 1883 he was elected to the Senate from the Twenty-sixth, or Monroe and Orleans, District. He is distinguished by his eloquence, his readiness and soundness in debate, and by his mastery of the science of parliamentary procedure. He took a leading part in the effort to prevent the return to the Senate of Messrs. CONKLING and PLATT in 1881. In 1882 he made a very notable speech in presenting the name of ALONZO B. CORNELL for Governor in the Republican Convention of that year, and in 1884 was a BLAINE delegate to the Chicago Convention. He has never neglected the practice of the law, and enjoys a wide celebrity and fine income as a lawyer in the central part of the State.

PETER M. ARTHUR.—[See Page 43.]

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

A row of ancient rummers with ground figures on their sides, and each primed with a spoon, was now placed down the table, and these were promptly filled with grog at such high temperature as to raise serious considerations for the gilding exposed to such vapors. But Elizabeth Jane noticed that, though this filling went on with great promptness up and down the table, nobody filled the Mayor's glass, who still drank large quantities of water from the tumbler behind the clump of crystal vessels intended for wine and spirits.

"They don't fill Mr Henchard's wine-glasses," she ventured to say to her elbow acquaintance, the old man.

"Oh no. Don't ye know him to be the celebrated abstaining worthy of that name? He scorns all tempting liquors; never touches nothing. Oh yes, he've strong qualities that way. I have heard tell that he swore a gospel oath in 'e gone times, and has been by it ever since. So they don't press him, knowing it would be unbecoming in the face of that; for yer gospel oath is a serious thing."

Another elderly man, hearing this discourse, now joined in by inquiring, "How much longer have he got to suffer from it, Solomon Longways?"

"Another two year, they say. I don't know the why and the wherefore of his fixing such a time, for 'a never has told anybody. But 'tis exactly two calendar years longer, they say. A powerful mind to hold out so long!"

"AT ELIZABETH'S ENTRY SHE LIFTED HER FINGER."

"BANKING UP" FOR WINTER IN DAKOTA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 43.]

"True. ... But there's great strength in hope. Knowing that in four-and-twenty months' time ye'll be out of yer bondage, and able to make up for all you've suffered, by partaking without stint; why, it keeps a man up, no doubt."

"No doubt, Christopher Coney, no doubt. And 'a must need such reflections—a lonely widow-man," said Longways.

"When did he lose his wife?" asked Elizabeth.

"I never knowed her. 'Twas afore he came to Casterbridge," Solomon Longways replied with terminative emphasis, as if the fact of his ignorance of Mrs. Henchard were sufficient to deprive her history of all interest. "But I know that 'a's a banded teetotaler, and that if any of his men be ever so little overtook by a drop, he's down upon 'em as stern as the Lord upon the jovial Jews."

"Has he many men, then?" said Elizabeth Jane.

"Many! Why, my good maid, he's the powerfulest member of the town council, and quite a principal man in the country round besides. He and Casterbridge bank-folk are sworn brothers; and it's not every man that's hand in glove with a bank. Never a big dealing in wheat, barley, oats, hay, roots, and such like in the county but Henchard's got a hand in it. Ay, and he'll go into other things, too; and that's where he makes his mistake. He worked his way up from nothing when 'a came here, and now he's a pillar of the town. Not but what he's been shook a little to year about this bad corn he has supplied in his contracts. I've seen the sun rise over Casterbridge Moor these nine-and-sixty year, and though Mr Henchard has never cussed me unfairly, ever since I've worked for 'n, seeing I be but a little small man, and 'tis not my interest to speak against him, I must say that I have never before tasted such rough bread as has been made from Henchard's wheat lately. 'Tis that growed out that ye could a'most call it malt, and there's a list at bottom o' the loaf as thick as the sole of one's shoe."

The band now struck up another melody, and by the time it was ended the dinner was over, and speeches began to be made. The evening being calm, and the windows still open, these orations could be distinctly heard. Henchard's voice arose above the rest; he was telling a story of his hay-dealing experiences.

"'You may have the rick for eighty pound,' he says to me, 'or you may leave it alone.' 'Seventy-seven pound ten,' says I (rising another fifty shillings, for I wanted the hay). 'No,' says he. 'Very well,' says I. 'But think it over. I'll stand word till my wagons come back along that way at three o'clock, and no longer.' I left him for a time—a bitter cold day 'twas—and who should I meet but George Stalker, and I told him what I was after. 'Why,' says he, 'the rick isn't worth forty pound—'a's tipped with straw to begin wi'—and the heart o'n as black as the chimley back.' Then I was in a terrible way. I teaved—I stamped up and down. I thought it over, and went back to my man. 'Now, seventy-seven pound ten is fair money,' says I (showing anxious), 'and I stand word to 't as firm as a church till the wagons come back.' 'Eighty,' says he. 'But,' says I, 'can't ye take the other, and let's have done o't? I'm afraid there's going to be a deep snow.' And so earnest-like I kept pricking him up to stand out for his price, looking covetous at the rick, and as if I were loath to let it go, and snow likely to set in. Ah, a trimming frost 'twas that day!—and being a teetotaler I felt it too. Well, by long and by late the wagons loomed in sight, and I shook in my shoes lest this should bring him to say yes. But no—'Eighty pound,' says he; 'that's my figure!' The wagons came abreast. 'Good afternoon,' says I, hopping up into the nearest, and as soon as we'd moved off I said to my men, 'Now whip up the horses; and if you hear anybody holler ever so loud, mind you don't turn your head.' He did holler, and run after; but we didn't stop, not we; and I never felt so happy in my days as I did when I got home that night, clean out of the deal, bad as I wanted hay. Well, three weeks after that, when the snow was over the hedges, and a truss of hay was a'most worth its weight in gold, I found that that villain George Stalker had got the rick for seventy pound, sold it in market for a hundred and twenty, and that there wasn't, as he knew all the time, a finer quality bit o' stuff in the whole county round! Haw-haw-haw!"

Others joined in the laugh, and hilarity was general till a new voice arose with, "This is all very well; but how about the bad bread?"

It came from the lower end of the table, where there sat a group of minor tradesmen who, although part of the company, appeared to be a little below the social level of the others; and who seemed to nourish a certain independence of opinion, and carry on discussions not quite in harmony with those at the head; just as the west end of a church is sometimes persistently found to sing out of time and tune with the leading spirits in the chancel.

This interruption about the bad bread afforded infinite satisfaction to the loungers outside, several of whom were of the class which finds its pleasure in others' discomfiture; and hence they echoed pretty freely, "Hey! How about the bad bread, Mr. Mayor?" Moreover, feeling none of the restraints of those who shared the feast, they could afford to add, "You rather ought to tell the story o' that, sir!"

The interruption was sufficient to compel the Mayor to notice it.

"Well, I admit that the wheat turned out badly," he said. "But I was taken in in buying it as much as the bakers who bought it o' me."

"And the poor folk who had to eat it whether or no," said the inharmonious man outside the window.

Henchard's face darkened. There was temper under the thin bland surface—the temper which, artificially intensified, had banished a wife nearly a score of years before.

"You must make allowances for the accidents of a large business," he said. "You must bear in mind that the weather just at the harvest of that corn was worse than we have known it for years. However, I have mended my arrangements on account o't. Since I have found my business too large to be well looked after by myself alone, I have advertised for a thorough good man as manager of the corn department. When I've got him you will find these mistakes will no longer occur—matters will be better looked into."

"But what are you going to do to repay us for the past?" inquired the man who had before spoken, and who seemed to be a baker or miller. "Will you replace the grown flour we've still got by sound grain?"

Henchard's face had grown still more stern at these interruptions, and he drank from his tumbler of water as if to calm himself or gain time. Instead of vouchsafing a direct reply, he stiffly observed:

"If anybody will tell me how to turn grown wheat into wholesome wheat, I'll take it back with pleasure. But it can't be done."

Henchard was not to be drawn again. Having said this he sat down.

## CHAPTER VI.

Now the group outside the window had within the last few minutes been re-enforced by new arrivals, some of them respectable shopkeepers and their assistants, who had come out for a whiff of air after putting up the shutters for the night; some of them of a lower class. Distinct from either there appeared a stranger—a young man of remarkably pleasant aspect, who carried in his hand a carpet-bag of the smart floral pattern prevalent in such articles at that time.

He was fair and ruddy, bright-eyed, and slight in build. He might possibly have passed by without stopping at all, or at most for half a minute to glance in at the scene, had not his advent coincided with the discussion on corn and bread, in which event this history had never appeared. But the subject seemed to arrest him, and he whispered some inquiries of the other by-standers, and remained listening.

When he heard Henchard's closing words, "It can't be done," he smiled, impulsively drew out his pocket-book, and wrote down a few words by the aid of the light in the window. He tore out the leaf, folded and directed it, and seemed about to throw it in through the open sash upon the dining table, but on second thoughts edged himself through the loiterers till he reached the door of the inn, where one of the waiters who had been serving inside was now idly leaning against the door-post.

"Give this to the Mayor at once," he said, handing in his hasty note.

Elizabeth Jane had seen his movements and heard the words, which attracted her both by their subject and by their accent—a strange one for those parts. It was quaint and northerly.

The waiter took the note, while the young stranger continued: "And can ye tell me of a respectable hotel that's a little more moderate than this?"

The waiter glanced indifferently up and down the street. "They say the King of Prussia, just below here, is a very good place," he languidly answered; "but I have never stayed there myself."

The Scotchman, as he seemed to be, thanked him, and strolled on in the direction of the King of Prussia aforesaid, apparently more concerned about the question of an inn than about the fate of his note, now that the momentary impulse of writing it was over. While he was disappearing slowly down the street the waiter left the door, and Elizabeth Jane saw with some interest the note brought into the dining-room and handed to the Mayor.

Henchard looked at it carelessly, unfolded it with one hand, and glanced it through. Thereupon it was curious to note an unexpected effect. The nettled, clouded aspect which had held possession of his face since the subject of his corn-dealings had been broached, changed itself into one of arrested attention. He read the note slowly, and fell into thought, not moody, but fitfully intense, as that of a man who has been captured by an idea.

By this time toasts and speeches had given place to songs, the wheat subject being quite forgotten. Men were putting their heads together in twos and threes, with pantomimic laughter, which reached convulsive grimace. Some were beginning to look as if they did not know how they had come there, what they had come for, or how they were going to get home again, and provisionally sat on with a dazed smile. Square-built men showed a tendency to become hunchbacks; men with a dignified presence lost it in a curious obliquity of figure, in which their features grew disarranged and one-sided; whilst the heads of a few who had dined with extreme thoroughness were somehow sinking into their shoulders, the corners of their mouth and eyes being bent upward by the subsidence. Only Henchard did not conform to these flexuous changes; he remained stately and vertical, silently thinking.

The clock struck nine; Elizabeth Jane turned to her companion. "The evening is drawing on, mother," she said. "What do you propose to do?"

She was surprised to find how irresolute her mother had become. "We must get a place to lie down in," she murmured; "I have seen—Mr Henchard, and that's all I wanted to do."

"That's enough for to-night at any rate," Elizabeth Jane replied, soothingly. "We can think to-morrow what is best to do about him. The question now is—is it not?—how shall we find a lodging."

As her mother did not reply, Elizabeth Jane's mind reverted to the words of the waiter, that the King of Prussia was an inn of moderate charges. A recommendation good for one person was probably good for another. "Let us go where the young man has gone to," she said. "He is respectable. What do you say?"

Her mother assented, and down the street they went.

In the mean time the Mayor's thoughtfulness, engendered by the note as stated, continued to hold him in abstraction, till, whispering to his neighbor to take his place, he found opportunity to leave the chair. This was just after the departure of his wife and Elizabeth.

Outside the door of the assembly room he saw the waiter, and beckoning to him, asked who brought the note which had been handed in a quarter of an hour before.

"A young man, sir—a sort of traveller. He was a Scotchman, seemingly."

"Did he say how he had got it?"

"He wrote it himself, sir, as he stood outside the window."

"Oh—wrote it himself.... Is the young man in the hotel?"

"No, sir. He went to the King o' Prussia, I believe."

The Mayor walked up and down the vestibule of the hotel with his hands under his coat tails, as if he were merely seeking a cooler atmosphere than that of the room he had quitted. But there could be no doubt that he was in reality still possessed to the full by the new idea, whatever that might be. At length he went back to the door of the dining-room, paused, and found that the songs, toasts, and conversation were proceeding quite satisfactorily without his presence. The corporation, private residents, and major and minor gentlemen tradesmen had, in fact, gone in for comforting beverages to such an extent that they had quite forgotten, not only the Mayor, but all those vast political, religious, and social differences which separated them in the daytime like iron grills. Seeing this, the Mayor took his hat, and when the waiter had helped him on with a thin holland overcoat, went out and stood under the portico.

Very few persons were now in the street; and his eyes, by a sort of attraction, turned and dwelt upon a spot about a hundred yards further down. It was the house to which the writer of the note had gone—the King of Prussia—whose two prominent gables, bow-window, and passage-light could be seen from where he stood. Having kept his eyes on it for a while, he strolled in that direction.

This immutable house of accommodation for man and beast was built of mellow sandstone, with mullioned windows of the same material, now markedly out of perpendicular from the settlement of foundations. The bay-window projecting into the street, whose interior was so popular among the frequenters of the inn, was closed with shutters, in each of which appeared a heart-shaped aperture, somewhat more attenuated on the right and left ventricles than is seen in nature. Inside these illuminated holes, at a distance of about three inches, were ranged at this hour, as every passer knew, the ruddy polls of Billy Wills, the glazier, Smart, the shoe-maker, Buzzford, the general dealer, and others of that set, each with his yard of clay.

A four-centred Tudor arch was over the entrance, and over the arch the sign-board, now visible in the rays of an opposite lamp. Hereon the King, who had been represented by the artist as a person of two dimensions only—in other words, flat as a shadow—was seated on a war-horse in a frozen prance. Being on the sunny side of the street, both he and his charger had suffered largely from warping, splitting, fading, and shrinkage, so that he was but a half-sensible film upon the reality of the grain and knots and nails which composed the sign-board. As a matter of fact, this state of things was not so much owing to Stannidge, the landlord's, neglect, as from the lack of a painter in Casterbridge who would undertake to reproduce the uniform of a man so traditional.

A long, narrow, dimly lit passage gave access to the inn, within which passage the horses going to their stalls at the back and the coming and departing human guests rubbed shoulders indiscriminately, the latter running no slight risk of having their toes trodden upon by the animals. The good stabling and the good beer of the King of Prussia, though somewhat difficult to reach on account of there being but this narrow way to both, were nevertheless perseveringly sought out by the sagacious old heads who knew what was what in Casterbridge.

Henchard stood without the inn for a few instants, then, lowering the dignity of his presence as much as possible by buttoning the brown holland coat over his shirt front, and in other ways toning himself down to his ordinary every-day appearance, he entered the inn door.

## CHAPTER VII.

Elizabeth Jane and her mother had arrived some twenty minutes earlier. Outside the house they had stood and considered whether even this homely place, though recommended as moderate, might not be too serious in its prices for their light pockets. Finally, however, they had found courage to enter, and duly met Stannidge, the landlord, a silent man, who drew and carried frothing measures to this room and to that, on a par with his waiting-maids—a stately slowness, however, entering into his ministrations by contrast with theirs, as became one whose service was somewhat optional. It would have been altogether optional but for the orders of the landlady, a person who sat in the bar, corporeally motionless, but with a flitting eye and quick ear, with which she observed and heard through the open door and hatchway the pressing needs of customers whom her husband overlooked though close at hand. Elizabeth and her mother were passively accepted as sojourners, and shown to a small bedroom under one of the gables, where they sat down.

"'Tis too good for us—we can't meet it!" said the elder woman, looking round the apartment with misgiving as soon as they were left alone.

"I fear it is, too," said Elizabeth. "But we must be respectable."

The principle of the inn seemed to be to compensate for the antique awkwardness, crookedness, and obscurity of the passages, floors, walls, and windows, by quantities of clean linen spread about everywhere, and this had a dazzling effect upon the travellers. "We must pay our way even before we must be respectable," replied her mother. "Mr Henchard is too high for us to make ourselves known to him, I much fear; so we've only our own pockets to depend on."

"I know what I'll do," said Elizabeth Jane, after an interval of waiting, during which their needs seemed quite forgotten under the press of business below. And leaving the room, she descended the stairs and penetrated to the bar.

If there was one good thing more than another which characterized this single-hearted girl, it was a willingness to sacrifice her personal comfort and dignity to the common weal.

"As you seem busy here to-night, and mother's not well off, might I take out part of our accommodation by helping?" she asked of the landlady.

The latter, who remained as fixed in the arm-chair as if she had been melted into it when in a liquid state, and could not now be unstuck, looked the girl up and down inquiringly, with her hands on the chair arms. Such arrangements as the one Elizabeth Jane proposed were not uncommon in country villages; but, though Casterbridge was old-fashioned, the custom was well-nigh obsolete here. The mistress of the house, however, was an easy woman to strangers, and she made no objection. Thereupon Elizabeth Jane, being instructed by nods and motions from the taciturn landlord as to where she could find the different things, trotted up and down stairs with materials for her own and her parent's meal.

While she was doing this the wood partition in the centre of the house thrilled to its centre with the tugging of a bell-pull upstairs. A bell below tinkled a note that was feebler in sound than the twanging of wires and cranks that had produced it.

"'Tis the Scotch gentleman," said the landlady, omnisciently; and turning her eyes to Elizabeth, "Now, then, can you go and see if his supper is on the tray? If it is, you can take it up to him. The front room over this."

Elizabeth Jane, though hungry, willingly postponed serving herself awhile, and applied to the cook in the kitchen, whence she brought forth the tray of supper viands, and proceeded with it upstairs to the apartment indicated. The accommodation of the King of Prussia was far from spacious, despite the fair area of ground it covered. The room demanded by intrusive beams and rafters, partitions, passages, staircases, disused ovens, settles, and four-posters left comparatively small quarters for human beings. Moreover, this being at a time before home-brewing was abandoned by the smaller victuallers, and a house in which the twelve-bushel strength was still religiously adhered to by the landlord in his ale, the quality of the liquor was the chief attraction of the premises, so that everything had to make way for utensils and operations in connection therewith. Thus Elizabeth Jane found that the Scotchman was located in a room quite close to the small one that had been allotted to herself and her mother.

When she entered, nobody was present but the young man himself, the same whom she had seen lingering without the windows of the Golden Crown Hotel. He was now idly reading a copy of the local paper, and was hardly conscious of her entry, so that she looked at him quite coolly, and saw how his forehead shone where the light caught it, and how nicely his hair was cut, and the sort of velvet pile or down that was on the skin at the back of his neck, and how his cheek was so truly curved as to be part of a globe, and how clearly drawn were the lids and lashes which hid his bent eyes.

She set down the tray, spread his supper, and went away without a word. On her arrival below, the landlady, who was as kind as she was fat and lazy, saw that Elizabeth Jane was rather tired, though in her earnestness to be useful she was waiving her own needs altogether. Mrs. Stannidge thereupon said, with a considerate perceptiveness, that she and her mother had better take their own suppers if they meant to have any.

Elizabeth Jane fetched their simple provisions, as she had fetched the Scotchman's, and went up to the little chamber where she had left her mother, noiselessly pushing open the door with the edge of the tray. To her surprise her mother, instead of being reclined on the bed where she had left her, was in an erect position, with lips parted. At Elizabeth's entry she lifted her finger.

The meaning of this was soon apparent. The room allotted to the two women had at one time served as a dressing-room to the Scotchman's chamber, as was evidenced by signs of a door of communication between them—now screwed up and pasted over with the wall-paper. But, as is frequently the case with hotels of far higher pretensions than the King of Prussia, every word spoken in either of these rooms was distinctly audible in the other. Such sounds came through now.

Thus silently conjured, Elizabeth Jane deposited the tray, and her mother whispered as she drew near, "'Tis he."

"Who?" said the girl.

"The Mayor." The tremors in Susan Henchard's tone might have led any person but one so perfectly unsuspicious of the truth as the girl was, to surmise some closer connection than the

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admitted simple kinship as a means of accounting for them.

Two men were indeed talking in the adjoining chamber, the young Scotchman and Henchard, who, having entered the inn while Elizabeth-Jane was in the kitchen acting for the maiden, had been deferentially conducted upstairs by best Scotch manage himself. The girl quietly laid out their little meal, and beckoned to her mother to join her, which Mrs Henchard accordingly did, her attention being fixed on the conversation through the door.

"I merely strolled in on my way home to ask ye a question about something that has excited my curiosity," said the Mayor, with careless geniality. "But I see you have not finished supper."

"Ay, but I will have done in a few minutes! Ye needn't go, sir. Take a seat. I've almost done, and it makes no difference at all."

Henchard seemed to take the seat offered, and in a moment he resumed. "Well, first I should ask, did you write thus?" A rustling of paper followed.

"Yes, I did," said the Scotchman.

"Then," said Henchard, "I am under the impression that we have met by accident while waiting for the morning to keep an appointment wi' each other? My name is Henchard, isn't you replied to an advertisement in a corn factor's manager that I put into the paper—isn't you come here to see me about it?"

"No," said the Scotchman, with some surprise.

"Surely you are the man," said Henchard, insistingly, "who arranged to come and see me? Joshua—Joshua—What was his name?"

"No, indeed," said the young man. "My name is Donald Farfrae. It is true I am in the corn trade, but I have replied to no advertisement, and arranged to see no one. I am in my way to Bristol, from there to the other side of the world to try my fortune in the great wheat-growing districts of the West. I have some inventions useful to the trade, and there is no scope for developing them here."

"To America!—well, well!" said Henchard, in a tone of disappointment so strong as to make itself felt like a damp atmosphere. "And yet I could have sworn you were the man."

The Scotchman murmured another negation, and there was a silence, till Henchard resumed, "Then I am truly and sincerely obliged to you for the few words you wrote on that paper."

"It was nothing."

"Well, it has a great importance for me just now. This year about one grown wheat, which I declare to Heaven I didn't know to be bad till the people came complaining, has put me in my wits' end. I've some hundreds of quarters of it on hand, and if your renovating process will make it wholesome, why, you can see what a spur 'twould get me out of. I saw in a moment there might be truth in it. But I should like to have it proved, and, of course, you don't care to tell the steps of the process sufficiently for me to do that, without my paying ye well for't first."

The young man reflected a moment or two. "I don't know that I have any objection," he said. "I'm going to another country, and curing bad corn is not the line I'll take up there. Yes, I'll tell ye the whole of it; we'll make more of it here than I will in a foreign country. Just look here a minute, sir. I can show ye by a sample in my carpet bag."

The click of a lock followed, and there was a rifling and rustling, then a discussion about so many ounces to the bushel, and drying, and refrigerating, and so on.

"These few grains will be sufficient to show ye with," came in the young fellow's voice; and after a pause, during which some operation seemed to be potently watched by them both, he exclaimed, "There, now, do you taste that?"

"It's complete! quite restored, or—well—nearly."

"Quite enough restored to make good seconds out of it," said the Scotchman. "To fetch it back entirely is impossible; nature won't stand so much as that, but here you go a great way toward it. Well, sir, that's the process. I don't relish it, for it can be but of little use in countries where the weather is more settled than in ours; and I'll be only too glad if it's of service to you."

"But hearken to me," pleaded Henchard. "My business, you know, is in corn and in hay; but I was brought up as a hay trusser simply, and hay is what I understand best, though I now do more to corn than to the other. If you'll accept the situation, you shall manage the corn branch entirely, and receive a commission in addition to salary."

"It is liberal—very liberal; but no, no—I cannot!" the young man still replied, with some distress in his accents.

"So be it!" said Henchard, conclusively. "Now, to change the subject, one good turn deserves another, don't stay to finish that miserable supper. Come to my house; I can find something better for ye than cold ham and ale."

Donald Farfrae was grateful—said he feared he must decline—that he wished to leave early next day.

"Very well," said Henchard, quickly; "please yourself. But I tell ye, young man, if this bodes good for the bath, as it has done for the sample, you have saved my credit, stranger though you be. What shall I pay you for this knowledge?"

"Nothing at all—nothing at all. It was not proven necessary to ye to use it often, and I don't value it at all. I thought I ought just so well let ye know, as ye were in a difficulty, and they were hard upon ye."

Henchard paused. "I don't soon forget this," he said. "And from a stranger!... I couldn't believe you were not the man I had engaged! Says I to myself, 'He knows who I am, and recommends himself by this stroke.' And yet it turns out, after all, that you are not the man who answered my advertisement, but a stranger!"

"Ay, ay; 'tis so," said the young man, simply.

Henchard again suspended his words, and then his voice came thoughtfully. "Tony Cuxwood, Farfrae, is something like my poor brother's—now dead and gone; and the same, too, let ye be like him. You must be, what—five foot nine, I reckon?" "I am six feet one and a half out of my shoes. But what of that?" In an instant he saw the strength and hearty build up a firm But judgment and knowledge are what keep it established. Unlucky I am bad at memory. Feature; and at figures—a rule of thumb sort of man. You are just the reverse—I can see that. I have been looking for such as you these two years, and yet you are not for me. Well, before I go, let me ask this. Though you are not the young man I thought you were, what's the difference? Can't we stay just the same? Have you really made up your mind about this American notion? I won't mince matters. I feel you would be invaluable to me—that needn't be said—and if you will stay and be my manager, I will make it worth your while."

"My plans are fixed," said the young man, in negative tones; "I have formed a scheme, and there can be no more words about it. But will you eat drink with me sir? I find this Casterbridge air warming to the stomach—ay, as Presbyterian rivers."

"No, no; I have wanted, but I can't," said Henchard, gravely, the scruples of his client informing the listeners that he was rising to leave. "When I was a young man I went to for that sort of thing too strong—far too strong—and was well-nigh ruined by it! I did a deed on account of it which I shall be ashamed of to my dying day. It made such an impression on me that I swore, there and then, that I'd drink nothing stronger than tea for as many years as I owe old that due. I have kept my oath; and though, Farfrae, I am sometimes that dry in the dog-days that I could drink a quarter barrel to the pitching, I think o' my oath, and touch no strong drink at all."

"I won't press ye, sir—I won't press ye. I respect your vow."

"Well, I shall get a manager somewhere, no doubt," said Henchard, with strong feeling in his tones. "But it will be long before I see one that would suit me so well!"

The young man appeared much moved by Henchard's warm outpourings of his value. He sat silent till they reached the door. "I wish I could stay—mightily wish it," he replied. "But, no—it cannot be; it cannot! I want to see the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Few events in the chess world have ever caused so much excitement as the coming match between the two rival masters STEINITZ and ZUKERTORT, and perhaps no event since the days of MORPHY. It is universally acknowledged that these are the two strongest living players; no one has ever successfully withstood either, and the supremacy is one to be determined between them.

WILLIAM STEINITZ was born at Prague May 7, 1836. He received his preliminary training in that city, and then entered the Polytechnic at Vienna. After studying there, he emigrated part of his time in tutoring and journalistic work. He first learned chess at Prague at the age of fourteen, and played with the students and local players. He improved much under the instructions of HERRE and JENAT, and took prizes in the Vienna local tourneys of 1859, 1861, and 1861, this was his first serious chess schooling. In 1862 he won the sixth prize in the London International Tourney, and in 1863 defeated Mr BLACKBURNE in a match. In 1865 he was beaten by Mr DE VERE, on whom he gave the odds of pawn and move—the only set match Mr STEINITZ has ever lost. In 1866 occurred his famous match with ANDERSSEN, whom he defeated with a score of 8 to 6, thus establishing his reputation as a first-class chess player. From this time on Mr STEINITZ's career is a succession of triumphs in matches and tournaments against the best players of Europe and America. Among those whom he has defeated in matches are Herr BLACKBURNE, and ZUKERTORT in 1872. He has frequently come out first in handicaps in England. In 1870 he carried off the second prize at the International Tournament in Baden (Andersson winning the first), and in 1871 he secured the first at the City of London Handicap, winning every game. In the London International Tourney of 1872 Mr STEINITZ won the first prize, in this contest he lost not one game, and won one and one draw from Mr ZUKERTORT whom he there met for the first time in a tournament. In 1873 he played in the Vienna International. Here Mr STEINITZ made the most remarkable "break" on record. After losing two games to Mr BLACKBURNE, and making two draws with other players, he won sixteen successive games, defeating the strongest players, among whom were ANDERSSEN, PORTIUS, ROSENTHAL, BERG, and SCHWEDER. He tied with HERRE at the first prize, and then defeated him. Mr ZUKERTORT did not participate. In 1882, at another Vienna tourney, he tied with WINAWER for the first prize, although he was beaten by ZUKERTORT in their encounter. In 1873 Mr STEINITZ settled in London, and was almost exclusively engaged in chess literary work. In 1882 he started on his well-known American tour, giving exhibitions, and playing successful matches against Mr MORPHY, of Philadelphia, Judge GOLMAN, of Havana, Captain MACKENZIE, and others. In the London International Tourney of 1883 he carried off the second prize, ZUKERTORT winning the first. After this tournament Mr STEINITZ settled in America. Last year he founded the *International Chess Magazine*, which is probably the first chess authority on this side of the Atlantic.

JOHN HERMAN ZUKERTORT was born at Riga September 7, 1842. In 1854 his father removed to Germany, where ZUKERTORT applied himself to study. He learned the game in 1860, and in 1862 met ANDERSSEN. He practising considerably with the veteran he improved rapidly, and was soon ranked one of the most formidable players in South Germany. From 1868 to 1872 he played in various German tournaments, and in 1871 defeated his old master, Professor ANDERSSEN, with a score of 5 to 3. In 1872 he settled in London, and in the same year won a match from BLACKBURNE, but lost one to STEINITZ. In 1877, at the Amsterdam jubilee in Leipsic, he tied with the old professor for the second and third prizes, and in the following year carried off the first prize in the great Paris tourney. In 1880 he beat the Paris champion, M ROSENTHAL, in a match. In 1882 STEINITZ and ZUKERTORT met at the Vienna tourney. ZUKERTORT tied with Captain MACKENZIE for the fourth and fifth prizes, but received a special prize for defeating the first three winners. At the London International of 1883 Mr ZUKERTORT carried off the first prize, performing the wonderful feat of winning twenty-two games and losing only one. His play throughout was characterized by unusual boldness, soundness, and brilliancy. His beautiful game with BLACKBURNE on that occasion being pronounced by Mr STEINITZ "one of the most brilliant on record." At the conclusion of this tournament Mr ZUKERTORT made a tour through the United States and Canada, giving blindfold and simultaneous exhibitions, and in 1884-5 he gave similar performances in England and on the Continent.

The pending match, which was arranged last year, is for $2,000 a side. It is to be decided by either player winning ten games (draws not reckoning). Should both score nine, the match is to be declared a draw, as neither player is willing to stake his reputation on a single game. It ought to be remarked that Americans have contributed with magnificent liberality to this contest, each player being allowed a handsome amount for his expenses. That part of the match which takes place in New York is under the management of a committee from the Manhattan Chess Club (Messrs GREEN, TOWN, and DUTTENHOFER), and will be played at 50 Fifth Avenue till either player wins four games, then the champions go to St. Louis, and thence to New Orleans to finish the match.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE Harvard Faculty, having been advised by the Committee on Athletics that the game of foot-ball has been much improved the past season, have removed the prohibition under which the game at Cambridge has lain since January 6 of last year. It was said that in forbidding the game they were influenced a good deal by a popular impression, which they altered, that the match between Yale and Princeton at the Polo Grounds on Thanksgiving Day, 1884, was too energetic. The annual encounter of the eleven of these two colleges seems to be looked to as affording "the game" at which college foot-ball shall be carried on. Their last match at New Haven was universally commended as an uninterrupted and gentleman-like pursuit of the game proper, unattended by private fisticuffs or wrestling bouts of a brilliant but extra and unnecessary kind, and it was perhaps very greatly in consequence of the quality of this match that the recommendation of the Harvard committee was made, and the Faculty's prohibition withdrawn. Whatever the sentiment in England may be to regard to foot-ball, there seems to be a definite notion here that the game should be played in such a manner that it shall offer no great peril to life or even to limb.

England is to have an Anti-plumage League, the object being to induce women to reject the wings and feathers of birds as bonnet decorations, and to save the birds which are being destroyed in an alarming fashion. In view of the present popular feeling even against the English sparrow, which is driving out the robin and the wren, perhaps this will afford a hint for a Presidencies League which shall be pledged to turn its hearts with sparrow feathers and nothing else.

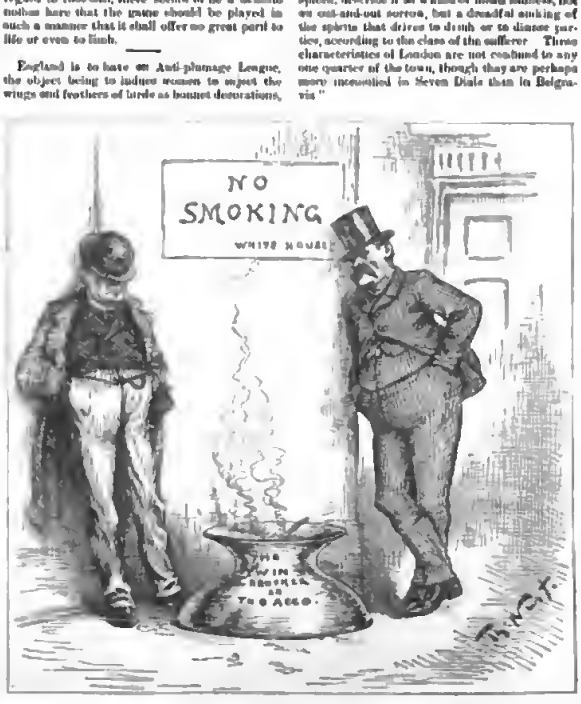
The Boston *Herald* relates the singular experience of a West End lady on Christmas Eve. She was told to a domestic that there was a policeman at the door who desired an access; the lady of the house. She went to the door, where the policeman, who had retired to step into the hall, asked her if she had got a license for giving an exhibition with a representation of Santa Claus. She replied that she had not, whereupon he said that he would feel obliged to complain against her unless she gave him five dollars. Her, much flustered, was about to pay the money, when she bethought herself of her brother in law, who was in the house, and called him. On hearing the demand, he called the policeman a scoundrel, and ordered him away. The policeman attempted to arrest him. In the scuffle that followed, the policeman's whiskers came off, disclosing the features of the lady's cousin, a young gentleman who has the reputation of being a good wag.

A paragraph says that "ladies' hair is to be worn very high on the head in Paris this winter. For the benefit of belles with long throats, however, a few curls may fall from the high coils of hair so as to avoid the ugly effect." If the reporter had chosen to be more explicit, it would have been interesting to be positively informed whether these few curls should be twined around the neck, or simply tied under the chin, in order to accomplish their purpose.

The word "Mugwump" is said to have passed examination for Webster's Unabridged, and "arrivist" is rejected among the words in a recent English dictionary. The last word is an adjective derived from Harry, as 'Arry, the typical cockney, and implies the airy and interesting style of that person.

Long Island has charmed a multitude of visitors, and evoked praise of many sorts. An Englishman who went shooting on the north shore took dinner at a farm house there, and was elated to write about it to a London newspaper. "I wonder," he says, "how often in merrie England a farmer, with his family and two men-servants, sits down to roast turkey, chicken pie, with four or five vegetables, and cranberry pie, in my nothing of both whiskey and beer to drink?" The whiskey and beer have a sort of holiday look, but the other things might to be common enough on the tables of Long Island farmers, and plenty of cider along with them.

"Paris," says the London *News*, "is so attractive because it appears every morning with a clean face. The streets are thoroughly swept, and even washed when they want it. The house fronts are periodically scraped or scoured, under heavy penalties for neglect. The inhabitants are entirely free from that peculiar form of low depression which ought to be known as London melancholia, though it has not yet found its place in the books. Gallic observers of eminence, who have occasionally treated of this malady under the name of spleen, describe it as a kind of mental madness, not an out-and-out sorrow, but a dreadful sinking of the spirits that drives to drink or to dismal parties, according to the class of the sufferer. These characteristics of London are not confined to any one quarter of the town, though they are perhaps more intensified in Seven Dials than in Belgravia."




THE NEXT THING TO ABOLISH.
MOTHER. "I say, is life worth living?"

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THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

N BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 42.]

## THE ROMANCE OF A GAS-PIPE.

By MARY E. VANDYNE.

"LITERARY people! Fough! don't speak of them. If there's anything I detest more than another, it's a man or woman who writes."

I looked at my friend Teddy Jones and smiled. What in the world could have caused this outburst against the fraternity to which it was the height of my ambition to belong?—and from Jones!

Jones and literary people! What could be more absurd? Fancy it! Jones and men and women who spend their time reading Emerson, wondering at Carlyle's "immensities" and "eternities," and asking how far George Eliot really went in her following of Comte! The idea was so preposterous!

But I must introduce Teddy Jones. He was in the dry-goods trade. Originally he had been what people call a "counter-jumper." Now he was the principal buyer of one of our largest dry-goods "emporiums." (I quote Ted in using the word; it was big and imposing, and delighted him.) But as for reading—certainly he had never read anything but a newspaper since I had known him. His conversation—and he was as garrulous as Tennyson's brook, going on forever and forever, until some strong force (usually a reprimand from his wife) stopped him—was always about one of three things, his business, the next election, and what was going on at the theatres. What *could* Jones know about literary people? Where had he ever met any such, and what could he have had to do with them? I was anxious to know, and the only way to gratify my curiosity was to ask. I did ask. The first answer I got was a suppressed titter from Mrs. Jones.

"Oh! he'll tell the story fast enough," said Ted's loving spouse, "if you'll only listen."

"Let's hear the story, by all means," I cried, "if there is one."

Jones looked half pleased, half mortified. Evidently there were features to the story which disinclined him to its relation. Yet between his own fondness for talking, his wife's urging, and my evident interest in what he had to tell, there seemed to be no escape for him. After a little more parleying we both took cigars, and he began:

"You see, Bradford, I was brought up to trade"—as if every cubic inch of his body, line of his face, the set of his collar, and the fit of his trousers had not borne testimony to that fact from the beginning. "Never in the course of my life did I have anything to do with people who live by their wits, I take it, which means stealing, or by their imaginations, which I have since found out means writing, until I had got married and come to town to live.

"You must know that at that time I was not so well off as I am now. Eliza and I" (a theatrical gesture of Ted's right arm toward Mrs. Jones assured me that she was the Eliza alluded to) "were obliged to live in a boarding-house.

"The mansion in which we sought refuge was kept by a Mrs. Smith, and we arrived at her establishment one evening just in time for dinner.

"When we stepped into the dining-room we saw a long table with about a dozen people ranged around it. First came Mr. and Mrs. James Sterling, two sons, and a daughter—of no interest whatever. Then there were two young men, clerks in a neighboring drug-store; the last two were utterly unimportant. But at the left hand of one of them sat a young lady."

At this point Ted glanced at Mrs. Jones. But apparently that bright little woman had no idea of being jealous. She smiled back at her husband.

"Well, Bradford, if ever I saw a beautiful woman, there was one. You know I am a judge of women."

I thought of Jones's experience behind the counter, and assented.

"Such blue eyes! Such a head of golden hair!" (Another surreptitious glance at Mrs. Jones.) "Well, I won't go on. She was just the very model of that woman with the baby up in your room."

Oh dear! oh dear! That was the way in which Jones alluded to my photograph of Raphael's Madonna del Granduca.

"The very moment I looked at her I began to think of angels. But I did not dare look long, for there, right at her elbow, sat the most hideous old woman you ever saw in your life. How could it be? Was that dreadful old woman the mother of that beautiful girl? She was. Our landlady introduced us to Mrs. Marvin and her daughter, Miss Emily Marvin. Oh! how beautiful Miss Emily was when she lifted her eyes! I actually felt my heart go pit-a-pat."

What a woman Mrs. Jones was! Even this did not disturb her.

"Well, we had not sat at that table long before I began to feel that we were in an atmosphere of romance. At our landlady's left hand, and just about as far from Miss Emily as he could be put, sat a young man. He was a handsome fellow, too. His eyes and hair were dark, and he had a strong, solid look, as if he had been brought up in the country. He was just the kind of man I'd sell a bill of goods to and send them home without any C. O. D. mark. Our landlady introduced him as Mr. William Graham.

"It did not need a very sharp pair of eyes to discover that Mr. Will Graham was in love with Miss Emily. Eliza and I both understood it fully before the evening was out. When we got to our own room we talked it over, and we also decided that the two young people were very unhappy. Eliza said it was because Miss Marvin's mother was opposed to the match. I had not got quite as far as this, but in the course of a few days, when I had seen considerably more of the young couple, I felt sure she was right.

"One day, when I came home from the store a little earlier than usual, Eliza said to me, 'Ted, I think there is something very mysterious about Miss Emily.'

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'Why, she is always so preoccupied. I spoke to her to-day at lunch, and she answered me in such a way that I felt sure she didn't know in the least what I had said. Then she is always so busy! Our landlady asked her to go out for a little walk to-day, by way of recreation, and she made some hurried excuse, saying she couldn't go anywhere, she had so much to do.'

"I told Eliza that women in boarding-houses were always hunting up mysteries to gossip about. There was probably nothing more remarkable about Miss Emily's preoccupation than that she was busy over some new dress, and couldn't make the over-skirt fit. But the next night when I came home Eliza had a new story.

"'Ted,' she exclaimed, as soon as we got up to our room after dinner, 'I tell you I'm sure there's something very wrong about that poor girl.'

"'What now?' I inquired.

"'Well,' said Eliza, 'I was going past their room to-day after luncheon, when I heard a great noise. Somebody was scolding, and somebody was crying. Then the door opened and the old lady came out. I happened to look into the room, and there sat Miss Emily at her writing-desk. The tears were streaming down her cheeks, and her pen was going like wild-fire. The room looked very queer. It was full of books, and newspapers and magazines were lying all over the floor. I heard Miss Emily talking to herself. What she said I couldn't make out. When I got upstairs I lay down for a nap. Presently I heard a queer noise. First I couldn't think what it was, but it seemed to come from the gas fixture. I listened again, and then I made up my mind that somebody was playing on the bracket below as if it were a piano. I've always said her actions were very strange, and Mrs. Smith says so too. Fancy it—quarrelling with her mother, and writing like wild-fire, talking to herself, and playing tunes on a gas fixture! I tell you, that's it, Ted. I tell you, Edward, that that beautiful young girl, with golden hair, great open blue eyes, and a forehead just like that of a Roman Catholic saint, is crazy—stark, staring crazy!'

"'Fiddlesticks, Eliza!' I cried. 'You're crazy. I tell you there's nothing wrong about that girl's mind any more than there is about mine.' We argued, and argued, and argued. But of course I didn't convince Eliza, and she didn't convince me.

"Now I must tell you, Bradford, how our rooms were situated in that boarding-house. Old lady Marvin, being an invalid, couldn't go up and down stairs, so our landlady had given her a back room on the first floor. Eliza and I occupied the back room on the second floor. Above our heads, on the third floor, was Will Graham's room. We had often seen him going in and out of the door just at the head of the staircase, and Eliza always brought up as an evidence of his love for Miss Emily the way he tramped up and down that room at all hours of the night with his boots on.

"As a matter of course I paid no further attention to what I felt certain was Eliza's nonsense about Miss Emily's mind being out of order. But one evening I went hurriedly up to my room after dinner. I had just seen Miss Emily leave her mother at the table and disappear upstairs. The moment I got into our room I heard a most peculiar noise. What on earth was it? It sounded like 'Tick tick tick—tick—tick tick—tick—tick tick tick—tick tick tick,' and it came from the gas-pipe. 'Oho!' thought I, 'there's Eliza's notion. She did hear something, after all. Somebody is knocking on that gas fixture.' 'Playing a tune,' Eliza called it. Then all of a sudden a strange thought came over me. 'Phew!' I gasped. 'It's so—it's so, just as sure as you're born!'

"Now I must tell you, Bradford, that among my earlier experiences in this life I was once a telegraph operator. I didn't work at the business long, and I was extremely stupid at it; but I did learn the sounds; I knew them all, dots and dashes, just the horrid tick and succession of ticks, and spaces between the ticks, that are equivalent to the letters of the alphabet. And here I heard them again. Yes, that was it. I saw through the whole business at once, and as I did so I just lay down on the bed and laughed until I was afraid I'd burst every button off my waistcoat.

"Some one had told me once that Will Graham was a telegraph operator. He had evidently taught Miss Emily the art, and here they were communicating with each other in the most satisfactory fashion, while everybody imagined that they were conducting themselves like perfect strangers. Oh dear! oh dear! how I did laugh! Then I waited patiently to hear what was being said. It was a kind of eaves-dropping, certainly, but how could I help it? The conversation I had happened upon ran as follows:

"'How are you this evening?'

"'Awfully tired. And you?'

"'Tired too. Mamma has been particularly exasperating.'

"'Has she? Am I never to have a talk with you again?'

"'I don't know. Keep up your spirits.'

"'I will, but it's dreadfully trying.'

"'I think somebody's coming.'

"'Oh dear!'

"I heard a door open and shut, and I knew that somebody had entered the room below. Conversation by way of the gas-pipe had ceased—for that occasion, at least.

"I can't tell you how many of these conversations I listened to. Every time that mysterious 'tick tick tick, tick tick' would begin I couldn't help pricking up my ears. And oh! the sweet things I did hear! One phrase that continually palpitated down that gas-pipe was, 'Emily, you are just perfectly lovely.'

"The reply generally was, 'Now, Will, don't be silly.'

"Instead of producing any effect, this usually brought out some such sentiment as, 'I never saw you look as pretty as you did at dinner.'

"'Don't be foolish.'

"'I will. I can't help it. If any other fellow gets you, I shall die.'

"'Don't talk nonsense. No other fellow ever will.'

"'Tell me you love me.'

"'I won't.'

"After this, silence would generally ensue.

"Well, matters were going along in this fashion when one day I began to think that the lovers were giving a new turn to their conversations. Was anything going to happen? Two or three things were said that I didn't understand. One day I heard Miss Emily say to Will,

"'There's no use; I've got to do it.'

"'What?'

"'Kill her.'

"'All right.'

"'But I hate to; and I can't think how.'

"'Shoot her.'

"'Nonsense!'

"At this point Eliza came into the room, and she made such a noise that I couldn't hear anything more. But not long afterward there were more serious communications:

"'Dear, dear Will.'

"'What is it?'

"'I won't love you if you won't help me.'

"'I will help you—with all my might.'

"'Then tell me what is a good way to kill an old woman?'

"'Arsenic.'

"'That won't do at all.'

"'Blow her up with gunpowder.'

"'Nonsense! You don't help me one bit.'

"'I'll die for you.'

"'I don't want you to die. I want her to die, and I don't know how to kill her.'

"'Well, kill her somehow, or she'll be the death of both of us. Do wear your blue dress to-morrow—you do look so pretty in it!'

"'Be still!'

"Night after night this thing went on. I saw the young couple every day at dinner. Miss Emily still looked like an angel, and as for Will Graham, he seemed honest enough to be a deacon. (Ahem! I didn't mean that.)

"How could these two innocent-looking young people be depraved enough to plot the murder of a fellow-being in such a heartless manner? And who could the fellow-being be?—who but the poor old lady to whom Miss Emily owed her being? I really began to pity the old soul. She was nearly eighty, ugly and ill-tempered. But what an awful fate—to live daily and hourly, to sleep in the same bed, with the wretched girl, her own daughter, who was plotting with her lover how to thrust her out of life!"

Jones was really getting eloquent in his alarm.

"All day long I thought about the matter. I lost flesh, grew pale and nervous. My employers and fellow-clerks could not imagine what was the matter. Eliza grew alarmed; she threatened to call a doctor. I was miserable, and my life a burden, and all because of the wickedness of a wretched girl whom I scarcely knew.

"It is no use to ask me why I did not tell somebody what troubled me. I would have done so if I could only have kept to one opinion long enough. But—if you can understand—though when I was in my own room, and heard that terrible tick tick of that horrible gas-pipe, I felt sure some awful deed was in contemplation, yet when daylight came and I saw those two people face to face I couldn't believe it of them, they looked so innocent, so good; there was such an absence of all suggestion of wickedness in those blue eyes of Miss Emily, in that square, handsome face of Will Graham.

"Well, at last matters came to a crisis. It was one summer's night. I had worked hard all day, and was terribly worn out and nervous. I came home; had a chill or something. Anyway, Eliza allowed me only a light dinner, and made me go to bed early. During the evening the house was very quiet; the gas-pipe especially was silent as the grave. I fancy I must have fallen asleep, for I remember nothing between Eliza's coming upstairs about ten o'clock and being awakened shortly before midnight by a sound, coming, of course, from that gas-pipe. Of late, you see, I had got so nervous over it that the slightest sound from it woke me instantly. Eliza slept on placidly as a dormouse at my side.

"I listened intently. Whether it was my weak condition or a presentiment, I don't know, but I felt sure at once that something dreadful was coming. It did.

"'I've made up my mind, Will'—from below.

"'Well, what to do?'

"'Just as you said. Shooting's the best. She'll die instantly, you know, and I won't have any dying farewells to go through. I don't feel up to such a thing—have never had any practice in just that line.'

"Horrible girl! I thought. People don't generally get much practice at murdering their mothers.

"'I'm going to do it now, too. I've dallied over it a dreadful while, and I'm going to have it over by midnight. Then I'll breathe freer. There'll be nothing more but the marriage, and after that I can rest.'

"Was she a fiend? And he? Apparently they both were.

"'All right, go at it.' This from above. 'Do it up brown. I'll help you spend the money.'

"I could stand it no longer. 'Eliza!' I shrieked, 'there's murder! murder! murder! going on in this house. Get up! get up!'

"I simply flew up. In two seconds I had on a pair of trousers and a coat. Eliza tried to hold me, but I flung her off. There was no time to be lost. I expected the sound of a pistol-shot before I could get down-stairs.

"I went down three steps at a time. On my way I met a party of people coming from the front room, where they had been playing whist.

"'Mr. Jones!' shrieked our landlady, seeing my excited face, and glancing at Eliza, who was hurrying after me in her night-dress.

"'Madam,' I cried, 'there's murder going on in your house. Come at once—come! To the rescue, I command you!'

"With the whole house following, I rushed to the door of Miss Marvin's room. I flung my whole strength against the wood. A series of shrieks came from within.

"'It's locked! it's locked! it's locked!' I cried.

"'Of course it's locked, you indecent man,' cried our landlady. 'The ladies are gone to bed. What do you mean?'

"'Mean, madam?' I cried; 'I mean there's murder going on behind that door.'

"By this time I had succeeded in convincing somebody that some foul deed was under way, for the two young men from the drug-store and both servants came rushing up. One had the fire-tongs, the other the shovel, and one of the servants had seized a decanter, which she evidently meant to use as a bludgeon.

"Bent on saving that poor old lady from a dreadful death at her daughter's hands, I threw my whole strength against that door. The drug clerks helped me. There was a straining of the wood, a bursting of the latch, the door gave way, and there we stood in the midst of the room. *I gave one spring toward the murderess, and pinioned her in my arms.*"

At this point Mrs. Jones, who had listened with the utmost interest to her husband's narrative, burst into a peal of laughter. I laughed too, and then meekly inquired of them both what I was laughing at.

"Well, Teddy, what was it? What happened next?"

Teddy Jones gave a prolonged sigh. "What happened next? Why, that miserable wretch, Will Graham, actually threatened to have me arrested for assaulting his promised wife. Think of it—a decent, respectable married man like me!"

"But the murder—Miss Emily—what was it all about?"

"What was it all about?" The disgusted look that Teddy had worn when literary people were first spoken of came over his face again. "Why, it wasn't anything. Miss Emily was one of your precious literary people—writing a nasty story with a murder in it. She and Will Graham had been engaged for three years. He usually helped her out with her plots. Just now there was a family row because Will wouldn't take the old lady's money to go into business with. Will said he would risk impoverishing her. The old lady got provoked. She was tired of seeing Will nothing but a telegraph clerk, so she said they shouldn't speak to each other until he came to his senses and went into something for himself."

"But how did Miss Emily come to understand telegraphy?"

"Why, she was an operator herself. She didn't like it, and found writing, literature—bah!" (Jones was contemptuous still) "—paid her better. So she went at it, and, as I afterward learned, she really made a good thing of it."

"But what did they do to you for raising such a terrible fuss in the house?"

"Don't speak of it. I thought those women would never have done screaming and railing at me. Will Graham took me upstairs by the ear, and Eliza put me to bed. The landlady said I had behaved like a fiend, that her house had always been decent and respectable, and that I had ruined her. Old Mrs. Marvin kept having hysterics twice a day for a fortnight. I had brain-fever for six weeks. Then, before I had more than half recovered, they gave us warning, and Eliza and I had to turn out into the street. Literary people—ugh!"

## THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

"The Senate never dies." This is the parliamentary way of saying that the terms of office of the Senators, or of any large number of them, never expire simultaneously, as the terms of all the members of the House of Representatives expire every two years. The Senate does its work with that prodigality of leisure which only an immortal body can assume to have, and with a degree of dignity that is the despair of the boisterous body which sits in the other end of the Capitol. The Senate Chamber, with only seventy-six members, is not crowded as the House is with three hundred and twenty-five. The seats are further apart, the aisles are never jammed, as the aisles of the House always are, and Senators move about from one side of the Chamber to the other with freedom, without causing confusion or detracting from the dignity of the proceedings. Groups of them carry on conversations in an under-tone while mere routine business engages the Senate, and sometimes as many as half the seats are vacant, when all the Senators are within hearing of the Clerk if he should call the roll. Nor does the Senate have to cramp itself with a multiplicity of rules which restrict the individual liberty of Senators.

As a rule, deliberative bodies never find time for deliberation, and to this rule the Senate is one of the few exceptions. Senators not only deliver set speeches on subjects under consideration without a limit on their time, but if there be any other subject on which a Senator wishes to be heard, he can make occasion for a speech by introducing a resolution and speaking to it. There is therefore all the opportunity for oratory that the popular tradition associates with legislative bodies in general. There are always several Senators who seldom rise from their seats except to deliver carefully prepared orations.

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Others are "working" Senators, who seldom give formal notice, as the orators do, that "to-morrow I shall ask leave to address the Senate" on such and such a subject. Nearly all the set orations are thus announced in advance, and a stranger can always know by the number of persons in the galleries on any morning whether a great speech is to be delivered on that day.

The rules of the Senate exclude all persons from the floor while it is in session, except members, members of the House, and other high officers, but Senators can admit their private secretaries by card. If the phrase "private secretaries" includes newspaper correspondents, friends of Senators, and prominent visitors to the Capitol, this is simply an evidence of the elasticity of parliamentary phraseology. When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes entered the Chamber one day just before the holiday recess, some one asked how he gained admission. "Oh," said Senator Evarts, "he is my private secretary." When the Senate goes into executive session to discuss treaties or nominations made by the President, no one but Senators is admitted either to the floor or to the galleries.

On the left side of the Chamber, which is the Republican side, Senator Edmunds is the most notable figure. He occupies one of the seats in the front row a little to the left of the centre. The late Senator Anthony occupied the adjacent seat on one side, and Senator Logan occupies the one on the other side. Mr. Edmunds has now had a longer continuous term of service than any of his associates. In 1866 he was appointed to fill an unexpired term, and he has been returned at every successive Senatorial election. Mr. Sherman entered the Senate five years earlier, but the continuity of his service was interrupted for four years, during which he was Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes. It is noteworthy that he is the only member of the Senate who was a member during the war. There are several Senators, however, who were members of the House before 1861 and between 1861 and 1865. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, has been a member of the Senate consecutively since 1871, and Mr. Logan's first term began at the same time, but for two years, 1877–9, he was not a member. The youngest member of the Senate is Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, who, when he took his seat in 1883, was only thirty-five years of age. Of the members on the Democratic side of the Chamber, Senator Voorhees and Senator Beck, by their stature and by the frequency of their speeches, are among the first to become familiar to visitors. Senator Brown occupies the most conspicuous seat on that side, the first one directly in front of the chair, and Senator Hampton, who has one of the most imposing and familiar faces in the whole Chamber, sits in the hindmost seat of all.

The dignified formulæ of the Senatorial speech are not always rigidly used in the committee-rooms and cloak-rooms. While one Senator is delivering a philosophical or statistical oration to the country or to his party, groups of others will be enjoying cigars and jokes just beyond the reach of his oratory. Of those who have achieved peculiar distinction, Senator Vance, of North Carolina, Senator Vest, of Missouri, and Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, are pre-eminent among the present humorists.

## THE ROMAN ALPHABET IN JAPAN.

### BY A JAPANESE.

The object of the *Romaji Kai* (Roman Alphabet Association) is to introduce the use of the Roman letters, instead of Chinese ideographs, for writing the Japanese language. Of the twenty-six letters, four, namely, L, Q, V, and X, are not used in writing Japanese. When a language can be adequately represented to the eye by twenty-two signs indicating sounds, why waste time and effort by continuing to represent it by many thousands of symbols pictorially indicating objects and ideas? It is a labor of years to learn to write the Japanese language as at present written, namely, with Chinese characters, supplemented by the *Kana* syllabary. The two syllabaries, the *Katakana* and *Hirakana*, were invented by Japanese scholars in the eighth and ninth centuries of the Christian era. They are based upon a selected number of Chinese characters used as merely phonetic signs. In the former, only one side or portion of the ideograph is written; in the latter, generally the whole character, in its "grass" or contracted form. To learn to write Japanese with the Roman alphabet requires hardly as many weeks as the present method requires years. How great, then, will be the saving of time and labor effected by substituting the alphabet for ideographs as the instrument of Japanese written speech!

Their excessive number, however, is not the only disadvantage of the Chinese written signs. Upon their introduction into Japan it was early found impossible to restrict the employment of them to the expression of purely Japanese words of corresponding signification. The Chinese sounds—or rather a more or less inaccurate approximation of the Chinese sounds—came to be gradually imported into the language of Japan along with the written symbols. It has therefore come to pass that in Japanese books one and the same character is at times used as the equivalent of a Japanese word, and at other times as the equivalent of the synonymous Chinese word. Nay, more; besides this source of confusion, when the characters are used with their proper ideographic values, there is a further element of doubt and difficulty imported into written Japanese by the circumstance that many of the characters are occasionally employed as merely phonetic signs, irrespective of their meanings; sometimes to represent the mere sounds of a Japanese word, at other times the mere sound of a Chinese word. Thus the difficulty of the ideographs arising from their numerical superabundance is aggravated by ambiguities in the modes of using them.

Another disadvantage of the Chinese characters is the complexity of their form and structure. Although some scores of them are written with no more than three or four strokes of the pencil each, there are thousands of others requiring each as many as ten, twenty, thirty, and sometimes even more than forty distinct movements of the hand for their formation. To write these complex combinations of lines, curves, and points always at full length was a task too much even for Chinese patience, and at least two distinct varieties of abbreviated handwriting came into general use both in China and Japan, namely, the "cursive" and the "grass" script. In multitudes of cases, however, these contracted forms of the characters are so destitute of any likeness to the original forms as to afford no aid whatever to the eye or to the intellect in detecting their identity. To acquire the quicker modes of writing involves, therefore, a further considerable expenditure of time, and fresh demands upon the already overburdened memory.

It is certain that the excessive expenditure of mental power in one direction diminishes the stock available for use in other directions. In the effort of learning by heart thousands of intricate symbols of sounds and ideas, the memory is exercised and strengthened at the expense of some of the other intellectual faculties. To this cause, doubtless, must be in large measure attributed the comparative backwardness of the Chinese mind, and its deficiency in the powers of abstraction and generalization. By the invention of the two syllabaries, some ten centuries ago, Japan partially emancipated herself from the thraldom of the Chinese script; but no complete deliverance is possible otherwise than by wholly discarding it in favor of a purely alphabetic system.

Another reason for making the desired change of script is the rapid spread amongst the Japanese people of Western knowledge. So long as the literature of China formed the sole staple of education in Japan, little inconvenience arose from the multiplicity and intricacy of the Chinese ideographs. But now that European science is being eagerly studied and assimilated by the rising generation, the need of a simpler and easier script for the expression and propagation of the new ideas becomes every day more palpable. The most convenient course, evidently, is to adopt the new terms, as well as the new ideas, bodily into the language; and this can not properly be done unless the writing in use be alphabetic.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the subsidiary advantages which the Japanese people will derive from the employment of an alphabet in which the languages of the leading nations of the world are written. Once familiarized with the phonetic values of the letters in the writing of their own tongue, the acquirement of English or any other European language will be much facilitated, and the incorporation of new words into the national vocabulary can be made without difficulty. On the other hand, foreigners interested in Japan, whether as merchants, officials, missionaries, or inquirers, will find that a main obstacle to knowledge has been removed from their path when an insight into the thoughts and doings of the people can be obtained without the inordinate sacrifice of time and effort that has hitherto been necessary. Thus from both ends at once the channel of intellectual communication between Japan and the Western world will be widened and deepened by the employment in common of the Roman alphabet.

## THE "DOLPHIN'S" LAST TRIAL TRIP.

Having already taken more trial trips than any other national war vessel of this or any age, the *Dolphin* has finally succeeded in getting herself approved—if the predictions freely made concerning the convictions of the new Board of Experts are carried out. Her commander, the gallant Captain Richard W. Meade, who has sailed the seas for thirty-five years, determined to show her running and staying qualities in the worst marine neighborhood at the worst season of the year, and accordingly took her from comfortable quarters at Newport to the tempestuous surroundings of Cape Hatteras. In twenty-four hours and fifty minutes he made the three hundred and forty miles from the starting place to Cape Henry, that is to say, at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, and when finally in sight of Cape Hatteras his joy was unbounded to find a gale blowing sixty miles an hour, with waves small mountains high, and a good prospect of plenty of them.

Into the face of that gale the good *Dolphin* ran, her entire hull being almost constantly washed by the water, while the gratings around her pilot-house were torn off and carried away. The engineers, fourteen feet below the deck, experienced some apprehension when the floods began to pour down on their feet, but it was resolutely resolved to keep her at full speed. After several hours of this struggle, Captain Meade concluded to let her go at about half speed, and things became brighter.

The *Dolphin's* seamen came back from this visit to Cape Hatteras in midwinter with a profound respect for the sailing qualities of their celebrated craft, and very little has been said by the Board of Experts, since her return, about her "structural weakness." They are Captain Brown, Engineer Hand, and Mr. Steele, and their written report as to the performance and capacities of the *Dolphin* under most trying circumstances is awaited with much interest. Believers in the future of that famous vessel insist that her speed on this latest trial trip would have been greater had the soft coal used for fuel been better cleaned, and had the firemen been accustomed to work with such fuel. Everybody commends, however, the pluck and executive force of Captain Meade, whose exploits around stormy Cape Hatteras recall the best and earliest days of American seamanship.

## THE BABY IN UTAH.

In Utah there was a simplicity which reminded me of nothing so much as Wilkie's pictures. It was pure realism. Above all, "the baby" was in great force. What an ineffable person the baby is! I am not at all sure that they might not be improved upon—but let that pass. As they are, they are well worth studying. They are diplomatists of the most experienced kind, and there is nothing in the world which is not within the scope of a baby's ambition. They are very uncommunicative about their likes, leaving their satisfaction to be inferred from their complacency, but their dislikes they proclaim with unconceivable diligence and emphasis. There is, indeed, no mistaking those things to which a baby objects, for it leaves no room for misapprehension; but content is expressed only by a profound silence. This is truly royal, for kings and emperors in the same way do not condescend to express delight with any effusion, but, on the contrary, leave it to be understood that they are pleased by not exhibiting any demonstration of displeasure. "Every baby is born a prince"—and nothing truer was ever said. Few of them, it is true, grow up kings, but every cradle nevertheless is a throne, and the bottle, the rattle, and the night-light are the sacred insignia of sovereign rule. Sycophants are forever hovering round the tiny magnate, vying with each other to snatch a smile or win a chuckle, and even when they fail, pretending to each other that they have succeeded.

Meanwhile the baby. Flattery is wasted upon him, and adulation does not affect him. To the intrigues of sycophants and the deferential blandishments of visitors he responds with impartial serenity, going to sleep under a storm of compliments, or turning to his bottle in the very midst of a siege of caresses. He betrays no pleasure in wealth, or beauty, or intellect, and lets slip no sign of interest in sensational intelligence. The whole Dream of Fair Women might pass in procession, and he would not check a yawn, while if an empire were falling in ruins about him, he would not take his eyes off the gas-light. This wonderful philosophy, which withstands unmoved the assaults of female beauty, and accepts without a gesture of surprise or regret the downfall of nations, baffles adult conjecture and routs logic. There is no arguing with a baby, for it has no premises in its syllogisms, and expresses itself by conclusions only, the unqualified affirmative or unqualified negative. If it will, it does, and if it will not, there is an end of the matter. One might as well offer a suggestion to the equinoxes as to the baby. Such being the case, and the baby refusing to respond to hints, there is nothing for it but to accept quiescence as satisfaction, and screaming as the reverse. The arrangement, perhaps, is not a bad one, for it saves everybody a world of trouble. On the one hand, the baby finds itself under no necessity of explaining either the gradations of pleasure or the causes for its disapprobation. Like the wise judge, it gives its decision, but not the reasons for it. The door is thus closed against haggling, and the tedious unravelling of cause and effect is avoided. The baby's friends, on the other hand, find a sharp line laid down for them of likes and dislikes, and have not to puzzle and perplex themselves about any debatable border-land of tastes, any probable this or possible that. They are saved all the worries of uncertainty, and are not distracted among a large choice of expedients. If the baby is quiet, it is happy. If it is not quiet, hold it upside down, and if it is still disturbed, give it some refreshment. This delightful simplicity of treatment makes it possible, therefore, even though the baby is reticent, to arrive with accuracy at the state of its feelings, and it also circumscribes the sphere of its pleasures so exactly as to make it unnecessary to seek for variety. What babies hate is irregularity. They want very little, but they like that little often and punctually. It is of no use, therefore, when the baby wants to be turned round and patted on the back, to try to put it off with an exhibition of the old masters, or to hold it up to look at a regatta. This only makes it scream. Procrastination in bottles makes the baby mad. For the baby there is nothing in all history, let it be steam machinery or the Edmunds Bill, electricity or the Habeas Corpus Act, so important as the invention of India-rubber tubing, and it would rather see the sun, moon, and stars drop out of the skies than take its thumb out of its mouth. Why is it, then, that so many mothers carry their infants "in arms" about with them to theatres and picnics, to places of refreshment and of recreation? Even though, as I have already said, we can not be sure that babies enjoy these festivities unless they tell us so, there is great reason for believing, by inference from their customary behavior, that they would much rather be left at home.

*Few* mothers, however, of the class to which I refer, have the heart to leave their bairns at home. They can not, like the squaws, hang their papooses up in baskets from the roofs of the wigwams, or, like the women of the South-sea Islands, sling their infants up to the boughs of trees while they go about their work. The American or the British baby is not a primitive person, and if it is not punctually attended to, soon lets everybody in the neighborhood into the secret. The papoose may suffer and be strong, but that is only because the papoose sees no chance of advantage from protest. The Feejee piccaninny also may acquiesce in its abnormal hammock from a philosophic sense of necessity. But the Baby of Freedom fully understands that he is the result of natural selection, that he survives because he is the fittest, and that he is "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." He sees, moreover, that parents, servants, and visitors fail to recognize these important facts, and so, wielding the sceptre while he may, he rules the household with a rod of iron. If he does not wish to be put down, somebody has to hold him, and as he will not be quietly alone, somebody has to carry him about. An opportunity for a holiday presents itself to the parents, but the baby has no intention of being overlooked. The mother must either take the infant with her or leave it at home to choke, and, to her credit be it said, she generally adopts the former alternative. And what a weary strain the precious burden becomes before the evening's enjoyment is over! It is of no use for the father to offer to hold it. The baby detects the irregularity at once. Equally futile is it to talk of "putting the baby down," for it refuses to be treated like a parcel or a coat. The little creature is inexorable, selecting always the moment of greatest discomfort to increase embarrassment by its complaints, or the instant when silence would be more than golden to lift up its voice in remonstrance. In the long run it has its way, for if the mother intends to be happy herself, she must see that the baby is satisfied with its circumstances; and so, under the honorable terms of a mutual respect, both mother and child manage somehow to "have a good time" together.

PHIL ROBINSON.

## PETER M. ARTHUR.

The application last week of the engineers and firemen employed upon the elevated roads for a re-adjustment of the schedule of wages and of hours of labor in accordance with which the roads had been run seemed for a day or two likely to paralyze the internal communication of the city. A stoppage of the elevated roads for a day would, directly or indirectly, entail inconvenience upon almost every family on Manhattan Island, and positive distress upon some thousands of families, without counting those whom a strike would deprive of their means of support.

Scarcely anything in the economy of modern society is more curious than the contrast between the enormous responsibilities of the men who are intrusted with the lives of passengers, by sea or land, and the compensation they receive for taking those responsibilities. The command of one of the great steamers in the Atlantic trade is the highest prize within the scope of a sailor's ambition. The sailor who reaches it finds hundreds of lives intrusted on every passage to his skill, watchfulness, and resolution. Except that of a commander on the field of battle, there is no situation more trying than his in dark and doubtful weather, when mind and body are kept upon the rack of anxiety sometimes for days together. Yet his pay is less than what is given on shore for services which require a very moderate outfit, in comparison with his, of skill, experience, and courage, and the responsibilities of which do not involve human lives. The engineers of railway trains do not receive the highest wages of skilled labor, although in addition to the skill they need they are called upon for the exercise of continual vigilance, and often of prompt and sound judgment, under the heaviest of all possible penalties.

These considerations no doubt had much to do with the general expression of sympathy in the application of the engineers for shorter hours and higher wages. This feeling was freely expressed even by those who do not commonly take the side of the employed in any labor dispute. But however much of it may have been due to the popular estimate of the merits of the case, much was certainly due to the admirable prudence, moderation, and good judgment shown by the representatives of the dissatisfied engineers, and indeed by the whole body. Mr. Peter M. Arthur, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, whose portrait is given in this issue, was sent for from his home in Cleveland as soon as the grievances of the engineers had been formulated, and it seemed doubtful whether the companies would concede the changes the engineers demanded. This was done in accordance with a wise rule of the Brotherhood, by which a local branch or "division" is not allowed to go on strike until the strike is sanctioned by the Grand Chief, whose judgment has not been disturbed by local and personal animosities. It at once became evident, as indeed it had often been shown in like cases before, that Mr. Arthur was precisely the man for this function. Although he decided that the demands of the engineers were upon the whole reasonable, he deprecated all violence of speech and all spitefulness of procedure. In a speech to the men while the dispute was pending, and while it was uncertain what the companies would do, he counselled them that they should not throw up their situations if all their demands were not granted in the form in which they were put, and reminded them that only in one or two cases in his experience had dissatisfied engineers "got all they wanted," though in very few cases had they failed to better their condition. The result of his temperate and conciliatory mediation was that there was no strike, that the day's work of the engineers was shortened to nine hours, and that the other points in dispute were decided in their favor.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was founded in 1863 by a few engineers with the purpose of making it a benevolent society. In the intervening time it has become the most powerful and perhaps the most intelligent trades-union in the country, and its power has been very greatly increased during the past few years while Mr. Arthur has been at its head, and has exerted himself, almost always with success, to secure a fair and peaceable settlement of disputes.

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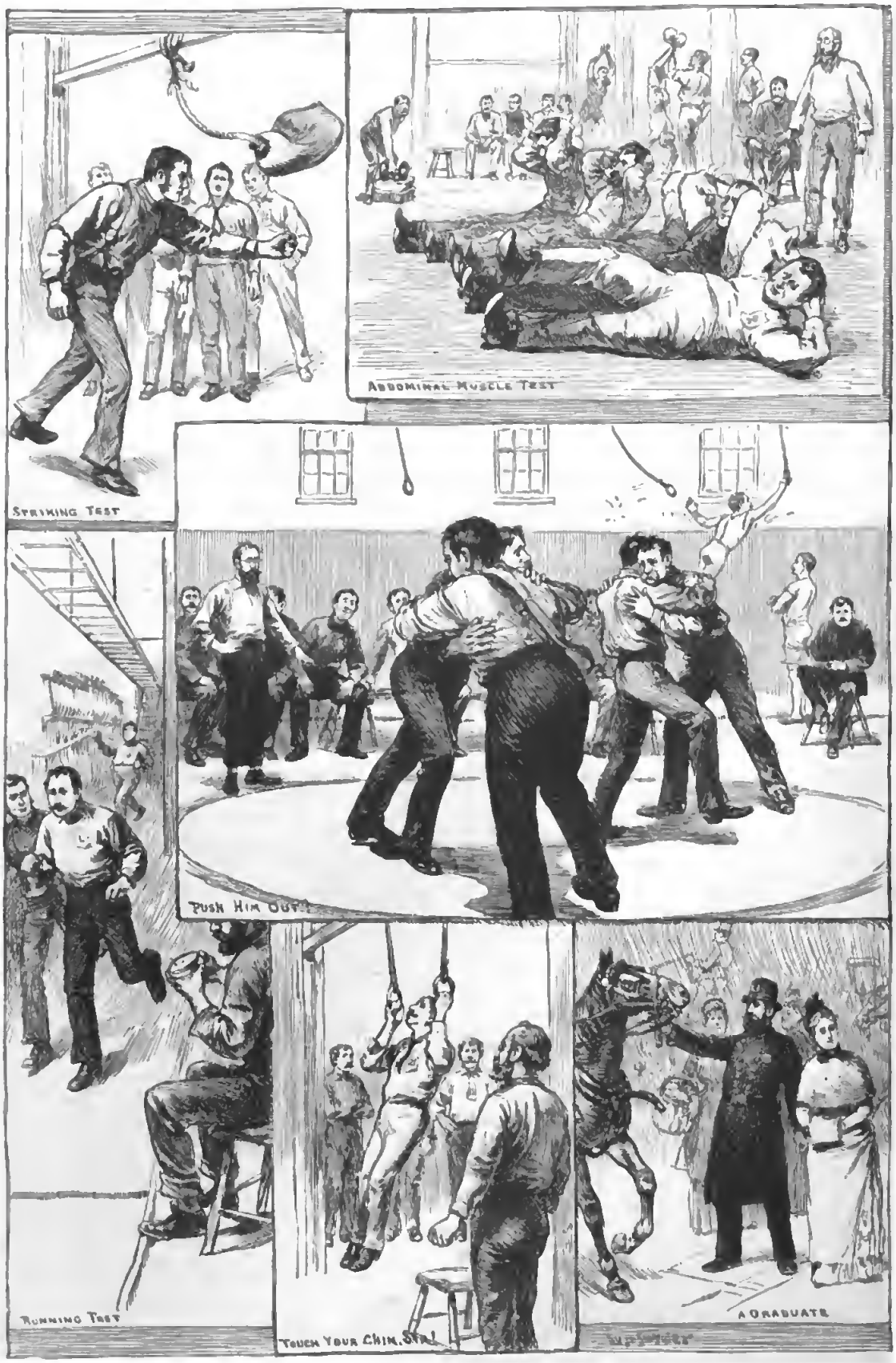


CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION FOR THE NEW YORK POLICE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

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## JOSHUA B. LIPPINCOTT.

The death of Mr JOSHUA B. LIPPINCOTT, which occurred at Philadelphia on the morning of the 6th inst., has removed from that city one of its best-known and most highly respected inhabitants, and by his death another distinguished name is added to the long list of those who have died within a twelvemonth. For more than half a century the firm of LIPPINCOTT & Co has been identified with the book-publishing interests of the country Mr J B LIPPINCOTT was the founder of this firm. He was a New-Jerseyman by birth, having been born of Quaker parents at Burlington, New Jersey, seventy four years ago. Having received an ordinary common-school education, he obtained employment in a bookstore at Philadelphia, arriving at that city in 1827. Two years later, when only eighteen years of age, he was placed in full charge of the establishment. His aptitude for the business in which he had chosen to engage was apparent from the outset, and in less than ten years after the arrival of this country lad in Philadelphia he was at the head of the publishing firm of J B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., which firm has existed continuously ever since. In 1850, by the purchase of the entire stock of the long-established house of GRIGG & ELLIOTT, Mr LIPPINCOTT placed his firm at the head of the book trade in Philadelphia. Their establishment was then at the corner of Fourth and Race streets—an almost historical stand, inasmuch as it was there, or close by, that BENJAMIN JOHNSON founded the book business toward the close of the last century, being succeeded by BENJAMIN WARNER, who in turn gave up to JESSE GRIGG and HUGH ELLIOTT. The purchase by LIPPINCOTT & Co. of Grigg & Elliott's establishment was regarded at the time as a transaction of unparalleled magnitude, for although the stock would not perhaps to-day be considered large, it involved the investment of what was in those days a very considerable sum of money.

Under the personal management of Mr LIPPINCOTT the business grew rapidly. At first the LIPPINCOTT publications were confined to Bibles and Prayer-books, which were gotten up with an elaborate and artistic external finish, and in which line the house did a heavy trade. Gradually the field was extended and other departments established, until to-day the publications of J B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. embrace thousands of titles.

The growth of the business, which kept even pace with the growth of Philadelphia, compelled the firm to seek larger quarters, and, after one intermediate move, the present spacious building on Market Street was erected.

*Lippincott's Magazine* was first established in 1868, with Mr LLOYD BARTH as its editor. Several other periodicals have from time to time been put forward by this house. In all these ventures Mr. J. B LIPPINCOTT was the controlling figure. His devotion to his work in all its details was constant and untiring. He was a man of large capacity and great energy, and at all times a thorough Philadelphian. He was for many years a director of the Reading Railroad, and was also a director of the Philadelphia Saving Fund, the Academy of Fine Arts, and the Union League, and a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania.

His death was due to Bright's disease, complicated by an affection of the heart, and superinduced by a severe attack of pneumonia, which prostrated him about two years ago. He had been confined to his bed for about a month He leaves an estate estimated in the millions.

JOSHUA B LIPPINCOTT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.

## "BANKING UP" FOR WINTER.

It is said that there are portions of this globe, noticeably in the neighborhood of the north pole, that are colder in the winter season than the Territory of Dakota but it would at times be a difficult matter to convince the residents of Dakota that such is the case. When, as happens frequently, there steals over the plains of Dakota a frigid wave, so very frigid that you can

THE UNITED STATES DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN" OFF CAPE HATTERAS.—DRAWN BY J. O DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 63.]

almost see it, speculation as to the relative degrees of cold ceases to be a matter of any profit, and when this extremely low temperature is accompanied by a gale of wind known in that locality as a "blizzard," life itself appears profitless. In view of these climatic freaks the residents of Dakota's airy plains have a sensible habit, at about the time cold weather is due, of very effectually weather-stripping their houses. The artist has furnished an interesting picture of this operation, which is as common on the Dakota plains as the addition of winter storm doors to country houses is in the East. Residences which meet all the requirements of summer life on the plains—little plain clap-boarded houses—would be about as comfortable during the winter season as a gauze shirt and a sun-umbrella in Greenland. Fortunately nature supplies an excellent variety of sod, and ere the days grow short in the autumn the prudent householder puts an overcoat of this material upon his dwelling. It is slightly damaging to the paint, and when it is removed in the spring-time the house is apt to have the appearance of having been swallowed by an earthquake and dug up again. But people who live on the plains do not, as a rule, care much for appearances.

## REST AWHILE.

I must be still to-day and rest,
 I will be still and let life drift;
I am so tired that it is best
 Neither my hands nor eyes to lift.
I am so tired—it is no use,
 My will can not my need obey;
O Care, I ask a few hours' truce,
 I pray thee let me rest to-day.

And so, shut up in restful gloom,
 I let my hands drop listlessly;
Within my dim and silent room
 I would not move, or hear, or see.
Oblivion dropped on me her balm,
 I fell on slumber deep and sweet,
And when I woke was strong and calm,
 And full of rest from head to feet.

So, toiler in life's weary ways,
 Pity thyself, for thou must tire;
Both body, mind, and heart have days
 They can not answer their desire.
Birds in all seasons do not sing,
 Flowers have their time to bloom and fall;
There is not any living thing
 Can answer to a ceaseless call.

Sometimes, tired head, seek slumber deep;
 Tired hands, no harder try to lift;
Tired heart, thy watch let others keep,
 Pity thyself and let life drift.
A few hours' rest perchance may bring
 Relief from weariness and pain,
And thou from listless languor spring,
 And gladly lift thy work again.

## SELECTING POLICEMEN.

In a committee of the New York Civil Service Reform Association, of whom the State Commission had requested advice touching the application of the reform act to the police departments of cities, the question was raised as to what should be the requirements for applicants as to their physical condition. "A policeman," suggested one of the members, a prominent editor of this city, "ought at least to be able to run away from a thief." This standard of physical qualification does not seem an unreasonably high one, but as a matter of fact it is one with which a considerable number, if not the greater number, of the older members of the New York police could not comply. It is the opinion of one of the few trained athletes on the force that two out of three of the patrolmen now in the service could not run a quarter of a mile at the top of their speed—which would not be great—without being hopelessly "blown," if not completely broken down. One of the most striking and one of the most excellent features of the system of examinations provided under the civil service act of May 29, 1884, as applied to the police force, is that the physical condition and capacity of candidates for appointment must be thoroughly tested, and if the candidate fails in this test he is promptly rejected.

We give this week some illustrations of the manner in which these physical tests are made. They are by no means complex, but they are very effective. Of course a medical examination precedes every other. The ordinary investigation is made by the police surgeons, in order to detect any obvious defect in constitution or health. This has always been the case. But these examinations have not always been trustworthy, because the Commissioners have not always desired that they should be so. It was in evidence before the famous ROOSEVELT investigation committee in 1883 that a hint from a Commissioner, "the pull" of an applicant, had added enough to the applicant's weight or stature to bring him within the requirements of the rules, though the same tape measure and scales under the eyes of the same surgeons had previously disclosed a considerable deficiency. But under the reform system, honestly applied, the applicant, even if certified to be physically sound, has to stand his chances in an open competition, and favoritism would be of no avail.

After the applicants have secured the surgeon's certificate, they are brought in "classes" of convenient size into the exercising hall of an uptown gymnasium, where they are made to go through a variety of apparently simple exercises devised by the "Professor," and approved by Inspector BYRNES, of the police, Chief BONNER, of the Fire Department, and Mr. WOODMAN, secretary of the City Civil Service Board. They are asked, for instance, to lie down flat on their backs on the floor, clasping their hands over their heads, and then to rise to a sitting posture. It looks easy enough, as the "Professor" throws himself down and bobs up again to show them what is meant, but fully one-half the men fail to follow his example. They are also asked to raise dumb-bells of various weights with either hand; to raise a weight with a pulley; to grasp a horizontal bar a few inches beyond their reach and to raise their own weight slowly till their chins touch the bar as often as they can; to run a race of a quarter of a mile with a half-dozen competitors around the room. After each exercise the expert, under the direction of the Examining Board, takes notes of their success, and marks their attainment. By the time they have completed these and some other exercises they have given a very good idea of their bodily capacity. The percentage of those who fail to pass this ordeal varies, but it is always sufficient to show that the service is very effectively protected by its results.

These processes of sifting, it must be remembered, are altogether preliminary. They bring the applicants only to the threshold of a competition in other qualifications. It will be readily seen that they are very important, and that they are a great improvement on the mere surgeon's examination, even supposing this to be as thorough as it can be made. There is another preliminary requirement now insisted on more carefully than under the old system, though still capable of a good deal of development. This is the examination as to character and previous experience. Every applicant must furnish the certificate of three citizens that he is of good character, and these must be given, preferably, by his employers. These are investigated by officers of the department. The signers of the certificates are also required to state their willingness to give any further information asked for, and to have their names made public. And the examiners may take such other steps as they find proper to ascertain the applicant's character and antecedents. If he is found to have had experience specially fitting him for police work, he is given the benefit of it in his marking.

After the physical examination, in which the applicant must attain a fair marking in order to get any further, and in which his marks above the minimum are passed to his credit in subsequent competition, there is a further examination, strictly competitive, relating almost exclusively to natural or acquired aptitude for police service. The questions in this examination are prepared by Inspector BYRNES, and they are very searching. It is worthy of note that this experienced officer subjects applicants to a series of inquiries far more rigid and minute than any one outside the department would have ventured to prepare. The applicant is given a certain number of selected extracts from the rules and regulations governing the conduct of patrolmen, and is allowed a reasonable time to study them. He is then questioned in detail regarding his understanding of them, and as to how he would act in trying to carry them out. He is also questioned closely as to his knowledge of the streets of the city, the situation of public ways and places, such as railway stations, ferries, courts, the lines of street railways, etc. Beyond these questions attention is paid only to his knowledge of writing and reading, and the simpler rules of arithmetic, such as he would be required to use in actual service.

These examinations have as their chief and essential value the fact that they are competitive, and the competition practically shuts out political favoritism. Even where the Commissioners are disposed to prefer one man over others, they can do nothing for him but send him before the examiners to submit to the physical and other tests. Were the examinations merely "pass" examinations—that is to say, if any man might be appointed who reached a certain minimum grade—the Commissioners could easily select their favorites. But they can not do this. They must make their appointments from those standing highest as the result of competition, and they have no means of telling who these will be. Honestly and intelligently applied, as we believe it is at present, the competitive system is practically a complete bar to the corrupt and enervating influence of politics on the police force, and a very efficient means of promoting the selection of the best men. The tenure of the police is for good behavior, with the certainty of a fair pension if disabled in the service. The pay is high, and the position is an honorable one. With a system of appointment for merit, fairly tested, there is no reason why the force in New York should not ultimately become what it has sometimes in derision been called, "the finest in the world."


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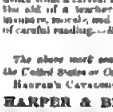

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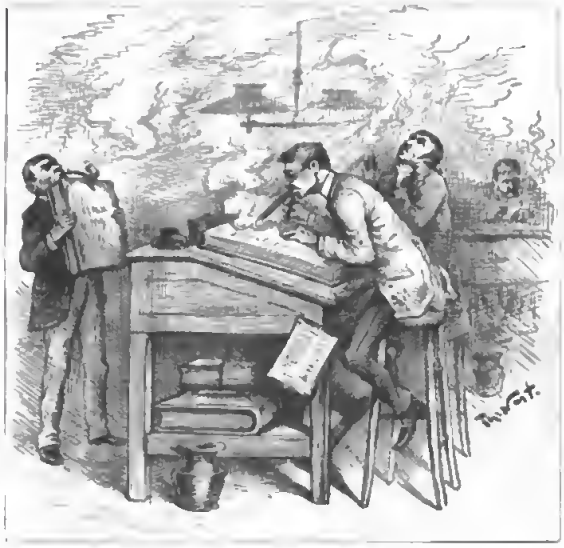

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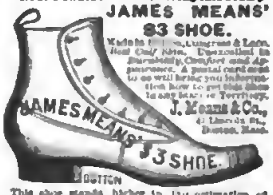


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## THE PARTIES AT SEA

THE statements from Washington show how entirely the great parties have ceased to represent differences of opinion upon the most important questions before the country. There are two subjects of universal interest at the moment—the question of silver and that of civil service reform. Now if there be any man in the Union who has proved his fidelity to the cause of reform, it is Mr. D. B. EATON. He is as unquestionably and conspicuously a civil service reformer as Mr BLAND is a silver man or Mr. HOAR a protectionist. If, therefore, civil service reform be the policy of the Republican party, Mr EATON is as sound a Republican as CHARLES SUMNER when the restriction of slavery was its policy. And if Mr. EATON be not a good Republican, civil service reform is not the party policy. Moreover, Mr EATON has been a Republican always, from the days of slavery restriction to those of reform. He was a Republican when Mr. LOGAN, who is reported as objecting, upon party grounds, to his confirmation, was a pro slavery Democrat; and in a recent speech Mr. EATON not only re affirmed his Republicanism, but declared it to be the duty of Republicans to refuse to support unfit nominations. Opposition to the confirmation of such a man, for the alleged reason that he is not a Republican, shows not only the party demoralization, but that the party does not practically hold civil service reform to be its distinctive policy.

As for the silver question, which is another of the chief issues, the Republican, like the Democratic party, holds no party position. The general sentiment of New England, New York, and New Jersey, at least, is unmistakable, and Republican opinion in this part of the country is practically unanimous upon the subject. Nevertheless, Mr. EVARTS, the most recently elected Republican Senator from this section, whose law office is in Wall Street, and who is supposed to be cognizant of the sentiment of that neighborhood, is understood not to be in accord with the opinion of his community and of his party upon the silver question. Is Mr EVARTS, who vouches for Mr EATON'S Republicanism, in need of a voucher for his own? The editor of the *World* is a member of Congress, and a late letter in that paper, published, of course, upon the responsibility of the editor, says that there is probably not a Republican Representative or Senator from Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon, or California who is not a silver man, and that there is no reasonable doubt that about one-third of the Republican members and at least two-thirds of the Democratic members would vote against suspension of silver coinage.

Upon these two prominent questions there is apparently no agreement of opinion, and therefore no distinctive policy in either party. To be a Republican or a Democrat does not mean to be for or against civil service reform or for or against silver. If a stranger should ask what is to-day the line of separation between the two great parties, the only correct answer would be that their traditions differ, and that generally they are strong in different parts of the country, but that a man may take either side of the chief issues of the hour, and call himself either a Republican or a Democrat as he prefers.

## DAKOTA.

THE Territory of Dakota has long asked for division and for the admission of South Dakota as a State. This is always an important demand, because the admission would at once give a scanty Territorial population the same standing in the Senate with a State like New York or Illinois. It is always also a political question, because the admission of two Senators in an evenly balanced Senate may change its party character. The Senate is now Republican, and when Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, and Senator VEST, of Missouri, strongly oppose the admission of Dakota as a State—or, as a pernicious phrase expresses it, to "Statehood"—it may be justly assumed that Messrs. BUTLER and VEST are Democrats. Territories are generally accustomed to await the passage of an enabling act by Congress before proceeding to adopt a constitution and organize a government. But this has not been always the course. Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee, and other States organized as such, and elected Representatives in Congress before they were admitted to the Union.

The Territorial Legislature and the Conventions of both parties in Dakota have asked for admission, and a State institution has been adopted with virtual unanimity. South Dakota has a larger population than any other Territory had when admitted as a State, and no reason has been alleged for delaying the admission except that its course has been what is called "revolutionary." That is an ill chosen word to express that it has been somewhat irregular, yet not without precedent. Revolutionary it certainly is not, for there is no intention even announced of not obeying the decision of Congress or of breaking into the Union by force. If a Territory has a reasonably adequate population, and its settlement has taken the permanent forms of American society, if it is evidently a stable community and not for some sudden and temporary reason a mere encampment of settlers, if the expression of its desire to become a State is an honest expression of free public sentiment, and the only objection really is that it is not as large as some other communities, and the division of the Territory, if it is to be divided, is the evident general desire—there is no sound objection to its admission.

It is naturally unpleasant for one party to see the strength of the other increased in either House of Congress, and its electoral vote probably enlarged. But these are not considerations which properly affect the decision. If the admission be in accordance with the general procedure in such cases, or if the Territorial action, although unusual, is not without good reason and precedent, and no harm can be shown as probably resulting either to the Union or to the proposed State from the admission, the question is really closed. Senator HARRISON, of Indiana, has brought in the bill, and unless some better reason than "revolution" can be urged against it, it ought to pass. Yet as the Democrats in the House have already defeated an enabling act for Dakota, they may defeat the admission now. It would be, however, an act of great impolicy. For party reasons the House would decide wrongly a question into which party politics can not rightfully enter, and the judgment of the country would be entered against it.

## GOVERNOR HILL AND REFORM.

GOVERNOR HILL'S praises of civil service reform are of much less importance than his performances, and it is not unfair to him to say that a politician of his peculiar antecedents and a candidate of Tammany Hall for the Chief Magistracy of New York can establish his claim to be a reformer only by very unmistakable conduct. There are three recent things by which the Governor may be judged—his appointment of Mr. STERLING; the suggestion in his Message of opening the whole eligible list in order to furnish a greater range of choice; and his placing certain clerks in the office of the Secretary of State in the non-competitive list in order to allow the new Democratic Secretary to appoint Democrats at pleasure. These are all of them vigorous blows at the reformed system, and show indisputably that the Governor will weaken the law as much as practicable.

His power to do this, like that of the President under the national law, is very great. The Constitution gives the appointing power to the President, and the reform law, by making the rules derive their effect from him, makes the law the method in which he chooses to exercise the appointing power. His good faith is the measure of the value of the rules to reform. If President ARTHUR had selected Mr. BARNEY BIGLIN, Mr. JOHN J. O'BRIEN, and Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT as his Civil Service Commission, the spoils system would have been strengthened under the name of reform. But his good faith saved the work. In New York Governor CLEVELAND, honestly bent upon reform, selected a State Commission of the same sincere purpose. Mayor GRACE did the same in the city of New York, and Mayor LOW in Brooklyn. Mayor WHITNEY has asked for the resignation of the admirable and experienced Commission of his predecessor, and it can not be supposed that he has done so with a view to the interests of reform. Governor HILL has relieved the Secretary of State of the necessity of selecting certain subordinates from the eligible list. This certainly is not done in the interest of reform. Yet he has not exceeded his power, because the enforcement of the reformed system depends upon his will. It is unfortunate that the same power was given to the Governor as to the President, for their relations to the civil service of the State and the country respectively are not the same.

But the law is unmistakable. It provides that it shall be the duty of the Commission "to aid the Governor, as he may request, in preparing suitable rules for carrying this act into effect." That gives him complete authority. He may change the Commission and annul rules at his pleasure. The Commission is unjustly charged with yielding to the Governor. It has not yielded, and it can not yield, because it has no discretion. If the Governor modifies a rule so as to enlarge the range of non-competitive examinations, the Commission can not prevent it. The Commissioners, indeed, may resign. But that is a step not to be lightly taken. The State Commissioners understand the situation probably more accurately than anybody else, and when they feel that the interests of the cause require them to resign, they will do so. But the first difficulty or difference is not necessarily a sufficient reason for so important an act. The course of the Governor upon this subject will be watched by those who are not to be deceived. The reform has reached the point which was foreseen long since, where it pinches, and it will now be opposed in every plausible way, and efforts of all kinds, under all pretences, will be made to evade and annul the law. This is the time for its friends to adhere steadily to its simple and sound principle, and to understand the source and object of the attacks.

## THE LESSON OF A LATE UNPLEASANTNESS.

THE harmonious settlement of the difficulty between the elevated railroad engineers in New York and the company is a fact at once encouraging and suggestive. Undoubtedly the prompt and general recognition in the press of the reasonable character of the demands of the engineers, and the equally general and emphatic condemnation of the suspension of traffic upon some of the roads, were important influences in the adjustment, and not less so were the admirably sensible and discreet counsels of Mr. ARTHUR, the head of the engineers' union, and the general good sense of the leaders. Mr. ARTHUR'S tone was neither truculent nor unintelligent, and his moderate and quiet and self-respecting conduct will do very much to promote general respect for the association which he represents. Mr. RUSKIN was ridiculed for asserting that human feeling could not be wisely excluded from the practical settlement of the questions arising from different interests in trade, and for insisting that there is no simple device, such as the axiom that demand regulates supply, which will serve to conclude at once and justly any difference that may arise between the man who employs and the man who is employed.

But the consideration not only of reason, but of actual circumstance, is indispensable to wise conclusions in such differences, and not only these considerations, but the fact that human affairs do not proceed with strict logic. Undoubtedly they follow certain laws, but among them are the laws of disorder. The variations must be allowed for always. Thus a strike may be theoretically unreasonable, but it must be settled upon other than theoretical considerations. In truth, our apprehension of the laws of society and trade is like a range of headlands upon a coast. They show plainly the general course to be taken if the ship is not to run ashore. But the seaman can not sail by the headlands alone; he must know where the hidden reefs lie, and the force of the currents. So in the practice of medicine the nature of drugs and the value of symptoms and the general course of treatment may be definitely described and learned, but experience, the instinctive knowledge how to allow for this and that, how to relax and how to strengthen the precise and proper treatment—this is the best art of the physician.

The possible strike of the elevated engineers was a

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menace of great calamity to the community—a calamity of a kind possible only in a highly perfected civilization like ours—and akin to the sudden suspension of the mail or telegraph or railway service of the country. Its adjustment by force or by want of common consent would be always a misfortune, because it would be merely a postponement. But in this case the evil result was averted by frank consultation and by mutual concession. It has thus proved, not that unreasonable demands will never be made on either side, but that when a self respecting body of citizens like the associated engineers make a quiet statement of grievances, they are not to be dismissed peremptorily as "seditious" and "grasping" and "unjustifiable," but that they deserve careful attention, and probably a careful remedy. The incident plainly shows that with a desire to be fair, and not to decide arbitrarily upon a theory, much of the trouble and ill feeling which are generated by such conflicts of interest and opinion are happily and reasonably avoidable.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

The Presidential Succession Bill has been reported favorably to the House by the majority of the committee, and a minority report has been presented by Mr. Cooper, a Republican member from Ohio. His objections are based upon what he holds to be the vagueness of the bill. It does not state definitely whether the Secretary of State, acting as President, may appoint a new cabinet, including a Secretary of State. Nor does it provide for the emergency of the death of the elected President and Vice-President before the inauguration.

Provision for the last contingency does not seem to be difficult. In a case so unlikely to occur it could be made the duty of the incumbent of the office to retain his place provisionally, and to call for a new election. In regard to the other point, it is to be presumed that the acting President, as now, would have all the powers of an elected President, including that of selecting a cabinet. So in regard to the salary, there could be no difficulty in arranging the details. This is true of all the points that have been raised, and the Republicans will assume a very serious responsibility if they undertake to delay the settlement of this most important question.

Indeed, the only apprehension lies in the miserable game of party advantage. The question is one of the permanent and tranquil settlement of the chief executive power, yet members of Congress and the newspapers speak of Mr. Bayard and Mr. Sherman as if their individual chances of possible succession were not absolutely irrelevant to the discussion. For the general welfare it is to be hoped that the bill will pass substantially as it comes from the Senate, or with only such changes for the sake of greater clearness as would be unquestionably acceptable to the Senate.

## SHEER MUGWUMPERY.

While Senator Logan was alleging that Mr. Dorman B. Eaton was not a Republican, but a Mugwump, Mr. Stebbins, the retiring treasurer of the Massachusetts Republican State Committee, was accused of the same crime, and replied:

"I supported Mayor O'Brien because it was for the best interests of the city of Boston, and because the Republican party in the local campaign had made an alliance with thugs, thieves, and scoundrels of the worst kind. That alliance was made for corrupt purposes. And furthermore, we learned that Boston three years ago in the campaign against General Butler, when $8000 was raised to buy votes for the Republican ticket in Boston. The money was expended, and I do not believe that it secured a vote. I felt then very strongly that it was a mistake on the part of the Republican State Committee to have anything to do with such a scheme. I refused to have the money go through my hands for disbursement in so irregular manner."

If to be a sound and unquestionable Republican it is necessary to wink at such business as this, and to support the candidates whom such influences nominate, the Senator will have to be very diligent if he means to ostracize all the Republican Mugwumps.

## THE MORMON BILL.

The Mormon Bill has passed the Senate by a very decisive vote—38 yeas to 7 nays. The nays included two Republican Senators Hoar and Blair. Senator Hoar explained that he voted against the bill simply because of the disfranchisement of all women in the Territory, and that he approved all its other features. He added that if his vote would have affected the passage of the bill, it would have placed upon him and the majority a responsibility which he did not feel now rested upon him. The provisions of the bill for the suppression and punishment of the crime of polygamy can hardly fail, if properly enforced, to succeed in their object. But the provision which intrusts the management of the property of the Church organization to trustees appointed by the government, on the general ground that it aids and shields polygamy, is extraordinary legislation. All information upon the subject is now timely and valuable, and we find some interesting facts in a letter of Captain John Codman to the *Christian Register*. Captain Codman has business relations with both Mormons and Gentiles in Utah, and has a familiar personal knowledge of the situation.

He says that polygamy is no longer practiced *ab initio*, and that the late prosecutions have been directed against its continuance. John Taylor, the head of the Church of Utah, he describes as a lunatic under the control of Cannon, the proprietor of the *Deseret News*, and he adds that Cannon is solely responsible for whatever may remain of polygamy in the Territory. There are, according to Captain Codman, about 152,000 inhabitants in Utah, nearly equally divided between the sexes, but with a slight preponderance of males. Of this number 140,000 are Mormons and 12,000 Gentiles, and of the 140,000 not more than 3000 men are polygamists, and they are old. Young Mormons, as a rule, are not polygamists, for several reasons: they have seen the evil domestic consequences; the general condemnation produces a sense of shame; the penalty is very severe; and conviction, entailing disfranchisement, is certain. Thus, says Captain Codman, "it is a trial too severe and a luxury too expensive." Therefore Taylor and Cannon can not drive the young men into polygamy. They do not expect to do so, and merely counsel a sullen resistance of theory. It is probable, asks Captain Codman, that with a wise policy upon the part of the government, the great body of Mormons will resist the admission of Utah to the Union, and the peace and good order of the Territory, merely to sustain "three thousand decrepit old polygamists" in opposing the decision of the Supreme Court?

Captain Codman says, farther, that the leading men of the twelve thousand minority neither fear polygamy nor care for it in any way, except to use it as a means of appropriating to what is called "the Gentile Ring" the government of the Territory. Captain Codman repeats what he has often said, that all reports of Mormon disloyalty in any other respect but this are unqualifiedly false and malicious. This strong statement is opposed by that of Mr. Joseph Nimmo, who has also observed the subject upon the spot, and who thinks that the case requires even more heroic treatment than that of Senator Edmunds's bill; while Senator Morgan, of Alabama, the chief opponent of the bill in the Senate, so strongly desires to reach the same end more completely that he thinks the Edmunds bill really makes the government the upholder of Mormonism, which he would sweep away. The question is one of the greatest importance. It would be simple enough if it dealt only with the suppression of crime upon a great scale and in an organized form. But it deals also with religious opinions, and its happy solution demands wisdom and care.

## THE VETERANS AND THE LAW.

The following passage from the report of the Massachusetts Civil Service Commissioners confirms what we recently said in regard to proposed modifications of the New York law, and deserves the careful consideration of veterans who also favor the reform:

"The proposition that veterans who secure the minimum number of marks for eligibility shall be certified in preference to those who secure the highest marking is at much at variance with the principle upon which the system rests as the proposition that veterans may be appointed without examination. It is hardly consistent to provide for open competitive examinations, and then give to a certain class of persons taking part in that examination the right to certification for appointment without regard to their standing on the eligible list. Those who did not belong to the favored class would have little inducement to present themselves for an examination in which their merits were to be only partially considered. In reporting the national Civil Service Act the Senate committee stated that the object of the reform was to 'enable appointments to be won in open competitions by the most worthy.' Any deviation from the rule for the selection of the fittest is calculated to impair the efficient administration of the service."

## ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

Antoine Louis Barye was a great French sculptor who was at one period of his life so unknown that he carried his little bronzes from door to door in a basket, and peddled them away with patient good-nature, much as some of our Italian fellow-citizens do the wondrous things in plaster that they poise upon their heads. Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, and other great artists went during their lives relatively unknown of their times, and it has been characteristic of the most deeply spiritual and highly idealized of such art work that has been done in this century that it has gained recognition tardily and with difficulty. The impression that is the most obvious is often the most fleeting, and a Meissonier, for all his vogue and fame, may outlive his own reputation.

It is a very singular thing that some of these great artists of France should have found their earliest appreciation, as well as their widest ultimate fame, in America. Among the first to know and esteem Jean François Millet were Quincy Shaw and William Morris Hunt, of Boston. The first fair sum that Millet received for a canvas came from the former, and two-thirds of all his work have passed into the hands of Americans. Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, "discovered" Leon Bonvin, whose pathetic story, printed in Harper's Magazine in December, revealed that artist to his own countrymen. Known until then only to a few amateurs, artists, and critics, the paper in the American magazine was a complete revelation of a noble genius that had succumbed to intolerable vicissitudes. Paris for the first time read the artist's humble and touching history as narrated by his faithful and sympathetic admirer M. Philippe Burty, and saw through the medium of American wood-engravings the reproduction of his exquisite pictures. So deep was the interest excited in the art world of Paris by the story of Bonvin that it is now being reprinted in an independent French edition.

But to return to Barye. It was at the instance of the American just mentioned that he himself, then in his seventy-fifth year, made the admirable collection of his works which is now in the Corcoran gallery at Washington, and which is the largest and completest that exists. It was also with his aid, together with that of his widow, that Mr. Walters's own collection attained its unique and unequalled character; and it was Mr. Walters who presented to the city of Baltimore the wonderful replicas of the four groups from the pavilions of Richelieu and Denon of the Louvre and the great lions of the Tuileries.

The publication in October last in Harper's Magazine of an article on Barye, by Theodore Child, illustrated with engravings of the most celebrated of his works in the Walters collection at Baltimore, has served to create in Paris a remarkable discussion of the whole subject of his life and achievements, and it would appear as if a prophet who was indifferently honored in his own country would now, by reason of the esteem of him manifested elsewhere, have tardy but magnificent justice done to his memory.

Among others who have entered with enthusiasm into the matter is M. Jourde, the distinguished and spirited editor of the *Siècle*, who proposes that there shall be a monument erected to Barye by public subscription, and that an exhibition shall be held of his works similar to the remarkably successful exhibition recently held of the works of Delacroix, and of which M. Jourde was the active and triumphant promoter. The project will probably be carried out, and will doubtless attain its end, and Barye will owe his monument and his justly illumined fame to an American lover of the fine arts and to the good taste and sagacity of an American magazine.

## PERSONAL.

Who says that artists have no talent for business? The Artists' Fund Society, a life insurance organization on the mutual plan, has been paying a dividend to its members of $25,000, out of which Mr. George H. Boughton, Mr. W. J. Hennessy, Mr. T. Addison Richards, and several others who have been members for twenty-five years, received more than $1000 apiece, while Mr. Homer Martin, a member of twenty years' standing, got about $400. There are now sixty-four members of the society, and their lives are insured for $4000 each. The next annual sale of their pictures will be held at Association Hall on the 18th of February.

—If the Crown Princess of Germany, who recently invited Mrs. Henry Villard to act as bar-maid at a large fair held for the benefit of a charitable society in Germany, had been acquainted with that lady's temperance principles, she would have saved herself the pain of a refusal. When living in this city, in the magnificent house at Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, Mrs. Villard never allowed wine on her table, except when entertaining some foreign guests, on which occasion neither she nor her children partook of it. Notwithstanding her husband's reverses, she is now in possession of that house.

—A lawyer in this city whose waistcoat pocket was recently in flames, owing to his careless habit of carrying matches loose therein, has bought for himself a match-safe in view of possible contingencies of a similar character.

—It now appears that Charlotte Brontë's father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, was by no means the disagreeable and churlish person that he has had the credit of being. His reputation in this respect seems to have been due to the animosity of an "old nurse" whom he dismissed from his family, and who took her revenge in telling Mrs. Gaskell a lot of cock-and-bull stories.

—The judges of the Court of Common Pleas have requested ex-Judge Charles P. Daly to continue his duties as official reporter of the court. A favorite occupation for ex-judges in this State is to act as receivers by appointment of their late colleagues—a position considered to be both honorable and lucrative.

—Mr. William H. Beard, the humorous painter, is one of the organizers of the new Ohio Society of New York, which comprises many well-known citizens of the metropolis, and the object of which is to increase fellowship among Ohioans. He thinks, however, that such a name as "The Buckeye Club" would have been more to the point, the buckeye, as some persons do not know, being the name of the chestnut which grows so abundantly on the river bottoms of Ohio. Mr. Beard declares that the people of that State are descendants of the aristocracy of Europe after it had been purified in New England furnaces of affliction, and that accordingly they deserve the consideration of the country at large.

—Twenty years ago Mr. Henry Bergh, in company with Governor John T. Hoffman, the late Mr. A. T. Stewart, and other eminent citizens, founded the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Astor Place Opera-house. The night was very stormy, and the streets were covered with six inches of slush. To-day, three-fourths of the States of the Union have similar societies, and Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and other foreign countries have followed the example, while the income of the society is about thirty thousand dollars a year, and Mr. Bergh holds in his hands wills bequeathing at least half a million dollars. He is training his nephew, Henry Bergh, Jun., to be his successor, hoping that this young man will be able to direct affairs with the judgment, discretion, tact, and, above all, forbearance, which in his uncle's opinion are so necessary to success. Mr. Bergh wishes to employ at least fifty agents, at a salary of one thousand dollars each, in carrying out the objects of his society. He declares that from the very first he has received most encouragement from ladies, who so often are the devoted friends of animals. Mr. Bergh has never had a cent of salary from the society.

—Among the regents of the Smithsonian Institution recently re-appointed by Congress is ex-President John Maclean, of Princeton College, now more than eighty years old, and in the possession of remarkable health. He is constantly receiving visits from his former pupils, and charming them at his home in Princeton by the fidelity of his memory and the warmth of his welcome. Few men in this country enjoy the affection of so large a number of men.

—Two ex-Chiefs of the old Volunteer Fire Department, Harry Howard and John Decker, were at the recent annual ball of the veteran firemen at the Metropolitan Opera-house. Chief Decker led the promenade with a handsome woman on his arm, but Chief Howard remained in his box. The insignia of the old days of hand-engines were abundant, and red coats were everywhere on the floor.

—"Mr. William Black's writing and narrative," says the *Academy*, "slip along with a practiced ease which certainly no living novelist excels, if any other equals it. His American heroine in *White Heather* is decidedly better than the average of American heroines as represented both by their countrymen and others, and may be pronounced a really attractive specimen of womankind."

—Mr. Joseph H. Choate's new villa now erecting in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, promises to be the finest piece of architecture in the town. It is of stone and brick, the stone having a peculiar greenish tint. It was picked up loose in various places near by. Mr. David Dudley Field's house is on a bluff not far off. The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field is also a neighbor.

—Mr. John Jacob Astor's gift of $25,000 to the Young Women's Christian Association, on condition that a like sum be raised by its other friends within a specified time, has already prompted the giving of at least half the amount required, and the beautiful new building of the Association, on East Fifteenth Street near Fifth Avenue, promises to become an ornament to that part of the city. It will cost $125,000, and most of the money has already been subscribed. The Association endeavors to assist all women of "character and ability," particularly by aiding them to find employment. During the year just closing it received 1486 applicants for work, and heard from 1257 employers. The number of positions actually filled was nearly twelve hundred, and the women who filled them were teachers, artists, stenographers, type-writers, copyists, clerks, companions, housekeepers, trained and invalid nurses, nursery governesses, dress-makers, and seamstresses. So grateful are many of the persons helped by the Association to become self-supporting that they have desired to be represented in the new building by furnishing bricks at twenty-five cents apiece and stones at one dollar apiece for its walls. No fees have been charged thus far, although there is some talk of doing so when the new quarters are occupied. All applicants for aid in obtaining employment are made orally to a committee of ladies, who use their influence and exertions in finding suitable places.

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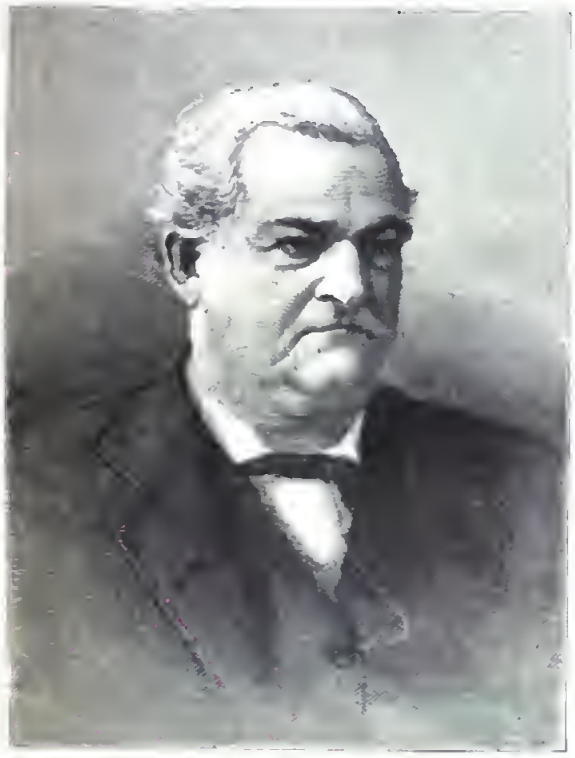
THE START.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE SLIDE.

THE NEW TOBOGGAN SLIDE AT ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. M. CLARK, NEWARK.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



COLONEL EDMUND RICHARDSON.—[See Page 64.]

DANIEL S. LAMONT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[See Page 59.]

"THE SINGER HIMSELF GREW EMOTIONAL AS HE PROCEEDED, TILL SHE COULD IMAGINE AT LAST A TEAR IN HIS EYE."—[See Serial "Mayor of Casterbridge," Page 54.]

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Thus they parted; and Elizabeth Jane and her mother remained, each in her thoughts over her meal, the mother's face being strangely bright since Henchard's avowal of shame for a past action. The quivering of the partition to its core presently denoted that Donald Farfrae had again rung his bell, no doubt to have his supper removed; for, humming a tune and walking up and down, he seemed to be attracted by the lively bursts of conversation and melody from the general company below. He sauntered out upon the landing and descended the staircase.

When Elizabeth Jane had carried down his supper tray, and also that used by her mother and herself, she found the bustle of serving to be at its height below, as it always was at this hour. The young woman shrank from having anything to do with the ground-floor serving, and crept silently about observing the scene—so new to her, fresh from the seclusion of a sea-side cottage. In the general parlor, which was large, she remarked the four-and-twenty strong-backed chairs that stood round against the wall (each fitted with its genial occupant), the sanded floor, the black settle, which, projecting endwise from the wall within the door, permitted Elizabeth to be a spectator of all that went on, without herself being particularly seen.

The young Scotchman had just joined the guests. These, in addition to the respectable master-tradesmen occupying the seats of privilege in the bow-window and its neighborhood, included an inferior set at the unlighted end, whose seats were mere benches against the wall, and who drank from cups instead of from glasses. Among the latter she noticed some of those personages who had stood outside the windows of the Golden Crown.

Behind their backs was a small window with a wheel ventilator in one of the panes, which would suddenly start off spinning with a jingling sound, as suddenly stop, and as suddenly start again.

While thus furtively making her survey, the opening words of a song greeted her ears from behind the settle, in a melody and accent of peculiar charm. There had been some singing before she came down, and now the Scotchman had made himself so much at home that at the request of some of the master-tradesmen he too was favoring the room with a song.

Elizabeth Jane was fond of music; she could not help pausing to listen; and the longer she listened, the more she was enraptured. She had never heard any singing like this, and it was evident that the majority of the audience had not heard such frequently, for they were attentive to a much greater degree than ordinary. They neither whispered, nor drank, nor dipped their pipe-stems in their ale to moisten them, nor pushed the mug to their neighbors. The singer himself grew emotional as he proceeded, till she could imagine at last a tear in his eye. This was something like the song that he sang:

"It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan Water with my bonnie bands again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countree."

When he had concluded there was a burst of applause, and a deep silence, which was even more eloquent than the applause. It was of such a kind that the snapping of a pipe-stem too long for him by old Solomon Longways, who was one of those gathered at the shady end of the room, seemed a harsh and irreverent act. Then the ventilator in the window pane spasmodically started off for a new spin, and the pathos of Donald's song was temporarily displaced.

"'Twas not amiss—not at all amiss!" muttered Christopher Coney, who was also present. And removing his pipe a finger's breadth from his lips, he said, aloud, "Draw on with the next verse, young gentleman, please."

"Yes, let's have it again, stranger," said the glazier, a stout, bucket-headed man, with a white apron rolled up around his waist. "Folks don't lift up their hearts like that in this part of the world." And turning aside he said, in undertones: "Who is the young man? Scotch, d'ye say?"

"Yes; straight from the mountains of Scotland, I believe," replied Coney.

Young Farfrae repeated the last verse. It was plain that nothing so pathetic had been heard at the King of Prussia for a considerable time. The difference of accent, the excitability of the singer, the intense local feeling, and the seriousness with which he worked himself up to a climax, surprised this set of worthies, who were only too prone to shut up their emotions with caustic words.

"Danged if our country down here is worth singing about like that!" continued the glazier, as the Scotchman again melodized with a dying fall "my ain countree!" "When you take away from among us the fools and the rogues, and the lammigers, and the wanton hussies and the slatterns, and such like, there's cust few left to ornament a song wi' in Casterbridge, or the country round."

"True," said Buzzford, the dealer, looking at the grain of the table. "Casterbridge is a old, hoary place o' wickedness, by all account. 'Tis recorded in history that we rebelled against the king one or two hundred years ago, in the time of the Romans, and that lots of us was hanged on Gallows Hill, and quartered, and our different jints sent about the country like butcher's-meat; and for my part, I can well believe it."

"What did ye come away from yer own country for, young maister, if ye be so wownded about it?" inquired Christopher Coney, from the background, with the tone of a man who preferred the original subject. "Faith, it wasn't worth your while on our account, for, as Maister Billy Wills says, we be bruckle folk here—the best o' us hardly honest sometimes, what with hard winters, and so many mouths to fill, and God-a'mighty sending his little taties so terrible small to fill 'em with. We don't think about flowers and fair faces, not we—except in the shape o' caulliflowers and pigs' chaps."

"But, no!" said Donald Farfrae, gazing round into their faces with earnest concern; "the best of ye hardly honest—not surely? None of ye has been stealing what didn't belong to him?"

"No, no. God forbid!" said Solomon Longways. "That's only his random way o' speaking. 'A was always such a man of under thoughts." And reprovingly toward Christopher: "Don't ye be so overfamiliar with a gentleman that ye know nothing of, and that's travelled a'most from the north pole."

Christopher Coney was silenced, and as he could get no public sympathy he mumbled his feelings to himself: "Be damned, if I loved my country half as well as the young feller do, I'd live by claning my neighbor's pig-sties afore I'd go away! For my part I've no more love for my country than I have for Botany Bay."

"Come," said Longways; "let the young man draw onward with his ballet, or we shall be here all night."

"That's all of it," said the singer, apologetically.

"Soul of my body, then we'll have another!" said the general dealer.

"Can you turn a strain to the ladies, sir?" inquired a fat woman with a figured purple apron, the waist-string of which was quite invisible in the crevice between the upper and lower halves of her person.

"Let him breathe—let him breathe, Mother Cuxsom. He hasn't got his second wind yet," said the master-glazier.

"Oh yes, but I have!" exclaimed the young man; and he at once rendered "O Nannie" with faultless modulations, and another or two of the like sentiment, winding up at their earnest request with "Auld Lang Syne."

By this time he had completely taken possession of the hearts of the King of Prussia's inmates, including even old Coney. Notwithstanding an occasional oddity which awoke their sense of the ludicrous for the moment, they began to view him through a golden haze which the tone of his mind seemed to raise around him. Casterbridge had sentiment—Casterbridge had romance; but this stranger's sentiment was of differing quality. Or rather, perhaps, the difference was mainly superficial; he was to them like the poet of a new school who takes his contemporaries by storm; who is not really new, but is the first to articulate what all his listeners have felt, though but dumbly till then.

The silent landlord came and leaned over the settle while the young man sang; and even Mrs. Stannidge managed to unstick herself from the frame-work of her chair in the bar, and get as far as the door-post, which movement she accomplished by rolling herself round, as a cask is trundled on the chine by a drayman without losing the perpendicular.

"And are you going to bide in Casterbridge, sir?" she asked.

"Ah—no!" said the Scotchman, with melancholy fatality in his voice; "I'm only passing thirrough. I am on my way to Bristol, and thence to foreign parts."

"We be truly sorry to hear it," said Solomon Longways. "We can ill afford to lose tuneful wynd-pipes like yours when they fall among us. And verily, to mak' acquaintance with a man a-come from so far, from the land o' perpetual snow, as we may say, where wolves and wild boars and other dangerous animalcules be as common as blackbirds hereabout—why, 'tis a thing we can't do every day; and there's good sound information for bide-at-homes like we when such a man opens his mouth."

"Nay, but ye mistake my country," said the young man, looking round upon them with tragic fixity, till his eye lighted up and his cheek kindled with a sudden enthusiasm to right their errors. "There are not perpetual snow and wolves at all in it, except snow in winter, and—well, a little in summer just sometimes, and a gaberlunzie or two stalking about here and there, if ye may call them dangerous. Oh, but, man, you should take a summer jarreny to Edinboro, and Arthur's Seat, and all around, and then go on to the Lochs, and all the Highland scenery, in May and June, and you would never say 'tis the land of wolves and perpetual snow!"

"Of course not; it stands to reason," said Buzzford. "'Tis barren ignorance that leads to such words. He's a simple homespun man that never was fit for good company. Think nothing of him, sir."

"And do ye carry your flock bed, and your quilt, and your crock, and your bit of chiney? or do ye go in bare bones, as I may say?" inquired Christopher Coney.

"I've sent on my luggage, though it isn't much, for the voyage is long." Donald's eyes dropped into a remote gaze as he added, "But I said to myself, 'Never a one of the prizes of life will I come by unless I undertake it;' and I decided to go."

A general sense of regret, in which Elizabeth Jane shared not least, made itself apparent in the company. As she looked at Farfrae from the back of the settle she decided that his statements showed him to be no less thoughtful than his fascinating melodies revealed him to be cordial and impassioned. She admired the serious light in which he looked at serious things. He had seen no jest in ambiguities and roguery, as the Casterbridge toss-pots had done; and rightly not—there was none. She disliked those wretched humors of Christopher Coney and his tribe, and he did not appreciate them. He seemed to feel exactly as she felt about life and its surroundings—that they were a tragical rather than a comical thing; that though one could be gay on occasion, moments of gayety were interludes, and no part of the actual drama. It was extraordinary how similar their views were.

Though it was still early, the young Scotchman expressed his wish to retire, whereupon the landlady whispered to Elizabeth Jane to run up-stairs and turn down his bed. She took a candlestick and proceeded on her mission, which was the act of a few moments only. When, candle in hand, she reached the top of the stairs on her way down again, Mr Farfrae was at the foot coming up. She could not very well retreat; they met and passed in the turn of the staircase.

She must have appeared interesting in some way, notwithstanding her plain dress, or rather, possibly, in consequence of it, for she was a girl characterized by earnestness and soberness of mien, with which simple drapery accorded well. Her face flushed, too, at the slight awkwardness of the meeting, and she passed him with her eyes bent on the candle-flame that she carried just below her nose. Then it happened that, when confronting her, he smiled; and then, with the manner of a temporarily light-hearted man who has started himself on a flight of song whose momentum he can not readily check, he softly sang a slightly modified version of an old ditty:

"As I came in by my bower door,
As day was waxin' wearie,
O wha came tripping down the stair
But bonnie Peg my dearie?"

Elizabeth Jane, rather disconcerted, retreated down-stairs; and the Scotchman's voice died away, humming the next verse within the closed door of his room:

"Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen o' Love did never move
Wi' motion more enchanting."

Here the scene and sentiment ended for the present. When, soon after, the girl rejoined her mother, the latter was still in thought—on quite another matter than a young man's song.

"We've made a mistake," she whispered (that the Scotchman might not overhear). "On no account ought ye to have helped serve here to-night. Not because of ourselves, but for the sake of him. If he should befriend us, and take us up, and then find out what you did when staying here, 'twould grieve and wound his natural pride as Mayor of the town."

Elizabeth, who would perhaps have been more alarmed at this than her mother had she known the real relationship, was not much disturbed about it as things stood. Her "he" was another man than her poor mother's. "For myself," she said, "I didn't at all mind waiting a little upon him. He's so respectable and educated—far above the rest of 'em in the inn. They thought him very simple not to know their grim, broad way of talking about themselves here. But of course he didn't know—he was too refined in his mind to know such things." Thus she earnestly pleaded.

Meanwhile the "he" of her mother was not so far away as even they thought. After leaving the King of Prussia he had sauntered up and down the empty High Street, passing and repassing the inn in his promenade. When the Scotchman sang, his voice had reached Henchard's ears through the heart-shaped holes in the window-shutters, and had led him to pause outside them a long while.

"To be sure, to be sure, how that fellow does draw me!" he had said to himself. "I suppose 'tis because I'm so lonely. I'd have given him a third share to ha' staid."

## CHAPTER IX.

When Elizabeth Jane opened the hinged casement next morning the mellow air brought in the feel of imminent autumn almost as distinctly as if she had been in the remotest hamlet. Casterbridge was the complement of the rural life around; not its urban opposite. Bees and butterflies in the corn fields at the top of the town, who desired to get to the meads at the bottom, took no circuitous course, but hummed or fluttered straight down High Street, without any apparent consciousness that they were traversing strange latitudes. And in autumn airy spheres of thistle-down floated into the same street, lodged upon the shop fronts, blew into drains, and innumerable tawny and yellow leaves skimmed along the pavement, and stole through people's doorways into their passages with a hesitating scratch on the floor, like the skirts of timid visitors.

Hearing voices, one of which was close at hand, she withdrew her head, and glanced from behind the window-curtains. Mr Henchard—now habited no longer as a great personage, but as a thriving man of business—was pausing on his way up the middle of the street, and the Scotchman was looking from the window adjoining her own. Henchard, it appeared, had gone a little way past the inn before he had noticed his acquaintance of the previous evening. He came back a few steps, Donald Farfrae opening the window wider.

"And you are off soon, I suppose?" said Henchard, upward.

"Yes, almost this moment, sir," said the other, downward. "I'll walk on, and the coach will overtake me."

"Which way?"

"The way ye are going."

"Then shall we walk together to the top o' town?"

"If ye'll wait a minute," said the Scotchman.

In a few minutes the latter emerged, bag in hand. Henchard looked at the bag as at an enemy. It showed there was no mistake about the young man's departure. "Ah, my lad," he said, "you should have been a wise man, and have staid with me."

"Yes, yes—it might have been wiser," said Donald, looking microscopically at the houses that were furthest off. "It is only telling ye the truth when I say my plans are vague."

They had by this time passed on from the precincts of the inn, and Elizabeth Jane heard no more. She saw that they continued in conversation, Henchard turning to the other occasionally, and emphasizing some remark with a gesture. Thus they passed the Golden Crown Hotel, the Market-house, the church-yard wall, ascending to the upper end of the long street till they were small as two grains of corn; when they bent suddenly to the right into the Bristol Road, and were out of view.

"He was a good man—and he's gone," she said to herself. "I was nothing to him, and there was no reason why he should have wished me good-by."

The simple thought, with its latent sense of slight, had moulded itself out of the following little fact: when the Scotchman came out at the door he had by accident glanced up at her; and then he had looked away again without nodding, or smiling, or saying a word.

"You are still thinking, mother," she said, when she turned inward.

"Yes, I am thinking of Mr Henchard's sudden liking for that young man. He was always so. Now surely, if he takes so warmly to people who are not related to him at all, may he not take as warmly to his own kin?"

While they debated this question a procession of five large wagons went past, laden with hay up to the bedroom windows. They came in from the country, and the steaming horses had probably been travelling a great part of the night. To the shaft of each hung a little board on which was painted in white letters, "Henchard, Corn-factor and Hay-merchant." The spectacle renewed his wife's conviction that, for her daughter's sake, she should strain a point to rejoin him.

The discussion was continued during breakfast, and the end of it was that Mrs. Henchard decided, for good or for ill, to send Elizabeth Jane with a message to Henchard, to the effect that his relative Susan, a sailor's widow, was in the town, leaving it to him to say whether or not he would recognize her. What had brought her to this determination were chiefly two things. He had been described as a lonely widower, and he had expressed shame for a past transaction of his life. There was promise in both.

"If he says no," she enjoined, as Elizabeth Jane stood, bonnet on, ready to depart, "if he thinks it does not become the good position he has reached to in the town, to own—to let us call on him as—his distant kinsfolk, say, 'Then, sir, we would rather not intrude; we will leave Casterbridge as quietly as we have come, and go back to our own county' .. I almost feel that I would rather he did say so, as I have not seen him for so many years, and we are so—little allied to him."

"And if he says yes?" inquired the more sanguine one.

"In that case," answered Mrs. Henchard, cautiously, "ask him to write me a note, saying when and how he will see us—or me."

Elizabeth Jane went a few steps toward the landing. "And tell him," continued her mother, "that I fully know I have no claim upon him—that I am glad to find he is thriving; that I hope his life may be long and happy—there, go." Thus with a half-hearted willingness, a smothered reluctance, did the poor forgiving woman start her unconscious daughter on this errand.

It was about ten o'clock, and market-day, when Elizabeth paced up the High Street, in no great hurry; for she was only in the position of a poor relation deputed to hunt up a rich one. The front doors of the private houses were mostly left open at this warm autumn time, no thought of umbrella stealers disturbing the minds of the broad-faced burgesses. Hence, through the long, straight entrance passages thus unclosed could be seen, as through tunnels, the mossy gardens at the back, glowing with nasturtiums, fuchsias, scarlet geraniums, "bloody warriors," snap-dragons, and dahlias, this floral blaze being backed by crusted gray stone-work remaining from a yet remoter Casterbridge than the venerable one visible in the street. The old-fashioned fronts of these houses, which had older than old-fashioned backs, rose sheer from the pavement, into which the bow windows protruded like bastions, necessitating a pleasing *chassez-déchassez* movement to the time-pressed pedestrian at every few yards. He was bound also to evolve other Terpsichorean figures in respect of door-steps, scrapers, cellar hatches, church buttresses, and the overhanging angles of walls which, originally unobtrusive, had become bow-legged and knock-kneed.

In addition to these fixed obstacles which spoke so cheerfully of individual unrestraint as to boundaries, movables occupied the path and roadway to a perplexing extent. First the vans of the carriers in and out of Casterbridge, who hailed from Mellstock, Weatherbury, Hintock Abbas, Stickleford, Overcombe, and many other villages round. Their owners were numerous enough to be regarded as a tribe, and had almost individuality enough to be regarded as a race. Their vans had just arrived, and were drawn up on each side of the street in close file, so as to form at places a wall between the pavement and the roadway. Next every shop pitched out half its contents of agricultural plant bodily upon trestles and boxes

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on the curb, extending the display each week a little further and further into the roadway, until there remained but a tortuous defile for carriages down the centre of the street, which afforded fine opportunities for exercising skill with the reins. Over the pavement on the sunny side of the way hung hazardous shop blinds, so constructed as to give the passenger's hat a smart buffet off his head as from unseen hands, reviving recollections of the mysterious blows of Lord Cranstoun's goblin page and other memories of romantic lore.

Horses for sale were tied in rows, their fore-legs on the pavement, their hind-legs in the street, in which position they occasionally nipped little boys by the shoulder who were passing by to school. And any inviting recess in front of a house that had been modestly kept back from the general line was utilized by pig-dealers as a pen for their stock.

The yeomen, farmers, dairymen, and towns-folk who stood transacting business in these dear old streets, spoke in other ways than by articulation. Not to hear the words of your interlocutor in metropolitan centres is to know nothing of his meaning. Here the face, the arms, the hat, the stick, the body throughout, spoke equally with the tongue. To express satisfaction, the Casterbridge man added to his utterance a broadening of the cheeks, a crevicing of the eyes, a throwing back of the shoulders, which was intelligible from the other end of the street. If he wondered, though all Henchard's carts and wagons were rattling past him, you knew it from perceiving the inside of his crimson mouth, and a target-like circle of the whites of his eyes. Deliberation caused sundry attacks on the moss of adjoining walls with the end of his stick, a change of his hat from the horizontal to the last no; a sense of tediousness announced itself in a lowering of the person, by spreading the knees, and forming the lozenge-shaped aperture characteristic of lazy tongs. Chicanery, subterfuge, had hardly a place in the streets of this honest borough, to all appearance, and it was said that even the lawyers in the Court-house hard by occasionally threw in strong arguments for the other side out of pure generosity (though apparently by mischance) when advancing their own.

Thus Casterbridge was in most respects but the pole, focus, or nerve-knot of the surrounding country life; differing from the many manufacturing towns, which are as foreign bodies set down, like bowlders on a plain, in a green world with which they have nothing in common. Casterbridge lived by agriculture at one remove further from the fountain-head than the adjoining villages—no more. The towns-folk understood every fluctuation in the rustic's condition, for it affected their receipts as much as the laborer's; they entered into the troubles and joys which moved the aristocratic families ten miles round—for the same reason. And even at the dinner parties of the professional families the subjects of discussion were corn, cattle disease, sowing and reaping, fencing and planting; while politics were viewed by them less from their own stand-point of burgesses with rights and privileges than from the stand-point of their country neighbors.

All the venerable contrivances and confusions which delighted the eye by their quaintness, and in a measure reasonableness, in this rare old market-town were metropolitan novelties to the unpracticed eyes of Elizabeth Jane, fresh from netting fish-seines in a sea-side cottage. Very little inquiry was necessary to guide her footsteps. Henchard's house was one of the best, fronted with murrey-colored old brick, with chimneys of the same that showed arched recesses in their sides. The front door was open, and as in other houses she could see through the passage to the end of the garden—nearly a quarter of a mile off.

Mr Henchard was not in the house, but in the store-yard. She was conducted into the mossy garden, and through a side door in the wall, which was studded with rusty nails speaking of generations of fruit trees that had been trained there. The door opened upon the yard, and here she was left to find him as she could. It was a place flanked by hay barns, into which tons of fodder, all in trusses, were being packed from the wagons she had seen pass the inn that morning. On other sides of the yard were wooden granaries on stone staddles, to which access was given by short Flemish ladders, and a tall store-house several stories high. Wherever the doors of these places were open, a closely packed throng of bursting wheat sacks could be seen standing, with the air of waiting for a famine that would not come.

She wandered about this place, uncomfortably conscious of the impending interview, till she was quite weary of searching; she ventured to inquire of a boy in what quarter of the labyrinth Mr Henchard could be found. He directed her to an office which she had not seen before, and knocking at the door, she was answered by a cry of "Come in."

Elizabeth turned the handle; and there stood before her, bending over some sample bags on a table, not the corn-merchant, but the young Scotchman, Mr Farfrae, in the act of pouring some grains of wheat from one hand to the other. His hat hung on a peg behind him, and the roses of his carpet-bag glowed from the corner of the room.

Having toned her feelings to meet Mr Henchard, and him alone, she was for the moment confounded by this apparition in place of him. She had come to say definite words, held in suspense on the tip of her tongue, and being confronted by the wrong auditor, she could say nothing at all.

"Yes, what is it?" said the Scotchman, like a man who permanently ruled there.

She said she wanted to see Mr Henchard.

"Ah, yes; will ye wait a minute? He's engaged just now," said the young man, smiling, for he now recognized her as the young girl at the inn. He handed her a chair, bade her sit down, and turned to his sample bags again. While Elizabeth Jane sits waiting in great amaze at the young man's presence, we may briefly explain how he came there.

When the two new acquaintances had passed out of sight that morning toward the Bath and Bristol road they went on silently, except for a few commonplaces, till they had gone down an avenue on the town walls called the New Walk, leading to an angle where the North and West escarpments met. From this high corner of the square earth-works a vast extent of country could be seen. A foot-path ran steeply down the green slope, conducting from the shady promenade on the walls to a road at the bottom of the scarp. It was by this path the Scotchman had to descend.

"Well, here's success to ye," said Henchard, holding out his right hand and leaning with his left upon the wicket which protected the descent. In the act there was the gaucherie of one whose wishes are defeated. "I shall often think of this time, and of how you came at the very moment to throw a light upon my difficulty."

Still holding the young man's hand, he paused, and then added, deliberately: "Now I am not the man to let a cause be lost for want of a word. And before ye are gone forever I'll speak. Once more, will ye stay? There it is, flat and plain. You can see that it isn't all selfishness that makes me press 'ee, for my business is not quite so scientific as to require an intellect entirely out of the common. Others would do for the place without doubt. Some selfishness, perhaps, there is, but there is more; it isn't for me to repeat what. Come, bide with me, and name your own terms. I'll agree to 'em willingly and 'ithout a word of gainsaying!"

The young man's hand remained steady in Henchard's for a moment or two. He looked over the fertile country that stretched beneath them, then backward along the shaded walk reaching to the top of the town. His face flushed.

"I didn't expect such as this—I did not!" he said. "Surely there's destiny in it. Should a man go against fate? No; I'll not go to America; I'll stay and be your man!"

His hand, which had lain lifeless in Henchard's, returned the latter's grasp.

"Done," said Henchard.

"Done," said Donald Farfrae.

The face of Mr Henchard beamed forth a satisfaction that was almost fierce in its strength. "Now you are my friend," he exclaimed. "Come back to my house; let's clinch it at once by clear terms, so as to be comfortable in our minds." Farfrae caught up his bag, and retraced the Northwest Avenue in Henchard's company as he had come. Henchard was all confidence now.

"I am the most distant fellow in the world when I don't care for a man," he said. "But when a man takes my fancy he takes it strong. Now I am sure you can eat another breakfast. You couldn't have eaten much so early, even if they had anything at that place to give thee, which they hadn't; so come to my house and we will have a solid, staunch tuck-in, and settle terms in black and white if you like, though my word's my bond. I can always make a good meal in the morning. I've got a splendid cold pigeon pie going just now. You can have some home-brew if you want to, you know."

"It is too early in the morning for that," said Farfrae, with a smile.

"Well, of course I didn't know. I don't drink it because of my oath; but I am obliged to brew for my work-people."

Thus talking, they returned, and entered Henchard's premises by the back way or traffic entrance. Here the matter was settled over the breakfast, at which Henchard heaped the young Scotchman's plate to a prodigal fullness. He would not rest satisfied till Farfrae had written for his luggage from Bristol, and dispatched the letter to the post-office. When it was done, this man of strong impulses declared that his new friend should take up his abode in his house—at least till some suitable lodgings could be found.

He then took Farfrae round, and showed him the place, and the stores of grain, and other stock; and finally entered the offices where the younger of them had already been discovered by Elizabeth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House of Representatives—so the theory and the tradition are—is that branch of the national legislature wherein the members, elected by the direct vote of the people, freely discuss whatever subjects the people desire it to discuss, and pass such laws as the public necessity requires. When a man is elected to Congress, then, whose constituents desire the enactment of a certain law—the suspension of silver coinage, or the abolition of the duty on cotton ties, for example—nothing seems easier than for such a member to introduce a bill for this purpose, to explain the reasons why it should be passed, to have it passed if a majority be of his opinion, and to go home to receive the congratulations of his constituents, and to be returned to the next Congress. Fifty years ago, when the House was not larger than a debating society at a college, this was not mere theory. But if there be one task more difficult than all others, and yet sometimes possible of achievement, it is the task of passing a bill.

The House now contains 325 members, every one of whom has an indefinite number of bills, and every one of whom has at least one great speech to deliver, and not one-tenth of them ever deliver their speeches, and hardly one-twentieth of them ever secure the passage of their favorite bills. If a member sets out to abolish the duty on cotton ties, he can on a specified day, when his State is called in the roll of States, offer his bill, without the privilege even of reading more than the title of it, and it is referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. So are a hundred others that bear on the general subject of raising revenue. Along with the hundred others it is filed away by the clerk of the committee. The committee goes to work on the preparation of a general bill to modify the customs duties. Day after day, week after week, and month after month the long schedules of duties are discussed item by item, until at last the item of cotton ties is reached. The gentleman's bill is read, hastily rejected or approved by the committee, and the rejection or the approval of it is incorporated in the general tariff bill which near the end of the session is reported to the House, put upon the calendar, and at last comes up for discussion. There are a thousand items to be discussed in the Committee of the Whole and speeches are limited perhaps to five minutes. Indeed, all the real speech-making is done by two members—the chairman of the committee, who approves the bill, and another member, who is the spokesman for the minority of the committee, and opposes it. When at last the subject of cotton ties is reached, the gentleman, whose bill has long ago been forgotten by everybody but himself, has the privilege of speaking five minutes on the subject—a privilege he would have if he had never introduced a bill.

Chairmen of important committees are the only members of the House who have any appreciable individual influence in shaping legislation. Other members can have speeches that they prepare printed in the *Congressional Record* for their constituents to read; but except as each member adds one vote to his party's strength in the House, he does little more than add one name to the other 324 on the roll. On the Democratic side of the House the two men who now have the foremost positions are Mr Morrison, of Illinois, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and Mr Randall, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. Mr Tucker, of Virginia, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and Mr Belmont, of New York, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, are among the other prominent members, and by reason of the present importance of the subject, Mr Bland, of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Coinage.

The "leader" of the Republican side, or the minority nominee for the Speakership is called, is Mr Reed, of Maine. The "father of the House," and the chief spokesman of the minority of the Committee of Ways and Means, is Mr Kelley, of Pennsylvania. Mr Kelley began his Congressional career, which has suffered no interruption, in 1861, and he is the most persistent and distinguished, as Mr McKinley, of Ohio, is perhaps the most eloquent, defender of the doctrine of protection in the House. Mr Randall, who represents a Democratic district in Philadelphia that adjoins Mr Kelley's Republican district, entered Congress two years later than his distinguished neighbor, and has also had a continuous term of service. He has had the honor, too, of three elections to the Speakership. Mr Morrison, the Democratic leader of the tariff reformers, was first elected one term later than Mr Randall, and he has not been a member of all the succeeding sessions. He has won his prominence by persistent work, not by brilliancy or eloquence.

The "third officer of the government," according to the usual authority, is Mr Speaker Carlisle, of Kentucky, as diligent, painstaking, and well-equipped a Speaker as ever occupied the chair. In truth he is not the third, but the first, officer of the government, having vastly larger influence over legislation than the President himself, by his power of composing the committees of the House.

Our government has, in fact, become, to a much greater extent than its founders anticipated, or than the public perhaps is aware, a government by Congressional committees. In the House of Representatives there are but two forces at work instead of 325—the forces simply of the caucuses of the two political parties. The party of the majority elects the Speaker, and the Speaker appoints the committees. The nominee of the party of the minority for the Speakership becomes the leader of the opposition, and the leading members of the chief committees, not more than a dozen men in all, exert very nearly all the individual influence that is exerted. The other members hardly do more than make up the strength of the parties. When, therefore, one of these is spoken of simply as a member of Congress, the essential fact is omitted. He should be called a Democratic or a Republican member of Congress.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The London *Lancet* is of opinion that men of opposite politics hate one another far more heartily than is warranted by the importance of the questions between them, and that "mental disturbance set up by political excitement may be a specific disease." It seems frequently to be the case, in matters other than politics, that great animosities are caused by questions that philosophers consider of small moment. What more earnest division of the human mind, backed by what intenser evidences of passion, could there be than that provoked by a close base-ball game or a portentous rubber at whist? It is a frequent occurrence for billiard-players to fly at each other, and the German aphorism, "who borrows from a friend acquires easily an enemy," might justly be changed to declare that "to make an enemy of a friend it is necessary only to play billiards with him." For the display of its deeper emotions human nature often seems to require, indeed, not a cause, but merely a pretext.

A paper recently read before a London society gave a number of mortuary statistics, in the course of which it was shown that the average age reached by persons of the richer classes of England and Wales was fifty-five years, whereas among the general population it was forty-one years, and among the artisan classes of Lambeth only twenty-nine and a half years. Which goes to show that, within bounds, and contrary to the general teaching, death is a respecter of persons.

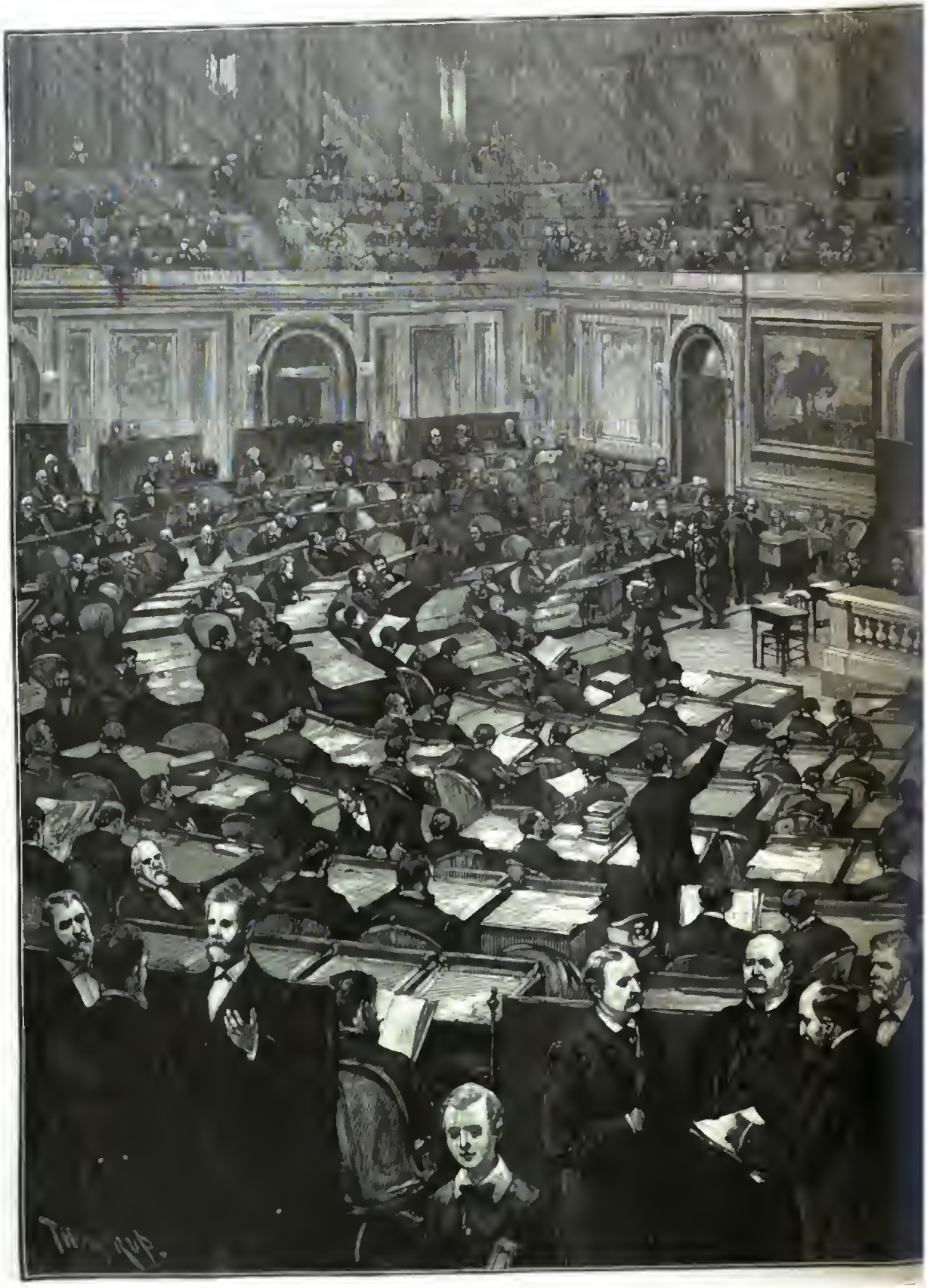
Oysters are reported from Mob Jack Bay, Virginia, of which eleven will fill a quart measure. Ten of the large ones weighed sixteen and a half pounds in the shell, and the largest was eight and a half inches long.

A Pomeranian farmer, who was very fond of a hash made of herrings and potatoes, in planting a lot of the vegetable placed a herring in each hill, hoping the best from the result. He was no more successful in one way than the man who used the wood of an apple tree for smoking hams in the hope that they would taste like pork and apple-sauce; but the herrings proved to be an admirable fertilizer.

Newspaper reports of fashionable doings in Washington fill the mind with pictures of such extraordinary, not to say superhuman, magnificence that it is natural to suppose they should fluster people a good deal who contemplate exposing themselves to the social fulminations of the capital for the first time. There are people, however, whose nerves are not at all shaken by the prospect of splendors of this character, and whom it is a pleasure to hear about. A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* says: "A leading Senator gave a large reception last winter, and invited all the Congressmen of his own State. All were asked to bring their families. One, who states in the Congressional Directory that he lives and was raised upon a farm, came at seven o'clock in the evening with his wife and the three young girls of his family. These girls ranged from seven to seventeen years in age. They had long straight hair, wore high-necked dresses, and ribbons about their waists, and both the Congressman's wife and the girls expected to remain in the room with their bonnets on. The Senator's wife, who was a very kind-hearted lady, was dressed at this time, although it was two hours before any one might be expected. She tried to persuade the woman to remove her bonnet, but was told that her hair was not combed, and she believed that she would keep it on. Finally, however, the Senator's wife told her she would look very odd with her bonnet on while all the rest were in full dress, and persuaded the countrywoman to allow her toilet to be remade by the hands of the Senator's wife's maid. The children also took off their hats, but they were the only children present. They stood around during the evening, being made as much at home as was possible by their hostess."

The peasant of the south of France seems to live about as frugally as anybody. It has been computed that he spends for food for a family of five an average of four cents a day. For breakfast he has bread with a preparation of salt fish, which he smears upon it; for dinner, stockfish or a vegetable soup and salad, and for supper, lentils, beans, or other vegetables. In the season, raw tomatoes and dry bread frequently make a meal. Coffee and macaroni are too expensive for more than infrequent use, but there are always onions and garlic. Water is his drink, with a little very thin wine once in a while. Rabbit he has occasionally as a flavor in a vegetable stew, but that is a luxury. Beef or mutton he tastes hardly once a month. He dresses poorly, and hardly looks as if the world treated him well. But his self-denial is not for nothing. He has a bank account, and in the matter of hard money is well enough off.

"DON'T YOU FORGET IT."
To Ex-Brigadier-General P. H. Winston, our Minister to Persia.



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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WN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 55.]

## THE ADMINISTRATION'S WORK.

Ten months ago the representatives of a party that had for twenty-four years been unable to exercise directly any power in the executive branch of the government began to do the nation's work and execute its laws. The President had had no experience in Congress or in any other legislative body. He was not familiar with the work of the national executive departments, and he was a stranger in Washington. Moreover, there were in his cabinet only three men who had that acquaintance with national affairs which is gained by long service in the national legislature and long residence at the capital. But Mr Cleveland had rare executive ability, developed by service in executive offices which he had filled in the State of New York. He was industrious, and was endowed with common-sense, good health, and a strong constitution. He was well equipped for the work that lay before him. Those who review the history of these ten months can not fail to be impressed by the fact that a great deal of hard work has been done by the men whose portraits we publish on another page. They will also mark the prominence of the President as the directing force in all important department affairs as well as in the work of filling offices. It is a hard-working administration because the President is a hard-working man, and because there is an enormous amount of work to be done when one party takes the government from another that has held it for almost a quarter of a century. It was the new administration's task to become thoroughly familiar with the operations of the executive departments; to introduce reforms without delay where abuses had taken root and grown under the protection afforded by a long and uninterrupted lease of power; to keep its promises concerning the civil service, and still to make such changes as fairness and a due regard for the public interest demanded, at the same time retaining the support of the political organization which it represented; to do the nation's routine work well and economically, and to effectively use the resources of statesmanship in the treatment of important questions. All this was to be done under scrutiny closer than that to which any preceding administration had been subjected, and in the face of the sharpest criticism from its displaced opponents, and from disappointed rascals in both parties.

Every member of the cabinet has devoted much time to office-seekers and to the appeals of their friends, but the greater part of this burden has been borne by the President himself. It is with this part of the new administration's work that the people are most familiar, and it is work that has probably consumed three-fourths of the President's working hours. Still his acts and his Message prove that he has found time to gain a remarkable acquaintance with the condition of affairs in all departments of the government. Until November 1 applicants for office and their friends besieged him from morning to night, but on that date "the public welfare and a due regard for the claims of those whose interests in the government are entirely disconnected with office-holding" forced him to shut and bar the door against them. Not until this had been done could he begin to prepare the Message in which he has so emphatically condemned the spoils system, that "upon every change of administration inspires an immense army of claimants for office to lay siege to the patronage of the government, engrossing the time of public officers with their importunities, spreading abroad the contagion of their disappointment, and filling the air with the tumult of their discontent." He has sturdily refused to yield to the politicians who demand a "clean sweep" of Federal office-holders, and he has declined to become the agent of patronage brokers. Careful observers at Washington report that at last accounts less than one-fourth of the prominent offices called Presidential, and not reached by the civil service law, had been filled by Democrats, and that less than one-fifth of the occupants of the 50,000 small post-offices had been disturbed. This must be regarded as evidence of the President's moderation by all fair-minded persons who remember that for more than twenty years all of these offices have been held by Republicans.

But the careful examination of innumerable appeals and complaints, the study of arguments for and against the retention of such officers as Mr Pearson and Mr Graves, the desire to retain the good-will of politicians of high or low degree who demand a speedy distribution of all the spoils, and the thousand and one labors attending the support of a merit system and the enforcement of a high and advanced civil service policy, have greatly increased the weight of work which the President must carry. In some cases men unfit to hold office have been appointed. It may be noted that with regard to a majority of these men the President was misled and deceived by politicians of his party, and that the office-holders most notoriously unworthy have been supported by spoilsmen and the enemies of the merit system. Some of these officers, and others whose records were good, have attempted to exhibit their contempt for the President's civil service policy or to evade the civil service law, and in most cases have promptly been restrained. General Black, Mr Switzler, Mr Eugene Higgins, and Mr Chenoweth are among those who have learned that a watchful eye is upon them. Men whose admission to the service was gained by deception have in most cases been allowed to remain, but have been placed under surveillance. That the President has been shamefully treated by men who ought to deserve his confidence was shown by the indignation expressed in his famous letter to the Democrat who admitted that he had asked that a man "not qualified morally or professionally" should be made judge of a Federal court. "This is not the first time," he wrote, "I have been deceived and misled by lying and treacherous representations." There are indications that in some cases a cabinet officer may have allowed his regard for old friends and alliances to obscure the public interest. Unbiassed critics must admit that it has been the President's desire and intention in making appointments to faithfully serve the people. The very exceptions noted prove the rule. It is plain that he has diligently and conscientiously tried to do his whole duty in that respect. There are men in office whom he would not have chosen if he had known the record of their lives, and he may have decided that they should not be removed on the ground that their dismissal would, by causing his own influence and power to be weakened, work more injury to the cause of good government than their retention in places where they can do no harm.

While the members of the cabinet and their chief, in consultation around the cabinet table in the White House, may act in concert, so to speak, upon many questions, each department has almost countless questions of its own to be settled by its head. Owing to the nature of his duties, the Secretary of State is in intimate communication with the President. The department is something more than a bureau of international correspondence. In the first months of the new administration's term the commercial treaties with Spain and San Domingo negotiated by the late Secretary Frelinghuysen were withdrawn, and the elaborate plan of which they were a part was rejected. The President and his Secretary also withdrew the Nicaragua Canal treaty on account of its embarrassing provisions, and decided to favor the absolute neutrality of all interoceanic transportation enterprises. The record of the State Department's work includes also the disapproval of the action taken by our representatives in the Congo Conference, the rescue of Santos in Ecuador and Van Bokkelen in Hayti, by an effective defence of their rights as American citizens, and a consideration of the questions raised by the attacks on the Chinese and the revolution on the Isthmus. Some of these matters required the attention of other members of the cabinet, for the Attorney-General must furnish the law, and it was the Navy Department that preserved order on the line of the Panama Railroad.

Not the least of the fruits of diplomacy was the negotiation of a new convention with Venezuela for the final settlement of claims whose history has furnished a foundation for scandal. The Attorney-General has found time to recommend a radical change in the manner of paying the district attorneys and marshals, who, with other executive officers attached to the Federal courts, are subordinates of the Department of Justice, and to propose a plan for relieving the overburdened Supreme Court. But his opinions, prepared for the information and guidance of his associates, have attracted more attention than the transactions of his department. The most important of these opinions was that relating to the *Dolphin* and the contract under which she was built. The Secretary of War has won the dislike of some influential persons in Washington society, and the commendation of all who were weary of favoritism in the army, by sending to their regiments officers who had been away from them for four years. The Indians have kept one little army busy since the early days of spring, and even now the Apaches who went on the war-path in May are defying their pursuers. The prompt settlement of the dispute in the Indian Territory was due, doubtless, to the President's selection of General Sheridan himself to make the inquiry. His report, the Attorney-General's opinion, and the President's proclamation mark the overthrow of the Indian lease system and the defeat of the trespassing cattle barons, and point to one of the most prominent acts of the administration.

The President has issued several proclamations to insure the observance of Indian treaties, or in behalf of the honest settler as against those who have stolen public land. In one of these, published about forty days after his inauguration, he closed the Crow Creek Reservation, which his predecessor had opened, and declared President Arthur's order null and void. He had already undertaken to restrain the issue of land patents to the Backbone Railroad in Louisiana, ordered by his predecessor to be delivered. All these acts were in the wide domain of the Interior Department, where there was great need of reform. Disputes with the Indians, due to bad administration of Indian affairs in the past, or to the encroachments of whites upon their lands, have been fairly adjusted with a firm and skilful hand. The Indian has been protected, and his rights have been preserved. The department proposes to secure more complete reports from the subsidized railroads. The character of the judges appointed by the President in Utah and Idaho, and his public utterances, have convinced the Mormons that they can expect no favors from him or his assistants. In the Land-office the new Commissioner has undertaken to prevent the fraudulent acquisition of public lands, and to reclaim stolen lands from those who hold them: the abuse of scoundrels is his reward. The new Commissioner of Agriculture discovered that under his predecessor the bureau's money had been squandered upon worthless seeds. The First Comptroller, whose decisions—notably that by which many of the expenditures of the *Alabama* Claims Court were disallowed—have attracted much attention, has undertaken to recover a part of the money from ex-Commissioner Loring.

The President's Secretary of the Treasury has found no time for idleness. Many of the most important of the President's appointments have been made in this department. The discovery of numerous successful attempts to evade the tariff laws by undervaluation and in other ways has led to a careful inquiry relating to the collection of duties, and the experience of ten months has caused the Secretary to expose the evils of existing tariff laws in vigorous language. The President's strong opposition to the continued coinage of silver is a prominent feature of his policy, and the Secretary's report contains ample evidence that this subject has been exhaustively considered in the department.

The new Secretary of the Navy came into a department that had suffered greatly in reputation by reason of charges affecting his predecessors, and of the apparent wasting of many millions of money by some of them. At the very beginning of his term he was called upon to accept for the government the new dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, the van-guard of our new navy, then recently completed by Mr Roach. His refusal to take her, the additional trials, the Attorney-General's opinion, the assignment of the builder, and the transfer of the three cruisers to the government for completion, are steps in the history of the case with which all are familiar. The department is now engaged in preparing plans for additional vessels. The Secretary has found time to study the faulty organization of the department, and to elaborate a plan for remodelling it.

The officers of the Post-office Department have been engaged in routine work for the most part, but the chief and his First Assistant, whose duty it is to attend to all business relating to appointments for the 50,000 offices below the rank of "Presidential," have found very little leisure. The First Assistant has filled several thousand offices, but if he should find places for a thousand Democrats every day, he would not more than satisfy the applicants. For refusing to distribute the sum of $400,000 appropriated for subsidizing American steam-ships under the cover of additional mail pay, the Postmaster-General has been attacked by the steam-ship owners, and the controversy about this matter has been the most prominent feature of the department's history for ten months. The course taken by Mr. Vilas was fully approved by the President, who supported it in a clear statement of the case that appeared in his Message. The President and the members of his official family seem to live in harmony, and to work with the same general purpose—to give the country a good government.

## DANIEL S. LAMONT.

An account of "the administration" would be very incomplete without notice of the President's Private Secretary, of whom most persons who call at the White House on business see much more than they do of the President himself. Daniel Scott Lamont, the Private Secretary to President Cleveland, was born at Cortlandville, Cortland County, New York, February 9, 1851. Daniel Lamont and Andrew Scott, his paternal and maternal grandfathers, came from Scotland. From the public schools he advanced to the McGrawville Academy, and then to Union College. He left college in his third year, without being graduated. Inclination and conviction led him to the Democratic party, and his first Convention experience was as a representative of that party. In 1870, 1871, and 1872 he was a Deputy-Clerk of the Assembly at Albany, and visitors to the head-quarters of the State Committee, at the Everett House, in 1875, can recall the slight, quiet, self-possessed, and invariably courteous young man who knew everybody and everything, and who had mastered the difficulty of meeting and answering the most tedious bores without sending them away angry, so much wiser for the information he courteously but briefly imparted to them. When, in 1876, Mr. John Bigelow assumed the office of Secretary of State, Mr Lamont was appointed Chief Clerk of the State Department. The business of the office was conducted by him in the orderly and thorough manner that has characterized all of his work as a public man, and he left a far better system of managing its affairs than he found on entering the office. On January 1, 1878, he entered the field of journalism as the reporter of the Albany *Argus* in the Assembly. Later on he became a stockholder in the *Argus* corporation, and for a time was managing editor of the paper, in which capacity he served as a member of the Executive Committee of the New York Associated Press. Becoming clerk of the Democratic State Committee in 1875, his intimate knowledge of the politicians and political aims of the party in the State, together with a remarkable capacity for dispatching business without fuss, confusion, or fatigue, led to his employment in that capacity for all except two years from the time of his first association with the Committee up to the time of Mr Cleveland's election as Governor in 1882. He had never met Mr Cleveland up to the time when, in the winter of 1882, he was requested to visit the Governor-elect at Buffalo. In the Governor-elect's lodgings, "over a hardware store," an intimacy began which has since ripened into a friendship as firm as that which existed between Damon and Pythias.

When the ex-Sheriff and ex-Mayor went to Albany to be inaugurated, he made Mr Lamont his Military Secretary, and afterward his Private Secretary, and he has since been familiarly known by the honorary designation of "Colonel." As Private Secretary in the Governor's office he was the almost inseparable companion of the Governor, who repeatedly acknowledged the valuable services of his willingly industrious and faithful assistant. The duties of the Private Secretary demand more than mere punctuality and readiness, however; and Governor Cleveland came to the conclusion, before his term of office at Albany had expired, and when he was preparing to occupy a higher office, that the young man who had been so efficient as his Private Secretary in helping him to unravel the mysteries of legislative acts and the concealed purposes of ambitious and greedy legislators must be retained to discharge the confidential duties of Private Secretary to the President. Mr Cleveland was so positive upon this point that he declared on one occasion, when it was intimated that Mr Lamont would not be able to accompany him to Washington, "Well, Dan, if you don't go, I won't go, and that's all there is about it." "Dan" came. He established a new order of things in the Executive offices at the White House. Superfluous clerks were dropped, and those retained were required to perform their duties. The Private Secretary and the President have been examples of industry to every subordinate. Mr Lamont joins the President when the thousands of government clerks are hurrying to their desks at nine in the morning. He is with him for an hour, disposing of the morning mail. The rest of the day is given up mainly to the reception of business visitors, who can communicate their affairs through Mr Lamont, or secure, by his powerful intervention, the favor of a special interview with the President himself. Late in the afternoon they ride out together. Their relations are to-day precisely what they were when the two were poring over the work at the desk of the Executive office at Albany. They have not yet quite accustomed themselves to political changes and promotions, for among intimate friends the President is as likely to speak of his Private Secretary as "Dan," and the Secretary to refer to "the Governor," as either is to speak more formally and accurately. The Secretary's work is not done at night, for he spends the hours until twelve, or even until one or two in the morning, at the desk of the President, assisting him in clearing up a vast amount of business which can not be disposed of during the hours given up to the never-ending throng of callers.

## AN ELDERLY EPISODE.

By MRS. W. J. HAYS.

There certainly is an advantage in being old—not so old as to be infirm, but just past the exaltations and aspirations of youth; to be conscious that much which is striven for is not worth the striving, and that the comforts of life are really of more value than the honors. These reflections are due to a very close glance at my mirror; there was something annoying me eye, a speck of dust, and in dislodging it the lines and furrows which Time had made struck me more forcibly than usual. No one could be more comfortably situated than I: abundant means, a well-ordered home, an occupation that never overtaxes me, choice friends, leisure, refined tastes, and the ability to gratify them. Could any reasonable being ask more? And yet there are times when I am dissatisfied. I can hardly define to myself the meaning of the vague unrest which seizes me. I have tried to suppose it due to dyspepsia, but my health is perfect. I am too wise to complain. My friends would simply amuse themselves at my expense; therefore I say nothing, and take up a new study which absorbs me for a time, and drives off the gloom which I do not wish to be apparent. Perhaps a little review of my quiet life may offer some clew to the difficulty.

When a boy I was not particularly fortunate. My parents died in early life, and left me to the care of three spinster aunts. They were very peculiar, and while I acknowledged their kindness, they did not win my affection. I left them gladly, and went to a neighboring city to earn my living as soon as I had an opportunity. This was hard work, for I had not been well prepared for the sharp, keen struggle which calls for so much resolution, energy, and self-reliance. I was timid and cautious where I should have been bold and adventurous. Socially I was very well launched, for my aunts had good connections; but it took some time for the awkward rustic I was to gain polish and ease of manner. But I was not lacking in ambition, and after a while my efforts were rewarded. With the superficial advancement which was really so important, giving as it did self-assurance on my own part and confidence from others, came also progress in my business relations. From office-boy to clerk, from clerk to junior partner, were the successive steps of my promotion.

Meanwhile I lived in a boarding-house. In the summer I usually paid my aunts a visit, finding them each year more faded, more hopeless, more discontented. Their interests were so narrow, their minds so warped, and their exclusion from the healthful vitalities we all need so complete, that they were withering sadly and surely, and I could not help them. But I tried to. I wrote to them, I sent them books and papers, only to find, on my annual visit, the leaves uncut, and to receive for my letters the stiffest, most formal of replies when any answer was vouchsafed.

In the house where I was living there was the usual proportion of ancient females with little to do and plenty of time, if not money, to spend; but they were not like my aunts: they were keenly alive to the demands of fashion; they read the newspapers eagerly; they discussed the sensational preachers and the last ball. I often found myself much amused by their remarks. One of them—a Mrs Jourdan—was a bright-eyed little widow with a handsome daughter, of whom she was very proud and very careful. I did not wonder at her maternal interest: Miss Jourdan was worthy of it. She had beauty and talent, but she had also what is more rare, a strong will. I had occasion to test it once or twice.

I do not suppose that people see the best sides of each other's characters in boarding-houses. There is no allowed self-abnegation in the life. Each is on the lookout for what is best for himself, and there is really no regard for the general interest on the part of any one. I can honestly

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WILLIAM F. VILAS, POSTMASTER-GENERAL. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
THOMAS F. BAYARD, SECRETARY OF STATE. THE PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEO

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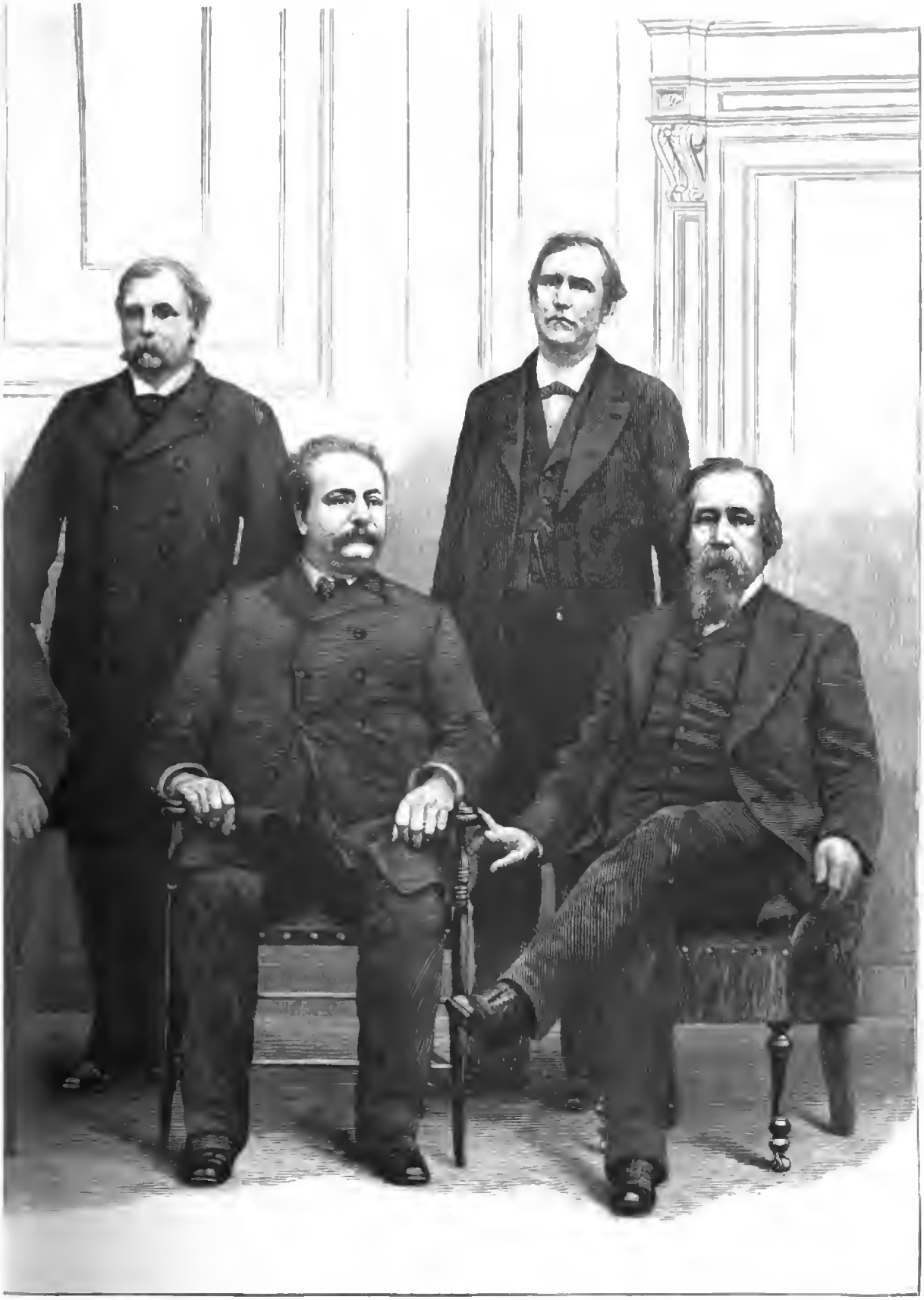

WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, Secretary of War. A. H. GARLAND, Attorney-General.
DANIEL MANNING, Secretary of the Treasury. L. Q. C. LAMAR, Secretary of the Interior.

ICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE ARTICLE, "THE ADMINISTRATION'S WORK," ON PAGE 58.]

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say that I strove to overcome this tendency. With no one for whom I especially cared, I grew to look for pleasing qualities in those about me. I learned their little likes and dislikes, and adapted myself to them as far as was compatible with my self-respect.

Perhaps it was this that induced people to confide in me. Certainly I became the listener to more than one life history, and was frequently consulted on matters of no moment to myself. Mrs. Jourdan had soon told me that she was the widow of a distinguished man—a naturalist—and that she was educating her daughter with a view to making her musical talent available in a pecuniary way. This, of course, increased my respect for both mother and daughter, but the latter seemed to regard her mother's confidence as a mistake. After a while I discovered that her pride was hurt by it, and that the choice of her vocation was not voluntary.

"Do you think," she said one day, in a most unwontedly frank burst of feeling, "that I would willingly choose to be what is called independent, but what is really slavery—slavish concession to the whims and caprices of employers? No, indeed; no such independence for me, thank you!"

"May I ask, then," I answered, "how you would prefer to achieve success in life?"

She blushed, and shrank mimosa-like back into her usual reserve.

"I have no very ardent desire for success," she replied, indifferently, and sat down to the piano, where I was glad to watch her lithe fingers and listen to her fine interpretation of Chopin. She was very fair to look upon. Her eyes were blue, her color rich, her figure pliant and graceful. She played with a firmness of touch which was almost masculine, but with a delicacy of expression equally feminine. I knew she liked my way of listening to her music, for I never spoke, and seldom asked for anything more than she chose to give, and the music became a bond between us. Of course the Jourdans had their own parlor, but there was a tacit understanding that I could enter whenever Miss Grace was at the piano, and I was in the habit of placing a few fresh flowers on the music stand nearly every day. Mrs. Jourdan with her fancy-work was a fixture. It is not necessary to relate the small particulars of the growth of my attachment for Grace Jourdan.

My love for her became intense. I can not analyze it. I don't believe half the people in the world know why they prefer one to another. She was all in all to me, but I watched vainly to discover her valuation of myself. It was here that her strong will was on guard. She had not meant that I should ever know, nor would I have known just how I stood in her regard but for an accident. She was not of the gushing, confiding order, but I flattered myself that she liked to talk to me, and that she said things to me she would not have said to others, but with no *empressement*, no coquetry, not even with the rise and fall of color I would have liked.

Mrs. Jourdan's health was not good; she had a hacking cough, which distressed her daughter, whose contempt for physicians was openly expressed. "They all say the same things and advise the same impossibilities. Europe is their last suggestion—as if we had the purse of Fortunatus!" After a while she said, in a low voice, which the music helped to make a whisper, "I am going to consult a clairvoyant."

"Oh no!" was my surprised response.

"Yes, I am. It may be foolish, absurd, unreasonable, but I shall do it."

I remonstrated, argued, advised, to no purpose; and then, seeing I could not influence her, begged that if she did go, I might accompany her. To this she gave but doubtful assent. She was not afraid; what harm could possibly come to her? I made no reply, but quietly insisted upon the privilege of going as a personal favor. It is needless to say that my contempt for clairvoyants was extreme.

It was a chilly afternoon in the autumn when, muffled in a blue veil, Miss Jourdan ascended the steps of a dingy little suburban house, where lived the famous Mrs. Gill, known for her remarkable cures and wonderful detective ability. I had chaffed my companion all the way, she responding nonchalantly, and as if my opinion were of little weight; but as we neared the shabby abode of the seer, she had suddenly turned upon me an earnest look and exacted a promise of secrecy not only as to our errand, but also as to any information about ourselves in the presence of the clairvoyant. I had acceded, suggesting that if names were called for, we might give imaginary ones, such as Mr. and Miss Thompson; but this she scorned as a subterfuge beneath her.

Our ring at a bell, which vibrated feebly, was responded to by a smart young girl with frizzle locks partly in curl-papers, who said her "ma was in and would be happy to see us." Switching a broom out of our way, she led us through a narrow entry to the parlor—a stuffy room furnished in black hair-cloth, with wax flowers under huge glass covers on the ends of the mantel-piece, and a monumental stove as the central ornament of the room, which was further adorned with cheap prints and daguerreotypes. A few vials and an electric battery were the only professional indications, unless a group of stuffed birds, with cards stuck in their bills bearing Mrs. Gill's name, address, and occupation could be so considered. Before we had time to investigate farther, a small, lean, wiry, sallow-faced woman entered, and bent a piercing gaze from two beady black eyes upon us. Accompanying her was a tall, solemn-looking creature in cap and spectacles, who was to make the "passes," as Mrs. Gill soon informed us.

"You'd hardly believe it to look at her, but she's chock-full of electricity," said Mrs. Gill, eying with admiration her companion, who only coughed apologetically, and said,

"Come, come, Sarah, I only play second fiddle, you know. You're the wonder of the age, the really most remarkably endowed medium it has ever been my experience to meet. Is this your first visit, Miss—Mr.— Ahem! I don't think I heard the name. A newly married couple, perhaps?"

"Now, Jane," said Mrs. Gill, playfully, "that's my part of the programme. This lady and gentleman don't wish their names to be known, and it is not at all necessary they should. I know very well what is to be done; so you just get me asleep as soon as possible, and let me proceed to business. I'm ready." So saying, the little woman sank back in a cushioned chair, and after another piercing, searching glance at both of us, shut her eyes and became as motionless as marble.

The tall woman in spectacles now made many steady, swift, downward strokes in the air near her companion's face, and in a few moments Mrs. Gill was apparently in a sound slumber, differing only from a natural sleep in its greater tension of the muscles; the eyelids did not quiver, the breathing was soft and measured, but there seemed no relaxation. The tall woman now ceased making the "passes," and bade Miss Jourdan take the sleeping woman's hand and ask whatever she wished of her.

My friend approached as she was told to do, and no sooner had she taken Mrs. Gill's little brown fingers in her own snowy palm than the sleeping woman quivered as if with cold, and began to talk in a low, measured, far-off sort of way, as if she were striving to penetrate something hidden and indistinct.

"It is not necessary for you to ask me anything, my dear. I can see it all after a while. It is coming, clearer and clearer. You are distressed in more ways than one—the health of one, your promise to another. Yes, there are two—three. The last is here with you. He is sure enough, safe enough. You needn't worry about him. The other one is vexed, jealous, impatient. He has written that letter which you are tearing into bits. Be still; don't tremble so. I know that is not the worst. Even as you destroyed that paper, *her* cough made you turn pale. You were standing by the piano. She said something which made you weep bitterly. She put her hand to her side; the pain was severe. She is suffering now. I feel it here," and the clairvoyant placed her other hand upon her chest. "Will she recover? Ah, how do I know? Already the flame flickers in the wind. A little gust would soon blow it out; yes, a mere breath. What shall you do for her? Take her away to where the orange blossoms, where summer reigns. *He* will do it for you—not this one, the other's gold can buy health. You shudder again. He loves you as well as he can. No one can do more than that; but he is not like this one; he will not wait, and wait, and wait. Ah! what is this? It is blood, warm, red—a stream of it." And with a gasp and a shudder the woman awoke.

Miss Jourdan had not flinched through all this rhapsody; her color had changed, but she had remained standing. She looked at the clairvoyant curiously and carefully. The little woman wakened as a child might do from a bad dream, and began sobbing hysterically, entirely indifferent to our presence. The tall, spectacled woman brought a wine-glass of water, into which she poured some drops of ammonia, and gave it to her. Then she turned to us, saying:

"She woke too suddenly; she was frightened at something. It was not your fault, but you should have asked her to prescribe. This is probably the medicine you want for that sick person—a purely vegetable compound, warranted to cure any cough; only a dollar a bottle. And next time you come, bring a lock of hair; it will be easier for *her*."

"Come," said Miss Jourdan to me. "I have had quite enough of this." And then she drew out her purse, but the little thin, sallow-faced woman almost pushed her away, saying, "It was a failure; I couldn't do any good—nobody can."

Miss Jourdan grew very pale, and the tall woman interposed. "That's her way," she whispered, "when she is frightened. I'll settle it all. Five dollars. Yes, that's right; and take the bottle too, and please call again. Always happy to see you. Good-day—good-day." So saying, she bowed us out of the room.

"Horrible!" was Miss Jourdan's only exclamation as we breathed the frosty air of the darkening day.

"Yes," I answered; "these charlatans know a trick or two. But you must not allow yourself to be disturbed."

"I can not help it," she said, softly; "it was all so true."

I turned instantly and looked at her, but she would not meet my gaze. "Let us hasten," were all the words she uttered, and her agitation was so great I could not urge an explanation. Our walk was hurried, but it was late when we reached home, and my companion trembled violently as we neared the house. Opening the door with my latch-key, she preceded me, going to her own parlor, and thanking me for my escort. But ere the door was closed I heard her scream, and rushing to her, I found her beside the prostrate form of her mother, from whose mouth was issuing a small, thin stream of the vital fluid which the clairvoyant woman had also seen.

Even at that horrid moment my heart grew hot within me, as Grace fell into my arms, with just the one word—my name—on her lips. I saw that her mother was not dead, and that she had fainted. Calling assistance quickly, I soon had a physician. Mrs. Jourdan's hemorrhage was alarming, but not necessarily fatal. Grace soon rallied, and a nurse was procured, and then came my trial. Day after day went by without my seeing her. Mrs. Jourdan was very weak, could see no one, not even when able to sit up. Miss Grace would not leave her mother for a moment. Should I write? Would she tell me what she meant by those words, "It was all so true"? What was true? I would not allow myself to believe anything. She had been frightened by that wretched charlatan. I would demand an interview; she should explain what I wished to know, and I would tell her how truly, how entirely, I loved her.

It was just a fortnight from the day we visited the famous Mrs. Gill. I came home late, longing for a sight of Grace, for the sound of her lovely music. After I had bathed and dressed I went to Mrs. Jourdan's parlor, knocking gently at the half-opened door. No one answered, and I stepped in. The room had a disarranged appearance; the piano was closed—locked. A few faded flowers—ones I had sent—were in the vases; there were books and papers scattered about. Some one entered; it was the landlady, who, seeing my discomfiture, vouchsafed an explanation.

"Yes, I thought you would be surprised; we all were. You see, Mrs. Jourdan was too weak to bear excitement, so it was all done as quietly as possible. Their friend came this morning, and he and Miss Grace were married at once. Just here they stood, with one or two of us as witnesses, and Mrs. Jourdan not able to stand, and no cake, nor wine, nor flowers. The trunks were all packed last night, and I let them have my best girl for their maid. It was over so quickly you wouldn't have had time to congratulate 'em, for in a jiffy they were in the coach and off, trunks and maid and all, and a nice lunch I had ready for them all wasted, and I don't know which was the whitest, Miss Grace or Mrs. Jourdan. They've gone to Florida, but I wouldn't wonder if Mrs. Jourdan never reached it. Mr.—Mr. Armstrong is said to be very rich, and a fine man; a Californian, I guess. But here; I have forgotten all about this note Miss Grace left. She said you were always so kind, and she thanked you so much. Why! where can that note be? Oh, here it is, under this book!"

I seized the small epistle and went to my own apartment, where I tore it open.

"Forget and forgive" and "G. J." was all that slip contained.

A few days after Mrs. Jourdan's death was in the newspapers. My aunts' soon followed, one after another within a few weeks. To my surprise, they left me a handsome fortune, hoarded in old nooks and corners, in stockings and cracked tea-pots. No one suspected that they had even enough for their own wants.

Of all my studies none has so baffled me as mesmerism. In vain have I striven to solve its enigma. That it is an unknown and uncertain power of the mind I am willing to grant, but that science can make it available for any useful purpose I do not believe. I am more than ever convinced that it acts injuriously both upon those who are in possession of its force, and the ones who allow themselves to be guided by its assertions—in fact, I have learned to regard it as a disease, and to confirm myself in this opinion I stopped recently at the little house made memorable by Mrs. Gill's revelations, and asked for some information of her. I was ushered into the same stuffy room which twenty years had only made dingier and darker, but which was now a flourishing paper-flower factory, kept by a trim and bright-eyed little French woman, who answered my questions politely. She had heard of the famous Mrs. Gill—oh, yes, she had bought her house of Mrs. Gill's daughter and a very tall woman, who succeeded Mrs. Gill in the medicine business. There was her card—"Mrs. Juniper Jones, M.D., Clairvoyant, etc., etc."—but Mrs. Gill was dead—oh, these many years! Perhaps I had better see Mrs. Jones. All this was rattled volubly out as she sorted artificial roses and forget-me-nots with her quick deft fingers. I wandered on in an idle mood toward the street and number on the card given me, thinking how my friend Dr. Morse would laugh when I reported this freak of mine. Mrs. Juniper Jones, M.D., was evidently doing a flourishing business. Her house had an imposing sign, and there was a carriage before the door—something between a coupé and a travelling van—such as venders of mineral waters use. I was ushered into a large room made dark by heavy curtains. There was an odor of drugs that sickened me. A number of pale-faced people were waiting their turn to be prescribed for. As soon as the tall, spectacled, and portly Mrs. Jones entered, I rose and made known my errand, suggesting that I would not trespass on her or her patients' time.

She scanned me with a scrutinizing glance, and replied that there was to be a *séance* in a little while—most remarkable manifestations; wonderful power of penetration into futurity, communications from the spirit world, etc. Would I not wait? I could hardly conceal my disgust, and only acquiesced because she assured me that she could tell me nothing unless I remained.

It is needless to say that the affair was the most arrant fraud and humbug, most palpably absurd and revolting. When it was all over, Mrs. Jones described to me the manner of Mrs. Gill's death in tremulous and affected accents of woe. From the account I gathered the information I expected. The poor little woman suffered horribly with nervous disorders, and said that all the money in the world would not tempt her to live her life over again. She had maintained a worthless, idle husband and scapegrace children by her clairvoyant efforts, and was glad when death released her. This was not told in plain English, but is nevertheless the gist of what was said with much circumlocution.

How Morse laughed at me when I told him this! How he jeered at my theories, and scorned to have any argument at all about "such confounded nonsense as mesmerism"! Then he roundly rated me for giving any money to charlatans and quacks when there was so much suffering in the world which a little help would relieve.

"Only to-day," said he, "I came across a poor widow who supports herself by giving music lessons. She had fallen on the ice and broken her arm. It will be weeks before she is well, and months before she can really use the limb, and her young daughter must leave school, where she is teaching, to take care of her. They have nothing to maintain them meanwhile."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Armstrong. She was a Miss Jourdan, of New Jersey. Her father was a distinguished naturalist. But she seems to have no friends in the city. She has lived a long while in California."

Morse, with all his quickness, did not detect the effect of his words upon me, for I turned toward the window and said, "It's snowing again. Where does Mrs. Armstrong live?"

"So I have aroused your interest. Good! Well, here's the address. But don't do anything rash, old boy. I know your philanthropic bent, but it's delicate work to offer charity when it is not asked."

"I used to know people of that name."

"Oh, if they are friends, all right; go ahead. Curious coincidence, though. Well, I must be off. Good-by."

How glad I was to be rid of him, and ponder over this news, and plan some way of finding out if this impoverished widow was really Grace Jourdan! It was not an easy matter, and to assist my cogitations I put on my coat and went for a walk. Naturally my steps took the direction Morse had given me.

The twilight was rapidly advancing, and the snow was whirling in drifts, but I was not cold. It is wonderful how quickly the past can become the present. It seemed to me that my steps had all the elasticity of youth, and that I was hastening home to the dreary old boarding-house to hear Chopin played by that one whose touch was able also to thrill my heart-strings. A dusty old lute that same heart of mine had become in those long, long years, but how it throbbed as I stood before a small bay window where the curtains had not been drawn, and where the fire-light within enabled me to see two figures in strong relief! One was wrapped in a shawl, and reclining in a high-backed rocking-chair; the other was crouched beside the flickering fire, striving to make it burn. How pure and delicate the profile of that young face, made rosy by the fire-light! But it was unknown to me, and I turned eagerly to see what I could discover in the other. Could it be possible that this weary, worn, and elderly woman was the lost love of my youth? Alas! alas! I looked for some little trick of gesture, some trifling turn known only to myself, and looked in vain. And yet beneath the mask of sorrow gleamed the eyes which had dazzled me, the lips I had never kissed. It was Grace Jourdan's mouth.

Sorrowfully I turned away and went home. How luxurious and comfortable every appointment there! What a contrast to the mean little abode I had just seen! My fire-light glittered on silk and plush and velvet, on brass and bronze, marble and gold; theirs, on the bare make-shifts of poverty. I sat before the coals till long after my servants had locked the house, and the clock had chimed the small hours, and in those hours I conceived a plan, for the accomplishment of which I promised myself Dr. Morse's aid.

I have just returned from Canada. I am staying a few days with Dr. Morse. How much good change of air and scene can do! I am amused at the idea of ever having felt old. I could lift a fifty-pound dumb-bell as if it were a feather. I have just come from over the way—the house I used to live in. It is too small for me now. I am going to build a new one. I saw the architects to-day. What a charming duet Mrs. Armstrong and her daughter played for me while I was over the way, and how gracefully the mother thanked me for my kindness! Kindness indeed! It was kind in them to accept such a gift from a useless, idle old fellow. No, I take back the last adjective. I am not old; I am just twenty-one, and to-morrow will be my wedding day! Whom do I marry? Why, lovely little Grace Armstrong, to be sure, the daughter of my old friend, the sweetest, dearest, prettiest damsel who ever made a man wish he could live a thousand years to make her happy.

## THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO'S NEW LINE.

The picture published in this issue of work in a railroad cut illustrates a section of the new and important line that is now being pushed toward this city by the energetic and progressive Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. For a great many years the Philadelphia and Wilmington road has enjoyed a very profitable monopoly of the railway travel between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the construction of this new line of the Baltimore and Ohio is rightly regarded as a matter of much public interest. The right of way through the city of Philadelphia was secured, not without great difficulty.

The new line crosses the Schuylkill River 1800 feet below Gray's Ferry bridge, passing directly through the old Hamilton mansion grounds, where Thomas Jefferson resided when Secretary of State. Here is the beginning of a long cut, the greatest depth of which is thirty feet. The scene depicted is at Gray's Ferry, looking north, showing the tunnelling under Gray's Ferry road. In the extreme background is West Philadelphia.

After passing under Gray's Ferry road, the line of the new railway passes through the lower portion of the Arsenal and Naval Asylum grounds. Running under the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, it keeps close along the river, cutting through the grounds of the Ninth Ward and Callowhill Street gas-works. A tunnel begins at the south side of Callowhill Street, and is extended under Twenty-fifth Street to the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue.

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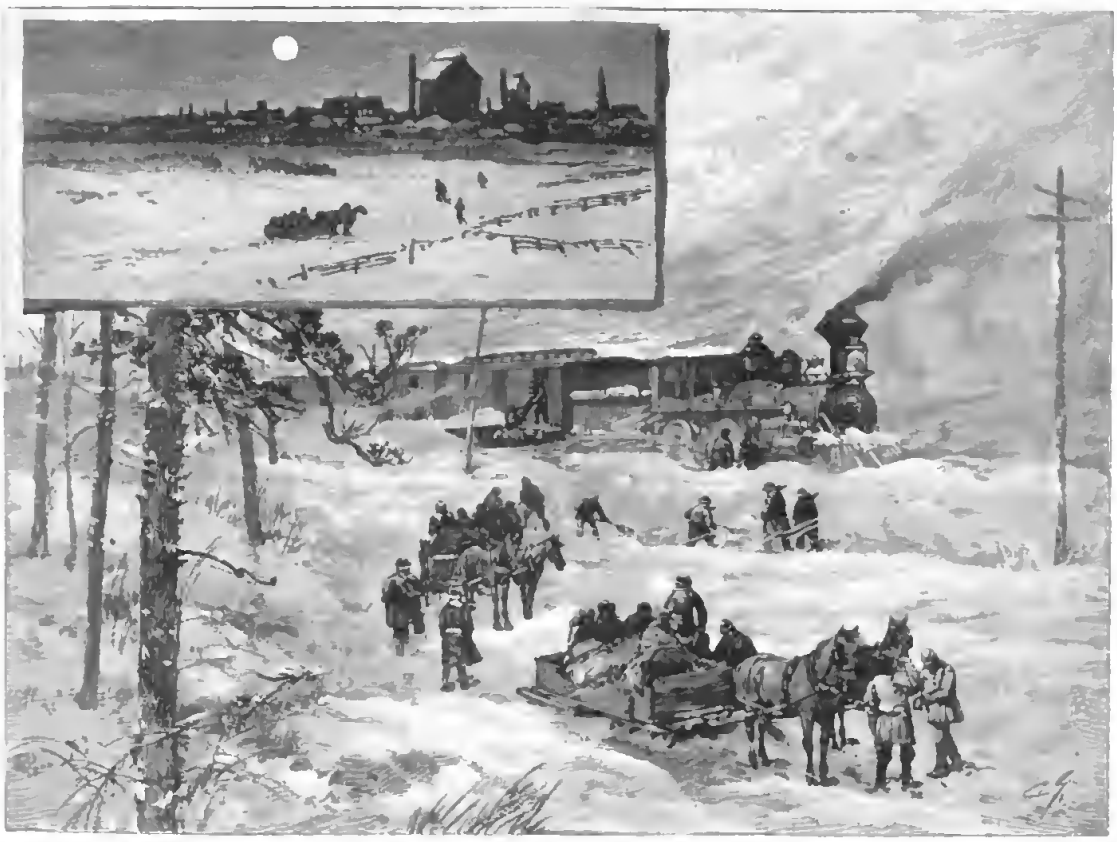
EXCAVATING FOR THE NEW LINE OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO.—DRAWN BY F. H. LUMMIS.—[SEE PAGE 59.]



TRANSFERRING PASSENGERS FROM A SNOW-BOUND TRAIN.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

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THE END OF A WINTER PASSAGE.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

## ICE-COVERED STEAMERS.

The view of an ice-enveloped ocean steamer nearing her wharf in this city, which is given in this issue, is by no means an uncommon one at this season of the year, neither is there any exaggeration in the picture. Several great steamships have come up through the floating ice in the bay and harbor within the past ten days so completely incrusted with frozen sea-water that the wonder has been how they could ever be thawed out again. One of the largest of the transatlantic steamers came into port shortly after sunrise one morning last week glistening from stem to stern like a ship of glass. The pilot of a ferry-boat which crossed the bow of this apparition described the ship's appearance by saying, "It looked for all the world as if a sliver had been split off from one of them 'ere Newfoundland icebergs, and was being brought into port under jury-mast and short rigging."

Save under bright sunlight, the appearance of these ice-covered steam-ships is not, however, altogether beautiful. The ice which is formed by the salt spray of the ocean usually has a yellowish and dingy appearance, and being more of the nature of slush than ice, catches and retains the soot from the steamer's smoke-stacks, giving the ship the aspect of a dirty and begrimed ocean tramp.

The hardships encountered by the sailors during such intensely cold weather as that of the past fortnight, when every spray of water thrown on board turns almost instantly into ice, can not well be overestimated. Staggering over decks which are as slippery as glass in spots, and covered with slush where they are not slippery, or clambering up ice-covered rigging, with the thermometer below zero and a gale of wind blowing abeam, can naturally have but scant fascination for the hardiest mariner. The genial tourist returning from a year spent under Italian skies or amid the pleasures of European capitals is conscious, as with difficulty he balances himself and his coffee-cup in the warm saloon below-deck, that there is unusual activity overhead, and from time to time, as he pops out on deck for a draught of the bracing winter wind, he realizes in a mild degree that the steamer is having a most uncomfortable sort of a voyage. The nose of the mate shines like a binnacle above his frosted beard, and the benumbed seamen appear to be moving around on skates. Yellowish ice covers everything. The ropes and chains seem hopelessly frozen in, and the icy canvas crackles like so many sheets of tin. It is not, however, until the steamer reaches its dock in New York, and, well muffled up, he descends the gangway and turns for a final look at the gallant ship that has borne him across the Atlantic, that he quite realizes what they have all been through. The trim steam-ship, her shapely black hull shining like the panels of a Lord Mayor's coach, upon which he embarked at Queenstown, has disappeared, and he sees in her place a great ice-covered monster of the sea, which appears badly in need of a scrubbing and general overhauling.

## THE RICHEST MAN IN THE SOUTH.

Colonel Edmund Richardson, the great cotton merchant of New Orleans, and widely known as the richest man in the South, died of apoplexy in Jackson, Mississippi, at midnight on the 11th of January. His annual income was more than one million dollars, and this year he was the largest cotton planter in the world, having not less than 18,000 acres in cotton, which will probably produce 12,000 bales; he also planted a large tract in corn, oats, and millet, and his landed estate consisted of 50,000 acres under cultivation. Colonel Richardson was a native of Caswell County, North Carolina, and the son of a country merchant and planter. At the death of his father, which occurred when the lad was ten years old, he was compelled to assist his mother and her six other children in obtaining a livelihood. While a clerk in a store in Danville, Virginia, his salary was thirty dollars a year, every cent of which he saved, his mother aiding him by spinning and weaving his clothes at home. "I owe my great success," he said in later years, "to early lessons in economy received from my mother, and to the assistance of my partners in business." The war found Colonel Richardson in an extensive business in New Orleans, where his assets were about $900,000, most of which was lost. He owned 400 slaves, and when peace came was so badly off that he said he would gladly give up all he had to be free from debt. Twelve months afterward he had reorganized his business on a sound basis, and paid every dollar he owed. He sold his plantations, and with 300 bales of cotton, which he had managed to save, opened a commission house in New Orleans, forming a co-partnership with Mr. A. H. May, of that city, who has ever since been his business partner. His agents in New York during the latter years of his life have been Messrs. Latham, Alexander & Co.

The firm soon began to extend their operations by leasing the Mississippi Penitentiary and employing its prisoners on the plantations, also by purchasing and enlarging the cotton mill at Wesson, Mississippi. The success of this latter venture was fairly demonstrated by the exhibit sent to the late Exposition in Atlanta, of which Colonel Richardson was a vice-president. He was also the president of the World's Cotton Centennial Exposition in New Orleans.

Colonel Richardson was of commanding personal appearance, being more than six feet in height and stout in proportion. His domestic life was of the most happy character. His wife was Miss Patton of Huntsville, Alabama, a sister of ex-Governor Robert Patton, of that State, and he leaves five children—four sons and a daughter. Southerners often speak of this successful planter and public-spirited citizen as a representative man of the South. Such, in the best sense of the word, Colonel Richardson was, and his friends are proud to remember that his prosperity was proportionate to and depended upon that of his country.

## A SNOWED-IN TRAIN.

Winters in the West are invariably of the "old-fashioned" variety. The new-fangled notion of green Christmases and May days in January in vogue hereabouts has not yet reached the wild West. There is just as much snow in the acre as there was in our grandfathers' days, and a good deal more blocking of travel, because there is considerably more travel now than there was then to block. The picture in this issue of a train halted by the pretty fingers of the snow will doubtless revive the experience of many travellers over the Union Pacific and other Western railroads. The passengers in this case, as we see, are faring very much better than snow-bound railroad travellers usually do. It is surely no great hardship to step from the disabled train into those great comfortable-looking sleighs, and be whisked away over the glistening plain to the town close by. Unfortunately there is not, as many travellers know, a town always close by, nor sleighs in which to escape to shelter. There are records of trains that have been snowed in many miles from any settlement for a period of ten days, and when the question as to how life was to be supported has become a very serious problem indeed. There is always to be found, however, the hero who, taking his life in his hand, starts boldly forth across the snowy waste in search of relief for his fellow-travellers, and always finds it. While the history of winter railroad travel in this country may not include any case of snow-bound passengers having been starved to death, there is a record of a train-load of men, women, and children having subsisted for nearly three days on oyster crackers, two barrels of which had providentially been shipped as express matter on the disabled train. This episode occurred near the summit of the Rocky Mountains in the month of March, and there was not a settlement nor so much as a hut within fifteen miles of the point at which the engine gave up its desperate struggle with the snow.

Year by year the danger of snow blockades on the lines of the transcontinental railroads is becoming less through the intelligent building of snow sheds. Experience has shown that the heaviest drifts occur year after year at the same spots, and strong sheds have been erected in such places. On one division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad there is a succession of snow sheds, several of which are more than a mile in length. Wherever in crossing the mountains the road is forced through narrow gulleys or gorges there will be found the massive wooden sheds, but along the precipitous sides of the mountain snow sheds are seldom built, it being a comparatively easy matter to tumble the snow from the track into the ravines below.

## TOBOGGANING NEAR NEW YORK.

The intensely cold weather of the last two weeks has given a decided impetus to the sport of tobogganing in this vicinity, and the assertion may be safely ventured that were there any guarantee of snow and freezing weather in decent quantities each year, New York would quickly see the formation of a great many toboggan clubs. The sensation of going down a very steep hill at a very high rate of speed, with nothing to speak of under you, is more delightfully exciting than any one who has never tried it can imagine. Unlike some other occupations in which it becomes fashionable to indulge, tobogganing stands squarely upon its own merits. It is "fun" of the most rollicking kind, and just at present it is fashionable fun. One of the best slides outside of Canada has just been opened at Orange, New Jersey, by the Essex County Toboggan Club, of which Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall is the president. Pictures of this slide are published in this number. A wooden trough four feet wide extends from the summit of one of the foot-hills of the Orange Mountains for a distance of 1004 feet into the valley below. Filled with closely packed snow, upon which water had been poured until the surface had become glare ice, this trough or chute presented, on the day of the opening of the club, a race-course that put all toboggans venturing upon it to a tremendously high rate of speed. Wooden sides about a foot in height kept the sledges from flying the track.

There has also been recently opened on the grounds of the Country Club, near Pelham, a double toboggan slide, which is proving very popular. Fashionable parties are made up by the members of the club, and an evening's coasting is followed by a hot supper at the club-house. This slide was built under the direction of Mr. James A. Wadsworth, the president of the Country Club. There are two chutes extending in opposite directions from a central platform reached by a long flight of broad stairs. The length of each slide is about 400 feet. Another slide has been constructed at the village of Little Falls, New Jersey, which is not far distant from this city. As there is in that slide a fall of 22 feet in a distance of 42 feet, the sensation of tobogganing thereabouts must be much like that of falling out of a third-story window. Brooklyn has also been aroused to the merits of the sport, and what is called a toboggan slide has been arranged in Prospect Park. At present this is not a successful slide, but it can be converted into one at no great expense.


MONEY MAKERS

Don't let golden opportunities pass unimproved; there are times in the lives of men when more money can be made rapidly and easily, than otherwise can be earned by years of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who will send you, free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 daily. Some have made over $50 in a single day. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Either sex, all ages.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
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Dr. J. N. Robinson, Medina, O., says: "In cases of indigestion, constipation, and nervous prostration, its results are happy."—[*Adv.*]

A BARGAIN IN CORNER LOTS

Is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. It cures when nothing else will. Possessing, as it does, ten times the virtue of the best cod liver oil, it is not only the cheapest, but far the pleasantest to take. It purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the system, cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, and other humors. By druggists.—[*Adv.*]

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites for Rickets, Marasmus, and all wasting disorders of children, is very remarkable in its results. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful.—[*Adv.*]

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

Like all other really good things, are imitated, and purchasers should be careful to obtain the genuine article prepared by John I. Brown & Sons, and sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

ALLEN DODWORTH,
No. 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.,

Assisted by his son, Frank Dodworth. Classes and private lessons in Dancing. See Circular for terms, etc.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

(No. 429)

## FOR FEBRUARY, 1886.

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With Four Illustrations by E. A. Abbey;

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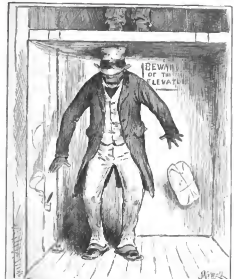


A VERY SUDDEN ATTACK.

"I heard 'bout nicherrine in backer decreasin' de brain pow', but, lan', I didn't know it would act so sudden. Yo' see, I stepped in a sorter doo' way ter light a segar a feller gim'me whar I bide my noose, when all at onct my brain 'gin ter shrunk sore my hat, which was rudder small, come clear down on my shoul'ers, an' I felt monstrous strange. When I come to in de hospital I ketched de scientific name of my 'tack, an' it sounded sumpin like Elebater."

WINTER AT LAST.

Jack Frost. "Now I hope you are satisfied."


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TWENTY-SECOND

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OF

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January 1, 1886.

Cash Capital, $600,000.

| | |
|---|---|
| ASSETS, . . | $8,418,769.21 |
| LIABILITIES, . | 6,319,199.35 |
| SURPLUS, . . | $2,099,569.86 |

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| No. Policies written to date, . . . . . | 44,800 |
| New Life Insurance written in 1885, . | $5,645,950 |
| Gain during Year in Amount in Force, . | $2,477,317 |
| Paid Life Policy-Holders to date, . . | $3,290,147.02 |
| Paid Life Policy-Holders in 1885, . . . | $379,420.79 |

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| No. Policies written to date, . . . . . | 1,186,315 |
| No. written in 1885, . | 108,248 |
| No. Claims paid to date, | 137,331 |
| No. paid in 1885, . . | 17,583 |
| Total Claims paid, | $8,145,128.44 |
| Amt. paid in 1885, . | $885,012.34 |

GAINED IN ASSETS. GAINED IN SURPLUS. GAINED IN NUMBER OF POLICIES ISSUED. GAINED IN LIFE INSURANCE WRITTEN. GAINED IN AMOUNT OF LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE.

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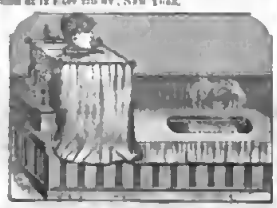

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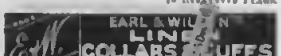


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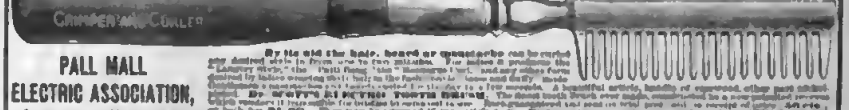


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VOL. XXX.—No. 1519.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1886.

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LAWRENCE BARRETT AS "HAMLET."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1886

## THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THE Senate has been endeavoring to learn the reason of certain suspensions in the civil service, and if it could be supposed that the motive of its action was the welfare of the service, and not a party advantage, its endeavor would have commanded general respect. But the Senate knows that it has no more authority to demand the reasons of the exercise of the executive discretion than the President to require the grounds of an exercise of the legislative discretion. In the Tenure of Office Act, which was passed to restrain ANDREW JOHNSON, the Senate obtained the power, which WEBSTER claimed as its constitutional right, to participate in removals as in appointments. But in 1869 it renounced the power again by agreeing to the following provision:

"During any recess of the Senate the President is authorized in his discretion to suspend any civil officer appointed by and with the consent of the Senate, except judges of the courts of the United States, until the end of the next session of the Senate, and to designate some suitable person, to be removed in his discretion by the designation of another, to perform the duties of such officer in the mean time."

And further:

"If no appointment by and with the advice and consent of the Senate is made to an office so temporarily filled during such next session of the Senate, the office shall remain in abeyance."

And its duties shall be performed by such other officer as would perform them in case of a vacancy.

That is the law, and under the law the Senate has no authority to demand reasons for such executive acts. It may, however, request information, and the President in his discretion may give or withhold it. His action in this respect would depend naturally upon his view of the purpose of the Senate in making the request. If he had reason to believe that the inquiry was made in good faith and with sole regard to the interests of the public service, and not with a view to discredit his official conduct and to promote party interests, he would probably say, as WASHINGTON said when the Senate for the first time rejected one of his nominations, that if it had thought fit to ask the reasons of the nomination he would have given them willingly. But even if the President should doubt the motive of the Senate in making the inquiry, yet if the inquiry were plainly made as an appeal to his courtesy, and not in assertion of a right, and he were conscious of the adequacy of his reasons for the suspension or removal, then in the interests of the service he might very well state the reasons frankly, as President HAYES did in the case of the New York Custom house. This is, in fact, the sole interest of the country in the whole dispute, and the Senate may easily defeat its own purpose by an apparent attempt to encroach upon the legitimate sphere of the Executive. In endeavoring to show the country that the President has violated the principles of action which he has announced, it may succeed in merely showing that it is itself attempting to violate his official rights. If, however, with perfect respect for a coordinate branch of the government which is associated with it in the appointing power, the Senate should ask why a prominent and efficient officer has been suspended, and the President should decline to answer upon the ground of his responsibility, the presumption would be strong that he had no good answer to make. And this for the reason that the fact of answering would not be an acknowledgment of the right to require an answer, while an answer setting forth adequate reasons would strengthen the confidence of the country in the Administration.

The interests of reform do not demand the defence of acts at variance with reform principles merely because they are authorized by a President whom reformers have such good reason to trust. No reformer pretends that there have not been departures from sound principle under this Administration, and the Senate has made itself a party to them by confirming nominations that ought not to have been made. Mr. HEDDEN and Mr BEATTIE have been nominated for Collector and Surveyor of the port of New York, although during their probation, since they were appointed last spring, they have shown that even if they technically obey the law, they have no faith in it, and seek to evade it when practicable. The responsibility for such appointments falls upon the President. Certainly they do not show him to be treacherous, and he may think such appointments, made in deference to party considerations, to be, under all the circumstances, most expedient even for reform. We should differ entirely from such an opinion, but we should neither question the sincerity of his interest and purpose, nor doubt that, with every exception made, he has done very much more practically to advance the reform than any other President, and in his refusal to do any thing which concedes the right of the Senate to demand reasons for the exercise of his constitutional and legal discretion, the good sense of the country will unquestionably sustain him.

## ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

WHILE our national ship of state is rocking idly and becalmed, the situation in Great Britain is serious and even threatening. The condition of Ireland a hundred years ago was lamentable. It lay under the heel of English oppression. The lurid picture is drawn in a few vivid and impressive strokes by GOLDWIN SMITH in his essay upon PITT, and the story is one of the most painful chapters in English history. That situation ended in the union of 1800, but at the end of the century it is evident that the union has not composed Ireland, and the situation to-day is such that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR seems not to be far wrong when he says that England must grant Ireland practical home rule or attempt to conquer the island again. Once more the situation is lamentable. In one county a judge recently signed warrants for two hundred evictions. The tenants are absolutely unable to pay rent. The landlords are therefore without money to pay interest upon their mortgages to London lenders, and the lenders, not unnaturally, demand relief. A vast league, sustained by the Roman Catholic priesthood, denounces the payment of rents, and boycotts those who demand and those who pay. A smaller body organize to succor the boycotted. The leaders of the league demand a local Parliament for the management of Irish affairs upon the ground of the right of the local majority. The minority appeal in terror that such a concession would be to surrender them to the mercies of a remorseless enemy, who would confiscate property and exterminate property owners; and the Duke of Bedford, a life-long Liberal, says that his party relations are strained to the utmost because Mr. GLADSTONE is apparently determined to abandon the loyal Irishmen to the disloyal.

Mr. PARNELL and Mr JUSTIN MCCARTHY both ridicule the apprehension. But while there is no occasion to doubt that with their consent no wrong would be done, yet they are only revolutionary leaders who run before the crowd to avoid being run over by it. Mr. PARNELL has maintained his ascendency by never withstanding or severely reproving any tendency or act of his followers, and there is no reason to suppose that he could seriously restrain them in an Irish Parliament. In any case this apprehension and unwillingness of the Orange Irish to be abandoned to the mercies of the Land League transformed into a Parliament is one of the elements of the situation with which the British government has to deal. From the later accounts there seems to be reason to fear that the dull, unreasoning obstinacy of John Bull, like that of GEORGE the Third during the American Revolution, may doggedly assert itself, and render an adequate solution of the difficulty impossible. Mr GLADSTONE has wisely abstained from declaring positively the course that he would pursue. We say wisely, because it was indispensable that he should apprehend the real drift of opinion in his party before taking a course which might leave him practically unsupported and without the prestige and confidence which are essential to the successful conduct of a settlement. The state of English feeling is very morbid, and it is threatening for Ireland. Mr. PARNELL's responsibility is great, but it is impossible that he should not deplore an appeal to arms.

Such an appeal, however, would look to this country as its practical base of supplies, and not without reason. Mr. PATRICK EGAN, the president of the American-Irish League, in congratulating the Lord Mayor of Dublin upon his inauguration, hopes that the year may see "the reopening of our Parliament on College Green." The vice-president of the Irish National League of Cincinnati says that he shall tremble "if the English refuse to do justice to my country now." There is a large body of nominal American citizens whose political interests centre in Ireland, and to whom American politicians are so subservient that, in case of actual hostilities between England and Ireland, there would be a strong tendency to draw this country into some kind of participation. It is, moreover, a fact that the United States have furnished most of the moral and material base for the agitation in Ireland, which would prevent the good offices of this government from being of any avail in the event of trouble. All this, however, does not affect the central truth that the wrong and the suffering of Ireland are undeniable, and that the alienation of feeling from England is so deep that the true policy would now seem to be to determine the utmost concession which England would be willing to make, and offer it as the sole peaceable settlement. This should be done after the freest consultation with Mr PARNELL and his friends, and something of this kind, we apprehend, will be the course to be ultimately favored by all who do not propose to recur to the policy which has totally failed, but which is foreshadowed by the Queen's Speech, and which must necessarily fail again.

## CONVICT LABOR.

THE question of convict labor is treated by Governors HILL, FORAKER, and ABBETT in their recent Messages, and very carefully and intelligently by the committee of the Prison Association of New York, by Mr BAKER, Superintendent of State Prisons, and Mr BROCKWAY, of the Elmira Reformatory in New York, in admirable reports. The allusions of the Governors are of less importance, because they rely generally upon the opinions of experts. But the reports are the work of the experts themselves. The striking fact is that Governors and experts state the same conclusion, that under existing circumstances the piece price plan is the most expedient. The committee of the Prison Association and Mr. BROCKWAY, who is justly a high authority upon the subject, agree that the State account system is in itself probably the best, but that, upon the whole, the other is to be preferred for reasons stated. The State account system, according to Superintendent BAKER, has failed in New York, and the necessary outlay for the plant, and the immense responsibility devolved upon the warden, put it practically out of the question. The contract system has been condemned in New York and elsewhere, and, as we think, properly, although not for the reasons generally urged. The true objection to the contract system is not its competition with other labor, which is not a legitimate consideration, because if there is to be productive convict labor of any kind, it must necessarily enter into competition with other labor.

The objection to the contract system is admirably treated in the report of the Prison Association. It is inconsistent with those forms of discipline and treatment which are most conducive to the reformation of the prisoner, which is the chief end of a wise penal system. The contract plan treats the convict as a slave, or live chattel of the State, to be used or hired like a horse or an ox for the benefit of the public treasury. It is necessarily incompatible with the fostering of habits of thrift and self-dependence, or developing a sense of the value of labor as the only means of acquiring happiness and success. This is substantially the view taken many years ago in the report of Dr. WINES and Professor T. W. DWIGHT, and which is generally held by those who are interested in penal reform. Superintendent BAKER, however, holds the other view. He says in his report of this year that the reformatory as well as the disciplinary and financial results accomplished under the contract system were satisfactory, and he quotes the opinion of wardens in different parts of the country. Yet Mr. BAKER states fairly the arguments for the other systems, and he says truly that the actual force of prison labor in comparison with free labor is too trivial to require any departure in the prisons from usual ways of business. Mr. BROCKWAY, in a few admirable sentences, says the same thing. "All industries should be as free for the employment of prisoners as they are for citizens to engage in." It is refreshing to observe in Mr BROCKWAY's report how clearly and steadily he sees the true object to be borne in mind, and that a prisoner is not a nuisance to be put out of the way as far as possible, but a man to be put in the way as far as practicable.

The question in this State can be and should be definitely settled. It is mixed up with the poorest kind of demagogic politics, and like other important public issues it is made the ground of wretched partisan appeals. For every reason—moral and social and pecuniary—the convict must labor. The product of his work, like that of all other labor, must enter the common market, and the character and methods of his labor should be such, and so adjusted, as not to serve, before all, the profit of the treasury, but his own benefit. As the committee of the Prison Association say: "The saving to the community in being freed from the depredation of each convict who has been reformed by his prison discipline will vastly exceed the utmost profit the State could have wrung from the labor of that convict while in prison." Mr BAKER makes a strong plea for some positive action upon some plain principle. There are four hundred unemployed prisoners in the State, and

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he has exhausted all his power and resources to put them at work. There is a cheap uproar about convict competition with honest labor. But every honest and intelligent laborer knows that every one of those four hundred idle prisoners is now and will be hereafter a charge upon every working man in the State.

## THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE.

MR. THOMAS C. PLATT, president of the Board of Commissioners of Quarantine, says, in a letter to the *Tribune*:

"HARPER'S WEEKLY is responsible for a statement, which has gone the rounds of the press, that the actual cost of disinfecting by the superheated steam process is sixty cents per ton, yielding a profit of $1 40 per ton. This sum,' they say, 'upon an annual importation of 175,000 tons, would be $770,000.' The utter absurdity of this statement is shown by the figures and facts I have already given. An imagination that can raise 7000 tons to 175,000, and make $770,000 profits on actual payments for disinfecting aggregating only $35,000, requires no further attention at my hands."

This estimate of the quantity of imported rags as 175,000 tons was made by the Health-officer, as stated by the president and vice-president of the American Paper Manufacturers' Association in a communication to the Commissioners of Quarantine last September. Mr. PLATT's allegation that the statement as absurd should be addressed to the Health-officer who made it.

Mr PLATT further states that the BARTLETT process of disinfection, according to Mr. BARTLETT's own statement, costs four dollars and forty cents a ton, without taking into account the large investment in the plant. On the other hand, Messrs. TRAIN, SMITH, & Co., of Boston, state that a member of a New York disinfecting company asserted that they could disinfect rags at a "cost of fifty or sixty cents a ton." Mr. D. SOMERS HOWE also has stated in detail that eighty tons of rags were disinfected at Robbins Reef for $52 50, and two hundred tons at the Baltic Stores for $121 50; that is, respectively, a little over sixty-seven and sixty cents a ton, for which the present charge is five dollars a ton. Moreover, it is not true that the American Public Health Association has asserted that small-pox and cholera are introduced by foreign baled rags. A few members of a conference of State boards of health expressed that opinion. But Dr. BILLINGS, of the army, one of the foremost of living sanitarians, Dr WOLCOTT, of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, and Professor LINDSLEY, of New Haven, stated that no evidence had been offered that disease had been introduced by foreign baled rags, and owing to the weight of their opinion the declaratory resolution was recommitted, in order that such evidence, if it existed, might be introduced.

It is evident that Mr. PLATT's simple assertions, with those of the proprietor of the system of disinfection which has been adopted by the Health-officer, cannot determine the question either of its necessity, economy, or efficiency. There is a great and plain conflict of testimony as to the facts. There is, however, no conflict of opinion as to the immense expense of the Quarantine establishment, nor as to the assessments which the Health officer is expected to pay to the politicians who befriend him. One of Mr PLATT's own colleagues upon the board has said publicly, over his own name, that "the present Quarantine system is a fraud upon the tax-payers of the State and upon the commerce of the port of New York." The opinion which he expresses is a very general opinion. There is little doubt upon the part of those who are most familiar with the facts that there is a Quarantine ring which is interested in maintaining all the existing abuses, and which seeks to confirm them by means of "a deal" with the Governor. It is Mr. PLATT's misfortune if his character as a politician does not tend to remove this conviction. He says that he courts the most searching inquiry into all the transactions of the commission. We have no wish to do him or any man injustice, and he indicates the only way in which, under the circumstances, all suspicion can be removed. An honest committee and a thorough investigation to determine whether Commissioner JUDD is correct in alleging that the "present Quarantine system is a fraud" have become necessary.

## A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BOSTON has already a free public library in successful operation; Baltimore has just celebrated the opening of the ENOCH PRATT free library, and Chicago has received a great sum for the establishment of a similar library. As we recently stated, Mr. ADOLPH L. SANDER, late President of the Board of Aldermen, before his retirement, suggested an appropriation by the Legislature for a free library in New York, to be erected upon the site of the Reservoir in the Fifth Avenue. We mentioned also that there is already the nucleus of such an institution in the free circulating library in the city which was founded six years ago with the most excellent results, and to which Mr OTTENDORFER has added the branch bearing his name, which has been open for a year with the greatest success. The New York Free Circulating Library has given out two hundred thousand books during the last year, and to every part of the city. The current expenses are paid by membership dues, subscriptions, donations, etc.; and there is a permanent fund of about $67,000, which the managers hope will be soon increased, that they may open still another branch in another part of the city. The managers, we may add, are well known citizens deeply interested and efficient in their good work.

The New York Library Club, an association of library experts, librarians, officers of libraries, etc., has recently discussed the SANDER propositions, at which Mr. MELVILLE DEWEY, the librarian of Columbia College, made some important suggestions. He raised the question of the proper system of such a library for the city of New York, and justly held that what the readers need who would depend upon a free library in books, not buildings, and he was of opinion that a series of ten small and well-chosen libraries could be opened in as many convenient centres throughout the city at a less cost than one central library, and with five times the benefit to the public. The free library would be used by those who use the public schools, and they should be conveniently distributed in the same way. Reference libraries for scholars already exist, but a system of branch libraries of 10,000 volumes each could be bought and maintained in a rented building at a cost of $15,000 a year.

This plan was identically approved by the club, and it is the one which is favored by the existing Free Library, which has practically tested its value by the experience of the OTTENDORFER branch, which is situated in Second Avenue, and which has circulated nearly a hundred thousand volumes in the eleven months since it was opened. The most signal proof of the real popular interest in the library is that at the mother institution in Bond Street in a circulation of 105,643 books during the year only one volume has been lost, and from a circulation of 95,341 at the OTTENDORFER branch only two volumes have been lost since the opening. The desirability of an adequate foundation for free reading in the city has been demonstrated. But the form which the library should take is of the utmost importance, and it can be most wisely determined by those who have the most practical experience. It is in this view that the judgment of the managers of the Free Circulating Library and of the Library Club is of the greatest weight; and the form of the application to the Legislature, should it be made, and of any bill that may be drafted, should be watched very carefully.

## A COMPLAINT FROM INDIANA.

A CORRESPONDENT in Indiana, alluding to the remark of the WEEKLY that "one of the worst abuses of patronage is the subsidizing of local newspapers by appointing the editor or proprietor a postmaster," mentions several recent instances of such appointments in Indiana, and declares it to be the clearly defined policy of President CLEVELAND, adding, "We have the spoils system in Indiana to a greater degree than ever before."

If under this Administration newspapers are subsidized by patronage in the way mentioned, we are still of opinion, as we were under Republican Administrations which did the same thing, that it is one of the worst of abuses, and as we are very sure that it would not have been corrected by the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND. That it is the President's clearly defined policy is not proved by occasional instances, and if the spoils system prevails in Indiana to a greater degree than ever, the situation in that State is much worse than it is elsewhere. Let our correspondent ascertain how many Democrats were appointed to office in Indiana under Republican Administrations, and he will learn that the spoils system has not come in with President CLEVELAND.

Let us clear our minds of cant. We do not excuse any violation of sound principles in the civil service by this Administration. But neither are we deeply impressed by the declarations of those who thought Republicans outcasts of Democrats to be quite proper that there is now Democratic ostracism of Republicans. The one is as bad as the other. But no Republican President, even while the party claimed to be the party of reform, corrected that ostracism, and retained as many political opponents in the service as the Democratic President.

## THE SUCCESSION BILL.

BY the prompt passage of the HOAR Presidential succession bill the Democratic House of Representatives has shown its disposition and capacity for useful legislation. It has to that degree discredited the sneer that the Democrats have lost all power of practical government. The bill is not perfect. But it protects the country against a danger which has threatened it twice within four years. It can be amended in any judicious way, and it provides a natural and undisputed succession by law until the Constitution shall be changed, if change should be thought desirable.

Besides showing the practical sense of the House, the bill is an illustration of Senator HOAR's value as a legislator. He is a man of large public experience and of a high public sense and spirit, an admirable lawyer, a statesman of strong convictions, of scholarly accomplishment, of absolute rectitude, and of indomitable courage. The Senator also undoubtedly exalts the virtue of party loyalty beyond reason, and is consequently sometimes unjust and intolerant toward those who seek the same ends with himself. But there is no more serviceable man in public life, and strong as the Republicans now are in the Senate, they have in Senator HOAR one of their strongest and ablest leaders.

The electoral count bill of Senator EDMUNDS now awaits the action of Congress, and it should be taken up and disposed of at once. It is emphatically a national and not a partisan measure, and the House could do nothing better to continue the favorable impression produced by its prompt action upon the succession bill than to pass the EDMUNDS bill. The Democrats would act very unwisely for themselves should their conduct in Congress confirm the Republican taunt contained of plainly making it ridiculous.

## A LETTER FROM COMMISSIONER SCHOONMAKER.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL SCHOONMAKER, of the New York Civil Service Commission, writes to the *Times* that injustice has been done to Governor HILL in regard to the appointments in the office of the Secretary of State. "No rule has been changed, violated, or evaded; the statute has not been disregarded; the Governor has not interposed as requested any action upon the subject; the Secretary has shown no desire to evade the rules." This is enough. Mr. SCHOONMAKER's statement is conclusive, and the Governor is entirely exonerated.

The Commissioner proceeds to say that the Commission always favors selections by competition, but that when a State officer certifies that a specified position in his office ought to be a non-competitive position, and gives fair reason for his conclusions, the Commission cannot prudently deny the application, and risk impairing the public service.

Mr. SCHOONMAKER adds for himself only that he does not understand the retention by a new head of an office of subordinates selected by his predecessor solely on partisan grounds, and who have been active partisans in office, to be warranted by principles of reform. He holds that appointments should be made by reform methods, but that retention rests upon reform principles supported by reason and equity. In other words, he holds that reform does not require that active Republican politicians should be retained in office, although they should not be displaced by Democratic politicians of the same kind. But retainings also by long and faithful service have demonstrated their fitness and value ought to be retained. These are ideas in which every reformer will agree. The letter of the Commissioner is well worth reading.

## PERSONAL.

MR. THEODORE CHAR, the Paris correspondent of the *Sun*, describes how the artists and connoisseurs of that city have left to America the glory of first honoring their own countryman, the sculptor BARYE, and how important a step in the work was the finely illustrated article on BARYE which appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE last September. "This article," he says, "was translated in the Paris newspapers, and the journalists, who for the most part never heard of BARYE before, regretted that, as usual, France had left to foreigners the honor of discovering and celebrating one of her great men. Now there is a talk of erecting a monument to BARYE. The other day I had the pleasure of talking with M Jouvin, the editor of the *Siècle*, and president of the syndicate of the Paris press. 'We must have a monument to BARYE,' he said; 'as soon as I have finished with the Victor Hugo monument, about the month of April, I will organize a committee. We will have an exhibition of the works of BARYE, and with the gate money and a public subscription we shall get enough to pay for the monument.' This is by no means the first time that America has discovered the greatness of a French artist. The late painter MILLET sold more works in the United States than in Europe, and when begging Frenchmen to buy his pictures in order to aid his starving family, an American artist, the late Mr WILLIAM M HUNT, introduced to him an American amateur, the late Mr QUINCY SHAW, of Boston, who ordered a large number of his works.

—The Honorable CORTLANDT PARKER, of Newark, New Jersey, thinks it better for boys in the same family to be educated in different colleges, and believes that if a father is the happy possessor of twins, it is a bad use of opportunity to send them to the same institution of learning. There is too much sameness of result already, he thinks, without unnecessarily increasing it.

—The Canadian Premier, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, on returning from his recent visit to England, declared that LOUIS RIEL, the leader of the half-breed rebellion, was both venal and insincere, and that during the troubles which ended in his death he offered to leave the country if the government would give him five thousand dollars. Sir JOHN is as vigorous, health, tall and erect, although more than seventy years old. His friends often see in his face a resemblance to the late Lord BEACONSFIELD.

—The trousers of celebrated Americans seem still to be an insuperable obstacle in the progress of American sculpture. The statue about to be erected in Garfield Place, Cincinnati, in memory of the late President, though vigorous in conception and altogether American in general effect, represents Mr GARFIELD wearing a pair of trousers as much too long for him as are those appertaining to the statue of President LINCOLN in Union Square in this city. In classic times sculpture was in some respects an easier art.

—Mr J. W ALEXANDER is finishing an oil portrait from life of the veteran comedian Mr JOHN GILBERT, and his new portrait of Mr JOH JEFFERSON is being engraved for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, where it will be accompanied by a biographical sketch by Mr WILLIAM WINTER.

—Mr SAMUEL L. CLEMENS has made an after-dinner speech before a society of printers in which he gave some interesting biographical facts. "It may be," he said, "that the printer of to-day is not the printer of thirty-five years ago. I are no stranger to him. I knew him well. I built his fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept out his office; I picked up his type from under his stand; I wetted down the paper on Saturdays, and turned it on Sundays—for this was a country weekly; I washed the rollers; I washed the forms; I folded the papers; I carried them around at dawn on Thursday mornings; and I enveloped the papers that went for the mail."

—Mr HENRY E. DIXEY has still further embellished the play *Adonis*, which he describes as his falls as "a perversion of common sense," by introducing into the barber-shop scene an organ-grinder, whose peripatetic monkey goes around the stage in search of coins, and on getting a copper or a nickel rings a bell-punch that hangs from his neck, after the manner of the street-car conductor when collecting his fares, the object being to encourage humanity in monkeys.

—The New York Yacht Club has given to Mr. J. MALCOLM FORBES, one of the owners of the *Parsifal*, a silver cup engraved with the following inscription: "Presented to the owners of ye *Parsifal* by the New York Yacht Club, in commemoration of her victory over the *Genesta*, representing the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, in the match for the possession of the *America* Cup, sailed September, 1885." The design shows a stalwart young Puritan, holding a model of the sloping sloop in his left hand, eying it with critical admiration.

—When president of the Historical Society, the late ALBERT GALLATIN desired to consult a book in the library of that institution, and being not well enough to go to the rooms, sent down to have the volume lent him. His request was refused, because to have granted it would have been contrary to the by-laws, but the book was copied, at the expense of the Society, for Mr GALLATIN's convenience. This little story is the answer given by one of the present officers of the Historical Society to the question, "Will you lend your paintings by Old Masters to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in order to further the scheme of forming one central and comprehensive collection of all paintings for the benefit of art students?" Notwithstanding the statements that have appeared in some of the newspapers, Colonel ANSON WARNER, the secretary for forty-two years of the Society, declares that such a proposition has not even been submitted for its consideration. As one of the officers put it the other day, the Historical Society would not lend its pictures if it could, and could not if it would.

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AMONG THE COKE FURNACES OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 71.]

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# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY.

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

## CHAPTER X.

While she still sat under the Scotchman's eyes a man came up to the door, reaching it as Henchard opened the door of the inner office to admit Elizabeth. The new-comer stepped forward like the quicker cripple at Bethesda, and entered in her stead. She could hear his words to Henchard: "Joshua Jopp, sir—by appointment—the new manager."

"The new manager!—he's to his office," said Henchard, bluntly.

"In his office!" said the man, with a stultified air.

"I mentioned Thursday," said Henchard; "and as you did not keep your appointment, I have engaged another manager. At first I thought he must be you. Do you think I can wait when business is in question?"

"You said Thursday or Saturday, sir," said the new-comer, pulling out a letter.

"Well, you are too late," said the corn-factor. "I can say no more."

"You as good as engaged me," murmured the man.

"Subject to an interview," said Henchard. "I am sorry for you—very sorry indeed. But it can't be helped."

There was no more to be said, and the man came out, encountering Elizabeth-Jane in his passage. She could see that his mouth twitched with anger, and that bitter disappointment was written in his face everywhere.

Elizabeth-Jane now entered, and stood before the master of the premises. His dark pupils—which always seemed to have a red spark of light in them, though this could hardly be a physical fact—turned indifferently round under his dark brows until they rested on her figure.

"Now, then, what is it, my young woman?" he said, blandly.

"Can I speak to you—not on business, sir?" said she.

"Yes—I suppose." He looked at her more thoughtfully.

"I am sent to tell you, sir," she innocently went on, "that a distant relative of yours by marriage, Susan Newson, a sailor's widow, is in the town, and to ask whether you would wish to see her."

The rich rouge of one of his countenances underwent a slight change. "Oh—Susan is—still alive?" he asked, with difficulty.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you her daughter?"

"Yes, sir—her only daughter."

"What—do you call yourself—your Christian name?"

"Elizabeth-Jane, sir."

"Newson?"

"Elizabeth-Jane Newson."

This at once suggested to Henchard that the transaction of his early married life at Weydon Fair was unrecorded in the family history. It was more than he could have expected. His wife had behaved kindly to him in return for his unkindness, and had never proclaimed her wrong to her child or to the world.

"I am—a good deal interested in your news," he said. "And as this is not a matter of business, but pleasure, suppose we go in-doors."

It was with a gentle delicacy of manner, surprising to Elizabeth, that he showed her out of the office, and through the outer room, where Donald Farfrae was overhauling bins and samples with the inquiring inspection of a beginner in charge. Henchard preceded her through the door in the wall to the sudden change of scene of the garden and flowers, and onward into the house. The dining-room to which he introduced her still exhibited the remnants of the lavish breakfast laid for Farfrae. It was furnished to profusion with heavy mahogany furniture of the deepest red-Spanish hues. Pembroke tables, with leaves hanging so low that they well-nigh touched the floor, stood against the walls on legs and feet shaped like those of an elephant, and on one lay three huge folio volumes—a family Bible, a Josephus, and a *Whole Duty of Man*. In the chimney-corner was a fire grate with a fluted semicircular back, having urns and festoons cast to relief thereon; and the chairs

"THE POOR WOMAN LEANED AGAINST HENCHARD, WHO SUPPORTED HER IN HIS ARMS."

THE PRESIDENT'S GRIP; OR, OUR INFANT HERCULES.

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ucle of the kind which, since that day, has cast lustre upon the names of Chippendale and Sheraton, though, in point of fact, their patterns may have been such as those illustrious carpenters never saw or heard of.

"Sit down—Elizabeth Jane—sit down," he said, with a shake in his voice as he uttered her name; and sitting down himself, he allowed his hands to hang between his knees, while he looked upon the carpet. "Your mother, then, is quite well?"

"She is rather worn out, sir, with travelling."

"A sailor's widow—when did he die?"

"Father was lost last spring."

Henchard winced at the word "father," thus applied. "Do you and she come from abroad—America or Australia?" he asked.

"No. We have been in England some years. I was twelve when we came here from Canada."

"Ah; exactly." By such conversation he discovered the circumstances which had enveloped his wife and her child in such total obscurity that he had long ago believed them to be in their graves. These things being clear, he returned to the present. "And where is your mother staying?"

"At the King o' Prussia."

"And you are her daughter Elizabeth Jane," repeated Henchard. He arose, came close to her, and glanced in her face. "I think," he said, suddenly turning away, "you shall take a note from me to your mother. I should like to see her. . . . She is not left very well off by her late husband?" His eye fell on Elizabeth Jane's clothes, which, though a respectable suit of black, and her very best, were decidedly old-fashioned, even to Casterbridge eyes.

"Not very well," she said, glad that he had divined this without her being obliged to express it.

He sat down at the table and wrote a few lines, next taking from his pocket-book a five-pound note, which he put in the envelope with the letter, adding to it, as by an after-thought, five shillings. Sealing the whole up carefully, he directed it to "Mrs. Newson, King of Prussia Inn," and handed the packet to Elizabeth.

"Deliver it to her personally, please," said Henchard. "Well, I am glad to see you here, Elizabeth Jane—very glad. We must have a long talk together—but not just now."

He took her hand at parting, and held it so warmly that she, who had known so little friendship, was much affected, and tears rose to her aerial gray eyes. The instant that she was gone Henchard's state showed itself more distinctly; having shut the door, he sat in his dining room stiffly erect, gazing at the opposite wall as if he read his history there.

"Begad!" he suddenly exclaimed, jumping up. "I didn't think of that. Perhaps these are impostors—and Susan and the child dead after all!"

However, something in Elizabeth Jane soon assured him that, as regarded her, at least, there could be little doubt. And a few hours would settle the question of her mother's identity, for he had arranged in his note to see her that evening.

"It never rains but it pours," said Henchard. His keenly excited interest in his new friend the Scotchman was now eclipsed by this event, and Donald Farfrae saw so little of him during the rest of the day that he wondered at the suddenness of his employer's moods.

In the mean time Elizabeth had reached the inn. Her mother, instead of taking the note with the curiosity of a poor woman expecting assistance, was much moved at sight of it. She did not read it at once, asking Elizabeth to describe her reception, and the very words Mr. Henchard used. Elizabeth's back was turned when her mother opened the letter. It ran thus:

"Meet me at eight o'clock this evening, if you can, at the Ring on the Budmouth Road. The place is easy to find. I can say no more now. The news upsets me almost. The girl seems to be in ignorance. Keep her so until I have seen you. M. H."

He said nothing about the inclosure of five guineas. The amount was significant; it may tacitly have said to her that he bought her back again. She waited restlessly for the close of the day, telling Elizabeth Jane that she was invited to see Mr. Henchard; that she would go alone. But she said nothing to show that the place of meeting was not at his house, nor did she hand the note to Elizabeth.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Ring at Casterbridge was merely the local name of one of the finest Roman amphitheatres, if not the very finest, remaining in Britain.

Casterbridge announced old Rome in every street, alley, and precinct. It looked Roman, bespoke the art of Rome, concealed dead men of Rome. It was impossible to dig more than a foot or two deep about the town fields and gardens without coming upon some tall soldier or other of the Empire, who had lain there in his silent, unobtrusive rest for a space of fifteen hundred years. He was mostly found lying on his side, in an oval scoop in the chalk, like a chicken in its shell, his knees drawn up to his chest; sometimes with the remains of his spear against his arm, a fibula or brooch of bronze on his breast or forehead; an urn at his knees, a jar at his breast, a bottle at his mouth; and mystified conjecture pouring down upon him from the eyes of Casterbridge street boys and men who had turned a moment to gaze at the familiar spectacle as they passed by.

Imaginative inhabitants, who would have felt an unpleasantness at the discovery of a comparatively modern skeleton in their gardens, were quite unmoved by these hoary shapes. They had lived so long ago, their time was so unlike the present, their hopes and motives were so widely removed from ours, that between them and the living there seemed to stretch a gulf too wide for even a spirit to pass.

The amphitheatre was in the form of a huge spittoon, with a notch at opposite extremities of its diameter north and south. It was to Casterbridge what the ruined Coliseum is to modern Rome, and was nearly of the same magnitude. The dusk of evening was the proper hour at which a true impression of this suggestive place could be received. Standing in the middle of the arena at that time by degrees there became apparent its real vastness, which a cursory view from the summit at noonday was apt to obscure. Many a time had thumbs been turned down here; and not a few times had they been turned up also. Melancholy, impressive, lonely, yet accessible from every part of the town, the historic circle was the frequent spot for appointments of a furtive kind. Intrigues were arranged there; tentative meetings were there experimented after divisions and feuds. But one kind of appointment—in itself the most common of any—seldom had place in the amphitheatre: that of happy lovers.

Why, seeing that it was pre-eminently an airy, accessible, and interesting spot for assignations, the cheerfulest form of those occurrences never took kindly to the soil of the ruin would be a curious inquiry. Perhaps it was because its associations had about them something sinister. Its history proved that. Apart from the sanguinary nature of the games originally played therein, such incidents attached to its past as these: that for scores of years the town gallows had stood at one corner; that in 1705 a woman who had murdered her husband was half-strangled and then burned there in the presence of ten thousand spectators. Tradition reports that at a certain stage of the burning her heart burst and leaped out of her body to the terror of them all, and that not one of those ten thousand people ever cared particularly for hot roast after that. In addition to these old tragedies, pugilistic encounters almost to the death had come off down to recent dates in that secluded arena, entirely invisible to the outside world, save by climbing to the top of the inclosure, which few town-people in the daily round of their lives ever took the trouble to do. So that, though close to the turnpike-road, crimes might be perpetrated there unseen at mid-day.

Some boys had latterly tried to impart gayety to the ruin by using the central arena as a cricket ground. But the game usually languished, for the aforesaid reason—that of the dismal privacy which the earthen circle enforced, shutting out every appreciative passer's vision, every commendatory remark from outsiders—everything, except the sky; and to play at games in such circumstances was like acting to an empty house. Possibly, too, the boys were timid, for some old people said that at certain moments in the summer-time, in broad daylight, persons sitting with a book, or dozing in the arena, had, on lifting their eyes, beheld the slopes lined with a gazing legion of Hadrian's soldiery as if watching the gladiatorial combat, and had heard the roar of their excited voices; that the scene would remain but a moment, like a lightning flash, and then disappear.

It was said that there still remained under the south entrance arched cells for the reception of the wild animals and athletes who took part in the games. The arena was still smooth and circular, as if used for its original purpose not so very long ago. The sloping pathways by which spectators ascended to their seats were pathways yet. But the whole was grown over with grass, which now, at the end of summer, was bearded with withered bents that formed waves under the brush of the wind, returning to the ear Æolian modulations as they detained for moments the flying globes of thistle-down.

Henchard had chosen this spot as being the safest from observation which he could think of for meeting his long-lost wife, and at the same time as one easily to be found by a stranger after night-fall. As Mayor of the town, with a reputation to keep up, he could not invite her to come to his house till some definite course had been decided on.

Just before eight he approached the deserted earth-work, and entered by the south path which descended over the débris of the former dens. In a few moments he could discern a female figure creeping in by the great north gap, or public gateway. They met in the middle of the arena. Neither spoke just at first—there was no necessity for speech—and the poor woman leaned against Henchard, who supported her in his arms.

"I don't drink," he said, in a low, halting, apologetic voice. "You hear, Susan?—I don't drink now—I haven't since that night." Those were his first words.

He felt her bow her head in acknowledgment that she understood. After a minute or two he again began.

"If I had known you were living, Susan! But there was every reason to suppose you and the child were dead and gone. I took every possible step to find you—travelled—advertised. My opinion at last was that you had started for some colony with that man, and had been drowned on your voyage out. Why did you keep silent like this?"

"Oh, Michael, because of him—what other reason could there be? I thought I owed him faithfulness to the end of one of our lives—foolishly I believed there was something solemn and binding in the bargain; I thought that even in honor I dared not desert him when he had paid so much for me in good faith. I meet you now only as his widow. I consider myself that, and that I have no claim upon you. Had he not died, I should never have come—never. Of that you may be sure."

"Tut! tut! How could you be so simple?"

"I don't know. Yet it would have been very wicked—if I had not thought like that!" said Susan, almost crying.

"Yes—yes—so it would. It is only that which makes me feel 'ee an innocent woman. But—to lead me into this!"

"What, Michael?" she asked, alarmed.

"Why, this difficulty about our living together again, and Elizabeth Jane. She cannot be told all—she would so despise us both that—I could not bear it!"

"That was why she was brought up in ignorance of you. I could not bear it either."

"Well, we must talk of a plan for keeping her in her present belief, and getting matters straight in spite of it. You have heard I am in a large way of business here—that I am Mayor of the town, and church-warden, and I don't know what all?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"These things, as well as the dread of the girl discovering our disgrace, make it necessary to act with extreme caution. So that I don't see how you can return openly to my house as the wife and daughter I once treated badly, and banished from me; and there's the rub o't."

"We'll go away at once. I only came to see—"

"No, no, Susan; you are not to go—you mistake me!" he said, with kindly severity. "I have thought of this plan: that you and Elizabeth take a cottage in the town as the widow Mrs. Newson and her daughter; that I meet you, court you, and marry you, Elizabeth Jane coming to my house as my step-daughter. The thing is so natural and easy that it is half done in thinking o't. This would leave my shady, headstrong, disgraceful life as a young man absolutely unopened; the secret would be yours and mine only; and I should have the pleasure of seeing my own only child under my roof, as well as my wife."

"I am quite in your hands, Michael," she said, meekly. "I came here for the sake of Elizabeth; for myself, if you tell me to leave again to-morrow morning, and never come near you more, I am content to go."

"Now, now; we don't want to hear that," said Henchard, gently. "Of course you won't leave again. Think over the plan I have proposed for a few hours, and if you can't hit upon a better one, we'll adopt it. I have to be away for a day or two on business, unfortunately; but during that time you can get lodgings—the only ones in the town fit for you are those over the china shop in High Street—and you can also look for a cottage."

"If the lodgings are in High Street they are dear, I suppose?"

"Never mind—you *must* start genteel, if our plan is to be carried out. Look to me for money. Have you enough till I come back?"

"Quite," said she.

"And are you comfortable at the inn?"

"Oh yes."

"And the girl is quite safe from learning the shame of her case and ours? That's what makes me most anxious of all."

"You would be surprised to find how unlikely she is to dream of the truth. How could she ever suppose such a thing?"

"True."

"I like the idea of repeating our marriage," said Mrs. Henchard, after a pause. "It seems the only right course, after all this. Now I think I must go back to Elizabeth Jane and tell her that our kinsman Mr. Henchard kindly wishes us to stay in the town."

"Very well, arrange that yourself. I'll go some way with you."

"No, no. Don't run any risk," said his wife, anxiously. "I can find my way back; it is not late. Please let me go alone."

"Right," said Henchard. "But just one word—do you forgive me, Susan?"

She murmured something, but seemed to find it difficult to frame her answer. "Never mind; all in good time," said he. "Judge me by my future works. Good-by."

He retreated, and stood at the upper side of the amphitheatre, while his wife passed out through the lower way and descended under the trees to the town. Then Henchard himself went homeward, going so fast that by the time he reached his door he was almost upon the heels of the unconscious woman from whom he had just parted. He watched her up the street, and turned into his house.

## CHAPTER XII.

On entering his own door, after watching his wife out of sight, the Mayor walked on through the tunnel-shaped passage into the garden, and thence by the side door toward the stores and granaries. A light shone from the office window, and there being no blind to screen the interior, Henchard could see Donald Farfrae still seated where he had left him, initiating himself into the managerial work of the house by overhauling the books. Henchard entered, merely observing, "Don't let me interrupt ye, if ye will stay so late."

He stood behind Farfrae's chair, watching his dexterity in clearing up the numerical fogs, which had been allowed to grow so thick in Henchard's books as almost to baffle even the Scotchman's perspicacity. The corn-factor's mien was half admiring, and yet it was not without a dash of pity for the tastes of any one who could care to give his mind to such finikin details. Henchard himself was mentally and physically unfit for grubbing subtleties from soiled paper; he had in a modern sense received the education of Achilles, and found penmanship a tantalizing art.

"You shall do no more to-night," he said at length, spreading his great hand over the paper. "There's time enough to-morrow. Come in-doors with me and have some supper. Now you shall! I am determined on't." He shut the account-books with friendly force.

Donald had wished to get to his lodgings, but he already saw that his friend and employer was a man who knew no moderation in his requests and impulses, and he yielded gracefully. He liked Henchard's warmth, even if it inconvenienced him; the great difference in their characters adding to the liking.

They locked up the office, and the young man followed his companion through the private little door which, admitting directly into Henchard's garden, permitted a passage from the utilitarian to the beautiful at one step. The garden was silent, dewy, and full of perfume. It extended a long way back from the house, first as lawn and flower beds, then as fruit garden, where the long-tied espaliers, as old as the old house itself, had grown so stout and cramped and gnarled that they had pulled their stakes out of the ground, and stood distorted and writhing in vegetable agony, like woody Laocoons. The flowers which smelled so sweetly were not discernible, and they passed through them into the house.

The hospitalities of the morning were repeated, and when they were over, Henchard said, "Pull your chair round to the fire-place, my dear fellow, and let's make a blaze; there's nothing I hate like a black grate, even in September." He applied a light to the laid-in fuel, and a cheerful radiance spread around.

"It is odd," said Henchard, "that two men should meet as we have done on a purely business ground, and that at the end of the first day I should wish to speak to 'ee on a family matter. But, d—— it all, I am a lonely man, Farfrae; I have nobody else to speak to, and why shouldn't I tell it to you?"

"I'll be glad to hear it, if I can be of any service," said Donald, allowing his eyes to travel over the intricate wood-carvings of the chimney-piece, representing garlanded lyres, shields, and quivers, on either side of a draped ox-skull, and flanked by heads of Apollo and Diana in low relief.

"I've not been always what I am now," continued Henchard, his firm deep voice being ever so little shaken. "I began life as a working hay-trusser, and when I was eighteen I married on the strength o' my calling. Would you think me a married man?"

"I heard in the town that you were a widower."

"Ah, yes, you would naturally have heard that. Well, I lost my wife eighteen years ago, by my own fault. . . . This is how it came about. One summer evening I was travelling for employment, and she was walking at my side carrying the baby, our only child. We came to a booth in a country fair. I was a drinking man at that time."

Henchard paused a moment, threw himself back so that his elbow rested on the table, his forehead being shaded by his hand, which, however, did not hide the marks of introspective inflexibility on his features as he narrated in fullest detail the incidents of the transaction with the sailor.

The tinge of indifference which had at first been visible in the Scotchman now disappeared.

Henchard went on to describe his attempts to find his wife; the oath he swore; the solitary life he led during the years which followed. "I have kept my oath for eighteen years," he went on; "I have risen to what you see me now."

"And it's not a small counterbalance to the immoral years that ye've done so much since!"

"Well—no wife could I hear of in all that time; and being by nature something of a woman-hater, I have found it no hardship to keep at a distance from the sex. No wife could I hear of, I say, till this very day. And now—she has come back."

"Come back, has she!"

"This morning—this very morning. And what's to be done?"

"Can't ye take her and live with her, and so make amends?"

"That's what I've planned and proposed. But, Farfrae," said Henchard, with desperate awkwardness, "Put to a fix, a devil of a fix, all the same. For there's more behind."

"And how's that?"

"There's another woman in the case; and, by no fault of any body's, there will be a great wrong done her."

"Ye don't say that!"

"Just hear for yourself. For many years it has been my custom to run across to Jersey in the way of business, particularly in the potato season. I do a large trade with them in that line. Well, this summer I was there, and met with an accident. I fell out of a boat in the harbor and struck my head in falling. If somebody had not helped me instantly I should have been drowned. An account of it was in our local newspaper at the time."

"Indeed and a's all hap-hazard in this life!"

"But the account was not complete. The person who saved me was a woman—a merchant's daughter—a woman who—God knows why, for I never gave her encouragement!—who has had a foolish liking for me more than five years—ever since I first knew her from going over there to deal with her father. So when I found that I owed my life to her, in a moment of gratitude and excitement I offered to marry her. I did marry her—I married her at St. Helier's a fortnight ago. Three days after I came home here to get the house ready for her, and await her coming. But from the moment I landed, I felt I had acted rashly. It was not that I dreamed of Susan living; but I felt I did not care for this young woman, much as she might like me. Odd as it may seem to you, I've always liked Susan in my heart, and like her best now. Well, now Susan has returned to life, and you begin to see the color o't, for the other is coming by the packet to-morrow night." Henchard's voice grew brokenly indicative of passionate revolt against eighteen years of caution. "I've compromised myself by acting a fortnight too soon!"

Donald showed his concern by an exclamation.

"Now see what misery a man may lay up for himself! Even after that wrong-doing at the fair when I was a young man, if I had never

taken the second false step at Jersey, all might now be well. For don't you suppose I complain of losing the younger and handsomer woman I last married, though she's of a good old family, if poor; and she's a good scholar, and well-bred. I do no such thing; I willingly bear all that. I had little wish for her; but I complain of the trickery of things, whereby a perfectly fair course is made impossible. I must injure one of them, and it is the second. Honor where honor is due—my first duty is to Susan—there's no doubt about that."

"It is very melancholy, and difficult!" murmured Donald, almost appalled at a complication so far beyond the degree of his simple experience.

"For myself I don't care a d——; miserable or happy, I can bear it. 'Twill all end one way. But these two women." Henchard paused in a reverie for a moment. "I feel I should like to treat them as honestly as a man can in such a case." He abstractly sketched an imaginary diagram with his forefinger on the lapel of Farfrae's coat.

"Ye must give up the younger one, sir; and since that's the case, you must write and stop her coming."

"A letter cannot reach her by post before she has started. No; somebody must meet her, and let her know all, so that she may go back by the packet which returns as soon as the other arrives. Now I feel I ought not to see her; and the question is, Will you do me the good turn of going for me?"

"Yes—I will," said Farfrae, after a moment's thought.

"You are a good fellow. Take a note—that's all you need do—learn the rest to her."

"Very well. Did ye ever tell her of the other wife's history?"

"Every word except the sale. Oh yes, Farfrae, I wouldn't have married again without letting the woman know that I had no proof of Susan's death. But you can hardly think how far we were from expecting this. Eighteen years of silence—who'd have thought it!"

Farfrae seemed much relieved to hear that Henchard had acted openly toward the unfortunate second woman; it rehabilitated him in his good opinion at once. "Ah, well, it cannot be helped!" he said, with philosophic quietness. "In your letter you must put it plain and honest that it turns out she is not your wife, the first having come back; so ye cannot see her; and that it would be wise in her to keep what has happened a secret between you for her own sake; and that ye wish her weel."

"That won't do—dammy, I must do a little more than that—I must, though she did always brag about her rich uncle, and how much he could leave her—settle something upon her, I suppose—just as a little restitution, poor girl. Will ye draw up a bit of a form for me to that effect? I'm so bad at letters."

"I will."

"Luckily, owing to the recent death of her parent, she insisted upon the wedding being quiet; and now she profits by her modesty."

"Perhaps she thought, 'If I keep it dark, and his other wife comes back, I'll return to Jersey and be none the worse a maid for another husband'?"

"No, no," said Henchard, peremptorily. "She's not that sort o' body at all; none of a gushing, thoughtless nature. However, that's what I must do. Well, now, I haven't told ye all. My wife Susan has my daughter with her—the baby that was in her arms at the fair; and that girl knows nothing of me beyond that I am some sort of relation by marriage. She has grown up in the belief that the sailor to whom I made over her mother, and who is now dead, was her father, and her mother's husband. What her mother has always felt, she and I together feel now—that we can't proclaim our disgrace to the girl by letting her know the truth. Now what would you do?—I want your advice."

"I think I'd run the risk, and tell her the truth. She'll forgive ye both."

"Never!" said Henchard. "I am not going to let her know the truth. Her mother and I are going to marry again; and it will not only enable us to retain our child's respect, but it will be more proper. Susan looks upon herself as the sailor's widow, and won't think of living with me as formerly without another religious ceremony—and she's right."

Thus the evening ended, and the next day at dusk saw Farfrae trotting on horseback up the Budmouth road, bearing in his pocket a letter in Henchard's handwriting addressed, "Mrs. Henchard, Jersey packet-boat." It contained a fair statement of what had happened; and he had enjoined Farfrae to deliver it into her hands before she landed, by boarding the packet with the officer of Customs. Then, when she had read it, to put her on board the return boat and come away. A written promise to pay her a good round sum as consolation money was also to be given—this being Henchard's rough way, indeed, only way, of making amends.

The young man sped along the hard smooth road toward the coast. About half-way he passed the top of a ridge which formed a kind of girdle enclosing the rural districts of the country from those shoreward. A marine sentiment in the landscape followed; there was a change in the smell of the air from field and fruit and mellow mist to a raw discomforting breeze. The coziness of the inland country had gone.

In about forty minutes Farfrae stood on the quay in Budmouth harbor. The boat was fairly punctual. Farfrae immediately went on board.

There was only one lady passenger, and she was too ill to see him just then. "Tell her I have a letter from—her husband," said Farfrae, carefully avoiding to mention names, both on her account and Henchard's. "And I should like to deliver it into her own hands."

The stewardess came back with the message that still the lady could not see him for an hour, being in a disarranged state owing to the breezy passage, but that she would receive the letter, if such were his instructions. Farfrae thereupon descended to the cabin entrance, and in a moment or two a white hand and arm were stretched out from behind a red curtain that hung across the doorway. He murmured, "Mrs. Henchard?" The owner of the hand said, "Yes," and he placed the letter within her fingers, which were quickly withdrawn.

In half an hour he again sought the boat to lend his assistance in shifting the unfortunate young lady to the returning vessel. But she had already gone there. Farfrae, to tell the truth, though pitying her, was somewhat relieved that the letter had done its work so smoothly and promptly, and he lost no time in mounting for his homeward ride.

Henchard awaited him like a statue under the third tree of the avenue, for it was now past midnight, and no idlers remained on the roads. "Well?" said the corn-factor.

"It is done—exactly as you said," replied the Scotchman; and he explained particulars.

Henchard was thoughtful. "Can it be that it will go off so well?" he said. "Poor thing—God knows! Now, then, to make amends to Susan!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BAVARIA'S ROMANTIC KING.

All reports agree that the present King of Bavaria, Ludwig II., is an extremely eccentric and extravagant gentleman of a most romantic turn of mind, even exceeding in kingly oddity his royal grandfather, Ludwig I. There have doubtless been a great many false tales told about the astonishing freaks of King Ludwig II., but it will be admitted by all who glance at the picture of the wonderful sleigh in which he is accustomed to take an airing that simplicity of style and an aversion to royal display are not among his virtues. If any thing more elaborately gorgeous has ever been mounted upon runners than this winter carriage of Bavaria's King, no record has been kept of the fact. And this is only one of a coach house full of sleighs, the gorgeousness of which furnishes a theme for the gossip of Munich, while in action they are at once the admiration and the terror of the peasantry of the surrounding country as they dash through it at full speed, the royal passenger within taking his pleasure alone after his curious fashion. It is no secret that the owner of this bewildering "turn-out" is to-day hopelessly bankrupt, and that the wisest men in his kingdom are racking their brains to discover means to extricate him from his difficulties, and so prevent him from ruining every body else. Propriety, under these circumstances, would seem to indicate something a trifle less magnificent than this chariot on runners as suited to the King's sleigh riding demands, but propriety has never played a conspicuous part in the lives of the Ludwigs of Bavaria. The present monarch's taste for sumptuous vehicles is naturally connected with the report that he is about to marry morganatically the widow of a carriage-builder in Nuremberg.

King Ludwig was born in 1845, and has thus far had a merry life of it. In addition to his very evident advantages of birth, he was favored by nature with a handsome face and commanding figure. More than six feet in height, with well proportioned limbs, broad shoulders, with a well-shaped head covered with clustering black ringlets, he was by common consent acknowledged to be the handsomest man in all his kingdom. There are many artists here in New York who, while pursuing their studies at Munich, frequently saw the young King, and they all agree (a most unusual occurrence among New York artists, by-the-way) that he was, eight or ten years ago, an extremely dashing and handsome young gentleman. At that time his eccentricities or extravagances were not as marked as they have since become, and he might be seen on any pleasant afternoon strolling down Ludwigstrasse (the finest street in Munich) with a very tall silk hat perched on his massive head, and a fashionably cut overcoat flapping in the breeze; for he always walked fast, and with a rolling, theatrical motion like that of a pompous tragedian surprised into haste. He invariably carried a slender walking-stick, and bowed affably to almost every body he met. It was in those days that the influence of Wagner over the young King was most pronounced—an influence which it will be remembered was at one time so strongly resented by the King's subjects in Munich that the great musician's life was placed in jeopardy by the fury of a mob.

On the roof of his splendid palace in Munich the King caused to be constructed a miniature lake bordered with overhanging and sweetly scented shrubbery. An artificial sky, containing a luminous moon which could be made to rise or set, formed a canopy over the lake, rendering any interruption of the King's pleasures by wet or stormy weather impossible. It was (and is said still to be) the King's delight to float out upon the placid surface of this romantic bath tub in a luxurious gondola, and there, surrounded by a bevy of stately white swans, which had been trained to rest continually in this little pond, to listen to arias from his favorite operas sung by some famous prima donna who had been placed in hiding behind the bushes on the water's edge. It is recorded that on the occasion of one of these Keats-nightingale sort of concerts, the fair singer, doubtless in her anxiety to reach a high note, pushed over the enormous flower pot behind which she was crouching, and tumbled head first into the pond, and that the King gallantly rescued her, and afterward presented her with a trousseau more extensive than that of any bride, to atone for the injury that had been done to her gown by the indigo with which, in order to give it a deep sea-like color, the pond had been lavishly salted.

There is no denying that the present King of Bavaria has done much to advance the cause of music, and that to his extravagant enthusiasm is due the fact that Munich is to-day a musical as well as an acknowledged art centre, but at the same time it cannot be denied that his methods have been and are at least questionable, and his extravagance ruinous. For many years it has been the delight of this romantic sovereign to take possession of the Royal Opera-house, and insist upon the giving of a complete operatic performance for his own exclusive delectation, paying handsomely for the fun. On such occasions the auditorium is darkened, and no one save the performers and the King is permitted to enter the building. The King having established himself in some corner of the great house where none of those engaged upon the stage can see him, the performance begins.

In the construction of his two new castles in the mountains between Munich and Oberammergau the same reckless extravagance has been shown by the King that characterizes all his acts, and the people of his kingdom are left to wonder how the bills will be paid, and what he will do next. His debts now amount to four million dollars; and his most recent freaks have been such, in the opinion of his subjects, as to pass the line that separates eccentricity from downright insanity.

## RIOTS OF COKE DRAWERS.

Although strikes have become more and more frequent, the number that causes riots constantly becomes less, for every year more disputes between employers and the employed are settled by arbitration or by mutual concessions, and even when both parties remain stubborn, the strikers are so well cared for by their unions that the strongest temptation to do violence is removed. But the Hungarian laborers in the coke region near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have no union, will make no concessions nor think of arbitration, and their violence recalls the temper of the strikers at Pittsburgh in 1877. Three years ago they were brought to the coke ovens to take the place of native laborers who made a strike, and they have learned too well the method of their predecessors.

There are in this region 12,000 coke ovens, at most of which Hungarians and Poles, men and women, are employed. They receive twenty-seven cents per wagon for digging coal, and from fifty-five to sixty cents per oven for drawing coke. They asked for an increase of five cents per wagon and per oven, which the owners refused to grant, and claimed that they were unable to grant. On January 18 many of the Hungarians stopped work, and the strikers were reinforced during the next three or four days, until 3600 ovens were shut down, and 5000 men were idle. They immediately began to do deeds of violence. On the 19th, 200 Hungarians and Poles, led by Steff Stabek, a gigantic miner, who was the most daring spirit among the strikers, all armed and many intoxicated, marched with banners, to the music of a fiddle and of a wash boiler as a drum, made an attack on the Alice Coke-works near Connellsville, drove the workmen away, pulled open oven fronts, and did what damage to property they could.

From Mount Pleasant southward there is a continuous line of ovens for twelve miles, at nearly all of which Hungarians were employed, and at several of them riots were caused by the drunken strikers. At the Morewood mines there was an encounter between the 300 armed followers of Steff Stabek and a posse of special officers. The Hungarians, men and women, armed with revolvers, clubs, and knives, resisted arrest. A pitched battle ensued. As many as a hundred shots were fired. Several men were badly beaten, a number were wounded, and one was killed. The hills above the works were covered with native workmen, women, and peaceful miners, who collected to witness the battle. The Hungarian women fought with their husbands and brothers, and after they were driven into their houses they continued to shoot. At several other places the strikers marched to music, sometimes of a drum, sometimes of a brass band, threatening violence. A company marched through the streets of Scottdale armed with fence rails, clubs, pick handles, crowbars, and such rude but dangerous weapons, and made raids on the dram-shops, many of the women as well as the men becoming drunk. At another place, the Donnelly and Diamond works, a riot occurred in which five Hungarians and three Americans were fatally wounded. A negro man at one settlement, without provocation, fired at a procession, which forthwith became a mob, and gave him a beating that will prove fatal.

These Hungarians are the most difficult class of laborers to manage when they are peaceful, or to pacify when they are enraged. Few of them speak English. They live here in the same squalid fashion as in Hungary. They know nothing of American life or manners, or of the courts, or of working-men's rights. Their only idea of carrying a point is of carrying it by physical force. Many of the men have done service as soldiers, and they know how to fight, and are not afraid to resist officers of the law. Indeed, they have no other notion of an officer than as of an enemy in war.

There are employed in this Connellsville coke region as many as 6000 laborers, exclusive of miners. The most of them are coke "drawers," and their labor consists simply of filling the ovens with coal, and after it has become coke of drawing it from the ovens. It is not skilled labor, and the only serious result of a strike of coke drawers, beyond a brief period of idleness at the ovens, is the damage done by the violent strikers. The danger in such a case is the danger of a fight, and not of the strike itself. The disturbance has demonstrated that the employers who brought the Hungarians to take the place of native or naturalized laborers that commanded higher wages are not likely to profit by the experiment. The loss of property and of profits during the interruption of work, and the expense that will be involved in gradually substituting other workmen for the violent Hungarians, even if the wages are not increased, will equal the savings in the wage account since they came, to say nothing of the loss of a dozen lives. The owners of these coke ovens have a monopoly, the product of such excellent qualities as fuel for furnaces being obtainable elsewhere as in this limited territory.

## LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Since Mr. Henry Irving's visit to America we have gained a much clearer insight into the direction in which to seek the best development of our stage, as well as a much better knowledge of the material at our command. Knowing as we do what one man has done for the stage in England, we turn with a natural anxiety to learn if there be any one here of the profession of the theatre of whom a like achievement may be demanded. Mr. Lawrence Barrett may or may not claim that it is his due to be first considered in any such scrutiny of his calling; but when we look at what he has already accomplished, and weigh duly his relation to dramatic art in America, it is at once apparent that there is really no one else to be considered at all.

Any such exaltation of the stage from its literary and pictorial side as Mr. Irving has effected at the Lyceum is possible only when the conditions of the theatre are purely metropolitan. It is essential that it should be a permanent house, sustained by a great community, or rather by those eclectic elements that exist only in a great, wealthy, and luxurious community. Several efforts have been made from time to time to establish a great house of the drama in New York, but they have failed by reason of various causes—in part because the community was not ready for such an enterprise, and in probably greater part because the efforts were misdirected or inadequate. Mr. Booth, however much his taste and ambition inclined to such a commendable aim, was not adapted to the task. The fire and enthusiasm that he bore on his part went out when the curtain fell, and left him incapable of the unswerving, unflagging, and never-failing energy necessary to sustained and protracted endeavor. Acting was and is a serious matter with this great artist only when before the foot-lights. The late John McCullough, a most strenuous and conscientious artist, had no thought of the dramatic elegances or of new literary and artistic developments in his own art. No one was more excellently informed than he in respect to such matters, but they were wholly apart from the field of tremendous physical manifestations in which he wrought with such splendid noise and industry.

McCullough is dead, and as deeply regretted as any man of worth that ever trod our boards. Mr. Booth will retire, it is said, after perhaps one general season. In any case he will never do any thing for the development of the stage, having been content for years with the most perfunctory general accompaniment and support of established or classical parts. There is no one, then, to be considered but Mr. Barrett, of whom it may be said, as it most truthfully is of Irving, that he is more an artist of the stage than an actor upon it, and that his finest and most productive efforts are put forth during those toilsome hours when his audiences are not with him.

Mr. Barrett has done more than any one else in America to present the higher drama under conditions of artistic completeness, and to stimulate the literary and artistic development of a stage impressed with his own character and taste. What he has achieved in this direction, so far, he has effected without a theatre, and it has been so serious and remarkable an achievement that it is earnestly to be hoped that he may attain, as he so earnestly desires, to the possession of a house of the drama in this metropolis. Heretofore he has led his cavalcade from town to town the whole year round, subjected to the wear and tear of travel, the vicissitudes of varying theatres, and of constant change from character to character.

Nevertheless he has given us an admirable variety—a variety such as only the theatre of Mr. Irving has afforded, and one which has included the best representations that we have seen upon our own stage, the most profitable to its reputation, and the fullest of promise for its future. It is only needful in support of this belief to point to Mr. W. D. Howells's *Yorick*, to Mr. Young's *Pendragon*, to Mr. Boker's *Francesca da Rimini*, to *The Wonder*, to *The King's Pleasure*, to *The Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and now, latest and most triumphant of all his successes, to *Hernani*.

All of these are distinctively productions by Mr. Barrett according to his own lights, and to be considered as such, and as apart from his impersonations of the standard characters in which he has won his well-deserved fame, and which comprise all there are from Hamlet down to Henri Lagardère. That all this wonderful industry has been hand in hand with a large and liberal cultivation of his art, and a growing aversion to all merely perfunctory representation of the drama, is what makes Mr. Barrett so interesting and important a figure of his time in his profession in this country. He has broad capabilities and a fine ambition, and he, if any one, can make a theatre. It is a present necessity of New York that it should have a house of the drama where the best that is or can be written shall be presented in complete and artistic detail, and with such assurance of its worth and importance that the place where it is done shall attain to the dignity of a permanent institution.

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ON THE ICE.—Drawn by

DE THULSTRUP.

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GEORGE DU MAURIER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEXANDER BASSANO, LONDON.

CHARLES J. CANDA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

## GEORGE DU MAURIER.

*Punch* is made by four wonderfully clever artists. The neat little capital T in the corner of the political cartoon signifies the hand of JOHN TENNIEL. LESLIE SARGENT signs his name in full, and not uncommonly adds to it *cast et delineavit*, and his are the fantastic and decorative divagations that go anywhere in the paper, and rarely bear a legend or need one. C K—these initials betray CHARLES KEENE, the most robust and British of *Punch*'s humorists, one of the quaintest and most genial of Scotchmen, and the man who of all artists of the present day in black and white is by other artists conceded to draw the best. For those refinements of drawing—technically considered, and of layman indifferently understood—CHARLES KEENE is probably without an equal. The fourth is GEORGE DU MAURIER, whose work enjoys a distinction that is at once unique and unexampled, and who may be fairly put down as the leading spirit of the pages of the London *Charivari*.

DU MAURIER has been drawing for *Punch* for twenty-three years, and is known only by his work for that periodical. He has done very little in color—just enough, in fact, to make his friends regret that his work in black and white is so absorbing. He has illustrated some novels, and his occasional contributions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE have included some charming drawings, but he is before every thing else the DU MAURIER of *Punch*. During all the long period that he has contributed his large weekly share of its illustrations he has never made a mistake, never drawn a picture that was in other than good taste, and never indulged in an allusion that could wound or give pain. And yet he is essentially a satirist, an unsparing but genial cynic, a most close and sapient student of contemporary England. His drawings are mirrors of entire fidelity, but they are conceived in politeness, and they speak volumes of the most amiable irony.

He exalts the British maiden and the British matron, and he places all his British children upon the highest pinnacle of physical perfection. Never were lovelier, more graceful, or more ma-

KING LUDWIG OF BAVARIA ON A SLEIGH-RIDE.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

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jestic women depicted than in these ever fresh and charming reflections of English homes and English scenes. As to the children, they have no prototypes in classic art, but are designed upon sublimated standards reared and nourished by the artist himself. To be fully aware of this one should see him of a fine morning careering over Hampstead Heath, near his home in the northern part of London, surrounded by a noisy, joyous troop of boys and girls, the only element of dignity to be discerned being an enormous and solemn mastiff, whose portrait in *Punch* is almost as familiar as that of Sir Gorgius Midas himself.

Then there is a serious side to Du Maurier, and while it may evade the casual observer, it explains in no small degree the enduring interest and importance that attach to his work. In his quarter century of marvellous industry and artistic development he has become an institution, and were he to drop from *Punch's* pages, his loss would be felt in England in a far deeper degree than was that of his predecessor Leech, and more nearly as was that of one who was a great power in another branch of art, and of whom George Du Maurier in his is a gentle and pleasing reflection—W. M. Thackeray.

## CHARLES J. CANDA.

Mr. Charles J. Canda, to whom President Cleveland has entrusted the care of the Sub-Treasury at this city—Mr. John Bigelow having declined the office and Mr. Canda's name for appointment as Assistant-Treasurer having been sent to the Senate last week—is a Frenchman by birth, having been born in Paris in 1838. His parents, however, came to this country when he was but a year or two old, and as he was naturalized upon coming of age, and has for years taken a prominent part in the business and political affairs of New York, his foreign birth may very properly be disregarded. He is undoubtedly best known to political men of the country at large as Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, to which position he was chosen in 1880 in recognition, doubtless, of the active part which he took in the Presidential canvass of Samuel J. Tilden in 1876. It was through the mediation of the late William B. Ogden, whose private secretary Mr. Canda was while Mr. Ogden was President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, that Mr. Canda formed the acquaintance of Mr. Tilden—an acquaintance which has since ripened into such warm friendship that his present appointment may be regarded as in the direct line of Mr. Tilden's wishes and desires.

In his early youth Mr. Canda was a clerk in the dry goods establishment of Arnold, Constable, & Co., and afterward was employed in the Third National Bank of this city. He showed remarkable business aptitude, and left the service of the bank to form a copartnership at Chicago with the German and Austrian consuls for the transaction of a general foreign banking business. It was after this that he became the confidential secretary of President Ogden, and from this connection was derived his present extensive familiarity with railroad affairs.

Resuming his residence in this city, he was in 1875 appointed a member of the Rapid Transit Commission which laid out the system of elevated railroads in New York as they stand to-day. Mr. Canda is now the President of the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad, having formerly been chairman of the Reorganization Committee of the Ohio Central Railroad. There is no doubt that he can give an ample bond for the performance of the responsible duties of his new position.

## THE APACHES ARE COMING.

A New-Mexican "ranch" is generally little more than a cattle station, and all its appointments are of the rudest and most primitive order. Its proprietor may or may not be the owner of the spot upon which he puts up his one-story shelter of "adobe," or sunburnt brick. Such a site is selected with reference to the grass land in the vicinity, and to a supply of water. Where no reliable run or spring can be found, a successful well determines the latter question. A further requirement is that no ranch shall be so near as to interfere with cattle-herding or dispute the range. Isolation is sought, therefore, rather than avoided.

A lonely mining enterprise among the mountains is not by any means so exposed, in case of attack, as one of these ranches. From the very ruggedness of its surroundings, the mine can generally be more easily defended, with the added advantage that its fighting males are kept together by their occupation, or constant readiness for united action. The properties of a mining outfit, other than the scalps of the hard-fighting miners, offer less temptation to an Indian marauding party than does the quadruped wealth of a cattle ranch. Horses and mules are here, as well as horned beasts, while the human beings in charge of them are rarely all at home to receive either friends or enemies.

No man in his senses runs upon an evident peril of being murdered. The regions ventured into by the settlers are vast, and the Indians are few. Each separate venture is made under an impression that reasonable safety from savage inroads has been attained. The most dreaded bands are understood to have been broken up by the cavalry, or are securely corralled upon government reservations, or have been driven across the Mexican border to stay.

The chiefs of the predatory bands of the Apaches are not prone to run risks of meeting armed white men in force. Their mission is to the unsuspecting, unready, unprotected outreachings of civilization. Their errands are devised beforehand, and they will ride hundreds of miles to strike a blow planned long months before.

Life at the ranch goes on from day to day in the utter peace and quiet that induce carelessness. Indians come and go, friendly enough in appearance and conduct, and suggest no cause of alarm. One or more of them were of Geronimo's or some similar band, in search of "business" for their chief and kindred. Nobody at the ranch ever knew their errand. One day long afterward a cow-boy with one of the herds, whose business it was to keep his eyes about him, saw enough to send him racing ranchward at the utmost speed of his best mustang. His terrifying shout, "The Apaches are coming!" was given but little before they came. It was too late for the escape of women or children or such men as despairingly staid to defend them. The best-mounted cow-boy did what he could, and then rode his horse to death in bearing the news to the nearest settlement. All the rest fell into the hands of the utterly merciless.

## THE SCHOOLS OF THE FUTURE.

The recent report of the Commissioner of Education brings into a clearer view the merits and defects of our common-school system. Education in the Northern and Western States is generally diffused. Few persons are left without instruction. Few are deprived altogether of the knowledge necessary for the common concerns of life. Schools are brought near every one. Reading and writing are not neglected; almost every citizen can add, subtract, or tell the time of day. They can count their gains and calculate their wages. Our illiterates who can do none of these things are chiefly foreigners, or the children of foreigners; they soon learn enough at least, by example, to teach them how to buy and sell. But one lesson they seem never to learn. At the common schools children are taught the elements of cleanliness, good order, and a sense of propriety. In these things our foreign population are often wholly unlearned.

Education has made some progress in the Southern States. But there it advances too slowly. The number of illiterates, white and colored, is still excessive. No part of western Europe, except Spain, is so bare of schools as is this section of the American Union. Yet the desire for knowledge has already sprung up among the laboring classes of these uncultivated communities. The demand for skilled labor is felt in the railways, telegraph offices, factories, and mines. It seems quite probable that the growth of industrial pursuits in the South will rouse to action the latent intelligence of the people. They should not discourage their inventors and artisans by denying them the means of study and thorough instruction, and the national government may well help them to knowledge. It is education alone, and that of the highest class, that can bring into use the rare resources of this part of the Union.

But while we are thus planting the frame-work of a general instruction, we have scarcely as yet approached the perfection of the industrial and literary schools of Germany. Our common schools teach usually only the elements of knowledge. The German Gymnasia and Real or Business schools are far in advance of our higher schools, and equal in their course of study to an American college. No American college approaches their thoroughness or their wide range of study.

In the German cities nearly every parent gives his child a training in the higher schools. In the Gymnasia the pupils study the classics and a wide range of literature and history. In the Real School they learn the latest discoveries of science, the details of business, and French and English. The young German comes from these higher schools prepared to excel in trade, commerce, and all the intelligent professions. Germans are fast engrossing the business of England and perhaps America; their foreign names line our streets; they drive out the less carefully educated men of commerce; they bring with them the higher traits of German education.

The recent educational report shows that a higher education is little sought for with us. In New York city there are six or seven colleges, having about one thousand and fifty students. The Cooper Institute and several business colleges may add a thousand more. Only about two thousand students in New York have any higher training than the elementary or the grammar school. Some hundreds are in colleges out of the State. But in the small kingdom of Würtemberg, Mr. Bird tells us, 15,000 students, in a population of about 1,800,000, attend the highest schools. The buildings are carefully planned, costly, and even splendid.

The Real or Business college at Stuttgart is a massive stone building, rectangular and three stories high. It cost about $250,000. The finely arranged school-room and the rare skill shown in its construction deserve the attention of all American builders of school-houses. The Real and the other school buildings of Stuttgart are among the chief ornaments of the city.

So excellent are these German schools, so highly trained and cultivated the teachers, that all classes of the people use them together. The children of princes and peasants, of scholars and business men, of the wealthiest and the poorest, mingle in perfect equality at the Gymnasium and the Real School. Their merits and advantages eclipse those of any other mode of education. The German system may still afford many useful suggestions to American education. The want of a higher education among us must make itself felt in all the branches of trade. Nothing but the highest traits of education will satisfy the demands of the miner, the manufacturer, the telegraph, and the countless new forms of scientific employment that spring up in our immense population. Knowledge is the source of all our prosperity. The schools of the future should make it universal. Eugene Lawrence.

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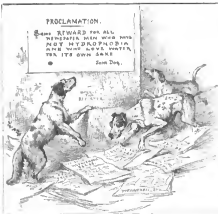


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PLATFORM DEER SHOOTING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, February 6, 1886

## THE ELECTORAL COUNT

THE Edmunds bill providing for the electoral count has twice passed the Senate with practical unanimity. It secures a simple and reasonable and certain solution of what Mr. Sherman justly calls "a question that is more dangerous to the future of this country than probably any other." But it is Mr. Sherman who now proposes to amend the bill in a way which, in case of a disputed return from a State, practically gives the control of the situation to the House of Representatives. As Mr. Edmunds truly remarked, the essential question in the case of dispute is, how shall the vote of the State be ascertained, and Mr. Sherman answers, by the majority of members of the House and Senate voting together. The seventy-six Senators and the three hundred and twenty five Representatives are to be polled as individuals, and the majority is to decide. This is a singular proposition to proceed from a statesman whose views are generally so sound, and it seems to deserve the remark of Mr. Hoar, that it reminded him of Mr. Pickwick's advice to Mr. Tupman. "Always shout with the mob," said Mr. Pickwick. "But," said Mr. Tupman, "suppose there are two mobs!" "Then shout with the largest."

The constitutional intention that the election of President shall be an election by States and not by a numerical popular majority is unmistakable. The States appoint electors, who meet and vote in the State, and the State certifies its choice. When the choice is so divided that there is no election, and the duty of designating the President devolves upon the House of Representatives, the House does not vote as an assembly of individuals, but of States, each delegation casting but one vote. Now the Senate is distinctively the Representative of the States, but Mr. Sherman proposes that the Senators shall be lost in the crowd of district representatives. He proposes it, indeed, as the best practicable plan. But it is none the less a surrender of what is at least the equal right of the Senate. Mr. Edmunds's bill proceeds throughout upon the constitutional intention of the right and power of the States in the election, and the wholly ministerial function of Congress. If the State sends but one return, and objection is made to its reception, it is to be rejected only by the concurrent vote of the two Houses. If more than one return appears, and it is necessary to decide between them, only that vote is to be counted which the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide to be the lawful vote of the State. If the Houses cannot agree, the State loses its vote.

This provision offers the strongest inducement to the State to avail itself of the other provisions which require the State to decide for itself in case of dispute which vote shall stand as that of the State. If, however, there should be two sets of authorities in the State claiming to be lawful, or if for any cause a judicial decision should fail to designate a single vote for the State, and Congress is forced to decide, then with strict regard to the State right and to the equal power of the two Houses, neither House shall prevail over the other, and if they cannot agree, and the State cannot agree, the vote of the State is not to be counted. Nothing could be fairer in itself nor more conformable to the Constitution. The State, indeed, loses its vote, but only when it cannot itself decide what its vote shall be, and when the two Houses of Congress, having equal authority, cannot agree. It would be a misfortune that any State should lose its electoral vote. But it would be a very much greater misfortune if one House of Congress should be allowed to decide what the electoral vote of the State shall be. As a simple, practicable, and satisfactory measure to avert a very great and a very possible catastrophe, the Edmunds bill deserves hearty and unanimous support. The necessity of some bill is conceded. No question has been more thoroughly discussed than that of the count, and the Edmunds bill has twice received the virtually unanimous support of both parties in the Senate. The passage of such a bill, even if not theoretically perfect, is infinitely preferable to a continuation of the peril to which the country is so needlessly exposed.

## THE CONVENTION OF POSTMASTERS.

We have already spoken of the important Convention of Postmasters, chiefly of the third and fourth classes, which will meet in Chicago in February. It will be an interesting assembly, because the postmasters are the largest body of officers in the civil service, and the whole Post-office question is one of the greatest concern to the country. The particular purpose of the present Convention is to urge upon Congress the desirability and reasonableness of a different and somewhat larger compensation for third and fourth class officers. They are paid by a commission upon the value of cancelled stamps, and the reduction of postage from three to two cents both diminished their income and increased their labor. The fourth-class officers ask to receive the first hundred dollars which are paid them for stamps sold, instead of the first fifty dollars, as now; and the third class ask the government to pay certain office expenses, and to give to the officers the whole amount received from the rent of boxes, which they are required to furnish at their own cost.

The requests are reasonable, and ought to be granted. They have been recommended, indeed, by more than one Postmaster-General, but in the general rush of business they have been neglected. The petition of such a convention, however, will command attention, and they will now, we hope, be heeded. There are other and very important questions regarding the Post-office which might be properly considered by such a convention of experts. Not only methods of handling and expediting mail matter and other details of administration might be discussed with great advantage, but a question of the highest importance, not only for the interest of the postal service, but of honest politics, is that of the appointment of postmasters. The present system is as bad as can well be. The postmasters in every Congressional district, and especially the third and fourth class officers, are practically appointed by the Representative in Congress from the district. The postmasters, therefore, are apt to be his henchmen, and the post-office is the most active party organization in the district. Every small officer is obliged to pay for his place by liberal gifts to the party treasury, and the "smartest" politician and most liberal bidder usually gets the office.

This disgraceful and corrupt system should be abolished. The election of postmasters has been often suggested, and for the great mass of the offices some suitable form of election might be devised. No system of selection would be perfect, but none could be so bad as selection by the Representative or by a local party committee, except upon the theory that the postal service ought to be regarded as a party and not a public service. Every efficient postmaster who is acceptable to the community which he serves ought to be retained so long as he is efficient, and his successor should be selected because of his fitness and of his acceptability to the community, and not because the Representative wishes to reward a henchman, or the County Committee a worker. The views of a convention of postmasters upon the best method of ascertaining that preference would be interesting. Being in office, they would not necessarily approve the system by which many of them were selected, and by which they are likely to be displaced. We shall watch the proceedings of the Convention with interest and attention.

## A LATE PASSAGE AT ARMS.

The recent encounter in the House between Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, and Mr. Wise, of Virginia, was a striking illustration of the miserable game of party. A very proper inquiry was proposed by the Republicans whether certain inscriptions commemorative of events in the war for the Union had been removed, and if so by whose authority, and whether Union soldiers had been removed to make place for Confederate soldiers, and to this a very proper amendment was proposed by the Democrats that the inquiry be extended to the conduct of the preceding Administration in regard to removals and appointments. Upon this a furious appeal was made to the passions of the war by Mr. Boutelle, and a very effective rejoinder was made by Mr. Wise, of Virginia, denying that inscriptions had been removed, stating that certain Union soldiers had been dismissed for drunkenness, and others by the orders of Mahone, a Confederate brigadier, under a Republican Administration, declaring that Confederate soldiers had been appointed to high place by Republican Presidents, and that, as honest and loyal citizens now, they ought not to be ostracized.

It was not an edifying proceeding, for it was a mere partisan cut and thrust, in which the "honors" were clearly with Mr. Wise. But nothing possibly could be gained by such an encounter except exasperation on both sides, and we should hope a clearer general perception in the country of the wanton folly of assuming that ex-Confederate soldiers, who are now perfectly loyal citizens engaged in making laws for the Union, may be taunted for their part in the war.

If any party thinks that it is just or wise or patriotic to insist that those who fought against the Union should be disfranchised or excluded from the public service, let it put forth its declaration in a frank and manly way. But to agree that there shall be no such disfranchisement or exclusion, and that ex-Confederate soldiers may be eligible for Congress, for the cabinet, and for the Presidency, and still to sneer at them and taunt them as traitors and rebels, is not the honorable course of honorable men. If General Grant was a brave Union soldier and a sound Republican, his spirit and his expressions toward his old opponents may well determine the Republican tone and conduct toward the ex-Confederates. Why should there be objection to extending the proposed inquiry? If the charge be that under a Democratic Administration ex-Confederate soldiers and counsels prevailed to the detriment of Union soldiers, it is surely relevant to inquire whether such detriment was peculiar to a Democratic Administration. If at the dictation of a rebel brigadier a Republican Administration dismissed Union soldiers, why should not that fact be made known to the country? Such dismissals may have been perfectly justifiable, and if President Grant appointed the rebel Colonel Mosby to an honorable representative position, there is no intrinsic reason why President Arthur should not have heeded the advice of the rebel General Mahone in making appointments and removals.

But if this be permissible in a Republican—which is undeniable when the motives in giving and following the advice are patriotic and unimpeachable—it is no less permissible in a Democrat, and the refusal to extend the inquiry shows that the object was merely a party advantage under the plea of lofty patriotism. We repeat, if inscriptions have been removed from national property, or faithful and efficient officers have been dismissed because they were Union soldiers, or replaced by others because they were ex-Confederates, let the fact be published throughout the country and the actors condemned, and we shall certainly take our part in condemning them. But if those who demand that the dismissals shall be made known have done the same thing, let us have that fact also as widely published. And when all is done, let us reflect how much has been gained for the Union, for good government, for fraternal feeling, and for the common welfare by the whole proceeding.

## THE RETURN OF GLADSTONE.

The overthrow of the Salisbury Ministry and the return of Mr. Gladstone to power may prove to be but a vanishing scene in the phantasmagoria of British politics. The result is at present Tory defeat, but it is not a Liberal triumph. British politics are no longer a contest of two parties. They involve the combinations of two against a third. The statement that Mr. Parnell may presently turn out the Liberals reveals the situation. He is a dictator who holds the balance of power, and the peace of England and the welfare of the British Empire are more absolutely under his control than under that of any other man. He could, indeed, be baffled by a union of Tories and Liberals. But such a union is not probable, both because of party spirit and of real conviction in the Liberal ranks. It is evidently clear at last to many intelligent Englishmen that the Irish question is not to be settled by what is called firm and energetic administration. Either the grounds of agitation must be removed by a policy which shall commend itself as just and reasonable to intelligent Irishmen, or the country must be held and governed by armed force.

The condition of Irish feeling on all sides is morbid. The Protestant, or Orange, or Ulster, or North of Ireland sentiment is as thoroughly aroused as the Roman Catholic and Nationalist sentiment. The protest of the loyalists against possible abandonment to the nationalists is quite as urgent as the demand of the latter for home rule. The assertion of Mr. Parnell that home rule means only the rule of the majority, and that the minority ought not to complain, because they will be treated justly, is not satisfactory to those who know that the majority regard the land-owners as invaders and usurpers, and advocate non-payment of rent for the use of such land. The profound perplexity of the Irish situation is not to be explained by any single cause. But one of the chief causes, to say no more, is the fact that the land of a native people which is peculiarly attached to the land is in great part owned by foreigners. To leave the ownership to pass to the Irish people by the gradual

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course of industry and trade is out of the question. There is nothing which shows that such a process is reasonably possible.

The remedy therefore is heroic, and lies in the use of the supreme imperial power to acquire the land and to enable the natives to obtain possession upon just terms. But to begin by making over the essential local authority to an Irish Parliament, with the expectation that it would fairly carry out the imperial arrangement, is to suppose a disposition and a good faith which it is not clear that circumstances justify. Nevertheless, it is foolish to suppose that any settlement can be made without consultation with the real Irish leaders. Lord SALISBURY's proposal to "proclaim" the League overthrew him at once, and upon a minor question. The Tory mismanagement goes far to justify the sneer that the party has forgotten how to govern, and recalls the gibe of JOHN STUART MILL, "I do not say that every Conservative is stupid, but I do say that stupid people are Conservatives." It is very possible that even English Liberal opinion would not sustain Mr GLADSTONE in the only policy which seems to promise relief, because such a policy must in a certain degree shock English pride and the English tradition. It is also possible that the demands of Irish leaders would be such as even Mr GLADSTONE could not approve. But no vituperation or calumny, no cry of treachery, surrender, demagoguery, or vanity, is likely to confuse his judgment or daunt his courage. It is fortunate both for Ireland and for England that one great British statesman still survives.

## THE PRESIDENT'S "INFLUENCE."

THERE is a great deal said of the President's abandonment of his "influence" with Congress, and he is plainly accused of betraying causes in which he is known to be interested by refusing to exercise his "influence." This remark seems to have been occasioned by his declaration that he should respect the constitutional rights of Congress, and should expect a similar respect from Congress for the rights of the Executive. This was held to be a great virtue in ANDREW JACKSON, who in every qualification for the Presidency of the United States was wholly inferior to Mr. CLEVELAND.

What is meant by the President's influence with Congress, and how has he abandoned it? He has positive views upon the silver question, as shown in his letter of a year ago and in his Message. In what way can he legitimately influence Congress upon that subject except by message and by private conversation with members? In what other way than these can he honorably obtain votes for any measure or policy in which he is interested? And has he openly or secretly abandoned these methods which fairly belong to him? He has spoken emphatically in public; has he refused to speak in private?

Nobody asserts it. But by influence, as the word is used, is meant simply bribery. That is to say, it is really meant that the President should intimate that members will be heeded in the distribution of patronage for a consideration, namely, support of his views. This is the kind of thing for which MADISON said that a President should be impeached. If for any such motive he should exercise the power of the patronage, he would be guilty, in MADISON's opinion, of a high crime and misdemeanor. Undoubtedly he would. Under any constitutional interpretation of our system it cannot be held that the power of appointment and removal is given to the Executive in order to affect legislation. The whole party system assumes that the President and his party majority in Congress are in accord, and if upon any question or measure they differ, it is monstrous to hold that he may use the patronage to buy supporters. In selecting persons for political offices he will properly choose those who are in political sympathy with him. That is what President CLEVELAND has done. What he has not done, and we believe will not do—although the special Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that presently "the Senate and the President will, as in ANDREW JOHNSON's time, enter into partnership for a division of the public plunder"—what he will not do, is to use the executive patronage to affect Congressional legislation.

## "ACTS OF COURTESY."

SINCE GEORGE the Third's time in England, when the proper officer attended in a room convenient to the House of Commons for the purpose of paying members for their votes, and where on one morning one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars was paid out to buy a majority for the Ministry, there was no transaction of more unadorned simplicity than the recent giving out of railway passes to members of the New York Assembly by the Clerk, Mr. CHARLES A. CHICKERING, who stood at his desk for the purpose, and called out the names of members, who, according to the *Tribune*, "were so eager to get the passes that they almost trampled over several reporters who were busy writing at their desks."

The passes are gifts from the railroad companies to the members of the Legislature, which makes laws regulating railroads. The member who accepts a pass receives in that form the equivalent of money from those whose interests will be affected by his vote. It is generally supposed that if a man receives money from those who wish his vote, he will be disposed to give it. If a man knows that his vote cast in a certain way will deprive him of comforts and pleasures and condiments which he would obtain if it were cast in another way, and he has no other personal interest in the vote, it is generally assumed that it will not be cast so as to deprive him of the advantage.

It is undeniable that if a legislator receives a gift of a thousand dollars from a company, and then votes as the company wishes him to vote, he is bribed. What is the word to be used when he receives, let us say, one hundred dollars, or the equivalent of twenty or thirty railroad trips? Suppose that a judge before whom a suit might be brought involving a railroad company should travel to and from his country house upon a free pass of that company, would his judgment for the road have moral weight? Is such a gift an act of respectful courtesy to the judge or the legislator? It is so called. There is, indeed, no record of the giver or receiver of such a gift calling it a bribe. But, oddly enough, no man of common sense can call it anything else.

## MODERN HEROES.

THE reader whose heart quickens with the story of the wounded PHILIP SIDNEY denying himself the cup of cold water that he might pass it to a dying comrade, need not sigh that the age of such heroism is passed. It is quite as frequent to-day, although it has not the glamour of tradition. The young student, says EMERSON, sighs for the grandeur of the past, but in his own day he may see that of CHARLES the Fifth, of all men born of woman—another, yet the same.

Two or three weeks ago there was a collision upon a bridge of the Alabama division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The bridge fell with the crushed and burning cars, and two brakemen, a fireman, an engineer, and a conductor were killed and wounded. Another conductor, GEORGE L. HARRIS, swam across the freezing river to flag the train coming north, which was due in a few minutes.

On the New York and Long Branch Railroad, a few days later, the locomotive had just entered upon a trestle five hundred feet long over a gulf sixty feet deep, when part of the train was thrown from the track. "Engineer GEORGE CLEARSON heard the bell, and, looking over his shoulder, saw the cars apparently about to topple over into the gully. His hand was on the throttle, and one pull threw it wide open. The only hope was to speed on to solid land before the cars had time to topple over. The engine, No. 163, fairly jumped. At that instant the rear truck of the last car gave way, letting the end of the car down on the track with a crash that made the twenty passengers in the car think their time had come. Three men ran simultaneously for the rear door and vainly tried to open it. Captain WALKER, of the steamer *St John*, who was in the closet, kicked the door panel out and called for help, alternately crashing from one side to the other, as the car swayed. Before any one could jump from the window the train reached solid ground and came to a stand-still." These men are not less heroes than SIDNEY, or the famous Greeks and Romans, and to read of them, as we constantly do, might reconcile the doughtiest skeptic even to reading the newspapers.

## NAMES OF PLACES.

A LATE letter from the Washington correspondent of the Peoria (Illinois) *Journal* treats the subject of names in a very gay but very sensible way. The identity of names is the despair of postal clerks, and as the power of the State cannot go further than the prohibition of duplicating the names of places, the remedy is hard to find. The parents of the young Brown, who is born simultaneously in many families, cannot possibly know that they are naming the boy John at the same moment. Yet it is a remarkable fact, stated by the correspondent of the *Journal*, that there has not been a JOHN SMITH in Congress for thirty years. Still an unusual name is a boon to the clerks. "The boys who sit up all night to sort the mail breathe a prayer of thanks when they strike the name of WILLIAM MCADOO, or POLK LAFFOON, or DOWDNEY, MIDDLEBERGER, OUTHWAITE, or WORTHINGTON. There never is any doubt about them."

The correspondent protests against the long names of places which cannot be abbreviated, except, perhaps, Cisco for San Francisco, and the contractions of the names of States. Then he adds that "the most sensible thing on record" is the naming of towns along the Illinois Central Railroad when it was building in 1852-3. There could seem to be no doubt that Onarga, Tolono, Tuscola, were melodious Italian names, and most fitting for the prairie. They are generally supposed to be such, but the supposition is mistaken.

Mr JOHN CALHOUN, the Land Commissioner, and an assistant, undertook to name the towns. The plan was for one to give to the other three consonants, and for the other in writing them to put in such vowels as would make a pleasant and easily spoken name. In this way some thirty of the stations were named, and the result, as the names that we have quoted show, was very fortunate. But although so easy as well as ingenious method, some sound Indian name, or the name of some plant or flower of the neighborhood, might have furnished an equally happy and more satisfactory result.

## THE GREAT STATUE.

THE Executive Committee of the American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, in a brief circular acknowledging the able efforts of the New York *World* in securing the money for completing the pedestal, appeal to the same liberty-loving people that contributed the money, for the necessary aid to put together and erect the statue, which is soon to be placed upon its foundation. The cost, as estimated, will be $40,000, and the committee remark that the continued sale of the statuettes upon a liberal scale will produce the amount of money required.

Is the reader, then, supplied with a statuette? The pedestal is already nearly completed, and rising solidly above the level of the bay, it awaits the lofty figure that shall crown it, bearing the torch which shall guide the homeward-bound mariner, and symbolize the happy country to which he hastes.

Surely no lover of his country, and no heart grateful for the timely aid of France, would wish to leave the pedestal destitute of the statue. That would be a permanent and laughable discredit. The homeward-bound mariner hastening to the land of liberty would then be greeted by a conspicuous and impressive monument of the indifference of America to a gift of French citizens designed to commemorate our ancient alliance. Does any American citizen desire to see the harbor of New York adorned with such a memorial? He may smile, but he would be inevitably chagrined by the questions and the gibes that would never end.

## MARSHALL'S GRANT

MR. W. E. MARSHALL's new engraving of General GRANT, we are inclined to think, will be the standard portrait. The head is of life size, and the picture represents GRANT in his General's uniform, in the vigorous prime of his life, and with his best and most characteristic expression. The portrait shows the man as he will be remembered, the magnanimous soldier, the true patriot, who will be always associated in our annals with the maintenance of the Union, like WASHINGTON with the war of Independence and the establishment of the government, and LINCOLN with Emancipation. It is a very attractive and satisfactory work, both exquisitely and forcibly executed, and happily reproduces the simple, upright, heroic, and charming personality which the autobiography delightfully but unconsciously depicts.

## PERSONAL.

MR. HENRY W. LUCY, the new editor of the London *Daily News*, is well known in this country as a magazine writer, and has a distinguished reputation from his work in the columns of the London *World*, *Punch*, and *Observer*. He proposes to make the *Daily News* "a little more strenuous and a little more independent," to use his own words. Most of his life has been spent in Parliament, and he has a large and intimate acquaintance with influential men on both sides of the House. Though firmly believing in the sanctity of private life, he thinks that a man in the public arena—be it in the House, on the platform, or on the stage—is fair game for the writer. As the London *Daily News* is much read in this city, Mr LUCY's course will be watched with interest.

—The Japanese barber, at the Japanese village at the Madison Square Garden, shaves several men daily for the benefit of visitors. The operation is somewhat tedious and lengthy, because, in addition to those parts of the face which Americans are in the habit of submitting to their barber, he shaves the eyelids, the forehead, the ridge of the nose, the back of the neck, the lobe and interior of the ears. As the poor fellow submits to the operation, he is a perfect picture of unassuming simplicity.

—While sitting in the office of a summer resort hotel last September, ex-President ARTHUR noticed a lady approach the counter, and ask to have her letter weighed previous to stamping it. "It will be two cents," said the clerk. "Only two?" she asked; "I thought it would be at least six." "Oh, madam," rejoined the man, "you forget we are living under a Democratic administration; it would have been four cents three months ago." When the lady had retired, the ex-President said to the clerk: "You were mistaken about the Democratic administration. The present cheap rates of postage were suggested by me in my last annual Message; I myself took the trouble to investigate the matter in all its details, and every word in the Message relating to it was written by my own hand."

—When Dean MURRAY, of Princeton College, was compelled to resign his position of Dean on account of the strain caused by his numerous duties, he being in charge of a professorial chair as well, the trustees, the alumni, the faculty, and the under-graduates united in expressing their earnest desire that he should continue his duties. So unanimous, earned, and sincere a tribute to a college officer has caused much gratification to Dr. MURRAY's friends, and we understand that in view of it his resignation will soon be formally withdrawn. As Dean, Dr MURRAY is supposed by the students to be in the direct line of promotion to the Presidency of the college.

—The ease with which Mr CHARLES J. CANDA, the new Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York, succeeded in obtaining bondsmen to justify in the large sum of eight hundred thousand dollars, is said by a prominent business man to be not only one of the surest signs of his fitness for the place, but also of President CLEVELAND's good judgment in the matter.

—Just how Colonel DANIEL S. LAMONT came to be appointed the President's Secretary seems to be a matter of dispute. The author of a recent article in this journal said that, after his election, Mr CLEVELAND remarked to Colonel LAMONT, who had expressed some doubt about being able to go to Washington: "Well, Dan, if you don't go, I won't go, and that's all there is about it." But a correspondent of the *Sun* gives this version: "On election day, at the earliest moment when it was safe to make the announcement, Mr LAMONT entered the Governor's presence, and said, 'Well, Governor, you are elected.' 'Well, then, you are elected too, Dan, and we have got to go to Washington together,' replied Mr CLEVELAND."

—A journalist, who has often had the pleasure of sitting near a police justice when the latter was giving his decisions, says that Mr F. R. COUDERT was quite right in declaring, at a late dinner in honor of the police, that the police justice "has all the powers of a tyrant and the majesty of a king."

—Madame MODJESKA has favored us with some interesting views as to the possible future of dramatic art in this country, where for nine seasons she has been delighting large audiences with the artistic beauty and force of her impersonations. The star system, she says, is injurious to the interests of the stage. It sacrifices the perfection of the *ensemble*, because managers feel that the public come to see the star, and that it is a waste of money to provide a competent company. Of the combination system, which selects certain actors to fill certain parts during the presentation of a certain play, she has a like unfavorable estimate. Such a company is a scratch company at best, and by the time it is able to do itself justice the play is likely to be withdrawn. She declares, therefore, her belief in the regular stock company, like that of Mr DALY's theatre, for instance, and insists that no young man or young woman can expect to become an actor or actress unless trained in such a company, where he or she may have the advantage of playing successively a variety of parts. She thinks little of schools of dramatic art and of professors of elocution. To become an actor or actress, she says, one must learn the rudiments of the profession on the stage by actually playing a variety of parts. To rely upon the professor of elocution is to become conventional and artificial; the professor of elocution has but one tone for the expression of grief, whereas each distinct character on the stage must have its own special tone if grief is to be expressed truly. She believes that if base-ball teams can be subventioned, a competent stock company can be subventioned in each of the principal cities, without depending upon the government for aid, and that the services of the best actors and actresses can be secured as members of such companies, in the interest of dramatic art. It is a great mistake, she thinks, to compel a leading actor or actress to appear night after night, she herself is often so fatigued as to necessitate the calling in of a physician, and the ruinous star system is to blame for it. "It either stifles or kills the best artist."

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A LESSON IN GREEK.

HELLENIC GREEK TO HIBERNIAN "GREEK." "Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

## WINTER ON THE GREAT LAKES.

NAVIGATORS on the Great Lakes born taste of every experience of navigators on the ocean. The pleasant sailing which one associates with inland navigation is enjoyed no greater proportion of the year than on the sea; there are squalls and storms of long duration which may very properly be compared with equatorial oceanic storms; and in winter the lake sailors have for a brief period the experience of sailors in arctic seas. The ice interrupts navigation at most important points on the lakes from December to May. The straits of Mackinaw are always closed between these dates. By reason of its depth, Lake Ontario, however, is much less obstructed by ice than Lake Erie, and even in the severest winters boats continue their trips across it with infrequent interruptions. The lake's temperature suffers slow changes. The water retains a temperature of 36° in the central portions as late as the middle of May, when near the shore it is as high as 65°. But on Lake Erie, which is the shallowest, most stormy, and most easily frozen of them all, it is an unusual occurrence in midwinter for a propeller to become ice-bound. On Lake Superior the broken ice in the spring, which the storms often make dangerous, has been dashed against the shores until it has worn out the caverns and made the grotesque figures on the cliffs that deserve to be ranked among the natural curiosities of the world.

Along the more populous shores of all the lakes, when navigation is interrupted, traffic and travel easily turn themselves to the railroads, but there are settlements which are not completely shut off from the world until the spring thaw comes. It is the sailors who trade with these remote regions that have the most to fear from the sudden formation of thick ice, and at the same time are more strongly tempted than others to run the risk of becoming ice-bound. It is a satisfactory taste of the experience of arctic navigators to become caught in the ice even on a propeller that is equipped with the best machinery for extricating itself, and supplied with fuel and food enough to give comfort and patience. In suddenly severe seasons boats have been abandoned by their crews, who made their way to shore on the ice, and not a winter passes but craft are lost by being frozen in or by coming in contact with lake icebergs in a storm.

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# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Hand of Ethelberta," "The Return of the Native," etc.

## CHAPTER XIII

The cottage which Michael Henchard hired for his wife Susan, under her name of Newson—in pursuance of their plan—was in the upper or western part of the town, near the wall, and the avenue which overshadowed it. The evening sun seemed to shine more yellowly there than anywhere else this autumn—stretching its rays, as the hour grew later, under the lowest sycamore boughs, and steeping the ground floor of the dwelling, with its green shutters, in a substratum of radiance which did not reach the upper parts. Beneath these sycamores on the town walls could be seen from the sitting-room the tumuli and earth forts of the distant uplands; making it altogether a pleasant spot, with the usual touch of melancholy that a western prospect lends.

As soon as the mother and daughter were comfortably installed, Henchard paid them a visit, and remained to tea, during which entertainment Elizabeth-Jane was carefully handmaided by the very general tone of the conversation which prevailed—a proceeding which seemed to afford some humor to Henchard, though his wife was not particularly happy in it. The visit was repeated again and again with business-like determination by the Mayor, who seemed to have schooled himself into a course of strict mechanical righteousness toward this woman of prior claim, at any expense to the later one, and to his own sentiments.

One afternoon the daughter was not in doors when Henchard came, and he said drily, "This is a very good opportunity for me to ask you to name the happy day, Susan."

The poor woman smiled faintly; she did not enjoy pleasantries on a situation into which she had entered solely for the sake of her girl's reputation. She liked them so little, indeed, that there was room for wonder why she had countenanced the deception at all, and had not bravely let the girl know her history. But the flesh is weak; and the true explanation came in due course.

"Oh, Mr Henchard," she said, "I am afraid all this is taking up your time, and giving trouble, when I did not expect any such thing!" And she looked at him and at his dress as a man of affluence, and at the furniture he had provided for the room—ornate and lavish to her eyes.

"Not at all," said Henchard, in rough benignity. "This is only a cottage—it costs me next to nothing. And as to taking up my time"—here his red and black visage kindled with satisfaction—"I've a splendid fellow to superintend my business now—a man whose like I've never been able to lay hands on before. I shall soon be able to leave everything to him, and have more time to call my own time I've had for these last twenty years."

Henchard's visits here grew so frequent and so regular that it soon became whispered, and then openly discussed, in Casterbridge that the masterful, eccentric Mayor of the town was captured and enervated by the genteel widow, Mrs Newson. His well-known haughty indifference to the society of womankind, his silence and ease of converse with the sex, contributed a piquancy to what would otherwise have been an uncomantic matter enough. That such a poor fragile woman should be his choice was inexplicable, except on the ground that the engagement was a family affair in which sentimental passion had no place; for it was known that they were related in some way. Mrs Henchard was so pale that the boys called her "The Ghost." Sometimes Henchard northward this epithet when they passed together along the Walks—as the avenues on the walls were named—at which his face would darken with an expression of destructiveness toward the speakers unknown to see; but he invariably said nothing.

He pressed on the preparations for his union, or rather reunion, with this pale creature in a dogged, unflinching spirit which did credit to his conscientiousness. Naturally would have conceived from his outward demeanor that there was no amatory fire or pulse of romance acting as attendant to the bustle going on in his gaunt, great house, nothing but three large resolves—one to make amends to

"AND FOR YOU—DIDN'T YOU ASK ME? THIS IS NOT YOUR WRITING."

ICEBOUND ON THE LAKES.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 94.]

his neglected Susan, another to provide a comfortable home for Elizabeth Jane under his paternal eye, and a third to castigate himself with the thorns which these restitutory acts brought in their train, among them the lowering of his dignity in public opinion by marrying so comparatively humble a woman.

Susan Henchard entered a carriage for the first time in her life when she stepped into the plain brougham which drew up at the door on the wedding day to take her and Elizabeth Jane to church. It was a windless morning of warm November rain, which floated down like meal, and lay in a powdery form on the nap of hats and coats. Few people had gathered round the church door, though they were well packed within. The Scotchman, who assisted as groomsman, was of course the only one present, beyond the chief actors, who knew the true situation of the contracting parties. He, however, was too inexperienced, too thoughtful, too judicial, too strongly conscious of the serious side of the business, to enter into the scene in its dramatic aspect. That required the special genius of Christopher Coney, Solomon Longways, Buzzford, and their fellows. But they knew nothing of the secret; though as the time for coming out of church drew on they gathered on the pavement adjoining, and expounded the subject according to their lights.

"'Tis five-and-forty years since I had my settlement in this here town," said Coney; "but dame me if ever I see a man wait so long before to take so little! There's a chance even for thee after this, Nance Mockridge." The remark was addressed to a woman who stood behind his shoulder—the same who had exhibited Henchard's bad bread in public when Elizabeth and her mother entered Casterbridge.

"Be cust if I'd marry any such as he, or thee either," replied that lady. "As for thee, Christopher, we know what ye be, and the less said the better. And as for he—well, there" (lowering her voice)—"'tis said 'a was a poor parish 'prentice—I wouldn't say it for all the world—but 'a was a poor parish 'prentice that began life wi' no more belonging to en than a carrion crow."

"And now he's worth ever so much a minute," murmured Longways. "When a man is said to be worth so and so a minute, he's a man to be considered." Turning, he saw a circular disk reticulated with creases, and recognized the smiling countenance of the fat woman who had asked for another song at the King of Prussia. "Well, Mother Cuxsom," he said, "how's this? Here's Mrs. Newson, a mere skellinton, has got another husband to keep her, while a woman of your tonnage have not."

"I have not. Nor another to beat me.... Ah, yes, Cuxsom's gone, and so shall leather breeches!"

"Yes; with the blessing of God leather breeches shall go."

"'Tisn't worth my old while to think of another husband," continued Mrs. Cuxsom. "And yet I'll lay my life I'm as respectable born as she."

"True; your mother was a very good woman. I can mind her. She was rewarded by the Agricultural Society for having the greatest number of healthy children without parish assistance."

"'Twas that that kept us so low upon ground—that great family."

"Ay. Where the pigs be many, the wash runs thin."

"And dostn't mind how mother would sing, Christopher?" continued Mrs. Cuxsom, kindling at the retrospection; "and how we went with her to the party at Mellstock, do ye mind?—at old Dame Ledlow's, Farmer Penny's sister, do ye mind?—she we used to call Toad's-Arumpit, because 'a were so yaller and freckled, do ye mind?"

"I do, hee-hee, I do!" said Christopher Coney.

"And well do I—for I was getting up husband-high at that time—one half maid, and t'other half woman, as one may say. And canst mind"—she prodded Solomon's shoulder-blade with her finger, while her eyes twinkled between the crevices of their lids—"canst mind the sherry wine, and the silver snuffers, and how Joan Dummett was took bad when we were coming home, and Jack Griggs was forced to carry her through the mud; and how 'a let her fall in Dairyman Sweetapple's cow-barton, and we had to clane her gown wi' grass—never such a mess as 'a were in?"

"Ay, that I do. Such doggery as there was in them ancient days, to be sure! Ah, the miles I used to walk then; and now I can hardly step over a sixpence!"

Their reminiscences were cut short by the appearance of the reunited pair—Henchard looking round upon the idlers with that ambiguous gaze of his, which at one moment seemed to mean satisfaction, and at another fiery disdain.

"Well, there's a difference between 'em, though he do call himself a teetotaler," said Nance Mockridge. "She'll wish her cake dough afore she's done of him. There's a Bluebeardy look about en; and 'twill out in time."

"Stuff! he's well enough. Some folk want their luck buttered. If I had a choice as wide as the ocean sea I wouldn't wish for a better man. A poor twanking woman like her—her skin hanging upon her like a chitterling upon a turning-stick—'tis a godsend for her, and hardly a night-rail to her name."

The plain little brougham drove off in the mist, and the idlers dispersed. "Well, we hardly know how to look at things in these times," said Solomon. "There was a man dropped down dead yesterday, not so very many miles from here; and what wi' that, and this moist weather, 'tis scarce worth one's while to begin any work of consequence to-day. I'm in such a low key with drinking nothing but small table ninepenny this last week or two that I shall call and warm up at the Prooshia as I pass along."

"I don't know but that I may as well go with 'ee, Solomon," said Coney; "I'm as clammy as a cockle-snail."

## CHAPTER XIV

A Martinmas summer of Mrs. Henchard's life set in with her entry into her husband's large house and respectable social orbit; and it was as bright as such summers well can be. Lest she should pine for deeper affection than he could give, he made a point of showing some semblance of it in external action. Among other things he had the iron railings that had smiled sadly in dull green for the last eighty years painted a bright chocolate, and the heavy barred, small-paned Georgian sash windows enlivened with three coats of white. He was as kind to her as a man, Mayor, and church-warden could possibly be. The house was large, the rooms lofty, and the landings wide; and the two unassuming women scarcely made a perceptible addition to its contents.

To Elizabeth Jane the time was a most triumphant one. The freedom she experienced, the indulgence with which she was treated, went beyond her expectations. The reposeful, easy, affluent life to which her mother's marriage had introduced her was, in truth, the beginning of a great change in Elizabeth. She found she could have nice personal possessions and ornaments for the asking, and, as the mediæval saying puts it, "Take, have, and keep are pleasant words." With peace of mind came development, and with development beauty. Knowledge, learning, accomplishments; those, alas! she had not; but as the winter and spring passed by, her thin face and figure filled out in rounder and softer curves; the lines and contractions upon her young brow went away; the muddiness of skin which she had looked upon as hers by nature departed with a change to abundance of good things, and a bloom came upon her cheek. Perhaps, too, her gray, thoughtful eyes revealed an arch gayety sometimes; but this was infrequent; the sort of wisdom which looked from their pupils did not readily keep company with these lighter moods. Like all people who have known rough times, light-heartedness seemed to her too irrational and inconsequent to be indulged in except as a reckless dram now and then; for she had been too early habituated to anxious reasoning to drop the habit suddenly. She felt none of those ups and downs of spirit which beset so many people without cause; never—to paraphrase a poet—never a gloom in Elizabeth Jane's soul but she well knew how it came there; and her present cheerfulness was fairly proportionate to her solid guarantees for the same.

It might have been supposed that, given a girl rapidly becoming good-looking, comfortably circumstanced, and for the first time in her life commanding ready money, she would go and make a fool of herself by dress. But no. The reasonableness of almost everything that Elizabeth Jane did was nowhere more conspicuous than in this question of clothes. To keep in the rear of opportunity in matters of indulgence is as valuable a habit as to keep abreast of opportunity in matters of enterprise. This unsophisticated girl did it. Thus she refrained from bursting out like a water-flower that spring, and clothing herself in puffings and knickknacks as most of the Casterbridge girls would have done in her circumstances. Her triumph was tempered by circumspection; she had still that field-mouse fear of the coulter of destiny despite fair promise, which is common among the thoughtful who have suffered early from poverty and oppression.

"I won't be too gay on any account," she would say to herself. "It would be tempting Providence to hurl mother and me down, and afflict us again as He used to do."

In damp weather she advanced her civilization from pattens to goloshes—an article of wear just then reaching the remoter towns. Once having worn them, she abandoned the old pattens forever. She went to where her last pair hung in the shoe-house, looked at their heavy iron rings and wood-work, and smiled at human error. As a young girl she had clacked about in these pattens not only during wet weather, but during dry, to save her boots from wear, taking out of the uppers what she won on the sole. Quite sure that she would never again lapse into such a state, she would fain have split them up and burned them that day, but withheld her hand.

We now see her in a black silk bonnet, velvet mantle or silk spencer, dark dress, and carrying a sunshade. In this latter article she drew the line at fringe, and had it plain edged, with a little ivory ring for keeping it closed. It was odd about the necessity for that sunshade. She discovered that with the clarification of her complexion and the birth of pink cheeks her skin had grown more sensitive to the sun's rays. She protected those cheeks forthwith, deeming spotlessness part of womanliness.

Henchard had become very fond of her, and she went out with him more frequently than with her mother now. Her appearance one day was so attractive that he looked at her critically.

"I happened to have the ribbon by me, so I made it up," she faltered, thinking him perhaps dissatisfied with some rather bright trimming she had donned for the first time.

"Ay—of course—to be sure," he replied, in his leonine way. "Do as you like; or rather as your mother advises ye. 'Od send! I've nothing to say to't."

In doors she appeared with her hair divided by a parting that arched like a white rainbow from ear to ear. All in front of this line was covered with a thick encampment of curls; all behind was dressed smoothly, and drawn to a knob.

The three members of the family were sitting at breakfast one day, and Henchard was looking silently, as he often did, at this head of hair, which in color was brown—rather light than dark. "I thought Elizabeth Jane's hair—didn't you tell me that Elizabeth Jane's hair promised to be black when she was a baby?" he said to his wife.

She looked startled, jerked his foot, and murmured, "Did I?"

As soon as Elizabeth was gone to her own room, Henchard resumed: "Begad, I nearly forgot myself just now! What I meant was that the girl's hair certainly looked as if it would be darker when she was a baby."

"It did; but they alter so," replied Susan.

"Their hair gets darker, I know; but I wasn't aware it lightened ever?"

"Oh yes!" And the same uneasy expression came out on her face. It passed as Henchard went on:

"Well, so much the better. Now, Susan, I want to have her called Miss Henchard, not Miss Newson. Lots o' people do it already in carelessness; it is her legal name, so it may as well be made her usual name. I don't like t'other name at all for my own flesh and blood. I'll advertise it in the Casterbridge paper; that's the way they do it. She won't object."

"No; oh no! But—"

"Well, then, I shall do it," said he, peremptorily. "Surely, if she's willing, you must wish it as much as I?"

"Oh yes; if she agrees, let us do it by all means," she replied.

Then Mrs. Henchard acted somewhat inconsistently; it might have been called falsely, but that her manner was emotional and full of the earnestness of one who wishes to do right at great hazard. She went to Elizabeth Jane, whom she found sewing in her sitting-room upstairs, and told her what had been proposed about her surname. "Can you agree? Is it not a slight upon Newson, now he's dead and gone?"

Elizabeth Jane reflected. "I'll think of it, mother," she said.

When, later in the day, she saw Henchard, she adverted to the matter at once, in a way which showed that the line of feeling started by her mother had been persevered in. "Do you wish the change so very much, sir?" she asked.

"Wish it? Why, my blessed fathers, what an ado you women make about a trifle! I proposed it—that's all. Now, 'Lizabeth Jane, just please yourself. Curse me if I care what you do. Now, you understand, don't 'ee go agreeing to it to please me."

Here the subject dropped, and nothing more was said and nothing was done, and Elizabeth still passed as Miss Newson, and not by her legal name.

Meanwhile the great corn and hay traffic conducted by Henchard throve under the management of Donald Farfrae as it had never thriven before. It had formerly moved in jolts; now it went on oiled castors. The old crude viva voce system of Henchard, in which everything depended upon his memory, and bargains were made by the tongue alone, was swept away. Letters and ledgers took the place of "I'll do't," and "You shall hae't"; and, as in all such cases of advance, the rugged picturesqueness of the old method disappeared with its inconveniences.

The position of Elizabeth Jane's room—rather high in the house, so that it commanded a view of the hay stores and granaries across the garden—afforded her opportunity for accurate observation of what went on there. She saw that Donald and Mr. Henchard were inseparables. When walking together, Henchard would lay his arm familiarly on his manager's shoulder, as if Farfrae were a younger brother, bearing so heavily that his slight figure bent under the weight. Occasionally she would hear a perfect cannonade of laughter from Henchard, arising from something Donald had said, the latter looking quite innocent, and not laughing at all. In Henchard's somewhat lonely life he evidently found the young man as desirable for comradeship as he was useful for consultations. Donald's brightness of intellect maintained in the corn-factor the admiration it had won at the first hour of their meeting. The poor opinion, and but ill-concealed, that he entertained of the slim Farfrae's physical girth, strength, and dash was more than counterbalanced by the immense respect he had for his brains.

Her quiet eye discerned that Henchard's tigerish affection for the younger man, his constant liking to have Farfrae near him, now and then resulted in a tendency to domineer, which, however, was checked in a moment when Donald exhibited marks of real offence. One day, looking down on their heads from on high, she heard the latter remark, as they stood in the doorway between garden and yard, that their habit of walking and driving about together rather neutralized Farfrae's value as a second pair of eyes, which should be used in places where the principal was not. "Od d——n it!" cried Henchard, "what's all the world? I like a fellow to talk to. Now come along and hae some supper, and don't take too much thought about things, or ye'll drive me crazy."

When she walked with her mother, on the other hand, she often beheld the Scotchman looking at them with a curious interest. The fact that he had met her at the King of Prussia was insufficient to account for it, since the assistance she had ill-advisedly tendered there had passed unobserved by him, who on the occasions on which she had entered his room had never raised his eyes. Besides, it was at her mother more particularly than at herself that he looked, to Elizabeth Jane's half-unconscious, simple-minded, perhaps pardonable, disappointment. Thus she could not account for this interest by her own attractiveness, and she decided that it might be apparent only—a way of turning his eyes that Mr. Farfrae had. She did not divine the ample explanation of his manner, without personal vanity, that was afforded by the fact of Donald being the depositary of Henchard's confidence in respect to his past treatment of the pale, chastened mother who walked by her side. Her conjectures on that past never went further than faint ones based on things casually heard and seen—mere guesses that Henchard and her mother might have been lovers in their younger days, who had quarrelled and parted.

Casterbridge, as has been hinted, was a place deposited in the block upon a corn field. There was no suburb in the modern sense, or transitional intermixture of town and down. It stood, with regard to the wide fertile land adjoining, clean cut and distinct, like a chess-board on a green table-cloth. The farmer's boy could sit under his barley mow and pitch a stone into the office window of the town clerk; reapers at work among the sheaves nodded to acquaintances standing on the pavement corner; the ermined judge, when he condemned a sheep-stealer, pronounced sentence to the tune of Baa, that floated in at the window from the remainder of the flock browsing hard by; and at executions the waiting crowd stood in a meadow immediately under the drop, out of which the cows had been temporarily driven to give the spectators room.

The corn grown on the upland side of the borough was garnered by farmers who lived in an eastern purlieu called Dummerford. Here wheat ricks overhung the old Roman street, and thrust their eaves against the church tower; green-thatched barns, with doorways as high as the gates of Solomon's Temple, opened directly upon the main thoroughfare. Barns, indeed, were so numerous as to alternate with every half-dozen houses along the way. Here lived burgesses who daily walked the fallow; shepherds in an intra-mural squeeze. A street of farmers' homesteads—a street ruled by a mayor and corporation, yet echoing with the thump of the flail, the flutter of the winnowing fan, and the purr of the milk into the pails—a street which had nothing urban in it whatever—this was the Dummerford end of Casterbridge.

Henchard, as was natural, dealt largely with this nursery or bed of small farmers close at hand, and his wagons were often down that way. One day, when arrangements were in progress for getting home corn from one of the aforesaid farms, Elizabeth Jane received a note by hand, asking her to oblige the writer by coming at once to a granary on Dummerford Hill. As this was the granary whose contents Henchard was removing, she thought the request had something to do with his business, and proceeded thither as soon as she had put on her bonnet. The granary was just within the farm yard, and stood on stone staddles high enough for persons to walk under. The gates were open, but nobody was within. However, she entered and waited. Presently she saw a figure approaching the gate—that of Donald Farfrae. He looked up at the church clock, and came in. By some unaccountable shyness, some wish not to meet him there alone, she quickly ascended the step ladder leading to the granary door, and entered it before he had seen her. Farfrae advanced, imagining himself in solitude; and a few drops of rain beginning to fall, he moved and stood under the shelter where she had just been standing. Here he leaned against one of the staddles and gave himself up to patience. He too was plainly expecting some one; could it be herself? If so, why? In a few minutes he looked at his watch, and then pulled out a note, a duplicate of the one she had herself received.

The situation began to be very awkward, and the longer she waited, the more awkward it became. To emerge from a door just above his head and descend the ladder, and show she had been in hiding there, would look so very foolish that she still waited on. A winnowing machine stood close beside her, and to relieve her suspense she gently moved the handle, whereupon a cloud of wheat husks flew out into her face, and covered her clothes and bonnet, and stuck into the fur of her victorine. He must have heard the slight movement, for he looked up, and then ascended the steps.

"Ah—it's Miss Newson," he said, as soon as he could see into the granary. "I didn't know you were there. I have kept the appointment, and am at your service."

"Oh, Mr. Farfrae!" she faltered; "so have I. But I didn't know it was you who wished to see me, otherwise I—"

"I wished to see you? Oh no—at least, that is, I am afraid there may be a mistake."

"Didn't you ask me to come here? Didn't you write this?" Elizabeth Jane held out her note.

"No. Indeed, at no hand would I have thought of it. And for you, didn't you ask me? This is not your writing?" and he held up his.

"By no means."

"And is it even so! Then it's somebody wanting to see us both. Perhaps we would do well to wait a little longer."

Acting on this consideration, they lingered, Elizabeth Jane's face being arranged to an expression of preternatural composure, and the young Scot, at every footstep in the street without, looking from under the granary to see if the passer were about to enter and declare himself their summoner. They watched individual drops of rain creeping down the thatch of the opposite rick—straw after straw, till they reached the bottom; but nobody came, and the granary roof began to drip.

"The person is not likely to be coming," said Farfrae. "It's a trick, perhaps, and if so, it's a great pity to waste our time like this, and so much to be done."

"'Tis a great liberty," said Elizabeth Jane.

"And that's true, Miss Newson. We'll hear news of this some day, depend on't, and who it was that did it. I wouldn't stand for it hindering myself; but you, Miss Newson—"

"I don't mind—much," she replied.

"Nor do I."

They lapsed again into silence. "You are anxious to get back to Scotland, I suppose, Mr. Farfrae?" she inquired.

"Oh no, Miss Newson. Why should I be?"

"I only supposed you might be from the song

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you sang to the King of Prussia—about Scotland and home, I mean—which you seemed to feel so deep down in your heart; so that we all felt for you."

"Ah, yes—I did sing there—I did— But, Miss Newson"—and Donald's voice musically undulated between two semitones, as it always did when he became earnest—"it's well you feel a song for a few minutes, and your eyes be quite tearful; but you finish it, and for all you felt, you don't mind it or think of it again for a long while. Oh no, I don't want to go back! Yet I'll sing the song to you wi' pleasure whenever you like. I could sing it now, and not mind at all."

"Thank you indeed. But I fear I must go—rain or no."

"Ay, yes. Then, Miss Newson, ye were best to say nothing about this hoax, and take no heed of it. And if the person should say anything to you, be civil to him or her, as if you did not mind it—so you'll take the clever person's laugh away." In speaking his eyes became fixed upon her dress, still sown with wheat husks. When she was stepping out, he added: "There's husks and dust on you. Perhaps you don't know it?" in tones of extreme delicacy.

"Yes," she said. "I touched the handle, and they flew out suddenly."

"But it's very bad to let rain come upon clothes when there's chaff on them. It washes in and spoils them. Let me help you—blowing is the best."

As Elizabeth Jane neither assented nor dissented, Donald Farfrae inflated his mouth and began blowing her back hair, and her side hair, and her neck, and the crown of her bonnet, and the fur of her victorine, Elizabeth saying, "Oh, thank you," to every puff, and picking out the chaff and dust in front with her own hands. At last she was fairly clean, though Farfrae, having got over his first concern at the situation, seemed in no manner of haste to be gone.

"Ah—now I'll go and get ye an umbrella," he said.

"Oh no. I don't mind the rain at all."

She stepped out and was gone. Farfrae walked slowly after, looking thoughtfully at her diminishing figure, and whistling in under tones, "As I came down through Cannobie."

## CHAPTER XV.

At first Miss Newson was not regarded with much interest by anybody in Casterbridge. Donald Farfrae's gaze, it is true, was now attracted by the Mayor's so-called step-daughter, but he was only one. The truth is that she was but a poor illustrative instance of the prophet Baruch's sly definition: "The virgin that loveth to go gay." This particular virgin was just a shade too far the other way, and she paid the penalty. Sober, and even discreet, she was, yet so hearty that her homespun simplicity afforded none of those piquant problems which are afforded by the simplicity that is carefully constructed by art. When she walked abroad she seemed to be occupied with an inner chamber of ideas, and to have slight need for visible objects. In short, it was obvious to real philosophers that Casterbridge young manhood of the deep-seeing sort ought to have had a solicitous regard for her. So they took no notice of her at all.

If the news got abroad that she was unwell, Henchard's door was not haunted by young fellows with cigars, making some excuse for inquiring indirectly about her. But, to set against this, at inn gatherings of the rollicking sort, where discussions of the female world were apt to take a turn irreverent to the sex, the criticism was stopped when it came to Elizabeth with, "I say, now, we'll leave *her* alone."

Perhaps the young men were penetrating enough to see that she was too honest to be a woman of genteel education. This view of her was helped by the curious resolves that she had formed on checking gay fancies in the matter of clothes, because it was inconsistent with her past life to blossom gaudily the moment she had become possessed of money. But nothing is more insidious than the evolution of wishes from mere fancies, and of wants from mere wishes. Henchard gave Elizabeth Jane a box of delicately tinted gloves one spring day. She wanted to wear them to show her appreciation of his kindness, but she had no bonnet that would harmonize. As an artistic indulgence, she thought she would have such a bonnet. When she had a bonnet that would go with the gloves, she had no dress that would go with the bonnet. It was now absolutely necessary to finish; she ordered the requisite article, and found that she had no sunshade to go with the dress. In for a penny, in for a pound; she bought the sunshade, and the whole structure was at last complete.

Everybody was attracted, and some said that her by-gone simplicity was the art that conceals art, she had produced an effect, a contrast, and it had been done on purpose. As a matter of fact this was not true, but it had its result; for as soon as young Casterbridge thought her artful, it thought her worth notice. "It is the first time in my life that I have been so much admired," she said to herself, "though perhaps it is by those whose admiration is not worth having."

But Donald Farfrae admired her too, and altogether the time was an exciting one; sex had never before asserted itself in her so strongly, for in former days she had perhaps been too impersonally human to be distinctively feminine. After an unprecedented success one day she came indoors, went upstairs, and leaned upon her bed face downward, quite forgetting the possible creasing and damage. "Good Heaven!" she whispered, "can it be? Here am I setting up as the town beauty!"

When she had thought it over, her usual fear of exaggerating appearances engendered a deep sadness. "There is something wrong in all this," she mused. "If they only knew what an ignorant girl I am, that I can't play the piano, or use globes, or do any of the accomplishments they learn at boarding-schools, how they would despise me! Better sell all this finery and buy myself a copy-book, and a dictionary, and a grammar of my native tongue!"

She looked from the window, and saw Henchard and Farfrae in the hay-yard talking, with that impetuous cordiality on the Mayor's part, and genial modesty on the younger man's, that was now so generally observable in their intercourse. Friendship between man and man, what a rugged strength there was in it, as evinced by these two! And yet the seed that was to lift the foundation of this friendship was at that moment taking root in the chink.

It was about six o'clock; the men were dropping off homeward one by one. The last to leave was a round-shouldered, blinking young man of nineteen or twenty, whose mouth fell ajar on the slightest provocation, seemingly because there was no chin to support it. Henchard called aloud to him as he went out of the gate. "Here—Abel Whittle!"

Whittle turned, and ran back a few steps. "Yes, sir," he said, in breathless deprecation, as if he knew what was coming next.

"Once more—be in time to-morrow morning. You see what's to be done, and you hear what I say, and you know I'm not going to be trifled with any longer."

"Yes, sir." Then Abel Whittle left, and Henchard, and Farfrae, and Elizabeth Jane saw no more of them.

Now there was good reason for this command on Henchard's part. Poor Abel, as he was called, had an inveterate habit of oversleeping himself and coming late to his work. His anxious will was to be among the earliest; but if his comrades omitted to pull the string that he always tied round his great toe and left hanging out of the window for that purpose, his will was as wind. He did not arrive in time.

As he was often second hand at the hay-weighing, or at the crane which lifted the sacks, or was one of those who had to accompany the wagons into the country to fetch away stacks that had been purchased, this affliction of Abel's was productive of much inconvenience. For two mornings in the present week he had kept the others waiting nearly an hour; hence Henchard's threat. It now remained to be seen what would happen to-morrow.

Six o'clock struck, and there was no Whittle. At half past six Henchard entered the yard; the wagon was horsed that Abel was to accompany, and the other man had been waiting twenty minutes. Then Henchard swore, and Whittle coming up breathless at that instant, the corn-factor turned on him, and declared with an oath that this was the last time; that if he were behind once more, by G——! he would come and drag him out o' bed.

"There is sommit wrong in my make, your worshipful," said Abel, "especially in the inside, whereas my poor dumb brain gets as dead as a clot afore I've said my few scrags of prayers. Yes, it came on as a stripling, just afore I'd got man's wages, whereas I never enjoy my bed at all, for no sooner do I lie down than I be asleep, and afore I be awake I be up. I've fretted my gizzard green about it, maister, but what can I do? Now last night, afore I went to bed, I only had a scantling o' cheese and—"

"I don't want to hear it!" roared Henchard. "To-morrow the wagons must start at four, and if you're not here, stand clear. I'll mortify thy flesh for thee."

"But let me clear up my points, your worshipful—"

Henchard turned away.

"He asked me and he questioned me, and then 'a wouldn't hear my points," said Abel to the yard in general. "Now I shall twitch like a moment-hand all night to-night for fear o' him."

The journey to be taken by the wagons next day was a long one, into White Hart Vale, and at four o'clock lanterns were moving about the yard. But Abel was missing. Before either of the other men could run to Abel's and warn him, Henchard appeared in the garden doorway.

"Where's Abel Whittle? Not come, after all I've said? Now I'll carry out my word, by my blessed fathers! nothing else will do him any good. I'm going up that way."

Henchard went off, entered Abel's house, a little cottage in Back Street, the door of which was never locked, because the inmates had nothing to lose. Reaching Whittle's bedside, the corn-factor shouted a bass note so vigorously that Abel started up instantly, and beholding Henchard standing over him, was galvanized into spasmodic movements which had not much relation to getting on his clothes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CURLING.

This ancient and popular Scottish sport has suffered very little by its transportation from the mother country. The picture represents one of the annual matches of the clubs forming the Grand National Curling Club of America. There are twenty-two clubs in the association, of which number New York city has twelve. Nearly all the best matches are played on ice in this vicinity. Conservatory Lake, Central Park, Van Cortlandt Lake, and Prospect Park Lake are the spots where the lovers of the game congregate and encourage the players with their applause. The length of the rink is forty-two yards, and the tees, or bull's-eyes, if they may be so termed, thirty-eight yards apart. Each stone, with its handle in the centre, must be circular, and not weigh more than fifty or less than thirty pounds. To enable each shot to count, the stone must rest within a radius of seven feet from the tee, but sometimes the distances are slightly varied. The skip, or captain of each side, has sole control of the play, but occasionally the players get so excited that advice is given freely by all interested. Such expressions as, "Now, Geordie, mon, gie it the oot turn!" "Eh, but ye're a fine curler," when the stone comes gliding up to the tee, or, "Well chapped, mon; eh, but it's a beautiful shot!" as a well-placed stone is knocked out of the circle by a well-directed shot from an adversary.

Then, as the match progresses, the players with brooms are kept hard at work, sweeping in front of the stone to make it cover the required distance. Then you will hear, "Sweep her up, Sandie!" "Now, Aleck, don't be idle, mon!" "Help her along, or she'll never fetch it," while one would think each player had St. Vitus's dance, as they prance along the rink, sweeping for their dear lives. But it is after the match is over, and both sides mingle together in the club-house near the ice, and discuss the mutton pies, bottled porter, or Scotch whiskey, with cheese and crackers, that the jolly Scots are in their element, and one can thoroughly understand why the love of the game, from a social point of view, is so thoroughly implanted in the hearts of Scotia's sons. It really is a gathering of the clans.

The first game of the association ever played was for the "Champion Rink Medal" presented by Mr. Robert Gordon, of this city. It was played in Buffalo, February 19, 1869, and New York won it; last year it was won by Milwaukee at Chicago. The first year the North and South of Scotland match was played was in January, 1871. There is an Eastern medal and a Western medal, both of which were presented for competition by Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, of this city. In the Eastern section the record of games stands eight to five in favor of the South, while in the Western section each side has won three. A flag presented by Mr. Andrew Buchanan is also given to the skip of the winning side in the Eastern game. Gordon Hurara, of the South side, won it this year and James Stewart the Kirkpatrick silver medal for second highest score.

The match which took place January 14, between the States of New York and New Jersey, at Paterson, New Jersey, was for a medal presented by John L. Hamilton, of this city, the skip of the winning side having the custody of it. Nine matches in all have been played since 1870, New York winning four, and New Jersey five.

Only three games have been played in the Scotch against all other nationalities match, for the medal given by Mr. Archibald McLintock, the nationalities winning two.

The gold medal given by Mr. Robert Gordon, now of London, England, for competition between the United States and Canada, is played for during the Carnival week at Montreal. Only one competition has taken place, and that the United States won. This year it was appointed for Van Cortlandt Lake, the provinces of Quebec and Ontario both sending teams.

The champion gold medal given by Mr. A. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, the president of the National Club, was won by the Empire City Club of New York last year.

These matches are the regular matches of the association, but do not represent a tithe of what are actually played, as nearly every club in the association plays club matches during the reign of King Frost.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Rules for getting thin continue to be supplied in abundance to the world's fat people. One of the latest says that any person, no matter how stout, can reduce himself to a genteel figure simply by confining himself to a diet of lean beef-steak and hot water for seventeen weeks. The trouble with this rule is that it calls for too much time. Dr. Tanner took only forty days to reduce himself, not only to a genteel figure, but to a point far beyond that. He was called, indeed, a living skeleton. He denied himself only a single matter of those permitted by the rule under discussion, namely, the meat. He drank several ounces of water daily, though it is but fair to say it was not hot water. Both his rule and the one that permits beefsteak are somewhat rigorous, and it is that quality precisely which makes them obnoxious to fat and comfortable people.

A French physician says that women who smoke tobacco suffer more than men. It is an interesting statement. Anybody who has seen a man accustomed to the use of tobacco in the act of smoking (say just after dinner) must have noticed how poignantly he suffers, notwithstanding the heroic exercise of will by which he endeavors to prevent the fact of his martyrdom from becoming known. It is depressing to think that anybody, and especially a woman, can suffer more; and yet undoubtedly it is just that a woman who smokes tobacco should suffer—in conscience at least.

A French gentleman has to a charm for his watch chain a revolver an inch long, which is capable of being loaded and fired like any larger pistol. The cartridges are very minute, and the bullets, while, of course, they would not crush the skull of an ox, when fired in quick succession against a champagne glass cause it to tinkle quite audibly.

Couples who happen to be caught in Paris without a suitable supply of wedding guests have now the means to fill their want in a perfectly simple and business-like manner. An agency has been started, according to the London *Truth*, whose manager undertakes "to place at the disposition of the bridegroom a choice society of well-educated young men, charming talkers, elegant dancers, several of whom are, besides, endowed with all the necessary talents appertaining to a really fine society."

Ingratitude is common, but it is not universal. A Connecticut peddler fell into a rapid stream the other day, and would have drowned but for the assistance of two young men, who got him out at considerable peril to their own lives. In the whirl and torrent of his grateful emotions the peddler threw open his pack and gave to each of his preservers a lead pencil.

The fortitude of an old gentleman named Bennett, of Charlotte, North Carolina, is compared with that of Andrew Jackson, who was given to treating his own wounds and ailments in a Spartan manner. Mr. Bennett got a bullet in his thigh in one of the battles around Richmond, and carried it until one Sunday recently, when, having leisure, he made up his mind to take it out. Sharpening his pocket-knife, he set to work, and at a distance of two inches below the surface came upon the ball, which he successfully removed. He has been troubled since merely by a slight limp as he goes about showing the ball to his friends.

Harvard, according to a statistical table, has only one of her graduates in the United States Senate. Yale has three, Princeton and Hamilton two each, and Bowdoin and Williams each one.

An English statistician says that, since 1793, wars among civilized nations have cost the lives of 4,470,000 men. Most of these died of hardship and disease and wounds not immediately fatal, the number of those killed on the field being comparatively small. The most disastrous battle, says the statistician, was Borodino, where 250,000 men were engaged, and 78,000 stricken down.

A writer in *Nature* wonders whether a balloon which accidentally slipped its moorings in Paris in July of last year is the same balloon which was seen floating over Bermuda on August 27, and also the same balloon which on September 17 was found hanging in a wrecked condition on a church steeple in Chicago. It is a question among scientific persons whether any balloon can hold its gas long enough to drift across the Atlantic. The writer in *Nature* thinks that an unusually good coat of varnish or a film of ice might be the means of keeping in the gas for a sufficient period. One of the balloons sent up from Paris during the siege drifted to Greenland, where it was found a long time after. Of course a balloon which left Paris in June, and only succumbed on reaching Chicago in September, must have held its gas in an extraordinary manner; but the Paris balloon was seen some time after its escape travelling westward over the Bay of Biscay, and the succeeding appearances of a balloon over Bermuda and a balloon impaled upon a Chicago church steeple suggest that the flight indicated may actually have been made. Ordinary unskilled persons would think that every balloon would have marks about it which would establish its identity, and that it would be an easy matter to tell whether the Paris fugitive and the Chicago unfortunate are really the same piece of oiled silk.

"THE BALANCE OF POWER,"
Or the Irish Party "ag'in the Government" every time.

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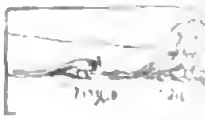
INCENSE.—C. D. Wilson.

RUNNER BOATS RETURNING TO PORT.—Edward Moran.



WHITE

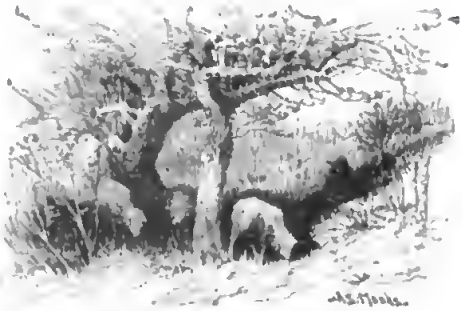
THE JURY OF ADM

THE MILL-RACE.—J. Francis Murphy

SISTER'S ADVICE.—Robert Blum.

THE WATER-COLOR

N. ETC.—F. H. CHURCH.



UNDER THE APPLE-TREES.—J. A. S. MONKS.

A.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

THE FOG BELL.—R. F. BUNNEMEER.

WANTED FOR ADOPTION.—A. M. TURNER.

THE OLD STORY (FRAGMENT).—E. A. ABBEY.

HIBITION.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

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## ABRAM—A STUDY.

A man sat on a wood-pile reading. He was very near-sighted, and bent over until his eyes seemed to rest on the newspaper. It was only a piece of newspaper, and while all was soiled, part was stained with blood. Notwithstanding, he was so much absorbed in its contents that he did not hear the shrill tones of a woman's voice that seemed to pierce the very boards of which the wood house was made.

"Abram! oh, Abram!"

The man did not stir.

"Abram! Abe! Abraham!"

The wood house door darkened. There entered a woman with red hair, in a green alpaca dress, over which shone a long and ostensible gold chain.

"Never me, Mr Wilkins! didn't yo hear? She's a-callin' you everywhere."

"Why, ca, Aramissy. If she's calling, I ought to hear. I expect she wants something if she's calling."

"Wantin'? Her hands are in the flour, and she's out of lard."

"It's a shame she's had to wait, and she's so busy," said the man, still sitting. "But, Aramintry, my mind is so filled up about this business in Egypt!"

"Yo don't say! Have they been lynchin' anybody down in Pulaski County?"

"This is Egypt 'nuv over in Africa, Aramintry."

"Now I ought to have known that," said the girl, admiringly, as she seated herself on the sawback. "Your mind is always a-ramin' round in furrin countries, makin' itself to home."

"You see, Aramintry, the English General Gordon is shut up there at Khartoum, and Wolseley's all this time foolin' round on the Nile."

"Nile! the Scripture Nile?" asked the girl. "D'yo mean to tell me they're roamin' that old river yet?"

"Why, yes. Khartoum is on the Nile, where the river forks, you know."

"Well, I never! An' I s'pose there are bulrushes an' everything just as natural as ever."

"I suppose so," said the man, cautiously. "But I'm mighty worried. Why don't he strengthen Stewart to meet them Arabs?"

"Arabs! them's Affurans, ain't they?"

"New kind of," said Abram, doubtfully.

"It beats me all holler. I thought all them old Scripture' places were laid on the shelf, sacred like, an' here's a Bible-readin' nation fightin' over them golden sands with a passel of niggers. It does seem blasphemous. I s'pose an Englishman wouldn't think nuthin' of chippin' off a piece of Lot's wife to salt his meals."

But Abram's mind ran on graver matters. "Why Wolseley ought to do is to mustar his nag an' hand the column."

"I do declare, Mr Wilkins, yo might to be in the army. You do seem to have such an understandin' of Egittin' ways."

"I was a soldier once, Aramintry; but you see I've lost two of my front teeth, and I can't bite off the cartridges."

"Sure enough, that's a pity. But," the added, in a tone lighting up, "you could tell them when to shoot."

"Aramintra! Ara-min-ta?"

"Oh, land! I clean forgot. There she's callin' me."

"Aramintry, you needn't mention me when you go in. I'll come when I finish this." The girl began loading her arms with wood.

"Aramintry," said the man, as she started out, "I wish the butcher would be a little more particular when he wraps up the meat. There are some places I can't quite make out."

"The meat comes in brown paper to-day, but I did see a piece of readin' around Milton's boots that has been cobbled. I'll get it for yo."

"Oh!" sighed the man, "if I could get just one whole fresh paper of my own! But Pinky is so particular about the change. It seems to me she knows the price of everything that was ever made. Some day I am determined to assert myself, Aramintry; I will. Some morning I am going to stand out on the front pavement and buy a paper of a newsboy, if it costs as much as five cents. What's more, I'll sit down on the front steps, in the face of all the boarders, and read every word of it."

"A-min-ta-a!"

"Yes, 'ma; I'm comin' as fast as I can," the girl shouted back. The man resumed his reading.

A young girl twirling her dust-brush came singing into the hot basement kitchen.

"Pinky, where's your father?"

"I don't know, mother; but I'll go right and see."

"I suppose he's wearing that wood-pile out as usual. He's enough to vex a saint. I burn every scrap of paper I can find, but I believe he picks them out of ash barrels."

"But it's all the pleasure he has, mother."

"I don't see that it helps him to make a living."

"Oh, mother," said the young girl, "we ought to be so thankful that he doesn't drink any more! It used to be so terrible when he came home crazy with liquor. At least he is gentle and peaceable."

"And lazy."

"It isn't that, mother. Mr Milton says this paralysis of will power is nature's safeguard. You see, drinking so long has caused disintegration of the tissues, and if he should once himself touch, something would give way and kill him. Mr Milton says—"

"That snip! What does he know?"

"He graduates next spring at the Northwestern Medical College," said the young girl, blushing, and with dignity.

"I wish he'd graduate in hot biscuit. He ate nine for breakfast."

To this the young girl made no reply, but started toward the wood-house.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Mr Wilkins had got back," said Aramintra, who was wiping the dishes with great dexterity and much clamor.

Pinky peeped in the wood house door. "There, I've caught you, thar old ally fox. Didn't you hear mother call?"

The man was lying prone on the wood-pile drawing chalk lines on the rough board sides. He jumped up to the sound of the girl's voice.

"Why, Pinky, is it possible your poor hard-working mother has been calling me and I didn't hear? Pinky, it seems to me I could hear your mother's voice if I was in Jericho."

He talked nervously, trying to screen the chalk marks from the girl's eyes.

"Ah, dad, you've been in mischief!" said Pinky, trying to peep behind him.

"Why, when, Pinky?"

"There, behind you, marking up the nice borrowed wood-house."

The man blushed like a girl. "You see, Pinky, I can't sleep, thinkin' about Gordon, and planning to get him out. Now here, Pinky"—taking up a long splinter—"this is Khartoum, and here's Gubat, and there's Korti. You see that line—"

"But, father, Gordon is dead. Didn't you know?"

"Lies, Pinky, lies. Look at Livingstone."

"But he is, father. There's no doubt."

"Dog gone it! D'ye mean to tell me, Pinky Wilkins, that they let him die like a rat in a hole, when they'd only to— Oh, Pinky!—his voice dropped—"if I'd only known that, them pies would have been made, for I'm not fool enough to lie here and plan for a dead man. It all comes, Pinky, from not letting me have the morning paper. I suppose the one I've been reading is as much as two weeks old. If your mother is waiting, Pinky, it is simply retribution."

"But you will hurry now, won't you, father? We're going to have huckleberry pie for dinner, and I'll save you a piece."

"Don't get into bad habits, Pinky; don't be promising what you can't perform. You can never save a piece of stuff huckleberry pie as your mother makes from them boarders."

"But I will, I'll cut the pie myself, and put away the first piece for you. Now do go along, that's a good father;" and with gentle hand she steered him to the back alley door, his own private passageway. Then he turned.

"Pinky, I'd like to keep an errand boy for your mother. She's a poor hard-working woman. If I only had a position, I'd hire her one. Indeed I would. Maybe some of the boys could get me a position. I wonder if Milton has any influence? All I need is influence," and his voice was lost behind the closed door.

After dinner the boys, as the students were known in the house, grouped themselves as usual on the front door steps. When Pinky came out, they eagerly made a place for her, for the fair, gentle young girl reigned like a queen among them.

Baxter, who had been practising on a small church at Sparta, down on the Central road, was giving some account of the methods employed. The boys laughed.

Baxter was not dismayed. "Oh yes, you fellows may laugh; but I tell you there was a great awakening."

"When you got through?" drawled a carefully dressed youth.

A shout again arose. "Milton mouth's nay anything," added another. "Did you ever read his telegrams? He sent one to Doc Dustwage. Doc sent him down to the junction to see about a brakeman, and Milton telegraphed him: 'You need not come. Deceased is dead.'"

After the hilarity had subsided, Baxter drew out his watch. "This is prayer meeting night, and I've got to light up."

"And I've got a quiz."

Thus with one excuse and another the youths made off, leaving Pinky and young Milton alone on the steps—a polite consideration they showed every evening, but always with the same illusion of pressing business.

The two young people were silent for a few moments. Finally the youth said, looking up at the stars,

"A lovely night."

"Yes," said Pinky; "the stars are beginning to come out."

Another silence descended.

"We ought to have fine nights right along now," began the youth again.

"I shouldn't be very much surprised if we would," said Pinky, slightly sounding him.

Again silence fell. Then Pinky's soft voice was heard. "Mr Milton."

Young Milton hastily came over and threw himself on the steps at her feet. "What is it, Pinky?"

"I want to ask you a question."

"Well, Pinky?" looking up eagerly at her.

"Have you any influence?"

"Influence, Pinky? You've got me there. Blamed if I know. Influence where—with whom?"

"I don't know—just with anybody."

"I have with mother. I haven't with my tailor, and as for the governor, it's just up and tack. But if you'll tell me why you ask, perhaps I can answer you better."

"Don't tell the boys, but poor father wants so much to get a place, and you know he can't do it without influence. You know so many people, and—"

"Pinky, we'll get him a place," he said, identifying himself immediately with the project. "Of course it must be right in this town. Let me think." He sat up and began to chew the knob of his cane thoughtfully. "The best thing would be a political office. The very thing, Pinky. I know an alderman who would just do anything for father. They go shacks in corn and oats. Father gave me a letter to him, and he asked me to dinner. But I didn't go."

"Oh, I hope you haven't offended him."

"Well, you see, I hate to dress, and then, some way, I'd rather take my dinner here quietly. But I'll make it all right with him. I'll go to-morrow."

"Will you tell him then?" asked Pinky, anxiously.

"Yes, I might as well. He'll put me right on to the straight thing. You know these aldermen have it all over finger-ends. But we'd better decide first on what we want."

"Oh, I don't care what it is, if it is only easy and has a nice salary."

It being decided to ask for an appointment, Mr Milton wisely argued it would be better to ask for several in different directions, for if one failed, why, there were the others. This decision had its good features, but also its complications; for it transpired that two eager young politicians had unwittingly opposed Abram Wilkins as deputy sheriff against Abram Wilkins as janitor of a ward school, and in consequence two other men got the places. Abram had also other difficulties. An erstwhile boss in the Street-cleaning Department he was swapped off for a scrub-woman in the City Hall, and as Excise Clerk he was traded for a colored messenger.

In the mean time Mr Milton's studies in the Northwestern Medical College suffered greatly, but the youth was consoled by the light in Pinky's bright eyes and her grateful and admiring appreciation of his efforts. At length these were rewarded, and he came home with the appointment of Abraham Wilkins as lamp-lighter to the district lying between Indiana and Illinois avenues, Madison Street and the river. As both Mr Milton's and Pinky's ideas on the subject of appointments had been greatly modified, this was looked upon as a gratifying success.

As for Abram, when he had received his torch, no boy with his first gun could have been more pleased, and Pinky had immediately to make for him a flannel case in which to keep it.

The first night was one of sleepless agitation throughout the house. The hour for lighting the city lamps depends on the movements of the moon. When the moon rises, the lamps are put out, and when the moon sets, the lamp-lighter rises and sallies forth. If, when the moon is due, clouds obscure its light, this is no fault of the city. The city attends to its own business, and does not hold itself responsible for heaven's delinquencies. On this night the moon set about two o'clock, and to that hour Abram must be on his beat. The anxiety in the house lest he should oversleep himself was great.

"Pinky, are you awake?" Mrs Wilkins called, hearing a noise in the adjoining room.

"Yes, mother. I am seeing what time it is."

After a silence Pinky cried, "Mother, is that you?"

"Yes, Pinky. Go to sleep, child. It's only a little after twelve."

Upstairs, Baxter and young Milton were holding similar conversations. Shortly after one o'clock there was a simultaneous emerging from those stealthy steps on the stairs, and sudden encounters on landings.

But the precautions were useless. After the family had retired, Abram had taken a bath, put on his Sunday clothes, and with his torch in his hand seated himself on a chair before the clock in the dining-room. In the morning the slaughter of matches showed how unwearyingly had been his watch.

It was with dismay the family learned in the evening that Abram had mistaken his beat, and lighted the wrong district. A procession of angry householders had been protesting against the way tax-payers were served.

For some nights all went smoothly, but in time Abram, who still sat up until the hour for lighting, overcome with sleep, was found by Aramintra in the morning, leaning his head on the torch, asleep.

For this omission he was relieved of his torch, and gloom overshadowed the house. Abram sat in the wood house, silent and uncomplaining, but stricken with mortification. Aramintra carried him surreptitious newspapers, and Pinky bore him dainties, but without response. As Mr Milton went out from dinner, Pinky followed him with trembling lips and swollen eyes.

"Please don't blame me, Mr Milton—Rob. But I'm so unhappy! Don't you suppose we could get influence enough to get the torch back? It nearly kills me to see poor father."

Mr Milton put his arm sympathetically around Pinky's waist. "Please don't cry, Pinky. It takes all of the heart out of me. Your father shall have that torch back, if I have to organize a mass-meeting in the Park."

Mr Milton speedily got up a petition, which all the staff of the Northwestern Medical College signed, and with Baxter's assistance secured the names of the entire faculty of the Theological Seminary. Thus moved, the city authorities once more transferred the office of lamp-lighter to Abraham Wilkins.

When Abram got back his torch, the tears stood in his eyes.

"See how they've treated her, Aramintry! Grease all down the sides, and the steel speckled with rust. It's blamed inhumanity, that's what it is. I wouldn't have treated a dog that way. Could you lend me a few ashes and a rag, Aramintry?"

It was late in September. A storm had been brooding. The moon was not due until after midnight, but clouds overhung the sky, and the night was pitchy black. Abram plunged along through the darkness, catching his feet in the holes of the worn plank sidewalks. But he was a patient man, and was generally too much absorbed in the affairs of nations to pay attention to small items of personal discomfort.

As he recovered himself, through the darkness he saw a black object moving up the white surface of a wall. He knew the house. It was once a fine old residence, but now stood amid overgrown trees and overgrown foliage, and was inhabited by the eccentric widow of one of the former magnates of the place. She was known to be rich, penurious, and to hold skeptical views concerning the value of banks and the integrity of servants. Accordingly she sent away the latter at dark, after which she barricaded the house in ways peculiarly feminine.

Abram watched the dark spot move upward, and perceived that the upper window, over an overhanging balcony, was open.

"Burglars!—two of them. They got up by the climbers."

Abram bounded up the wall and over the hedge. As the thief disappeared through the window, Abram began the cat-like ascent of the wall by means of the tangled wistaria branches, holding his torch tightly grasped under his arm. When he reached the window he swung himself over on to the balcony and into the room. He heard the stealthy steps of the man in front of him, and then a woman's smothered screams.

"Stifle her, you clumsy brute! You're not fit to wait on women."

Cursing as he stumbled over the various articles of furniture that had been dragged out into the middle of the floor, the man crossed the hall into a room opposite.

Abram followed him swiftly, and as he entered the door, with one blow of the torch struck him down. The thief fell against his partner, who was endeavoring to gag the woman, and in the shock all three fell to the floor. Abram sprang upon them. He was a small, angular man, but in his youth lithe and active. His long arms and legs were still supple, and he wound them now around the struggling men like a black snake around its prey.

The woman perceived in this new force an ally, and regained her courage.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, M I've got you my place. But creep out, if you can, and scream your prettiest," Abram managed to say.

The two men beneath him fell face to face. The under man was partly held by the weight of the upper, and the other was literally pinioned, hands and arms, by Abram's peculiar structure. His feet acted as hooks to keep his legs in place, that were twined around the various legs beneath. His arms wound around the upper man, crossed and clutched like claws of steel the lower to hold him down.

"Collie, slip your hand into your pocket and get your knife."

"Do it yourself, and pretty quick, too. That screech-owl there is raising the town."

The sounds that went up and down the street from the window might indeed make the heart of the stoutest burglar quail. Presently the rattle of the police and the sounds of rapid feet were heard.

"Can you hold on while I slip down and unbolt the door?" the woman cried.

Abram did not speak, while he had strength to cling, he had no strength to waste on words.

The men now struggled violently beneath him in one last effort to free themselves, and Abram gathered his strength together to tighten once his clasp. He had reached the last limit of his force, he knew. It seemed to him hours, but it was scarcely seconds, until the policemen rushed into the room and threw the light as the intruder hung before them.

"We'll surrender, cop, if you'll take this boa-constrictor off," said the man called Collie.

The men were handcuffed, and Abram got up and staggered against the wall. In his blue eyes a fierce light shone, but every muscle was limp. The policemen looked to him curiously as he sank into a chair.

"Boys, is this a rival? How did he come here?"

"Say, old person-plaster, who invited you?" asked the younger man, Collie.

Abram started. "Where's my torch? I must go. I'm behindhand to-night."

"Torch? That's what he floored me with." The two burglars nodded.

"You are the lamp lighter?" asked one of the police.

Abram nodded.

"Well, I guess you'd better wait for the sun now, and go with us."

Abram made another effort to get up, and sank down again with a smile. "Something inside of me seems to have got unhitched. Can't you get along without me to-night, cop?" he asked, faintly.

"You do some to be beat out," the policeman answered, and taking his name and address, the two went off with their captives. When the rescued widow returned from seeing the burglars safely out the door, Abram was still sitting where they had left him.

"You must be wanting to get the house quiet, ma'am," he said as he got up, and holding on to the chairs and door, made his way to the stairs.

The woman was still too dazed to recover her speech, but as she followed him, holding a candle above her head, she said, "Well, I declare, you are the most enduring man I ever saw in my life."

Abram made his way home slowly. He felt no pain, only an inability to move his body. The day was breaking when he reached home. Aramintra, coming out to sweep the front steps, found him leaning against the door, speechless.

"Oh, Mr Wilkins, you've been and to is again! What 'll the say?"

Abram opened his eyes.

"I'll get you in, if it's the last thing I ever do in this life. Backsliding and falling's from grace is the lot of mortals here below."

Shortly after, a ring at the door called Aramintra, and her mistress was astonished to hear her say that Mr. Wilkins had gone to the bunch-

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er's, and from there to buy feed for the horses, and he said something about stopping at the Exchange to learn how wheat was going. She rather thought he wouldn't be in until evening. He was mighty irregular about his meals.

"Araminta, I think Abram is asleep," the mistress said, seeing the policeman at the door. Araminta started, but with great presence of mind turned her back on the policeman, and gave her mistress a mute but expressive glance.

The policeman, explaining, said, "We've been expecting him at the station this morning, but I was afraid, from his condition last night, he wouldn't be himself this morning."

As he spoke, Araminta was directed at him a series of facial contortions fearful to behold, but utterly inexplicable, and Mrs. Wilkins called over the balusters, "Pinky, see if your father is there?"

Araminta walked up to the man and looked him directly in the face.

"I'll never learn my dishes to talk to you," and went straight to the kitchen.

"Mother! mother!" cried Pinky, "father isn't asleep, but he looks so strange!"

"Never mind me," said Abram, faintly; "I just need to rest a little longer."

"It was an awful trial of a man's strength," said the policeman, telling the story. "All the force are talking about it."

"Let down the bed in the back parlor, Araminta, and put on all the best things," cried Mrs. Wilkins.

Thither they led Abram.

"Pinky, it was an awful game of your father," said young Million; but he looked very grave. It was through his persuasions that two of the most imposing of the faculty of the Northwestern Medical College came down that evening. They, too, looked grave.

"There is lesion somewhere," said the elder; "medicine can't reach it. Nurse him well and keep up his system, we must leave the rest to nature."

"Doc," said Abram, "there's something unbuttoned in there. I guess I'm slipping out of these earthly garments."

Araminta was in a state of humiliation all day, and quoted at herself vigorous and unrelenting passages which she believed to be from the Bible.

"There that blessed man had been rescuing the widow and the fatherless, as men are commanded to do in the Scripture, and I thought he was drunk. Yea, verily, the proud and vainglorious get come up with. They snort like war-horses from afar, and make pretty fools of themselves."

But when the evening paper came, she forgot her mortification. The burglar Collie, who was both good-natured and appreciative, had given such an admiring account of "Old Anaconda's" grit that the affair became almost an event.

"The case creates greater interest," the paper went on to state, "since one of the men proves to be Edward Caldwell, *alias* Teddy Larkins, *alias* Collie the Colt, for whom several express companies have offered rewards amounting to $5000."

"And such a distinguished burglar too!" said Araminta, flushed with the exercise of reading aloud.

Abram listened with the same patient, contented smile. He did not speak for some time. Finally he said: "Pinky, I think you had better get some little house in the outskirts. Cost, say, $1500 or $2000. And put the rest in land and mortgage—firsts, remember. Women oughtn't to touch anything but firsts."

His wife, now sorely stricken, looked around. "His mind is wandering."

"No, Pinky, the reward, you know. You've always been a hard-working woman; you must have it, and don't let wicked and presuming men cheat you out of it. Take Araminta with you; she's always good and faithful. Pinky—"

The young girl ran and knelt at her father's side. He put one hand on her head.

"Pinky'll be taken care of, but I want you to get her some pretty ribbons and fixin's first. Young Million's a good fellow, true and honest; maybe he pays too much attention to his shoes and scarf-pins, but that'll mend. There he is. Here, Million." The young fellow went round and knelt by Pinky's side.

"You must be good to Pinky, and Pinky must be good to you."

He who had always been a quiet, shy man, now talked; but his strength seemed to be slowly going.

"Wouldn't you like me to read to you?"

"Oh, Baxter, is it you? You'd like to read a little in the Bible now, wouldn't you?"

"If you would like to hear. Maybe there is something special—a chapter you like?"

"There's about Gideon. I always liked that."

Baxter began to read the spirited old story. Abram listened with great attention, making comments here and there. "Don't you see, when he chose them that lapped up that way he knew they wouldn't be finding fault about the rations, and wantin' tin cups and tumblers. They'd just take things rough and tumble."

Baxter read on, and Abram's pale face lighted up. "There!" said he, bringing his frail hand, with all its flickering force, on the coverlet. "Don't ye see? There's strategy and concerted action. That's the great thing. Supposin' they'd blowed the trumpets and broke the pitchers like sheep goin' over the fence, they'd 'a been whipped, sure. Baxter, the Lord's the great general."

"And you are one of His soldiers?" asked the young man, persuasively.

"I'm afraid I'm a mighty poor stick," answered Abram, solemnly.

"Let us pray," said the young man.

The little group fell on their knees around the bedside. When it arose, Abram was not there. He had joined the ranks on the other side.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

STUDY OF STILL LIFE.—JULIA POINDEXTER.

## THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

NOTHING could be more interesting or instructive, were it possible to do it, than to compare the present exhibition of the American Water-color Society with one of the displays which signalized the early existence of that body—about ten years since, for instance. There was no mean ability displayed in those days, so recent in fact, and yet so seeming remote; but to-day how significant is the change that has taken place, and how eloquent is it of the robust and sturdy growth of the youthful art of the country!

Comparatively few practitioners of the art of water-color painting knew at the beginning what a water-color drawing really was. They painted, for the most part, in body-color, applying it in opaque masses, and betraying neither knowledge of nor sympathy with pure, transparent color, in the use of which, modified or otherwise, the chief charm and beauty of this art repose. Their deficiencies, however, were graver than such as are implied by an indifferent method or feeble technical acquirement: they were those of unformed and uncertain purpose, of poverty of the mind, and of a devious and undirected artistic sense.

The exhibition of to-day discloses a very different state of things, and either of two notable pictures that it contains would have wholly disconcerted and routed any one of the gatherings of the earlier period. Now, however, Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY'S "Old Song" and M. EDOUARD DETAILLE'S "Review by Candlelight" are to be classified as contributions of great and surpassing distinction, and not as whales in a butter-boat.

Taken as a whole, and most interestingly supplemented as it is by the admirable display of the New York Etching Club, it is a most brilliant and cheerful exhibition, full of variety, of sterling merit, of new ambitions, and of wholesome promise. On every hand there is the evidence of honest effort, of an intense sincerity, and of a most unquenchable spirit of artistic endeavor struggling against and triumphing over obstacles and discouragement. To any careful student of our progress—our purely domestic and independent progress—in art, it must convey a very agreeable impression of what an early future has in store for us.

Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY, painting in the seclusion of an English village, which half a dozen Americans and a few others have invaded and wholly possessed as a permanent home of summer study, sends, after a long and regretted neglect, a contribution to the present exhibition. It is a large picture, as our water-colors go, and the subject comprises a girl singing to her own accompaniment upon a harp while two older persons listen. The girl, a graceful figure in simple white, innocent of any modern fashion, with loose fine red hair and upturned face, stands by her tall instrument, with fingers softly sweeping its strings. At some little distance, and shadowed by the window-casing and the corner of the room, sit a man and a woman, two hands clasped between them, and in their mien and bearing such subtle devotement of gentle and touching emotion as if the cadences of the harp and the voice of the singer had both been painted equally into the picture. The room is of great beauty, oak panelled, with a deep mullioned window, a broad fire-place with blazing fire, and above the mantel a picture of a rare and delightful relation of color. Everything is treated with the utmost simplicity, and without a trace of fine painting, but the harmony of it all is perfect, and it breathes a sentiment that is profoundly gracious.

The detail of the drawing in this beautiful picture is of remarkable quality, the unswerving fidelity to a perspective that creates illusions with every change of one's point of view, the erudition that informs each little fact or accessory—these are all matters most instructive and interesting. But for all that such a separate and fascinating character belongs to them, they are as insignificant compared with that rare little measure of ideality, that subtlest endowment of all, which leavens the whole, and irresistibly compels our admiration and our thanks.

The seriousness and thoughtfulness of this work, its purposefulness, the application of mind, and the degree of cultivation of the head rather than of the hand that it discloses—these, if rightly comprehended of many of our younger artists, should inspire much profitable reflection. They should ponder them the more sympathetically when they recall that they are in this case the attributes of an American, and of an American that had no advantages of Paris or Munich, or of early attrition with any school of art. Denied the more obvious advantages of the modern art student, he has achieved the first place by application and by a modest determination to learn something. The technical legerdemain to which so many of our younger men find their delight, cultivating their hands and neglecting their heads, had no allurements for Mr. ABBEY. He has arrived, and he has grown on his journey, and we are very proud of him.

Mr. F. S. CHURCH, of all American artists, and a very distinctively American artist he is in all of his appertainings, is the one who has captivated the fancy of the French critics. He has imagination, Mr. CHURCH has, and a very charming bent there is to it. A delicate fancy, a delightful sense of decoration, and a most agreeable humor characterize all of his conceits, be they dreamy maidens sailing the empyrean seated on the comfortless horn of the pale new moon, or a frozen Love and a chilled tomtit warming their members at the spark of Dawn. These things are always pervaded by a genial and contagious sentiment, humor, playful and fantastic, is in every part of them, and the idea never fails to win us, whether it be by reason of its intrinsic oddity and invention or the manner of its conveying it. In this year's exhibition Mr. CHURCH depicts a maiden whose witchery has won her the love of the most untamable of fierce creatures. She walks the woods in gentle meditation, while a great tiger rubs his head against her drooping arm with a most subtly conveyed sense and action of that feline act, while on her other side his rival snarls his jealous resentment. Another picture of his shows this same gifted siren ruining the peace of mind of certain worthy penguins. Always pleasant, always original, and guilty of no sort of smallness or trickery in his art, Mr. CHURCH'S fame has reached abroad, while his popularity at home is unbounded.

It is unnecessary to particularize here the drawings illustrated on another page, but the interest of the exhibition is by no means limited to these. There are some charming marine subjects, including a fine piece of wave drawing by Mr. H. P. SMITH, a very masterly performance from every point of view; and some delightful European studies by Mr. ARTHUR QUARTLEY, beautiful little bits of pure color and conscientious out-door study, revealing this excellent artist in his best mood and quality. Mr. M. F. H. DE HAAS has a very clever work, and Mr. W. T. RICHARDS the finest example that he has exhibited in years.

There are admirable landscapes by all of the best men, Mr. SMILLIE, Mr. THOMAS MORAN, Mr. BRUCE CRANE, Mr. SAM COLMAN, Mr. C. W. EATON, and others appearing at their best. Mr. JERVIS McENTEE exhibits a woodland study, surpassing in its simple adherence to simple facts, its truth and beauty of color, and its completeness any picture that he has exhibited in years. Mr. WILLIAM H. BAKER contributes a beautifully executed sea-fog effect of marvellous delicacy and charm of color, and Mr. H. W. RANGER a number of landscapes of uncommon interest and merit. This last is a young artist of unflagging industry and undoubted promise.

W. M. LAFFAN.

## PLATFORM DEER-SHOOTING.

IN the immense rugged forests of the lake-bound State of Michigan, where huge white pines and hemlocks tower above the more picturesque groves of maple and beech, is one of the great summer homes of the common red deer. This is especially so in the upper peninsula, where the law permits them to be shot between the 15th of August and the 15th of November, while in the lower peninsula the open season is from the 1st of October to the 1st of December, and in Wisconsin only from November 1 to December 15. Owing, however, to the peculiar habit of the deer of migrating in scattering bands to upper Michigan from the central and northern part of Wisconsin at the approach of spring, the law prohibits their capture by means of pitfalls or traps, which could be successfully constructed on their paths.

After spending the spring and early summer months in the vast wilderness, where they find a safe harbor and an abundance of food, they turn their faces southward about the 1st of August, and come rambling back to their winter-quarters in less bleak latitudes. Owing to the geographical construction of the country, their lines of travel run nearly north and south. In many places the diverging trails or the south concentrate as they approach Wisconsin. Occasionally the lay of the country causes them to converge and run almost parallel to each other within short distances, and these paths are known as main trails.

It is in such localities as these that the hunters have adopted a mode of destroying the deer that is unknown in other sections of the country. This method is called platform or scaffold shooting, and leads to the killing of hundreds of deer every season. As the paths run through a well-wooded country, the hunters have constructed brush fences by felling small trees and arranging branches and young sprouts in the rude barrier. These fences run diagonally across the trails, and at the southern end of the fences platforms are built, usually in the outspreading branches of the great pines, or sometimes on the top of log scaffoldings. The platforms are constructed about twenty-five feet from the ground, and are large enough to accommodate a couple of hunters.

From these elevated positions there is but little fear of the timid deer winding their human foes. Running from the end of the fence to the platform, avenues are cut in the young timber to allow the hunters a good view of the deer, and then secure a good shot. Frequently, however, the hunters avail themselves of natural openings in the woodland, where they build their platforms, and to which they direct the lines of fencing.

When the first gleams of sunlight brighten the leafless tree-tops, the deer rises from his grassy bed. He shakes the dew-drops from his grayish-red coat, and taking several steps forward, drinks in the delicate aroma of the forest. Presently he is joined by others of his band from branching trails. Sauntering slowly onward, and occasionally stopping for a moment to nibble some tempting blade of grass, or to lap the refreshing waters of some trickling rill, the leader winds her way, followed by the tripping does. The red glare of the sun dispels the morning dampness, and dead twigs begin to crackle beneath the delicate footsteps. How quickly the buck rears his head, and pauses at these startling sounds! He no longer lingers on the journey; his steps come quicker, until he breaks into a graceful lope, and the pattering footsteps of the herd break the death-like silence. But the day is growing warm, and after a scamper of a mile or more the little herd drop back into a walk again. Beneath scraggy, gnarless pines, across grassy glades, and through soft-wood groves, until the fatal fence is reached which lies across their path, they go their way. They halt but for an instant, and then turning abruptly to one side, they follow down the fence, often being joined by other deer from branching trails, until they reach the broad avenue at the side of which the hunters are awaiting their approach. Several deer have passed that way that morning, and in two spots the earth is drinking up their blood. When our little party stray in range of the hunters' stand, two faint puffs of smoke will drift through the leafy canopy, and two more trophies will be scored before the hunters' work is done.

Although the law both in Michigan and in Wisconsin thus prohibits the shooting of deer except upon their migration southward in the autumn, deer are to be found in northern Wisconsin all the year round, and are at no season effectually protected by the game-laws. The summer traveller on the Wisconsin Central may often see, close beside the track, the rude scaffolding, partly concealed by a screen of withered boughs, and made accessible from the ground by a ladder, which constitutes a "deer box." While the deer are in winter-quarters, though the venison cannot be safely marketed, deer are shot for their own use by the settlers and the loggers whose camps dot at intervals the wilderness of pine. A deer box is a very common adjunct of a loggers' camp. When the weather is bitterly cold and the camp is snowed in, the venison thus obtained is a very desirable addition to the camp larder. At such seasons it is not uncommon for the deer, forgetting their timidity in their need of food and shelter, to make their way to the camp and to crowd in among the cattle to the sheds. It is this mid-winter shooting that is depicted on the front page of this issue of the WEEKLY.

## CAGED.

Sing, bird, sing, for you know not sorrow;
  You are content within gilded bars.
If you were free, do you think you could borrow
  A higher note from the mystic stars?

Large and white in the skies above you
  The pale moon shines in the winter night.
Sing, my bird, for I long and love you—
  Oh, to be free in that radiant height!

A tremulous note across the sweetness,
  A flutter and droop of your delicate wing:
You, too, know it—life's incompleteness—
  When one is caged, ah! how can one sing?

Bird, my bird, do you still remember
  That sweet spring day when our hearts were young,
And never a breath of a bleak December
  Marred the joy of the song that you sung?

Mourn no cloudless, a dream of wonder,
  The wide world sweet with the May-tide breath;
Night had parted our lives asunder—
  Which is the stronger, bird, Love or Death?

Caged, my bird, and I cannot free you!
  Life of my life is your life, my bird.
Flutter and sing to me, for when I see you
  And hear you my weary spirit is stirred

With the old infinite rapturous longing
  Born of the glow of a long-dead spring;
Thoughts of my past come crowding and thronging:
  Bring me my youth again—sing to me, sing!

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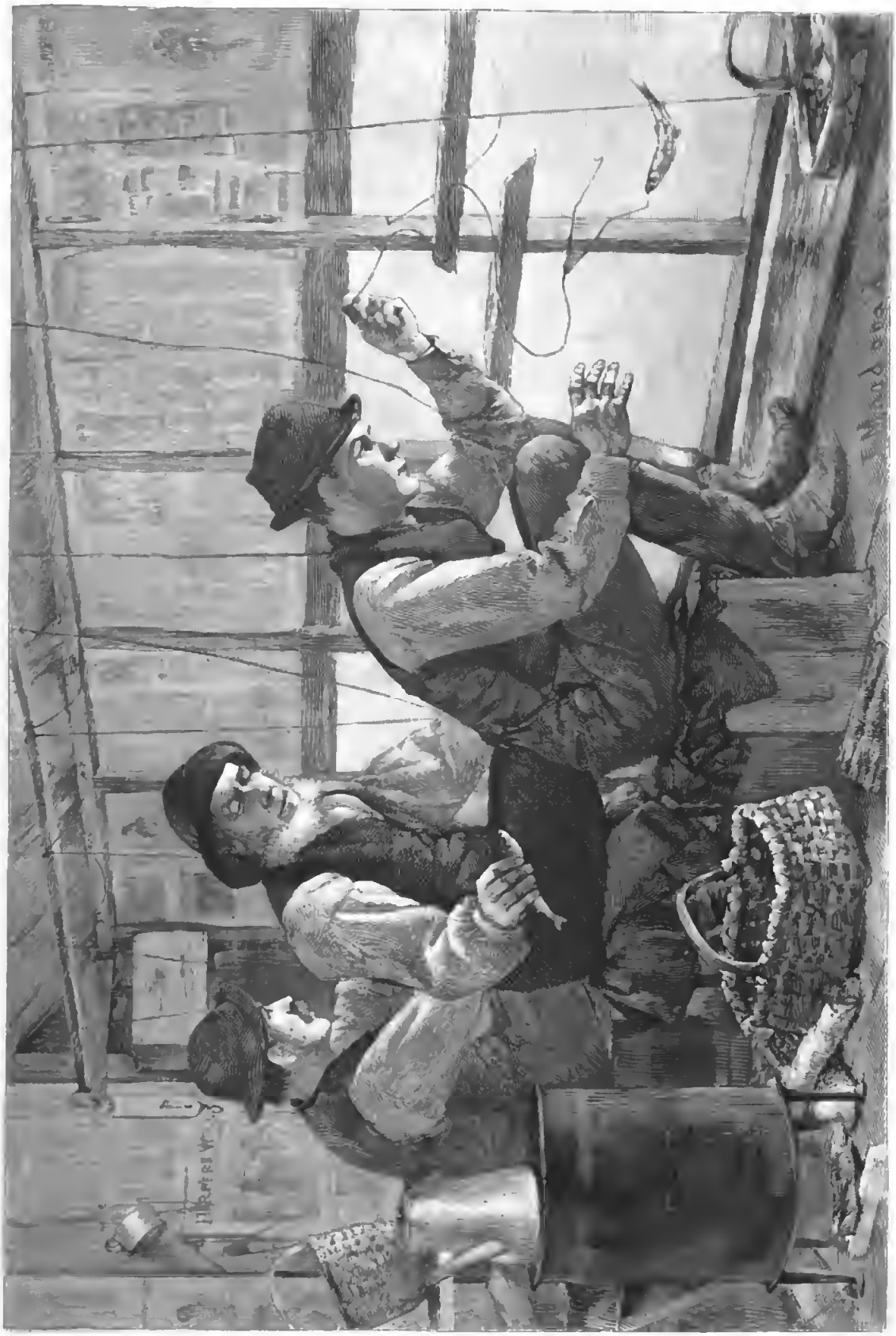
CURLING.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 93.]



SMELT FISHING.—Drawn by J. Mecrosan.—[See Page 94.]

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## BUDDHIST MORALS.

The leading principle of Buddhism is to acquire merit. There are a good many ways of doing it, some of which are good and others not quite so good. You may lay up a store by giving abundant alms to the yellow-robed monks as they come round in the morning with their alms' bowl held before them in their clasped hands, and you may add to it by flinging stones at the unregenerate who walk about with their boots on in places where they ought not to. You may build a rest house, or a monastery, or a pagoda, or have a bell or an image cast, and enter a goodly sum on the credit side toward another existence, and you do not lose any of this if he chance your plan should have been too ambitious, and you find that you are unable to pay for the material you employed on the task. The purveyors should be content with the share they have had in a good work. To take any life at all, even that of a scorpion that has bitten you, or any smaller and less dangerous creature that may have done the same thing, would be a grievous sin. The Manicheans say that the souls of farmers become herbs, so that they may be cut down and threshed out. The baker becomes bread, and is eaten. The killer of a fowl becomes a fowl, and of a rat, a rat. The Buddhists go nearly as far. Fishermen are represented as dangling by the tongue on a fish-hook, while demons draw him up and drop him down again into a lake of boiling pitch; but though you may not catch fish or kill animals for yourself, there is no demerit in buying the flesh of them, if a fore-doomed hunter or fisherman, or any of those who have not become Buddhists, should offer it to you. There is no sin in setting snares to catch and kill tigers or cheetahs that may come after your oxen or fowls; you even gain small merit by doing so. You must not tell lies, on pain of torture in one of the eight hells; but if you are brought up, whether you like it or not, to bear witness against a man being tried on a capital charge, you are held guiltless if you diverge from the truth in order to save the life of a fellow-creature, especially if that man be a co-religionist. It may be concluded that the more pious a Buddhist is, the more capable he is of demonstrating that any religious matter is entirely right or entirely wrong, and that whichever way he acts he is sure of deriving merit from it.

## SMELT FISHING.

Fishing through the ice in the neighborhood of New York when the men of to-day were boys was carried on more for sport than profit. Now it has become an industry, especially in the Northeast, where hundreds of persons earn by it a respectable living. Our markets at this season are stocked with fishes that have been taken through the ice, and the supply is so abundant that street hawkers can afford to offer "fine *big* smelt, only six cents a pound," and the diner at cheap *table d'hôte* is no longer overwhelmed with delight to find smelt *à la sauce Tartare* on his bill of fare.

These delicious little fish—and the smaller the better—come principally from Maine, although opposite Burlington, Vermont, in Lake Champlain, they are taken in sufficient numbers to constitute a trade. The St. Lawrence River is also a famous ground for winter fishermen, who make good catches of smelt and "tomcods." No longer does the half-frozen angler stand on one leg by his hole in the ice, and change his line from hand to hand a dozen times a minute, and spend a quarter of an hour in baiting his hook. He sits now in a comfortable shanty heated by a stove, with often several partners to keep him company, and fishes through a long and narrow opening in the floor, which is over a corresponding hole cut in the ice. Then, when the fish do not bite, the opening is covered over with planks, and cots are made up for the men.

As soon as the ice forms at the beginning of winter, the shanties are pulled out from the shore and placed on the edge of the channels, and as near to the open water down stream as possible. The holes in the ice are cut, and if the position is good and fish bite rapidly, they are kept open as the ice thickens. If, however, the place selected is found to be a poor one, then the shanty is shifted about until the right spot is found. Often without apparent reason the fish stop biting; then the houses are moved about a good deal, looking for new grounds, and sometimes at Damariscotta, Maine, almost the whole little village of one hundred huts can be seen moving about over the bay in various directions, presenting a curious and novel scene.

Many of the "smelt houses" are small enough to haul on a boy's hand sled, those used at Damariscotta being about four by five feet in size. They are frame structures, walled with cotton drilling, and, to prevent their blowing away, are made fast to the ice by grappling-irons. Usually there is but one man to each house, single houses being thought to be the best, as a gang of fishermen is supposed to make too much noise. It is said that the smelt bite best on cold, stormy days, and some fishermen assert that there are two varieties, known as the "school smelt" and the "permanent smelt", the former, which is constantly moving about, are supposed to bite most readily. This smelt is distinguished by a light-colored back, while that of the other is dark. Many smelt fishermen work only at night, burning strong lights beside the holes to attract the fish. When this is done, sturgeons and other big fishes are also often attracted by the light, and drive the smelt away. In tide waters the ebb or out-going tide is supposed to be the best time to fish, but is not to be relied upon with any certainty.

In some localities only one hook and line is used to a house, but it is more common for each man to "thumb" two or more lines, with several hooks attached to each line. In the large wooden shanties the hand ends of the lines are fastened to an overhead rod. Each fisherman is provided with two or seven lines, which are rigged with leaden sinkers and wire spreaders, from the prongs of which dangle hooks of about No. 8 or 9, sproat, in size.

Every smelt fishery has its local prejudices and notions as to bait. Often whatever can be most easily obtained is used. In some places the favorite bait is the marsh minnow (*Hydrargyra*), which the fishermen collect in quantities in the autumn, and preserve alive in springs, or in their cellars in tanks of water. In other places they use clam-worms—long, red worms found in the mud where the long-neck clam abounds. Clams themselves are used, also chubs, smelts, raw beef, and hog's liver chopped fine. The fish are packed frozen in boxes, and their principal market is in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Although the smelt is a very common article of food, it is astonishing how little is known of its habitat and mode of capture by fish-mongers and consumers. Through the courtesy of Mr. C. G. Atkins, the distinguished pisciculturist, who for many years has been in charge of the salmon breeding establishment at Bucksport, on the Penobscot River, Maine, I am enabled to give some interesting data on the smelt fisheries in that State. Smelts are taken not only in the Penobscot, but in many other rivers in Maine, and by various methods. The law permits fishing for them from October 1 to April 1, and in some places by some modes of capture the fishing continues during the entire period. But as some modes depend on the presence of ice for their successful prosecution, the principal fishing does not begin until December, and after the month of January the catch falls off materially in nearly all of the principal localities.

Mr. Atkins, who has been collecting statistics of these fisheries for the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, gives the following list of the chief localities and the methods employed by the smelt fishermen: Piscataqua River, a few weirs, not very important; York River, sometimes a weir, not important; Saco, a small hook fishery; Portland Harbor, a few weirs; Yarmouth, Freeport, Brunswick, Harpswell, localities on Casco Bay, where smelts are taken in weirs, and occasionally with a seine, which is only worked in autumn; Kennebec River, weir fisheries of some importance in Georgetown and Phippsburg; bag-net fisheries in Bath, Woolwich, and Bowdoinham; hook fishery of importance in Woolwich, discovered in 1878, and another in Winnegance Creek, an arm of the river between Bath and Phippsburg, discovered since 1880; Sheepscot River, small weir and hook fisheries; Damariscotta River, an important hook fishery in Damariscotta Bay, an expansion of the river at the head of the tide where the water is slightly salt (a few years ago there were 134 "houses" in use here, each house as a rule accommodating but one man); Waldoborough, a hook fishery of some importance; Thomaston, a weir fishery and a small hook fishery; Penobscot, the most productive of the State—smelts mainly taken in bag-nets. A few are caught with hook at Belfast, and in a tributary of Penobscot Bay, Bagaduce River, a few miles east of Castine, in the towns of Sedgwick and Brooklin, is a hook fishery of some importance. The fishing of the river proper is wholly with bag-nets. Turning to the census bulletin of the fisheries of Maine prepared by Mr. Atkins in 1881, it is found that 992 persons were employed in the smelt fisheries of that State in that year, of which 328 belonged to the Kennebec and tributaries, 241 to the Penobscot, and 184 to the Damariscotta; that $29,994 was the capital employed in the apparatus used in the smelt fisheries, which consisted of 70 weirs, 610 dip and bag nets, and 4 seines; and that during the year 809,695 pounds of smelt were marketed, which secured a return of $44,067.

It is found that fishing with the bag-nets is most profitable. These nets are set at or near the bottom when practicable, and always in a strong current; in some places on ebb tide, in others, on flood. They are commonly 30 to 40 feet long, with a mouth spreading 12 to 18 feet in width and 10 feet in height. In certain localities, as between the piers of the bridge at Bucksport, they are fitted with long ropes that run through sheaves at the bottom of heavy poles which are set upon the bottom and lashed to the bridge. These ropes are the "down hauls," which pull the net down to its place; two other ropes are the "up hauls," whose name suggests their use; two more ropes are the "openers," by means of which the mouth of the net is opened after it has been drawn down. The fishermen set these nets when the tide is favorable, and draw them up just before the tide turns. In places where the ice makes strong enough, the poles are run down some thirty or forty feet into the water, never touching bottom, and the nets drawn down to their ends, the whole affair rising and falling with the tide. In still other places, where the water is too salt for ice, they sink very heavy "moorings"—great rocks—to the bottom, having fastened to them a piece of chain, and a long log or boom, to the free end of which is attached a frame of wood on which the mouth of the net is stretched; this swings with the tide around the "mooring." These open-water nets are operated from boats; when the tide is slack, the buoyancy of the log and frame brings them to the surface; when the tide is running strong, it forces them to the bottom. A halyard which is attached to the upper part of the frame and also to the surface buoy enables the net to be drawn to the top of the water. All the nets are so rigged that the first effect of hauling on the halyard is to close the mouth.

In these nets, besides smelt, many other varieties of fish are taken, principally tomcods, flounders, sculpins, and herring. The best of the flounders and tomcods are also used for food.

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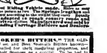
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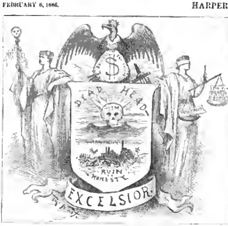


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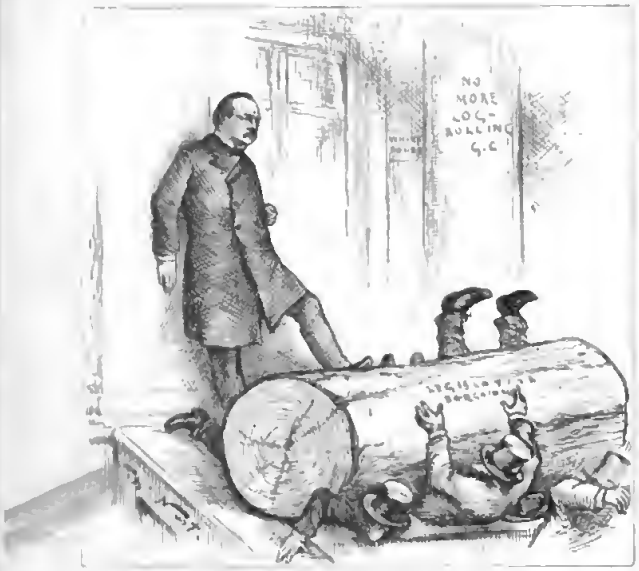


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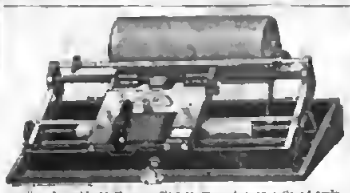

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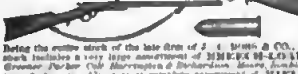

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1886

## THE PRESIDENT'S REASONS.

SO much has been said of the pledges of the President not to remove an officer except for "cause," which means technically official dishonesty or incompetency, that it is worth while to see exactly what he has said upon this point. The important pledge is said to be contained in the letter of December 25, 1884, to the National Civil Service Reform League. The letter of the League spoke of the wide-spread anxiety lest the party change in the national Executive should lead to a general partisan proscription in the civil service. To this the President replied, in the first place, that he regarded himself as pledged to the fair and honest enforcement of the reform law. He then said, in the second place:

"There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of the Administration that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power. But many now holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management. The lessons of the past should be unlearned, and such officials, as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service."

In this passage the President says two things: first, that satisfactory officers should not be displaced for party reasons during their terms; and second, that any officer who has politically misused his place so as to become an offensive partisan ought to be removed. It will be observed that the President does not say that he would remove no officer except for "cause," in the sense of dishonesty or incompetency. The only "cause" that he specifies is offensive partisanship. Therefore the assertion that his pledge makes removal a stigma upon the character of the officer is unfounded. The President has neither said nor done anything which makes the mere fact of suspension or removal during the term a reflection upon the personal character of the officer, and the action of the Senate, so far as it is based upon that assumption, is wholly unjustifiable. The "cause" of removal mentioned by the President in the report of an interview in the Boston *Herald* may be, therefore, either technical official delinquency, or incapacity, or offensive partisanship. In either case the reason may be stated with the utmost propriety and public advantage.

The solid judgment and intelligence of the country have the most friendly disposition toward the President, and in no way could he strengthen himself more surely than by the utmost frankness upon this subject. His conduct in regard to appointments and removals has been so unprecedentedly excellent that no man has the right to doubt his entire good faith, whatever mistakes he may have made, and a Republican Senate which is responsible for the most absolutely partisan service may see in the course of a Democratic President a fidelity to reform which no Republican Administration has ever shown. But while the Senate has no moral right or constitutional authority to demand reasons, reasons may be most wisely given.

The secrecy that envelops the whole subject of appointments and removals should end. Applications and recommendations and certificates and papers of every kind concerning a nomination should be laid before the Senate in open session. The public has the right to know who asks that a man shall be appointed to a public office, and upon what grounds. When a man takes the responsibility of such a recommendation, he assumes to speak for the public upon a public matter, and if he seeks to evade his responsibility, it is because he is ashamed of his own conduct. Governor GRAY and the State officers of Indiana, who asked the appointment of BARNEY CONROY as transfer mail agent, assert that it was a mere form. They may say what they will, the fact remains that they gave the weight of their names and offices to secure the appointment of a notoriously improper man as a public officer. None of them would have employed him themselves, but they tried to foist him into the public service. Let the full light be turned on. Let Governors and Senators and Representatives learn that when they write a letter or sign a petition asking for an appointment, the letter and the signature will be made known to the public, whom they assume to serve. When Mayor LOW prepared his rules for the regulation of the municipal service in Brooklyn, he announced that he reserved the right of publishing the recommendatory letters. There could be no truer measure of reform than a provision for the complete publicity of all recommendations and proceedings in regard to appointments, and there could be no better beginning of this better practice than the announcement by the President of the reasons for any removal when desired, and the publication of the recommendations for every appointment.

## THE TELEPHONE SCANDAL.

SINCE the scandals of the Crédit Mobilier, the post traderships, and the MULLIGAN letters, there has been nothing more painful than the connection of the Attorney-General with the Pan-electric Telephone. But the party organs which try to turn it to a mere party advantage will do well to remember that the Democratic party has not yet proposed to nominate Mr GARLAND for the Presidency.

The public interest in the affair is not that of the right or wrong of the telephone contest; it is in the conduct of public officers and the good name of the government. There is no greater public offence than the receipt by a member of Congress or an executive officer of "blocks of stock," or any form of moneyed interest, in enterprises whose value and prosperity depend largely upon legislative or executive action. A member of Congress knows that if he were a private citizen the offer would not be made to him, and that his interest is sought because of his influence and vote. Experience shows the object of such gifts, and the immediate refusal of any part in the telephone speculation by Mr HEWITT and Mr. COX shows the view of the offer which instinctively occurred to them. But when a Senator who has become interested without cost to himself in a patent enterprise, whose value must depend largely upon annulling rival patents issued by the government, becomes the head of a department which authorizes the name of the United States to be used to institute a suit by which the property given to him to secure his influence may be enormously benefited, the scandal is flagrant. Yet that seems to be the position in which the Attorney-General of the United States is placed.

It is impossible that Mr. GARLAND can continue to hold the interest and remain Attorney-General without national discredit. If the suit which is authorized by the Secretary of the Interior should be brought, and the result should be the annulment of the BELL patent, and the consequent profit to the Attorney-General of a million of dollars, what would be his position, and what the effect upon the good name of the country and the character of the Administration? Or if the suit should fail, what would still be the Attorney-General's position, since the proposed suit, as showing that the law officers of the government held that there were good grounds for contesting the BELL patent, necessarily favored the Pan-electric speculation? The affair is in every way painful. It is not of party significance, but of national importance. When the sale of the post traderships was brought near to the Secretary of War in General GRANT'S cabinet, and he was impeached, he resigned. But at the trial no one described more trenchantly the corrupt tendencies of the time which the revelations disclosed than a Republican Senator. And if Senator HOAR'S speech did not stay the increasing conviction at that time that a change was expedient in the party control of the Administration, it did undoubtedly show that the conscience of the party still survived.

In Mr. SCHURZ'S speech at the opening of the campaign of 1884, by far the most memorable and important speech of that campaign, he portrayed in vivid and forcible words the perilous tendency of lax views of honor in public life. It was the protest against such tendencies which brought the present Administration into power. The protest could have had no more satisfactory representative than the President, whose remarkable political career is due to the fact that the country saw how truly he held public office to be a public trust. There is no evidence that the faith in his conviction and upright purpose is shaken. There are multitudes of those who could not vote for him, less from distrust of him than of his party, who agree that the fear of evil consequences which they honestly cherished has not been justified by the event. All men of every party who are not besotted with mere party spirit believe that in every emergency the President will prove by his works his faith in honest government. His feeling in this matter may be imagined, but his duty is as clear as that of the Attorney-General.

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THERE has been a very interesting discussion before the Congressional committee upon the question of international copyright, in which, if nothing new was said, some old truths were stated with great vigor and precision. The opposition to such a copyright, so far as it is based upon the theory that there can be no property in ideas, or that all property rights are regulated by society, is futile. Mr. HUBBARD evidently attempted something of this kind, and Mr. LOWELL answered him conclusively by the remark that property does not attach to the idea, but to the literary form of the idea. An invention is only an idea fashioned in a certain way; but society properly grants patents. So it is true that society appropriates private property to its own use. But it appropriates it only for the common benefit, and with adequate compensation. It does not wantonly confiscate it upon the ground that a certain kind of property is not property at all. The domestic copyright law is a grant to the author for an exclusive control for a limited time and for the common benefit of the disposition of the form in which he fashions his idea. The moral consideration inevitably presents itself in the inquiry whether a nation can rightfully discriminate in such a grant against any body of authors. Or even if all property or claim of the author be denied, and the copyright be regarded as a mere bounty of the state for its own advantage, it is still a question of expediency whether it is not desirable practically to concede, at least in some degree, the right which the author asserts.

The bill introduced by Senator HAWLEY, which is known as the bill of the Copyright League, gives to the foreign author in this country the same rights that the American author enjoys, provided that the grant is reciprocal in the country of the foreign author. Senator HAWLEY stated to the committee that more careful reflection had led him to the conclusion that foreign works copyrighted here should be printed and manufactured in this country for the United States, and he would add such a provision to the bill. Mr CLEMENS agreed with him that such a provision would be expedient. This is suggested as a concession of policy, because such a provision belongs properly to the tariff rather than to a copyright law. Under the present conditions of the tariff and of contingent expenses, the protection given to books is from thirty to forty per cent. That protection would not be annulled by the reciprocal copyright. The bill introduced by Senator CHACE, of Rhode Island, is simply a modification of the tariff regulations in the form of a grant of international copyright. To gain an American copyright, the foreign author must register within fifteen days after publication in the foreign country, and deposit two copies of the best American edition within three months after such register, or the copyright will become void. If the American publisher abandons publication after publishing, the copyright lapses, and after recording the copyright, the importation of foreign copies of the book is prohibited. This is the substance of the bill which is designed to secure the manufacture of the books in this country, and to exclude the foreign editions.

As Senator HAWLEY also has decided that some such manufacturing provision is expedient, it is probable that this condition will be in some form included in any bill that may be reported. It will undoubtedly restrain the cheapness which springs from the unrecompensed appropriation of foreign works. But under any equitable arrangement, if the larger market be here, and the demand of that market be cheap books, cheap books will be supplied. In that opinion Mr. LOWELL is undoubtedly right. But it is a mistake to suppose that the people of this country want cheap books at any cost to honor and honesty. They have had cheap books for many a year; but the cheapness has been in accord with a practical copyright paid to foreign authors by honorable American publishers. And it is the fact that cheapness has been sought by making the further payment of such practical copyright impossible which has reäwakened and stimulated the present interest in the question. So long as the foreign author received from this country a fair reward for his work, a law was desired by him only as a guarantee of continuance. But when a situation arises in which the foreign author is deprived of his reward, and the American author becomes a workman competing with laborers who are paid nothing, then the time has come when, in the

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language of the Constitution, "the progress of science and useful arts" is to be promoted "by securing by law for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries."

## THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

No more important duty devolves upon the present Legislature of New York than the selection of a Superintendent of Public Instruction. In character and influence his office is one of the great offices of the State, and its power and duties are such that ordinary political considerations should be excluded entirely from the appointment. It is an office which reaches into every one of the 12,000 or 15,000 school districts, and so touches every part of the State. Its relations with these districts are constant and thoroughly organized, and consequently the position is one which is susceptible of enormous abuse for political or even personal purposes. The Superintendent should be a man of the highest character, and above all suspicion of a disposition to misuse the opportunities of his office. He should be a man of executive and administrative ability rather than a pedant, but of scholarly training and of comprehensive and generous views of education. The result of the influence of such a man in stimulating the work of primary instruction in the State, as well as in the technical management of the vast business details of his office, is incalculable, and the appointment is well worthy of the most careful thought by every intelligent member of the Legislature.

At present the Superintendent is elected by the Legislature. It is inevitable, therefore, that the party of the majority determines the party sympathy of the candidate. This in itself is of little importance if it does not lead to the displacement of a conspicuously fitting incumbent. That is not the present situation, because the late Superintendent has resigned. The new Superintendent will be a Republican, but he should be something more than a Republican politician. He should be a person whose selection would commend the party to the approval of the State as seeking to place in the Superintendency of Public Instruction a man of whom something more could be said than that he is a Republican wheel-horse, sure to vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated. That kind of Superintendent would be sure also to pervert the office to partisan purposes, and to harm rather than help the cause of education.

While Governor HILL proposes to transfer the duties of the Board of Regents of the University to a bureau in the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, other persons who are in no sense politicians, and who are no less interested than the Governor in sound and useful common-school education, suggest that the Superintendent should be appointed by the Board of Regents, of which body he is a member *ex officio*. There is this to be said for such a suggestion, that such a Board, from the nature of its duties, should be quite able to select a proper Superintendent, and to select him solely upon legitimate grounds, and without reference to party objects. Should a movement be made to effect this change, it would lead doubtless to a general discussion upon the educational system of the State, from which we should anticipate only good results. Among them, we think, would be the demonstration that no State duty is discharged with more fidelity, thoroughness, and economy, or with more complete freedom from party bias of any kind, than that of the Regents of the University.

## THE DUTY ON WORKS OF ART.

THE petition to Congress of the American artists in Rome for the abolition of the duty on works of art is an admirable paper, and ought to be conclusive in securing the repeal. It is signed by thirty artists, with WILLIAM W. STORY at the head, and among them are LUTHER TERRY, R. S. GREENOUGH, RANDOLPH ROGERS, EUGENE BENSON, FRANKLIN SIMMONS, ELIHU VEDDER, W. S. HASELTINE, and other well known artists. The request is that the duty of thirty per cent. imposed upon works by foreign artists shall be repealed, upon the grounds that if it be levied for purposes of revenue, it is not required by the country nor justified by any necessity; and that if the purpose be to protect American artists, they neither need nor desire such protection, but are opposed to it as injurious to their own interests and to those of American art, while it is irritating to foreign governments and artists. The duty is almost prohibitive, and since its imposition the sales of works by Americans as well as foreign artists have greatly declined, and the decline is largely due to the duty.

But the petition takes another and invincible position. It is that the application of the principle of protection to works of art is a mistake, if not an absurdity, and for the simple reason that art is not a form of manufactures. The protection of American manufactures may promote a domestic production superior to the foreign. But no kind or degree of protection will enable an American artist to produce works similar to those of any foreign artist. The value of such works depends upon the individual genius and ability of the artist, and these can be neither produced nor transferred by any law or prohibition. To lay a heavy duty upon the works of TITIAN or RUBENS, or upon modern masters like GÉRÔME or MEISSONIER or FORTUNY, will not produce Titians and Fortunys in the United States, while by excluding great works it deprives the American artist of the opportunity of study, comparison, and training, and under the plea of helping him, lays a heavy burden upon him. "As well," says the petition, "might we seek to develop the literature of America by prohibiting the works of all foreign authors."

The petition denies that art can be rightfully taxed as a luxury. It is, rather, a necessity. It is a universal influence to elevate the heart and cheer the home, and has been universally recognized as such a power, while we alone of all nations have oppressed it with taxes. If art be a luxury, so is education. But what nation ever laid a tax upon education? The duty strikes at the best works of the best artists abroad, and the less we have of the best, the worse for us all. Why should we be educated in art by the works of the poorest and not of the best artists? "All that we ask," concludes the petition, "is that there should be a free field and no favor, and the prize adjudged to the best." No one, indeed, can make a better plea for the artists than they make for themselves in this petition, which Senator EVARTS presented to the Senate, with the remark that the subject was very important, and merited the careful consideration of Congress. There is no good plea to be made for this disgraceful duty, against which the weightiest protest proceeds from those whom it assumes to protect.

## MR. BAYARD.

IF the universal sympathy of his countrymen could console a statesman in the bitterest private bereavement, Mr. BAYARD would be deeply comforted. There is no heart that is not profoundly touched by the sad succession of his sorrows, which calls a truce to political animosity, and places every party at his side. It would be cult if the instinctive feeling which now softens comment upon his official career should suggest that at all times political discussion can be carried on with candor and discrimination quite as forcibly and pointedly on by wholesale vituperation and misrepresentation. One of the most powerful and effective political debaters of this generation was Mr. BAYARD's predecessor in the State Department, Mr. SEWARD. He was a leader in the fiery discussions of our stormiest epoch. But no speeches in our political history are so singularly free from personal offensiveness and from unfair or extravagant statement on his, and none were of more service in arousing the public conscience, and strengthening the country by the calm consciousness of right and justice, for the tremendous ordeal of the war.

## WASHINGTON'S WARNING.

IN the midst of the zealous professions of fidelity to party, as if a party among honorable and intelligent citizens were something more than a voluntary association for certain objects, it is worth while to recur to the views of WASHINGTON, whose birthday approaches. As a soldier and a practical statesman he knew probably as much of the necessity of organization and concession and forbearance and common-sense as the rest of us. It is conceivable that even the president of one of our ward associations could not have taught him much that he did not already know of the value and necessity of party in a republic. The Senators who seemed in their eulogies upon Mr. HENDRICKS to suppose that the highest public virtue was expressed in General JOHN COCHRANE's notorious remark may call ponder the words of WASHINGTON. They remind us that the appeal to party spirit instead of patriotism, and under the plea of patriotism, perpetually menaces popular liberty and invites despotism. The courage of honest conviction upon the part of every citizen is the great safeguard of the republic, and it is the denunciation of this quality as treachery and Phariseeism, in order that men may continue to uphold a party even when it betrays its principles and the country, which is one form of that miserable game of party advantage which every lover of liberty and the republic despises.

Having described the spirit of party as seen in its greatest outbursts in popular governments, of which he says it "is truly their worst enemy," WASHINGTON proceeds: "The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism.... There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true, and in governments of a monarchical cast patriotism may look with indulgence if not with favor upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of a warming, it should consume."

These truths we commend to those gentlemen who, at a time when every man is conscious that our parties bear little relation to the actual questions of the time, are sedulously denouncing political independence, and preaching the necessity of devotion to party. Does "a silver man" in a party mean that he will support it if its policy is anti-silver? or a reformer that he will stand by the party in opposing and nullifying reform? or the honest man that he will vote for the party candidate, whoever he may be? Every one of these men knows that no party is to-day a silver or anti-silver party, a reform or anti-reform party, and that all of them nominate outlet candidates. These may be reasons for adhering to old traditions and for calling himself by the old party name, but they are surely not reasons for especially emphasizing party allegiance. Doubtless popular government will continue to be carried on by parties. But unless party is to sink into absolute despotism, its tendency, which WASHINGTON describes, to become an end instead of a means must be resolutely opposed by patriotism. For there is no greater treason to the principle and practice of a free popular government than encouragement of the servile spirit which leads well-meaning men to vote for unworthy candidates, to advocate measures which they do not really approve, to oppose others both useful and necessary, and to deluge with vituperation that moral and manly fidelity to principle which is the citadel of the republic.

## PERSONAL.

THAT brilliant woman, Madame EDMOND ADAM, whose salon was once the head-quarters of bright people who did not bow the knee to NAPOLEON III, and whose ambition has long been to make of Paris an ancient Athens, and of France a Greek republic, is again agitating the question of visiting this country and investigating the sources and aspects of New York society. With her perfect detestation of WAGNER, whose music, she says, always reminds her of the tramp of BISMARCK's soldiers across the fields of France, she will be interested in noting the American triumphs of the great composer.

—ALPHONSE DAUDET's next piece of dramatization will be no adaptation of his novel *Sapho* Like Mr. HOWELLS, he has shown himself a dramatist as well as a novelist, his *Sapho* being as successful on the stage as off it. M. DAUDET has again been amusing the public by expressing his contempt for the French Academy and its Immortals.

—Mr. JOSIAH ASCH, having had the good luck to be elected member of Parliament, announces his intention of pushing his energies in the direction of free land for the English peasants. "The possession of a small freehold," he said recently, "has been the secret of all my earthly happiness."

—Is a lie ever justifiable? A recent investigator reminds his readers that, according to St. AUGUSTINE, THOMAS AQUINAS, and even the Spanish Jesuit SUAREZ, it is not justifiable, no matter what may be the circumstances, but that JOHN MILTON would let us deceive boys, the sick, enemies, and men in error, while JEREMY TAYLOR allowed the telling of a lie for charity's sake, or to save a man's life.

—A clever Frenchman, M. NOEL BLANDIN, has just written a neat sketch in which a young woman, who has the reputation of being a man-hater, resolves to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of her birth by having a wedding festival without a husband, but before the festival is over she becomes married and engaged.

—Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY's beautiful water-color drawing, "The Old Song"—a young woman playing on a harp to the presence of her father and mother—contains as much subtle and vital poetry as any picture ever painted by an American, and is, besides, the best technical exposition in the Water-color Exhibition. It therefore seems strange that the hanging committee should not have given it at least one of the best places on the walls, such as, for instance, the south, west, or east centre in the principal gallery, the east centre in the east gallery, or the north centre in the north gallery. "The Old Song" was promptly bought, however, on the first day of the exhibition, for $3000.

—The students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons are fond of getting the end seats in the lecture-room on the top floor of the building. Each of the semi-circular benches is covered with two long crimson cushions, and the practice is to pull one of the cushions toward an end seat, and turn a part of it under an end to make a pillow for the weary medical head.

—Managers of art exhibitions in Western cities, who are in the habit of sending occasionally to New York studios for pictures, should understand that the New York Art Guild, of which Mr. THOMAS MORAN has just been elected President, desires not to discourage, but to encourage, their efforts. The Guild has been organized simply to conduct the business of lending pictures in a business-like way. It commits no owning the contracts that heretofore have been verbal, and undertakes to do much of the work formerly done by the middle man. If a Western city, in a Southern or Northern one, desires to secure pictures from New York studios for public exhibition, it need only put itself in communication with the Guild, whose Secretary is Mr. W. H. LIPPINCOTT.

—The estimate formed in this country of the very clever novel *At the Red Glove* is reversed in the English press. The *Spectator* notices the skilful simplicity of plot construction, the lightness of artistic touch, and the general literary excellence, and declares without hesitation that the book is the author's masterpiece. The *Academy* recognizes a story told with all the assured skill of an accomplished narrator; and *Vanity Fair* says, "The central figures are fine, and they are distinct and vivid portraits of flesh-and-blood men and women, with their ruling passions, their weaknesses, and their strength so clearly depicted that a painter would find little difficulty in putting their portraits on his canvas."

—General SHERMAN announces that he was once offered a thousand dollars to deliver a lecture, but that he wouldn't do so for a million of dollars.

—The trustees of the Free Circulating Library, whose motto is the greatest good to the greatest number, lent books last year to more than 200,000 applicants. One-half of this number applied at the branch office, where the OGDEN OTTENDORFER library is stored, with the result that only five books are missing or lost. The wish is to establish eight other branch offices in various parts of the city, which can be run at an expense of less than $5000 a year each.

—The ladies' reception at the Fencers' Club was a great success all around. Fashionable society was as largely represented or at one of the selectest balls at Delmonico's. The amateur fencers, who often struck fire from their weapons, were awarded the compliments of applause and pretty little shrieks, which stirred them to sentiments even unusually chivalric. Masculine strength, guided by skill, was trophies or coal, if not so obvious, or those of the age of romance, and good man never before felt so happy or did those valiant fencers.

—A pleasing story of the petty annoyances of the American architect is told by one of the members of the profession. In order to give to a new house the appearance of age, he darkened the weather-boards by using a creosote tint. His lady client came to his office in great trepidation, and protested that, being superstitious, she was afraid to move into a house "that was painted black." "But, madam," replied the architect, "it is not black; it is only brown." "That makes no difference," she insisted, "it looks black, and I am sure there will be a death in our family within a year if I move into it." "Very well," replied the architect, "what color will you have it?" The lady pulled out of her pocket a piece of lavender ribbon, and said, "That color." The architect has hung the ribbon in his private office as a souvenir.

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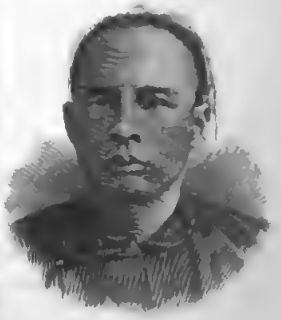
A HAUNT OF THE HIGHBINDERS IN CHINATOWN.
THE CHINESE HIGHBINDERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.—[See Page 103.]

WONG AH SANG.

CHU AH LUNG.

CHUNG AH KIT.



LEE AH POOK.

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE*

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A MEDIAEVAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

"OUT of bed, sir—and off to the granary, or you leave my employ to-day! 'Tis to teach ye a lesson. March on; never mind your breeches!"

The unhappy Whittle threw on his sleeve waistcoat, and managed to get into his boots at the bottom of the stairs, while Henchard thrust his hat over his head. Whittle then trotted on down Back Street, Henchard walking sternly behind.

Just at this time Farfrae, who had been to Henchard's house to look for him, came out of the back gate, and saw something white fluttering in the morning gloom, which he soon perceived to be the part of Abel's shirt that showed below his waistcoat.

"For mercy's sake, what object's this?" said Farfrae, following Abel into the yard, Henchard being some way behind.

"Ye see, Mr Farfrae," replied Abel, with a resigned smile, "he said he'd mortify my flesh if ye he I didn't get up sooner, and now he's a-doing on't." Ye see it can't be helped, Mr Farfrae; things do happen queer sometimes. Yes—I'll go to White Hart Vale half naked as I be, since he do command; but I shall kill myself afterward; I can't outlive the disgrace, for the women folk will be looking out of their windows at my mortification all the way along, and laughing me to scorn. You know how I feel such things, Master Farfrae, and how forlorn thoughts get hold upon me. Yes—I shall do myself harm—I feel it coming on."

"Get back home, and slip on your breeches, and come to work like a man! If ye go nee, you'll catch your death standing there."

"I'm afeard I mustn't." Mr Henchard said—"

"I don't care what Mr Henchard said, nor anybody else! 'Tis simple foolishness to do this. Go and dress yourself instantly, Whittle."

"Hallo! hallo!" said Henchard, coming up behind. "Who's sending him back?"

All the men looked toward Farfrae.

"I am," said Donald. "I say this joke has been carried far enough."

"And I say it hasn't. Get up in the wagon, Whittle."

"Not if I am manager," said Farfrae. "Ye either goes home, or I march out of the yard for good."

Henchard looked at him with a still face, which slowly grew stern and red. But he paused for a moment, and their eyes met. Donald went up to him, for he saw in Henchard's look that he began to regret this.

"Come," said Donald, quietly, "you know better than all this, sir. It is tyrannical, and unworthy of you."

"'Tis not tyrannical!" murmured Henchard, like a sullen boy. "It is to make him remember!" He presently added, in a tone of one bitterly hurt: "Why did you speak to me before them like that, Farfrae? You might have stopped till we were alone. Ah! I know why. I've told ye the secret o' my life—fool that I was to do't—and you take advantage of me!"

"I had forgot it," said Farfrae, simply.

Henchard looked on the ground, said nothing

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1015.

"FARFRAE WAS FOOTING A QUAINT LITTLE DANCE WITH ELIZABETH JANE."

THE DUCKER PRIZE FIELD HOSPITAL.—[See Page 110.]

more, and turned away. During the day Farfrae learned from the men that Henchard had kept Abel's old mother in coals and snuff all the previous winter, which made him less antagonistic to the corn-factor. But Henchard continued moody and silent, and when one of the men inquired of him if some oats should be hoisted to an upper floor or not, he said, shortly: "Ask Mr. Farfrae. He's master here."

Morally he was; there could be no doubt of it. Henchard, who had hitherto been the most admired man in his circle, was the most admired no longer. One day the daughters of a deceased farmer in Dummerford wanted an opinion on the value of their hay-stack, and sent a messenger to ask Mr. Farfrae to oblige them with one. The messenger, who was a child, met in the yard not Farfrae, but Henchard.

"Very well," he said. "I'll come."

"But please will Mr. Farfrae come?" said the child.

"I am going that way.... Why Mr. Farfrae?" said Henchard, with the fixed look of thought. "Why do people always want Mr. Farfrae?"

"I suppose because they like him so—that's what they say."

"Oh!—I see!—that's what they say—hey? They like him because he's cleverer than Mr. Henchard, and because he knows more; and, in short, Mr. Henchard can't hold a candle to him—hey?"

"Yes—that's just it, sir—some of it."

"Oh, there's more! Of course there's more. What besides? Come, here's sixpence for a fairing."

"'And he's better-tempered; and Henchard's a fool to him,' they say. And when some of the women were a-walking home, they said, 'He's a diment—he's a chap o' wax—he's the best—he's the horse for my money,' says they. And they said, 'He's the most understanding man o' them two by long chalks. I wish he was the master instead of Henchard,' they said."

"They'll talk any nonsense," Henchard replied, with covered gloom. "Well, you can go now. And I am coming to value the hay—d'ye hear?—I." The boy departed, and Henchard murmured, "Wish he were master here, do they?"

He went toward Dummerford. On his way he overtook Farfrae. They walked on together, Henchard looking mostly on the ground.

"And are ye not right to-day?" Donald inquired.

"Yes, I'm very well," said Henchard.

"But ye are down—surely ye are down? Why, there's nothing to be angry about. 'Tis splendid stuff that we've got from White Hart Vale. By the-bye, the people in Dummerford want their hay valued."

"Yes. I am going there."

"I'll go with ye."

As Henchard did not reply, Donald practised a piece of music sotto voce, till, getting near the bereaved people's door, he stopped himself with:

"Ah, as their father is dead, I won't go on with such as that. How could I forget?"

"Do you care so very much about hurting folks' feelings?" observed Henchard, with a half sneer. "You do, I know—especially mine."

"I am sorry if I have hurt them," replied Donald, standing still, with a second expression of the same sentiment in the regretfulness of his face. "Why should you say it—think it?"

The cloud lifted from Henchard's brow, and as Donald finished, the corn-merchant turned to him, regarding his breast rather than his face.

"I have been hearing things that vexed me," he said. "'Twas that made me short in my manner—made me overlook what you really are. Now I don't want to go in here about this hay, Farfrae; you can do it better than I. They sent for ye too. I have to attend a meeting of the Town Council at eleven, and 'tis drawing on for't."

They parted thus in renewed friendship, Donald forbearing to ask Henchard for meanings that were not very plain to him. On Henchard's part there was now again repose; and yet, whenever he thought of Farfrae, it was with a dim dread; and he often regretted that he had told the young man his whole heart, and confided to him the secrets of his life.

## CHAPTER XVI.

On this account Henchard's manner toward Farfrae insensibly became more reserved. He was courteous—too courteous—and Farfrae was quite surprised at the good breeding which now for the first time showed itself among the qualities of a man he had hitherto thought undisciplined, if warm and sincere. The corn-factor seldom or never again put his arm upon the young man's shoulder so as to nearly weigh him down with the pressure of mechanized friendship. He left off coming to Donald's lodgings and shouting into the passage, "Hoy, Farfrae, boy, come and have some dinner with us! Don't sit here in solitary confinement!" But in the daily routine of their business there was little change.

Thus their lives rolled on till a day of public rejoicing was suggested to the country at large in celebration of a national event that had recently taken place.

For some time Casterbridge, by nature slow, made no response. Then one day Donald Farfrae broached the subject to Henchard by asking if he would have any objection to lend some rick-cloths to himself and a few others, who contemplated getting up an entertainment of some sort on the day named, and required a shelter for the same, to which they might charge admission at the rate of so much a head.

"Have as many cloths as you like," Henchard replied.

When his manager had gone about the business, Henchard was fired with emulation. It certainly had been very remiss of him, as Mayor, he thought, to call no meeting ere this, to discuss what should be done on this holiday. But Farfrae had been so cursed quick in his movements as to give old-fashioned people in authority no chance of the initiative. However, it was not too late; and on second thoughts he determined to take upon his own shoulders the responsibility of organizing some amusements, if the other Councilmen would leave the matter in his hands. To this they quite readily agreed, the majority being fine old crusted characters who had a decided taste for living without worry.

So Henchard set about his preparations for a really brilliant thing—such as should be worthy of the venerable town. As for Farfrae's little affair, Henchard nearly forgot it, except once now and then when, on it coming into his head, he said to himself, "Charge admission at so much a head!—who is going to pay anything a head?" The diversions which the Mayor intended to provide were to be entirely free.

He had grown so dependent upon Donald that he could scarcely resist calling him in to consult. But by sheer self-coercion he refrained. No, he thought, Farfrae would be suggesting such improvements in his d——d luminous way that in spite of himself he, Henchard, would sink to the position of second fiddle, and be only a spectator of his manager's talents.

Everybody applauded the Mayor's proposed entertainment, especially when it became known that he meant to pay for it all himself.

Close to the town was an elevated green spot surrounded by an ancient square earth-work—earth-works square and not square were as common as blackberries hereabout—a spot whereon the Casterbridge people usually held any kind of merrymaking, meeting, or sheep fair that required more space than the streets would afford. On one side it sloped to a river, and from any point a view was obtained of the country round for many miles. This pleasant upland was to be the scene of Henchard's exploit.

He advertised about the town, in long posters of a pink color, that games of all sorts would take place here, and set to work a little battalion of men under his own eye. They erected greasy poles for climbing, with smoked hams and local cheeses at the top. They placed hurdles in rows for jumping over; across the river they laid a slippery pole, with a live pig of the neighborhood tied at the other end, to become the property of the man who could walk over and get it. There were also provided wheelbarrows for racing, donkeys for the same, a stage for boxing, wrestling, and drawing blood generally, sacks for jumping in. Moreover, not forgetting his principles, Henchard provided a mammoth tea, of which everybody who lived in the borough was invited to partake without payment. The tables were laid parallel with the inner slope of the rampart, and awnings were stretched overhead.

Passing to and fro the Mayor beheld the unattractive exterior of Farfrae's erection, rick-cloths of different sizes and colors being hung up to the arching trees without any regard to appearance. He was easy in his mind now, for his own preparations far transcended this.

The morning came. The sky, which had been remarkably clear down to within a day or two, was overcast, and the weather threatening, the wind having an unmistakable hint of water in it. Henchard wished he had not been quite so sure about the continuance of a fair season. But it was too late to modify or postpone, and the proceedings went on. At twelve o'clock the rain began to fall, small and steady, commencing and increasing so insensibly that it was difficult to state exactly when dry weather ended or wet established itself. The slight moisture resolved itself into a monotonous smiting of earth by heaven in torrents to which no end could be prognosticated.

A number of people had heroically gathered in the field, but by three o'clock Henchard discerned that his project was doomed to end in failure. The hams at the top of the poles dripped watered smoke in the form of a brown liquor; the pig shivered in the wind; the grain of the deal tables showed through the sticking table-cloths, for the awning allowed the rain to drift under at its will, and to enclose the sides at this hour seemed a useless undertaking. The landscape over the river disappeared, and at length the wind rose to such a pitch that the whole erection slanted to the ground, those who had taken shelter within it having to crawl out on their hands and knees.

But toward six the storm abated, and a drier breeze shook the moisture from the grass bents. It seemed possible to carry out the programme after all. The awning was set up again, the band was called out from its shelter and ordered to begin, and where the tables had stood a space was cleared for dancing.

"But where are the folk?" said Henchard, after the lapse of half an hour, during which time only two men and a woman had stood up to dance. "The shops are all shut. Why don't they come?"

"They are at Farfrae's affair in the Chestnut Walk," answered a Councilman, who stood in the field with the Mayor.

"A few, I suppose. But where be the body o' 'em?"

"All out-of-doors are there."

"Then the more fools they!"

Henchard walked away moodily. One or two young fellows gallantly came to climb the poles, to save the hams from being wasted; but as there were no spectators, and the whole scene presented the most melancholy appearance, Henchard gave orders that the proceedings were to be suspended, and the entertainment closed, the food to be distributed among the poor people of the town. In a short time nothing was left in the field but a few hurdles, the tents, and the poles.

Henchard returned to his house, had tea with his wife and daughter, and then walked out. It was now dusk. He soon saw that the tendency of all the promenaders was toward a particular spot in the Walks, and eventually proceeded thither himself. The notes of a stringed band came from the enclosure that Farfrae had erected—the pavilion, as he called it—and when he reached it he perceived that a gigantic tent had been ingeniously constructed without poles or ropes. The densest point of the avenue of chestnuts had been selected, where the boughs made a closely interlaced vault overhead; to these boughs the canvas had been hung, and a barrel roof was the result. The end toward the wind was enclosed, the other end was open. Henchard went round and saw the interior.

In form it was like a nave of a cathedral with one gable removed, but the scene within was anything but devotional. A reel or fling of some sort was in progress, and the usually sedate Farfrae was in the midst of the other dancers, in the costume of a wild Highlander, flinging himself about and spinning to the tune. For a moment Henchard could not help laughing. Then he perceived the immense admiration for the Scotchman that revealed itself in the women's faces; and when this exhibition was over, and a new dance proposed, and Donald had disappeared for a time to return in his natural garments, he had an unlimited choice of partners, every girl being in a coming-on disposition toward one who so thoroughly understood the poetry of motion as he.

All the town crowded to the Walk, such a delightful idea of a ball-room never having occurred to the inhabitants before. Among the rest of the on-lookers were Elizabeth Jane and her mother, the former thoughtful yet much interested, her eyes beaming with a longing, lingering light, as if Nature had been advised by Correggio in their creation. The dancing progressed with unabated spirit, and Henchard walked and waited till his wife should be disposed to go home. He did not care to keep in the light, and when he went into the dark it was worse, for there he heard remarks of a kind which were becoming too frequent.

"Mr Henchard's rejoicings couldn't say good-morning to this," said one. "A man must be a headstrong stunpoll to think folk would go up to that bleak place to-day."

"Ah! they do say that 'tisn't only in such things as those that he's wanting. Where would his business be if 'twasn't for this young feller? 'Twas verily Fortune sent him to en. They say his accounts were like a bramble wood when Mr. Farfrae came. He used to reckon his sacks by chalk strokes, all in a row like garden palings, measure his ricks by stretching with his arms, weigh his trusses by a lift, judge his hay by a chaw, and settle the price with a curse. But now this accomplished young man does it all by smooth ciphering, and clock-work machines, and true circumference laws. Then the wheat, that sometimes used to taste so strong o' mouse-droppings when made into bread that you could fairly tell the breed, he's got a plan for purifying of it, so that you wouldn't dream the smallest four-legged wild beast had walked over it once. Oh yes, everybody is full of him; and the care Mr Henchard has to keep him, to be sure!"

"But 'a won't do it for long, good-now," said the other.

"No!" said Henchard to himself behind the tree. "Or if he do, he'll be honey-combed clean out of all the character and standing that he's built up in these eighteen years!"

He went back to the dancing pavilion. Farfrae was footing a quaint little dance with Elizabeth Jane—an old country thing; the only one she knew—and though he considerately toned down his movements to suit her demurer gait, the pattern of the shining little nails in the soles of his boots became familiar to the eyes of every by-stander. The tune had enticed her into it; being a tune of a busy, vaulting, leaping sort—some low notes on the silver string of each fiddle, then a skipping on the small, like running up and down ladders—"Miss McLeod of Ayr" was its name, so Mr. Farfrae had said, and that it was very popular in his own country.

It was soon over, and the girl looked at Henchard for approval; but he did not give it. He seemed not to see her. "Look here, Farfrae," he said, like one whose mind was elsewhere; "I'll go to Portwich Great Market to-morrow myself. You can stay and put things right in your clothes-box and recover strength to your knees after your vagaries." He planted on Donald an antagonistic glare that had begun as a smile.

Some other townsmen came up, and Donald drew aside. "What's this, Henchard?" said Alderman Tubber, applying his thumb to the corn-factor like a cheese-taster. "An opposition randy to yours, eh? Jack's as good as his master, eh? Eclipsed ye quite, he'n't he?"

"You see, Mr Henchard," said another good-natured friend, "where you made the mistake was in going so far afield. You should have taken a leaf out of his book, and have had your sports in a sheltered place like this. But you didn't think of it, you see; and he did, and that's where he's beat ye."

"He'll be top-sawyer soon of you two, and carry all afore him," added jocular Mr Tubber.

"No," said Henchard, gloomily. "He won't be that, because he's shortly going to leave me." He looked toward Donald, who had again come near. "Mr. Farfrae's time as my manager is drawing to a close—isn't it, Farfrae?"

The young man, who could now read the lines and folds of Henchard's strongly traced face as if they were clear verbal inscriptions, quietly assented; and when people deplored the fact, and asked why it was, he simply replied that Mr. Henchard no longer required his help.

Henchard went home, apparently satisfied. But in the morning, when his jealous temper had passed away, his heart sank within him at what he had said and done. He was the more disturbed when he found that this time Farfrae was determined to take him at his word.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Elizabeth Jane had perceived from Henchard's manner that in assenting to dance she had made a mistake of some kind. In her simplicity she did not know what it was, till a hint from a nodding acquaintance enlightened her. As the Mayor's step-daughter, she learned she had not been quite in her place in treading a measure amid such a mixed throng as filled the dancing pavilion.

Thereupon her ears, cheeks, and chin glowed like live coals at the dawning of the idea that her manners and tastes were not good enough for her position, and would bring her into disgrace.

This made her very miserable, and she looked about for her mother; but Mrs. Henchard, who had no more idea of gentility than Elizabeth herself, had gone away, leaving her daughter to return at her own pleasure. The latter moved on into the dark dense old avenues, or rather vaults of living wood-work, which ran along the town walls, and stood reflecting.

A man came along in a few minutes, and her face being toward the shine from the tent, he recognized her. It was Farfrae—just come from the dialogue with Henchard which had signified his dismissal.

"And it's you, Miss Newson?—and I've been looking for ye everywhere!" he said, overcoming a sadness imparted by the estrangement with the corn-merchant. "May I walk on with you as far as your street corner?"

She thought there might be something wrong in this, but did not utter any objection. So together they went on, first down the Old Walk, and then into the Bowling Walk, till Farfrae said, "It's like that I'm going to leave you soon."

She faltered, "Why?"

"Oh, as a mere matter of business—nothing more. But we'll not concern ourselves about it—it is for the best. I hoped to have another dance with you."

"I cannot dance—in any proper way."

"Oh, but you do! It's the feeling for it rather than the learning of steps that makes pleasant dancers.... I fear I offended your father by getting up this. And now, perhaps, I'll have to go to another part o' the world altogether."

This seemed such a melancholy prospect that Elizabeth Jane breathed a sigh, letting it off in fragments that he might not hear her. But darkness makes people truthful, and the Scotchman went on impulsively—perhaps he had heard her, after all:

"I wish I was richer, Miss Newson; and your step-father had not been offended; I would ask you something in a short time—yes, I would ask you to-night. But that's not for me!"

What he would have asked her he did not say, and instead of encouraging him she remained incompetently silent. Thus afraid one of another, they continued their promenade along the walls till they got near the bottom of the Bowling Walk; twenty steps further and the trees would end, and the street corner and lamps appear. In consciousness of this they stopped.

"I never found out who it was that sent us to Dummerford granary on a fool's errand that day," said Donald, in his undulating tones. "Did ye ever know yourself, Miss Newson?"

"Never," said she.

"I wonder why they did it?"

"For fun, perhaps."

"Perhaps it was not for fun. It might have been that they thought they would like us to stay waiting there, talking to one another. Ah, well! I hope you Casterbridge people won't forget me if I go."

"That I'm sure we won't," she said, earnestly. "I—wish you wouldn't go at all."

They had got into the lamp-light. "Now I'll think over that," said Donald Farfrae. "And I'll not come up to your door, but part from ye here, lest it make your father more angry still."

They parted, Farfrae returning into the dark Bowling Walk, and Elizabeth Jane going up the street. Without any consciousness of what she was doing, she started running with all her might till she reached her father's door. "Oh, dear me! what am I at?" she thought, as she pulled up, breathless.

In-doors she fell to conjecturing the meaning of Farfrae's enigmatic words about not daring to ask her what he fain would. Elizabeth, that silent, observing woman, had long noted how he was rising in favor among the towns-people; and knowing Henchard's nature now, she had feared that Farfrae's days as manager were numbered, so that the announcement gave her little surprise. Would Mr. Farfrae stay in Casterbridge despite his words and her father's dismissal? His occult breathings to her might be solvable by his course in that respect.

The next day was windy—so windy that, walking in the garden, she picked up a portion of the draught of a letter on business, in Donald Farfrae's writing, which had flown over the wall from the office. The useless scrap she took in-doors, and began to copy the calligraphy, which she much admired. The letter began "Dear sir," and presently writing on a loose slip "Elizabeth Jane," she laid the latter over "sir," making the phrase "Dear Elizabeth Jane." When she saw the effect, a quick red ran up her face and warmed her through, though nobody was there to see what she had done. She quickly tore up the slip and threw it away. After this she grew cool, and laughed at herself, walked about the room, and laughed again, not joyfully, but distressfully rather.

It was quickly known in Casterbridge that Farfrae and Henchard had decided to dispense with each other. Elizabeth Jane's anxiety to know if Farfrae was going away from the town reached a pitch that disturbed her, for she could no longer

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conceal from herself the cause. At length the news reached her that he was not going to leave the place. A man following the same trade as Henchard, but on a very small scale, had sold his business to Farfrae, who was forthwith about to start as corn and hay merchant on his own account.

Her heart fluttered when she heard of this step of Donald's, proving that he meant to remain; and yet would a man who cared one little bit for her have endangered his suit by setting up a business in opposition to Mr. Henchard's? Would he not have tried at any sacrifice to please the corn-factor on her account? Surely yes; and it must have been a passing impulse only which had led him to address her so softly.

To solve the problem whether her appearance on the evening of the dance was such as to inspire a fleeting love at first sight, she dressed herself up exactly as she had dressed then—the muslin, the spencer, the sandals, the parasol—and looked in the mirror. The picture glassed back was, in her opinion, precisely of such a kind as to inspire that fleeting regard, and no more—"just enough to make him silly, and not enough to keep him so," she said, luminously; and Elizabeth thought, in a much lower key, that by this time he had discovered how plain and homely was the informing spirit of that pretty outside.

Hence, when she felt her heart going out to him, she would say to herself, with a mock pleasantry that carried an echo with it, "No, no, Elizabeth Jane; such dreams are not for you." She tried to prevent herself from seeing him and thinking of him, succeeding fairly well in the former attempt, in the latter not so completely.

Henchard, who had been hurt at finding that Farfrae did not mean to put up with his temper any longer, was incensed beyond measure when he learned what the young man had done as an alternative. It was in the Town-hall, after a Council meeting, that he first became aware of Farfrae's coup for establishing himself independently in the town; and his voice might have been heard as far as the town pump in expressing his feelings to his fellow-Councilmen. These tones showed that, though under a long reign of self-control he had become Mayor and church-warden and what not, there was still the same unruly volcanic stuff beneath the rind of Michael Henchard as when he sold his wife at Weydon Fair.

"Well, he's a friend of mine, and I'm a friend of his—or if we be not, what are we? 'Od send, if I've not been his friend, who has, I should like to know? Didn't he come here without a sound shoe to his voot? Didn't I keep him here—help him to a living? Didn't I help him to money, or whatever 'a wanted? I stuck out for no terms—I said, 'Name your own price.' I'd ha' shared my last crust with that young feller at one time, I liked him so well. And now he's defied me! But d—— him, I'll have a tussle with him now—at fair buying and selling, mind—at fair buying and selling! And if I can't overbid such a stripling as he, then I'm not worth a varden. We'll show that we know our business as well as one here and there."

His friends of the Corporation did not specially respond. Henchard was less popular now than he had been when, nearly two years before, they had voted him to the chief magistracy on account of his amazing energy. While they had collectively profited by this quality of the corn-factor's, they had been made to wince individually on more than one occasion. So he went out of the hall and down the street alone.

Reaching home he seemed to recollect something with a sour satisfaction. He called Elizabeth Jane. Seeing how he looked when she entered, she appeared alarmed.

"Nothing to find fault with," he said, observing her concern. "Only I want to caution you, my dear. That man Farfrae—it is about him. I've seen him talking to ye two or three times—he danced with ye at the rejoicings, and came home with 'ee. Now, now, no blame to you. But just hearken: Have you made him any foolish promise? Gone the least bit beyond sniff and snaff at all?"

"No. I have promised him nothing."

"Good. All's well that ends well. I particularly wish you not to see him again."

"Very well, sir."

"You promise?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, if you much wish it."

"I do. He's an enemy to our house."

When she had gone he sat down, and wrote in a heavy hand to Farfrae thus:

"Sir,—I particularly request that henceforth you and my step-daughter be as strangers to each other. She on her part has promised to welcome no more addresses from you; and I trust, therefore, you will not attempt to force them upon her.

"M. Henchard."

One would almost have supposed Henchard to have had policy to see that no better modus vivendi could be arrived at with Farfrae than by encouraging him to become his son-in-law. But such a scheme for buying over a rival had nothing to recommend it to the Mayor's headstrong faculties. With all domestic finesse of that kind he was hopelessly at variance. Loving a man or hating him, his diplomacy was as wrong-headed as a buffalo's; and his wife had not ventured to suggest the course which she, for many reasons, would have welcomed gladly.

Meanwhile Donald Farfrae had opened the gates of commerce on his own account at a spot on Dummerford Hill—as far as possible from Henchard's stores, and with every intention of keeping clear of his former friend and employer's customers. There was, it seemed to the younger man, room for both of them and to spare. The town was small, but the corn and hay trade was proportionately large, and with his native sagacity he saw honest opportunity for a share of it. So determined was he to do nothing which should seem like trade antagonism to the Mayor that he refused his first customer—a large farmer of good repute—because Henchard and this man had dealt together within the preceding three months.

In spite of this praiseworthy course the Scotchman's trade increased. Whether it were that his northern energy was an overmastering force among the easy-going Wessex worthies, or whether it was sheer luck, the fact remained that whatever he touched he prospered in. Like Jacob in Padan-Aram, he would no sooner humbly limit himself to the ring-straked and spotted exceptions of trade, than the ring-straked and spotted would multiply and prevail.

From that day Donald Farfrae's name was seldom mentioned in Henchard's house. If at breakfast or dinner Elizabeth Jane's mother inadvertently alluded to her favorite's movements, the girl would implore her by a look to be silent; and her husband would say, "What, are you, too, my enemy?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHINESE HIGHBINDERS.

The Chinese Quarter of *San Francisco* has been aptly termed a bit of old China. With its shops resplendent with Oriental red and yellow, its pagoda-like restaurants, its narrow, noisome alleys, its underground opium and gambling dens, it furnishes a picture in miniature of the seamy side of life in a Chinese city. But what most writers forget is that Chinatown in the far Western metropolis represents mainly the worst features of Mongolian life, and is as unfair a type of comparison as Mulberry or Baxter Street to-day would be of the life of New York. Nine-tenths of the dwellers in San Francisco's Chinatown are coolies, nothing so virtual slaves in their own country, and doomed from birth to menial labor of the coarsest kind. No Chinese of rank would tolerate one of them as his body-servant or would permit one to work in any capacity in his household. Outside the Chinese Consulate in San Francisco it is doubtful whether one would be able to find a score of Chinese of good family or breeding among the 20,000 herded in Chinatown. Gathered in this way, is it any wonder that the coolies in California include many criminals? Could one take 20,000 white men from the slums of any great city and secure a higher order of intelligence or sobriety than is shown by these pig-tailed heathen?

When the Chinese began to flock to California in large numbers, attracted by gold mining and the promise of work on the overland railroad, they formed for mutual protection what are known as the Six Companies. These were fashioned on the principle of trade guilds. The men from Canton, for instance, formed one company, those from Hong Kong another. The members paid regular dues, for which the society furnished them hospital care when sick, and guaranteed that their bones should be carefully transported to China in case of death. They were also to be aided in any difficulty with Chinese of other companies or with whites. The company rooms were the headquarters for the members, where they could get the latest news from China. Outgrowths of these companies, but independent of them, are the Highbinders' societies. These are purely American organizations, like the Six Companies, without counterpart in the old country. They are many in number, and their strength, and the desperate character of their active members, and the swift vengeance which they have dealt out to offenders, have made them feared throughout the Pacific coast. Though known as Freemasons, the Highbinders are really banded together for black-mail and police purposes. If by any favor the confidence of a Highbinder is won, he will have no hesitation in acknowledging that he lives by black-mail. He regards his calling as perfectly legitimate, and in carrying out the orders of his society he would stop at no crime, for he looks on the murder of one who has violated the secrets of his society, or who has received its sentence, as a meritorious bit of work.

The mother society among the Highbinders is the Chee Kung Tong, which occupies a substantial three-story building on Spofford Alley, in the heart of the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco. The society owns the building and is regularly incorporated. Ascending a flight of stairs, one comes to the large assembly hall, a room sixty by twenty-five feet, well furnished in Chinese style. Around the sides of the room are ranged heavy carved oak chairs, the wood of which looks like ebony in shadow, and in strong light shows the rich color of old rose-wood. In the centre of the room is a table, and at one side are arrangements for making tea. On the walls are hung Chinese paintings and mottoes from Confucius. Just at the head of the stairway is a long tablet of boxwood, on which are inscribed the names of the 1200 charter members of the society, with the amounts which they originally contributed. In the rear of the apartment is a small office which contains the usual couch, covered with clean matting and provided with an opium lay-out; on the walls are the names of the officers and of the police force for the half year. Four "headmen" are elected semiannually, whose word is law, as well as thirty-three "hatchet-men," as the guard detailed to execute the decrees of the society is called. The Chee Kung is the most powerful of all the societies, and has 4500 members in San Francisco, and 15,000 in all the American colonies where Chinese have penetrated. Their rolls show that they have branches in 390 towns in the United States, Spanish America, and Cuba. A singular fact is that many members of the minor societies still belong to the Chee Kung.

The initiation for membership is very rigid, and

INITIATING A NEOPHYTE.

has been witnessed by a few American detectives in whom the Chinese have learned to place confidence. The candidate kneels, and, with a large Chinese sword placed across his throat, and the point of another pressed against the nape of his neck, joins in the chanting of an oath before the sacred symbols of the society—an oath which binds him to obey the society, to renounce all ties of kindred, and to swear to obey its commands without question at any time. Trials of accused persons are held at stated intervals, and the sentence is executed on the spot. The implement of punishment resembles a saw-horse—a log about six feet long, with four short legs. Over this the victim is bound, and the executioner, with a club which resembles a base-ball bat, gives the requisite number of blows on the back and legs. On the floor above where this torture is practised is the joss of the society.

The influence of this head society is far-reaching, and it is doubtful whether its leaders would heed any order from a higher source than the Chinese Consul. It is even said that the Consul's order has sometimes been overruled, as there are men in the Chee Kung Tong who acknowledge no allegiance to China. The doctrine is that the society must be obeyed first. So when the Council of Judges decide that a Chinese has committed an act which merits death, the hatchet-men are instructed to kill him wherever found. If he escapes from San Francisco, there is small prospect of eluding his pursuers, as his name and description are sent to all the 390 branch organizations throughout the country. It is dangerous for any Chinaman to harbor the fugitive or aid him in any way. He cannot return to China unless he is unusually clever in disguising himself, for all the shipping ports are closely watched by the society's agents. This sleepless espionage undermines the courage of the bravest man. It is through terror of this fearful menace that so many reputable Chinese become members of the society. Outside the Chee Kung they would be targets for black-mail; inside the circle, they are protected from all harm.

The lesser societies of Highbinders in San Francisco have from 200 to 600 members each. Their lodge-rooms are fitted up plainly, though each is a copy of the original so far as the joss is concerned.

Naturally these societies become nests of criminals. The hatchet-men are usually outlaws. Even the best of the Chinese have small regard for human life, as their laws tolerate the purchase of a substitute by a wealthy criminal condemned to execution, and the compromise of a murder by a money payment to the relatives of the victim. Trained in this way, the Highbinder is as reckless of human life as the slave-hunting Arab of the Soudan. There have been cases of murder in Chinatown, done for private revenge by hired Highbinders, for the small sum of twenty dollars, and the cheapness in which human life is held by these people is a constant marvel. The deadliness of the revenge of the Highbinder when he fancies he has been wronged is illustrated by an incident which occurred last year in San Francisco. A white saloon-keeper in the Chinese Quarter, named Dempsey, resented an insult offered to his partner's wife by a Chinese Highbinder by throwing the offending cooly into the street. He was warned to be on his guard, as the man was a notorious desperado. Two days later Dempsey, in broad daylight, while drawing a glass of beer, was stabbed fatally by the Chinese, who coolly walked out of the saloon, and escaped. Though the police used every effort to force the society to give him up, the murderer still remains at large.

The Highbinder is almost entirely beyond the pale of American law. His secret hiding-places defy the ingenuity of the police; he holds an oath in court in contempt; he can get a score of witnesses in his society to swear to anything which he desires; he has been the chief cause of the difficulty in the enforcement of the Restriction Act in San Francisco. The great body of the Chinese in California are peaceful and law-abiding, but the few hundred active Highbinders form a powerful element of unrest, and are a constant menace to public safety.

Wong Ah Hang, now in San Quentin prison for a term of ten years for assault with intent to murder, was a Chinese Highbinder who took service as a cook in an American family. He no doubt counted on robbing the family when a convenient opportunity occurred, but in the mean time he was offered a good sum to kill a Chinese. He killed the man, and the circumstantial evidence was strong against him, but the family with which he worked testified that he could not have been absent on the night of the murder without their knowledge, and this alibi saved him. Subsequently he attempted another murder, and was caught, and convicted on January 20, 1885.

Chu Ah Lung, alias Ahah Quie, is a notorious Highbinder. He was sent to San Quentin December 20, 1879, for seven years for robbery. When discharged, September 22, 1884, he went to Eureka, Humboldt County, but when the Chinese were evicted from that place he came to San Francisco, and was selected to go on to St. Louis to kill a Chinese interpreter who had aided in convicting some Chinese criminals in that city. Two days before he arrived at St. Louis the murder was committed by Highbinders in that city, who were eager to secure the large reward offered for the man's death.

Chung Ah Kit is a professional kidnapper of women who was sent to San Quentin for five years, in 1882, for kidnapping a Chinese girl and holding her for a large ransom.

Lee Ah Fong is one of the ablest of the Highbinders. He belongs to the Suey Ong Tong, and acts as interpreter for his society in the courts. He was known to be accessory to a murder in 1880, but he escaped through perjured testimony. His most recent exploit was to secure the arrest of six Chinese women on the ground that they had been illegally landed. This was done in revenge for the failure of the owners of the women to pay him $40 a head as tribute-money. He speaks good English, and there is a world of intelligence in his one serviceable eye.

The weapons of the Highbinder are all brought from China, with the exception of the hatchet and the pistol. The illustration shows a collection of Chinese knives and swords taken from criminals, and now in the possession of the San Francisco police. The most murderous weapon is what is called the double sword. Two swords, each about two feet long, are worn in a single scabbard. A Chinese draws these, one in each hand, and chops his way through a crowd of enemies. Only one side is sharpened, but the blade, like that of all the Chinese knives, is ground to a razor edge. An effective weapon at close quarters is the two-edged knife, usually worn in a leather sheath. The handle is of brass, generally richly ornamented, while the blade is of the finest steel. Most of the assassinations in Chinatown have been committed with this weapon, one blow being sufficient to ensure a mortal wound. The cleaver used by the Highbinders is smaller and lighter than the ordinary butcher's cleaver. The iron club, about a foot and a half long, is enclosed in a sheath, and worn at the side like a sword. Another weapon is a curious sword with a large guard for the hand. The hatchet is usually of American make, but ground as sharp as a razor.

The coat of mail shown in the sketch, which was taken from a Chinese Highbinder, is of cloth, heavily padded with layers of rice paper that make it proof against a bullet, or even a rifle ball. This garment is worn by the most desperate men when they undertake a peculiarly dangerous bit of assassination. More common than this is the leather wristlet. This comes half-way up to the elbow, and pieces of iron inserted in the leather serve to ward off even a heavy stroke of a sword or hatchet.

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A SNOW-SLIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 110.]

## THUS RAN THE VALENTINE.

By MARGARET ETTINGE.

Thus ran the valentine the New Year
Sent to his lady-love, the Earth,
And his bright messenger, the Bluebird,
Wons in a tuneful song of mirth.

"Wake, dearest, wake! Nearly over
Is the reign of the frost-crowned king,
And soon shall your emerald garments
Be daintily wrought by the Spring.
Awake! and bring joy to your lover;
Too long have you lain so though dead,
A mantle of snow heavy-weighted
With coldest of gems o'er you spread
Say farewell to the sleep that enchanted you,
And, turned to the sweetest of flowers,
You shall find all the shadowy blossoms
That haunted your dream-laden hours.
O come with a smile, dear, of sunshine,
And send through the whole world a thrill,
And bring golden light to the meadow,
The woodland, the valley, and hill.
Throw aside your brown veil, and from me, love,
A wreath of blue violets take,
Bound together with slender green grasses.
Awake, my heart's sovereign, awake!"

Thus was the message that the Bluebird
Wone in a tuneful song of mirth,
Thus ran the valentine the New Year
Sent to his lady-love, the Earth.

## LA CONTESSINA.

It is an afternoon late in April—not the April of our North, cold, showery, muddy, but the April of the South, fair and fragrant as the Northern June, with a vivid, subtle charm, besides, that is Italy's own. The sun is sinking behind Ischia with such glory as he bestows only on this wondrous sea and sky, and on the upper terrace of a vineyard near Castel-a-Mare are two people who give an more thought to the perfection of beauty about them than that it forms a paradise not unworthy of their happiness. They are possessed by that mighty egotism of love—that one only egotism at which, all-absorbing, world-forgetting, as it is, even spectators look kindly, because they all of them either have had or hope to have some day their share of it. There are, however, to-day no spectators, for the very substantial back which a middle-aged lady near by has turned upon them declares most ostentatiously that she neither sees nor hears, and there is no one else in the vineyard.

Jack Vincent is a blond, pleasant-looking fellow of five or six and twenty, with a sketch-book [illegible] hand, upon which his idle hands are resting, while his eyes dwell on the girl beside him as though they could never gaze enough.

Camilla Bramanti is too slender and too dark for beauty, but there is such an intensity of youth and life in every movement, such possibilities of joy and suffering, of love and hate, in her brilliant eyes and sensitive lips, that, looking at her, one forgets whether she is beautiful or not in thinking of herself—or, at all events, Jack Vincent does so.

She has been singing to him in a rich, low voice one of the canzone of the Neapolitan fishermen, which she sings as only their country-women can, and since she ceased there has been silence. Suddenly she turns to him, her eyes soft with tears.

"Jacques," she murmurs, with the nearest approach to his harsh name that her Italian tongue can utter, "we are too happy. It will not last."

"You foolish little girl!" taking both her small brown hands in his, with a smile, half amused, half triumphant. "I mean to be just as happy all my life—unless you quarrel with me, contessina."

"Quarrel with thee, my heart, my life, my soul!" hiding her face on his shoulder. "But this is the world, not the dear God's paradise, and He does not wish His creatures to be too happy here. I am frightened."

He puts his arms about her, and tells her that nothing can hurt them while they are together, or part them while they love each other. But he looks troubled, in spite of his assurances, and presently he says, with decision: "It is all this mystery and secrecy about our meetings that makes you feel that some calamity is hanging over us, sweetheart. It is very natural you should feel so, for it makes me uncomfortable myself. It was all very well before we were engaged, as the Signora Maria says, that I should not have been permitted to see you at the villa in your guardian's absence, but now that you have promised to be my wife, it is wrong, and I shall go to Rome to-morrow and ask Conte Bramanti's consent to our marriage."

With a little cry of terror, she clings to him. "No! no! no! He will take me away. I shall never see you again."

For some moments so vehemently does she sob and tremble that he can only caress her; but when she has grown calmer he continues, firmly:

"Listen to me, my darling. We cannot go on in this way much longer, happy as we are, for your uncle will take you back to Rome soon, and then, as long I am your acknowledged fiancé, it will be impossible for me to see you. Besides—"

"He wishes me to marry my cousin Marco because of my money. He will never consent to any other marriage. No, Jacques," withdrawing from his arms, while she clasps her hands tightly together, and the color rushes hotly into her dark face. "I know you love me, and you know that I love you, but there is only one way in which I can ever become your wife—you must elope with me."

"My darling!" he cries, trying to draw her toward him again, while he colors as violently as she, as thrilled to be by the utter trust she shows in him, and as ashamed, also, of a quick pang of dislike that the idea of an elopement should be suggested by her—a pang of which she is as fully aware as he, for she shrinks away from his clasp, and grows pale to her lips.

"Ah, you do not understand! You are American, and we are Italians. You think that I should not have said that? You think I—"

"I think that you are my own brave, true darling!" he cries, with passionate self-reproach. "It is for your sake that I dislike an elopement. Do you think, my sweet, that I shall find fault in anything that makes you mine—so only that I have you fast and sure?"

Jack Vincent is, however, by no means perfectly content when, having parted from the contessina and her governante at the gates of the vineyard, he takes his way through the twilight down the steep road to Castel-a-Mare. He has consented to an elopement, and they have arranged together a plan for carrying it into effect to-morrow night. They will take the evening express from Naples to Rome, stop at some small place by the way where they can easily find some priest to marry them, and then, continuing their flight to Paris, they will be married there, according to the Protestant form, at the American Consulate, and in the presence of Vincent's sister, who has lived in Paris for some years. But though he loves the contessina passionately, though the future can hold no happiness for him without her, he has a thorough Anglo-Saxon abhorrence for anything clandestine, and is still unconfortably conscious that it is scarcely in second with his highest ideal of womanhood that she should have suggested the plan of the elopement to him. Nothing could more entirely prove her love and confidence, and yet—

"What a fool I am to quarrel with my own happiness! She is an Italian, as she says, poor darling, and has been educated to think mystery and secrecy quite fair in love, and it is only my stiff New England Puritanism that can cavil at such devotion—a devotion of which I am unworthy while I can find flaws in her perfection."

Having thus proved her right and himself wrong—a conclusion eminently satisfactory to lovers, and to no other possible condition of humanity—he pauses to light a cigar, and as he does so a figure from the railway station at Castel-a-Mare rattles by at a rate very different from his usual snail-like progress. As it passes, a handsome elderly man thrusts himself half out of the window, urging in vehement Italian still greater haste to the driver, who replies with a shower of shrill "Si, si, Signor Conte!"

Is it an instinct of coming evil, to simply human nature's fondness for tormenting itself uselessly, which makes Vincent's heart beat faster with the sudden fear that this may be the contessina's uncle, brought from Rome by some report of the love story that has been in progress for nearly four weeks? For an instant so keen is the fear that he turns to follow the fast-receding carriage, and discover whether it enters the Campaneo Bramanti; but, with a smile at his own absurdity, he resumes his way again. Long before he can reach the Campana gates the carriage will have vanished up the road or within the avenue, and beyond the gates he dare not go, for fear of waking suspicion of their design for to-morrow.

About one o'clock on the following morning Vincent proceeds to the railway station to order a there to meet him at a certain bridge on the high-road near the Campaneo Bramanti an hour before the starting of the train to Naples which connects with the night express for Rome.

"Capisco?" cries the driver, rubbing his hands. "That will be the second time my horses have done that road to-day. We have but just brought Conte Bramanti's valet and the contessina's governante to the half past twelve train."

"Impossibile!"

"È vero, signore!—mille perdoni!" The conte and the contessina, with all the household, left for Rome one little quarter of an hour ago."

Vincent turns abruptly away. "My poor little love!" he thinks, with a passionate thrill of compassion, as he pictures to himself the agony of despair which she must be enduring, she so confident of her uncle's power and determination to separate them forever. He walks quickly back to the pension, but there is no note for him from the contessina, as he half hoped there might be, and he goes through the afternoon as well as may he by a walk to the Campana Bramanti, where a vine-dresser confirms the story of the departure of the whole household from the villa, and Vincent makes a final sketch of the place where he has spent the happiest hours of a hitherto exceptionally happy life.

Nor is he unhappy now except on his poor little contessina's account. He is a nature which, partly from its own constitution, partly from fortuitous circumstances, is apt to believe that what he wishes will come to pass, and he has, with a healthy dislike of anything clandestine, an equally healthy conviction that unrelenting guardians and forced marriages are extinct nowadays. So he is rather relieved at being obliged to give up the elopement, and not to all anxious as to the eventual result of a formal proposal from him to Conte Bramanti for the contessina, as he is abundantly able to prove, through the American Minister at Rome, his social worthiness to marry, and his disinterestedness in marrying, a much greater heiress than the Contessina Camilla.

So it is in very good spirits, though not without some sentimental regret, that he sees Castel-a-Mare, and finally Naples, vanish in the distance as the night express bears him to Rome.

The next morning, as soon as he arrives, Vincent goes to his banker's, as the only address to which the contessina could send him a letter in Rome, and he is confident that she knows he will follow her at once. Nor is he mistaken, for among several many-postmarked letters is one little violet-perfumed note, addressed in a minute foreign handwriting, which sets his heart fluttering in a way which he tells himself is absurd. Hurriedly he turns into the reading room, and seating himself in one of the deep windows, he opens the envelope.

"Whatever you hear, believe this as you believe in God: I shall never be any man's wife, since I cannot be yours. There is but one thing you can do for your miserable Camilla, and that I beg you on my knees to do—leave Rome at once. Do not wait to hear from me again, for my uncle has sent away the Signora Maria, who takes this note to your banker's, and who, for her own sake, you must not try to find. You will be happy some day, and forget me; but whether I live or die, I shall be always

"Your own CAMILLA."

He reads the almost illegible lines half a dozen times before he puts the note in his pocket. He is touched, he is hurt; he is perplexed; he is even a little amused. How little she understands him when she can ask him to leave her to the mere breath that she assures him of her love and her misery! What mere girlish terror it must be which can make his magnify her uncle's power until she cowers before him as though he were a cruel tyrant of the Middle Ages, instead of a very disagreeable person doubtless, but bound and restrained by the customs and observances of this law abiding nineteenth century! By the time that Vincent has gotten out of the bank, and is walking rapidly up the Via Babuino, with the sweet spring breeze blowing in his face, and all the cheerful bustle of the street about him, he promises himself that the contessina shall be his wife within a month, Conte Bramanti notwithstanding, and that when he has her safely he will reproach her in a dozen tenderest fashions for her lack of courage and faith in the lover whom she could ask to leave her in her greatest need. It would be impossible to find the Signora Maria, as she has left no address, and it would, besides, be useless to seek for details of which he knows the results. The only course for him is to see the Conte Bramanti at once. To call a fiacre and direct the driver to the Palazzo Bramanti is the work of a moment, and the drive there does not occupy much more.

"Poor little contessina!" no wonder that she feels like a prisoner!" Jack thinks, with a disparaging glance up at the rough stone walls, heavy arched windows, and the generally donjon-like appearance which the Casa Bramanti bears in common with most Roman palaces. "No wonder that, having lived here most of her days, she cannot realize how limited are her guardian's powers, if she have only the courage to stand by her cause! The world will look a very different and freer place when she lives in a modern house in New York."

Thus the porter stalks gloomily from his den, and Vincent is informed that the conte is out.

"And the contessina?"

"Anche la contessina."

There is nothing for it but to leave a couple of cards and come again. Come again he does, twice in the afternoon, but with no better success. He is more angry than anxious when he returns to his hotel for the *table d'hôte*. Surely if she is allowed to be out all the afternoon, their vigilance is not very strict; so she she— But he pauses there. Even in his thoughts he will not be disloyal to the love which, if ever passionate eyes or sweet lips spoke truly, is all his own. Even when about ten o'clock he walks by the palazzo, and sees the green paint chance with light, while the soft night air is full of waltz music, he tells himself that one may carry a heavy heart to a ball.

The next day he goes early again to the bank, without much thought of hearing from her, but with a restless hope. The only envelope that does not bear an American stamp is a rather soiled affair addressed to Italian, by apparently a beginner in the art of writing. Within there are two lines:

"If the signore is wise, he will leave Rome at once."

And for signature a rough but distinct drawing of a dagger.

An angry laugh is the first result of this production.

"By Jove! he is nothing but a brute, three centuries behind his time! It is with such threats as these, then, that they have frightened my poor little girl into begging me to leave Rome. Leave Rome, indeed! I shall buy a stout stick, and I dare say with its help I shall be able to hold my own in a scuffle with any hired ruffian, even if this effusion should mean more than mere bullying."

But repeated interviews with the porter at Casa Bramanti continue to gain nothing but the invariable "Sono fuori, signore." And in his walk after dinner Vincent becomes conscious that he is followed by a cloaked figure, which he amuses himself by leading a Will-o'-the-wisp flight up one dark street and down another, with many sharp turnings, which cause his shadow much exercise in agility. He is angrily amused at what he considers the burlesque melodrama of the whole affair, but he begins to realize that it may go no indefinitely unless he uses other measures, and that meanwhile, irritated and uncomfortable as he is, the poor little contessina must be infinitely more so. A man who could hire some wretch to prowl after another man, to intimidate and possibly to injure him, must be capable of considerable cruelty to his own family, and Vincent reflects with a shiver that, among the agreeable phases of Italian life with which he has recently become acquainted, he has yet to learn the extent of the power in an Italian household of its head.

The result of a wakeful night is an early visit to the American Minister, who fortunately is a personal friend, and to whom, therefore, his story is not so difficult to tell. Troubled and perplexed as Vincent is, and strongly as he feels the necessity for advice from a man who knows Italians better than he does, he is still inclined to laugh at the anonymous letters, of which he has received this morning another specimen, and he is dismayed to see the seriousness with which Mr. —— regards the whole affair.

"I am very sorry for you, my dear fellow, but really I think you will have to give her up," he says, with grave kindness, after some silent pacing of his office.

"I shall not do that," Jack says, shortly, closing up to his fair hair, and with all his combative American blood in hot rebellion at the suggestion of defeat to such a sneaps and with such a foe.

"But there is nothing you can do. To accuse a man of Conte Bramanti's standing of the authorship of those letters would be as useless as absurd."

"I not sure he got them written," Jack says, sulkily.

"So am I, but we cannot prove it. The contessina is eighteen, you tell me, and so three years under age, and cannot marry without her guardian's consent."

"I could marry her out of Italy."

"So you could, but you must first run away with her: and you can no more carry her off, now that her uncle is watching her, than you can get a mouse from under a cat's paw when she is playing with it."

With the first pang of what may be a life-long regret, Vincent rises and walks uneasily about the room.

"She knew her cousin people only too well, poor darling!" he is thinking, bitterly.

"If you do not leave Rome," Mr —— continues, after reading the anonymous note again, "I should advise you to stay at home after dark until these letters cease."

"Damn the letters!" cries Jack, savagely. Then he comes over to Mr. —— and puts out his hand, with a troubled look on his pleasant face very new to it. "Forgive my bad temper. Write a letter to Conte Bramanti making him an offer from me for the Contessina Camilla, and telling him about my people, my prospects, and the rest of it, and after he has received your letter I will see him to-morrow—if I sit on his doorsteps all day."

"Certainly I will write the letter, but I warn you that it will do no good. He wants her money for Conte Marco—as bad a young fellow as there is in Rome—and if you were a Rothschild he would not let you have her."

"Thank you, and good-morning," Vincent says, walking to the door.

"For Heaven's sake, whatever he does, do not make a row, Vincent!" cries Mr ——, following him. "You would gain nothing, and I could not help you, as the man is within his right according to Italian law."

Jack's only reply is to run down-stairs.

"If I had not been such a cold-blooded Puritan," he tells himself, with a certain tightness in his throat, "she would be my wife now. Give her up, and leave her to the power of that villain and his son? Not if I die for it."

The next twenty-four hours are the longest Vincent has ever spent. Angry, anxious, and regretful, he can settle to no occupation, but gets through the time somehow, with more cigars than are good for him, and a series of long, aimless walks, during which he is quite conscious of being followed, though he is too busy with his own perplexed thoughts to amuse himself by fatiguing his pursuer, as he had done the night before.

To-morrow comes at last, and the hour arrives at which he has resolved to seek the conte, and he presents himself again before the porter at Casa Bramanti. To his surprise, that hitherto scarcely civil functionary removes his cap with much urbanity.

"Siete aspettate, signore," he says, suavely, as he opens the glass door at the foot of a marble staircase. There a footman in gorgeous livery takes Vincent's card, and precedes him upstairs and through several very large, very empty, very glaring rooms, to one which is smaller and better furnished. Here Vincent, half bewildered, half elated, is left alone for more moments, which seem endless to him. Then steps are heard, the portière is raised, and there enters—the American Minister. The two look each at each other, mutually surprised.

"I did not expect to see you here, Mr ——," says Jack, holding out his hand; "but it is very kind of you."

"You are not more surprised than I am at seeing you. I sent the letter you asked of me within an hour after you left yesterday, and this morning received a note from Conte Bramanti begging me to come to him here to this time—" He pauses, for steps are again heard, the portière is again raised, and the handsome elderly man whom Vincent saw in the fiacre that last evening as Castel-a-Mare enters, leading by the hand the contessina. She is as pale as dark a woman can be, she looks years older than she did ent a week ago, and shamefaced with slow, reluctant steps, very different from the childish, impetuous grace that is usual to her; but for all the change she is the little sweetheart he loves, and who has suffered so much for him, and, forgetful alike of his friend and his enemy, Vincent springs toward her—and she turns quickly from him and clasps both hands over her uncle's arm.

Conte Bramanti laughs softly, Mr. —— looks astonished, and Jack grows pale.

"Eh bien, M l'Ambassadeur, I ask you frankly does my niece's reception of her would be suitor look as though her happiness were much concerned in his success?" asks the conte, with a smile.

Mr. —— is silent, and glances at Vincent, who

recovering himself with an effort, looks steadily at the contessina.

"You must have listened to cruel falsehoods, to be so changed since I saw you last, contessina. For your own sake, if not for mine, I beg you not to let anything your uncle may have said or done stand between us now. I am here to ask you again to be my wife. You know I love you, and in spite of a moment ago I am sure you love me." There is an instant's silence as Jack's voice, which has faltered over the last sentence, ceases. The contessina still stands with averted face, clinging to her uncle's arm.

"Give him his answer, carina," says the conte, stepping away from her. "Tell this very confident young man that it requires neither cruelty nor falsehood to bring a Bramenti to a sense of what becomes her, even if for a moment of girlish folly she has forgotten it."

Without raising her eyes, but in a voice that is both clear and firm, the contessina speaks at last.

"My uncle has persuaded me that it is wisest for me to marry my cousin Marco, who is of my religion, my country, my people—"

"Camilla!" cries Jack, with a passion that thrills Mr. ——'s middle-aged heart, and sends the color redly over the girl's bent face, but she continues, though rather tremulously:

"I beg you to forgive me, and I ask you to go."

"Forgive you!" echoes Jack, with such a tumult of angry pain and contemptuous pity in his heart that his voice is barely audible. "Lift your eyes! Look at me while you tell me again what you have just said, and I will forgive you—yes, and forget you too!"

"Speak to him, my uncle," cries the contessina, covering her face with her hands. "I—I will not look at him."

"You have received your answer, monsieur," begins the conte, but Jack interrupts him, fiercely:

"Do you think I will hear it again from you, liar and coward? You have not defeated me. If your niece were the brave, sweet woman I believed her, not the poor puppet she is, neither bolts nor bars nor hired assassins should have kept her from me!" and having uttered this farewell defiance in a highly dramatic manner, that would have astonished him immensely in a calmer moment, Jack rushes out of the room.

When, late that evening, Vincent returns to his hotel, the porter gives him a note and a small package, which he opens as soon as he is in his room. They are from Mr. ——.

"MY DEAR VINCENT,—I enclose for you a locket, which was given to me by the Contessina Bramenti after you left to-day, and which she said was your property. It contains no note, as Il le Conte took care to ascertain before he would permit me to receive it, but I am much mistaken if it does not convey some message that you will understand. Now for a word of advice which I hope you will not resent. Whatever the contessina means to imply by this locket—let her alone! You are well out of the whole affair, for Italian women are strange, crafty creatures, not to be judged by any of the rules by which we judge our own, thank God! Believe me, to risk safety and happiness for one of them, *le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle!* Your friend, ——."

Vincent stands looking down at the note, after he has read it, with no particular feeling save weariness. He is physically as well as mentally exhausted. He has been walking for hours, he has eaten nothing since breakfast, and mind and heart have been fiercely busy burying their dead—dead hope, dead content, dead faith—all the beautiful blessed dead that had made a living Love.

He has reached the limit of his power of suffering for the present, and though he opens the locket, an old-fashioned one that had been his mother's, it is with slow, unwilling fingers that he presses a secret spring at the back. Within is a tiny scrap of paper.

"Leave Rome now, but return in a month, and believe always that I love you."

A momentary light of passionate anger comes into his tired eyes as he tears the note in yet smaller pieces.

"No, no, contessina!" he mutters, bitterly. "I shall leave Rome to-morrow, but I shall not return either next month or next year. To allow you to dupe me twice is beyond even my folly."

But as days pass, and his anger cools, a hundred sweet and tender memories tug at his heart-strings. Her looks, her words, her kisses, haunt him, as only a lost love's ever do. It is not possible that they could have been false, or that she can be fickle. It is he who has been false—false to his faith in her. There was surely some deeper meaning to that brief scene at Casa Bramenti which he had not understood. That piteous little note had given him an assurance of her love which his faithlessness had not deserved.

Before a fortnight has passed, Vincent has brought himself to such a fervor of remorseful tenderness and excited anticipation that he can scarcely wait for the end of the month which his injured love has asked him to remain away from Rome. But he makes a penance to himself of obeying her implicitly; and surely Milan, Venice, and the lakes were never seen by such unappreciative eyes before.

A month from the day on which he left Rome, Vincent again presents himself at his banker's there, and asks for letters. Only one is given him, but that, violet-perfumed and addressed in the delicate foreign writing—that is the one which holds his fate and hers.

"I know you will be in Rome, my love, at the end of the month during which I asked you to remain away. I am at the Convent of Sta. Agnese, and will see you alone.
"Your CAMILLA."

That she is about to do something which will convince him of her love he is sure, as he puts the note in his pocket and walks hurriedly out of the bank; but his heart sinks heavily as he realizes that it is not the letter of a joyful woman bidding her lover come to her and take the happiness she has saved for him.

Sta. Agnese is not a mile outside the gates of Rome, and very soon Vincent finds himself ringing, with rather nervous fingers, the porter's bell. A lay sister appears directly, and on looking at his card, bids him follow her.

She leads the way through a brilliant garden and a long whitewashed cloister to a large bare room, divided in halves by an iron grating which reaches from the floor to the ceiling.

Vincent's heart beats thickly as the sister leaves him alone. Every faculty is absorbed in listening for the first sound of the contessina's approach. He does not know what he dreads, but every moment which brings their meeting nearer increases his sense of some calamity. He is watching the door by which the lay sister left him, but he starts violently when a door behind the grating opens instead.

A slender woman in the white trailing robes of a novice stands just behind the bars, which she has put between herself and the world forever, and the small dark face and passionate eyes are the contessina's. For an instant there is silence; then she stretches out her hands to him through the grating.

"Forgive me!" she cries; "it was the only way to save you and myself."

"Forgive you!" murmurs Jack, in a strange, suffocated voice, while he presses her hands almost fiercely in his own. "My God! what have you done?"

When Conte Bramenti found out that she was resolved not to give up Jack, he not only told her, what she already knew, that she was by law absolutely in his power for the three years before her coming of age, but he took a solemn vow that if within a certain time she did not promise to marry Count Marco, her lover should be murdered. For two or three days she had been nearly mad. There had been a time when self-destruction seemed her only refuge, but when the moment came, her physical courage had failed, and then she had revealed all her griefs to her confessor, whom her uncle permitted to see her unwatched, knowing that his influence would surely be given against an alien and heretic lover. It was the crafty priest who had suggested this way of saving both herself and her lover, if she had the courage and determination to carry out his plan. She must appear to submit to her uncle, agree to marry Count Marco, swear to give up Vincent on condition of his safety, and then she could easily obtain the conte's consent to go to the Convent of Sta. Agnese on *retreat* for a month before her marriage. Once there, she could declare her purpose of becoming a nun, and, sustained by the Church, Bramenti would be powerless against her, for he would obtain no aid from the government, which, in those early days of its establishment, had to guard its strength too carefully for public quarrels with the Church, to waste it by aiding private feuds.

This plan, by which the priest secured a large dowry for his convent, the poor little contessina had grasped at as the only salvation for herself and her lover, and had clung to it with the devotion of a martyr to his rack in the holy cause, only asking of her confessor the solemn oath that after taking her vows of novitiate she should be permitted one farewell interview with Vincent alone.

Such is her story, the strange blending of faithfulness and falsehood, of cold duplicity and of passionate self-sacrifice, which the contessina tells her wretched lover while they clasp each other's trembling hands through the grating.

With burning kisses and dry long sobs he answers her, and then a knock comes on the door by which she entered, and she grows deadly white.

"They have come for me; you must go," she whispers, piteously. "They will come in presently, and I cannot say farewell to you before them. You must go."

"I must go," he repeats, dully, looking at her with an agony that is sharper than if she were dying. His little contessina of the vineyard at Castel-a-Mare, so young, so gay, so passionately loving, changed to this pale nun whose life must be one long suffering—and changed for him! The horror of it draws closer about him with a palpable darkness that slips between him and her terrified face, and as the door opens and a priest enters, he falls heavily to the ground.

It is many weeks before Vincent's sister and her husband, who have been summoned from Paris by Mr. ——, can move him from Rome, still too prostrated by his long illness to realize much more than the mere fact of existence; and when, after the sea-voyage to America, he is trying to subdue his restless misery with the old home life, a letter from Rome comes to him—a letter which contains a tress of dark hair and a printed notice of the death of "La Sorella Maria Fidelia, nata la Contessina Bramenti," within a few days after taking her final vows at the Convent of Sta. Agnese.

## "STAKED OUT."

The rocky fastnesses to which the bands of Apache "hostiles" retreat when too closely followed by persistent cavalry or revengeful cow-boys contain no donjon keeps. The grassy plains infested by their predatory bands furnish them with no jails for the safe detention of either culprit or captive. Nevertheless, a solitary-confinement cell at Sing Sing is not more secure, and the foulest vault of a feudal robber baron was less cruel, than is one contrivance they have invented for holding fast a prisoner overnight.

It is pitilessly, stolidly, woodenly cruel. It is strangely simple in its utter disregard of human suffering. When a captured white man has been borne along by his captors to the spot they have chosen for their camp, his chances for escape are taken from him before even the skin lodges are set up. There is no delay for feeding him or quenching the thirst brought on by heat or fatigue or wounds. Stripped to the waist, he is laid flat on his back at a little distance from the camp, and without reference to the stiffness of the harsh vegetation under him. Let the stalks of the buffalo-grass and sage go into him a little; he will lie there just as motionlessly or even as he is "staked out." Drive one lariat pin firmly down between his ankles, and bind them to it firmly. Pull out his right arm straight, drive in another pin at the wrist, and bind that also. Draw the left arm hard, and stake it down in the same manner. Either of these lariat pins would hold a frightened mustang.

There lies the captured cow-boy or soldier or settler, as the case may be, and the sun does not go down upon another human being more helpless, more hopeless, more utterly miserable.

The invention is absolutely perfect already, but it is sure to have one superfluity. Squat by the feet of the man enduring that torment, from the moment when the last pin is driven, sits a sentry whose snaky black eyes wander but little. Idle as lap, destitute of human feeling as a lariat pin, the sentry will keep his place, no matter how many other braves, or even squaws and children, may come to enjoy a stare at the fettered form and the upturned face. The captive may as well be silent. All in vain would he plead for any alleviation from beings who derive a positive pleasure from perceptions of his agony. Very likely the question under discussion among the chiefs and warriors at the time is whether or not, or when, he *is* to die, and under what further eccentricities of savage torturing.

The night may be sultry, or it may be a season of frost, or the bitter winds from the Sierras may force the sentry to wrap his blanket closely around him. It will all be the same in the morning, for there will be the prisoner, dead or alive. The first horror may be followed by yet another more ineffable, for the red men of the plains are cunning in affairs of cruelty. They may have no need to change their camp, and in that case a staked-out man is a perfect work of art. They could hardly add by any device to the horrors he will endure as the burning sun rises higher and higher. There is rarely an intention that he shall ever again look upon a white man's face. Unless the barbarians elect to murder him in some other way, or have need of the lariat pins when they break up that camp, the next of his race to reach that spot will find his bunnard-picked bones yet "staked out."

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Georgia gentleman in praisefully describing another's personal appearance said that "he had an eye like a rattlesnake's," and then, as if a trifle doubtful of the idea that such a comparison would convey, added: "Did you ever look into a rattlesnake's eye? If you have not, do so the next chance you get. It is a wonderful thing. It seems to be looking into eternity, and is as clear as any silver moon you ever saw." Unless the Georgia gentleman was speaking merely for effect, one cannot refrain from the suspicion that his study of the rattlesnake's eye was made under exciting and distorting circumstances. When there is only a short interval and no barrier between the snake and the observer, its eye may seem speculative and abstracted, and mellow as a silver moon; but if the eye in question is calmly studied through a secure glass case, it looks merely like a wicked shoe-button on the point of bursting with extravagant rage.

A newspaper paragraph says that orange is to be the fashionable color in Paris this season. For what articles, pray? Certainly not for ladies' walking boots or men's stove-pipe hats.

Captain R. B. Forbes, eighty-one years old, of Milton, Massachusetts, has just finished a jack-knife model of the yacht *Puritan*. Massachusetts fashion, he was pleased at the *Puritan's* victory over the English yacht.

The *Diamond* is a newspaper described by itself as being "published once in a lifetime by a stock company composed of passengers on snow-bound trains at Kinsley, Kansas."

There is a French author who profoundly believes that the press of Paris is in fetters. He is the compiler of a dictionary which has just been suppressed. For years before he engaged in this venture he was a successful beggar, and his dictionary was a careful list of those persons who, in the course of his long experience, he had found were good to the poor. The dictionary was enjoying an astonishing sale, and the charitable persons whose names it contained were at the same time suffering an astonishing experience with the army of mendicants that besieged their doors.

It is said that a baby eighteen months old, the fourteenth child of an Edinburgh gun-maker, earns more money than its father. It is taken every evening to the theatre, where another of the actors sings a baby song over it. It is only half an hour away from home. In such ways occasionally may genius outstrip plodding toil.

Seventeen thousand dogs were suffocated at the Dogs' Home in London in sixty days. Dogs' Home is a somewhat grotesque name for a place where dogs get such treatment as that.

The Hindoos, says an English paper, are complaining bitterly about the poor quality of the idols furnished them by the Birmingham manufacturers. If the complaint is just, the Birmingham people ought to be made to feel ashamed of themselves. That the makers and venders of idols should be thoroughly scrupulous persons there can be no doubt. Presumably a Hindoo is accustomed to buy his idols in a devotional and trusting spirit, without chaffering, at fixed prices. Feeling that his sole protection is the honor of those who furnish the supply, his rage must be great when he learns that he has been deceived. It is not likely that he would permit himself to be twice imposed upon in the same quarter, and a house furnishing inferior idols cannot be expected long to maintain itself in the commercial world. The honorable spirit of the old and familiar trade assurances, "All wool, and a yard wide," and "Warranted not to rust at the eye or ravel at the heel," must henceforth enter into the idol business if it is to be successfully carried on for any length of time. Springing poor job lots on the Hindoos will surely bring ruin upon the merchants who engage in the unscrupulous enterprise.

THE TELEPHONE SCANDAL.
Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!

## MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW CABINET.

THE men Mr. GLADSTONE has called about him, or at least, those who have come at his call, do not constitute as strong a body as those with whom the great Premier has done his most important work in the past. With the exception of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, there is none of those who have "arrived" as a political leader, as whose power is likely to greatly increase in the immediate future. And with the added exceptions of Mr. Otto TREVELYAN and Mr. JOHN MORLEY, there are none of them men of marked intellectual vigor or of decided originality of character. The post in which Mr. GLADSTONE has himself won the most solid if not the most noted of his triumphs, that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, or, as we should say, Secretary of the Treasury, is now filled by Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT. He is a lawyer of distinction, having been Solicitor General and member of the commission for amending the neutrality laws. He was known to Americans for the series of very important papers on the law involved in the cases arising out of the war of secession, published under the name of "Brutus-cus"; and he is the husband of an American wife, having, in 1876, married Mrs. IVAN, the daughter of the late Mr. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. He was one of the early writers for the *Saturday Review*, and is the author of a great number of political pamphlets. Mr. H. C. E. CHILDERS, who was Mr. GLADSTONE's last Chancellor of the Exchequer, is now transferred to the office of [illegible]. He is not a [illegible] man, but a banker, who commenced his public career in the colony of Victoria, where he still has large interests. He is a clear headed, energetic, and sensible man, but of no special force in the House of Commons.

The Foreign Office, lost held by Earl GRANVILLE, is now given to Earl ROSEBERY, a Scotch nobleman on the sunny side of forty, with great wealth and a taste for travel. In a subordinate post under Mr. GLADSTONE's last government, he was confidential agent at Berlin and Paris in connection with the Russian quarrel, and is the special object of Mr. GLADSTONE's admiration and respect. Heretofore he has inclined toward advanced Liberalism, but on the Irish question has been inclined toward greater caution than his chief. Earl GRANVILLE descends from the Foreign Office to that of Secretary for the Colonies.

Undoubtedly Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is the most conspicuous figure in the cabinet. He is essentially a Birmingham man, though he was born in London (in 1836), educated at the University College School, and is a member of one of the City companies. But he made his wealth in Birmingham, in the manufacture of wood screws, and has been an active leader for years of the very active Birmingham school of politicians, who are distinguished by strong republican sympathies and a frankness of devotion to party organization that would delight the hearts of American partisans. He was one of the organizers, if not the inventor, of the famous Birmingham "Caucus," which is a standing political committee, representative in purpose and origin, and very rigid in its ideas of party discipline. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, until within two years, was best known for his work in connection with the movement for general and compulsory free education, and for his advocacy of a peculiar system of license for liquor-sellers, known as the Gothenburg system, by which the government has a monopoly of the sale of liquors, and lets out privileges to the highest bidders under close restrictions. But of late Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has become a leader in the direction of disestablishment of the Church of England, of a radical change in the land laws, and of a large measure of home rule for Ireland. It is as to land laws that he is most distinctively radical. He favors the purchase, by means of taxation, of land to be let at cheap rates in small allotments to those who desire to till it, with certain right of permanent tenure or acquisition in fee simple. He is, in fact, the most pronounced representative in England of what is known as "state Socialism," and he has gone to that idea more force than it has so yet attained in any Continental country. He is accredited with strong ambition, and undoubtedly aims at the inheritance of Mr. GLADSTONE's leadership, which cannot long be held by the "grand old man."

The two men in the new cabinet who are best known to American readers are Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN. Mr. MORLEY, for nearly twenty years the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is best known by his critical and biographical works, and especially for his volumes on EDMUND BURKE, VOLTAIRE, and DIDEROT, and the Encyclopedists. He is the editor of the series of "English Men of Letters." He is a writer of very vigorous English, strong individuality, and wide learning. He has not been long in Parliament, but he has decidedly made his mark. He is an advanced Liberal, but not a Radical. His recent course in regard to Ireland is understood to have been heartily approved, if not inspired, by Mr. GLADSTONE, and his appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland, with a seat in the cabinet, is an indication of the Premier's intentions on that vexed question. Mr. MORLEY has advocated the greatest amount of control for the Irish over Irish affairs consistent with the integrity of the empire, and has gone so far as to suggest that the police ought be put in Irish hands. His post is a very hazardous and difficult one, and will severely tax his strength in a direction where he has heretofore had no opportunity to develop it.

Mr. TREVELYAN is known in public life as the strenuous advocate of army reform and the abolition of the purchase of commissions, which he did much to carry. He held office under Mr. GLADSTONE in 1868–70, but resigned on a point of conscience connected with the Public Education Bill. In the last Liberal Ministry he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. He is a nephew of Lord MACAULAY, his mother having been HANNAH MARIA MACAULAY, the sister of the historian, and he is the author of the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, published in 1878, one of the most interesting and charming books in modern biography, and also of the *Early History of Charles James Fox*.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN *VATER LAND* AND *MOTHER COUNTRY*.

JOHN MORLEY.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

"THE PRISONER."—[From the Water-color Painting by H. F. Perry.—[See Page 107.]

## THE SNOW-STORM.

The snow came floating o'er the world,
From out the dreary sky,
As if to recompense mankind
For seeing nature die.

O dreary world! so like my life,
On which the sorrows fell,
Must every sunbeam fade away,
And snow-flakes cover all?

No, doubting one; the sunbeams soon
Will come to earth again,
And winter's cold and cheerless snow
Will melt in April rain.

Thus sorrow from thy aching heart
Shall flee like night away,
And trials pass, and fleeting time
Will bring at last the day.

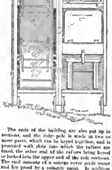
## A PRIZE FIELD HOSPITAL.

About a year ago international competition was solicited through a prize offered by the Empress of Germany for the best design of a portable field hospital, useful for the work of the Red Cross Society. The exhibition of the inventions called forth by this imperial order occurred at Antwerp, Belgium, not long since, and a silver medal was awarded to Mr. William M. Ducker, of Brooklyn, who, in addition, has been honored with a message from the Emperor, congratulating him upon the excellence of his invention. There were seventy-six competitors in all, representing nearly all of the European countries, and Mr. Ducker's design appears to have divided the honors with one forwarded from Denmark.

Mr. Ducker, though still a young man, and though actively engaged as a member of a firm of cracker manufacturers in Brooklyn, is the author of several useful inventions, not the least useful or important of which seems to be this portable field hospital, or "baraque," as the French call it, a picture of which is published in this issue.

When it is borne in mind that this structure, which is entirely weather proof, can be erected without the driving of a single nail, that its weight when taken apart and packed for transportation is only about 2500 pounds, that its cost, completely furnished, is from $200 to $250, and that two men can easily erect it in a little more than an hour's time—its points of superiority over the hospital tents hitherto used in the field will begin to become apparent.

The main structure is 24 feet long and 17 feet wide, the height from the floor to the ridge-pole being 10 feet 3 inches. The whole is built in sections which are so arranged with keys and slots as to lock into one another. The sides of the structure consist of six double sections, which may be roughly described as strong wooden double trays. In the panel in one frame of each double section is arranged on the inner face a hinged window sash, which opens inward, and which may be glazed, and on the outer face of the frame is a hinged corresponding slatted shutter that opens outwardly, thus protecting the glazed window in transportation, and forming a screen from the sun or light when the structure is erected. Each double side section also carries, for furnishing the interior of the baraque, a table, a bed, and a folding chair, most ingeniously arranged.



The ends of the building are also put up in sections, and the ridge-pole is made in two or more parts, which can be keyed together, and is provided with slots into which the rafters are fitted, the other end of the rafters being keyed or locked into the upper end of the side sections. The roof consists of a canvas cover made water and fire proof by a suitable paint. In addition to the main structure, as described, there are two annexes, which are constructed at either end of the baraque. One is used for heating and cooking, and the other as a closet.

## SNOW-SLIDES IN THE ROCKIES.

The cruelty of the present winter, which has been made manifest in Florida by the destruction of thousands of acres of valuable orange groves, and the consequent impoverishment of a large number of people, has in the mountainous regions of the far West been exhibited through a series of awful avalanches, or snow-slides. Already the destruction of scores of human lives has been reported, and who can tell how many unknown and unnamed victims are to-day lying beneath that great white ocean of snow which floods the valleys and gulches of the Rocky Mountains? Almost daily the telegraph brings news of more or less destructive snow-slides in some portion of Colorado, Utah, or New Mexico, but to any one familiar with the region, or with the habits and modes of life of those who people it, it is only too pitifully evident that the horrors which are heard of at this distance are barely half of those that actually occur.

The superintendent of a mine at Ironton, Colorado, under date of January 21, sends to Harper's Weekly the following brief note: "I take the liberty," he says, "of describing to you a sight now in view opposite our mine. Seventy-five men in line on snow-shoes, divided into five parties, dragging five dead bodies—the dead bodies of men killed in a snow-slide at the Button and Genleve yesterday. The party, through danger, are on their way to Ouray. They have stopped for our men to join them, or such as wish to go. The most disastrous storms ever seen in these regions are raging." That is all he says. Seventy-five men on snow-shoes dragging the bodies of five of their companions in the midst of furious storms to the nearest village to obtain for them a decent burial! "The party, through danger, are on their way to Ouray." This is the modest way in which this mine superintendent, long accustomed to the perils and tragedies and heroism of life among the Rocky Mountains, records the deed of seventy-five men, who, for the mere sentiment of giving to their comrades a decent burial, are about to set forth in a blinding storm over one of the most steep and dangerous mountain passes on the continent—that between Silverton and Ouray.

If one is in search of other heroes, let him be commended to those two miners whose experience, with that of their more unfortunate companions in a snow-slide near Aspen, Colorado, not long since, has been briefly told in the daily press of the East. Two cabins stood in Granite Gulch, at the foot of Tennessee Mountain, which is one of the loftiest peaks in the Rockies. One cabin, occupied by three men, was situated in a thick grove of tall pine-trees at the bottom of the gulch; the other, which had eight occupants, was built about fifty feet higher up the mountain-side in a small clearing. Although an ominous snow crown had settled like a great white turban upon the head of Tennessee Peak, these miners, bent upon prosecuting what they believed to be a valuable claim, paid no attention to the danger signal above them. It was shortly after midnight that the inevitable slide occurred—first a rumbling noise, high up, as if of thunder in the sky, and then a dreadful crushing sound, growing louder each moment—a sound, as an old miner has described it, "as if a hundred tall-masted ships were breaking up on a rocky coast." Fortunately, before reaching the lower cabin, the slide was broken, or "split," as the miners say, and only an arm of the avalanche reached that cabin. There was sufficient snow, however, to cover the little house with a layer eight feet deep, and to misplace some of the logs of which it was constructed, one of these logs crushing the leg of one of the three occupants of the cabin.

The two remaining men, desperately and almost hopelessly, having no idea of the extent of snow above them, began to tunnel upward, piling the snow behind them as they worked. At five o'clock in the morning they had reached the surface, and then, scarcely stopping to breathe, they laboriously dug their way back again, and dragged their wounded and nearly suffocated companion into the air. They then opened a shaft to the cabin, and having made the sufferer as comfortable as possible, set about the herculean task of reaching their buried neighbors in the cabin above. They had nothing to guide them save their memory of the direction, all landmarks having been obliterated. For three days and nights these two men burrowed through the mountain of snow, ceasing their labor only at such times as it was necessary to prepare a meal for themselves and their wounded companion. To facilitate the work, they tore the boards from the interior of their cabin, and laid a track in the tunnel they were constructing, along which they wheeled out tons upon tons of heavy snow. At a depth of thirty-five feet they came upon a corner of the wrecked cabin. Hewing a hole through the remnant of roof, they heard the sound of moaning below, and as the light of their candles first flashed into the living tomb, there arose a scream of maniacal laughter. Two of the eight occupants of the cabin were dead; two others, with broken limbs, were pinned beneath heavy logs; the remaining four were raving mad, and in their agony of hunger had hacked their arms and drank the blood as it flowed. Eventually help was procured from the town of Aspen, and the injured men were tenderly cared for.

The scene of the snow-slide depicted in this issue is within a few miles of the spot where this catastrophe took place, but any one of a hundred gulches and mountain-sides in Colorado might be selected as a suitable site for an avalanche. Among the Elk Mountains, in Gunnison County, snow-slides of lesser or greater magnitude have this winter occurred almost daily. Pine-trees of the largest growth are snapped off by the overwhelming force of the slide as though they were slender reeds, and boulders weighing many tons dislodged and sent bounding away down the mountain-side as advance-couriers of the coming avalanche.


A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT

Can be made in a postal card, if it is used to send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who can furnish you work that you can do and live at home; few there are who cannot earn over $5 per day, and some have made over $50. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. All particulars free.—[Adv.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

Dr. J. P. Cowan, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."—[Adv.]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, in Acute Pulmonary Troubles.—Dr. F. H. Stickmann, New York, says: "I find your Emulsion very beneficial after all acute pulmonary attacks in adults and in children."—[Adv.]

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT

SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple remedy, and will give immediate relief. They are of great service in subduing Hoarseness. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.—[Adv.]

ALLEN DODWORTH,

No. 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.,

Assisted by his son, Frank Dodworth. Classes and private lessons in Dancing. See Circular for terms, etc.—[Adv.]

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, Free. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[Adv.]

No well regulated household should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned Appetizer and Invigorator. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It was the means of saving the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

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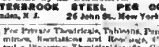

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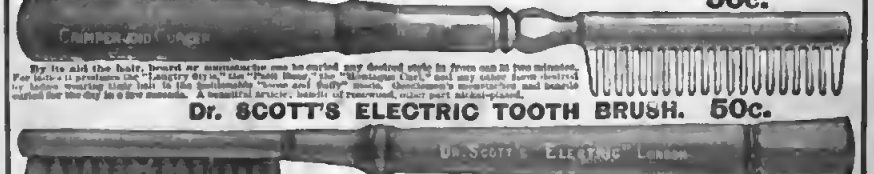


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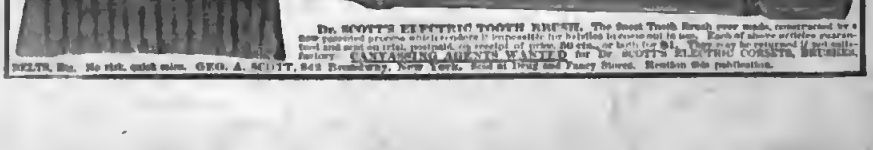


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*"The Spirit of the Marshalls," by* MARGARET EMMA DITTO, *is concluded; "Jo's Opportunity" is advanced to a point where the interest becomes absorbing.*

MISS LILLIE'S *article on "Violins and their Makers" is a continuation of the entertaining series of short papers on music and instruments which have been published in this periodical from time to time. It is accompanied by an illustration.*

*"The Pet Canary" is a practical article by* MISS LILLIE E. BARR *on the care and treatment of that favorite bird.*

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.


*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THAT the Republican Senators are playing a game for party advantage in the present controversy with the President is undeniable, but it does not follow that all their positions are unsound. Senator SHERMAN is unquestionably correct in his assertion that while the Senate cannot properly demand the reason of an act of Executive discretion, it may justly ask to see any paper upon record in a public department. If such documents could be withheld, the representatives of the people might be prevented from knowing facts indispensable for legislation, and the Executive might secrete proofs of its own sinister designs. The doctrine of coördinate powers in the government cannot be pushed justly to the point of the absolute exclusion from one branch of all information in regard to another. Moreover, the Senate is a constitutional part of the executive power for certain purposes, and for those purposes it is entitled to all information accessible to the executive department. This right, however, does not involve that of requiring the reasons of the exercise of the President's discretion. These reasons, indeed, may be inferred from the papers. But the inference may be entirely wrong. The present object of the Senate is to discredit the President by the production of papers which will seem to show that efficient officers have been suspended for political reasons. But the appearance may be deceptive. The real reasons may not be disclosed by the papers.

The argument that the Senate may require all papers regarding removals, because the Senate is a constitutional part of the removing power, opens the question, which has never been and never will be finally settled, of the nature of the removing power. Mr. EDMUNDS cites CALHOUN'S report of 1835, and BENTON'S of ten years before. The latter reported a bill requiring the President, upon making a nomination to fill a vacancy occasioned by removal, to accompany it "with a statement of the reasons for which such officer may have been removed." The bill did not become a law, and was really a part of the Jacksonian assault upon ADAMS, which was ludicrous, because the power of removal was never less abused than by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Mr. CALHOUN'S bill also required the President to give his reasons for removals. The requirement was sustained by Mr. WEBSTER, in the masterly speech in which he reviewed the whole constitutional question, and modestly but firmly arrayed his opinion against that of MADISON, which decided the debate in the first Congress of 1789, and gave the power of removal exclusively to the President. Mr. WEBSTER'S position was that the power of appointment naturally and necessarily includes the power of removal, where no limitation is expressed, nor any tenure but that of will declared. Consequently the decision of 1789, which implied a power of removal separate from the appointing power, was erroneous. Mr. WEBSTER admitted, however, that the decision of 1789 had been established by practice and recognized by law, although he asserted the just power of Congress to reverse the decision as the safety of the government and of the Constitution might require.

This reversal took place in the passage of the Tenure of Office Act during the administration of ANDREW JOHNSON. That act went beyond the acts of BENTON and CALHOUN, by reinstating the displaced officer if the Senate did not approve the reasons of removal. Congress made WEBSTER'S and CALHOUN'S opinion law, and maintained it against the President's veto. But in 1869 the Senate renounced the right which it had claimed, and acquiesced in suspensions at the discretion of the President. It was a Republican Congress, and the Administration was Republican, and until the law should be modified the Senate abandoned the right to demand reasons for removals. But as the present Administration and the House of Representatives are both Democratic, the Senate cannot now modify the law and regain the control of suspensions by reinstating the officer if it should not be satisfied with the reasons for suspension. It seeks, therefore, by requiring papers in secret session, from which enough would be made public to serve the purpose, to discredit the President whom it cannot control. This is the party game of the Senate, and it is played with skill. The counter move of the President, in which he would be sustained by the people, would be to send the papers to the Senate, and to make them public at the same time, with such further statements as he might choose.

## THE NEW YORK STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES.

GOVERNOR HILL'S recommendation to the Legislature to abolish the State Board of Charities is not likely to be entertained, but it ought not to have been made. It will not be denied that since the establishment of the board the condition of the charitable, correctional, and eleemosynary institutions of the State, all of which are subject to its visitation, has greatly improved, and that the public knowledge of them has largely increased, with the beneficial result of bringing to bear upon them and their management a strong and corrective public opinion. This good result has been promoted by the State Charities Aid Association. But that association sprang from the deeper and more general interest in the work of public charities and correction which was stimulated by the board, and that in turn was due in large part to the character of its organization and the wisdom of its administration. It is composed of eight members—one from each judicial district, one from Kings County, and two from New York—who are selected for their individual qualifications, and who serve without salary, receiving their official expenses. The board thus far has been filled by citizens peculiarly interested in the work, trained by experience, and devoted to their duties with singular intelligence. If their discharge of duty had become merely perfunctory; if it had appeared that the system bred indifference or neglect, or that the condition of the vast State interests committed to the board had declined; if it were extravagant, ostentatious, whimsical, or inefficient; if the abolition of the board promised more capable administration of the trust, which is the first consideration, or more intelligent comprehension of progress in what may be justly called the science of public charity and correction; and if in an empire State where institutions are locally distributed, the local inspection of an accomplished and intelligent observer, collating his views with associates, were not more promising than the supervision of a single officer and his deputies—such facts would give weight to a proposition for a fundamental change of organization.

As for the expenses of the board, Mr. LETCHWORTH, the chairman, is correcting some grotesque exaggerations upon the subject in the Albany *Argus*, says:

"The expenses of the board from its organization in 1867 to October 1, 1885, for the travelling expenses and hotel bills of its commissioners, committees, and officers, in the inspection of institutions and in attendance upon its meetings, for clerk hire, printing, office expenses, and contingencies, have never exceeded the legislative appropriation, which in no instance has been more than $2500 per annum. Considering the time spent by the commissioners in the performance of their duties, and the saving results to the State, many will doubtless admit that it has not paid dearly for the unsalaried service of the commissioners."

The *Argus* said that the daily personal expenses of each commissioner averaged twenty-nine dollars, and that for three days' services the sum reached ninety dollars each. Mr. LETCHWORTH answers:

"It has been customary, in consideration of the large charitable interests centring in New York and Brooklyn, and for the greater convenience of those having business to transact with the board, to hold one of its stated meetings during the year in New York city. The last one held there was on the 15th, 16th, and 17th days of December, 1885, which was attended by eight members, together with the secretary and assistant secretary. According to your estimate, the expenses of this session of three days for ten persons at thirty dollars per day would have aggregated $900. The actual expenses, however, including the travelling expenses of the commissioners and secretaries in going and coming, according to official figures, were $136 38, making a discrepancy in your statement of $763 62, or an increase over five and a half times the actual amount."

Governor HILL says that a single commissioner for the whole State would be better than a board, and the only reason he gives is that one Superintendent of State-prisons and one of Public Works has been found preferable to the Board of Inspectors and of Canal Commissioners. The answer, of course, is that the supervision of prisons and of canals is not justly to be compared with that of the enormous number of poor-houses and almshouses, of hospitals, orphan asylums, and homes for the friendless, of reformatories, insane and blind and idiot asylums, and the supervision of the removal of crippled, blind, lunatic, and other infirm alien paupers. A thorough visitation of this enormous system of institutions could not be made properly by one officer; and if he cannot be assisted, is any body of assistants likely to be so efficient, valuable, and economical as the Board of Commissioners, who are especially qualified for the work and experienced in it? The Governor's recommendation has much more the aspect of a bid for popularity, as seeking economy, than of a wise suggestion to raise the character and improve the efficiency of a most important branch of the public service, whose present character and efficiency are an honor to the State.

## FREE READING.

THE proposition of a Free Public Library in the city of New York, as we have already stated, is not made for the first time by the pending application to the Legislature, and the Legislature may wisely reflect before action. The names of the corporators are those of eminent citizens, but they are chosen to give dignity to the application, and the fact of their selection does not prove that those well-known and trusted gentlemen prefer the method which is proposed to accomplish an excellent object. The advantages of free reading for the people of the city need no argument. But there is no intimation in the pending application that the New York Free Circulating Library already exists, and under such unquestionably able and trustworthy management that the practical question for the Legislature is whether to aid an enterprise already in successful operation, or to undertake an entirely new one with the same general object.

The trustees of the New York Circulating Library are of the same class of eminent and excellent citizens from which the corporators of the proposed Free Library have been selected. They have been engaged for five years in doing the very work proposed, namely, furnishing free reading to citizens at their homes and in public reading-rooms. They have the most cordial sympathy with the objects proposed by the new scheme, but they question the wisdom of the plan suggested, and their experience makes them the best possible counsellors as to the details. They have no doubt whatever—and their view commends itself to the intelligent judgment—that the circulation of books must be conducted from various points of distribution. The necessity of this branch system is shown not only by their own experience, but by that of the Boston Free Library, where the circulation from the branches is about two-thirds of the whole. Now the plan submitted to the Legislature contemplates a large grant of money for a great building. There is no application for funds for books nor current expenses, and if branches are contemplated, they must follow hereafter. But to begin with a great central building is to expend an enormous sum, which could be utilized to very much greater advantage, and if the State is to aid the library enterprise, it ought to do it in the way which experience has demonstrated to be most suitable for the object.

The trustees of the New York Free Circulating Library say that "no trouble exists in securing through the generosity of private individuals funds sufficient to erect buildings and purchase books, but the difficulty is to arrange for a regular income to meet the current expenses of the different branches." The best disposition of a public grant, therefore, would not be for the erection of a costly building which, under the circumstances, would furnish various chances for jobbery, but for the extension and part maintenance of a system already successfully begun. An annual appropriation of $5000 or $6000 for each branch would be probably sufficient, and the trustees do not doubt that branches founded by private citizens would rapidly appear. This view is one which is not urged in opposition to the main object sought by the pending plan, which is free reading for the city, and it is one which, we are sure, would be approved by a great many of the eminent citizens named as incorporators in the proposed bill. New York certainly ought not to be behind Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, and Cincinnati in ample provision for the free reading of its citizens. But it should make that provision in the way which experience shows to be most effectual for the purpose.

## SECRET SESSIONS.

IF the demand for public executive sessions of the Senate should be disregarded now, it will recur until it is successful. There is no sound reason for concealing the names of those who recommend persons for appointment, nor the reasons upon which they base their recommendations, nor the grounds for rejection by the Senate, if any such grounds there be. Nobody has a right to urge the President to make a nomination except for public reasons, and of course there can be no just plea for concealing such reasons. The moment that secrecy is desired, suspicion is justified. If, for instance, those who urged the appointment of Mr. HEDDEN and Mr. BEATTIE as Collector and Surveyor at the port of New York recommended them because of their character, capacity, experience, and special fitness, there can be no conceivable occasion for concealing the fact or the reasons. Those who assumed the responsibility of recommending them were asking for the appointment of certain men to

public office, to attend to the business of the whole public, and if they did so upon public grounds they would not oppose—on the contrary, they would desire—publicity, in order that the public, which did not know the gentlemen, might be made aware of their peculiar qualifications.

If, however, those who recommend nominations do so from any improper or unworthy motive, such as rewarding a man who is their tool, or helping a party or a faction, or securing personal favors for themselves or others, or winning votes or influence, or any other illicit reason, they will naturally wish that everything may be hushed up, and that they may be enabled to foist their man upon public support without the public knowledge. The answer to this, that the law gives the power of appointment to a certain officer, and that if he makes improper appointments he may be called to account, and if it be the President, that he may be impeached, is not an answer. The law does not require secrecy or concealment of recommendations, and experience shows that the practice of secrecy, which has grown up under the law, has led to immense abuses. Important and influential men, public officers of the highest grade, Senators and Representatives, Governors and judges, recommend unfit and often worthless men for appointment, without any personal knowledge of them, and generally because the petitioners themselves beg the favor. This is a gross outrage upon the public, and a betrayal of the duties of honest citizenship on the part of those who recommend, and the most effectual remedy would be publicity. If every man who recommends a person for appointment knew that his recommendation would be made public, he would be very careful whom he recommended.

The result would be that very seldom would there be any personal disqualification, as of a bad habit or bad record, to be urged against confirmation, and the plea for secrecy of Senatorial action, that it spares public shame to the nominee who is rejected, would disappear. Indeed, occasional shame of this kind would be of no importance compared with the abolition of the intrigue and trading and games of personal interest which are fostered by Senatorial secrecy in executive session. The abuse known as the courtesy of the Senate, by which appointments in a State, however excellent and desirable, are made dependent upon the will of the Senators from the State, thus making their personal wishes, and not the public interest, the rule of Senatorial action—the usage by which the nomination of the elder THEODORE ROOSEVELT to be Collector at New York was defeated, and by which the defeat of the late Collector ROBERTSON was attempted—would be very speedily corrected. The secrecy of the executive session serves merely to prolong an illicit power of the Senate. It is a tradition without reasonable justification, and it must be renounced.

## MR. BANCROFT'S "PLEA FOR THE CONSTITUTION."

MR. BANCROFT has performed a great and timely public service by turning the clear and admonishing light of history upon the mazes of financial speculation. His little pamphlet, just issued by the HARPERS, is one of the most valuable and authoritative contributions to the discussion which was stimulated by the opinion of the Supreme Court in March, 1884, and by the silver coinage bill. The special purpose of *A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America, wounded in the House of its Guardians*, is to show that the opinion of the court rests upon a misapprehension of the nature of the powers of the general government and of historical fact, and the historian shows conclusively that the power which the court asserts for the government was deliberately denied to it by the Constitutional Convention, and that its derivation from the sovereignty inherent in every such government is untenable. The story of colonial paper money is vividly narrated step by step, and at every point experience confutes overwhelmingly the pleas and arguments which are repeated to-day in profound ignorance or reckless contempt of the fact that our fathers acknowledged, deplored, and abandoned the fatal follies into which we are again urged to plunge.

The narrative establishes the essential simplicity of the great truth of sound national finance, that good money must have an intrinsic and stable value, and that the efforts of authority to substitute paper for such money, and to impose its arbitrary value upon seller as well as buyer, are necessarily futile, and sure sooner or later to involve the community in a catastrophe in which the day-laborers and the poorest citizens are the chief sufferers. The favorite argument of inflationists, that the stamp of state responsibility is the pledge of the whole property of the state, and therefore the best possible security, is demolished by the vital fact that all colonial emissions of paper were occasioned by the scarcity of "money," and that by "money" gold and silver coin was always meant. As early as 1717 South Carolina had begun to perceive this truth, and its Legislature declared, "It is found by experience that the multiplicity of the bills of credit hath been the cause of the ruin of our trade and commerce, and hath been the great evil of this province, and that it ought with all expedition to be remedied." Through sore disaster the other colonies came to the same conclusion, and the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in the words of OLIVER ELLSWORTH, "shut and barred the door against paper money," and by a majority of more than four to one refused to the general government power to emit bills of credit, and forbade the States to issue them.

The Supreme Court rests its assertion of the power of Congress to make Treasury notes a legal tender upon the general powers of sovereignty in civilized nations, and upon the fact that the power is not expressly withheld by the Constitution. Against this claim of the general powers of sovereignty Mr. BANCROFT arrays a cloud of authoritative witnesses, including continuous, repeated, and unanimous interpretations of the Constitution by the court itself. It is unquestionable that the soundest constitutional authorities have denied the doctrine of "inherent sovereignty" now announced. Mr. WEBSTER, who was a liberal and not a technical expounder of the Constitution, says that while it divides the powers of government into three great departments, it "describes the powers and duties of these departments in an article allotted to each." He says that it specifically enumerates the powers granted to the Legislature, to the Executive, and the Judiciary. In vesting the judicial power in the Supreme Court its general words do not show what extent of such power is so vested. That is done afterward by "express and well-guarded provisions." Mr. BANCROFT marshals overwhelming facts and arguments with the utmost skill, and he concludes that the court ought to correct its dangerous judgment. There is a tone of touching dignity in the close of his pamphlet which shows how entirely it is a labor of the sincerest love of country. He too

"Obeys the voice at eve obeyed at prime,"

and was never a truer patriot than in this work. It is a little pamphlet so clear and intelligible and concise and conclusive that Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade and all who are interested in the dissemination of sound doctrine and cogent facts upon the subject should secure for it the widest circulation.

## GENERAL HANCOCK.

THE universal and sincere sorrow at the death of General HANCOCK is a striking tribute to a patriotic hero, a stainless gentleman, and an honest man. The simple uprightness of his character and his brilliant service in the field made him one of the most conspicuous heroes of the war for the Union, and among all the eminent soldiers of that great time he was the one around whom falsehood and jealousy and envious scandal wove no noxious web. Every soldier was proud to serve under him, every officer was gladly associated with him, and every loyal citizen honored him.

It was not surprising that in 1880 the Democratic party, seeking an absolutely irreproachable candidate, selected General HANCOCK. So far as he was concerned, there was never a canvass less acrid. But the truth was only too evident that the great distinction of his life, which largely constituted his availability, separated him from the tradition of his party. Why should the country refuse its vote to GARFIELD, a brave Union soldier, supported by the party of the war, in order to elect another brave Union soldier, supported by the party which, as such, had been the hope of the rebellion?

HANCOCK'S honest heroism and personal character could not overcome both the deep distrust of his party and the Republican confidence which was revived by the nomination of GARFIELD. His nomination, like that of Mr GREELEY, seemed to be a mere trick to recover power by a pretence, and in each case the candidate was the victim. But throughout the canvass General HANCOCK bore himself like a high-minded, true-hearted gentleman, and wholly unidentified as he was with the acerbities of politics, the votes against him were cast by those who had no feeling for the candidate but respect and admiration. It is a memorable year in which GRANT, MCCLELLAN, and HANCOCK die, and their deaths remind us how rapidly we are leaving a great era of our history behind us, and that we are already confronted with new times, new issues, and new men.

## A HAPPY SOLUTION.

A SIMPLE and practical suggestion is sent to us from Virginia. Our correspondent says that fourth-class postmasters have no grievance except that their neighbors do not write letters enough, as their salary depends upon the number of stamps cancelled, and adds that the political trouble in regard to these offices could be very easily settled by appointing women to fill them, and letting the men go to work. It is a capital suggestion. It would take them at once out of politics, and solve a problem that puts every little community by the ears. We suspect our correspondent to be a woman.

## THE LAST CRIME AGAINST THE CHINESE.

WHATEVER may be thought of the free admission of the Chinese into this country, there can be no difference of opinion among honorable and intelligent Americans that the violence to which they are subjected, like the outbreak at Seattle, in Washington Territory, is an intolerable outrage which should be summarily corrected. In that shameful attack upon the innocent and helpless Chinese the Governor, Mayor, Judge, and Sheriff, according to the reports, discharged their duty properly, and the local militia appeared promptly.

The demand of the Governor for military aid should be answered without delay. The general feeling of the community, without countenancing violence, is undoubtedly hostile to the Chinese, and the consciousness of that fact is the stimulus and support of disorder. It must be assumed by the Government that while the Chinese remain in the country under the practical ban of the law and of public opinion there will be constant demonstrations of violence against them, and that the most unremitting vigilance is indispensable if we would discharge our treaty obligations and conduct ourselves like a Christian nation.

The government is pledged by treaty to exert all its power to devise means to remedy the wrongs of the Chinese in such outrages as that at Seattle; and if the violence is to become general, it will be an interesting question how soon the Chinese Government may countenance reprisals upon Americans in China. It is not for that reason, however, but as a civilized and honorable nation, that we are bound to put an end to these constantly recurring attacks upon the Chinese.

## AT THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

FROM the thirty-seventh annual report of the trustees of the Astor Library, just issued, it appears that the increase in the use of the library during the last year is without parallel since the library was opened. In 1881 the total number of readers was 44,123; in 1882 it was 51,861; in 1883, 52,613; in 1884, 59,067; but in 1885 it was 72,584. The British Museum, after an existence of nearly one hundred years, had about thirty-five years ago only the same daily average of readers as the Astor Library during the last year.

During the year Mr. ASTOR has presented some very valuable and interesting manuscripts to the library. Among them is a clean and beautiful manuscript of the thirteenth century containing Hesiod's Works and Days, one of Æsop's Fables of the fourteenth century, and a *Codex Latinorum* of the fifteenth century. Mr. Astor has also presented two richly illuminated manuscripts brought from Persia by Mr. BENJAMIN. One of them, containing two poems, was formerly in the collection of the Mogul Emperors at Delhi; the other is a commentary upon the Koran.

Another exceedingly interesting contribution to the treasures of the Astor Library is a gift from Mr. ALEXANDER HAMILTON. It is his grandfather's autograph plan of the Constitution of the United States, submitted by him to the Constitutional Convention in 1787. The work of the library is very noiseless, but it is an invaluable resource to the student and a perpetual public benefit.

## PERSONAL.

ONE of the oldest and most interesting celebrations in Germany is the Coopers' Festival, which occurs in Munich every seven years, and was repeated last month. Very picturesque were the costumes of the dancers—a green skull cap with a blue and white feather, a silver-bordered crimson jacket, black velvet knee-breeches, with a design on the left leg in gold and silver wrought by the coopers' daughters, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. Each dancer held above his head a half-hoop trimmed with evergreens, and showing a small keg suspended from the centre of the arch. For weeks the participants had been practising the Coopers' Dance.

—Mr. HENRY C. GIBSON's country-seat at Wynnewood, near Philadelphia, presents the castellated appearance of the old mansions in the north of Scotland, and contains in one group, and practically under one roof, the house proper, the servants' quarters, a large carriage-house, and a stable. The material is buff sandstone from Plainfield, New Jersey, with a rough surface, and the effect depends upon the massing rather than upon the details. The length of the building is two hundred and ten feet. Its principal interior decorations are oil-paintings and statuary, taken for the most part, from Mr. GIBSON's celebrated private gallery in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, which, however, is so generously provided for as not to miss them. The most important feature of the southwest elevation is a circular tower seventy-two feet high, which starts from the top of the porte cochère.

—An esteemed citizen who recently bought a railroad ticket from New York to Florida by the Pennsylvania road was amused at the length of it—thirty-six inches by exact measurement. He tried to be witty whenever the conductor punched it, but that officer persisted in greeting his remarks with a tired expression of countenance.

—During the last snow-storm a policeman stood in the middle of Market Street, at the Eighth Street crossing, Philadelphia, in order to help the ladies over from one sidewalk to the other. He had a lot of straw under his feet, which kept his boots from getting wet. When the passage was clear of vehicles, he gallantly beckoned to the waiting ladies and waved them along as they passed him. This was much easier and simpler than to escort them step by step from curb to curb, as the New York policeman does.

—Mr. JAMES WHITE, the new Commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, has been for many years a conspicuous figure among the lovers of sports in the neighborhood of New York. He is president of the Manhattan Cricket Club of Brooklyn, and last year he presented to that organization a handsome challenge cup, to be contested for by the cricket clubs of New York State. One of the indirect results of Mr. WHITE's generous gift is the movement recently inaugurated by the Manhattan Cricket Club, and likely to be successful, for the formation of a New York State Cricket Association.

—An American lady, while attending a wedding at the house of an Indian nabob in Calcutta, was somewhat surprised to see a complete set of ROLFE's Shakespeare upon his library shelves. It was the only edition of the poet that his Excellency possessed, and both its position and the quality of its binding seemed to show that the cultivated old magnate set a high value upon it.

—Colonel KORMAN, American Consul at Melbourne, recently presided at a temperance meeting in that city, and was enthusiastically received. A vote of thanks having been put, every member of the vast assembly waved his handkerchief above his head and cheered loudly. The scene of the proceedings was the town-hall, which seats about four thousand persons. Colonel KORMAN modestly took the welcome as a tribute of the good-will of Australia to the United States.

—The columns of a leading English review contain a letter from a lady who signs herself "ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D., Paris," in which she attacks M. PASTEUR with much vigor. She doubts that the boy MEISTER, who is said to have been cured of hydrophobia by inoculation with the rabies, was bitten by a mad dog at all, and she boldly declares that M. PASTEUR is not always sure of his facts. She thinks that Dr. BUISSON's remedy for hydrophobia, namely, hot air or vapor baths daily for seven days, is a perfect cure for that disease, if taken at once. It is a new thing to see the distinguished French scientist opposed in the press by one of their English lady pupils.

—Mr. JOHN W. BOOKWALTER, once the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Ohio, is entertaining his friends in this city with a remarkably well preserved and highly interesting mummy, found during his travels in Egypt. The specimen is of the feminine gender, five feet two inches long, and by learned conjecture a princess of the time of the Ptolemys. Her even, regular, white front teeth are plainly visible, and she gently presses them against the tip of her tongue—which looks like a piece of harness leather—as if about to make a saucy observation. In order to show exactly the process of embalming, Mr. BOOKWALTER has removed from one-half of the body, along its entire length, the many folds of coarse linen cloth, now of a soft écru color. So abundant are they that in certain places their combined thickness is nearly four inches, and they seem to have been saturated with a preparation of tar, which even now makes itself distinctly noticeable to the olfactory nerves. The fingers seem a little longer than those of the modern princess, and the head a little smaller. She lies placidly on her back, her arms folded across her breast. In spite of her three thousand years, she has managed to retain her form almost entirely; but one of the cremation societies has asked to be allowed to use her as a "campaign document."

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WE CANNOT ALLOW THIS MIS-*CONSTRUCTION.*

## HENRY J. SCUDDER.

HENRY J. SCUDDER, long and favorably known as a lawyer in the city of New York, died at his residence in East Twenty-second Street, after a brief illness, on the 10th inst. He was born at Northport, Long Island, in 1825, his ancestors on both sides belonging to Long Island families for some generations. After preparing for college at Huntington Academy, he entered Trinity College, Hartford, graduating in 1846. Ten years later he was admitted to the bar in New York, and in 1857 formed a partnership with JAMES C. CARTER, which lasted to the day of Mr SCUDDER's death. His progress in his profession was rapid, and for many years his firm was among the most prominent in admiralty practice. In 1872 he was elected to Congress from the Long Island district as a Republican, though that had always been regarded as a Democratic stronghold. He was best known while in Congress for his outspoken opposition to Federal interference and military rule in the Southern States. He declined a renomination after his first term, but shortly after became a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court in the Second District, being defeated at the election. In 1882 he was nominated for Judge of the Superior Court of the city of New York, but failed of election. In recent years Mr SCUDDER had been the principal counsel of the Standard Oil Company. He was held in high esteem not only for his intellectual ability, but for his high character and genuine public spirit. He was for many years one of the trustees of Trinity College, and actively interested in education. He first married, in 1853, a daughter of Professor CHARLES DAVIES, of the United States Military Academy. His second wife, who survives him, is the daughter of the late JOHN H WILLARD, Principal of the Troy Female Seminary. He leaves seven children, among whom are the Rev HENRY TOWNSEND SCUDDER, assistant rector of Grace Church, Dr CHARLES D SCUDDER, a well-known physician, and EDWARD M SCUDDER, a lawyer.

## STEPHEN A. WALKER.

MR. STEPHEN A. WALKER, the newly appointed United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, is a native of Vermont, having been born at Pittsfield in that State in 1833. His early school days were passed in Brattleborough, and he afterward graduated from Middlebury College. He taught school in the State of New York while pursuing his legal studies, and afterward entered the office of DANIEL S. DICKINSON, at Binghamton. He had to win his own way, and by the time he was admitted to the bar the year 1861 had arrived, and the next year he entered the army. He acted as Paymaster, with the rank of Colonel, and served in Virginia and the Department of the Gulf. Resigning in 1864, he settled down to the practice of his profession, in the city of New York, as a member of the firm of BUCKHAM, SHELES, & WALKER. Since 1881, when Mr SHELES died, he has been in practice alone. His early experience in teaching and his natural inclination gave him a great interest in the subject of public education, and he has become best known to his fellow-citizens as an active and prominent member of the Board of Education, on which he has served for the last ten years. For seven years he has been President of the Board, and to his zeal has been largely due the high state of efficiency to which its work has been raised. He has been constantly watchful of the interests of the schools, and opposed to every movement, political or otherwise, calculated to impair their usefulness. Mr WALKER has never taken an active part in political management, but in 1881 he consented to be a candidate for Surrogate, when Mr DELANO C CALVIN was the Tammany candidate for re-election, and the County Democracy candidate withdrew almost on the eve of election. Mr BOLLINS, the present incumbent of the office, was the Republican candidate, and Mr WALKER received the lowest vote. He is understood to be a member of the County Democracy organization, but his appointment, which came to him from the President without solicitation or suggestion from any quarter, was received with satisfaction and approval by all parties and factions. Mr WALKER is a member of the New York Bar Association, and a lawyer of commanding ability, but his distinguishing trait is an elevation of character and purpose that begets implicit confidence.

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JACOB SHARP.—(See Page 118.)

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

## By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A MILKMAID," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE came a shock which had been foreseen for some time by Elizabeth Jane, as the driver foresees the approaching jerk from some channel across his track.

Her mother was ill—too unwell to leave her room. Henchard, who treated her kindly, owing in moments of irritation, sent at once for the richest, busiest doctor, whom he supposed to be the best. Bed-time came, and they burned a light all night. In a day or two she rallied.

Elizabeth, who had been staying up, did not appear at breakfast on the second morning, and Henchard sat down alone. He was startled to see a letter for him from Jersey in a writing he knew too well, and had expected least to behold again. He took it up in his hands and looked at it as at a picture, a vision, a vista of past enactments, and then he read it as an unimportant finale to conjecture.

The writer said that she at length perceived how impossible it would be for any further communications to proceed between them now that his remarriage had taken place. That such reunion had been the only straightforward course open to him she was bound to admit. "On calm

"'AM I SO DREADFUL, SO HATEFUL TO YOU? DON'T TAKE AGAINST ME, ELIZABETH JANE!' HE CRIED, GRASPING HER WET HAND."

STEPHEN A. WALKER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALBAN.—(See Page 118.)

HENRY J. SCUDDER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUDGE.—(See Page 118.)

reflection, therefore," she went on, "I quite forgive you for landing me in such a dilemma, remembering that you concealed nothing before our ill-advised marriage, hasty as it was, and that you really did not before me the fact of there being a certain risk in marrying you, slight as it seemed to be after eighteen years of silence on your wife's part. I then look upon the whole as a misfortune of mine, and not a fault of yours.

"So that, Michael, I must ask you to overlook those letters with which I pestered you day after day in the heat of my feelings, immediately after being sent back to Jersey when I had come to join you. They were written whilst I thought your conduct to me cruel, but now I know more particulars of the position you were in, I see how inconsiderate my reproaches were.

"Now you will, I am sure, perceive that the sole condition which will make my future happiness possible for me is that the past connection between our lives be kept secret as the tomb. Speak of it I know you will not, and I can trust you not to write of it. Our safeguard more remains to be mentioned—that as writings of mine, or trifling articles belonging to me, should be left in your possession through neglect or forgetfulness. To this end may I request you to return to me any such you may have, particularly the letters I have written in the abandonment of feeling since our supposed marriage?

"For the handsome sum you settled on me as a plaster to the wound, I heartily thank you.

"I am now on my way to Bristol, to see my uncle the banker. He is rich, and I hope he will do something for me. I shall return through Casterbridge and Budmouth, where I shall take the steamboat. Can you direct some one to meet me with the letters and other trifles? I shall be in the coach which changes horses at the Stag Hotel at half past five Wednesday morning; I shall be wearing a Paisley shawl with a red centre, and thus may easily be found. For safety call me anything—Miss St. Heber, say. I should prefer that plan of receiving them to having them sent, since it would hinder dangerous inquiries in the house on what the bundle contained.

"I remain still,

"Yours truly,

"LUCETTA."

Henchard breathed heavily. "Poor thing—better you had saved the devil's life than mine! Upon my heart and soul, if ever I should be left in a position to make that marriage with you a legal one, I *ought* to do it—I ought to do it, indeed!"

The contingency that he had in his mind was, of course, the death of Mrs. Henchard.

Mrs Henchard went to him from the room soon after, and he went up. "I feel so much better, Michael," she said, "that I shall go out in a chair toward the middle of the day."

Henchard arranged that the chair should be ready, and went about his daily business. About twelve o'clock he was passing round the south side of the town, outside the earth work of the Walls; and glancing into the chestnut avenue he saw that his wife was taking the air as she had planned. Old Solomon Longways, with a long white wooden rake, was scraping together the yellow, brown, and green leaves which had fallen, and heaping them into a deep wheelbarrow; they were incomoding visitors, those autumn leaves, sailing down the air into the chimneys, greenhouses, and roof gutters, even finding their way, in some mysterious manner, as far as the town pump—that source and hub of the borough. But what attracted Henchard was other than this, it was the fact that his wife's chair was pulled up beside a lady seated on a bench at the edge of the walk—a lady closely veiled, of graceful figure, wearing a Paisley shawl with a red centre.

Upon her shoulders, and upon his wife's, an occasional leaf rested as it floated down. They were talking after the manner of those whom a common recreation spot had made acquaintances. Henchard looked thunder-struck when he beheld the incident. Then he seemed to fancy himself mistaken, especially as the day was not the day mentioned in Lucetta's letter; and then he went on his way.

"I saw you talking to a friend in the Walk," he said to Susan at dinner, as she sat propped up by a cushion.

"Yes," said the unwerting Mrs. Henchard. "She was a stranger to me, however. She was a kind, lady like young woman, on her way to Bristol; and she had stopped to look at the town for half an hour, which she had never seen before."

Henchard sank into dumbness at this news, which reconfirmed his original conviction. He disliked the idea of that meeting, and wondered if Lucetta had aimed to see his wife, or whether the conjuncture were an accident.

Nothing occurred to enlighten him, and three days afterward, the time the had appointed for receiving her old letters, he sealed them up in a packet, which he placed in the hands of Elizabeth Jane, she being one who could execute such a commission without bearing curiosity or troublesome questioning. She was directed to meet the Bristol coach at the Stag Hotel, and give the parcel to a Miss St. Heber inside, who should ask for such a thing. Elizabeth had not seen Lucetta, if it had been Lucetta, with her mother in the Chestnut Walk, so that he thought there would be no risk worth considering.

At dusk Elizabeth Jane went and stood opposite the coach office door, close to the inn yard. The evening was rather chilly, and the coach hap passed to be late. While she stood she saw Farfrae coming round by the town pump, and he crossed over to her. Though there was no positive reason for so doing, she could not help telling him why she was waiting there. "Shall I give it to the lady? I'll do so with pleasure if you find it tedious to stay," he said. Elizabeth accepted his offer, and came away.

The coach at last arrived, and there was no lady inside as out who asked for such a parcel. Farfrae was now rather embarrassed, till the guard declared that he have the lady descended—that she had passed through Casterbridge from Dudmouth to Bristol three or four days before, and had mentioned this time for her return. He thought she must have missed the coach, but would probably come as the following journey; he could give her the package if Farfrae would entrust him with it. The latter thereupon handed it over to him.

A fortnight after, when Farfrae was walking along the street, the guard of the same coach came to him with the information that, though he had carried the packet up and down evry times, the lady had not claimed, and he reproduced the article from his capacious pocket. It was worn through by friction, and the letters were slipping out. Farfrae took the bundle, which had evidently been investigated, and deemed a problem herden. He reached home, guessed the letters were the property of the lady Henchard had become involved with, understood the plan, and was in doubt what to do. He put them aside till he should meet Miss Newson, and tell him what had occurred.

Meanwhile Mrs Henchard was weakening visibly. She could not go out-of-doors any more. One day, after much thinking which seemed to distress her, she said she wanted to write something. A desk was put upon her bed with pen and paper, and as her request she was left alone. She remained writing for a short time, folded her paper carefully, called Elizabeth Jane to bring a taper and wax, and then, still refusing assistance, sealed up the sheet, directed it, and locked it in her desk. She had directed it in these words: "*Mr Michael Henchard. Not to be opened till Elizabeth Jane's wedding day.*"

The latter sat up with her mother to the utmost of her strength night after night. To learn to take the universe seriously there is no quicker way than to watch—to be a "waker," as the country people call it. Between the hours at which the last tosse-pot went by and the first sparrow shook himself, the chime in Casterbridge was broken in Elizabeth's ear only by the two time-piece in the bedroom ticking frantically against the clock on the stairs; ticking harder and harder till it seemed to clang like a gong, and all this while Elizabeth Jane asking herself why she was born, why sitting in a room, and blinking at the candle; why things around her had taken the shape they were in preference to every other possible shape, why they stared at her so helplessly, as if waiting for the touch of some wand that should release them from terrestrial constraint; what that chorus called consciousness, which spun in her at this moment like a top, tended to, and begin in. Her eyes fell together, she was awake, yet she was asleep.

A word from her mother roused her. Without preface, and as the continuation of a sense already progressing in her mind, Mrs. Henchard said: "You remember the note sent to you and Mr Farfrae—asking you to meet some one in Dumsmerford Barton—and that you thought it was a trick to make fools of you?"

"Yes."

"It was not to make fools of you—it was done to bring you together. Twas I did it."

"Why?" said Elizabeth, with a start.

"I—wanted you to marry Mr Farfrae."

"Oh, mother!" Elizabeth Jane bent down her head as much that she looked quite into her lap. But as her mother did not go on, she said, "What reason?"

"Well, I had a reason. Tell out one day I wish it could have been to my time. But, there—nothing is as you wish it. Henchard hates him."

"Perhaps they'll be friends again," murmured the girl.

"I don't know—I don't know." After this her mother was silent, and dozed; and she spoke on the subject no more.

Some days after this, Farfrae, in turning over his cupboard, found the letters he had been commissioned to hand to the lady traveller by coach. He thrust them into his great-coat pocket, and, though it was Sunday morning, took them to Henchard's house, to return them to Miss Newson at once. When he got near he saw that the blinds were all down. He rang the bell so softly that it only sounded a single full note and a small one; and then he was informed that Mrs. Henchard was dead—just dead—shut very hour. He would not leave the letters, as they were nearly loose; and he wished to explain why he still had them, so he took them back to his cupboard again.

At the town pump there were gathered when he passed a few old inhabitants, who came there for water whenever they had, as at present, spare time to fetch it, because it was purer from the original found than from their own wells. Mrs. Cuxsom, who had been standing there for an indefinite time with her pitcher, was describing the incidents of Mrs Henchard's death, as she had learned them from the nurse.

"And she was as white as marble stone," said Mrs Cuxsom. "And likewise such a thoughtful woman, too—ah, poor soul!—so thoughtful that 'a minded every little thing that wanted tending. 'Yes,' says she, 'when I'm gone, and my poor breath's blowed, look in the top drawer o' the chest in the bedroom by the winder, and you'll find all my coffin clothes, a piece of flannel—that's to put under me, and the little piece to to put under my head; and my new stockings for my feet—they be folded alongside, and all my other things. And there's four ounce pennies, the heaviest I could find, a-tied up to bits of linen, for weights—two for my right eye and two for my left,' she said. 'And when you've used 'em, and my eyes don't open no more, bury the pennies, good souls, and don't go go spending 'em, for I wouldn't like it. And open the windows as soon as I am carried out, and make it as cheerful as you can for my Elizabeth Jane.'"

"Ah, poor heart!"

"Well, and Martha did it, and buried the ounce pennies in the garden. But if ye'll believe words, that man Christopher Coney went and dug 'em up, and spent 'em at the King o' Prussia. 'Faith,' he said, 'why should death deprive life of four pennies? Death's not of such good report that we should honour him to that extent,' says he."

"Twas rather a cannibal deed, nevertheless," deprecated her listeners, shaking their heads.

"Glad, then, I won't quite hear it," said Solomon Longways. "I say it to-day, and 'tis a Sunday morning, and I wouldn't speak unegfully for a silver sixpence at such a time. I don't see harm in it. Bones we all lumps of one mixture, the dead and the living—say I. To respect the dead is sound theology, and I wouldn't sell shellions—leastways respectable shellions—to be varnished for mourners, except I were out o' work. But money is scarce, and throats be dry. Why should death deprive life of fourpence? I say there was no treason in it."

"Well, poor soul, she's helpless to hinder that or anything now," answered Mother Cuxsom. "And all her shining keys will be took from her, and her cupboards opened, and things 'a didn't wish seen, anything will see, and her little ways and wishes will all be as nothing."

## CHAPTER XIX.

HENCHARD and Elizabeth Jane sat conversing by the fire. It was three weeks after Mrs. Henchard's funeral; the candles were not lighted, and a fitful ruddy accidentic flame, poised on a coal, called from the shady walls all shapes that could respond—the old pier-glass, with gilt columns and large entablature, the picture frames, sundry knobs and handles, and the brass rosette at the bottom of each ribbon full pull on either side of the chimney-piece.

"Elizabeth, do you think much of old times?" said Henchard.

"Yes, sir, often," said she.

"Who do you put in your pictures of 'em?"

"Mother and father—nobody else hardly."

Henchard always looked like one lost in resisting pain when Elizabeth Jane spoke of Rich and Newson as "father." "Ah! I am not of all that, am I not?" he said. . . "Was Newson a kind father?"

"Yes, sir; very."

Henchard's face settled into an expression of stolid tonelessness, which gradually modulated into something softer. "Suppose I had been your real father," he said, "would you have cared for me as much as you care for Richard Newson?"

"I can't think it," she said, quickly. "I can think of no other as my father except my father."

Henchard's wife was discovered from him by death; her friend and helper Farfrae by estrangement; Elizabeth Jane by ignorance. It seemed to him that only one of these could possibly be resolved, and that was the girl. His mind began vibrating between the wish to reveal himself to her, and the policy of leaving well alone, till he could no longer sit still. He walked up and down, and then he came and stood behind her chair, looking down upon the top of her head. He could no longer restrain his impulse. "What did your mother tell you about me—my history?" he asked.

"That you were related by marriage."

"She should have told more—before you knew me. Then my task would not have been such a hard one. . . Elizabeth, it is I who am your father, and not Richard Newson. Shame alone prevented your wretched parents from owning this to you while both of 'em were alive."

The back of Elizabeth's head remained still, and her shoulders did not denote even the movements of breathing. Henchard went on: "I'd rather have your scorn, your fear, anything, than your ignorance; 'tis that I hate. Your mother and I were men and wife when we were young. What you saw was our second marriage. Your mother was too honest. We had thought each other dead—and—Newson became her husband."

This was the nearest approach Henchard could stake to the full truth. As far as he personally was concerned, he would here screened nothing, but he showed a respect for the young girl's mind and years worthy of a better man.

When he had gone on to give details which a whole series of slight and unregarded incidents in her past life strangely corroborated; when, in short, she believed his story to be true, she became greatly agitated, and turning round to the table, flung her face upon it, weeping.

"Don't cry—don't cry," said Henchard, with vehement pathos. "I can't bear it; I won't bear it. I am your father; why should you cry? Am I so dreadful, so hateful to 'ee? Don't take against me, Elizabeth Jane!" he cried, grasping her wet hand. "Don't 'ee take against me—though I was a drinking man once, and used your mother roughly—I'll be kinder to 'ee than he was, I'll do anything if you will only look upon me as your father."

She tried to stand up and to comfort him trustfully, but she could not; she was too blind at his presence, like the brethren at the reveal of Joseph.

"I don't want 'ee to come to me all of a sudden," said Henchard, in jerks, and moving like a great tree in a wind. "No, Elizabeth, I don't. I'll go away and not see you till to-morrow, as when you like, and then I'll show 'ee papers to prove my words. There, I am gone and won't disturb 'ee any more. . . Twas I that chose your name, my daughter; your mother wanted it Susan. There, don't forget 'twas I gave you your name." He went out at the door and shut her softly in, and she heard him go away into the garden. But he had not done. Before she had moved, or in any way recovered from the effect of his disclosure, he reappeared.

"One word more, Elizabeth," he said. "You'll take my surname now—hey? Your mother was against it; but it will be much more pleasant to me. 'Tis legally yours, you know. But nobody need know that. You shall take it as if by choice. I'll talk to my lawyer—I don't know the law of it exactly; but will ye do this—let me put a few lines into the newspaper that such is to be your name?"

"If it is my name I must have it, mustn't I?" she asked.

"Well, well; usage is everything in these matters."

"I wonder why mother didn't wish it?"

"Oh, name whim of the poor soul. Now get a bit of paper and draw up a paragraph as I shall tell you. But let's have a light."

"I can see by the fire-light," she answered.

"Yes—I'd rather."

"Very well."

She got a piece of paper, and bending over the fender, wrote at his dictation words which he had evidently got by heart from some advertisement or other—words to the effect that she the writer, hitherto known as Elizabeth Jane Newson, was going to call herself Elizabeth Jane Henchard forthwith. It was done, and fastened up, and directed to the office of the *Casterbridge Chronicle*.

"Now," said Henchard, with the bloom of satisfaction that he always emitted when he had carried his point—though tenderness softened it this time—"I'll go upstairs, and hints for some documents that will prove it all to 'ee. But I won't trouble you with them till to-morrow. Good night, my Elizabeth Jane."

He was gone before the bewildered girl could realize what it all meant, to adjust her filial sense to the centre of gravity. She was thankful that he had left her to herself for the evening, and sat down over the fire. There she remained in silence and wept, not for her mother now, but for the genial sailor Richard Newson, to whom she seemed doing a wrong.

Henchard, in the mean time, had gone upstairs. Papers of a domestic nature he kept in a drawer in his bedroom, and this he unlocked. Before turning them over he leaned back and indulged in reproachful thought. Elizabeth Jane was his at last, and she was a girl of such good sense and kind heart that she would be sure to get to like him. He was the kind of man to whom some human object for pouring out his heart upon—were it tender as were it rough—was almost a necessity. The craving of his heart for the re-establishment of this tenderest human tie had been great during his wife's lifetime, and now he had submitted to its mastery without reluctance and without fear. He bent over the drawer again, and proceeded with his search.

Among the other papers had been placed the contents of his wife's little desk, the keys of which had been handed to him at her request. There was the letter addressed to him with the restriction, "*Not to be opened till Elizabeth Jane's wedding day.*"

Mrs. Henchard had been an practical scribe. In sealing up the sheet, which was folded and tucked in without an envelope in the old-fashioned way, she had overlaid the junction with a large mass of wax without the requisite under touch of the same. The seal had cracked, and the letter was open. Henchard had an reason to suppose the restriction one of serious weight, and his feeling for his late wife had not been of the nature of deep respect. "Some trifling fancy or other of poor Susan's, I suppose," he said, and without curiosity he allowed his eyes to scan the letter.

"MY DEAR MICHAEL,—For the good of all three of us, I have kept one thing a secret from you till now. I hope you will understand why; I think you will; though perhaps you may not forgive me. But, dear Michael, I have done it for the best. I shall be in my grave when you read this, and Elizabeth Jane will have a home. Don't curse me, Mike—think of how I was situated. I can hardly write it. Elizabeth Jane is not your Elizabeth Jane—the child who was in my arms when you sold me. No; she died three months after that, and this living one is my other husband's. I christened her by the same name we had given to the first, and she filled up the ache I felt as the other's loss. Michael, I am dying, and I might have held my tongue; but I could not. Tell her husband all this, or not, as you may judge; and forgive, if you can, a woman you once deeply wronged, as she forgives you.

"SUSAN HENCHARD."

Her husband regarded the paper as if it were a window-pane through which he saw for miles. His lip twitched, his eye had a flattened aspect, and he seemed to compress his frame, as if to bear better. His usual habit was not to consider whether destiny were hard upon him or not—the shape of his ideas in cases of affliction being simply a moody, "I am to suffer, I perceive." "So much scourging as this, then, is it for me." But now through his passionate head there stormed this thought—that the blasting disclosure was what he had deserved.

His wife's extreme reluctance to have the girl's name altered from Newson to Henchard was now accounted for fully. It furnished another illustration of that honesty in dishonesty which had characterized her in other things.

"Ah—I wonder if it is true!" he said.

He jumped up in an impulse, kicked off his slippers, and went with a candle to the door of Elizabeth Jane's room, where he put his ear to the key-hole and listened. She was breathing profoundly. Henchard softly turned the handle, entered, and shading the light, approached the bedside. Gradually bringing the light from be-

hind a screening curtain, he held it in such a manner that it fell slantwise on her face without shining on her eyes. He steadfastly regarded her features.

They were fair; his were dark. But this was an unimportant preliminary. In sleep there come to the surface buried genealogical traces, ancestral curves, dead men's traits, which the mobility of daytime animation screens and overwhelms. In the present statuesque repose of the young girl's countenance Richard Newson's was unmistakably reflected. He could not endure the sight of her, and hastened away.

Misery taught him nothing more than defiant endurance of it. His wife was dead, and the first devastating impulse for revenge died with the thought that she was beyond him. He looked out at the night with a look as at a fiend. Henchard, like all his kind, was superstitious, and he could not help thinking that the strange concatenation of events this evening had produced was the scheme of some sinister intelligence bent on punishing him. Yet they had developed naturally. If he had not revealed his past history to Elizabeth Jane, he would not have searched the drawer for papers, and so on. The mockery in it all was that he should have no sooner taught a girl to claim the shelter of his paternity than he discovered her to have no kinship with him.

This ironical sequence of things angered him like an impish trick from a fellow-creature. Like Prester John's, his table had been spread, and the infernal harpies had snatched up the food. He went out of the house, and moved sullenly onward down the pavement till he came to the bridge at the bottom of the High Street. Here he turned in upon a by-path on the river bank skirting the northeastern limits of the town.

These precincts embodied the mournful phases of Casterbridge life, as the south avenues embodied its cheerful moods. The whole way along here was sunless, even in summer time; in spring white frosts lingered here when other places were steaming with warmth; while in winter it was the very seed-field of all the aches, rheumatisms, and torturing cramps of the year. The Casterbridge doctors must have pined away for want of sufficient nourishment but for the configuration of the landscape on the northeastern side.

The river—slow, noiseless, and dark—the Schwarzwasser of Casterbridge—ran beneath a low cliff, the two together forming a defence which had rendered walls and artificial earthworks on this side unnecessary. Here were ruins of a Franciscan priory, and a mill attached to the same, the water of which roared down a back hatch like the voice of desolation. Above the cliff and behind the river rose a pile of buildings, and in front of the pile a square mass cut into the sky. It was like a pedestal lacking its statue. This missing feature, without which the design remained incomplete, was, in truth, the corpse of a man; for the square mass formed the base of the gallows, the extensive buildings at the back being the county jail. In the meadow where Henchard now walked the mob were wont to gather whenever an execution took place, and there, to the tune of the roaring weir, they stood and watched the spectacle.

The exaggeration which darkness imparted to the glooms of this region impressed Henchard more than he had expected. The lugubrious harmony of the spot with his domestic situation was too perfect for him, impatient of effects, scenes, and adumbrations. It reduced his heart-burning to melancholy, and he exclaimed, "Why the deuce did I come here!" He went on past the cottage in which the old local hangman had lived and died, in times before that calling was monopolized by a single gentleman, and climbed up by a steep back lane into the town.

Pride had come to his aid. He would not cave. After a rumination on parentage, and the usual sentiment about blood and kin, he had concluded that it had no ground in reason, and that he would regard Elizabeth Jane as his daughter, just as before. He would cherish her as his own, would never enlighten her after what he had said; he would be to her a father, she should be to him a daughter, in sheer defiance of the untoward course of things. To make conditions, not accept them, was his customary conduct.

But a will that had worked powerfully in affairs of trade was not so operative in emotional relations. Henchard was a man of strong feeling, deprived of objects for its indulgence, though always seeking them; and it hit him hard that this child of his, as he had deemed her, upon whose ultimate attachment to himself as her father he had, as a final throw, staked all the sunshine of his future, should be revealed as spurious. After the heat of the wound had passed off, came its inevitable ache and anguish.

For the sufferings of that night, engendered by his bitter disappointment, he might well have been pitied. He was like one who had half fainted, and could neither recover nor complete the swoon. In words he could blame his wife, but not in his heart; and had he obeyed the wise directions outside her letter, this pain would have been spared him for long—possibly forever, Elizabeth Jane seeming to show no ambition to quit her safe and secluded maiden courses for the speculative path of matrimony.

The morning came after this night of unrest, and with it the necessity for a course. He was far too self-willed to recede from a position, especially as it would involve humiliation. His daughter he had asserted her to be, and his daughter she should always think herself, no matter what hypocrisy it involved. But he was ill prepared for the first step in this new situation. The moment he came into the breakfast-room Elizabeth Jane advanced with open confidence to him, and took him by the arm.

"I have thought and thought all night of it," she said, frankly. "And I see that everything must be as you say. And I am going to look upon you as the father that you are, and not call you Mr. Henchard any more. It is so plain to me now. Indeed, father, it is, for of course you would not have done half the things you have done for me, and let me have my own way so entirely, and bought me presents, if I had only been your step-daughter. He—Mr. Newson—whom my poor mother married by such a strange mistake" (Henchard was glad that he had disguised matters here) "was very kind—oh, so kind!" (she spoke with tears in her eyes); "but that is not the same thing as being one's real father, after all. Now, father, breakfast is ready," she said, cheerfully.

Henchard bent and kissed her cheek. The moment and the act he had contemplated for weeks with a thrill of pleasure; yet it was no less than a vast miserable insipidity to him now that it had come. His reinstatement of her mother had been chiefly for the girl's sake, and the fruition of the whole scheme was such dust and ashes as this!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WHAT THE EARTH THINKS.

By LILLIE E. BARR.

I am threatened with a comet,
  With the all-absorbing sun;
Told that I shall slowly burn out,
  As my own fair moon has done;
Warned of coming conflagrations
  That will seize me unaware.
Can I fear annihilation,
  After what I daily bear?

Pelted constantly with hailstones,
  Fiercely shook by hurricanes,
Thrown by whirlwinds topsy-turvy,
  Nearly drowned by constant rains,
Growled at day and night by thunder,
  Pierced by lightning everywhere,
Nipped with frosts, until I scarcely
  Know if I am round or square.

Out all night in freezing weather,
  Under tropic suns all day,
Dug and struck with ploughs and shovels,
  Scratched with harrows every way,
Beaten down for streets and highways,
  Galloped over day and night,
With steam-engines burned and scalded,
  Kept in a continual fright.

Deeper wounds than these I suffer—
  I am mined and bored and hit,
Torn by dynamite and powder,
  Blown to pieces bit by bit.
I've seen comets without number,
  And they always keep their sphere;
It is man that makes me tremble—
  Restless, curious man, I fear.

For I know some day or other
  He will find a stronger "force,"
Wondrous chemicals discover,
  And the end will be, of course,
I shall have my shattered remnants
  Blown away like any feather;
Yet I have one consolation—
  Probably we'll go together.

## THE ST. PAUL ICE PALACE.

It is an ill wind, etc. If small-pox had not broken out in Montreal, St. Paul would never—or not, at least, this winter—have had her ice palace. As soon as Minneapolis decided (early last fall) to hold an annual exposition, St. Paul made up her mind that she too must have some great yearly attraction. The Montreal epidemic, compelling the abandonment of the winter carnival at that place, gave St. Paul her opportunity, which she seized at once and with enthusiasm, and has proceeded to make the most of it in a complete and business-like way. No small amount of pluck, as well as a considerable quantity of hard work and expenditure of money, has been necessary to carry the project through in the face of, at times, really disheartening conditions. To commence with, no sooner had St. Paul announced her intention to make good use of the ice crop than the weather evinced a determination not to supply any ice crop this year. It was absurd—walking about without an overcoat in Minnesota in December; but it was also very provoking. Christmas found the Mississippi River reflecting a bright noon sun in its still running waters. The date of the opening of the palace had to be postponed from New Year's Day to the 1st of February, and as soon as that was done, the weather—satisfied presumably with the vexation it had caused—changed, and the ice closed over the river and thickened an inch a day.

Then some maliciously minded person spread a report that the weather was too cold for ice to endure, and that if it were left in the open air for any length of time it would inevitably become and crumble away. The alarm consequent upon this rumor was no sooner disposed of than an awful entomological nightmare arose. It was whispered round that the voracious ice-bug had found its way into the foundations of the palace, and was slowly but surely undermining it. The ice-bug spectre was only exorcised to make way for a dry-rot scare, and before that had been finally dissipated, the story went abroad that the palace had suddenly caught fire by spontaneous combustion (the ice having been incautiously stacked while it was green), and been totally destroyed.

Meanwhile the Carnival Association of St. Paul, which had the building in charge, and was generously backed by the people of the city, confined itself strictly to business, and as a result of its hard work the president, Mr. George R. Finch, was enabled to hand over completed to the Mayor, as the representative of the people of the city, the largest and probably the most effectively designed ice palace that the world has yet seen. The building covers an area of 180 by 150 feet, and stands, to the top of the central tower, 140 feet high. Such a structure can hardly be judged by strict architectural canons, and certainly there never was any castle of stone of such a shape. It is one riotous vision of towers. Looked at from any point of view, it presents one front a congeries of turrets and towers and bastions. Life in such a castle would be a monotony of climbing spiral staircases. But the ice palace is not meant to live in, but to look at. And standing on a piece of rising ground which dominates the city, and where it is equally conspicuous from both sides of the broad Mississippi, it answers its end admirably. At night, when the whole structure from wing to wing, from gateway to castellated battlements, is ablaze within and without with electric light, the effect is delightful, and one has it not in one's heart to wish one tower away. Singularly unreal and fairy-like it looks, with its alternations of dazzling light and half-translucent greens, more like the castles of the land of some Northland Cloud-Cuckoo-Town, or the keep of the giants that Thor and Vafthrudnir visited in Norse myth, than a building which has been put together by mere mortal masons with saws and ice-tongs and derricks. When, too, as on the opening day, round the base of the tower, filling in the courts and crowding round the outer walls, surges a sea of brilliant-colored snow-shoe and toboggan club uniforms, one need not be all asleep to dream his Majesty Borealis I. a real potentate of flesh and blood, and this his palace.

PYRAMID OF SIXTY MEN.

ONE OF THE STATUES.

For the whole city has given itself up, heart and pocket and hand, to the spirit of carnival. In the procession to the opening ceremonies (notwithstanding that the thermometer marked 20° below zero) some four thousand men and women, in gorgeous blanket costumes of red and white and blue and yellow, were in line. The unit of population now is not the individual or the family, but the club. The city is a mere aggregation of clubs, and every club—Wahnota, Wona, Koko-koho, Nushka, Mahpo—has its brilliant uniform. The ice palace itself is no more than a landmark—a sign-post. It stands as a May-pole round which the sports are to revolve—a glorified poster, "Here's where the fun takes place." Among the humors of the opening was a procession of commercial travellers, irrepressible drummers, clothed outside of their warm woollens in dusters, wearing straw hats, and languidly waving palm-leaf fans with mittened hands. "Borealis *Rex*" has for a fortnight been supreme, and his carnival crew of ice sprites and genii of the Northern Lights have turned the whole business of the Northwest upside-down, the festivities being made faster and more furious toward the end of the fortnight by the apprehension of a thaw. Balls, masquerades, receptions, banquets, tobogganings, races, base-ball matches on snow-shoes, processions of mad Indians equipped for the march, curling contests, skating matches—for there wheat and "produce" and jobbing and dry goods are forgotten, and the whole place (or two places, for Minneapolis seems hardly less lunatic than St. Paul) has devoted nights after days and days after nights to revel.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

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THE ICE PALACE AT ST. PAUL.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL.—(SEE PAGE 119.)

1. The Palace at Night. 2. George R. Finch, President of the Carnival Association. 3. Torch-light Procession of Toboggan Clubs.

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FROM GOVERNOR'S ISLAND
TO THE BARGE OFFICE.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL HANCOCK.—Drawn by Charles Graham, W. P. Snyder, and John Durrin.

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GENERAL HANCOCK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

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## A ROMANCE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"Black velvet and scarlet japonicas would be becoming."

"Very; you would be—irresistible, I should say."

"You are too provoking, Catherine. I don't believe you are listening to a word I say, though it may be of so much importance to us."

"Don't say 'us,' Imogene. I have no part in the affair, and I do not believe that papa will be so foolish as to ask him."

"Yes, papa will. And why 'foolish,' if you please?"

"We have nothing suitable for a fine English lord. Have we not read in *Lothair* about their splendid houses and royal dinners and perfect servants? Think of the dreadful newness of our great wood house, its red and blue velvet furniture, our shuffling, untidy negroes, and our half-and-half fine dinners! My lord would tolerate us a few days, and then go back to England and put us in a book, to be 'food for mirth.' We are not fit company for him, Imogene; that's the end of it."

"'Fit company?' What are you talking about? Papa is an American Senator, and if that does not make him peer of any English lord, what is the use of our having any Senators? You may as well submit, Catherine. Lord Hythe is coming here; *I feel it*; my presentiments are never wrong."

"That settles the question. Who can contend against fate?"

"There is the dinner bell; you will be late, as usual."

"You need not wait for me."

"I don't intend to. Papa likes to be punctual, and I have reasons for pleasing him to-day. You will miss your dinner."

"I want to miss some of it. I know what Dinah's soup is—red pepper and onions. I shall be down for the turkey and pudding."

Fortunately the Senator had just received very good news from his mine; in fact, he was standing on the hearth-rug figuring up the probable net results of a lucky strike when Imogene entered the room. Her great beauty struck him with a new sense of pleasure and power. He bethought him of taking her to Washington, and of the sensation she would make there. He could well afford himself and her that luxury now.

Imogene readily divined that the influences were favorable to her scheme, and she did all she could to strengthen them. The Senator found all his opinions acceded to; he was praised and flattered and waited on, until he was in that mood of self-complacency which renders any man a woman's "most obedient servant."

Catherine was now disposed to take the winning side. She had thought over Imogene's idea while dressing, and it promised more pleasure than annoyance. If the lord laughed, she could laugh too; she felt quite able to pay him back in his own coin, whatever that coin might be.

So when Imogene broached the subject, it was predestined to succeed. "You see, papa, the party are at St. Louis now, and Lord Hythe wants to cross the plains and hunt a few weeks in the Rocky Mountains, and our house is just the place for him to stay. You know all the game trails, and he might like to see the mines, and then how nice it would be to have a lord in the house! He has been staying at Belle Sayer's. I had a letter from her to-day, and she is just wild about him. Colonel Sayer is only a common farmer, while you, papa, are the finest gentleman in the world, I think."

The Senator was touched at this compliment; besides, he was really proud of his house. It was the largest in the State, and had been furnished, regardless of expense, by the best upholsterer in St. Louis. He rather thought it would astonish any lord to find on the outskirts of a thousand miles of desert such a dwelling, and such beauty and intellect in it. To do the Senator justice, this pride immediately took a national character; his country's glory as much as his personal pride mingled in the feeling of exultation which he foresaw he should have in the foreigner's admiration and astonishment.

So Imogene won her desire easily. The Senator wrote to St. Louis, and in a style of almost Oriental courtesy placed his house, with all its sporting privileges, at the service of Lord Hythe and his party, and having done so, waited with almost more impatience than his daughter his lordship's reply.

It was highly satisfactory. "My lord was charmed with such gracious kindness, and would accept it for himself and for his friend Mr. Shipleigh, an enthusiastic artist, who was as desirous of sketching in the Rocky Mountains as he was of hunting in them. The rest of his party had determined on a return to England before the approach of bad weather, and but for the Senator's offer, my lord and Mr. Shipleigh would hardly have dared a trip over the wilderness and a sojourn within the shadow of the Rocky Mountains."

This letter was felt to be the precursor of great events. The Senator, who imagined himself a superlative letter writer, was highly flattered at the success of his epistle, and immediately began to get his guns in order, and make arrangements for comfortable sojourn in those excursions which would take them beyond the luxuries of his own home. Imogene took steps at once to realize the special toilet she had decided on for the momentous first impression—black velvet and scarlet japonicas; and though Catherine pretended indifference to his lordship's advent, she was so far influenced by the general excitement as to superintend a thorough house-cleaning, and a new arrangement of the objectionably brilliant furniture.

It was a pleasant two weeks' interval to all parties, for anticipated joys have very few drawbacks; we arrange everything *then* on the principle of reckoning without our host. What bucks and bears were killed beforehand, what quantities of ducks were shot and antelopes chased in imagination, and what famous discussions on politics and social economics were supposed by the good-hearted Senator, it would be impossible to tell.

Much more impossible to describe Imogene's anxieties and triumphs on toilet questions, her dreams of conquest, and her conversations with Catherine as to little proprieties and conventionalisms. In fact, Catherine was the only indifferent person in the whole house, and Imogene declared that her indifference was founded on purely personal reasons. She was careless about Lord Hythe because she had found in Louis Saltonstall her ideal of mankind, and she was careless about her dress because, Louis having admired her in a certain navy blue silk, she had settled down definitely to that color.

At any rate, when the eventful day arrived, Catherine arrayed herself with neither more nor less care than was her usual habit, though the Senator donned his best evening suit, and Imogene was shut up with her velvet and japonicas a good hour before the usual dressing time.

Alas! our most prudently laid anticipations are sometimes doomed to "gang a-gley." The Senator's carriage returned from the depot with only one of the expected party in it. Lord Hythe had been detained in St. Louis by a visit from his family lawyer, who had business of such importance with him that it had not been thought prudent to trust it to the delays and uncertainties of correspondence, and Mr. Shipleigh had therefore brought my lord's apologies and regrets, with the assurance that as soon as possible he would follow his friend.

The Senator's kind heart went out as eagerly to one stranger as to another. My lord's friend was just as welcome as my lord, and before long he had lost every sense of disappointment, and was chatting gayly on cañons and gorges and bear-hunting; for this Mr. Shipleigh was a handsome, pleasant fellow, who was by no means so devoted to his easel that he could not handle a gun and talk enthusiastically on sporting matters.

It was Catherine who brought to Imogene the disappointing tidings. She had, with her father, met their guest at the door, and made the young artist's acquaintance in the pleasant *empressement* of a Southwestern welcome. "And he is just as handsome and agreeable as possible, Imogene. I was at home with him at once."

"But he is not Lord Hythe, Catherine, and just see how becoming my dress is! It is too bad. I have a great mind to take it off and save it."

"Oh no, I wouldn't. Lord Hythe's friend is next thing to Lord Hythe. You know men talk so to one another, and he is sure to write to St. Louis."

"That is true; and besides, as I have had a disappointment in the dress, I shan't care for it again. I never do—horrid old unlucky thing!" and she looked ruefully at the splendid toilet on whose effects she had built so many hopes.

"Never mind, dear; you had a good time planning it, and this Mr. Shipleigh is really a very fine fellow. Papa seems ever so much pleased with him, and Lord Hythe is to follow in a week or two. We have his friend as hostage, you know."

"Very well; in the mean time I shall take care of the hostage. You don't mind if I do, Catherine?"

"Not a bit. This maid's 'light fancy' does not turn to artists."

Imogene did not answer. She was taking a final survey of her charms before putting their power to the test. And the survey ought to have assured her. There was conquest in her dark, handsome eyes, soft and shady, in her white skin, never needing powder, in her pink cheeks, never needing paint, in her brilliant look of perfect health, in the enchantment of her graceful movements, and in the exquisite toilet, which rose almost into the regions of science and art.

When she entered the parlors her father and Mr. Shipleigh were standing together at the upper end. The Senator was exhibiting a rifle, and enthusiastically dilating on its excellences, and Mr. Shipleigh was examining it with scarcely less interest. He was a tall, blond, handsome young Saxon, with a very frank, pleasant face. As Imogene advanced, her father perceived her presence, and with a thrill of pride advanced to meet her. The artist had thus a moment in which to observe her wonderful beauty and graceful movements, and he was so intent on this occupation that he scarcely did himself justice in the introduction, for he muttered some nonsense about "the fair Imogene," and then, blushing and thoroughly ashamed of himself, retreated to the Englishman's stronghold, the hearth-rug.

But a handsome man's confusion before a beautiful woman is never disagreeable to her. Imogene accepted the tribute to her charms, and then speedily found means to restore Mr. Shipleigh to Mr. Shipleigh's good opinion of himself; so that, before dinner was over, the little party were quite at home and well disposed to think highly of each other.

During the evening Mr. Louis Saltonstall made his appearance. He had been told that Lord Hythe was expected, and had come prepared to assert the most radical democratic principles. He had told Catherine that he considered himself the equal of any lord, and that he was not going to allow himself to be "put down"; and the little woman had encouraged him in his self-assertion and rank republican ideas.

But when Louis found that his antagonist was only an artist, the provocation to battle was removed. He hardly thought Mr. Shipleigh "a foeman worthy of his steel." Louis Saltonstall had been Attorney-General, and was now looking toward a seat in Congress; it was not likely he should trouble himself about a man whose lot in life was to make pictures—perhaps take likenesses—for the lawyer had no very clear idea as to the dividing line between photography and art proper. He watched Shipleigh keenly as to his behavior toward Catherine; but seeing that the Englishman had no eyes save for Miss Imogene, he was not inclined to quarrel with him. Nay, before the evening was over, he had sung a bass to Shipleigh's tenor, and asked him to "look in and smoke a cigar with him in his office."

Perhaps no man ever accepted the attention and service of his fellow-creatures more as a matter of course than did Arthur Shipleigh. Nothing except the grandeur of the mountain gorges and the beauty of Imogene ever excited in him any enthusiasm. The comforts of his lodgings, the successes or failures of the chase, the likes or dislikes of those with whom he came in contact, the annoyances of bad weather, the failure of plans—all these things he took with perfect *sang froid* as part of an unavoidable existence.

In the course of a week he had become the person whom every one delighted to honor. If he was not away with his gun or his pencil, he could generally be found the centre of an admiring group in the post-office or the hotel bar. His opinions on sporting matters and on horses were held in high esteem, and he even succeeded in converting many of the wealthier sort to his opinions about a limited monarchy and a landed aristocracy. In fact, he was so well liked that there was a tacit agreement to avoid mentioning the fact that he was only an artist; and when it was forced upon them by a magnificent picture of their own particular portion of the Rocky Mountains, and of a fine painted specimen of their own particular Indian plague, they charitably agreed to ignore this weak point in such a really good fellow as Mr. Shipleigh.

They were so happy in the Senator's house that they began to fear the advent of Lord Hythe would break up the charming life they had fallen into. This fear was strengthened by the fact that Mr. Shipleigh was very loath to say anything definite about my lord. Imogene had asked if he was handsome, and Mr. Shipleigh had frankly admitted that "he was considered a fine-looking fellow."

"Was he good?"

"Well, all men had faults, and Hythe had his share."

"Was he clever?"

"Yes, about horses and sporting matters."

"Was he good-natured?"

"Not worse than his neighbors, perhaps."

"I hate a man who can talk about his friend in that way," said Catherine, indignantly; "and I wish Lord Hythe would come and put Arthur Shipleigh, artist, down a peg or two."

But Catherine's wish was doomed to further disappointment. Lord Hythe had been offered some investments of such superlative desirability in New York that he had decided on returning East to investigate the tempting offers made him. Imogene thought Mr. Shipleigh was very glad of my lord's detention, and in a half petulant way said so, and then, in some way that agitated without offending her, Shipleigh had admitted that he was glad. It was evident that he feared a rival, and was jealous of my lord's advantages, and Imogene was—well, she was very happy in this discovery.

Catherine watched the two curiously. It was evident that they were both deeply in love; then why did they not tell each other so, and arrange for a comfortable courtship, with a reasonable marriage in perspective? It was decidedly the most straightforward and respectable way, and Louis and she had thus avoided all the doubts and fears of an unacknowledged love. But some men love to torment themselves, and in this species of amusement Englishmen are proficients.

While things were in this pleasantly uncertain condition the Senator and his guest went out one day to shoot ducks. There had been a frost, and snow lay white on the higher ranges, but the lake to which they were going was only five miles away. Mr. Shipleigh proposed walking the distance, and with some doubts the Senator agreed to the proposal. Toward the middle of the afternoon their servant was well loaded with birds, and they began to turn their faces homeward, beguiling the way with many a story and hearty laugh. Suddenly the Senator pulled out his field-glass, and scanned the horizon with an anxious face.

"Yonder are a small party of Indians, Shipleigh," he said. "I suppose they are some of the Utes whom we saw in the village yesterday."

"Dirty, inoffensive little beggars."

"We may find them more offensive than we shall like. See that your rifle and side-arms are in order, Shipleigh."

Shipleigh obeyed the command without the least sign of anxiety or curiosity. He had talked with the tribe the day before, and had formed such a contemptuous opinion of them that he was scarcely disturbed at their approach. But they soon caused his calm gray eyes to open wide with astonishment and anger as his mind received, like the shock of lightning, the conviction that he would have to fight for his life.

It was a very hard fight; there were seven Utes against the three white men, and one of these almost unarmed. The ground was mountainous, and behind the projecting cliffs it was quite possible other Indians lay in ambush. But they were resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and very likely this would have been the only favor granted them had not the firing and their shouts attracted the attention of some herdsmen seeking stray horses among the hills. Never was human help more needed than there. The Senator had been wounded in the cheek, and was faint from loss of blood; indeed, when the rescuing party came up, he had sunk to the ground, and the Englishman was defending with a desperate bravery the body of his helpless companion.

That they were saved was the last impression Shipleigh received for many a day, for a shot from the retreating Indians laid him senseless beside his friend. Fortunately the herdsmen had horses, and there was a ranch scarcely half a mile away, so that help was soon procured, and the two wounded men taken carefully home. The Senator's injury was a slight one, and he soon recovered from his exhaustion; but Shipleigh's wound was a much more serious affair. The ball was difficult to extract; fever, delirium, and the usual tedious healing process followed, and for many weeks the young artist lay prostrate in his room.

Shipleigh, however, had a better physician than every one knew of. One morning the stupor left him, and he came to himself again—very weak, and only dimly comprehending the situation in which he lay; but by-and-by the forms of Imogene, Catherine, and the Senator became clear to him. They were talking in whispers by a fire on the hearth-stone, and as he watched them Imogene's eyes responded to his eager glance. She glided to his side, and stooped tenderly toward him.

"Imogene! beloved Imogene! I am dying, I think. You may let me tell you now, sweetest, how I love you."

Then in whispers, with tears dropping from her great brown eyes upon his face, Imogene said words which brought light again into the sick man's eyes and the desire for life into his heart.

His convalescence was not unhappy. The Senator hovered round him with numberless little attentions, and every bit of interesting news he could pick up, and the girls waited on his lightest wishes, and even anticipated them. Catherine, it is true, being the Senator's housekeeper, and Louis Saltonstall's betrothed, had many interruptions to her service, but Imogene and Arthur Shipleigh never regarded her absences unfavorably.

What these two young people found to say to each other, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, is a mystery only few are given to understand; but the Senator must have been the blindest of men if he had not anticipated the confession which Mr. Shipleigh made to him the very first night he was allowed again to take his seat at his host's dining table.

The answer was a little reserved. "You saved my life, Shipleigh, and I cannot refuse you my daughter."

"But, sir, not for gratitude alone. I hoped that you had a respect—a real liking for me."

"I have—I have, Shipleigh. But, to be frank, I had hoped better things for Imogene. A man likes his girl to do well in money matters."

Shipleigh's face fell. "I am not poor," he said, "and I have a very good profession."

"Well, well, let the painting business go. We must get you something better to do. You are young and handsome, with a heart as good as gold, and—hang it! Arthur Shipleigh, you are welcome to Imogene."

So the two men shook hands with a hearty grip and very dim eyes, and from that moment Imogene's marriage was considered a very satisfactory affair. But somehow these imprudent, foolishly-in-love young people could not be persuaded to wait until their house was built and furnished. Catherine and the ex-Attorney-General talked and talked and talked to them; but "Arthur wished to be married immediately and go back to England, and Imogene wished to do whatever Arthur wanted."

So the Senator, like a wise father, accepted the situation he could not help, and made great preparations for the wedding.

No one had lately spoken of Lord Hythe, but Imogene noticed that Arthur directed no cards for him. The friendship, such as it was, had evidently died a natural death; and a faint blush stole over her cheeks as she remembered her little plan of six months ago, and how differently it had terminated; for even in all her bridal loveliness she had no higher hope than to be worthy of the noble heart who had chosen her. To-day she would have thought it no higher honor to be Lady Hythe than to be Arthur Shipleigh's wife. Such thoughts were in her heart as Catherine half tearfully dressed her in the pearly satin and lace that made her toilet. Strangely enough, Arthur's first words, as he held her to his arms a moment before the ceremony, were, "Lord Hythe may be here any moment, Imogene."

"How singular!" But Arthur saw with delight that her interest was scarcely roused, and that she had neither eyes nor thoughts for any one but himself.

"My lord may come now," he said, triumphantly; "I care not how soon."

In a few minutes the solemn words were spoken, and Arthur and Imogene were man and wife. There was a pleasant murmur and flutter, the sound of kindly kisses and low laughter, and amid it the signing of papers. Few paid any attention to the latter form. Arthur Shipleigh wrote something a little hastily, glanced into his wife's eyes, and put the pen in her hand. She signed her old name without a regret for its being the last time, seeing only the tender face that bent beside her.

But ex-Attorney-General Saltonstall laid his finger on a signature, and pointed it out to the Senator. Then instantly there was a momentary hush, and the radiant bridegroom, taking advantage of it, said, proudly, "My father and my friends, the signature is quite correct. I am Arthur Shipleigh, Baron of Hythe." Then there was a little storm of applause, and my lady Imogene rose grandly to the situation, and accepted it with such a beautiful pride in her love that not a woman in the assembly envied her in that hour her unexpected honor.

Perhaps the only dissatisfied person was the Senator. He had a sense of injury that demanded some apology; and when the company was gone, and the bride with her sister preparing for her journey, he said, almost reproachfully, "Ar-

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thor, you have not treated me well. I am an American Senator, sir. I do not like even an English lord to steal into my house under false colors."

But Lord Hythe's excuses were ready: he had wanted to taste what real life was and hoped in the great West, as a simple gentleman, to stand on his own merits. The temptation to win Imogene on that ground had been irresistible. In love and war all stratagems are lawful, and, upon the whole, he made out so good a case for himself that it was impossible to resist his arguments and his frank smile and outstretched hand.

In the mean time the happy bride was talking it over with her sister. "Don't you remember, Catherine, that I told you I had a presentiment Lord Hythe was coming here? You see I was right. And I shall live in a grand old castle, and go to court, and be Lady Hythe to the end of my life. Be sure and write to all the girls who were at school with us, and when Louis and you get married you must come and see me. I won't patronize you at all, Catherine."

"I don't expect you will, my lady. Louis will be a Senator then; and you will also remember that on that eventful day you said that if an American Senator was not the peer of any English lord, you would like to know what was the use of us having any Senators."

## MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK.

"An able and heroic soldier, a spotless and accomplished gentleman," in the words of President Cleveland, has been lost to the country by the unexpected death of Winfield Scott Hancock, which occurred on the 9th of February at Governor's Island. "An admirable type of soldier, a manly officer," said Lieutenant-General Sheridan, on hearing the sad tidings. "A very brilliant fighter, every inch a soldier," said General Merritt. "A superb soldier," said General Fitzhugh Lee. "He had the confidence of General Grant," said General Sherman, at the meeting in Cincinnati of the Loyal Legion; "of every man who ever had Hancock in his command, myself included. He was the most loyal, the most obedient, the most completely satisfactory, never questioning an order, loyal to the backbone, generous to a fault; a true, honest, and brave man and soldier, beloved by everybody, mourned by everybody." There will be no dissent from the concurrent verdict, repeated by thousands of lips, upon Hancock's martial qualities. He certainly was far from being a bookish soldier; but it was with him as with some other great field commanders, the excitement and peril that bewildered and terrified less sturdy natures roused him to alertness and vigor, and it was in the supreme moment of stress that Hancock blazed with the fire of battle.

He had, too, that faculty necessary for the highest executive success, of gathering to himself subordinates competent to perform routine details better than he could perform them himself. During the war he had men around him like Morgan, his courageous and clear-headed chief of staff; and since the war he has always had energetic staff officers. But his fame rests wholly on his own martial qualities as exhibited on scores of fields.

The lad born on St. Valentine's Day of 1824 near Norristown, in Pennsylvania, came on both sides of fighting Revolutionary stock, while his father, a lawyer, had been a soldier of 1812. Graduating in 1844, No. 18 in a class of twenty-nine, at West Point, young Hancock served as Second Lieutenant of Infantry through the Mexican war, and won a brevet for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco. His marriage to Miss Almira Russell, of St. Louis, who survives him, came at the close of the war, in 1849, while Indian and frontier service filled the time until the signal gun at Fort Sumter in 1861 called professional soldiers to sudden widenings of careers.

Captain Hancock proceeded to Washington from Los Angeles, and as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers took part in McClellan's Peninsular campaign of 1862. Advancing from Yorktown, the first great battle occurred at Williamsburg; and there Hancock, sent by W. F. Smith, his division commander, to the right, planted himself directly on the enemy's left flank. He was of course attacked, but with soldierly instinct he met the onset by a counter charge which drove the Confederates from the field in open field fighting. "Brilliant in the extreme," was McClellan's comment on this performance; and his report further declared that "the result of Hancock's engagement was to give us possession of the decisive point of the battle-field," as indeed the evacuation of Williamsburg that night showed.

Throughout McClellan's change of base to the James, at Garnett's Hill, Golding's Farm, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp, Hancock increased his reputation as a fighting officer. He commanded his brigade at South Mountain, and the division at Antietam after the mortal wounding of Richardson, and with it broke through the enemy's line, capturing prisoners, colors, and arms. In the storming of Marye's Heights, at Fredericksburg, under Burnside, deadly work fell on Hancock's division of the Second Corps. He took 5006 officers and men into action, and came out with 2993. In Hooker's disastrous battle of Chancellorsville his division covered the retreat.

At Gettysburg, as commander of the Second Corps, he was personally sent forward by Meade, during the fierce fighting of the first day, to report whether the ground was suitable for risking the great battle which was to decide the fate of the capital. He promptly sent back a message for concentration on Cemetery Ridge. Warren in his report notes the effect of Hancock's presence in inspiring confidence. On the second day of the battle, when the dangerous attack at the Peach Orchard occurred, Hancock came to the aid of the Third Corps and checked the peril. If Fortune had hung with poised wings for two days between the rival lines at Gettysburg, she assuredly flew to the Union standards on the third, so decreeing that the magnificent charge of Longstreet on that day should fall where it did. Hancock's corps breasted the shock, and the wave of rebellion there broke and recoiled leaving its high-water mark on Gettysburg ridge. "Tell General Meade," said Hancock, reeling in his saddle from a ball received in his thigh at the moment of his triumph, "that the troops under my command have repulsed the enemy and gained a great victory. The enemy are now flying in all directions in my front." While others carried the stricken hero to an ambulance, the aide addressed dashed off, and soon returned with the reply: "Say to General Hancock that I am sorry he is wounded, and that I thank him for myself and for the country for the service he has rendered to-day." The formal thanks of Congress "for his gallant, meritorious, and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory" duly followed.

During Grant's Virginia campaign, for which he returned after his cruel wound was healed, Hancock, with his Second Corps, was a most prominent and gallant figure. In the battle of the Wilderness he at one time commanded not only his own corps, but parts of the Fifth and Sixth, and fought through the dense, smoke-darkened chaparral with great effect. During the bloody assaults at Spottsylvania Hancock on one occasion captured 4000 prisoners, thirty cannon, and thirty colors by a splendid charge. In the engagements on the Potopotomoy, in the bloody assault of Cold Harbor, in the many battles around Petersburg, and in the great expeditionary movements at Deep Bottom, Reams's Station, and Boydton Plank road, in the latter three of which he had field command of the forces employed, Hancock exhibited his sterling soldiership. When the approach of winter brought a lull to field operations he was assigned, as a popular soldier, to the task of organizing a corps of veterans, but before it could be raised the Southern cause had fallen to ruin.

After the war General Hancock served, as assigned, at the South, then at the West, where he took charge of an expedition against the Indians of the plains, and finally at New York as commander of the Division of the Atlantic. In 1880 he was the Democratic candidate for President against General Garfield, and comported himself with characteristic calmness and dignity throughout the contest. A typical soldier, a gallant and honorable gentleman, Hancock's fame is safe in American history.

## MR. SHARP AS A WITNESS.

Mr. Jacob Sharp, whose picture is published in this issue, is the gentleman who is chiefly responsible for the building and operation of the Broadway surface railroad. The idea of laying rails for a street-car line on Broadway occurred to Mr. Sharp a great many years ago, and he permitted himself little if any rest until the rails were laid. There were many obstacles in the way of this undertaking, among others being the impossibility of obtaining the consent of the property owners to the construction of the proposed line, without which consent it is not generally the custom of the city authorities to grant a right of way to any street railroad. In the case of the Broadway line this apparently insurmountable obstacle was, however, overcome for Mr. Sharp by the members of the Board of Aldermen themselves, who, for reasons that have never been quite satisfactorily explained, ignored the absence of the property owners' consent, and passed a resolution giving to Mr. Sharp his coveted and valuable right of way. It is true that the Mayor promptly vetoed the measure; but again, for reasons known only to themselves, the Aldermen came to Mr. Sharp's relief, and at a special meeting, held in midsummer at the unusual hour of 9 A.M., passed the measure over the Mayor's veto. It was with a view to discovering what inducements to this strange course of aldermanic action were held out by Mr. Jacob Sharp that the Legislature recently appointed a Senatorial committee of investigation, before which committee Mr. Sharp has been testifying.

The testimony given by Mr. Sharp has been full of curious and interesting things. In answer to questions by Mr. Roscoe Conkling, counsel for the committee, Mr. Sharp has testified that, although the Broadway road cost to construct less than $150,000, and is now mortgaged for $2,300,000, he cannot remember for what purpose or why it came to be mortgaged. He has sworn that he never kept any books, and cannot remember to what persons or for what purposes he paid out checks upon his bank account for amounts as high as $100,000 and $400,000 less than a year ago. The stub of his check book was produced, showing dates and amounts of checks drawn, but Mr. Sharp was totally unable to enlighten the committee in the least on the subject of where those amounts of money had gone. Concerning one check for $360,000 he did remember, after searching his memory, that it was to repay borrowed money, but he could not remember under what circumstances or for what use he had borrowed the money. Having testified that the road was bonded for $1,300,000, and having accounted for the whereabouts of $1,808,000 worth of these bonds, Mr. Sharp was not able to remember what had been done with the remainder of them—$492,000 worth. He tried to refresh his memory, but could not. He remembered just what amount of the bonds the lawyers employed by him in obtaining the franchise for the road got in the way of fees, but on the subject of the bestowal of the remaining $492,000 worth of bonds his mind was a complete blank.

During his examination by Mr. Conkling, Mr. Sharp held in his hand a bottle of milk, from which he frequently sought solace and refreshment. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph showing Mr. Sharp with his bottle, taken as he was leaving the meeting place of the committee.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is well known that the correspondence furnished from this city to the Western newspapers is copiously strewn with striking and interesting information. A recent letter which puts a quantity of sprightly prattle into the mouth of a California Forty-niner, among other things makes him say of the early gold-hunters: "I remember that it was no uncommon thing to see men, fresh from their claims, sitting, after their day's work was done, by the side of their cabin doors, reading Horace, Shakespeare, and all the better class of works." The contrast is very notable between this practice of the California pioneers and the habits of college graduates and scholars hereabouts. It is very rare to find any one reading Horace in public here. Any observer upon reflection will probably be unable to recall half a dozen instances in the last ten years in which he has seen anybody reading Horace in a horse-car, on a Coney Island boat, or a front stoop, or in any similar place of public resort or exposure. If there exists in this metropolis any such love of the Roman poet as the correspondent says the Forty-niner declares was openly indulged in the California of the mid-century, it is cherished secretly. Citizens do not sit out in front of their residences and display it as they do the love of a pipe or the love of an evening newspaper.

It is reported that French physicians are confining such of their patients as are afflicted with gout to an unbroken diet of milk, and that this treatment is very successful, that is, that the patients experience a marked diminution of their gouty symptoms, although they are hopelessly miserable because of their inability to get those things which they most dearly love to eat. Persons who have fed themselves into a state of gout hate milk alone, and hear with impatience and contempt the venerable asseveration that it was the great food staple of the Scythians, the most warlike of men.

A newspaper paragraph says: "Letocq, who was with the late Prince Imperial when killed in South Africa, was one of six men of the crew of the schooner *Rifleman*, of Guernsey, drowned when the vessel foundered off Flamborough Head recently on a voyage from Shields to St. Servan." If that paragraph were the sole account of Letocq's death it would be a very difficult matter to tell how and where he died, unless one chose to believe that he died twice—once by drowning, and once at the point of a Zulu's spear.

It is said to be a belief in Norway that wolves are frightened away by telegraph poles. Inasmuch, however, as wolves are not a source of trouble in this city, the fact that they are frightened by these objects will furnish no reason why the wires here should not be put under-ground. It seems absurd, under the circumstances, to keep the town full of wolf frighteners.

Philadelphia society, it is reported, is at present addicted to what is called the "progressive luncheon." Four persons sit at a table, and at the end of each course change places, each person moving one seat to the left. It will at once be seen that during an eight-course luncheon a person makes the round of the table twice, a twelve-course luncheon, three times, a sixteen-course luncheon, four times, and so on. The recommendations of the new custom are its unexciting method and its perfect harmlessness.

A white gorilla has been added to the collection of the Royal Aquarium at Westminster. It is three or four years old, the *St. James's Gazette* reports, and twenty-six inches in height. It seems to be white principally because it is bald, its body, arms, and legs being almost free from hair. It has no tail—another indication, perhaps, that it is a "link" which is getting along. It is "very gentle and affectionate," says the report, "clasping its keeper round the neck and kissing him like a child. It drinks from a tumbler, and has a most intelligent manner. It is housed in a large, handsome cage or chamber, with an entire glass front." Plainly the white gorilla is a creature that should make the acquaintance of Mr. Crowley, of Central Park. That intelligent chimpanzee has habits very much like his, and would no doubt extend a warm welcome to one whose gifts so nearly resemble his own.

A report concerning Florida and Mediterranean oranges says that "several years ago the Florida fruit was soft and risky to handle, but it has since grown almost as hard as the best Mediterranean product." The report must have been compiled before the late weather which sent the Florida thermometers well down toward zero. If it had been written since, it would not have spoken of Florida oranges as having grown "almost as hard" as those from the Mediterranean. It is sorrowfully known in Florida that they have grown much harder this winter, and that the great freeze left them hanging like stones upon the trees.

The "silk-tailed chatterer" is the name of a bird which the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says has lately reappeared at a number of places in middle Germany after an absence of more than thirty years. He is welcomed by the old and by persons of middle age, who remember and have missed him, and the poets also gratefully appreciate his return, bearing as he does a name with which literature may be decorated.

A complicated and unsatisfactory way to wind a clock has been discovered in Brussels. Sunlight falling upon a small shaft causes an up-draught of air which sets in motion a fan, which starts some machinery which pulls up the clock weight. When the sky is overcast no heat falls upon the shaft, no current is created, the fan is not stirred, the machinery remains at rest, the weights lie idle, and the clock does not go.

At a health resort in England they steep seaweed for an hour in boiling water, and then cooling the water slightly, admit the bather, who remains in twenty minutes, and comes out, it is alleged, greatly strengthened and refreshed.

Little French boys have recently been supplied with a fine article in torpedoes. It is about as big as a thimble, and so powerful that it will blow quite a hole out of pretty compact earth. The boys were perfectly contented, but no rose is without its thorn. The police have seized all existing torpedoes of this sort, and forbidden their manufacture. They are stigmatized by the authorities as dangerous to life and limb.

An Indian mound containing lance heads, knives, mortars, pestles, etc., all of stone, has been laid open by workmen who are grading a street in San Francisco.

What a standing the Roman historian Pliny would have had in Pike County, Pennsylvania, if he had lived in that century! One of his remarks, in the course of a discussion of elephants, is to the effect that "African elephants, assembling in troops of fours and fives, and interlacing legs and trunks, commit themselves to the waves, and float over to the finer pastures of Arabia."

The change seems imminent which will permit the soldiers of the French army to wear beards. The agitation for the abolition of the martial scalp-locks which have long distinguished the German army appears to have worn itself out.

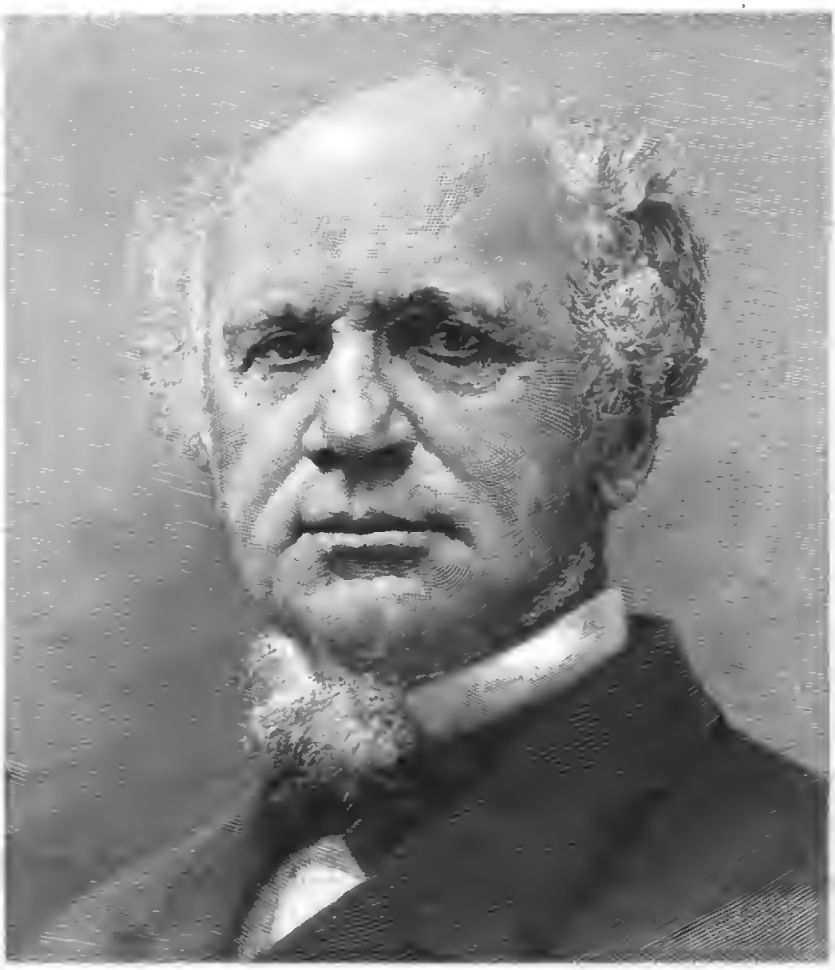
A young lady of Buffalo who has a camera that she knows how to employ very skilfully is in great demand at lunch parties, and has photographed many pleasant groups most successfully, but she has never been able to photograph the pickles, it is said, because her camera is not worked by the instantaneous method.

If it is true, as alleged, that a naturalist has lately discovered that the individual bee works only three hours a day, it is likely that the ant will have a double burden to support as the ever presentable model of industry. Bees truly work continuously from sunrise to sunset, but the naturalist referred to says that they are different bees. One squad relieves another at three-hour intervals during daylight, and the whole lot rests absolutely during the hours of darkness. The ant will do to fall back upon for a time, and when science shows that he is no longer feasible, there is the car-driver. He will bless the day when it can truly be said that the bee works only three hours in the twenty-four, and that he is busy as a bee, and no busier.

*THAT NOBLE ANIMAL, THE BRITISH LION, LOOSE IN LONDON.*

## HORATIO SEYMOUR.

HORATIO SEYMOUR was born in the town of Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, on the 31st of May, 1810, his father being a leading man in that section. The family moved to Utica when he was nine years of age, and he was sent to the academies of Oxford and Geneva. Being of delicate health, his father sent him to a military school at Middletown, Connecticut, where he gained in strength and made rapid progress. On leaving school he entered a law office in Utica, and in 1832 was admitted to the bar. About the same time he married MARY BLANCHARD, an accomplished young lady of Albany. Before he had made much progress in his profession his father died, and he henceforth devoted himself to the care of a considerable estate, and indulged his taste for public affairs. He was appointed on the military staff of Governor MARCY in 1833, and served in that position six years. In 1841 he was elected to the Assembly, and took a conspicuous part in the session of the Legislature that followed. On returning home he was elected Mayor of Utica. He served in the Assembly again in 1844 and 1845, and in the latter year was chosen Speaker. The division in the Democratic party which followed left him in private life until 1850, when he was a candidate for Governor, and though his party was regarded as in a hopeless minority at that time, he came within 262 votes of election. Two years later, when there was a Free-soil candidate in the field, he was elected by a large plurality. During his term he vetoed a liquor prohibition bill, and was defeated for re-election in 1854 by a Prohibition candidate—nominations being also made by the Free-soilers and the Know Nothings. His only part in politics for the next few years was as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1856, where he favored the renomination of PIERCE. He was offered a foreign mission by BUCHANAN, but declined it. In 1862 he was the Democratic nominee for Governor of New York against General JAMES S. WADSWORTH, and made a personal canvass of the State. He was elected by a majority of 10,752. Although he had sympathized with the South in the contest that preceded the war, he declared his purpose to stand firmly by the government in its effort to maintain the Union. He was zealous in forwarding troops, and on the occasion of the draft riots in New York city, took personal charge of the situation, and effectually put down the disturbance in ten days. Mr SEYMOUR presided over the National Convention which nominated General MCCLELLAN in 1864. He was again called to preside over the Democratic Convention in 1868, which was held in New York city, when the nomination for President was offered to himself. He at first declined, announcing from the platform of the Convention that he could not be the candidate of the party, but was prevailed upon to accept. After his defeat of that year he firmly declined to re-enter public life, and positively refused the nomination for Governor of New York in 1876. For many years he had lived in retirement at Deerfield, taking a lively interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the country, and often appearing publicly to advocate some cause that he had at heart. He was warmly interested in the canal system of the State of New York, and was one of the strongest advocates of the policy of making the Erie Canal free of tolls. His public addresses and published papers cover a great variety of subjects.



HORATIO SEYMOUR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURZ.

THE PROPOSED EXTENSION OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—DRAWN BY C. J. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 126.]

CARDINAL JAMES GIBBONS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL BERGANS, BALTIMORE.

## THE NEW AMERICAN CARDINAL.

THE appointment of Archbishop JAMES GIBBONS, of Baltimore, to the cardinalate has given much satisfaction to the Roman Catholics of the United States. This high honor is now associated with the oldest of the American sees, that of Baltimore—an arrangement which seems to the secular mind to be entirely fitting. Some of the Archbishop's personal friends speak of his qualifications for his new position with great enthusiasm, and refer to the days of his student life as giving signs of unusual promise. Certainly older prelates have been passed over, and the fact is assurance that Archbishop GIBBONS owes his promotion to the impression he has made of uncommon merit.

For one thing, the Archbishop is an American. He was born in Baltimore, July 23, 1834, and was educated chiefly in Maryland. His classical studies were pursued in St. Charles College, Howard County, from which he graduated in 1857. He studied theology in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and was ordained and made pastor of St. Bridget's Church, in that city, June, 1861. His rise in the hierarchy was rapid, for in 1866 he was made Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Doubtless he owed much to the friendship of Archbishop SPALDING, with whom he was closely associated. At the second plenary Council, held in Baltimore, he held an important official position, and over the recent third plenary Council he presided as the delegate of the Pope. Before becoming Archbishop he was Bishop of Richmond, succeeding to that diocese in 1872. In 1877 he succeeded Archbishop BAYLEY in the see of Baltimore.

The duties of the Cardinal will not, as such, be very burdensome. The cardinals are the Pope's advisers, and in order to perform that function should reside in Rome. A dispensation from the obligation of residence was granted to Cardinal MCCLOSKEY, and will without doubt be granted to his successor. Even in the event of the election of a new Pope it would not be practicable for an American cardinal to participate, the members of the Sacred College living in Rome would meet and fill the vacancy with the least possible delay. The cardinalate in the United States is an honor, and very little more. Inasmuch, however, as every cardinal is connected with some local church of Rome, which gives him his title, it will be necessary for Archbishop GIBBONS to visit that city. The cap and other insignia of office may be forwarded to him here by some one deputed for that purpose, as in the case of Cardinal MCCLOSKEY.

Archbishop GIBBONS is best known to the reading public by his book entitled *Faith of our Fathers*, which has passed through eleven editions. He is described by one of his friends as a progressive man, in favor of giving the priests a share in the election of bishops, and the laity a voice in the management of the Church's temporal affairs. If the last statement be correct, he is very progressive. The participation of the lower orders of the clergy in the selection of bishops has been mooted in the plenary Councils, but nothing in relation to it has been determined, so far as the general public is informed. The proposal that the laity should have a larger share in the administration of the Church's temporalities runs counter to Catholic policy, but what may be done here in America time only can show.

The new Cardinal will be the honorary head of a Church of twelve Archbishops, sixty two bishops, and seven thousand two hundred and ninety-six priests, and of a Catholic population of seven millions.

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## THE BRIDGE EXTENSION.

AFTER a great deal of opposition, naturally excited by the objection of a wealthy gentleman to the construction of an unsightly mass of iron-work immediately in front of his handsome building, the bill allowing the trustees of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge to extend the New York approach to that structure across Chatham and Centre streets to the City Hall Park has passed the Legislature and received the signature of the Governor. Work will doubtless be begun at once, and in the course of a few months the extension, just as illustrated in this issue, will have become a thing completed. The compromise effected with Mr OSWALD OTTENDORFER, who for so long strenuously opposed the work, forbids the construction of any roof over the new approach, which in the winter time will be found to be an extremely airy and at times a very sloppy promenade. In spite of these drawbacks, however, it cannot but be a decided improvement upon the route, through mud puddles and between the legs of horses, which people living north of Park Row are now compelled to take in reaching the entrance to the great bridge.

To fully appreciate the importance of this addition to the bridge, however, one has but to look at the cramped and imperfect terminal or switch facilities for the bridge cars as at present existing. It will be noticed by a glance at the picture that the new structure will furnish switching room for the cars throughout its length from where the tracks now end on the bridge to a point on the east side of Centre Street. By this additional track room, it is said, the passenger capacity of the trains will be nearly if not quite doubled. Instead of, as now, transporting seven thousand people an hour during the busy hours of the morning and evening, the trains, increased in length, will carry between ten and fourteen thousand persons hourly over the great span.

The double stairway to the new approach will be just at the east side of the Hall of Records, and will lead to a foot-bridge sixteen feet wide, and about the same number of feet distant from the ground, extending across Centre Street. This portion of the new approach has been designed by the architect of Mr OTTENDORFER, and is more decorative in its aspect than the remainder of the structure which spans Chatham Street, and which was designed by the bridge engineers. Both portions will, however, be made of steel, and if painted alike, the difference between the unpretending half built by the prosaic bridge engineers and the ornamental half composed by Mr OTTENDORFER will not be any more painfully apparent than the difference, for instance, between the Tweed Court-house and the beautiful extension to it on the south. The new approach will, at all events, be quite as architecturally harmonious as the several portions of the other elevated railroad structures in which the city rejoices. The width of the extension where it crosses Chatham Street will, of course, be considerably greater than the Centre Street span, in order to accommodate the necessary car tracks. There will be but two sets of columns or supports, one at the Chatham Street curb, and one in the angle where Chatham and Centre streets diverge. To accommodate the structure the southeasterly corner of the City Hall elevated station will have to be removed.

## THE CHINESE CIVIL SERVICE SYSTEM.

THE Chinese civil service is the most remarkable invention of a wonderful people. It covers the whole immense empire. It supplies the place of a national education law, and stimulates every active intellect to laborious study. Every Chinese father hopes that his son may prove a successful student, may pass two at least of the public examinations, and become at last a public official. For this he prays, sacrifices, consults the soothsayers, the geomancers, and the fates. The birth of a son is hailed in China with loud rejoicings; for the son, in the civil service system, may become one of the ruling aristocracy, and bring to his family distinction and wealth.

The education of the young Chinese is therefore carefully provided for. Until seven or eight years old he plays in the streets unchecked. His father, "the venerable severe one," watches over him tenderly. He is sent to school, learns his letters, and then begins to commit by ear the moral lessons of Mencius and Confucius. He learns from the "Four Books" that man is born good, but that the world is evil. He begins to write and handle carefully his camel's-hair brush and ink. From nine in the morning until six in the evening the school-boys hum their lessons, and the din of a Chinese school room is said to be intolerable. The student next practises composition, and prepares himself for that rapid writing so prized by the Eastern races.

He then presents himself for the first of the three state examinations. His name, description, and appearance are entered in a register. The examinations are held twice in every year before an officer of high rank in the prefectural cities. The candidates fill the city; they assemble at dawn in the public hall. Each student is searched lest he may have some concealed volume with him. Themes are given out for two prize essays and a poem. The papers are handed in, the candidates disperse. The list of the successful is published a few days after. With unbounded joy the Chinese youth finds himself endowed with his first literary degree. He is now a government official, wears an official dress, and a gilt button. He may obtain a clerkship by influence or purchase, or he may prepare himself for the second examination, the opening to still higher promotion in the state.

For this he prepares himself by intense labor. He studies chiefly the "Five Canons"—books of the earlier centuries. But he reads all the history and literature of the past. China abounds in these earnest students, who in poverty and ceaseless labor pass their lives, cheered only by the hope of grasping the glittering prizes held out by the civil service system. They are the office-seekers of China; but they make their way by delving amidst the richest stores of the national literature, and filling their minds with its history, philosophy, and poetry.

At length the examination day draws near. It comes every three years. An official, the Grand Examiner, is sent from Peking to hold it in the provincial capital. The examiner is sealed up in his house, lest the friends of the students may influence him improperly; the examination must be perfectly impartial. A crowd of students appear in the examination halls, and are shut up separately in its cells; food and writing materials are given them, the Grand Examiner closes the gates and is imprisoned with them. Themes are given out in prose and verse, and for three days the weary brains toil incessantly. Twelve thousand students, it is said, were gathered recently at one of these intellectual contests. Some go mad, some die. Even the Grand Examiner has been known to become a raging madman. Three times the struggle is renewed, of three days each. The papers are then handed in, the candidates go to their homes, and await in deep suspense the last decision. A list of the successful ones is posted up, an immense crowd gathers, and joy fills the homes of those who have triumphed in the literary tournament.

The last examination is held at Peking once every three years. The graduates of the second now hasten to the third. They come to the capital from every part of the immense empire; their heavy expenses are paid by borrowing, by the aid of friends, or often by the sale of their own jewelry and dress. Eight or nine thousand of the best intellects of China appear at the examination. It is held in three sittings of three days each. It is apparently impartial. Three candidates take the highest rank among the successful. Their names are famous over the empire; their fortunes are secured. The highest offices are reserved for them. The other successful students receive appointments in the different departments. They are the future mandarins and high officials to whom falls the administration of the affairs of the empire.

The Chinese civil service system has outlived the political changes of more than two thousand years. The examinations have gone on regularly, the changes of dynasties and rulers have never checked the course of study. The literary class has always ruled. The whole people are welded together by this unceasing system of study. The defects and advantages of the Chinese civil service are easily discovered. But its morality and its antiquity cannot be questioned. Europe and America in their competitive examinations sit at the feet of China. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## "WHO SHOULD GO WEST."

A CORRESPONDENT, who thinks that Mr Theodore Roosevelt's article in a recent number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is liable to be misconstrued, writes us as follows:

"The question arises, What does he mean by the *West*? Those who have travelled west will readily perceive that he mainly refers to the mining and stock-raising districts; but to the majority the article will be misleading, and to a large class who ought to 'go West' it will be discouraging. Having travelled considerably in that territory, and been a resident there a few years, I would like to correct impressions that are made by certain points in Mr Roosevelt's article, although I sympathize with his intention to warn young men of the disappointment which awaits the expectations many of them have of sudden fortunes in the far West. It is in regard to the agricultural Dakota—the Red and James River valleys—to which Mr Roosevelt refers that I particularly object to his views as they will be understood. In all the world's pioneering there has probably never been a larger proportion of the immigrants people of higher education and culture than those who have settled Dakota, owing, perhaps, mainly to the railway facilities for getting there, and the anticipated ease of producing golden harvests.

"Mr Roosevelt is right in saying 'A new country calls for the existence of all the robuster and virile virtues on the part of those who would live therein, but that the craftsman or plodding farmer is more likely to succeed in it than brains and faculty cultured in the schools is disproven by many facts.' The plains of the great West have revolutionized farming, and brains and machinery are largely superseding brains and brawn. Large numbers of merchants, clerks, college professors, disabled clergymen, and business men of every class are prosperous in wheat growing and general farming, as well as in business on very small capital to begin with, as honest endeavor and ability can always command capital, and Dakota lands, of which all settlers possess themselves, furnish excellent securities. There are hundreds of penniless teachers of both sexes cultivating homesteads and tree claims in the neighborhood of their schools, thus securing homes and property they never could obtain in the East. Besides the teachers, there are many other women who serve their neighbors in any honorable capacity while cultivating their lands, and are becoming objects of interest to the adjacent young man.

"I would not advise every young man or young woman to go West, for some are constitutionally lacking in courage and the faculty to 'get on' anywhere; but to those having good sense, education, character for thrift and pluck, and no certain prospects before them, I would say, You can certainly thrive West. Don't expect too much at first, but patiently work and wait. If your faculties are not the sharpest, whet them by experience and observation, and take lessons from your neighbors."


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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

(No. 430)

## FOR MARCH, 1886.

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Frontispiece Illustration for "Cape Breton Folk"). From a Drawing by A. B. FROST;

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A Description of Krupp's Gun-making Establishment at Essen. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated;

**She Stoops to Conquer.**
Beginning of Act IV. With Four Illustrations by E. A. ABBEY;

**Portrait of Constance Fenimore Woolson.**
Full-page Plate Engraving.

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By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.
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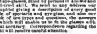

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1523.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, February 27, 1886.

## THE PAN-ELECTRIC AFFAIR.

THE right or wrong of the Bell patent has nothing whatever to do with the scandal of the Pan-electric speculation, nor ought the fact that the two Democratic journals, the *World* and the *Sun*, which emphasize the scandal, are not especially friendly to the Administration, affect the view to be taken of the situation. The case is simple. There were two telephone patents, one of which, that of Rogers, was worthless, while the Bell was enormously valuable. Apparently the only chance to give value to the Rogers invention was to question the validity of the Bell patent, and to do this some action of the government was desirable. Thereupon Rogers assigns, not to capitalists and business men, but to certain members of Congress and influential politicians—all apparently Democrats—an interest in the patent. This was a gift, and a gift for a purpose. These persons in turn assign their interest to the Pan-electric Company, receiving in return stock which was paid for by the assignment. The stock had then no value. But it would require value if the Bell patents could be invalidated. Meanwhile a Democratic Administration comes into power. The President, in total ignorance of the telephone transaction, calls several of the persons interested to high office, and one of them, a Senator, who had received the stock under these circumstances, to the cabinet as Attorney-General.

The Attorney-General is presently asked by the promoters of the company to begin a suit to test the validity of the Bell patent. He declines to do so because of his ownership of the stock, and soon leaves Washington for an absence of some time in Arkansas, without mentioning the application or leaving directions that the office must not do what he had declined to do. Upon his departure the managers apply to the Solicitor-General, a subordinate officer in the Attorney-General's office, who immediately authorizes the suit. The circumstances are made public, and the fact is brought to the attention of the President that a suit to give value to the Rogers patent has been instituted in the Attorney-General's office, the Attorney-General himself holding an interest in the patent which has cost him nothing, under the circumstances mentioned, and which by the success of this suit would become immensely valuable. The President points out to the Solicitor-General that he has not followed the usual procedure in such cases, which is to refer the matter for consideration to the department from which the patent issues. The Solicitor-General revokes his decision, the matter is referred to the Interior Department, and the Secretary of the Interior upon consideration authorizes the suit to be brought. It must be urged by the law department of the government, and the head of that department holds a very great pecuniary interest in the result.

The discredit of such a situation to the Administration is certainly obvious. It is not often that we agree with the *Sun* in its views of public affairs and public men. But nothing is truer than its remark that if after his entreaty while Speaker to be let in upon the ground floor of a speculation, and his avowed perception of the channels in which he could be useful to it, Mr. Blaine had been elected President, and the Attorney-General of his Administration had been involved, however innocently, in such a situation as we have described, the effect upon his Administration and the Republican party would have been disastrous to the last degree. It is not necessary to suppose that the Attorney-General entered into the speculation with any improper motive. But members of Congress ought to know why men with speculative ventures offer them great inducements to join an enterprise. It is that they may be useful. Even if public men do not see it at first, there comes a time when they do see it, and they cannot escape the toils too quickly. Why did the Attorney-General decline to institute the suit himself? Why did he not forbid any officer in the department to act upon it? And if he could not do that, why did he not at once relieve himself of all personal interest in the result? It is not the case of a judge who allows his associates to act in cases of property in which he has an actual and not a speculative interest. If the judge has the same kind of interest that the Attorney-General had in the Pan-electric speculation, it is a public scandal if he does not resign. It is a very painful and a very difficult situation for the President. But it would be relieved without implication of anything but imprudence and carelessness by the resignation of the Attorney-General. Whatever the result of the investigation or of the suit, his usefulness in his office is practically gone, and we are glad to see that he promises a frank statement of the whole transaction. But he ought to spare the President the necessity of asking for his resignation. The situation cannot continue without the most serious injury to the Administration.

## JACOB SHARP & CO.

THE extraordinary testimony elicited in the legislative investigation of the circumstances of obtaining the franchise for the Broadway Railroad has naturally attracted universal attention. The daily papers have been full of the details of the evidence of Jacob Sharp and his associates, and the conclusion is irresistible that the testimony is intended to conceal the facts. The investigation has been an encounter of wits between these persons and the counsel of the committee, in which the witnesses have the advantage of alleging want of memory. If they can only agree upon the points to be forgotten, the counsel will not find it easy to obtain the information which is essential for proceedings to vacate the charter. But already a great deal has been accomplished. The witnesses have raised the strongest presumptions against themselves and against other persons, and they have produced a conviction in the public mind, which cannot be easily shaken, that the whole transaction involved bribery and dishonesty to a remarkable degree.

The Broadway Railroad investigation throws a great deal of light upon the enormous corruption possible and familiar in enterprises dependent upon legislative or municipal action. Nobody is surprised by the apparent proof that the Broadway franchise was bought of the aldermen. Nobody was surprised by the thin pretence of mule-buying in the Democratic campaign of 1876, which meant buying votes. Nobody was surprised by the plain insinuation at the notorious Dorsey dinner that Indiana was carried for the Republican candidate in 1880 by "soap," that is, by money. The general feeling in regard to such transactions was that which was expressed by a famous party lobbyist at Albany, "There will be a great deal of money spent in the Legislature this winter, and we had better work to handle it for the good of the party." As politics is held not to be a Sunday-school exercise, the rule of the game is to fight the devil with fire. The other side is sure to buy if it can, so we must bid higher. Those politicians who hold this view and act upon it, as in the Democratic and Republican deals in the city of New York, are most vociferous about regularity and party orthodoxy and fidelity, and most glibly denunciatory of party treachery, betrayal, and recreancy. They are, in fact, the fifth-rib assassins of a party.

In the close division of parties in this country it is not surprising that an enormous number of votes at every important election should be bought outright, and consequently that the results of many of the most important elections do not represent at all the popular preference or will. The "Jake" Sharp railroad transaction illustrates the situation. The agents of the people sell out the people. It is notorious, but the public merely shrugs its shoulders and smiles, and the lawyers who profit by the swindle, if any there be, are thought to be mighty sharp fellows. Now it is a suggestive fact that if there be a serious protest against this business, if members of a party decline to support the party when it falls under the control of experts in this art, and demand a better reason for following a corrupt leadership than that the other crowd is equally corrupt, the protest is derided with one accord as goody-goody, Pharisaic, super-celestial, sore-headed, and absurd. The very men who, under plea of supporting a party, sell out the rights of white citizens of New York, ask in an edifying tone of deep grief or fine indignation whether it is not better to uphold them than to risk the rights of colored citizens in Mississippi. The men who carried Indiana by soap wronged the honest voters of the State as much as those who slipped tissue ballots into the boxes wronged honest voters in South Carolina. If it is all right for a National Committee to buy a national election, why is it all wrong for Jacob Sharp and his associates to buy a municipal franchise? Sharp merely applies a principle which is practically condoned in other similar transactions, and Sharp's course ought to be heartily approved by those who think that the demand for decency and honesty in politics is a hypocritical pretence of superior holiness. Mr. Jacob Sharp doesn't believe in "Sunday-school politics," and many of his severest censors have proudly professed the same unbelief, and acted upon it. They have, indeed, "covered their tracks" more or less successfully, and it remains to be seen whether Sharp will be as sharp as they.

## REFORM AT QUARANTINE.

NOT much has been done yet in the Legislature, but the inaction may not be a misfortune. Among the measures which have been proposed, none is more commendable than the proposition to abolish the Quarantine Commission and to pay a salary to the Health-officer. The exact receipts of the office are not stated, but they are known to be enormous. The Health-officer has written to an Albany paper that they are not as large as is generally supposed. But they are so large that physicians in good practice have renounced their practice and resigned to Staten Island to discharge the duties of the office, because a brief term of service would secure them a competency. The large receipts have made the office the most lucrative in the State, and it has become, therefore, a place which is understood to have been heavily "struck" by political managers for the benefit of a party ring. Mr. Platt, one of the Quarantine Commissioners, denies, however, that there has been anything in Quarantine management which seeks or needs concealment. He challenges scrutiny, and as the general impression is widely different from the assertion of Mr. Platt, the facts should be made known by legislative authority.

But even if the rumors and public conviction in regard to jobbery and a ring and large partisan payments at the Health station should be proved to be unfounded, the fact remains that such an office as that of Health officer receiving such immense emoluments tends inevitably to justify the existing belief that it is a centre of corruption. It is a sound principle that the exact lawful amount of the compensation of any public office should be known. The publicity which is now felt to be desirable in all public affairs is nowhere more essential than at this point. It would be a great public benefit if the precise receipts of all offices in the city were known, and reform was never upon a better trail than when it has sought to effect this publicity, and never has reform been more stoutly resisted.

The bill introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Hamilton abolishes the Quarantine Commission and vests the general Quarantine control in the Health-officer, with a salary of $10,000, and two assistants, at $3000 and $2000 respectively, and there is an allowance of $6000 annually for expenses. This arrangement would leave vessels to be disinfected by their owners in a manner satisfactory to the Health-officer. Such a plan is the natural and simple method for the efficient management of Quarantine, while the present system necessarily suggests an ulterior purpose. There is no doubt what that purpose is, and it is prejudicial to the public interest, not only as extravagant in cost, but as prolific of political corruption. The Republican party largely controls the Legislature, and it is responsible for action in this matter. No Republican, of course, needs to be reminded that in the present political situation that party is wisest in its own interest which reforms abuses of every kind.

## THE BLAIR BILL.

THE question in regard to the principle of the Blair bill is not whether every State should rely upon taxing itself for the support of schools, which is not denied, but whether there may not be a situation which justifies an exceptional and temporary modification of that rule by national aid. It is undeniably better that every political community should be in every way and for all purposes self supporting, as in the case of every individual. It is conceded that the truest charity is that which enables a man to help himself. But in exceptional cases temporary outside aid may be essential to that very end. May not a similar situation exist in a community with regard to education? Is the aid of the larger community, the nation, to one of its smaller parts, the State, always to be forbidden? When Chicago was laid waste by fire, the national government, if we remember correctly, authorized the use of public property, tents, and perhaps rations, for temporary relief. Is such relief always to be deprecated? Was the act of Congress of 1862, which distributed public lands to the States for purposes of agricultural education, an injury to the public spirit of those States, or to the cause of education in them?

Of course, even if it should be granted that such assistance under certain circumstances is permissible, it would not follow that the Blair bill is a wise measure and ought to be adopted. But it would be an

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acknowledgment that the granting of such aid may be sometimes wise, and leave us to deal simply with the question whether the situation in the Southern States is such as to justify the aid if properly given. The decision would then rest upon the facts, and they are not easy to ascertain. But the consent of testimony of all kinds of observers and students of the situation seems to point plainly to two conclusions: one that the illiteracy in many parts of the Southern States is so great as to threaten good government, and apparently to excuse, certainly to stimulate, in the interest of civilization and orderly society, high-handed and unlawful proceedings at elections, with results seriously threatening the peace of the country; and second that the limit of taxation for educational and other purposes has been reached in many Southern communities. This situation is due not only to the ruin of long-continued war, but to the complete upheaval and revolution by the war of the industrial and social system of the community. Indeed, the fact seems to be that if ever such aid is reasonable and permissible, it is so in the actual situation of many parts of the Southern States.

The alternative is simply that of leaving the situation to work itself out, under the general principle that it is better to allow every such community to provide for its own education, and that if the national government advances a certain sum, the community will relieve itself of taxation to that amount. But the last is a doubtful argument, because it assumes an indifference to education in the community which could not be trusted to tax itself further to secure the benefits of education. To suppose that such aid would extinguish the desire of self-help is to concede that there is no impulse or wish of self-help, and in that case it becomes a very important question whether it would be wise to leave the situation to become so menacing as to compel local action of the kind desired. The argument for aid in some form, as a measure of practical statesmanship, seems to be very strong.

## HORATIO SEYMOUR.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR happily lived long enough to feel the bitterness of party hostility assuaged, and to receive, beyond the pale of party, ample testimony of the warm regard in which he was universally held as a public-spirited citizen, and in a high sense a public man. He had a genuine State pride as a New-Yorker, and there was no one who had a more comprehensive knowledge of the history and the resources of the State. No man in the Governor's chair since DE WITT CLINTON has done so much to stimulate in New York the qualities in which it is most deficient, a generous and intelligent interest in the State and loyalty to it. He saw how carefully and with what splendid results New England cultivated this feeling, and it was his hope and aim to kindle in New York a smaller sentiment for its great men and its famous places. He was not fond of New England, and probably his feeling was an instinctive protest against the spirit and conviction which successfully withstood the political tendencies with which he was identified. It was in this sense New England which baffled his ambition and prevented him from reaching the Presidency.

MR. SEYMOUR was a man of admirable powers, and he was carefully and thoroughly trusted for public service. But it was his misfortune that he was a Democrat when Democratic success required sophistications of the moral sense. It was the hard fate of ambitious Democrats of the last generation that they must be special pleaders for slavery. The true American, progressive, humane impulse, as events have established beyond question, was in the anti-slavery party, whatever it might be called, and the Democrats were in the opposition to it. The Democrats who supported the Buffalo ticket in 1848 as a body were not anti-slavery men, they were simply avengers of WRIGHT and VAN BUREN. The true Free-soil Democrats, like BRYANT and PRESTON KING, left the party upon the slavery issue and joined the Republicans. Mr. SEYMOUR was a Democratic Hunker, a Democrat of the strictest sect, when the Democratic party was the hope and stay of slavery. During the war he was by far the most powerful leader of his party, and when he was elected Governor of New York in 1862, it was felt that his official action and influence might secure the victory of the Union, or plunge the result of the contest in doubt. It is to his praise that without approving the war or sympathizing with the views of those who conducted it, he discharged his duty in aiding the national authorities. Yet it is not to be denied that his Fourth of July speech in the city of New York in 1863 implied that the government was transcending its powers. It was not, at the time and under the circumstances, a loyal speech. No one who recalls the situation can doubt that it chilled rather than stimulated patriotic ardor for the war, and cheered the Copperhead reaction. Nothing at the moment could have been more disastrous. The riots followed a few days later, and Governor SEYMOUR faithfully co-operated with the national government in quelling them. Obviously, however, if Governor SEYMOUR'S feeling, from the Tweddle Hall speech to the end of the war, had been that of the Northern States, the result of the conflict would have been very different.

These are not things to be forgotten in our estimate of the career of any conspicuous public man of that time, while the sincerity of Governor SEYMOUR'S convictions and of his criticism of the conduct of the war is not to be questioned. It is possible now to be just to the honesty both of political opponents of that period and of enemies in the field. Mr. SEYMOUR'S candidacy for the Presidency in 1868 with General FRANK BLAIR was absolutely hopeless, and his practical retirement from the political arena, except as the counsellor of his party, followed. But during recent years he has taken an unabated interest in public affairs, and his ample and various knowledge and great experience, with his essential public spirit, have made him one of the most influential of citizens. But he was a political philosopher and speculator more than a practical statesman. He had not the executive or administrative genius. He was very popular. His urbanity, his many accomplishments, his personal reminiscences, his familiarity with local interests and annals, were universally charming. The great centennial commemorations on the fields of Oriskany and Saratoga owed much of their success to him; and every patriotic enterprise of the kind in central New York will miss his encouragement and effective aid. He will be remembered as one of the most accomplished Governors of New York, as a strong Democratic partisan leader, a most useful and public-spirited citizen, and a man of the most delightful social qualities.

## A FALSE REPORT.

WE observe a statement in the papers that GOLDWIN SMITH has sold his house in Toronto, and proposes to return to England to reside. The story is told with such detail as to carry an air of probability, but it is wholly untrue. GOLDWIN SMITH did not make his home upon this side of the ocean without due deliberation, and his interests and sympathy are with progressive popular government as it presents itself here. Canada is fortunate in a citizen of such large and personal accomplishment and intelligence, such strong and comprehensive interest in public affairs, and so trained an observer of them. Such qualities, united with eminent literary abilities, necessarily give GOLDWIN SMITH great influence, and the community in which he lives will not regret to know that he does not propose to leave it.

## THE EXECUTIVE CONFLICT.

THE caucus of Republican Senators has decided to urge the Senate to reject nominations made for vacancies by suspension whenever the demand for documents in the case on file in the public departments shall be refused. The right of the Senate to demand such papers seems to us to be incontestable, but it has never been its practice to require them under such circumstances, and it would not make the demand now if the President were not a Democrat.

The only reason to doubt that in this contest the popular sympathy will be with the President lies in the fact that many changes have been made by the heads of departments in various branches of the public service which cannot be satisfactorily explained. It is by the small local appointments in every part of the country that an administration is judged, and the removal of a good officer without evident and adequate reason justly alienates public sympathy.

The conflict is inherent in the Constitution, and as President CLEVELAND is a man of entire sincerity, strong convictions, and inflexible courage, he will not probably abandon his position. If the Senate should reject nominations made to fill vacancies by suspension, the suspended officer would not be restored, and the official duties would be discharged by the officer whom the law designates to discharge them in case of the inability of the superior. We greatly regret the contest, because we have no doubt that public knowledge of the reasons for suspensions and removals would tend to elevate the standard of the public service, and to restrict removals to those for good cause only.

## HIGGINS, THOMAS, AND RASIN.

THE Administration strains to the utmost the confidence of its independent friends in Maryland. HIGGINS and MOSES THOMAS were not such selections as should have been made by a reform Administration, and the choice of Mr. RASIN, who is known only as a political "lieutenant" of Senator GORMAN, is not to be explained as excused to one of the mistakes that any appointing power may make. It is a monstrous outrage for a Senator, who is part of the confirming power, to designate persons to be nominated, and Senator GORMAN as a Senator whose advice upon such subjects should be carefully suspected by an Administration which wishes to prevent the partisan perversion of the public service. Senator GORMAN is at present the most conspicuous representative of the abuses of the civil service upon which the President has declared war, and it is impossible for the President to prosecute the war if he listens to Senator GORMAN.

## DAKOTA.

In speaking of the admission of Dakota, we recently said:

"If a Territory has a reasonably adequate population, and its settlement has taken the permanent forms of American society, if it is evidently a stable community, and not for some sudden and temporary reason a mere encampment of settlers, if the expression of its desire to become a State is an honest expression of free public sentiment, and the only objection really in that it is not as large as some other communities, and the division of the Territory, if it is to be divided, is the evident general desire—there is no sound objection to its admission."

A citizen of the Territory of Dakota asks, "But why divide?" and adds:

"Is it sufficient that a majority of the people would sustain Congress in the act—in fact demand it? Are the alleged interests of that majority paramount to the Federal weal, or what is best for the people of the Union admitting the new sisters? Is the larger interest to be merged into the smaller? Congress is not legislating for Dakota exclusively in this matter, but the nation and its future. It is not the open purpose to increase the number of States that the West or Northwest may gain a larger representation in the Senate. The great West would not audibly approve the doctrine of 'the balance of power.' Every traveller knows that the weakness of our Federal government is the tendency to localization, and every member of the Lower House knows that he must log-roll for his district or suffer the alternative. The Federal feeling is sentimental, the local is practical. Everybody shouts for his State or section, and growls at the larger constituency if it opposes. Theoretically we are a nation, really a confederacy. Is it patriotic to multiply States with a clearer? Is it not statesmanship to leave the Territories as we find them, admitting into the Union as they become qualified? Wasn't that one of the lessons of the war, not to be forgotten in the North before it was learned in the South? Is Dakota to become a precedent for partisan mismanage, short-lived and pernicious? Lastly, can the precedent for this assertion of Territorial rights by a fraction of a Territory."

Undoubtedly, as we said, the admission should not depend upon the balance of party representation in Congress, and undoubtedly, also, it is better for every reason that no Territory should be organized with a view to subsequent division. The whole subject should be considered and decided from the national and not the Territorial point of view. But in any specific case the facts of the situation must be regarded. There now seems reason to doubt whether there has been a satisfactory expression of the wish of the people of the Territory as a whole, and as the bill will be defeated probably in the House, another opportunity is offered for ascertaining whether a majority of the people of the whole Territory wish it to be divided, and if so, whether a majority of those in the proposed State equal to the number required for a Representative in Congress wish to have such a Representative. If this should be so, it would be hard to show, upon general grounds, that the wish should not be respected.

## A RESPECTFUL BUSINESS COMMUNICATION.

A PAPER which is described by its authors as a "respectful business communication" was recently sent to the Commissioner of Pensions from the "Head-quarters of the Union Veteran Army, Department of Massachusetts," protesting against the Board of Examining Surgeons in the district.

The paper respectfully remarks:

"We will direct your attention to the fact that your first attempt to reorganize a badly tarnished board was no outrage upon the medical profession, upon society, and a gross insult to every veteran who served in the war of the rebellion. Some of your appointments were so bad that several second-class physicians, who had little or no practice, refused to serve on the board with them. You retaliated by selecting a fellow who was so much worse that, for the sake of decency, you dismissed him. This very proper vacancy you filled by selecting Dr. ——, a young gentleman who has no claims of whatsoever nature for a place of this kind beyond the fact that he is the 'son of his father.' This young man already held and still holds the position of Assistant City Physician, obtained by the same paternal influence. Next you shift Dr. ——, who, it is reported, did at one time see a little service in the army as an assistant surgeon, to make place for Dr. ——, as it is alleged, for political vindication, after he had been dismissed from the Board of Water Commissioners for inefficiency and want of ordinary business capacity in the administration of a public trust. . . . . We respectfully but earnestly appeal to you as we consider to reconsider your line of policy, which is both vicious and demoralizing to good government, and to constantly bear in mind that there are many worthy ex-army surgeons of ability and character in every community, who should be selected for each Examining Board of Surgeons, and who will be glad to serve you if you will only intimate that you prefer veterans to cheap second-class politicians who have no political following."

The committee express great surprise that so courteous and respectful a communication has received no reply.

## PERSONAL.

THE famous Blind Preacher, Rev. Dr. W. H. MILBURN, now for the third time chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, performs the functions of that office with tact and eloquence. The full rich tones of his voice, the distinctness of his enunciation, and the catholicity of his spirit please his listeners. He visits them at their homes, and is as much appreciated by Catholics as by Protestants. While he is offering daily morning prayer in the House the members remain standing.

—The patriarch of the New York bar, and probably the oldest lawyer in the United States, Mr. JOHN LEYMANNS, who died recently at the age of ninety-four, was in the active practice of his profession until ten years since. Forty years ago, during the Mayoralty of Mr. JAMES HARPER, he was Corporation Counsel. He filled many offices of trust, and was a faithful and able administrator. When a child he took his sister, who died recently at the age of ninety-seven, several blocks away from home in order to show her the funeral pageant of George Washington.

—The late "Doctor" WILLIAM MASON used to say that, having seen a good deal of life, he would stake himself upon the assertion that no man ever says or does a brutal thing when drunk which he would not also say and do when sober, if he dared.

—Some time ago Count d'Alviella, a professor to the University of Brussels, made the grand tour of the United States, England, and India. It now appears, according to his own confession, that he was little short of feeling himself a Unitarian when with Dr. MARTINEAU in England, a Transcendentalist when with THEODORE PARKER at Boston, a believer in the divinity of the Cosmos when with Mr. POTTER at New Bedford, a Humanitarian when with Mr. FELIX ADLER at New York, and a Brahmin when at Calcutta.

—When Mrs. LANGTRY first made her appearance on the stage the London *Times* was the only newspaper of that city to express an unqualified conviction that she would succeed as an artist. Some of her recent performances in that city now lead the critic of the *Academy* to declare that she has developed a great deal more talent than any judge of the theatre would ever have thought her likely to display; in fact, "almost a dramatic instinct." The critic of the London *World* goes still further. "Mrs. LANGTRY made no immense stride, and placed herself, once for all, on the roll of serious actresses."

—ADELINA PATTI sang a new song, called "Darling Mine," in London recently, with extraordinary effect. The author of the song relates that after having tried it over and over again some time ago, she sang it on the morning of the concert four times through, and in the artists' room, before going on the stage, she studied every note and feature as if her fame depended on the performance. She then turned around and asked him, "Bien-vous content?"—are you satisfied? Thus it is that great singers do not trust to luck.

—Mr. E. L. GODKIN, in an essay in the *Nineteenth Century*, says that the American voter listens with extreme impatience to anything which has the air of instruction; that nothing is more fatal to a stump-orator than an air of superior wisdom or any subject; that, if he means to persuade, he has to keep carefully (in outward seeming, at all events) on the same intellectual level as those whom he is addressing, and that orators of a demagogic turn push this caution to its extreme, and often affect ignorance, and boast of the smallness of the educational opportunities enjoyed by them in their youth, and of the extreme difficulty they had in acquiring even the little they know.

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CATTLE IN A BLIZZARD ON THE PLAINS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM A SKETCH BY H. WEMBALL.—[SEE PAGE 173.]

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# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

## CHAPTER XX.

Of all the puzzles which ever confounded a sensible, unselfish girl there can have been scldom one like that which followed Henchard's announcement of himself to Elizabeth as her father. He had done it in an order and an agitation which had half carried the point of affection with her; yet, behold, from the next morning onward his manner was constrained as she had never seen it before.

The coldness soon broke out into open chiding. She was but imperfectly educated, much as she had practised with her book in the solitude of her chamber; and one grievous failing was her occasional use of dialect words—those terrible marks of the beast to the truly genteel.

It was dinner-time—they never met except at meals—and she happened to say when he was rising from table, wishing to show him something, "If you'll hide where you be a minute, father, I'll get it."

"'Hide where you be?'" he echoed, sharply. "Good God! are ye only fit to carry wash to a pig-trough, that ye use such words as those?"

She reddened with shame and sadness. "I meant 'stay where you are,' father," she said, in a low, humble voice. "I ought to have known."

He made no reply, and went out of the room.

The sharp reprimand was not lost upon her, and in time it came to pass that for "fas" she said "succeed"; that she no longer spoke of "dumbledores," but of "humblebees"; no longer said of young men and women that they "walked together," but that they were "engaged"; that she grew to talk of "greggles" as "wild hyacinths"; that when she had not slept she did not usually tell the servants next morning that she had been "hag ridd," but that she had "suffered from indigestion."

These improvements, however, are somewhat in advance of the story. Henchard, being uneducated himself, was the bitterest critic the poor girl could possibly have had of her own deficiencies. A terrible ordeal was in store for her in the matter of her handwriting. She was passing the dining-room door one evening, and had occasion to go in for something. It was not till she had opened the door that she knew the Mayor was there in the company of a man with whom he transacted business.

"Here, Elizabeth Jane," he said, looking round at her, "just write down what I tell you—a few words of an agreement for me and this gentleman to sign. I am a poor hand with a pen."

"He jeered, and so he is," said the gentleman.

Trembling, she brought forward blotting-book, paper, and ink, and sat down.

"Now, then. 'An agreement entered into this sixteenth day of October.' Write that first."

She played with the pen, then started it in an elephantine march across the sheet. It was a round, bold hand of her own conception—a style that would have stamped a woman as Minerva's own in more recent days. But other ideas reigned then. Henchard's creed was that proper young girls wrote ladies' hand, nay, he believed that bristling characters were an innate thing with them, as inseparable a part of refined womanhood as sex itself. Hence when, instead of scribbling, like the Princess Ida,

> "In each a hand as when a field of corn
> Bows all its ears before the roving East,"

Elizabeth Jane produced a line of chain-shot and sand bags, he reddened in angry shame for her, and peremptorily saying, "Never mind; I'll finish it," dismissed her there and then.

Her considerate and willing disposition became a pitfall to her now. Whenever she took upon herself any domestic duty that the servants

"IT IS TRUE," SAID ELIZABETH JANE. "BUT IT WAS ONLY—"

WINTER IN PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. R. Lungren.—[See Page 135.]

could have done—which she often did—he set it down to her faults of breeding. She was, it must be admitted, sometimes provokingly and unnecessarily willing to saddle herself with manual labors. She would go to the kitchen instead of ringing, "Not to make Phœbe come up twice." She went down on her knees, shovel in hand, when the cat overturned the coal-scuttle. Moreover, she would persistently thank the parlor-maid for everything, till one day, as soon as the girl was gone from the room, Henchard broke out with, "Good God! why dostn't leave off thanking that girl as if she were a goddess-born? Damnation! don't I pay her a dozen pound a year to do things for 'ee?" Elizabeth Jane shrank so visibly at the exclamation that he became sorry a few minutes after, and said that he did not mean to be so rough.

These domestic exhibitions were the small protruding needle-rocks which suggested rather than revealed what was underneath. But his passion had less terror for her than his coldness. The increasing frequency of the latter mood told her the sad news that he disliked her with a growing dislike. The more interesting that her appearance and manners became under the softening influences which she could now command, and in her wisdom did command, the more she seemed to estrange him. Sometimes she caught him looking at her with a lowering invidiousness that she could hardly bear. Not knowing his secret, it was a cruel mockery that she should for the first time excite his animosity when she had taken his surname.

But the most terrible ordeal was to come. Elizabeth had latterly been accustomed of an afternoon to take out a cup of cider or ale and bread and cheese to Nance Mockridge, who now worked in the yard, wimbling hay bonds. Nance accepted this offering thankfully at first; afterward as a matter of course. On a day when Henchard was on the premises he saw his step-daughter enter the hay barn on this errand; and, as there was no clear spot on which to deposit the provisions, she at once set to work arranging two trusses of hay as a table, Mockridge meanwhile standing with her hands on her hips, easefully looking at the preparations on her behalf.

"Elizabeth, come here!" said Henchard; and she obeyed.

"Why do you lower yourself so confoundedly?" he said, with suppressed passion. "Haven't I told you o't fifty times? Hey? Making yourself a drudge for a common workwoman of such a character as hers! Why, here your head, ye'll disgrace me to the dust!"

Now these words were uttered loud enough to reach Nance inside the barn door, who fired up immediately at the slur upon her personal character. Coming to the door, she cried, regardless of consequences, "Come to that, Mr. Michael Henchard, I can let 'ee know she's waited on wuss!"

"Then she must have had more charity than sense," said Henchard.

"Oh no, she hadn't. 'Twere not for charity, but for hire; and at a public-house in this town."

"It is not true," cried Henchard, indignantly.

"Just ask her," said Nance, folding her naked arms in such a manner that she could comfortably scratch her elbows.

Henchard glanced at Elizabeth Jane, whose complexion, now pink and white from confinement, lost nearly all of the former color. "What does this mean?" he said to her. "Anything, or nothing?"

"It is true," said Elizabeth Jane. "But it was only—"

"Did you do it, or didn't you? Where was it?"

"At the King of Prussia, one evening for a little while, when we were staying there."

Nance glanced triumphantly at Henchard, and sailed into the barn; for, assuming that she was to be discharged on the instant, she had resolved to make the most of her victory. Henchard, however, said nothing about discharging her. Unduly sensitive on such points by reason of his past, he had the look of one completely ground down to the last indignity. Elizabeth Jane followed him to the house like a culprit; but when she got inside she could not see him. Nor did she see him again that day.

Convinced of the scathing damage to his local repute and position that must have been caused by such a fact, though it had never before reached his own ears, Henchard showed a positive distaste for her presence whenever he encountered her. He mostly dined with the farmers at the market-room of one of the two chief hotels, leaving her in utter solitude. Could he have seen how she made use of those silent hours he might have found reason to reverse his judgment on her low taste. She read and wrote incessantly, mastering facts with painful laboriousness, but never flinching from her self-imposed task. "If I am not respectable, it shall be by no fault of my own," she would say to herself through tears that would occasionally come when she was fairly baffled by the portentous obscurity of many of these educational works.

Thus she lived on, a dumb, deep-feeling, great-eyed creature, in rapport with not a single contiguous thing; quenching with patient fortitude her incipient interest in Farfrae, because it seemed to be one-sided, unmaidenly, and unwise. True that, for reasons best known to herself, she had, since Farfrae's dismissal, shifted her quarters from the back room affording a view of the yard (which she had occupied with such zest) to a front chamber overlooking the street; but as for the young man, whenever he passed the house he seldom or never turned his head.

Winter had almost come, and unsettled weather made her still more dependent upon in-door resources. But there were certain early winter days in Casterbridge—days of Æolian exhaustion which followed angry south-westerly tempests—when, if the sun shone, the air was like velvet. She seized on these days for her periodical visits to the spot where her mother lay buried—the still-used burial-ground of the old Roman-British city, whose curious feature was this its continuity as a place of sepulture. Mrs. Henchard's dust mingled with the dust of women who lay ornamented with glass hair-pins and amber necklaces, and men who held in their mouths coins of Hadrian, Posthumus, and Constantine.

Half past ten in the morning was about her hour for seeking this spot—a time when the promenades were deserted as the avenues of Karnac. Business had long since passed down them into its daily cells, and Leisure had not arrived there. So Elizabeth Jane walked and read, or looked over the edge of the book to think, and thus reached the church-yard.

There, approaching her mother's grave, she saw ahead of her a solitary dark figure, in the centre of the gravel walk. This figure, too, was reading; but not from a book: the words which engrossed it being the inscription on Mrs. Henchard's tombstone. The personage was in mourning like herself, was about her age and size, and might have been her wraith or double, but for the fact that it was a lady much more beautifully dressed than she. Indeed, comparatively indifferent as Elizabeth Jane was to dress, unless for some temporary whim or purpose, her eyes were arrested by the artistic perfection of the lady's appearance. Her gait, too, had a flexuousness about it which seemed to avoid angularity of movement less from choice than from predisposition. It was a revelation to Elizabeth Jane that human beings could reach this stage of external development—she had never suspected it. She felt all the freshness and grace to be stolen from herself on the instant by the neighborhood of such a stranger, leaving her a plain human shell.

Had she been envious she might have hated the woman; but she did not do this—she allowed herself the pleasure of feeling fascinated. She wondered where the lady had come from. The stumpy and practical walk of honest homeliness which mostly prevailed, the two styles of dress thereabout, the simple and the mistaken, equally avouched that this figure was no Casterbridge woman's, even if a book in her hand resembling a guide-book had not also suggested it.

The stranger presently moved from the tombstone of Mrs. Henchard, and vanished behind the corner of the wall. Elizabeth went to the tomb herself; beside it were two foot-prints distinct in the soil, signifying that the lady had stood there a long time. She returned homeward, musing on what she had seen, as she might have mused on a rainbow or the Northern Lights, a rare butterfly or a cameo.

Interesting as things had been out-of-doors, at home it turned out to be one of her bad days. Henchard, whose two years' mayoralty was ending, had been made aware that he was not to be chosen to fill a vacancy in the list of aldermen, and that Farfrae was likely to become one of the council. This caused the unfortunate discovery that she had played the waiting-maid in the town of which he was Mayor to rankle in his mind yet more poisonously. He had learned by personal inquiry at the time that it was to Donald Farfrae—that treacherous upstart—that she had thus humiliated herself. And though Mrs. Stannidge seemed to attach no great importance to the incident, the cheerful souls at the King of Prussia having exhausted its aspects long ago, such was Henchard's haughty spirit that the simple thrifty deed was regarded as little less than a social catastrophe to him.

Ever since the evening of his wife's arrival with her daughter there had been something in the air which had changed his luck. The dinner at the Golden Crown with his friends had been Henchard's Austerlitz; he had had his successes since, but his course had not been upward. He was not to be numbered among the aldermen—that peerage of burghers—as he had expected to be, and the consciousness of this soured him to-day.

"Well, where have you been?" he said to her, with off-hand laconism.

"I've been strolling in the Walks and church-yard, father, till I feel quite leery."

This was just enough to incense Henchard, after the other crosses of the day. "I won't have you talk like that," he thundered; "the lowest in the town don't use such words. One would think you worked upon a farm. One day I learn that you lend a hand in public-houses. Then I hear 'ee talk like a clodhopper. I'm burned, if it goes on, this house can't hold us two."

The only way of getting a single pleasant thought to go to sleep upon after this was by recalling the lady she had seen that day, and hoping she might see her again.

Meanwhile Henchard was sitting up, thinking over his jealous folly in forbidding Farfrae to pay his addresses to this girl, when if he had allowed them to go on he might not have been encumbered with her now. At last he said to himself with some satisfaction, as he jumped up and went to the writing-table, "Ay, he'll think it means peace and a marriage portion—not that I don't want my house to be troubled with her, and no portion at all." He wrote as follows:

"Sir,—On consideration, I don't wish to interfere with your courtship of Elizabeth Jane, if you particularly care for her. I therefore withdraw my objection, excepting in this—that the business be not carried on in my house.

"Yours, M. Henchard.

"Mr. Farfrae."

The morrow, being fairly fine, found Elizabeth Jane again in the church-yard; but while looking for the lady she was startled by the apparition of Farfrae, who passed outside the gate. He glanced up for a moment from a pocket-book in which he appeared to be making figures as he went. Whether or not he saw her, he took no notice, and disappeared.

Unduly sensitive to her disgrace, she thought he probably scorned her, and quite broken in spirit, sat down on a bench. She fell into painful thought on her position, which ended with her saying, quite loud, "Why should I be called low, when my lowness is of other people's making? Oh, I wish I was dead with dear mother!"

Behind the bench was a little promenade under the wall, where people sometimes walked instead of on the gravel. The bench seemed to be touched by something; she looked round, and a face was bending over her, veiled, but still distinct—the face of the young woman she had seen yesterday.

Elizabeth Jane looked confounded for a moment, knowing she had been overheard, though there was pleasure in her confusion.

"Yes, I heard you," said the lady, in a vivacious voice, answering her look. "What can have happened?"

"I don't—I can't tell you," said Elizabeth Jane, putting her hand to her face to hide a quick flush that had come.

There was no movement or word for a few seconds; then the girl felt that the lady was sitting down beside her.

"I guess how it is with you," said the latter. "That was your mother." She waved her hand toward the tombstone. Elizabeth looked up at her as if inquiring of herself whether there should be confidence. The lady's manner was so desirous, so anxious, that the girl decided there should be confidence. "It was my mother," she said, "my only friend."

"But your father, Mr. Henchard. He is living?"

"Yes, he is living," said Elizabeth Jane.

"Is he not kind to you?"

"I've no wish to complain of him."

"There has been a disagreement?"

"A little."

"Perhaps you were to blame," suggested the stranger.

"I was—in many ways," sighed the meek Elizabeth Jane. "I swept up the coals when the servant ought to have done it; and I said I was leery; and it's low, he says, and was angry with me."

The lady seemed to warm toward her for that reply. "Do you know the impression your words give me?" she said, ingenuously—"that he is a hot-tempered man, a little proud, perhaps ambitious, but not a bad man." Her anxiety not to condemn Henchard, while siding with Elizabeth Jane, was curious.

"Oh no; certainly not *bad*," agreed the honest girl. "And he has not even been unkind to me till lately—since mother died. But it has been very much to bear while it has lasted. All is owing to my defects, I dare say; and my defects are owing to my history."

"What is your history?"

Elizabeth Jane looked wistfully at her questioner, found that her questioner was looking at her, turned her eyes down, and then seemed compelled to look back again. "My history is not gay nor genteel," she said. "And yet I can tell it if you really want to know."

The lady assured her that she did want to know, whereupon Elizabeth Jane told the tale of her life as she understood it, which was in general the true one, except that the sale at the fair had no part therein.

Contrary to the girl's expectation, her new friend was not shocked. This cheered her, and it was not till she thought of returning to that home in which she had been treated so roughly of late that her spirits fell.

"I don't know how to return," she murmured. "I think of going away. But what can I do? Where can I go?"

"Perhaps it will be better soon," said her friend, gently. "So I would not go far. Now what do you think of this? I shall soon want somebody to live in my house, partly as housekeeper, partly as companion; would you mind coming to me? But perhaps—"

"Oh yes!" cried Elizabeth Jane, with tears in her eyes. "I would indeed—I would do anything to be independent, for then perhaps my father might get to love me. But, ah!—"

"What?"

"I am no scholar; and a companion to you, dear madam, must be a scholar."

"Oh, not necessarily."

"Not? Will it do if one can't help and talk the up-country way? It makes me sorry, but I can't help using work-folk words sometimes when I don't mean to."

"Never mind. I shall like to know them."

"And—oh, I know I sha'n't do," she cried, with a distressful laugh. "I can't write ladies'-hand. And of course you want some one who can do that?"

"Well, no."

"What! not necessary to write ladies'-hand?" cried the joyous Elizabeth Jane.

"Not at all."

"But where do you live, ma'am?"

"In Casterbridge, or rather I shall be living here after twelve o'clock to-day."

Elizabeth Jane expressed her astonishment.

"I have been staying at Budmouth for a few days while my house was getting ready. The house I am going into is that one they call High Street Hall—the old stone one overlooking the Market. Two or three rooms are fit for occupation, though not all; I sleep there to-night for the first time. Now will you think over my proposal, and meet me here the first fine day next week, and say if you are still in the same mind?"

Elizabeth, her eyes shining at this prospect of a change from an unbearable position, joyfully assented, and the two parted at the gate of the church-yard.

## CHAPTER XXI.

As an every-day maxim glibly repeated from childhood remains practically unmarked till some mature experience enforces it, so did this High Street Hall now for the first time really show itself to Elizabeth Jane, though her eyes had glanced over it on a hundred occasions.

Her mind dwelt upon nothing else but the lady, and the house, and her own chance of living there, all the rest of the day. In the afternoon she had occasion to pay a few bills in the town and do a little shopping, when she learned that what was a new discovery to herself had become a common topic about the streets. High Street Hall was undergoing repair; a lady was coming there to live shortly; all the shop people knew it, and had already discounted the chance of her being a customer.

Elizabeth Jane could, however, add a capping touch to information so new to her in the bulk. The lady, she said, had arrived that day.

When the lamps were lighted, and it was yet not so dark as to render chimneys, attics, and roofs invisible, Elizabeth Jane, almost with a lover's feeling, thought she would like to look at the outside of High Street Hall. She went up the street in that direction.

The Hall, with its gray *façade* and parapet, was the only residence of its sort so near the centre of the town. It had, in the first place, the characteristics of a country mansion—rooks' nests in its chimneys, damp nooks where fungi grew, and irregularities of surface from nature's trowel. At night the forms of passengers were patterned by the lamps in black shadows upon the pale walls.

This evening motes of straw lay around, and other signs of the premises having been in that lawless condition which accompanies the entry of a new tenant. The house was entirely of stone, and formed an example of dignity without great size. It was not altogether aristocratic, still less consequential, yet the old-fashioned stranger instinctively said, "Blood built it, and Wealth enjoys it," however vague his opinions of those accessories might be.

Yet as regards the enjoying it, the stranger would have been wrong, for until this very evening, when the new lady had arrived, the house had been empty for a year or two, while before that interval its occupancy had been irregular. The reason of its unpopularity was soon made manifest. Its rooms overlooked the market-place, and the market-place only; and such a prospect from such a house was not considered desirable or seemly by its would-be occupiers.

Elizabeth's eyes sought the upper rooms, and saw lights there. The lady had obviously arrived. The impression that this woman of comparatively practised manner had made upon the simple girl's mind was so deep that she enjoyed standing under an opposite archway merely to think that the charming lady was inside the confronting walls, and to wonder what she was doing. Her admiration for the architecture of that front was entirely on account of the inmate it screened. Though for that matter the architecture deserved admiration, or at least study, on its own account. It was Palladian, and, like all architecture erected since the Gothic age, was a compilation rather than a design. But its reasonableness made it impressive. It was not rich, but rich enough. A timely consciousness of the ultimate vanity of human architecture, no less than of other human things, had prevented artistic superfluity.

Men had till quite recently been going in and out with parcels and packing-cases, rendering the door and hall within like a public thoroughfare. Elizabeth Jane trotted through the open door in the dusk, but becoming alarmed at her own temerity, she went quickly out again by another which stood open in the lofty wall of the back court. To her surprise she found herself in one of the little-used blind alleys of the town. Looking round at the door which had given her egress, by the light of the solitary lamp fixed in the alley, she saw that it was arched and old—older even than the house itself. The door was studded, and the key-stone of the arch was a mask. Originally the mask had exhibited a comic leer, as could still be discerned; but generations of Casterbridge boys had thrown stones at the mask, aiming at its open mouth; and the blows thereof had chipped off the lips and jaws as if they had been eaten away by disease. The appearance was so ghastly by the weakly lamp-glimmer that she could not bear to look at it—the first unpleasant feature of her visit.

The position of the queer old door and the odd presence of the leering mask suggested one thing above all others as appertaining to the mansion's past history—intrigue. By the alley it had been possible to come unseen from all sorts of quarters in the town—the old play-house, the old bull-stake, the old cock-pit, the barracks, the pool, wherein nameless infants had been used to disappear. High Street Hall had had its conveniences undoubtedly.

She turned to come away in the nearest direction homeward, which was up the alley, but hearing footsteps approaching in that quarter, and having no great wish to be found in such a place at such a time, she quickly retreated. There being no other way out, she stood behind a brick pier till the intruder should have gone his ways.

Had she watched she would have been surprised. She would have seen that the pedestrian on coming up made straight for the arched doorway; that as he paused with his hand upon the latch the lamp-light fell upon the face of Henchard.

But Elizabeth Jane clung so closely to her nook that she discerned nothing of this. Henchard passed in as ignorant of her presence as she was ignorant of his identity, and disappeared in the darkness. Elizabeth Jane came out a second time into the alley, and made the best of her way home.

Henchard's chiding, by begetting in her a

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nervous fear of doing anything definite as unladylike or low, had operated thus curiously in keeping them unknown to each other at a critical moment. Much might have resulted from recognition—at the least a query on either side in one and the self-same form: What could he or she possibly be doing there?

Henchard, whatever his business at the lady's house, reached his own home only a few minutes later than Elizabeth Jane. Her plan was to broach the question of leaving his roof this evening; the events of the day had urged her to the course. But its execution depended upon his mood, and she anxiously awaited his manner toward her. She found that it had changed. He showed no further tendency to be angry at her homeliness or her speech; he showed something worse. Absolute indifference had taken the place of irritability; and his coldness was such that it encouraged her to departure, even more than bad temper could have done.

"Father, have you any objection to my going away?" she asked.

"Going away? No—none whatever. Where are you going?"

She thought it undesirable and unnecessary to say anything at present about her destination to one who took so little interest in her. He would know that soon enough. "I have heard of an opportunity of getting more cultivated and respectable," she answered, with hesitation. "A chance of a place in a household where I can earn my living, and have advantages of study, and seeing refined life."

"Then make the best of it, in Heaven's name—if you can't get respectable where you are."

"You don't object?"

"Object—I? Ho—no! Not at all." After a pause he said: "But you won't have enough money for this respectable scheme without help, you know. If you like, I should be willing to make 'ee an allowance, so that you be not bound to live upon the starvation wages refined folk are likely to pay 'ee."

She thanked him for this offer.

"It had better be done properly," he added, after a pause. "A small annuity is what I should like 'ee to have, so as to be independent of me, and so that I may be independent of you. Would that please ye?"

"Certainly."

"Then I'll see about it this very day." He seemed relieved to get her off his hands by this arrangement, and as far as they were concerned the matter was settled. She now simply waited to see the lady again.

The day and the hour came, but a drizzling rain fell. Elizabeth Jane, having now changed her orbit from one of gay independence to laborious self-help, thought the weather good enough for such declined glory as hers, if her friend would only face it—a matter of doubt. She went to the boot-room, where her pattens had hung ever since her apotheosis; took them down, had their mildewed leathers blacked, and put them on as she had done in old times. Thus mounted, and with cloak and umbrella, she went off to the place of appointment, intending, if the lady were not there, to call at the house.

One side of the church-yard—the side toward the weather—was sheltered by an ancient thatched mud wall, whose eaves overhung as much as one or two feet. At the back of the wall was a corn-field, with its granary and barns—the place wherein she had met Farfrae many months earlier. Under the projection of the thatch she saw a figure. The lady had come.

Her presence so exceptionally substantiated the girl's utmost hopes that she almost feared her good fortune. Fancies find room in the strongest minds. Here, in a church-yard old as civilization, in the worst of weathers, was a strange woman of curious fascinations never seen elsewhere: there might be some devilry about her presence. However, Elizabeth Jane went on to the church tower, on whose summit the rope of a flag-staff rattled in the wind; and thus she came to the wall.

The lady had such a cheerful aspect in the drizzle that Elizabeth forgot her fancy. "Well," said the lady, a little of the whiteness of her teeth appearing with the word through the black fleece that protected her face, "have you decided?"

"Yes, quite," said the young woman, eagerly.

"Your father is willing?"

"Yes."

"Then come along."

"When, ma'am?"

"Now—as soon as you like. I had a good mind to send to you to come to my house, thinking you might not venture up here in the wind. But as I like getting out-of-doors, I thought I would come and see first."

"It was my own thought."

"That shows we shall agree. Then can you come to-day? My house is so hollow and dismal that I want some living thing there."

"I think I might be able to," said the girl, reflecting.

Voices were borne over to them at that instant on the wind and rain-drops from the other side of the wall. There came such words as "sacks," "quarters," "threshing," "tailing," "next Saturday's market," each sentence being disorganized by the gusts like a face in a curved mirror. Both the women listened. "Who are those?" said the lady.

"One is my father. He rents that yard and barn."

The lady seemed to forget the immediate business in listening to the technicalities of the corn trade. At last she said suddenly, "Did you tell him where you were going to?"

"No."

"Oh—how was that?"

"I thought it safer to get away first, as he is so uncertain in his temper."

"Perhaps you are right. Besides, I have never told you my name. It is Miss Templeman. . . . Are they gone—on the other side?"

"No. They have only gone up into the granary."

"Well, it is getting damp here. I shall expect you to-day—this evening, say, at six."

"Which way shall I come, ma'am?"

"The front way—through the door. There is no other."

Elizabeth Jane had been thinking of the door in the alley.

"Perhaps, as you have not mentioned your destination, you may as well keep silent upon it till you are clear off. Who knows but that he may alter his mind?"

Elizabeth Jane shook her head. "On consideration I don't fear it," she said, sadly. "He has grown quite cold to me."

"Very well. Six o'clock, then."

When they had emerged upon the open road and parted they found enough to do in holding their bowed umbrellas to the wind. Nevertheless, the lady looked in at the corn-yard gates as she passed them, and paused on one foot for a moment. But nothing was visible there save the ricks, and the hump-backed barn, cushioned with moss, and the granary, rising against the church tower behind, where the smacking of the rope against the flag-staff still went on.

Now Henchard had not the slightest suspicion that Elizabeth Jane's movement was to be so prompt. Hence when, just before six, he reached home and saw a fly at the door from the Golden Crown, and his step-daughter with all her little bags and boxes getting into it, he was taken by surprise.

"But you said I might go, father?" she explained, through the carriage window.

"Said!—yes. But I thought you meant next month, or next year. 'Od seize it! you take time by the forelock. This, then, is how you be going to treat me for all my trouble about ye?"

"Oh, father! how can you speak like that? It is unjust of you," she said, with spirit.

"Well, well, have your own way," he replied, in a nettled tone. He entered the house, and seeing that all her things had not yet been brought down, went up to her room to look on. He had never been there since she had occupied it. Evidences of her care, of her endeavors for improvement, were visible all around, in the form of books, sketches, maps, and little arrangements for tasteful effects. Henchard had known nothing of these efforts. He gazed at them, turned suddenly about, and came down to the door.

"Look here," he said, in an altered voice—he never called her by name now—"don't 'ee go away from me. It may be I've spoke roughly to 'ee; but I've been grieved beyond everything by yu; there's something that caused it."

"By me?" she said, with deep concern. "What have I done?"

"I can't tell you now. But if you'll stop, and go on living as my daughter, I'll tell you all in time."

But the proposal had come ten minutes too late. She was in the fly—was already, in imagination, at the house of the lady whose manner had such charms for her. "Father," she said, as considerately as she could, "I think it best for us that I go on now. I need not stay long; I shall not be far away, and if you want me badly I can soon come back again."

He nodded ever so slightly, as a receipt of her decision, and no more. "You are not going far, you say. What will be your address, in case I wish to write to you? Or am I not to know?"

"Oh yes, certainly. It is only in the town—High Street Hall."

"Where?" said Henchard, his facial activities suspended.

She repeated the words. He neither moved nor spoke, and waving her hand to him in utmost friendliness, she signified to the flyman to drive up the street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CATTLE IN A WESTERN BLIZZARD.

The severely cold storms of wind and snow that come suddenly on the plains of the West have force enough to have given a prominent place in our language to the word "blizzard." The maddest purist, if he ever encounter one, will confess the necessity of a specific name for it. "Storm" is general, if not tame; it is not a "hurricane," of course, nor a "cyclone," nor even a "tornado," but a freezing storm of whose swiftness the word blizzard gives at least a hint. East of the Rocky Mountains, and as far south as northern Texas, the whole extent of the open land is subject to blizzards. The cold weather is very unevenly distributed through the winter months, and ranchmen, travellers, and settlers on the frontier must run the risk of such a sudden sinking of the mercury when the storm comes as may prove fatal against any but the greatest precautions. Never a winter passes but cattle which by mishap or necessity are exposed are frozen before they can huddle together.

The annual loss of cattle by blizzards varies from 2 to 6 per cent., according to the severity of the winter, and from 2 to 10 per cent., according to the latitude of the ranges, from Texas to those farthest in the Northwest. Since there are fewer very severe winters than moderate ones, and since the greater number of cattle are on the least exposed ranges, the average annual loss by storms is about 2.75 per cent. There are more than 4,000,000 cattle on the Western ranges that are exposed to blizzards.

Not less than 11,000, therefore, perish from this cause annually. Fewer are lost by theft, or wolves, or any other cause except disease, and the destruction wrought by disease is so irregular as not to admit of comparison with the loss by other causes. In the frontier counties of Kansas the weather has been so cold this winter, the snow so deep, and blizzards so frequent that in many communities small herdsmen have lost all their cattle. The accompanying illustration is of cattle in a storm where their pasture has been fenced. In more small ranges of this kind the owners have shelter and food; but the large herds have to depend all winter on their grazing, and to endure the storms unprotected. The winter grazing lands, of course, are the lower lands and those least exposed to blizzards; but when storms come, the only insurance against death is the endurance of the cattle.

The chief work of the drivers is to find and rescue those that have strayed from the herd; and, when numbers have died, sometimes to pile them up as a protection for the living, but nothing else can be done for their relief. They huddle together, and change their position only when the outside ones of the herd on the side toward the wind change their position to the protected side. Cattle which have never had shelter can endure without injury longer and severer storms than would kill the more thoroughly domesticated breeds.

The region of the severest storms is on the more elevated lands rather than in higher latitudes. There are grazing lands in the northern Territories where fewer losses are caused by blizzards than in northern Texas. It is on the level plains, too, which are not hemmed in by mountains or sheltered by wooded territory—such as the western counties of Kansas—that the fatality is greatest. The larger number of frozen cattle are those that are caught in storms singly or in groups of two or three. They cannot then protect one another as when they are in large groups; and if they survive the storm they become lost, and are the more likely to be the victims of wolves, or to be stolen. For their misadventure in either event the blizzard is the cause.

## A PHILADELPHIA STREET SCENE.

Many of the streets in Philadelphia, particularly in the older portion of the city, are quaint and curious enough to look upon at all seasons, but become especially interesting when invaded by the snows of winter. It is difficult to believe that the street scene shown in this issue finds its original to-day (or at least found it last week) in a city less than a hundred miles distant from New York. It has an antiquated air that is out of keeping with modern American thought and feeling. One sees at once that that gable-roofed brick house is not of this generation's building; doubtless the bricks of which it is constructed were brought from the mother country before America became independent and made bricks for herself. Even the street urchins have a foreign and two-century-ago appearance in this antiquated frame. Conscious of the fact that no exigencies of travel in this neighborhood are likely to interfere with them, and that no one of more importance than the old-fashioned milk peddler will dispute their claim to the possession of the street, they have reared an artificial hill of snow scraped from the sidewalks, and are enjoying themselves, Philadelphia fashion, with the limited means of enjoyment that they are able to command.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The London *Lancet* says that skating is of especial value as an exercise, because "it trains the power of intentionally inducing and maintaining a continuous contraction of the muscles of the lower extremity. The joints—hip, knee, and ankle—are firmly fixed, or rather kept steadily under control, while the limbs are so set by their muscular apparatus that they form, as it were, part of the skate that glides over the smooth surface." The truth of this will readily be admitted by every reader, but it is likewise true that the muscles of the lower extremity are benefited in at least an equal degree by numerous other exercises. The ancient Greeks and Romans did not skate, and yet they have left statuary which shows that there must have been among them models whose legs were very handsomely developed. The Roman soldiery and populace of the modern theatrical stage have created an impression, indeed, that all Roman legs were simply cylindrical, with bulbs at the knee-joints; but nobody who thinks will entertain the idea that the transition legs of growing American boys are really the sort of legs that carried about the men of ancient Rome. Maybe simply walking over the seven hills developed the real Roman legs which the statues have preserved to us, or maybe they were the result of a game like hop-scotch. Certainly they were satisfying legs, that were indebted for their excellence to another exercise than skating.

The calls for fires in London during the year 1885 numbered 2854. Of these, 410 were false alarms, and 171 were for chimneys which had caught fire; 160 of the fires resulted in serious damage; life was lost at 38 fires; 201 lives were greatly endangered, and 47 were lost. Of the 47 persons who perished, 24 were carried out by the firemen alive, but died of their injuries afterward.

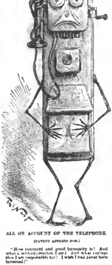
"Get a divorce in haste and repent at leisure" is not yet a proverb, but it may come to be, since there is notoriously a proverb to fit every occasion, and the occasion is nowadays frequently possible which such a proverb would fit. Judicial wisdom in Germany has comprehended that bitter and unproportionate regret may wait upon a sudden divorce case, and has acted accordingly. In a recent suit for divorce tried at Frankfort-on-the-Main, incompatibility of temper being the trouble alleged, the court, after well weighing the evidence, ordered a provisional separation for two years, with a view to ascertaining what the minds of the couple will be at the end of that time. At its expiration the pair are ordered to come together again as man and wife, and to try once more to live a life of conjugal love and amity. The new effort succeeding, well and good—the court will need do nothing; failing, the court either will or will not take further steps in the matter, as it sees fit.

An aged eagle with a sleigh bell tied around his neck was recently captured in a New England village. It is reported that the kingly bird was attenuated far beyond a degree for which his age might account, and that when food was set before him he attacked it voraciously, as he would not have been likely to do had he been suffering from age alone. Inasmuch as he fattened up in the course of a few days, and became comparatively an alert and agile bird, it is thought that his ailment was starvation, and that his inability to obtain food was due to the sleigh bell, which gave warning to his contemplated prey, clearing the way before him, as on earth sleigh bells clear the way before the charger to which they are attached.

It is reported that a young pike which was recently sent from Holland to Paris packed in ice showed signs of life on reaching its destination, and that notwithstanding it had been three days out of water, and frozen stiff, it was resuscitated and is now swimming about in a tank in the Trocadero aquarium. Which goes to show that the theory of Benjamin Franklin and others that animation may be suspended by freezing and restored by thawing at any time suiting the purposes of the operator—a theory heretofore supposed to have been whimsically conceived—may have something in it after all.

A physician announces that he has cured himself of insomnia by bandaging one of his legs from the foot to the knee with wet cloths. He says that the blood-vessels of the leg, being dilated by the treatment, take up an extra supply of blood, relieving the brain, and that sleep follows. Of course this treatment corrects only certain causes of insomnia. It would be of no use to bandage even two legs after the milk carts have begun to go about.

A Northern settler in Florida complains of a certain poverty of the soil there. The fishermen, he says, find no angle-worms. Recently he imported a number of the ruddy specimens, such as the Northern boy digs a tobful of in a few minutes, when he wants to go fishing, out of the earth behind the barn. They were sent on in a wooden pail filled with loam, and the settler, boring a few holes in the pail, set it in Florida ground. The worms did not go out exploring through the holes, as they might have done, but remained closely bunched up in the exact centre of the pail; and at the end of a few weeks they had become almost as colorless as the sand fleas of the sea-shore. But the soil that is niggardly in one way may be generous in another, and recently a Florida farmer ploughed up a chest containing almost four thousand dollars in Spanish coin. It would take an enormous crop of angle-worms to beat a yield like that.



ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE TELEPHONE.

(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

"How innocent and good humanity is! And what a wicked creation I am! And what corruption I am responsible for! I wish I had never been invented!"

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SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK

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BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 138.]

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## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

(Written upon a stormy morning in January, 1886.)

Cloud, wind, and sleet! the hills look darkly here;
But yonder on a dim, deranded height
One lonely pine uplifts his foliaged weight,
Waving green glories o'er the earth's despair
Type of thy poet soul, he greets us there,
Aged in mouth, and yet his crown is bright;
Girdled by winter, yet beyond its blight;
Self of his own pure grandeur unaware.

Type of thy soul in he—thy poet soul;
His spell transforms the storm-winds into song,
That, charmed in sweeping rhythmic branch and bole,
Lapse to the long low music of the sea;
While birds, like winged Hopes, furled from wintry wrong,
Dream of spring heavens in that deep-hearted tree!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## TROTTIE.

The sun shone as brilliantly on the parade-ground at Fort Fletcher as though it were an earthly paradise instead of a bleak and ugly bit of Montana prairie, cut off from its parent wilderness only by some rough defences and two rows of sufficiently ill-built quarters. It was quite deserted at this hour, except by half a dozen of the garrison children, who, being of an age to enjoy the sunshine undisturbed by any arrière-pensée as to the ugliness it shone upon, were amusing themselves immensely, and filling the clear air with joyful shouts and shrill laughter, the only imperfection in their happiness being the necessity, strictly enforced by warnings and punishments, of keeping to the upper end of the parade, far away from a certain low stone wall, behind which a bluff, dangerously attractive to youthful enterprise, overhung the Yellowstone River. Mabel Heriot, sitting in the small porch in front of her husband's quarters, her fingers busy with some huge darns in a pair of scarlet stockings, turned her pretty, discontented eyes, more often than was good for the progress of her work, to another pair of scarlet stockings which flashed in and out among the group of children with an activity which promised her more darning in the near future; for they belonged to her small son, and though Trottie was only three years old, he had early manifested a positive genius for wear and tear, holding his own in that, as in other boyish attributes, among the older children with a cheerful self-confidence which filled his mother with mingled admiration and regret.

"He is such a real boy!" she said to herself, with half a sigh and half a smile. "If he were only a quiet little fellow like Harry Scott, how much less work it would be to take care of him. I shall never be able to keep his clothes mended as he grows rougher and more heedless in this uncivilized place."

Then the stockings she was darning dropped on her lap, and her thoughts left the stockings she had been watching, and slipped back, as they were too apt to do—back over the four years of her marriage, with all its poverty, its privations, and its dreary exile in this far Western post—back to the days of her girlhood. In the tender light which is shed on the past by the knowledge that it can return in no possible future, those girlish days had grown to look very shadowless to Mabel Heriot. Life had been so easy—no cares, no responsibilities, no anxieties—while everything a girl could desire of luxury, amusement, and admiration had been showered upon her as the adopted daughter of a wealthy and generous, though rather tyrannical, uncle. It had all been quite perfect until she had danced with Tom Heriot at a West Point ball, and read something in his blue eyes, heard something in his pleasant voice, that stirred her heart with the conviction that, charming as her life had seemed, it would henceforward be very empty and desolate if she must banish those eyes and that voice from it—a conviction strong enough to support her through all the stormy scenes which followed her uncle's bitter opposition to her engagement to a penniless lieutenant, strong enough to make her reply to his final declaration that she must choose between her lover and him by putting her hand in Tom Heriot's, with the passionate protest that where he went, there must she follow, even though it were to the world's end. Nor had she yet, even to her own heart, said that she repented her choice, only, like many another most unheroic woman, she had discovered that it is not the great crises of life which are the most difficult to meet heroically, and that among the most practical and prosaic of every-day hardships her fancy was apt to stray, more than was loyal to Tom, to dreams of what her life might have been if she had chosen differently. Oh, that "if"! She little knew, when admiring the patience which kept her lips silent, how often Tom had seen that "if" in her eyes, and had turned away, a weight of self-reproach on his faithful heart that he had accepted from her girlish tenderness the sacrifice of a future which might have been so much fairer than he could make it.

And now there was Trottie—Trottie, whose every curl of red gold hair was dearer to his mother than she had believed in those idle, youthful days anything could ever be, and yet who every day, almost every hour, of his little life added to her cares and her anxieties!

Her thoughts came back suddenly to the present at a more uproarious shout than usual from the children, and she saw Trottie cantering toward her astride of a stick, while half the pleats of his kilted skirt trailed behind him. "Oh, what a boy!" she cried, rising to catch him as he passed.

"Not a boy; Trottie a horse. Listen, mamma;" and with a most life-like neigh, and a final prance of the scarlet stockings, he paused before her.

"Naughty, naughty Trottie," she said, quite declining to give his performance the smile its realism deserved. "See this great rip, which mamma only mended last night."

"Trottie sorry," he cried, looking up in her troubled face, and then with a spring he clasped both arms about her neck, as she bent over him to gather up the torn pleats, and gave her such a hug as small arms know how to give. "Trottie big bear now," he laughed, between two ferocious grunts.

As she freed herself, smiling and frowning, and holding the little clinging hands in hers, somebody close beside them sighed so heavily that Mabel turned, rather startled.

An Indian woman, with a basketful of bead-work strapped to her back, stood gazing at the mother and child, with a look of yearning sorrow in her eyes which half touched, half frightened Mabel. "What do you want?" she asked, quickly.

"Me want nothing white mother can give," the squaw answered, gravely, laying one brown hand on Trottie's bright hair. "Him pretty boy," she said, slowly, a hard breath between each sentence. "Me have pretty boy so big. White mother very happy; she keep her boy. Great Spirit take my boy." Then, with a gesture of despair which all her wonderful savage endurance could not subdue, she clasped both hands before her face and sank on her knees, shaking with sobs, which she still struggled to silence.

The tears filled Mabel's eyes, but she stood hesitating what to do, her aversion to Indians, which was the natural result of four years spent in their near neighborhood, striving with her compassion for the grief which most appeals to a woman's sympathy.

But no doubts troubled Trottie. Grief was evident in every line of the bent, trembling figure, and for every grief in his experience there was one remedy sure and unfailing. He applied it at once.

"Not cry any more!" he said in his cheerful little voice, and kissed the only bit of brown cheek which her clasped hands left visible.

She turned as though she would have flung her arms about him, but Mabel had clasped her boy fast, with a sudden terror, sharp though indefinable.

The Indian rose slowly, her face recovering its usual calm as she did so.

"Pretty boy very good to me; white mother not be afraid me hurt him," she said, and walked away with a grave dignity which brought a thorough calm to Mabel's face.

She stepped forward with an impulse to say something kind, but paused with a smile at herself, half shy, half amused. What could she say of consolation that an Indian woman would understand, whose religious faith was probably even more vague than her knowledge of English? And she shrank from offering a grief that was so real and so dignified the usual very substantial cure of squaw troubles. No, Trottie had done all that could be done to show their sympathy. Poor soul! whatever else she might fail to comprehend, she had understood the touch of those baby lips.

With a kiss that was even more tender than usual, Mabel Heriot took her boy on her knees, and told him fairy stories until dinner-time, to the utter neglect of the undarned stockings and the torn skirt.

All that day Mabel felt strangely anxious and restless whenever Trottie was out of her sight. But by the next morning common-sense had gotten the better of imagination, and, absorbed in her every-day duties, she allowed him to play with the other children on the parade-ground. At two o'clock the maid was sent to bring him in to dinner, he having failed to appear as hungrily prompt as usual. In a quarter of an hour she returned, full of mingled excitement and fright, and said that, not finding Trottie on the parade, she had gone to the houses of the other officers' children, only to be told that Trottie was not with any of them. Nor had he been seen for some time. Then Mabel, a terrible certainty stabbing her heart with a pang that made her fair face look suddenly grey and aged, cried, sharply, "That Indian woman has taken him! My babe! my baby!"

In vain Tom Heriot assured her that their naughty boy, who was a great pet in the regiment, would surely be found in one of the soldiers' quarters, feasting his eyes and ears with strange sights and sounds.

"Go and see," she said, hoarsely; "but you will not find him unless you find her."

When he came back presently, very white and quiet, from this useless search, the alarm had spread, and there were kind faces and anxious suggestions and offers of assistance in Mabel's pretty little drawing-room, which suddenly looked so desolate.

Nobody but Mabel gave the Indian woman more than a passing thought, for they were all used to daily visits from Indians, who had long been perfectly peaceful, and were believed quite incapable of a bolder crime than petty dishonesty. Besides, what motive could tempt them to steal a child, whose discovery in their hands would be most certainly severely punished, while even his undiscovered possession could not avail them in any way? It was not long before a soldier was sent, after a whispered consultation, to climb down the bluff at the farther end of the parade, toward which the mothers in the garrison had been glancing shudderingly ever since the news of Trottie's disappearance. In a terrible short time he returned, the tears filling his kindly Irish eyes, and in his hand Trottie's little fez, which he had found half way down the bluff, just where a rock overhung the swift Yellowstone. A great silence fell upon the fort, which had been so full of excitement, and the voices which had spoken of hope and courage to Mabel were hushed when Tom Heriot, sinking down beside his wife's chair, laid his head on her knees and sobbed.

It was Mabel who spoke, almost at once, in a strange strained voice that yet was instinct with energy, and something which if it were not hope, yet was resolved that it would not be despair.

"Tom, darling, do not give him up. Our boy never went near the bluff. He promised me again this morning that he would not, and he would no more break a promise than—than you would, Tom. That Indian woman has him. Find her—find her quickly, dear—I cannot wait much longer."

More to soothe her than from any hope of finding her belief true, Tom, with another officer and a few soldiers, rode to the little Indian camp about a mile from the fort, only to find that nothing was left of it but some burned-out fires. Something of his wife's strong conviction seemed to pass into Tom Heriot's heart at the sight of that suddenly deserted camp.

"We must make up several parties and search for them," he said, briefly, to the officer with him, as they rode back to the fort, but there was the light of new hope in his eyes.

There is this touch of resemblance to a family in such a small and isolated community as the garrison at Fort Fletcher, that, however much they may quarrel among themselves in prosperity, the touch of a great sorrow on one of its members effaces all asperities for the time in the remembrance of how close and entire is their mutual dependence on each other. From the colonel down to the latest-arrived recruit there was no heart in the regiment that did not feel a pang at the thought of the blue fearless eyes and straight baby figure which, whether carried away in the rush of the Yellowstone or across the prairie to some Indian hiding-place, they had little hope of seeing again. There were more volunteers than were needed for the searching parties as soon as Tom asked for them, and with the last one to set out Tom went himself, after a sharp struggle between his restless desire to be doing something toward finding his boy and his sense that he was leaving Mabel to bear the heaviest burden of suspense alone. It was she who sent him away in the end.

"Go, Tom," she murmured, clinging to him with trembling fingers, and looking at him with piteous, entreating eyes. "You have been always so good and patient, perhaps God will let you find him. I have been a bad wife, a bad mother. Hush! I must say it before you go. I have been wicked and repining, though I had you both safe, my precious ones! God has punished me. Say you forgive me, just once, Tom, and He may forgive me too, for your sake, and let me have my boy again."

Holding her close to his loyal heart, which indeed had never doubted her perfection, he assured her that never wife or mother had been more perfect, uttering the forgiveness for which she pleaded so passionately, in such tender words as made it sound more like a blessing than a pardon.

Before midnight they were all gone, and she was left to wear through the hours of waiting in the rooms where all Trottie's life had been spent, and where every chair and table grew precious to her in that long watching, because they seemed to assure her, with the dumb force of every-day association with him, that it was impossible he could be really gone forever.

All that night and the next day she lived through her suspense as women live through such agonies. Sometimes on her knees, sometimes pacing up and down, answering when she was spoken to, eating and drinking when she was told to do so by the friends who took it in turn not to leave her alone. But whatever she did, her whole heart, her whole soul, was one wild prayer—such a prayer as most of us make in our bitterest needs, and whose passionate rebellion against what may be His will, the God who made human love so strong must surely forgive, even when He does not heed it.

It was nearly sunset on the following day when Mabel rose suddenly from her knees. "Listen!" she said, sharply.

There were hurried steps coming across the parade, and it flashed through her heart that no one hurries to tell bad news. The door was pushed open by a soldier, for once too eager to remember ceremony. "The squaw has brought him back," he cried.

Yes, she had brought him back; for there she stood in the doorway, hollow-eyed, and dust-stained with her long tramp over the prairie, while out from her blanket, where she had carried him pappoose fashion, looked Trottie's tired little face and anxious blue eyes.

For a while there was a breathless, blissful confusion of kisses and sobs and tender half-uttered words, as Mabel with eyes and lips and fingers assured herself that her boy was safe and sound as when he had been taken from her. Ah! surely there are moments of this sad world whose joy heaven itself cannot surpass, and no angel's song will ever thrill Mabel's heart with more perfect rapture than did the weary content in Trottie's little voice as he tucked his head down close under her cheek and murmured,

"Trottie does love his own mamma more dan tongue can tell."

"Pretty boy happy now," said the Indian woman, abruptly, yet with a certain grave satisfaction in her harsh tones. They were the first words she had uttered, as she stood silent and dry-eyed among all those happy, tearful women, and as she spoke she turned as if to go, but Mabel's voice stopped her.

"Why did you bring him back to me?" she asked, holding her boy tightly to her breast—a passionate wonder that any woman having once possessed him could give him up again overcoming all her shrinking horror.

"Him pretty boy, but not mine," the Indian answered. And then, laying one hand on her breast, "Me not want white mother to feel ache here, like me feel, so me bring her boy back to her."

"But why did you take him, then?" cried one of the ladies, eagerly.

"Me not take him," she replied; and very briefly, in her imperfect English, she told them what had happened.

On her return to their camp the day that she had first seen Trottie, she had told her husband that he reminded her of their dead boy, and her husband, believing that the child would comfort her, had gone to the fort the next morning, without saying anything to her of his purpose, and had managed to get Trottie under his blanket when he was playing quite alone on the parade, and had persuaded the child, who was as little afraid of an Indian as of a white man, that if he would keep quite quiet he would take him to see a very wonderful sight. In this way, after having thrown Trottie's fez down the bluff to avert suspicion, they had passed the sentry without difficulty. When he brought the boy to her, and she tried to make him understand that neither she nor Trottie would be happy together, he had ordered her to be silent, forbidding her to return the child to the fort. The camp had been broken up at once, and through all their march that night he had kept such strict watch of her that she could not carry out her plan of escape. But when, having reached a hiding-place he thought safely distant, he left her to hunt some game, she seized her opportunity, and taking Trottie on her back, set out across the prairie.

Short as she made her story, Trottie, tired out with so many griefs and joys, was fast asleep on his mother's breast; but when the Indian paused, and turned again in her swift silent fashion to leave the room, Mabel rose and came toward her with him in her arms.

"God bless you, you good woman!" she said, softly. Then, with all her voice shaken with tender joy, and the manner of one who would fain share it, if she could, with that other desolate mother, to whom no one would ever bring her child again on this side heaven: "See how happy he looks. You may kiss him, he will not wake."

They kept her a few hours; they made her rest and eat a little. But when Tom Heriot, in the first joy of his return, would have bestowed upon her all sorts and kinds of rewards, she would take nothing.

"Me want nothing white mother can give," she answered, gravely, as she had answered Mabel on the day she had first seen her. And then, waving her hand toward the prairie: "Me go back to him out there. Him very good man to me."

And so she left them.

NELLIE MACKNIGHT.

## SLEIGHING IN NEW YORK.

Considering the very few occasions that are afforded during a year for the use of sleighs in this city, the number and splendor of those that can be "turned out" at a moment's notice, whenever the streets are sufficiently whitened for their use, is somewhat amazing. The present season has furnished rather more opportunities for the airing of runner-geared vehicles than usual, and the general public, travelling afoot or on wheels, has been gaping in open-mouthed astonishment at the interminable procession of jingling, shiny, gorgeous things passing in and out of the Central Park, and wondering where they all come from. Persons of a statistical turn of mind have calculated the vast amount of capital which, being invested in sleighs, of necessity lies idle about ten-elevenths of the year, and the wealth and luxurious prodigality of New-Yorkers have been more apparent than ever.

It is difficult to believe that the "sleighing carnival" (as the daily press saw fit to characterize it), which a few weeks ago continued without interruption for several days in this city, could have been, or ever is, eclipsed by anything of like sort at St. Petersburg, or in any of the snow-ladened cities of Europe. The artist who presents a picture of the animated scene in this issue has selected as his point of view the vicinity of the Webster monument in the Park. That enormous building looming up like a sort of nineteenth-century castle in the background is the Dakota apartment-house on Eighth Avenue at Seventy-second Street. It is here, when the trees are leafy in June, that the famous Coaching Club of New York meets for its annual parade, and it is from out the shadow of this Webster monument that one can at all seasons of the year obtain the best view of Fashion on its travels. There is a fork in the driveway here, and the music of the silvery sleigh-bells is borne past you in two harmonious currents. It is here, also, that plenty of opportunities for accidents and collisions abound, which accounts for the inevitable presence of the mounted officer seen in the illustration, who is proudly conscious of the fact that the animal he is astride is capable of overtaking any runaway that may come along, or, if not, that he (the officer) can promptly obtain a better mount by reporting that fact to his superior officers. There is little occasion for the officer's vigilant watch for unlawfully fast driving at this point. The little weigh-nothing cutters behind raw-boned roadsters are confined to the avenues beyond the Park.

There is no "speeding" here worth being mentioned. This is fashion's parade, and is eminently decorous. Now and then a lumbering, ungainly vehicle, which looks like an old-fashioned baby's cradle, and from the sides of which the paint has disappeared in spots, goes creaking by, with a pair of ill-matched horses at the pole, and a jolly family from Avenue B wedged in among the seats and blankets, but in the main it is a pageant with Murray Hill and Fifth Avenue stamped upon every waving banner.

The fashionable sleigh of the period is given

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more to straight lines and less to the old swan's-neck curves than its predecessor. It is as "rakish" as a road wagon, and as imposing in a certain sense as a dog-cart. Its "dash-board" is usually supplemented with a broad strip of wicker-work, and gorgeous tassels stream from the ends thereof. There are sleighs built phaeton fashion, with a "rumble" or "jumper" sticking out behind for the use of the groom, and there are sleighs which would be elegant landaus had they but wheels. But the chief glory of all lies in the richness of the robes with which they are provided, and in the gilded or silvered trappings of the horses.

That sleighing is as popular with all classes of the community in New York as it has ever been was attested during the brief season above referred to, when, public sleighs being run for a day or two on Fifth Avenue, men, women, and children of all nations and conditions gleefully crowded them, gladly paying the fare for a ride, and totally indifferent as to the direction in which they were going.

## WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Washington, D. C., *February*, 1886.

The Washington "season" is now at its height, and the observer of contemporary life and manners cannot fail to be interested in the various aspects and characteristics of the gay and cosmopolitan society of this beautiful city. In reading some of the current accounts of and criticisms upon it, one must conclude that they have been evolved from the inner consciousness of their authors, for they surely have no foundation in fact; and where there is so much to admire in the social ethics of the national capital, it is well that they should be correctly understood.

So greatly has the city changed within a very few years that those revisiting it hardly recognize their surroundings. Not only has it immensely improved within its old limits, but also what is almost a new city—a quarter of picturesque and attractive residences—has grown up, and is steadily and rapidly enlarging its borders, at the "West End." A number of the new residences are those of people of large means, who have lived in other parts of the country, but have come hither with the intention of acquiring pleasant homes and permanently inhabiting them. They are often men and women of culture and refined tastes, and it is needless to say that such are most valuable acquisitions. What effect the influx of a large and entirely new element, wholly unconnected with official life, without active occupation, and generally rich, will eventually have on social conditions here can hardly be considered in the limits of this article, but is a matter of some apprehension to old residents, as will shortly appear.

Society (using that term in the ordinarily accepted meaning) in Washington is wholly unlike that in other cities of the United States, which contain a large commercial element. One would suppose that the President was at its head, but, as a matter of fact, the President sees very little of it. He gives a certain number of official receptions and dinners, and of course invites to the White House particular and personal friends from other parts of the country, but he goes only to the houses of members of his cabinet, or perhaps, on occasion, to those of Senators or Judges of the Supreme Court. The participation of these three classes, as of Representatives, in society is purely a matter of personal qualification. Their position and occupation are beyond a doubt an advantage as far as they go, but of themselves they by no means constitute a potent "Open sesame."

Prominent social factors, and necessarily more permanent ones than any executive or legislative functionaries, are members of the old District families and retired officers of the army and navy, and among these are some of the most charming people in the world, exercising an influence wholly for good, and widely felt. Prominent also, but not half so prominent as generally reported, are the diplomatists. To the latter is due, no doubt, much of the cosmopolitan atmosphere; but they are far more likely to fall into American ways than to induce Americans to fall into theirs. There are diplomatists and diplomatists; and it is a curious fact that the numerical strength of a legation is often in inverse ratio to the importance of the country sending it. For instance, at the present moment Great Britain has four officials here, and Mexico seven; Russia has one, and China ten; Italy has two, and Japan six. The list is a very extensive and varied one, and a witty visitor not long ago declared that he met, in addition to those laid down therein, the representatives of Guiana, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego. The diplomatists participate freely in social life, but rather as entertained than as entertainers. This winter, out of twenty-nine legations only four have extended anything like general hospitality to their resident friends; so it is hardly likely that, as a newspaper has recently stated, a series of magnificent entertainments is to occur here, in imitation of those given in the "effete despotisms of Europe," and inspired by the representatives of said despotisms.

No one can write faithfully about Washington society without placing two statements on record. One is that in few cities in the world can there be found people so hospitable, so warm-hearted, and so affectionate toward each other and toward "the stranger that is within their gates." Of course it may be said that they have less pressing duties than the dwellers in busier cities, and more time on their hands, but that is only a small part of the story. There is a degree of *heartiness* and of true human kindness about them which must be apparent to all observers, and must be gratefully remembered by all who have had happy experience thereof.

Again, nothing could be more curiously erroneous, more ridiculous, in fact, than some current theories regarding the luxury and extravagance and the fast "pace" of Washington society. As compared with that of New York, it is positively pastoral in its simplicity, and there is more display and expenditure in a day of New York social life than in a month of that of Washington. Even if this state of affairs were not due to good sense and good taste, there is a perfectly cogent reason for it—the absence of money.

It is hard for people who pass their lives in commercial communities, given over to eager competition in the acquisition of wealth, to understand the difference between those communities and one where the large majority of the residents depend on fixed incomes, moderate at that. There are very many families in Washington, to whom distinct social precedence must be accorded on all grounds—ancestry, culture, notable public services, and the like—who are content with yearly receipts which in New York would consign them to high numbers in the side streets, and hopelessly handicap them in the social race. Again, it has always been the unwritten rule that those wealthy persons who come to live here, whether in official position or not, should, at least in their general entertaining, adapt themselves to their surroundings, and omit a lavishness and display which would be wholly within their means, and quite fitting in another latitude and longitude. Nothing is more common than to see an eclectic company in the beautiful house of a wealthy cabinet officer or Senator enjoying an unostentatious refection of tea and cakes, with an occasional salted almond. As a consequence there is no one among the guests who cannot return the hospitality in kind.

A charming lady from New York, Knickerbocker to the ends of her fingers, was once, while on a visit here, extolling the glories of the social life in which she was a conspicuous figure. Her hearer was an accomplished man of the world who knew the United States from Eastport to San Diego, and Europe from Londonderry to Constantinople.

"My dear madam," at length said he, "I cannot agree with you. New York society is a plutocracy pure and simple, and there can be no really good society without a large admixture of genteel paupers. Look at the dwellers in the Faubourg St. Germain in old times. Where was there ever a circle so select? where one to which entry was so eagerly sought? And yet they could give their guests nothing but *eau sucrée*."

It will thus be readily understood why some fears may be entertained lest the growing influx of people of large means may eventually effect a change in those good and pleasant old ways of Washington. Wise and sensible, however, are those who borrow no trouble from the uncertain future, but enjoy while they may the fleeting present. There is a specially novel zest about our society to favored visitors, to whom the doors of the best houses are open, and to whom each day of the week brings some variety. They will doubtless wish to pay their respects, as due course, at the Executive Mansion—stately and dignified residence as ever, but far more ornamental as to its interior since the reign of President Arthur than of old.

"What kind of a place is that White House?" asked a friend of Mr Lincoln. "It is not a modern house, is it? I do not suppose it compares with some other houses in the country."

Mr Lincoln's eyes twinkled. "I don't know much about your modern conveniences," he replied. "It's the best house *I ever* lived in."

Next it will be interesting to attend the official receptions at the residences of Supreme Court Judges on Mondays, Representatives on Tuesdays, cabinet officers on Wednesdays, and Senators on Thursdays. To all of these, be it understood, the American citizen of the period, "regardless of age, color, or previous condition of servitude," demands and receives admittance. It is probable, for instance, that between one and two thousand persons, the vast majority of whom are total strangers, pass in an afternoon through the beautiful rooms of the enlarged and newly decorated "Frelinghuysen house," now occupied by the Secretary of the Navy. Mrs Manning, Mrs Endicott, and Mrs Vilas are also "at home"; and the modest residence of Secretary Bayard, on "Highland Terrace," was the Mecca of many social pilgrims until grim Death once and again knocked at its door.

At all these official receptions the visitors are a curious study, and pages could be written about them, as types of the dwellers in all quarters of the land. Far different is the select company encountered in private houses at what are called "teas," or "card receptions." For the former the afternoon is the orthodox time; for the latter, the evening. Occasional dancing parties are given in houses, notably the annual ball at the handsome and stately British Legation; and there are two sets of cooperative "germans" given in a hall—the "Wednesday evening" and the "Army and Navy"; also a "charity ball." Without invidious discrimination, it may be said, *nem. con.*, that the first evening reception of Secretary and Mrs. Whitney stands fairly at the head of the winter's entertainments. The splendid house, with that rare feature of a ball-room, the graceful hospitality, the light, music, and flowers, the unwonted profusion and variety of the provision for the inner man, and the gay and delighted company, formed a combination not easily forgotten.

Under these many hospitable roofs, therefore, may Washington society now be seen at its best; beautiful and stately women, lovely young girls, distinguished men, personalities and nationalities diverse as they are interesting, faces and figures known to fame—a veritable social panorama. Here is the *grande dame* of the old school, who has lived all her life in that quiet old house with the family pictures on the walls, a belle in Taylor's administration, and talking with her is the secretary of a foreign legation, whose last station was at Bucharest, and who went to the Waters of Hercules for his summer vacation. A stately admiral is talking with a blond English woman, whose praise is in all the columns of "Society News." The tall, thin man who fought famine at Cape Sabine is in one corner, and the two brave and skilled commanders of the *Thetis* and the *Bear*, who rescued him, are not far distant. A young officer, limping a little from an Apache arrow, is waiting patiently for a smile (he gets it at last) from a charming young girl who is talking French to one "foreigner of distinction" and Spanish to another. A brilliant woman, whose works are widely known, is listening to the gossiping reminiscences of an American diplomatist whose name is a household word from Pontoise to Herat. Here are two faces that you saw in Newport last summer, two more that you saw on the Cliff Road at San Francisco. That loud laugh came not from some schoolboy, but from a venerable historian whose hair has been whitened by the frosts of more than eighty winters; and (where in the world can a parallel be found for it?) a Northern Senator is in gleeful conversation with a Confederate officer who fought almost to the death, only twenty-one years ago, for the Lost Cause. There is a fair, brown-eyed New England woman, as much admired here as at foreign courts; a white-haired matron, still beautiful, whose name was once a campaign cry; a score of charming *débutantes*; as many youths whose straight figures tell of West Point and Annapolis: an assemblage of the best of the land—and not one single "dude." And all this is the Washington of to-day.

## A RIDE WITH A FALLEN POTENTATE.

When, in the beginning of April, 1865, owing to circumstances over which they had no control, Jeff Davis and his cabinet dropped down on Danville, in Virginia, the little town was hardly expecting them, nor to receive a historical fame as the second and last capital of the Southern Confederacy. All the underlings of the government, with boxes of "archives," flocked thither in his wake. Richmond had been evacuated in such precipitation that only a few trains filled with the "public property" could be hurried off, chiefly the War Department's rolls and documents, with Ordnance-office papers, looked upon as necessary for further operations, had been hastily packed up and taken away. The chieftain himself, in company with his ministers, had departed by the first train, and as soon as his guiding hand had been relaxed, the end of the world seemed to have come for the department clerks. Left in the lurch, the latter looked only to their own safety and convenience, and accordingly left behind to share the fate of the burning city many documents which would have been indispensable for the continuance of the "C. S. government."

On their side, the fugitives endeavored to make themselves comfortable, and accordingly scrambled into their new quarters in double-quick time. A few dilapidated taverns were rushed upon, and stimulated into dealing out cooked rations at extra rates in Confederate money, which had taken no additional tumble. A meal at the *table d'hôte* was at first quoted at one hundred dollars, with a subsequent rise in price quite incredible except under these circumstances. In addition to the taverns, whose provender was soon exhausted, the stores and dwellings were laid open to the wayfarers, who frankly confessed that they were prepared for anything, and would kindly receive all things set before them. Many enthusiastic house-owners in return took in perfect faith the quartermaster's billets—destined to be paid on the advent of the Greek Calends. Jeff Davis occupied the sprucest dwelling in the town as the new "Presidential Mansion," and his cabinet scattered about town. They met only once in formal council, when the head of the government announced that the Confederacy was good yet for a twenty years' stand in the mountains of Virginia, if it were of a mind to stand, or words to that effect. This was his last proclamation, and, all things considered, the most justly famous of his state papers. At the very moment it was penned General Lee was marching on his charger in a straight line to Appomattox Court House.

The proclamation was hardly launched in the village papers, the fugitives in their new quarters had hardly cooked their suppers, before once more the cry of "Move on!" was hurriedly repeated from mouth to mouth. "Where are we to move to?" "To Greensborough, North Carolina." By a lucky coincidence the railroad over the distance of forty miles thither had just been completed in time for the emergency. That ride to Greensborough was the last official act of Jeff Davis and his cabinet.

The train which conveyed the flying chief and his ministers consisted of a locomotive, one passenger, and one baggage car, much the worse for wear, dirty, rusty, and dilapidated from constant use by the soldiery. As speedily as steam could be got up, and without any salutes, military or civil, it silently crept away from the soil of Virginia with what was left of the Southern Confederacy—its "government." A Presidential aide gave the cue to the engineer in charge, and soon got him to run his machine to its utmost capacity. "The government is extremely anxious to get down to work in some safe locality," was the announcement made to the crowd of underlings so abruptly left at Danville, with an explicit direction to "come on" as soon as possible. In the train, as it sped along, the fallen potentate and his "constitutional advisers" amused themselves as best they could with jokes and an altogether lively chatting. It was the Confederacy's funeral, but the pall-bearers didn't in the least appear to know they were conveying the corpse out of Virginia for burial. An assured confidence in the future of the war was freely expressed, and the jocularity flowed on in an uninterrupted stream.

Jeff Davis, his face sunken and ashy pale, clad in a gray cloth suit, black felt hat, and without any military insignia—not even a tassel or brass button—was evidently, however, shorn of much of that deference he had been accustomed to receive in Richmond from his quondam colleagues in the Senate at Washington. In his capacity of an inveterate smoker, he displayed a pocket well filled with fragrant Havana cigars (sent to him in gift through the blockade, as he himself observed), and continued to smoke and converse throughout the trip, frequently walking about the car to distribute his cigars. Indeed, he seemed glad to have a pretext for conversation, or any body to talk to. A good talker always does have a failing in that direction, and he was noted as a conversationalist.

Of all the cabinet ministers, the Secretary of State, Mr Benjamin, wore the most serious look. His thoughts appeared just then to be concentrated on Europe to a much greater extent even than when in buoyant spirits he was wont to skip over the red brick sidewalks of Richmond's streets. Ever and anon he would, after fumbling for them in a patent-leather bag or his inner coat pockets, hurriedly consult papers, then take out his memorandum-book and tell off certain addresses of bankers and business firms in Paris and London, speaking in French to a Louisianian creole who accompanied him. There was no mistaking his concern over the mishaps of war which might possibly befall the party before a "safe capital" should be reached. Stout, dark-skinned and haired, he was attired in glossy black from head to foot, wore a profusion of jewelry, gold seals to his watch chain, rings on his fingers, neither smoked, ate, nor drank, but kept a vigilant watch out of the car window for "cavalry."

That Davis and Benjamin, who really formed the entire government, considered their fortunes at stake during every second of the trip, could be easily discerned from a scrutiny of their deportment. The others—as Mallory, Trenholm, Breckinridge, Cooper, etc.—appeared easy and unconcerned in contrast. They talked indifferently of matters, as if the Confederacy had ceased to occupy their minds; nor was the fate of General Lee and his army once alluded to in the general conversation that took place. None of the travellers desired to be caught, of course; but Breckinridge alone seemed to entertain no dread of "cavalry," dressed as he was in his uniform of a major-general.

Only one stoppage for wood and water was made, and after a run of three hours the train reached safely the station at Greensborough. There it was boarded by Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard, in full uniform and with their hats in their hands, to pay their respects to the fallen leader. Both these generals looked grimly reproachful as they saluted him, and to him their meeting then and there was peculiarly awkward. Ill at ease, and avoiding an open look at them, he merely exchanged at first the most formal greeting. But the conversation was destined to take a more intimate turn, as truth compelled them to inform him that his train had just had a narrow escape; one of the railway bridges in his rear had been burned by some of the United States cavalry only ten minutes after he had crossed it.

The road had been cut ahead, moreover, and hence the flying train could proceed no farther. The ubiquitous "cavalry" had entered on the scenes at last. In intense uncertainty, therefore, the chieftain and his cabinet were compelled to abandon the car and call a council of war. At this council Johnston and Beauregard stated their conviction that further resistance was impossible; but even then, after hearing their military statement, the fallen leader obstinately asserted that the Confederacy had not yet lost, and could be in any event re-established in the "Trans-Mississippi Department," whither he announced his intention of proceeding. The preparations for the start on that evening afforded the inhabitants of secluded Greensborough a unique, memorable, and especially ludicrous spectacle. All kinds of gear, teams, and vehicles were forth-coming, and the motley throng of whites and blacks, uniformed and ununiformed, gathered to witness the official break-up of the Confederate government in its corporate capacity, formed a picturesque grouping worthy of canvas. Both animals and vehicles were rather sorry-looking—far more so than the on-looking citizens, who had felt momentarily threatened in their larders and kitchens. The baggage was at last all secured in wagons, provisions laid in, important private and public documents were hastily burned, and the silver and gold (from a few Treasury chests brought along) were concealed about the travellers' clothes in anticipation of capture or robbery. Then the procession was formed, and the head of the column moved off for "away down south in Dixie." But neither that tune nor any other was heard, nor a single cheer; in solemn silence the start was made. Jeff Davis, accompanied by Breckinridge, sat in the leading ambulance, drawn by two mules, preceded by a squad of Confederate cavalry. After they had filed out of sight, the general belief of the spectators at the railway station was that they would be surely captured by Sherman's forces. Yet all escaped except one; he alone managed, as it were, to be caught in the web of destiny.

The citizens of Greensborough retired to their beds that night as quietly and peacefully as ever. Next morning the news of Lee's surrender and Lincoln's assassination came, and throughout the day many of Lee's soldiers straggled into the village, without arms, almost without clothes, famished, but bent on reaching "Johnston's army," then a mere baker's dozen in the act of surrendering to Sherman.

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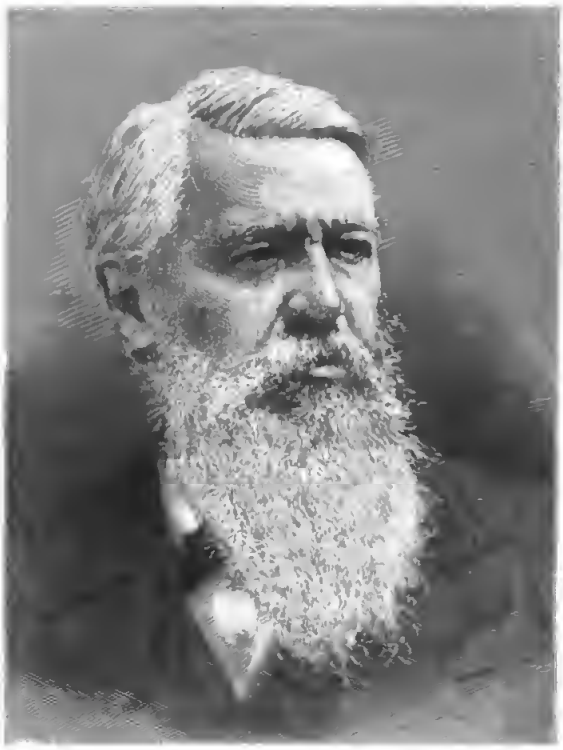
## JOHN B. GOUGH

JOHN B. GOUGH, so long and familiarly known in this country as a fervid and attractive lecturer on temperance and other subjects, was born at Sandgate, County of Kent, England, August 22, 1817. His father, who had served in the Peninsular war, was the recipient of a small pension, but the family was in narrow circumstances, and was soon deprived of the slender resource of the pension by the death of the old soldier. The mother had been a school teacher for some years at Sandgate, and to her the future lecturer and her sister owed a fair education they enjoyed. When he was twelve years of age it was arranged that he should go out with a family emigrating to America. Ten guineas were raised for the purpose, and the family agreed to look after him until he had learned a trade and became qualified to take care of himself. He arrived in New York in August 1829, and went to Oneida County, where he lived on a farm for two years. He then obtained a situation in a publishing house in New York city, where he learned the trade of a book-binder. Here his mother and sister joined him; but in 1833, during a time of depression, he lost his situation, and the family was reduced to destitution and distress. In a few months the mother died, and young Gough drifted into dissipation, and for some years obtained a precarious subsistence about grog-shops and low resorts by singing and buff-coinery, his powers of comic delineation being quite remarkable. In 1842 he had drifted to Worcester, Massachusetts, and was regarded as a hopeless drunkard. Thousands of people have heard him relate how a little kindness at that time won him to a temperance meeting and induced him to sign the pledge, and to keep it in spite of a raging appetite for drink.

From the time of his conversion at Worcester in 1842 Mr Gough devoted his life to the cause of temperance, being inspired by a desire to rescue others from the fate which he had so narrowly escaped, and to save the young from the path leading to it. He soon became famous for the peculiarly fascinating and thrilling character of his eloquence before public audiences. His fervid nature, an intense earnestness derived from terrible experience, and a marvellous power of imitation and of expression enabled him to rack upon the sensibilities of his audiences as few men have ever been able to do. He was accustomed to mingle the pathetic and humorous in such a way as to attract thousands to hear him who had no purpose but to be interested and amused. In this way he brought many within the reach of his appeals who could only have been lured by curiosity.



JOHN B. GOUGH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ISAAC WHITE, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

In his temperance efforts Mr Gough always kept aloof from politics or any organized effort to accomplish results through legislation, relying entirely on moral influences and the total-abstinence pledge. When he first became famous he wrote an account of his early life, which was published in 1846. Some years later a volume of his addresses was published, but their principal charm was in the manner of delivery. For years Gough travelled over this country making temperance appeals, and several times visited England on a similar mission. His popularity led him to vary his subject and to speak before lecture lyceums, and he made a moderate fortune by his eloquence. His subjects were such as to give full scope to his powers of imitation, and to furnish opportunity to stir the feelings. "Eloquence and Orators" and "Peculiar People" were topics of this kind, in which diverting imitations played a prominent part, but he rarely failed to bring into his lecture some reference to the evils of intemperance, and some thrilling appeal in behalf of total abstinence. For some years Mr. Gough's home had been at West Boylston, Massachusetts, where his wife, a quiet and retiring woman, presided over his household, and where he spent much time among his books and with admiring friends, of whom he had a large number.

Mr Gough was engaged in the delivery of a lecture at the First Presbyterian Church in Frankford, Pennsylvania, on Monday, February 15, when he was overtaken by the stroke of paralysis that proved fatal to him. He had been speaking for some twenty minutes, when he reeled and fell upon a lounge. He sank gradually but steadily, and on Thursday morning lapsed into an unconsciousness that lasted until his death at five in the afternoon.

## WINTER FISHING ON THE LAKES.

THE dog has long been considered by sportsmen a necessary adjunct to the pursuit of small game, but it has been left for the fishermen on Lake Erie to make the discovery that he may be extremely useful in piscatorial pursuits. Winter fishing upon the lakes opens up a field of industry that is immediately available to all dogs not otherwise employed. There has never been any difficulty about catching fish from the lakes in the winter season—every hole cut in the ice serves to attract them as the candle attracts the moth—but the task of carrying one's mammoth catch from the spot, far out on the lake, where it has been made, back to the shore, has robbed the occupation of the fisherman of much of its attractiveness. The Lake Erie fishermen, as will be seen by the picture in this issue, have followed the example of the Esquimaux, and have transformed the idle dogs of the lake side towns into capable and efficient beasts of burden. One can see at a glance that the dogs do not particularly enjoy the occupation, and as a matter of fact they are cruelly abused and overworked; but more their adoption into the business they have been found invaluable, and it is not likely that they will ever be able to escape from it. Six dogs in a tandem harness dragging a sled containing several hundred pounds of freshly caught fish over the lumpy ice, the sturdy canvas-clothed fishermen, with spears, axes, and poles on their shoulders, following in the wake of the procession, is no uncommon sight on the lakes at this season of the year.

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ERIE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

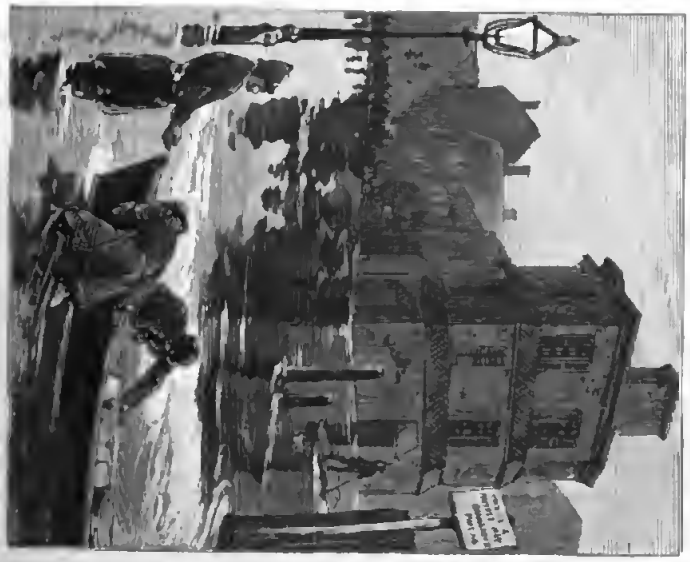
WHERE THE FLOOD STARTED.

VIEW OF BELMONT STREET.

STORY HOOK AFTER THE FLOOD SUBSIDED.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

THE FLOODS IN BOSTON.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 142.]



TOO STRONG TO ROW AGAINST.

TRYING TO FIND THE SIDEWALK.

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## "VIRTUE IS HER OWN REWARD."

By MARY E. VANDYNE.

"Her own reward!" and yet the very noblest
That ever recompensed the souls of men
For all the weight of suffering and of sadness,
For all the anguish of the "might have been."

Each act of virtue is the sure unclasping
Of chains that bind the spirit to the earth;
The glorious winning of that proud position
That fits a thing of an immortal birth.

"Her own reward!" for earth can find no other
To offer him who kneels at that fair shrine.
Behold! her glad Shekinah shines upon him,
And in that light he groweth half divine.

The slaves of earth may claim her paltry treasures.
What could she gather from her poisonous soil
As fitting guerdon for that pure endeavor
Whose sweet reward is fellowship with God?

## THE BOSTON FLOOD.

The effect of the recent thaw, following the storms and snow of January, was unusually disastrous in the eastern part of Massachusetts. Many streams were overflowed, roads washed out, culverts destroyed, and bridges carried away. Railroad travel was almost wholly interrupted for two or three days. The first effects were apparent on Thursday, February 11, when the water began to rise in a threatening manner. It continued to increase rapidly for twenty-four hours, and culminated on Friday morning, when most of the damage was done.

The most peculiar effect of these floods was the unprecedented overflow in the streets of Boston. This occurred on the line of Stony Brook, a small stream coming in through the depression between the old town of Roxbury and Boston proper. The brook had in recent years been straightened and deepened, and considerable areas along its banks had been filled in and built upon. Provision for lateral overflow had been made at one or two points in the neighborhood of Tremont Street, but these proved inadequate. The stream and its outlets were insufficient to carry away the water which on Thursday, the 11th, began to come in in unusual volume. On Friday morning the embankments gave way, and the yard and factory of the Boston Belting Works were flooded with the overflowing waters, which spread rapidly through the adjoining streets. Cellars were filled, sewers were choked and overflowed, and the streets soon became running streams. The district covered adjoined Linden Park on the north, and extended along Tremont Street from Vernon Street northward to Sawyer, and eastward to Shawmut Avenue. On Saturday and Sunday, February 13 and 14, a considerable district, occupied mainly by small shops, modest residences, and tenement houses, with a few manufacturing establishments, was several feet under water. The flow from above had somewhat abated, the sewer man-holes in the streets had been uncovered, and every effort made to relieve the flooded district. The population had been surprised and surrounded in their dwellings, and many were unable to get away.

The flooded streets were roped off, and the overflowed section was for a time accessible only to the police in boats, relief parties, and persons having some real occasion for entering, leaving, or crossing it. In some cases the foundations of houses were so impaired that the occupants had to be taken out and cared for at some one of the public institutions of the city. In many cases persons in delicate health or destitute circumstances were rescued from their watery surroundings; but most of the people remained in their habitations, and received supplies from relief boats sent around with provisions and fuel. In some instances these had to be delivered at second-story windows. It was an unwonted scene which the South End of Boston exhibited on Sunday, February 14, when many curiosity-seekers thronged to the flooded district. For several blocks there was a cheap reproduction of Venetian life. People were going to and fro, not in gay gondolas, but in dories, skiffs, and every species of row-boat, and boys who had the good fortune to belong within the watery precinct paddled about on rafts.

Of course there were shoals and bare places on the outskirts of this section, and in adjoining streets there were shallow streams and duck ponds. In many places pedestrians ventured to take short-cuts, and found themselves wading at considerable depth or groping carefully with their feet to keep the sidewalks. On Monday, children made their way to school on rafts, in boats, or by any floating conveyance that was going their way. Of course there were many ludicrous as well as distressing incidents in this unwonted episode of Boston life. The loss in property was considerable, the sufferings and alarm of the pent-up inhabitants sometimes pitiful, but about it all was a touch of the romantic and of the comic.

Boats were occasionally upset, improvised rafts went to pieces, rash pedestrians miscalculated their footing and came to grief, and the miscellaneous contents of cellars and basements floated about to divert the lookers-on. The heaviest single pecuniary loss fell on the Boston Belting Company, whose works were on the line of Stony Brook, near where it first broke its embankments. The aggregate of damage is difficult to estimate, but the severest effect fell upon the poor tenants who were deprived of their homes and their means of subsistence. For them, however, relief, both public and private, was prompt and generous. It is probable that the city of Boston will have to indemnify those who suffered pecuniary loss in property, as the flood is attributed to the "improvement" of Stony Brook in such a way as to prevent the carrying away of the flood waters that come down its valley.


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Although rubber, or rather caoutchouc, was known in Europe more than two centuries ago, the early Spanish discoverers having brought to light the fact that the natives of the West Indies and Mexico not only made playing-balls of an elastic gum, but also fabricated helmets, shoes, garments, and many other useful articles from the same waterproof material, nothing was done to utilize the knowledge until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when several French scientists began experimenting with it.

Some fifty years ago Mr. Charles Goodyear, a native of New Haven, Conn., who had devoted much time and attention to experimenting with the gum, made some very important discoveries, which, however, were preliminary to that most important and vital one—"vulcanizing"—which revolutionized at once the entire system of rubber manufacture. In order to vulcanize rubber, to be discovered, it is necessary to mix with the gum a certain proportion of sulphur, litharge, and other chemicals, and to submit the whole to a proper degree of heat, by which it is given a fixed elasticity and all the necessary and desirable properties. Mr. Goodyear obtained his patent for this process in 1844, and by it he added to the arts, not a new material merely, but a new class of materials, applicable to a thousand diverse uses.

Immediately a number of companies were formed operating under his patents, prominent among which was the Goodyear India-Rubber Glove Manufacturing Company, organized in 1844, at which time its principal production was the manufacture of india-rubber gloves. The company has retained its original name, which is to-day somewhat misleading, as it now manufactures every class and variety of rubber goods. Its extensive works are located at Naugatuck, Conn., occupying over 20 acres of ground. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Goodyear, the inventor, who was one of the corporators of this now great company, made some of his important experiments almost upon the ground now covered by this company's buildings.

Vulcanizing: In this operation the greatest care and skill is requisite to success. It consists in subjecting the rubber to a high degree of heat in hot-air or steam ovens. When this is performed with proper care and judgment, and where the materials employed have been of the requisite standard, the result is absolute perfection in the quality of the rubber. It will therefore be seen that upon the skill and experience of the workmen much depends, and here it may be mentioned that the Goodyear India-Rubber Glove Manufacturing Company, among its 900 employés has some of the best talent known to the trade. For such goods as boots, shoes, coats, wraps, gloves, &c., the rubber is next taken and passed through calenders, where it is brought in contact with the cloth used for backing, and the two are then rolled off together, and in this shape is treated like any textile fabric, being cut by patterns either for shoes, clothing, or any other purpose. It is an impossibility to enumerate the almost myriad forms in which rubber is worked in this factory. Suffice it to say that the Goodyear India-Rubber Glove Manufacturing Company produce a larger variety and quantity of rubber goods than any other like concern, and in every line they are considered the standard for quality, the trade generally recognizing their production as the very best. Of rubber boots and shoes they make an enormous number, which, for variety, style, and finish are not equalled. This is true, also, of the rubber coats, mackintoshes, and ladies' wraps, of which they produce the most beautiful and artistic known. Years of experience, careful study, and a desire to perfect their goods in every possible way, has led to many valuable and beautiful additions to their productions. Among these may be mentioned most particularly the mackintoshes and the "silver gray" and "transparent" rubber goods. The former are made far better than the English goods of the same kind, and being a handsome cloth coat with beautiful linings (the rubber being between the two and pressed into them), and so they are cut and fitted by experts, present the elegant appearance of fine tailor-made overcoats.

The silver grays and transparent are made in various colors to resemble different fabrics, such as silk, &c., and, lined with handsome silk goods, are made into ladies' wraps, &c. Besides the articles already enumerated, the company manufactures largely rubber bands, toys, scientific and electrical appliances, druggists' sundries, and, indeed, everything useful or ornamental in the line.

The principal office and warerooms of the company are situated at Nos. 503 and 505 Broadway, with a branch at the corner of that thoroughfare and Fulton Street, and these premises are not only spacious, but admirably located for the purpose. The company does a large business in every section of our country, and also an extensive and constantly growing export trade, it being, in this latter direction, a strong and successful competitor with English houses.

The management of this vast business is in the hands of Mr. J. D. Vermilye, the President and Treasurer, who makes his headquarters in New York.

Mr. R. M. Hotchkiss, than whom there is no one with a better knowledge of practical rubber manufacture, is the Vice-President, having been with the company ever since its formation. This gentleman and Mr. G. M. Allerton, son of the former President, make their headquarters at the factory, which latter is under the efficient superintendence of Mr. F. T. Shaffer.

In conclusion, it may be well to remark that only the best quality of material is used by this company—fine Para gum being the basis of everything made by them. Every article, before leaving the factory, is subjected to a most careful and thorough supervision at the hands of competent and reliable experts. Indeed, to the care and attention which has always been given to every detail of their manufacture may be attributed the high favor and reputation which has been attained by the Goodyear India-Rubber Glove Manufacturing Company.—*N. Y. Times.*

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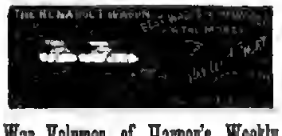

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GENERAL LEW WALLACE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.

## THE FIRST YEAR OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE administration of President CLEVELAND completes its first year as this paper is issued. The first reflection which that fact suggests is that the public disasters which were foretold as the certain consequences of his election have not occurred. No honest opponent would deny this statement. It was loudly declared that his election would place the government in the hand of its enemies; that industry and trade would be alarmed and suffer; that the colored citizens in the Southern States would be in despair at their abandonment, and be made the victims of a wanton reaction; that the hopes of civil service reform would be summarily blasted; that the finances would be disordered by wild schemes; and that history, reason, and tradition all pleaded against the exposure of the country to the chance of a Democratic administration. We have never doubted that there were serious grounds for such distrust. No journal in the country had reiterated them more plainly than HARPER'S WEEKLY. It was for that reason, among others, that a wise and unexceptionable Republican nomination was indispensable. But a nomination which defied independent Republicans showed that the distrust which Republican managers and orators and organs vociferously alleged they did not feel. They challenged a contest upon a personal issue, and they were defeated, not because of trust in the Democratic party, but because of distrust of Republican leadership and tendency, and a very strong and wide Republican conviction that the best way to prevent unfit nominations was not to support them.

The event has shown that the fear of dire results to follow the election of Mr. CLEVELAND was unfounded. There has been no financial or industrial panic or disaster, nor is there apprehension of any such disaster to spring from his policy or conduct; there is not a colored citizen in the land who has been wronged, or who fears to be wronged, because of Mr. CLEVELAND'S election; there has been no clean sweep in the civil service, but, on the contrary, under no administration for fifty years—not under LINCOLN, or GRANT, or HAYES, or GARFIELD, or ARTHUR—has there been so generous and impartial a treatment of the service, with such exceptions as we shall mention. For twenty-four years, under Republican administration, the civil service was manned almost exclusively and continuously by Republicans. A quarter of the term of a Democratic administration is ended, and much the larger part of the civil service is still Republican. As for compensation for slaves and payment of the rebel debt that were to follow the entry of the rebel brigadiers into the White House and Congress, the amount appropriated is not yet large. Indeed, the first penny has not yet been proposed, nor did those who raised the cry suppose that it ever would be proposed. No honest Republican, it seems to us, however sincere may have been his apprehension, or however great his wrath with any independent Republican who supported Mr. CLEVELAND, would now deny that the general and vague distrust of the consequences of his election has not been justified by the event.

On the other hand, although this be true, we doubt if there is any general restoration of confidence in the Democratic party. The situation is very much what it would have been if the Republican nomination had been one which all Republicans could support. The Democratic President, not the Democratic party, is responsible for the good aspects of the situation. He was not the real choice of his party, and if he had died a year ago, and Mr. HENDRICKS had succeeded, the situation would have been very different. More than this, the executive acts which have been most disappointing to the independent vote that supported the President are due to the pressure of the party. Such appointments as those of PILLSBURY and HIGGINS and THOMAS and RAGIN and HEDDEN and BRATTIE and others, and the dismissal of good officers, are attributed to Democratic politicians, not to public consideration of the welfare of the service, and they show that the mere Democratic politician is not preferable to the Republican. In the Post-office Department, where about fifty thousand places are held at the pleasure of the Postmaster-General, there has been a great deal of change, due undoubtedly to the partisan demands of members of Congress and local committees. They are changes inconsistent with the avowed principles of the President, and even if he be not personally responsible, and if it be conceded that they are betrayals of his policy, yet it is obvious that his administration can be successful, not by the general conviction of his personal integrity and purpose, but only by its success in restoring confidence in his party.

The three mistakes to be designated in the first year of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration are the changes in the civil service without legitimate cause, although the number is much smaller than under any other administration; the continuance of the Attorney-General in the Cabinet; and the refusal to make public the reasons for removal. The President cannot "educate" his party to be a reform party. But he could require every member of his Cabinet to observe strictly his policy in regard to removals, and he could initiate the practice of holding all communications in regard to appointment and removal to be part of the public records. If such a course should divide his party, it would merely prove that he must decide between his reform principles and his party. Should he insist that his policy be strictly observed, his party might rebel, and then it could certainly not carry another election. But should he think to "reform a little," and to allow for the tender-footed Democrats, he would inevitably share their discomfiture. It is a situation in which at this time it is better to trust the people than a party. No President has done so much for reform as Mr. CLEVELAND. But it is a movement in which, from the nature of the case and from his own record, his administration will be judged, not so much by what is done well as by what is done ill. Good appointments can neither "set off" bad appointments nor careless removals. The appointments in Maryland have gone far to overthrow the confidence of the truest friends of the Democratic party. Whoever has procured such appointments has covered the cause of reform in that State and the reputation of the President as a friend of reform with contempt. The President should hold such malign advisers, within or without his Cabinet, to their full responsibility. Unless reform be the plain and uniform policy of the administration, the fact that it may do better than other administrations will not secure reform. It is true that everything cannot be done at once. But that is a plea only for what cannot be avoided, not for what can be avoided. It is not open to the man who picks a pocket to plead that no one is without sin. Reform asks only the practicable, not the impossible.

## THE CONFLICT OF POWERS.

A DEBATE upon the report of Mr. EDMUNDS would be instructive and interesting as a statement of the opinion of some eminent constitutional lawyers upon the "true intent and meaning" of the Constitution. But it could lead to no practical result in legislation like the tenure of office bill. Of that bill Mr. BLAINE remarks in his forth coming volume:

"The history of its operation and of its subsequent modification, which practically amounted to its repeal, is one to which the Republican party cannot recur with any sense of pride or satisfaction. It was freely predicted at the time that so long as the Senate and the President were in political harmony nothing would be heard of the tenure of office act, but that when the political interests of the Executive should come in contact with those of the Senate, there would be a renewal of the trouble which had characterized the relations of President JOHNSON and the Senate, and which led to the original tenure of office act with its positive assertion of Senatorial power over the whole question of appointment and removal."

The bill was passed by a Republican Congress to curb ANDREW JOHNSON, and it was modified by a Republican Congress to give General GRANT full power. Its passage, however, was not wholly due to party feeling. JOHNSON'S conduct and temper and habits were such as to justify the apprehension that he might dangerously abuse the power of patronage, and, in his Postmaster General RANDALL'S phrase, turn the whole service into his personal "bread and butter brigade." The bill, moreover, merely asserted the principle which was maintained both by WEBSTER and CALHOUN, that the Senate is constitutionally a part of the removing power. But however strongly the EDMUNDS report may declare that principle, and however cogently Senators may plead for it, the law will not now be changed. The Senate may reject nominations, and may hold that the suspended officer ought to be restored if it has not confirmed a duly nominated successor before its adjournment. But even if that were so, which cannot be made to appear from the law, the President could again suspend the officer. In fact the Senate has deliberately relinquished the power which it now apparently desires to resume.

The important portions of section 1768 of the Revised Statutes are these:

"During any recess of the Senate the President is authorized, in his discretion, to suspend any civil officer appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, except Judges of the Courts of the United States, until the end of the next session of the Senate, and to designate some suitable person, subject to be removed in his discretion by the designation of another, to perform the duties of such suspended officer in the mean time. . . . The President shall within thirty days after the commencement of each session of the Senate. . . . nominate persons to fill all vacancies in offices which existed at the meeting of the Senate, whether temporarily filled or not, and also in the place of all officers suspended; and if the Senate during such session shall refuse to advise and consent to an appointment in the place of any suspended officer, then, and not otherwise, the President shall nominate another person as soon as practicable to the same session of the Senate for the office."

In the original law of JOHNSON'S time it was provided that if the suspension was not approved by the confirmation of a successor, the suspended officer should resume the office. That provision was omitted in the change of the law, and, as we say, even if it should be assumed that the suspended officer should resume his duties, he could be and would be immediately suspended again by the President.

However prolonged and earnest and able the debate may be, therefore, it will not restore a single suspended officer. The adherence of the Senate to the resolution of the Republican caucus not to approve the proposed removal—that is to say, suspension—of officers when the documents requested by it are refused, will have no other practical result than to leave the duties of the office to be discharged by the person designated by the President. The Senate cannot compel the President to send in documents nor to give reasons. He can be reached only by impeachment, which the Senate cannot originate. The relations of the President and the Senate as parts of the appointing power cannot be defined authoritatively by the debate. But the discussion will draw public attention to the desirability of greater publicity in regard to appointments and removals. Such publicity would have the best possible results in stimulating good conduct in the service, and by preventing causeless and merely partisan removals. We regret the President's decision to withhold documents, except those of an absolutely confidential character, because it is hostile to the interests of reform, which publicity would greatly promote. Further than this, as a constitutional part of the appointing power, the Senate is entitled to all knowledge in any particular case which is possessed by the other part of that power. If it be essentially confidential, it may be communicated confidentially. But it should be plainly understood hereafter that all documents regarding appointments and removals addressed to the President or to Senators upon that subject are in their nature public, and will be so considered. Every well-disposed citizen, in any community where an efficient and satisfactory postmaster or other Federal officer is removed, has the right to know for what reason and by whose request the change has been made, and the record should be accessible to every such citizen. This demand for publicity, which will prevail, is another of the beneficent and logical results of the civil service reform movement.

## THE ENGLISH ARGUMENT IN IRELAND.

THE political situation in England is obscure in every aspect but one, and that is the intensity of feeling. For the time the point of greatest and most excited interest is the Irish question. The riots and the Socialist meetings, and the condition which they disclose, and the foreign question in the Ægean and in India, are subordinate to what is generally felt to be the question of the empire itself. Nothing is more notable than the breach between Mr. GLADSTONE and many of his oldest and strongest friends. It is not too strong a statement to say that they fear national dishonor under his leadership in the practical surrender of a part of the imperial power. The assertion that the Irish demand is made by the great majority of Irishmen, these Englishmen meet by a flat denial. They hold that the one and a quarter million of Protestants by the last census, and a similar number of "royalist Catholics" and people of no religious connection, make a full half of the people, and that the National League rules in Ireland, as the Secessionists ruled in Virginia and in other Union-loving portions of "the South," by intimidation, compact and active organization, boycotting, and general unscrupulousness. The shiftless and landless have been won by the cry of "No rent," and the Catholic clergy, who were largely opposed to the movement for home rule, have been gained by the prospect of a Catholic majority in an Irish Parliament. These Englishmen hold that ignorant peasants were led in squads by the priests to the polls, and voted under the eye of boycotters and Nationalists as Virginians voted under the supervision of Secessionists. The English party finds proof in the figures of the election that "there were far

more stay-at-homes, in proportion to the whole legal number of voters in Ireland, than in the State of New York at the last Presidential election." There is an equally positive denial of the assertion that the land is generally owned by foreigners. On the contrary, the English party appeals to the census to show that the vast majority of landlords are Irishmen, who own the farms and receive the rents.

The practical answer to such statements and to such facts, if facts they are, is that the majority which accepts the leadership of the minority concedes that the latter shall act and speak for all. The practical Irish opposition to the National League seems to be confined to Ulster, and the Ulster protest is very strong. But it can do no more than protest. The Irish party has the power to obstruct all legislation and to demolish every ministry until its demands are conceded. It is revolutionary under legal forms. Now the right of armed revolution is defined by Americans to be the right to resist intolerable oppression. It is the situation when the evils of war are held to be less than that of longer endurance of existing wrongs and the hopelessness of legal relief. Revolution under legal forms is that situation where all public business is suspended until a certain legal relief is afforded. But for the moral justification of this course, as for that of armed revolt, there must be an open and honest declaration of reasons, an appeal to the approval of mankind such as the American colonies made in 1776. It is this course which raises the movement, whether armed or legislative, from the category of mere rebellion against law to the dignity of a justifiable redress of grievances.

To the demand, therefore, of an Irish Parliament the English party replies, first, that Ireland is not governed as a colony or dependency, but as an integral portion of the United Kingdom, having her full representation in Parliament, and is thus qualified to look after her own interests, as Scotland, with a much smaller representation, does most effectually. Consequently a separate Parliament is not necessary for the redress of any grievance. It replies, secondly, that no practical grievance whatever has been brought forward, nor has any motion been made by PARNELL. He took at once to wrecking the legislature by obstruction and inciting revolt in Ireland. In all the speeches and writings of the League leaders there is no political grievance mentioned except the union itself. And, third, this English party says that Protestant Ulster is under exactly the same laws and stands in exactly the same relation to Ireland as the Catholic provinces, and she is as prosperous, loyal, and contented as Kent or Sussex. Under these circumstances this party holds that to abandon the union by the grant of an Irish Parliament is to yield to a revolution which can plead no grievance; to turn over the most intelligent, industrious, and civilized population of a constituent part of the empire to its most ignorant, savage, and superstitious element; and to divide the empire and wrong a great body of people for no real or practical reason whatever. This is the argument of the English Liberals who have separated from Mr. GLADSTONE, and who dread his action in Ireland, and it is unquestionably a strong argument. The practical reply to it seems to be that whatever the right or wrong of the situation, it cannot continue, and that its solution must be either in a policy of severity or of concession. There can be no doubt that public opinion in England would not tolerate Irish independence. If, then, concession which preserves the essential supremacy of the empire will not suffice, there will remain nothing but the practical yielding of the Irish League, or English maintenance of the union by force.

## A SILVER CURRENCY.

ONE of the ablest students of the question writes in regard to the threatened silver legislation in Congress as follows:

"Our currency, mixed up as it is at present, is exposed to dangers enough, but the threat of Congress to change it suddenly to a single currency of silver at a depreciation of twenty per cent. is fraught with dangers to society itself. It would operate as an immediate reduction in the income of all persons employed on wages or salaries—professors, school-masters, and school-mistresses, the servants in our households, the laborers in our factories, fields, and forests; and those who are most dependent would be the first to suffer and the last to adjust themselves to the new situation. Take your own paper. What an amount of money is invested in it, and what an amount of mental ability! I take it for granted that, relying upon a vast sale, the price of your paper to subscribers is put at as low a rate as is consistent with a fair profit, and now you are threatened with a depreciation of currency which will of a sudden take from the subscription price of your paper twenty per cent. Or take one of the great daily papers, skillfully organized, frugally superintended: it gives us all the news from all parts of the world at our breakfast table, and at no very great price. What must befall that paper when there is a sudden decline in the currency of twenty per cent.? Just this difficulty overhangs every enterprise. I do not see the limit of this evil which this change would bring with it. So our exchanges with foreign lands, instead of being at or near par, will be reckoned at six hundred and twenty for the pound. Every dollar of gold, of which we have at present or good a store, will be driven out of the land. Nor are those who live on what they earn the only sufferers. Already in the measure alone every branch of business is disturbed, and men are afraid to venture upon any new enterprise, when to-morrow may find their capital reduced twenty per cent. in value by Congressional legislation.

"Then, too, think of the abundance of corn and cattle and wheat and the like, for which the producer must suffer a reduction in price equal to a full protection of the exchange with the foreign country where the articles are finally to be disposed of! And the crime is made worse by the presence that the change, which is injurious to almost everybody but the money-changers, and corporations that have bonds to pay off, and unlicensed speculators, is held up as a benefit to the poor, when it does nothing but wrong and pillage."

## MONUMENTS AT WASHINGTON.

SENATOR HOAR's bills for the erection of a monument in Washington to General GRANT and of a statue to General HANCOCK have been passed unanimously by the Senate, although Senator STUMP objected to the GRANT monument, upon the ground that an such memorial was necessary, and that none in memory of LINCOLN had been erected in Washington by the government. But Senator PLUMB forgot that monuments are properly raised only to those who do not need them. It is because of the love and gratitude which keep the memories of great men forever fresh that memorials are erected. The monument to WASHINGTON at the capital is not necessary to recall the Father of the Country. But it is a sign of the affection which does not and will not forget him. Senator HOAR remarked that the Library Committee would duly consider the question of a LINCOLN monument.

## THE AMERICAN OPERA.

THE great and deserved success of the American opera in New York is one of the most interesting facts of the musical season. The completeness and care of the stage setting and the admirable training of all the singers are in pleasant contrast with much to which the public has been accustomed at the Academy. The audience, also, is remarkable. The close and intelligent and sympathetic attention, the absence of the chattering and giggling which are the sure signs of ill-breeding, and the sense of thoughtful appreciation and enjoyment, are very remarkable.

But the extraordinary fact is the present extinction of Italian opera. The two great houses are filled at every performance, but the familiar Italian music is heard no more. There has been a great change in the public taste, and how great it is can be seen by recurring to RICHARD GRANT WHITE's articles of a few years ago upon Italian opera in New York. The music of the future is practically that of the present, while the good music of the past, as in GLUCK's *Orpheus and Eurydice*, is as fresh and beautiful as ever. Undoubtedly the Italian opera will yet be heard again, but the day of its absolute and disdainful supremacy is past.

## A SITUATION WHICH GROWS WORSE.

THERE seems to be no good reason why the explanation of the Attorney-General in regard to the Pan-electric speculation should be delayed. His position does not depend upon the issue of any suit or investigation. The case, as publicly and generally stated, and not denied, leaves him in a situation which is made worse by delay in explanation or action. As a public man of intelligence and experience, he cannot fail to see how injurious to his chief and to his party is his continued association with the administration. It was the practical condemnation by the Republican party of conduct similar to his which overthrew that party at the last election, and the most powerful weapon against the President now is the presence of Mr GARLAND in the Cabinet. If there be any explanation of his course, it ought certainly to be made public at once.

## LIGHT WANTED.

IN the New York Senate Mr. SLOAN has introduced resolutions asking the Health-officer at Quarantine to report the total amount of money received by him as cash officer in the years 1882, '83, '84, and '85. The other day the Health Officer wrote a letter in which he said that the amount was not as large as had been stated. But he forgot to mention how small it was. He will be glad, therefore, to correct public misapprehension upon this point. He will also report how much money has been received for fumigation.

This will be very useful information, and the request is in strict accord with the conviction which is now very general that darkness and secrecy are as favorable to abuses in the public service as in private conduct. There is a most proper privacy in many things. But all privacy is not proper, and that which is invoked to conceal the receipts of office, or recommendations to office, or reasons for removal from office, is an unjustifiable secrecy, hostile to the public welfare.

## THE AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

THE American school of classical studies at Athens was founded by the American Archæological Institute in 1882, and has been successfully maintained for three years and a half, at the expense of some of the chief colleges of the country and their alumni. Each of these colleges in turn sends out to Athens a professor of Greek, who acts for one year as director of the school, which has an excellent working library, and has published a valuable volume of papers, and conducted important explorations.

The enterprise is one of the most creditable to American scholarship ever undertaken. But it needs a permanent foundation. The English school has erected a building upon land given to it by the Greek government, and a similar plot, of about two acres in extent, is offered to our school if it will take it. That depends, of course, upon the friends of the project, and the New York branch of the Institute makes its appeal for aid to build a simple building upon the lot offered, and to begin a fund for the salary of a permanent director and current expenses.

The parent society in Boston, through a committee of which Mr LOWELL is chairman, has already obtained the larger part of the sum required, and a committee of the New York society of very well known gentlemen is organized for a personal appeal. No purpose of the kind could be more admirable or honorable to the national name, and nothing is more certain than that every dollar subscribed will be most honestly and usefully expended.

## PERSONAL.

MR LAWRENCE BARRETT proposes to build a new theatre which shall represent his views of what is fit and proper. It shall be situated in the center of a block in the most fashionable part of the city, and all around it shall be business houses. Its exterior walls shall be of the plainest possible description, and entirely hidden from the streets. It shall have no approach to each of its four sides. Internally the effect shall be simple, large, and open, the wall spaces being decorated with old gold, and the seats upholstered in crimson plush. The principal attraction shall be the stage, with which nothing in the auditorium shall interfere. The cost of the theatre shall be about $150,000, and the other buildings on the block shall be owned by the same company that owns the theatre. In New York city the most desirable site would be on Fifth Avenue, between Twenty fourth and Thirtieth streets. The players would be members of a stock company, and certain nights in each week would be devoted to comedy, others to tragedy, others to free serious work. Mr BARRETT has the co-operation of Mr Edwin Booth in this scheme. He expects soon to ask some of the leading supporters of the drama to meet him for the purpose of conference.

—The Hon. HAMILTON FISH, a member of the GRANT memorial committee of this city, thinks that a million of dollars is too large a sum to try to raise, and that the hundred and odd thousand dollars already obtained will suffice to erect a suitable monument. Senator HOAR's bill for a national monument to General GRANT at Washington appropriates only $250,000. "It seems to me," he said in his speech in the Senate, "that we must take the thing as settled by the general judgment of mankind that civilized nations are wanting in due and decent honor for their great benefactors, unless by monument or statuary, or in some other public way, they put up in their public places the tokens of their regard."

—The newly arrived baritone of the American Opera, Mr. WILLIAM LUDWIG, of London, is reported to have said that he could learn his part in the score of *Lohengrin*—which he had never sung—in six days. Most of the principal singers in an opera like *Lohengrin* give more study to the "business" of their parts than to the singing of them, and this "business," when good, requires much preparation, not only to cultivate, but at rehearsal. It is not uncommon for a leading singer to create his own "business," giving all sorts of suggestions to the composer, the librettist, or the manager. One of the principal members of the American Opera Company, at the recent rehearsal of a new opera, kept the composer busy in making pencil notes of his wishes on the margin of the score. He suggested scores of changes, which to his judgment would facilitate him in taking points before an audience. In all the lighter operas the best "business" of the principal singers is a growth that requires much more time and patience than does the knowledge how merely to sing their respective parts.

—Some surprise has been expressed that the late Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH should have left an estate of only $70,000 after so many years of successful lecturing. A friend of the great temperance advocate explains matters by a reference to Mr Gough's travelling expenses, his habit of lecturing for the benefit of charities, and his singular generosity of disposition. "Men of his temperament," he says, "do not hoard money." "The rare good health which Mr. Gough enjoyed," he adds, "and the enviable easiness of his death, are perhaps the most cogent arguments he ever adduced in favor of temperance."

—An aged gypsy of the gentler sex, whose home is in New Jersey, predicts that Mr THOMAS A. EDISON will soon astonish the world with inventions so important that all his previous triumphs will look puerile. She founds her prophecy upon the fact that the accomplished young heiress, Miss MINA MILES, of Akron, Ohio, whom he has made his bride, is the seventh child of her father.

—A trustee of the New York Free Circulating Library sends us the following: "Let the Legislature appoint a commission of citizens whose names inspire trust to examine the whole matter of the proposed public library, and report a feasible scheme. Our experience shows that several branch libraries are likely to be more useful than a grand central library of the kind proposed by Alderman SARSON's bill: the books should be placed where the people can conveniently get them. Then let the Legislature adopt that scheme which it approves, and make an appropriation to carry it out. To depend entirely upon private benefactions for the establishment and conduct of such an institution would not be practicable. But the trustees of the Free Circulating Library simply wish the best results to be secured without respect to persons. They have not the least desire to control the management of the proposed new library, on the contrary, they are ready to withdraw from their present work as soon as the field is covered by other agencies."

—In an eloquent lecture before the Harvard students on the 23d of February, the Rev PHILLIPS BROOKS told those young gentlemen that he knew of no reason why a person who was thinking of entering the Christian ministry should neglect to do so from a fear that his speculative views might change afterward, that he was unable to see who should decide what the details of a man's theology should be, and that no more narrow-chested and weak-kneed ministers were wanted. The college gymnasium, he thought, was the best preparatory school for a student of theology.

—Some time ago Mr WILL CARLETON visited one of the Iowa towns in his capacity as lecturer, and was daily placarded on the walls, "WILL CARLETON October 29." The next lecturer to the course was Hon. WILL CUMBACK, of Indiana. In view of this event posters were printed, "WILL CUMBACK December 11." The local bill-poster was instructed to put these bills in the place of the CARLETON ones. His paste must have been better than his orthography, for having heard that Mr CARLETON was rescheduled for an evening later in the season, he supposed this to be a typographical statement of the fact, and so he posted the new bill directly under his name, and the unique announcement then read as follows, "WILL CARLETON WILL CUMBACK December 11," and remained as the walls of the town for several days, till rectified by somebody who knew how to spell.

—One of the most successful women in New York city is the soprano of a church choir uptown. She receives a salary of about $800 a year, and has so ingratiated herself into the feelings of her regular audience as to secure all the pupils she desires on very remunerative terms. The ladies of the congregation invite her to sing at private receptions, and often pay liberally for her services, and, when she announces her annual public concert, interest themselves in selling tickets for her. The Oratorio and Philharmonic societies sometimes ask her to sing at their concerts. She is living in much comfort, and is laying up money. But a well-known church organist of long experience declares that her case is exceptional. While admiring her natural gifts—especially her cleverness in getting the tenor of the choir to roll his eyes in wonder and look at her face when she is singing a solo in tones so soft and low that his object seems to be to ascertain whether she has not ceased altogether, although the congregation can hear her perfectly—he is convinced, after extensive observation, that the usual lot of the woman of fair average ability who tries to earn a living by singing is not a happy one. "She is subjected to endless mortifications in the search for engagements; in one of her engagements is permanent, and when her voice becomes impaired and her beauty decays, she is likely to be worse off than most of her competitors in the struggle for existence."

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## NOT A CONTINUATION.

PRESENT DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT TO LAST ONE. "That was a *dead stop*, Mr. BUCHANAN."

## WINTER IN FLORENCE.

THOUGH Florence is not a town well suited for those who visit Italy in search of health, at least during the late and early months of the year, it is so far from being an unpleasant winter resort for strangers who have a less melancholy reason for travelling. Still, even a foreigner is apt to find that a week of really cold weather is a period of trial, unless he occupies rooms with an exceptionally favorable aspect, or furnished with some modern appliance for heating. The old Italian fire-place is an ingenious contrivance for letting all the warmth escape by the chimney, while most of the smoke is driven into the room. The poorer Florentines are even more unfortunate than the casual visitor, as they can seldom make any fire at all, except in the kitchen.

Those whose only business is pleasure may find some compensation for the discomfort of their rooms in the open air. The coldest days are generally sunny, and walks which, like the Lungo' Arno, are protected from the wind are pleasantly warm during the mid-day hours. They are thronged by Florentines, who come forth to bask in the sunshine; but, like the lizards, which occasionally steal out of their holes for a similar purpose, they look depressed and lifeless. All the sprightliness of summer has vanished, the swift light grace of eye and gesture has given place to a forced and preoccupied energy, if gesture or motion quicken, it is only in response to a conscious act of the will, the exuberance of life which at other times distinguishes both the Italian and the lizard is quite gone.

Twelfth Night is the great winter festival of the Florentines, though it is now celebrated almost exclusively in domestic circles. After the children have fallen asleep, the mother takes their stockings away and fills clean ones with fruit, sweetmeats, and little presents, among which two or three pieces of charcoal carefully wrapped up in paper are usually to be found. These treasures are carefully hidden in different parts of the room, and as soon as the children wake, the search for the stockings begins. With some slight variations, a similar custom prevails, we believe, in Norway, though it is not observed on the same day. In the olden times the festival was celebrated with far greater splendor and had a more public character. A female image of "Santa Epifania" was borne through the town, boys walked in the procession with long glass trumpets, while other boys and girls followed singing hymns. It was probably such processions that suggested to Luca della Robbia several of the wonderful reliefs which are now the glory of the Bargello. The color is fading out of Italian life, as it always does before the advance of our modern civilization, and the only reminiscence of the old custom that remains is the habit of giving boys trumpets on the eve of Epiphany. They used always to be of glass, but some enterprising manufacturer has discovered that they are more durable and may be made more cheaply when metal is employed, as now the old glass trumpets are only to be found in the houses of the rich and noble. We are certainly progressing, but in what direction? That is a question to which political economy and art are apt to give different answers.

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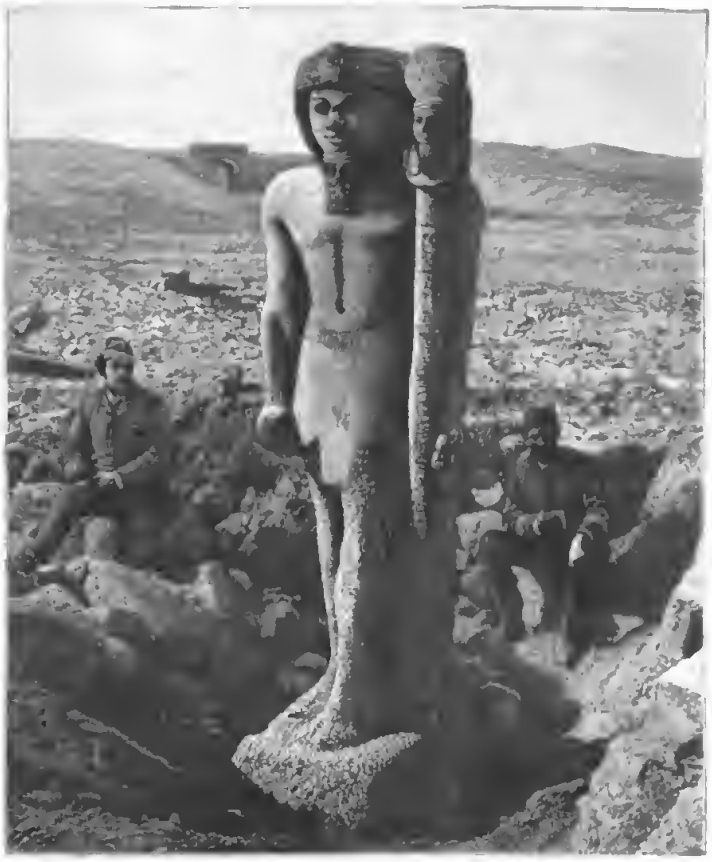
## STATUE OF RAMESES II.

Near the village of Abouker in Egypt, not far from Alexandria, an interesting and a wonderfully well preserved statue of Rameses II. was accidentally unearthed in January. Men were digging for stone to repair a fort, under the direction of MITCHELL BEY, of the Royal (British) Navy, when they found the image of the great king who reigned more than 3200 years ago prostrate where it had fallen, and been covered with earth and forgotten for centuries. The statue is of red granite, ten and a half feet high, in a standing position. The workmanship is of much more than the usual excellence of the Egyptian statuary that has been preserved, and is the more valuable because it is the only statue now known to exist of this great Rameses, save one which is badly mutilated. Professor WILBOUR, the Egyptologist—who, by the way, is an American—deciphered the inscription, and ascertained the historic value of the "find." It will soon be removed to Alexandria, which has been despoiled of all its valuable antiquities except Pompey's Pillar. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph taken by Mr. FIORILLO, of Alexandria, after the statue had been set on its feet on the spot where it was discovered. The carved pillar on the left, surmounted with the bust of a child, is supposed to represent the son of the king, whom he is presenting to the people as his successor.

This Rameses II., who reigned for sixty-six or sixty-seven years, was the greatest builder of all the Pharaohs. The Ramesseums of Thebes and dozens of famous temples in almost all the ancient Egyptian cities were erected during his long reign, among them the magnificent subterranean temples in Nubia. Rameses had much fighting to do too, to keep the old enemies at bay, and when defensive work did not need to be done he made campaigns against the tribes of the upper Nile. He won great renown not only by the success of his armies, but by his personal bravery also. He, more than any other single historical personage, is the hero of the Greek legend of Sesostris, the great Egyptian warrior, who, the growing fable finally erroneously declared, conquered Persia and India, and was a pre-Alexandrian Alexander. He was—so the Egyptologists have made out—as cruel a tyrant as he was a generous patron of art and brave soldier, and his great monuments and temples were built by what in these days we should call convict labor, and among the convicts were many of the Semitic people who had made their homes in his kingdom, the Hebrews with the rest.

It was in the reign of Merneptah, the son of Rameses II., who is supposed to be represented by the child's bust on the pillar, that the exodus of the Israelites occurred. In the latter years of Rameses, when cruelty became his chief characteristic as a monarch, and he no longer cultivated art or war, the Hebrews began to become restive under oppression, and to prepare for the event which in most modern readers stands out more prominently than any other in Egyptian history. Even in the reign of the aged Rameses lower Egypt was invaded by the Pelasgians, who drove the natives out of the Delta; and a good part of the kingdom was wrested from him, and the dissensions and rebellions which made the reign of his son a memorably turbulent period began before the son acceded to power. It was not till the third Rameses came to the throne, several generations later, that Egypt regained the power and glory it had known under the great Pharaoh, whose statue the British naval officer had the luck to unearth, and excite the envy of professional antiquarians.

Egypt has been despoiled by all the scholars and antiquarians and relic hunters of most of her movable relics—even obelisks, as we have good reason to know. Many of these antiquities have been given away, as the obelisk in Central Park, New York, was given by the Khedive; many have been purchased, but many have been stolen. The discovery of this valuable specimen of sculpture of such great antiquity has therefore already excited the greed and curiosity of the antiquarians. It is regarded as a proper disposition of it to place it in a proper position in the city of Alexandria. Nubar Pasha has given his consent to this plan. MITCHELL BEY will have it removed from its bed to the city, and it will henceforth be one of the prime attractions of this Egyptian capital.



"LUCETTA FLUNG BACK THE CURTAIN WITH A NERVOUS GREETING."

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A MILKMAID," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXII.

We go back for a moment to the preceding night to account for Henchard's attitude.

At the hour when Elizabeth Jane was contemplating her stealthy reconnoitring excursion to the abode of the lady of her fancy, he was not a little amazed at receiving a letter by hand in Lucetta's well known characters. The self repression, the resignation, of her previous communication had vanished from her mind; she wrote with some of the natural lightness which had marked her in their early acquaintance.

"HIGH STREET HALL.

"MY DEAR MICHAEL,—Don't be surprised. It is for your good and mine, as I hope, that I have come to live at Casterbridge—for how long I cannot tell. That depends upon another; and he is a man, and a merchant, and a Mayor, and one who has the first right to my affections.

"Seriously, Michael, I am not so light-hearted as I may seem to be from this. I have come here in consequence of hearing of the death of your wife—whom you used to think of as dead so many years before. Poor woman, she seems to have been a sufferer, though uncomplaining, and though weak in intellect, not an imbecile. I spoke to her once in passing through the town. I am glad you acted fairly by her. As soon as I knew she was an invalid, it was brought home to me very forcibly by my conscience that we ought to repair our former mistake as soon as we decently could. I hope you are of the same mind, and that you will take steps to this end. As, however, I did not know how you were situated, as what had happened since our separation, I decided to come and establish myself here before communicating with you.

"You probably feel as I do about this. I shall be able to see you in a day or two. Till then farewell. Yours, LUCETTA."

Henchard had already heard that High Street Hall was being prepared for a tenant. He said with a puzzled air to the first person he encountered, "Who is coming to live at the Hall?"

"A lady of the name of Templeman, I believe, sir," said his informant.

Henchard thought it over. "Lucetta is governess or housekeeper there, I suppose," he said to himself. "Yes, I must put her in her proper position, undoubtedly."

It was by no means with the oppression that would once have accompanied the thought that he regarded the moral necessity now; it was, indeed, with interest, if not warmth. His bitter disappointment at finding Elizabeth Jane to be none of his, and himself a childless man, had left an emotional void in Henchard that he unconsciously craved to fill. In this frame of mind, though without strong feeling, he had strolled up the blind alley and into High Street Hall by the postern at which Elizabeth had so nearly encountered him. He had gone as thence into the court, and inquired of a man whom he saw unpacking china from a crate, if Miss Le Sueur was living there. Miss Le Sueur had been the name under which he had known and married Lucetta.

The man replied in the negative—that Miss Templeman only had come. Henchard went away, concluding that Lucetta had not as yet settled in.

He was in this interrupted stage of the inquiry when he witnessed Elizabeth Jane's departure the next day. On hearing her announce the address there suddenly took possession of him the strange thought that Lucetta and Miss Templeman were one and the same person, for he could recall that in her season of intimacy with him the name of the rich relative whom he had deemed somewhat

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1818.

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a mythical personage had been given on Templeman. Though not a fortune-hunter, the possibility that Lucetta had been sublimed into a lady of means by some munificent testament on the part of this relative lent a charm to her image which it might not otherwise have acquired. He was getting so toward the dead level of middle age, when material things increasingly possess the mind.

But Henchard was not left long in suspense. Lucetta was rather addicted to scribbling, as had been shown by the torrent of letters after the fiasco in their marriage arrangements, and hardly had Elizabeth Jane gone away when another note came to the Mayor's house from High Street Hall.

"I am in residence," she said, "and comfortable, though getting here has been a wearisome undertaking. You probably know what I am going to tell you, or do you not? My good aunt Templeman, the banker's widow, whose very existence you used to doubt, leave alone her affluence, has lately died, and bequeathed a great deal of her property to me. I will not enter into details except to say that I have taken her name.

"I am now my own mistress, and have chosen to be tenant of High Street Hall, that at least you may be put to no trouble if you wish to see me. My first intention was to keep you in ignorance of the changes in my life till you should meet me by accident, but I have thought better of this.

"You probably are aware of my arrangements with your daughter, and have doubtless laughed at the—what shall I call it?—practical joke (in all affection) of my getting her to live with me. But my first meeting with her was purely an accident. Do you see, Michael, why I have done it?—why, to give you an excuse for coming here as if solely to visit her, and thus to form my acquaintance naturally. She is a dear, good girl, and she thinks you have treated her with undue severity. You may have done so in your haste, but not deliberately, I am sure. As the result has been to bring her to me, I am not disposed to upbraid you.—In haste, yours always,

"LUCETTA."

The excitement which these announcements produced in Henchard's gloomy soul was to him most pleasurable. He sat over his dining table long and drumily, and he an almost morbid transport the settlements which he [illegible] made since his estrangement from Elizabeth Jane and Donald Farfrae and met around Lucetta before they had grown [illegible] she was in a very coming disposition for marriage; of that there could be no doubt. But what else could a poor woman be who had given herself to him so unhesitatingly at first? There was no doubt that concession so keen than affection had brought her here. On the whole he did not blame her.

"The artful little monkey!" he said, smiling (with reference to Lucetta's adroit and pleasant manœuvre with Elizabeth Jane).

To feel that he would like to see Lucetta was with Henchard to start for her house. He got on his hat and went. It was between eight and nine o'clock when he reached her door. The answer brought him was that Miss Templeman was engaged for that evening, but that she would be happy to see him the next day.

"That's rather like giving herself airs!" he thought. But, after all, she plainly had not expected him, and he took the refusal quietly. Nevertheless, he resolved not to go next day. "These cursed women—there's not an inch of straight grain in 'em!" he said.

Let us follow the track of Mr Henchard's thoughts as if it were a clew-line, and view the interior of High Street Hall on this particular evening.

On Elizabeth Jane's arrival she had been phlegmatically asked by an elderly woman to go upstairs and take off her things. She had replied with great earnestness that she would not think of going that trouble, and on the instant divested herself of her bonnet and cloak in the passage. She was then conducted to the first floor on the landing, and left to find her way further alone.

The room disclosed was prettily furnished as a boudoir or small drawing-room, and on a sofa with two cylindrical pillows reclined a dark haired, large-eyed, handsome woman. She was probably not much older than Elizabeth Jane, and had a sparkling light in her eye. In front of the sofa was a small table, with a pack of cards scattered upon it faces upward.

The attitude had been so full of abandonment that she bounded up like a spring on hearing she door open.

Perceiving that it was Elizabeth Jane she lapsed into ease, and came across to her with a reckless skip that innate grace only prevented from being boisterous.

"Why, you are late," she said, taking hold of Elizabeth Jane's hands.

"There were so many little things to put up."

"And you seem dead-alive and tired. Let me try to enliven you by some wonderful tricks I have learned, to kill time. Sit there and don't move." She gathered up the pack of cards, pulled the table in front of her, and began to deal them rapidly, telling Elizabeth Jane to choose some.

"Well, have you chosen?" she asked, flinging down the last card.

"No," stammered Elizabeth, arousing herself from a reverie. "I quite forgot, I was thinking of—you, and me—and how strange it is that I am here."

Miss Templeman looked at Elizabeth Jane with interest, and laid down the cards. "Ah! you are another sort than that," she said. "I'll lie here a bit, you sit by me, and we'll talk."

Elizabeth Jane drew up silently to the head of the sofa, but with obvious pleasure. It could be seen that by years she was much younger than her entertainer, while in manner and general vision she seemed more of the sage. Miss Templeman deposited herself on the sofa in her former fearless position, and throwing her arm above her brow—somewhat in the pose of a well known conception of Titian's—talked up at Elizabeth Jane inventedly across her forehead and arm.

"I must tell you something," she said. "I wonder if you have suspected it? I have only been a lady a little while."

"Oh! only a little while?" murmured Elizabeth Jane, her countenance slightly falling.

"But I was fit for it all my life—in education at least. I should not have mentioned this but I am thought it best you should know the truth."

"Yes, yes." She looked thoughtfully round the room—at the little square piano with brass inlayings, at the window curtains, at the lamp, at the fair and dark kings and queens on the card table, and finally at the inverted face of Lucetta Templeman, whose large lustrous eyes had such an odd effect upside down. "How did you know she way to dress so well," she murmured, "if you be as not been a lady long?"

"I went to Paris to the largest magasin, and said, 'Make me fashionable,' holding out some bank-notes. They half stripped me, and put on me what they chose. Four women hovered round me, fixed me on a pedestal like an image, and assunged me and pinned me and stitched me and padded me. When it was over I told them to send several more dresses of the same sum, and to it was done."

"But how did you tell them to do this in a foreign land?"

"Oh, I speak their language."

"Then you are a lady. And it's humility that made you say otherwise," cried Elizabeth Jane, recovering from the disappointment engendered by the news that wealth and luxury were as new to Miss Templeman as to herself.

"Well, for that matter, in my country speaking French does not make a lady of any one. It is rather the other way."

"Where is your country?"

It was with rather more reluctance that Miss Templeman said, "Jersey. There they speak French on one side of the street and English on the other, and a mixed tongue in the middle of the road. But it is a long time since I was there. Both of where my people really belong to, though my ancestors in Jersey were as good as anybody in England. They were the Le Sueurs, an old family who have done great things in their time. But I don't value such past matters, and am quite an English person in my feelings and tastes."

Lucetta's tongue had for a moment outrun her discretion. She had arrived at Casterbridge on a Bath boy, and there were serious reasons why Jersey should drop out of her life. But Elizabeth had tempted her to make free, and a deliberately formed resolve had been broken.

It could not, however, have been broken in calm company. Lucetta's words went no further, and after this day she was as much upon her guard that there appeared no chance of her identification with the young Jersey woman who had mired Henchard's life.

Expectancy sat visibly upon Lucetta the next morning. She dressed herself for Mr Henchard, and restlessly waited his call indeed mid-day; as he did not come, she waited on through the afternoon. But she did not tell Elizabeth Jane that the person expected was her step-father.

They sat in adjoining upper windows of the same room nearly the whole time, netting, and looking out upon the market, which formed an animated scene. Elizabeth could see the crown of her step-father's hat among the rest beneath, and was not aware that Lucetta watched the same object with yet intenser interest. He moved about amid the throng, at this point lively as an ant-hill; elsewhere more repanelled, and broken up by stalls of fruit and vegetables. The farmers as a rule preferred the open *sarcefour* for their transactions, despite its inconsistent footings and the danger from crossing vehicles, to the gloomy sheltered market-room provided for them. Here they surged on this one day of the week, forming a little world of leggings, switches, and sample-bags; men of extensive stomachs, sloping like mountain-sides, on which watch chains meandered as rivulets; men whose heads in walking swayed as the trees in November gales; who in conversing varied their attitudes much, lowering themselves by spreading their knees, so as to form a lounge-like opening between them, and thrusting their hands into the pockets of remote inner jackets, the outer ones being inappreciatively flung back for the purpose. Their faces radiated tropical warmth; for though when at home their countenances varied with the seasons—turning bun-colored in summer, in winter approaching the pink of dawn, and even occasionally purple or pale—their market faces in all seasons were glowing little fires.

All over-clothes here were worn as if they were an inconvenience, a lamentable necessity. Some men were well dressed; but the majority were careless in that respect, appearing in suits not worth half a crown from a clothier's point of view, but which were historical records of their owners' deeds, sun-scorchings, and dolly strategies for many years past. Yet they carried ruffled check books in their pockets which regulated at the bank hard by a balance of never less than fast figures. In fact, what these gibbous human shapes specially represented was ready money—money instantly ready—not ready next year, like a nobleman's—often not merely ready at the bank, like a professional man's, but ready in their large pinsap hands.

It happened that to-day there rose in the midst of them all ten or three tall apple-trees, standing as if they grew on the spot, till it was perceived that they were held by men from the cider districts who came here to sell them, bringing the clay of their country on their boots. Elizabeth Jane, who had often observed them, said, "I wonder if the same trees come every week?"

"What trees?" said Lucetta, absorbed in watching for Henchard. Elizabeth replied vaguely, for an incident checked her. Behind one of the trees stood Farfrae, briskly discussing a sample-bag with a farmer. Henchard had come up, accidentally encountering the young man, whose face seemed to inquire, "Do we speak together?"

She saw her step-father throw a glance into his eye, which answered, "No!" Elizabeth Jane sighed.

"Are you particularly interested in anybody out there?" said Lucetta.

"Oh no," said her companion, a quick red blushing over her face.

Luckily, Farfrae's figure was immediately covered by the apple tree.

Lucetta looked hard at him. "Quite sure?" she said.

"Oh yes," said Elizabeth Jane.

Again Lucetta looked out. "They are all farmers, I suppose?" she said.

"No. There's Mr Bolge—he's a wine-merchant; there's Benjamin Brownjet—a horse-dealer; and Kitson, the pig breeder; and Yopper, the auctioneer; besides maltsters, and millers—and so on." Farfrae stood out quite distinctly now, but she did not mention him.

The Saturday afternoon slipped on thus drumlessly. The market changed from the sample-showing hour to the idle hour before starting homeward, when tales were told. Henchard had not called on Lucetta, though she had stood on guard. He must have been too busy, she thought. He would come on Sunday, or Monday.

The days came, but not the visitor, though Lucetta repeated her dressing with scrupulous care. She was disheartened. It was at time to declared that Lucetta no longer bore toward Henchard all that warm allegiance which had characterized her in their first acquaintance; the most unfortunate issue of things had chilled him in considerably. But there remained a conscientious wish to establish her reason with him, now that there was nothing to hinder it—to right her position, which in itself was a happiness to sigh for. With strong social reasons on her side why their marriage should no longer continue void, there had ceased to be any worldly reason on his why its ratification should be postponed, since she had succeeded to comparative fortune.

Tuesday was the great Casterbridge fair. At breakfast she said to Elizabeth Jane quite coolly: "I imagine your father may call to see you to-day? I suppose he stands close by in the market-place, with the rest of the corn-dealers?"

She shook her head. "He won't come."

"Why?"

"He has taken against me," she said, in a huffy voice.

"You have quarrelled more deeply than I know of?"

Elizabeth, wishing to shield the man she believed to be her father from any charge of unnatural dislike, said, "Yes."

"Then where you are in, of all places, the man he will avoid?"

Elizabeth Jane nodded vaguely.

Lucetta looked blank, twitched up her lovely eyebrows and lip, and burst into hysterical sobs. "Here was a contretemps—her ingenious solution completely stultified!"

"Oh, my dear Miss Templeman—what's the matter?" cried her companion.

"I like your company much," said Lucetta, as soon as she could speak.

"Yes, yes—and so do I yours!" Elizabeth chimed in, soothingly.

"But—but—" She could not finish the sentence, which was, naturally, that if Henchard had such a mortal dislike for the girl as now seemed to be the case, Elizabeth Jane would have to be got rid of—a disagreeable necessity.

A provisional resource suggested itself. "Miss Henchard, will you go on an errand for me as soon as breakfast is over? Ah, she's very good of you. Will you go and order—" Here she enumerated several commissions at sundry shops, which would occupy Elizabeth Jane's time for the next hour or two, at least.

"And here you ever seen the Museum?"

Elizabeth Jane had not.

"Then you should do so at once. You can finish the morning by going there. It is an old house in a back street—I forget where—but you'll find one; and there are crowds of interesting things—skeletons, teeth, old pots and pans, ancient boots and shoes, birds' eggs—all charmingly instructive. You'll be sure to stay till you get quite hungry."

Elizabeth hastily put on her things and departed. "I wonder why she wants to get rid of me to-day?" she said, nervously, as she went. That her absence, rather than her mention or instruction, was in request, had been readily apparent to Elizabeth Jane, simple as she seemed, and difficult as it was to attribute a motive for she desire.

She had not been gone ten minutes when Lucetta's servant was sent to Henchard's with a note. The contents were, briefly:

"DEAR MICHAEL,—You will be standing close to my house to-day for ten or three hours in the course of your business, so do please call and see me. I am sadly disappointed that you have not come before, for you I help anxiety about my own equivocal position—especially now my aunt's fortune has brought me more prominently before society? Your daughter's presence keep me to the cause of your neglect, and I have therefore sent her away for the morning. Say you come on business. I shall be quite alone.

"LUCETTA."

When the messenger returned, her mistress gave directions that if a gentleman called he was to be admitted at once, and was down to await results.

Sentimentally she did not much care to see him—he drove him wearied her, but it was necessary, and with a sigh she arranged herself picturesquely in the chair, first this way, then that, sure so that the light fell over her head. Next she flung herself on the couch in the same pose curve which so became her, and, with her arm over her head, looked toward the door. This, she decided, was she best position, after all; and thus she remained till a man's step was heard on the stairs. Whereupon Lucetta, forgetting her curve (for Nature was too strong for Art as yet), jumped up, and ran and hid herself behind one of the window curtains in a freak of timidity. In spite of the waning of passion, the situation was so agitating one. Sim had not seen Henchard since his (supposed) temporary parting from her after their few days of so so.

She could hear the servant showing the visitor into the room, shutting the door upon him, and leaving as if to go and look for her mistress. Lucetta flung back the curtain with a nervous gressing.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE man before her was not Henchard. A conjecture that such might be the case had, indeed, dashed through her mind when she saw in the point of turning out, but it was just too late to recede.

He was years younger than the Mayor of Casterbridge; fair, fresh, and slenderly handsome. He wore drab cloth leggings with white buttons, boots with tubular bare holes, light cord breeches, and black velveteen coat and waistcoat, and he had a switch in his hand. Lucetta blushed and said, with a curious mixture of pout and laugh on her face, "Oh, I've made a mistake!"

The visitor, on the contrary, did not laugh half a smoke. "But I'm very sorry!" he said, in deprecating tones. "I came and I inquired for Miss Henchard, and they showed me up here, and at no hand would I have caught ye so unmannerly if I had known."

"I was the unmannerly one," said she.

"But to it what I have come to the wrong house, madam?" said Mr. Farfrae, thinking a little to his bewilderment, and nervously tapping his leggings with his switch.

"Oh no, sir, sit down. You must come and sit down, now you are here," replied Lucetta, kindly, to relieve his embarrassment. "Miss Henchard will be here directly."

Now this was not strictly true; but that same something about the young man—that Hyperborean crispness, commingling, and charm, as of a well toned musical instrument—which had awakened the interest of Henchard, and of Elizabeth Jane, and of the Song of Prosula's crew, at sight, made her consequently prepared to have attractive to Lucetta. He hesitated, looked at the door, thought there was no danger in it (though there a sat) and sat down.

Farfrae's presence here was simply the result of Henchard's permission to him to see Elizabeth Jane, if he were minded to see her. At first he had taken no notice of Henchard's brusque letter; but an exceptionally fortunate business transaction put him on good terms with everybody, and revealed to him that he could undeniably marry if he chose. Then who so pleasing, thrifty, and satisfactory in every way as Elizabeth Jane? Apart from her personal recommendations, a reconciliation with his former friend Henchard would, in the natural course of things, flow from such a union. He therefore forgave the Mayor his curtness; and this morning on his way to the fair he had called at his house, where he learned that she was staying at Miss Templeman's. A little stimulated at not finding her ready and waiting—so fanciful are men—he hastened on to High Street Hall, to encounter no Elizabeth, but Lucetta herself.

"The fair to-day seems a large one," she said, when, he a natural deviation, their eyes sought the busy scene without. "Your numerous fairs and markets keep me interested. How many things I think of while I watch from here!"

He seemed to doubt how to answer, and the babble without reached them as they sat—voices as of waveless as a lapping sea, one over and again rising above the rest. "Do you look out often?" he asked.

"Yes, very often!"

"Do you look for any one you know?"

Why should she have answered as she did? "I look as at a picture merely. But," she went on, turning pleasantly to him, "I may do so now. I may look for you. You are always there, are you not? Ah—I don't mean it seriously! But it is amusing to look for somebody one knows in a crowd, even if one does not want him. It takes off the terrible oppressiveness of being surrounded by a throng, and having no point of junction with it through a single individual."

"Ah! And isn't that you are lonely, ma'me?"

"Nobody knows how lonely."

"But you are rich, they say?"

"If so, I don't know how to enjoy my riches. I mean to Casterbridge thinking I should like to live here. But I wonder if I shall."

"Where did ye come from, ma'am?"

"The neighborhood of Bath."

"And I from near Edinburgh," he murmured. "It's better to stay at home, and that's true; but a man must live where his money is made. It is a great pity, but it's even so! Yet I've done very well this year. Oh yes," he went on, with ingenuous enthusiasm; "you see that man with the drab waistcoat over? I bought largely of him in the autumn when wheat was down, and then afterward, when it rose a little, I sold off all I had. It brought only a small profit to me; while the farmers kept theirs, expecting higher figures, yet, though the rest are groaning, she

sicks hollow. Just when I sold the markets went lower, and I bought up the corn of those who had been holding back at less price than my first purchases. And then," cried Farfrae, expectantly, his face alight, "I sold it a few weeks after, when it happened to go up again! And so, by contenting myself with small profits frequently repeated, I soon made five hundred pounds—yes!"—bringing down his hand upon the table, and quite forgetting where he was—"while the others by hoping theirs in hand made nothing at all!"

Lucetta regarded him with a critical interest. He was quite a new type of person to her. At last his eyes fell upon the lady's, and their glances met.

"Ah, now, I'm a-wearying you!" he exclaimed. She said, "No, indeed," coloring a trifle.

"What, then?"

"Quite otherwise. You are most interesting."

It was now Farfrae who showed the modest pink.

"I mean all you Scotchmen," she added, in hasty correction. "So free from Southern extremes. We common people are all one way or the other—warm or cold, passionate or frigid. You have both temperatures going on in you at the same time."

"But how do you mean this? To were best to explain clearly, ma'am."

"You are animated—then you are thinking of getting on. You are sad the next moment—then you are thinking of Scotland and friends."

"Yes. I think of home sometimes," he said, simply.

"So do I—as far as I can. But it was an old house where I was born, and they pulled it down for improvements, so I seem hardly to have any home to think of now."

Lucetta did not add, as she might have done, that the house was in St. Helier, and not in Bath.

"But the mountains and the moors and the rocks, they are there. And don't they seem like home?"

She shook her head.

"They do to me—they do to me," he murmured. "And he mind could he seen flying over northward. Whether its origin were national or personal, it was quite true what Lucetta had said, that the curious double strand in Farfrae's thread of life—the commercial and the romantic—was very distinct at times. Like the colors in a variegated cord, those contrasts could be seen intertwisted, yet not mingling.

"You are wishing you were back again," said she.

"Ah, no, ma'am," said Farfrae, suddenly recalling himself.

The fair without the windows was now raging think and loud. It was the chief hiring fair of the year, and differed quite from the market of a few days earlier. In substance it was a white-brown crowd flocked with white—this being the body of laborers waiting for places. The wing-bonnets of women like wagon tilts, their cotton gowns and checked shawls, raised alar with the carters' smock-frocks, for they an entered into the hiring. Among the rest, at the corner of the pavement, stood an old shepherd, who attracted the eyes of Lucetta and Farfrae by his stillness. He was evidently a chastened man. The battle of life had been a sharp one with him, for, to begin with, he was a man of small frame. He was now so bowed by hard work and years that, approaching from behind, a person could hardly see his head. He had planted the stem of his crook in the gutter, and was resting upon the iron, which was polished to silver brightness by the long friction of his hands. He had quite forgotten where he was, and what he had came for, his eyes being bent on the ground. A little way off negotiations were proceeding which had reference to him, but he did not hear them, and there seemed to be passing through his mind pleasant visions of the kind successors of his prime, when his skill laid open to him any farm for the asking.

The negotiations were between a farmer from a distant county and the old man's son. In these there was a difficulty. The farmer would not take the crust without the crumb of the bargain, in other words, the old man without the younger; and the son had a sweetheart on his present farm, she stood by, waiting the issue with pale lips.

"I'm sorry to leave ye, Nelly," said the young man, with emotion. "But, you see, I can't starve father, and he's out o' work on Lady Day. 'Tis only seventy mile."

The girl's lip quivered. "Seventy mile!" she murmured. "Ah! 'tis enough! I shall never see 'ee again!" It was, indeed, a hopeless length of traction for Dan Cupid's magnet; for young men were young men at Casterbridge as elsewhere.

"Oh, no, no, I never shall," she insisted, when he pressed her hard; and she turned her face to Lucetta's wall to hide her weeping. The farmer said he would give the young man half an hour for his answer, and went away, leaving the group sorrowing.

Lucetta's eyes, full of tears, met Farfrae's. His too, to her surprise, were moist on the scene.

"It is very hard," she said, with strong feeling. "Lovers ought not to be parted like that. Oh, if I had my wish I'd let people live and love at their pleasure."

"Maybe I can manage that they'll not be parted," said Farfrae. "I want a young carter, and perhaps I'll take the old man too—yes, he'll not be very expensive, and doubtless he will answer me purpose somehow."

"Oh! you are so good," she cried, delighted. "Go and tell them, and let me know if you have succeeded."

Farfrae went out, and she saw him speak to the group. The eyes of all brightened; the bargain was soon struck. Farfrae returned to her immediately it was concluded.

"It is kind-hearted of you indeed," said Lucetta. "For my part, I have resolved that all my servants shall have lovers if they want them. Do you make the same resolve?"

Farfrae looked more serious, waving his head a half turn. "I fear I must be a little stricter than you," he said.

"Why?"

"You are a woman of means—a thriving lady; and I am a struggling hay and corn dealer."

"I am a very recent lady."

"Ah, well, I cannot explain. I don't know how to talk to ladies, new or old, and that's true," said Donald, with grave regret. "I try to be civil to a' folk—no more."

"It is quite true. I are you are as you say," replied she, sensibly getting the upper hand in these exchanges of sentiment. Under this revelation of insight Farfrae again looked out of the window into the throng of the fair.

Two farmers met and shook hands, and being quite near the window their remarks could be heard as others' had been.

"Have ye seen young Mr Farfrae this morning?" asked one. "He promised to meet me here at the stroke of twelve; but I've gone athwart and about the fair half a dozen times, and never a sign of him; though he's mostly a man to be his word."

"I quite forgot the engagement," murmured Farfrae.

"Now you must go," said she; "must you not?"

"Yes," he replied. But he still remained.

"You had better go," she urged. "You will lose a customer."

"Now, Miss Templeman, you will make me angry," exclaimed Farfrae.

"Then suppose you don't go; but stay a little longer?"

He looked as viously at the farmer who was seeking him, and who just then ominously walked across to where Mentbard was standing, and he hushed into the room and at her. "I like staying; but I fear I must go," he said. "Business ought not to be neglected, nought it?"

"Not for a single minute."

"And it's true. I'll come another time—if I may?"

She gave him his hand. "Certainly," she said. "What has happened to us today is very curious."

"Something to think over when we are alone, it's like to be."

"Oh! I don't know that. It is commonplace, after all."

"No; I'll not say that. Oh no!"

"Well, whatever it has been, it is now over; and the market calls you to be gone."

"Yes, yes. Market—business! I wish there were no business in the world."

Lucetta almost laughed—she could quite have laughed—but that there was a little emotion going on in her at the time. "How you change!" she said. "You should not change like this."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GENERAL LEW. WALLACE.

"LEWIS WALLACE," remarks the chronicler of Indiana's share in the war for the Union, "handles the pen and the brush with ease and taste." And after paying tribute also to his skill as a lawyer, the historian adds, "But his genius is military." During General WALLACE'S administration as Governor of New Mexico he turned his legal and literary and military attainments to such good purpose that it was said his genius was executive. As Minister of the United States to Turkey, he established a reputation as a diplomatist; and his religious romance, *Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ*, has become one of the most popular of American novels. Since the judgment was pronounced twenty years ago that his genius is military, it has therefore been shown that he has at least talent of a high order for politics, diplomacy, and literature.

Though General WALLACE has gained distinction in such a variety of pursuits, he has not yet reached his sixtieth year; and he is as hale in body as when he first saw his spare, and as youthful in mind as when his pen first attracted local attention. Instructed in law by his father, who was Governor of Indiana, at an early age he was admitted to the bar at Crawfordsville. The records of the courts show that he did not neglect his profession. But his activity refused to be confined to any one kind of labor, and nearly forty years ago he betrayed the fondness for writing that has now made him more famous even than his military or diplomatic achievements. Without rigid training as a scholar in early life, he became a student of literature; without association with artists, he became an amateur painter; and while he was laying the foundations of a practice at the bar, as a volunteer, though hardly past his youth, he entered the army in the war with Mexico, and was the rank of Second Lieutenant in the First Indiana Volunteers. While he was in service in Mexico he became interested in Mexican history, and his studies many years later bore fruit in *The Fair God; or, the Last of the Tzins: A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico*, which was published in 1874. When he returned to his profession he found recreation in military studies, and he instructed a company of militia in the manœuvres of NAPOLEON'S Zouaves.

Though he was lawyer, writer, painter, and tactician, his activity forced him also into politics, and he was elected a member of the Indiana Legislature. When the war for the Union began he was Adjutant-General of the State, and his Zouaves, under his command, volunteered for three months' service. They took part in the battle of Romney, in West Virginia, and so distinguished themselves under his leadership in that campaign that they were reorganized as the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers, and were ordered to Missouri. There Colonel WALLACE rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. He led a division at the capture of Fort Donelson, and he was the first Federal officer of rank who entered the fort. On that memorable morning he breakfasted with his old friend General BUCKNER, the Confederate commander. For gallantry he was soon promoted to the rank of Major-General, and he was complimented for his brave conduct in the battle of Shiloh.

Although after the war General WALLACE was active in military and political discussion, he rested on the laurels he had won in war for nearly ten years, and then turned seriously to literary work. His Mexican romance was by some hailed as "the great American novel," and by reason of such high praise it provoked correspondingly severe criticism. Though it has been published twelve years, it is yet among the books that are seldom left long on the shelves of the circulating libraries. As a "first novel" it was remarkably successful. In 1878 President HAYES appointed him Governor of New Mexico, and during his residence there he resumed continuous literary work, and *Ben Hur* came from the press in 1880. The readers of this extraordinary romance owe the pleasure and profit they have got from it to a suggestion unconsciously made by Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. General WALLACE met Colonel INGERSOLL on the train, and they sat down for a long talk.

"What shall we talk about?" asked the distinguished unbeliever.

"Oh, I don't care," replied General WALLACE.

"Let's discuss religion, then," said INGERSOLL; and he recited his arguments and exercised his wit against Christianity until, to use General WALLACE'S own words, "somehow I felt ashamed of myself." In a general way General WALLACE had accepted the Christian religion, but he had not investigated its history nor grounded himself in its faith. He now set seriously to work at religious study. He became devoutly convinced of its truth, and determined to embody his conviction and his reasons for it in a romance.

The boldness of such a literary venture did not on first command *Ben Hur*. The readers of novels were not accustomed to consider the Wise Men of the East, Joseph, and Mary, and Jesus as proper *dramatis personæ*, nor the scenes of New Testament history as events to be dealt with in a romance. But the religious seriousness of the book, its descriptions of places and customs, and most of all its realistic treatment of a great fact, and incidentally of the great Person, as far from being a violation of the laws of romance, were found to be a dedication of them to a higher purpose than the readers of fiction had before known. The religious public found it as instructive as it was thrilling, and the clergy themselves realized that the powers of the historical novelist had been used to make plain the great historical facts that they themselves taught from the pulpit.

*A Tale of the Christ* has taken a place, therefore, in our popular literature that is unique. Regarded historically, it is a severely realistic description of society and government, both Jewish and Roman, during the life of Jesus. Regarded as a romance, it is a story of oppression and heroism and faith, in which the most startling forces that a novelist can command play a natural part. Roman oppression, the religious culture of the Jews, the wisdom of the men of the East, the divine power of Christ—all these as they came naturally into play in the events of individual life of the time. We follow the fortunes of provincial politicians, of Arabic potentates, of Hebrew scholars, of galley-slaves, of gladiators, of merchant princes of the Mediterranean, of lepers, of hand-slaves and masters, of scoffers, doubters, and believers. Persons in whom the reader becomes most deeply interested are healed of leprosy by Jesus. Ben Hur, the Jewish hero himself, follows the crowd that goes to the cross at the crucifixion. The life of Christ intersects the story at every turn. How every class of man regarded Him is shown, not merely told, and the climax is the acceptance of Him by the leading characters of the romance as the universal Saviour. The growth of faith is narrated as in the commonplace love story the reader follows the development of affection between two persons. Yet *Ben Hur* itself is a story of Jewish and Roman lovers, and in none the less a novel because it is religious.

It has then happened, doubtless to General WALLACE'S own surprise, and certainly to the surprise of his early friends, that he has won his most lasting fame with his pen, and as the author of perhaps the most popular religious romance in the language. The sales of *Ben Hur* have doubled every year since its publication. The variety of his accomplishments and his intellectual activity have made him so great a favorite in society as his bravery and handsome made him among his military comrades. His manners are the manners of an accomplished soldier rather than of a man of letters, though there is in his bearing a certain considerably but not ungallant modesty. In his writings there is a constant tendency to military pomp, and his best descriptions are of processions and of deeds of daring. His carriage is yet erect, and his manner is that of a man constantly active, but without nervousness. His straight hair is thinner than it was twenty years ago, and has lost something of its glossy blackness. His eyes are small and piercing, and the somewhat delicate appearance of his earlier years, when his cheeks were not so full as they are now, has changed to a more robust look. He has continued to develop both physically and mentally past the time of life when most men reach their maturity. He retains the uncommon faculty of turning to new subjects and new kinds of subjects and mastering them with youthful zeal. During his residence of three years at Constantinople he became interested not only in his official duties, but in such political, literary, and archæological questions as his acquaintance and studies there brought in his attention. During his service as Minister to Turkey he gained the confidence of the sultan, and since the appointment of his successor he has made a flying visit to Constantinople, from which he has just recently returned. General WALLACE is so rapid and untiring a worker that it is possible his sojourn in the East may suggest work that he himself has not anticipated. It is worth while to remember that it was as a recreation that he laid the foundations both of his military and his literary fame.

## THE TAX PAYERS OF NEW YORK.

A FRENCH writer some years ago gave an account of "the accursed race"—the oppressed and overburdened. He might have added to his list the New York tax payer. This object class has long been made to bear the burdens of an endless waste, a ceaseless outlay, an overwhelming debt. It would be amusing if it were not so disheartening to recall the strange purposes to which the money of the city has been applied. In the time of Tweed it was sent to the West to control elections in Indiana and Ohio; it was freely used in all times to feed the Democratic treasury. The excessive salaries paid to Democratic officials have long been the curse and peril of the nation. Fast horses, gambling, the vices and the audacity of the days of Cataline, have marked at times the careers of our city politicians. In the rule of the "Ring" the city officials were known by the enormous diamonds to which they invested their gains.

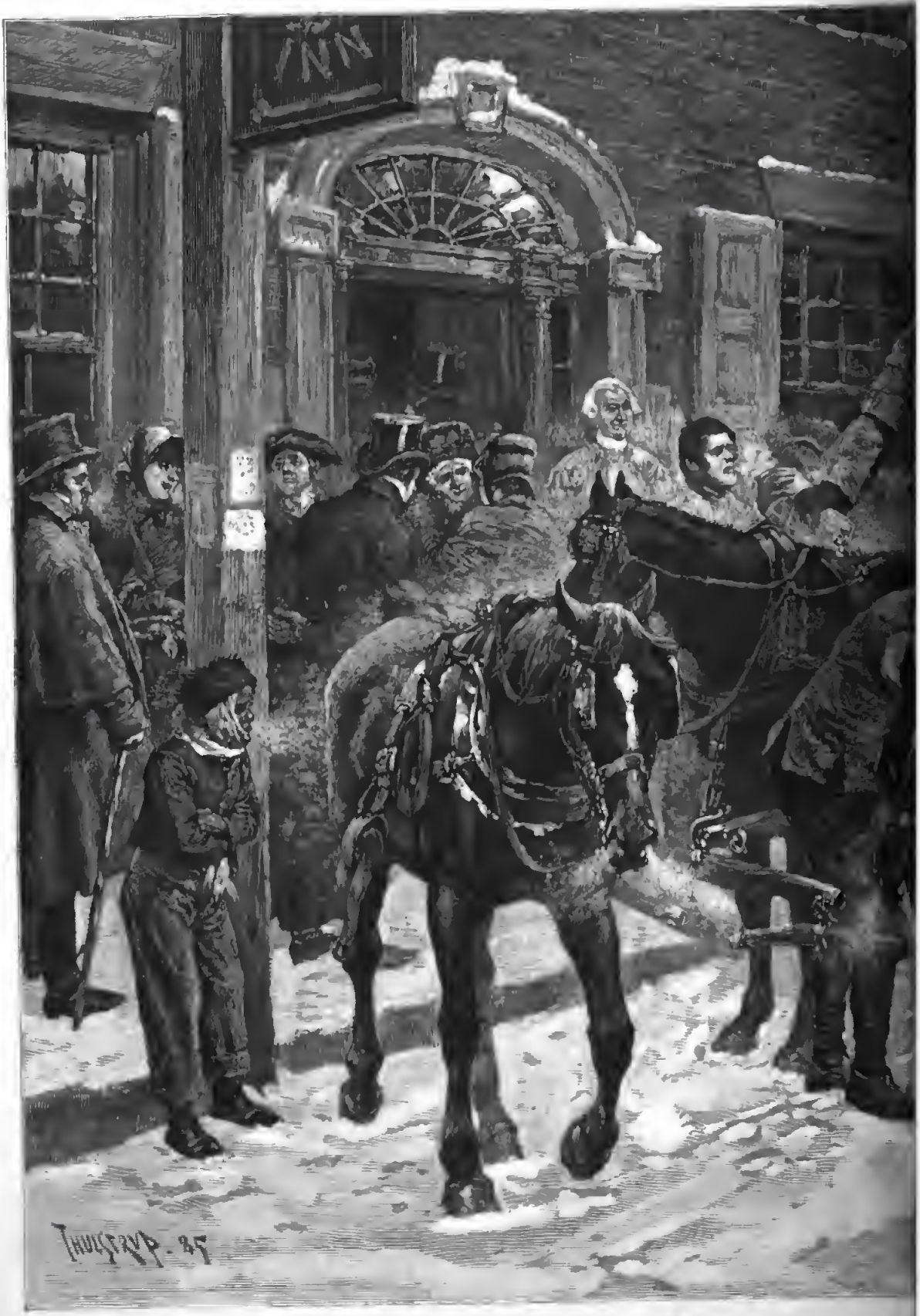
Much of this money has gone to the support of Roman Catholic schools, colleges, and churches. The "Foundling Asylum" and the "Protectory" and countless other associations have been fattened upon the city treasury. Much of it has passed into the hands of Fenians and Leagues in Ireland; much in the form of Peter-pence has reached the Vatican. It has swelled the fortunes of foreign bankers; it has been wasted in useless contracts. In the recent record of city expenses $1,000,000 is charged for a bill of meters—an utter waste. The money has gone in fees, legal and illegal; in salaries to worthless officials, as loans to Democratic editors, and sometimes unfaithful Republicans. The New York city treasury has been the centre and the source of boundless corruption. It has been under the control of persons wholly unfit to administer it. Uncultivated foreigners, untrustworthy politicians, the ignorant, the vicious, have held in their grasp the immense sums yearly wrung from the tax payers, and there has been no recourse. The burden of the taxes in many cases has proved the ruin of the tax-payer. In some instances the taxes here for years equalled one-half the rent of the property; in many cases taxes are exacted when the property yields nothing at all.

The tax payers of New York are the working classes. Nearly the whole taxation is laid upon land and houses; and those who hire the land and houses, the apartments, the single rooms, or even the cot in a mansion garret, bear the burden in rent. It is upon the laborer and the mechanic, the tenantroom and the washer woman, the clerk, the small traders, and the countless army of workers that this excessive outlay falls. They pay it in the cost of food, of fuel, of high rents, and uncomfortable houses. Every increase of taxation comes from them; every proper diminution gives them better lodgings, cheaper food, healthier children, and happier lives. It would be well if all the working people of the city would look into this important matter, and consider how to save themselves from the extravagance of their political rulers. Why do they not join to require the appointment to office of men who will at least avoid waste? Why did they vote away so enormously their as a money to purchase diamonds for Tweed's followers, or to support the last living and municipal corruption that have outlived the fall of Tweed?

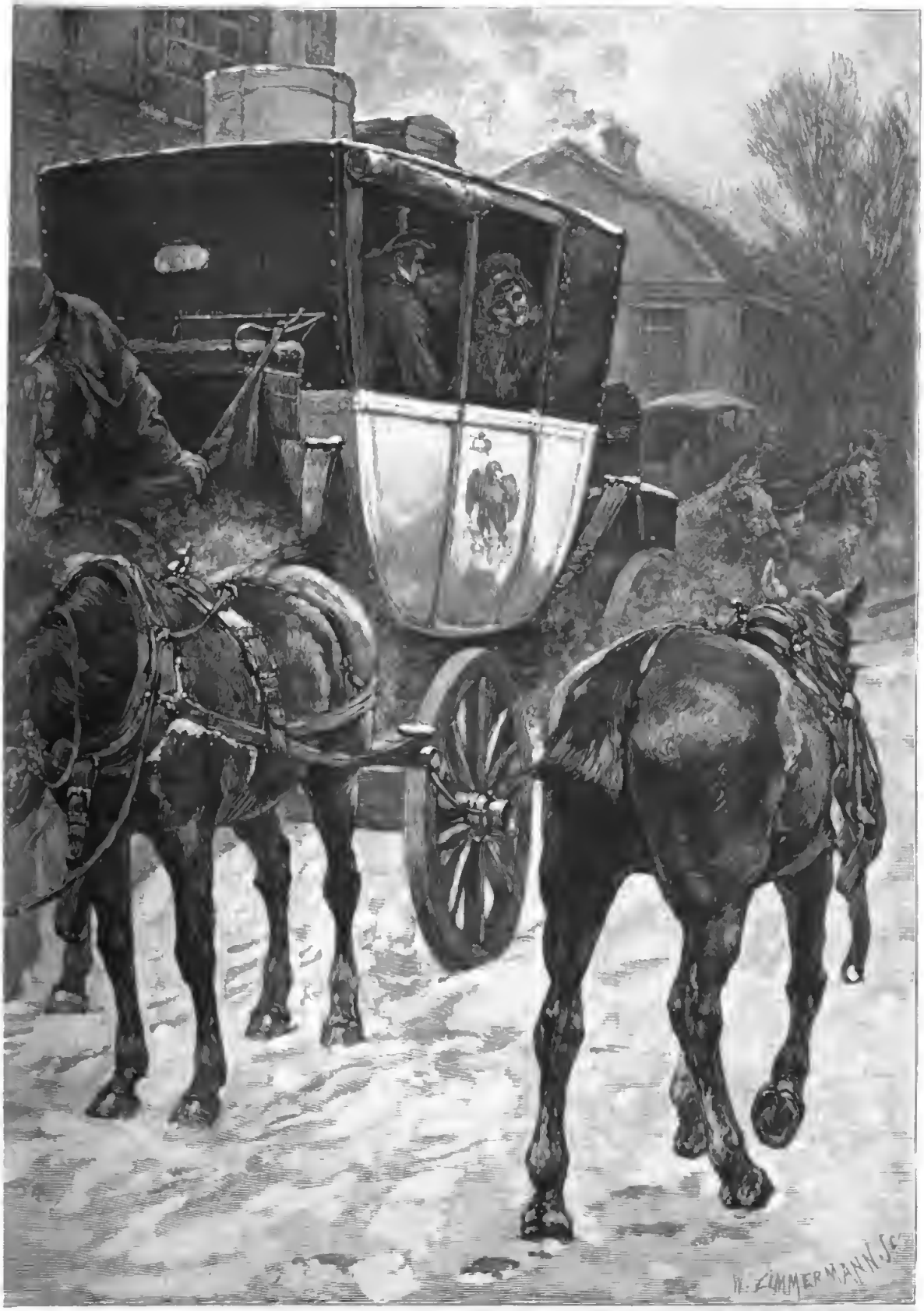
Taxation in cities has never yet been studied carefully, and each city has its own system. Paris still retains the barbarous octroi, and taxes the food that enters its gates. London imposes a rate upon the rental; its schools alone cost it sixpence in every pound. Boston has its own method, Philadelphia another. In the mediæval cities the savage kings and barbarous princes taxed food, merchandise, and every profession and trade, the unhappy citizens paid for endless wars and the splendor and license of the courts of Elizabeth or Charles the Bald. Among the Romans the provincial cities in the republican period were often plundered by their rulers until they had nothing left. In the later empire the whole world perished under an intolerable taxation; yet such is the vitality of trade that the cities still survived. Constantinople, sacked and outraged by Justinian and his successors, became again enormously wealthy. It is described by a Hebrew traveller in the eleventh century as a treasure-house and a scene of boundless prosperity. London grew rich in the midst of the Elizabethan monopolies; Paris, sacked by emperors and mobs, is still advancing. There is still hope for New York.

Taxation, when well applied, is an easy burden. It supplies the citizen with a comfortable home, with cleanliness and fresh air, clean streets and open parks, and with all the convenience a city life requires. Unfortunately in New York these conveniences have not been attained. Its officials have never been free from political entanglements, and have often been wholly unfit for the duties they were employed to perform. Yet nothing would seem more easy than to change all this, and nothing has proved more difficult. It lies evidently in the rising intelligence of the citizens. As soon as our people learn their own interest they will vote themselves lower taxes, comfortable homes, and a government that will watch carefully over the general welfare.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.




A RELAY ON THE OLD BOSTON




.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 154.]

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## FROM NEW YORK TO BOSTON, 1815

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century there were 1906 miles of post-roads in the United States, and it was only in 1810 that any notable increase was made. The American mail-stage was built something after the English model, but was lighter and less cumbersome. There were room for nine passengers inside, with two on the box. Differing from the English coach, it was the driver who had full charge of the mail, and the services of a guard were dispensed with. In 1815 the Boston mail-stages started from No. 1 Cortlandt Street, New York, every morning at 5 A.M. to summer, and two days were consumed in making the trip. In winter the journey to Boston during bad weather sometimes took a week, and the hardships met with by travelers are frequently mentioned. THEODORE GOODYEAR & Co were the proprietors of the mail line, and they ran their coaches to Philadelphia. The route to Boston passed through New Rochelle, Rye, Norwalk, Bridgeport, New Haven, Branford, Lynn, Plainfield, Attleborough, Foxborough, Dedham, and thence to Boston. THOMAS WHITTIER, of No. 5 Cortlandt Street, also kept a stage house and ran coaches. In summer eight miles an hour was about the best speed made, and relays were frequent. At this pace Boston might have been reached in less than two days, but there were delays in crossing the rivers, and a rise in the New England streams would often keep travellers four days on the road. A New York merchant having then business in Boston, if he returned within the week would congratulate himself on the celerity of his journey. The houses where the travellers stopped at "to comfort the inner man" were celebrated in those days for their good cheer. There was a famous hostlery at Harlem, where in summer at daybreak the New York mail-coach would stop, and here breakfast was taken. It was a period when men wore high standing collars to their coats, and our grandmothers hid their faces in poke-bonnets. The bustle caused by the arrival of the mail-stage in a New England village was immense. Perhaps it was toward the latter part of January, 1815, that our coach is arriving, and it has brought to New London or Providence the startling news of General Jackson's defeat of the British at New Orleans. The smoking horses have been unhitched, and fresh teams are so be put in the traces. There has been a flurry of snow, and the passengers, having warmed themselves for a minute at the tavern fire, have resumed their places. The old arched door of the house, with a glimpse of the inside through the hall, calls up reminiscences of the past. The hostler at the railroad depot of to-day is the lineal descendant of the men who stood around stage-coaches some seventy years ago. Knocking around somewhere still may be seen occasionally the bodies of these old stages, which, through excellence of workmanship, have defied the encroachments of time. Children play hide and seek in them, chickens roost on them, and sometimes artists represent them in pictures as reminiscences of the past. The "slow coach" is a figure of speech for the time that is gone, and the swift locomotive is the symbol of the progress of to-day.

## COUSIN DIANA.

DIANA VERE was a distant relative of mine; but on her family, the Veres, and my family, the Talbots, emigrated together and frequently intermarried afterward, both sides kept strict account of all degrees of relationship, and it was a matter of pride to hang on each other. So we visited, visited, and counted, whether on wise rich or poor, and we recognized our kindred without reference to the position which good or bad circumstances gave us. My father, Owen Talbot, was a man of inherited property, my brother Owen was educated for a profession, and I was educated for an idle young lady. Cousin Diana's father inherited nothing; he grew to man's estate with the help of his relatives, and married a dress-maker. Her industry inspired him. While she made dresses at home, he went about the country as a peddler. When Diana was fourteen years old her mother died, leaving three children. Her husband lost his incentive to industry, sold the good-will of his peddler's concern, and shut himself up as one having done with the activities of life. These were Cousin Diana's beginnings. She was early initiated into household duties; her education was obtained at odd intervals, and she knew nothing of books. We were separated as children, and when I came home from school she was about seventeen. Her brothers had taken the California fever, and gone to the gold mines. She kept house for her father, John Vere, and they lived a solitary life upon an income as small it was not worth counting. But they betrayed no poverty; little or much, the ancient respectability of the Veres clung to them. Of course I now saw Cousin Diana often within the narrow limits of Thornbury, but there was little to common between us. Her appearance was striking; her manners inscrutably placid, reticent, and quiet. Her figure, features, and expression indicated powers that were never revealed. People observed her, looked for something which might come to pass with her, and so prove a theory of their own invention. At last it was the fashion to remark, "Diana Vere is deep." I heard this so often, and so she differed so from me in every respect, I fell into the habit of being curious about her, and speculating over her as a mystery. What pleased and interested her? She never read; was no gossip; never was carried off her feet by any excitement; felt no hate for anybody; knew no love, that is, it appeared so.

"I should go crazy, mother, if I lived as Cousin Diana Vere lives," I often said. And she as often replied,

"We must not judge others by ourselves."

And sometimes my wise brother Owen said: "She will feather some young man's nest with the most astonishing and unexpected resources. Nobody has found her out yet."

"It will be a kind of oriole's nest, with an aperture which only herself can get in and out of, Owen," was my flippant joke.

John is did not turn out. The nest might have suggested a plan to him. We were startled a few weeks afterward by his resolve to go to California. He was weary, he said, of catching for clients who would never come.

My father shook his head, and consulted, as was his habit, the gold-headed cane he used. He stared at it, and concluded that he did not like the plan.

"You must own, father," said Owen, "that our income will not permit any addition to the family. I mean so be married some day. It is very well now, while Edith and I remain here as dutiful children; but by-and-by we shall want more than you can give us. Do I speak your feelings, my beloved Edith?"

"Spare my blushes—but where is *her*? I fear I shall hang on the Talbot tree like a tough leaf."

"Mr. Talbot," my mother observed, "this is right, and according to nature. But who is she, Owen?"

"Never mind—yet. Old John Vere has paid off the mortgage with the gold Charley Vere sent him. Diana told me so."

"Do you think Cousin Diana is deep?" I asked. To my astonishment he colored.

"What looks there are in Thornbury!" he exclaimed. "What upon earth has she to be deep about? I find her exactly as she appears to be—a perfectly fair, square, simple disposition."

"How could you discover that?" I asked, curiously, and was properly rebuked.

"If the Vere boys some back with money," mother said, "how arrange it will seem?"

"So she said; and I want to come back with the same," Owen replied.

The subject was only dropped for the present. He was determined, and we prepared for the inevitable. I was fond of Owen, and hated to have him go. One day I met a friend in a shop who informed me that Diana Vere had told her that Owen Talbot was going to California, and asked me was she to believe it.

"I am afraid it is true. There comes Cousin Diana herself, cooling the air. She dresses like a fright."

Cousin Diana mellow faintly, giving us a slight rim of teeth as she passed into the shop. My friend hailed her with, "I was just telling Edith your news."

"Mine? I have heard no news?"

"You told me that Owen Talbot was going to California. If that is not news for Thornbury, what was he?"

Cousin Diana looked away from us, a tight expression came about her mouth, but she replied, in a mild voice: "He hasn't given up going, has he, Edith, because Thornbury is astonished? I thought he might like to do something for himself. The Talbot candle has rather burnt down."

"Did you persuade him? I hear Charley is sending on lagoes, and snuffing the Vere wick thereby."

"Not many. Pleasant to-day, isn't it? I thought we should have rain this morning."

And she had slipped inside the shop.

"You won't get the inside track of that young woman," my friend remarked. "Do you think she can feel deeply? I saw Owen walking on the beach with her last night. His head was pretty near hers, but she was investigating the moon."

I went home with a flea in my ear, but it skipped out soon, for I found mother full of an idea for a farewell entertainment to be given to Owen. Of course Cousin Diana was included in the invitations, and some when impelled me to take it to her in person. It was a long time since I had been in John Vere's house. What a forlorn, clean, ugly sitting-room I found her in! By the window sat a young man, who held his head down, and snipped a bit of paper with Cousin Diana's scissors as if for a wager. I looked at him inquiringly, and she introduced him as "Mr Davis." He got up, bowed clumsily, let the scissors fall, picked them up, and sat down, red in the face. I suppose I smiled as Cousin Diana, for she frowned suddenly. I gave her the invitation, and she graciously said:

"I don't know that I can get ready to come. A family party, I suppose, every uncle, aunt, and cousin you can rake and scrape?"

"No; everybody in Thornbury will be there. Well, come if you can."

And I turned to go. She followed me to the door.

"Who is your friend, Cousin Diana?"

"Nobody to lovin," she answered, partly. "He comes from Newton on business this way."

"He isn't much of a beauty."

"We aren't all so handsome, you know. I guess he feels quite as well as if he were a beauty. What's your hurry?"

And so we parted. I happened to look back from the gate, and saw that the young man was on his feet. He was gesticulating, and his face was very earnest indeed. I asked Owen when I reached home if he had ever met a young man named Davis. He never had.

Our rooms were full on the moonlight-merry occasion of Owen's farewell party. He was popular, and all our friends gathered about him. Cousin Diana came early, and took the situation of a silent spectator in as remote a place as possible. I was almost ashamed of the contrast of my dress with hers. She wore a brown merino, and a narrow lace ruffle; her light hair was elaborately braided. These were all the pains she had taken in the way of adornment.

"Diana Vere has come to an purpose, because it is to Edith Talbot's," said an amiable guest.

"She has not," said another. "From what source can a fine wardrobe like Edith's reach her?"

Owen heard this, and eyed me with a sarcastic smile. Prudent men like to see the women of their choice poorly dressed; and Owen joined Cousin Diana with a look of satisfaction which penetrated me to the bone. I spoke to mother immediately.

"You may depend upon it, Owen has some design regarding Cousin Diana. It hurts upon me at once, when I might have suspected it before. What do you think of it?"

"I don't like it, and would not believe it if it had not been done so often. Vane and Talbot matches have been a rule."

The upshot of the party was an engagement between them, made ten days before his departure. Cousin Diana showed on station, and received Owen's attentions with a serious silence. He seemed to take an extra degree of manliness and responsibility. It was me a jolly business with any of us. I ventured to speak to Owen about his haste, and suggested that he was somewhat acquainted with Cousin Diana, for which I was laughed to mere. He was very busy and excited over his departure. Otherwise, I considered, he must feel that there was an entire lack of person warmth on his part. But what could he expect? Not a complete change to a girl because she has promised to marry a young man at some distant and unknown period. I was miserable, and took to violent exercise in these last moments, especially in the evening. Strange enough, I discovered that Cousin Diana was doing the same thing. What ailed her? Did she wish to escape from Owen, as did she walk under the stars for the sake of being alone, her own sweet "thoughts to render"? She avoided me; perhaps she never knew me. Her appearance was skulking, her bonnet being pulled over her face, and her figure closely wrapped in a great shawl.

"There's many a slip between the cup and California," said the same friend I have quoted. "Diana Vere is not sure of having Diana Talbot out on her tombstone."

In one of my last walks before Owen sailed, on an evening when the wind whistled in my ears, I was startled by a voice close to me.

"Taint very pleasant to be on any road to-night. Maybe you don't recall *me*? There's more folks times you that forget. How's your cousin Diana?"

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded, recognizing Mr. Davis. "To frighten folks to death?"

"Excuse me; I mean no offence. Misery loves company. You know *he* is up there. Well, man, I could go to California too if I had a rich father instead of a poor sick one. Nobody see if I will leave him for any girl! Excuse me. I do believe Thornbury is hidden upon so many being round nights. But the road is open to everybody."

He vanished toward the light which shone in Cousin Diana's window just ahead of me, for I had happened into the lonely road which led to John Vere's.

My walks came to an end, and Owen was gone. Quiet settled over us. Cousin Diana kept indoors; I heard she had perpetual toothache, and was busy with her full sewing. We did not meet till Owen's letters came, and then only to exchange a few commonplace remarks.

"Diana Vere behaves with all the propriety of a widow; she is really an example," was the saying in Thornbury. She refused an invitation to our winter cotillion parties, and was rarely seen anywhere except at church, where she wore an serious an air that it was suggested she might be "under conviction."

Mother thought she behaved exactly as a well-regulated young woman should; but father still shook his head. He believed her accountable for Owen's sudden change and departure. I should realize the best of it, mother urged, and try to influence and attach Cousin Diana, for Owen's sake. Perhaps she thought I lacked in friendliness, and did not make sufficient advance. It might be true, and with this idea I started for Cousin Diana's, with the intention of paying her a long afternoon visit.

It was a cold day, and as I neared the house I thought it wore an inhospitable air. The doors and shutters were fast closed. I entered without knocking. In the passage I heard the hum of lively, eager voices. As I opened the door a dead silence fell. Cousin Diana rose hastily, with such a surprised expression that I instantly became embarrassed enough to run away. I was *de trop*. "Mr Davis" was there. He was not troubled he bashfulness this time, but easily nodded from his lounging-place on the sofa.

"How is your father, Cousin Diana?" I asked, for the sake of making a remark.

"He is well. What is new to-day?"

"Nothing, unless a letter from Owen is news. We had one to-day. Did you hear from him too?"

"I received a few lines," she replied, carelessly. "By-the-way, Edith, can you give me the pattern of the mantle you have on?"

"Yes, indeed; you can cut one now. I have come to stay awhile."

Not a word of welcome. Instead, a furtive look toward Mr Davis, which was returned by one I could not explain. A mischievous impulse struck me.

"Didn't Owen mention that he was coming home in the next steamer, Cousin Diana?"

The work dropped from his hand, a cold look came into her eyes, like an animal's when at bay. "He isn't? How glad I am! And he never said a word of it in his letters." And she gave a little unaccountable laugh.

"What if he has already arrived—at the door?" I cried, with a dramatic voice, and moving my neck out as if I saw him down the road.

"Oh!" Cousin Diana groaned, rising as if she meant to go to the window. She fell, and fainted dead away.

"Now you have done it, with your jokes," said Mr Davis, calmly lifting her in his arms and putting her on the sofa. "I hope you are satisfied."

"On the contrary, Mr Davis."

"Well, get some water to fetch her to. Diana," and he shook her slightly; "open your eyes; you are more scared than hurt; joy is too much for you."

She heard his last words, for as I sprinkled water in her face a crimson flush dyed it. She looked beautiful for a moment, and my friend was quite alive to the fact. He made a movement toward her, but she sat up.

"I don't feel right lately, Edith; the cold makes me weak. Here comes father.—Edith Talbot, father."

It was an agreeable diversion. A few moments' chat from him set us at our ease.

Mr Davis announced his departure by saying: "It is about time I tackled up, as I've got ten miles to ride between this and dark. Good-day, all. I wish you much joy an your brother's arrival, Miss Talbot. I reckon he has been lucky."

"Very unfortunate—entirely an; he has lost all."

Cousin Diana and I sat facing each other after the fashion of two cats, for John Vane had followed Mr Davis. She was the first to be mistress of the situation.

"Is it true that Owen has been so unlucky, Edith?"

"Don't you think so?"

"I am not able to follow your vagaries, and don't see why you want to torment me. I have trouble enough." And her lips quivered; tears came into her eyes. "I feel badly about Owen's being from home and all his family. I wish he had not gone. I wish—" John Vane re-appeared, and she stopped.

I went home with a vague discomfort in my mind, but said nothing. Strange enough, I did find a letter from Owen complaining of home-sickness and ill luck. "There is a fool round here," he wrote, "who has made himself mighty familiar; he took the liberty of looking at Diana's picture. 'Gosh!' he hollered. 'One of my friends is acquainted with this young woman. Ain't she kinder *deep*?' Sis, how in the world could the fellow know her? I wish she would write me *letters*. If it were not for weeping I should laugh over her timid, forced scraps, as if she feared the comments of a school-teacher. Bright! the mines smelt a man's illusions from the one of the commonplace, and they are gone; there am none."

I made no reply to this. The idea of Mr Davis, as an idea, was not pleasant. But why dwell on that? Owen was a good match, and this country bovine bumpkin could not interfere with him—handsome, good, bright Owen. Only I wished Cousin Diana had taken up with a young lady friend to relieve the tedium she must endure.

Some time after my visit, to our surprise, Cousin Diana returned it. Mother's heart quite warmed to her, for she was more demonstrative than usual, more attractive. She asked various questions about Owen, praised him, and followed mother from room to room, offering to assist her. But she was silent before father; which he spoke she merely answered him, and her eyes wandered. She remained till evening, and, when ready to go, I proposed walking toward her house with her. My proposal was declined on account of the dreariness of that particular road which led by the fields; but I insisted. It was a brilliant moonlight, a pleasant autumn night. She was cheerful till we neared the fields, and were between a thicket which cut off the view ahead; then she complained of the cold, stopped, and said I must go no further. A stone rolled in the path behind us, which somebody had kicked, coming our way.

"Good-night," she said, turned, and actually fled.

I waited a little, then walked on by the hedge, and saw two persons in the distance walking rapidly—Cousin Diana and a man. I turned homeward with a determination that Cousin Diana should remain my cousin only. But what course should I pursue? Owen was really big headed in obstinacy, and blind as a mole where his affections were concerned, and he was naturally disposed to combat my opinions. And was not Cousin Diana deep? I kept my own counsel. She still walked serene, quiet, and sensible to all her ways—an example quoted to naughty, wilful girls. Providence averted any action on my part. Thornbury was armed with a notorious gossip—a woman who loved to spread all kinds of tidings, impart all suspicions. No beetle ever burrowed into carrion with more avidity than she burrowed into the intentions, prospects, and circumstances of all human beings within her ken. In all weathers and at all hours she traversed the neighborhood exploring for disasters, mistakes, adventures. She fell upon Cousin Diana, and to good time ferreted out enough to put herself in an agony for more, and to send herself to me with the wish to startle and alarm.

"Edith Talbot, I should like to know if you are aware there is something strange going on at John Vere's? You are the last, your folks, to be in the dark."

"Mercy! What is it, Mrs. Dibble? Come or chilblains?"

But I knew the truth was at hand—that it was coming to me easily.

"You had better ask her. Owen had better stay where he is."

I would wait for no more. I flew like a bird to John Vane's, and found

*Mrs. Diana Davis.*

*At home.*

*No cards*

Before my indignation she behaved almost

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humbly. *He* was not visible, and it was a long time before he became a familiar object in Thornbury. Cousin Diana was ashamed of him for a lover, and ashamed of herself. To assert her pride, to show what manner of men she could obtain, she threw herself in Owen's way, and accepted him, always preferring the insane Davis. More and more intermittent, she finally married him secretly. She gave me on real reason, however, for her conduct with either of her lovers. Owen came home, he should hands pleasantly with Cousin Diana, when she met him with the same old placid look, and I said, "Now, Owen, tell me, is Cousin Diana *deep?*"

## IN A BAY-WINDOW.

As, see, there's a change in the weather,
And it looks a little like snow;
Though in this recess it seems summer,
And around us warm red roses blow.

There is surely a theme we've not touched on—
Secluded, but talking so large—
From the latest hole of Stedman
To the very last fresh of Lafage.

And now we have come to the weather;
As you say, there's a feeling of snow;
But do you not think it was warmer
In the winter one winter ago?

Whose picture, that one near the curtain—
Tom's? Titian's? I really don't know;
I am thinking, instead, of the pictures
Seen then where there Jacqueminots blow.

Just the same sweet profusion of roses,
A lady, a silken dress,
A rose—was it Wedgwood or Minton?—
And a gentleman holding a fan.

Was the talk then of art and the weather?
None could say, for their voices were low—
But 'twere safe to conjecture that neither
For the morrow prophesied snow.

*Must* I look at that thing on the easel?
Very bad, just a good Bouguereau.
Ah! you plainly prefer a strange picture
To mine—whose each detail you know.

You think 'tis one to recall things?
I realize! It is wrong, on my life,
The weather's so different this winter—
You are married, and *I*—have a wife.

Around us the same crimson curtains,
All scented the Jacqueminots glow;
But the season is colder than last one;
In the air there is certainly snow.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

## ANTI-CHINESE RIOT AT SEATTLE.

A DELIBERATE and determined effort—an effort, too, without immediate provocation—was made on Sunday, February 7, to expel the Chinese from the town of Seattle, Washington Territory. By a premeditated plan, of which neither the law-abiding citizens of the town nor the Chinamen had a hint, a mob invaded the Chinese quarter late Saturday night, forcibly but quietly entered the houses, dragged the occupants from their beds, forced them quickly to pack their personal effects, and marched them to a steamer. The mob was thoughtful enough to provide wagons to convey the baggage of its victims. Some had money enough to pay their fare to San Francisco, and every did not, but the mob made no distinction. The few policemen that became aware of the wrong-doing had no power and slight willingness to prevent it, and before the sleeping citizens of the town or the county officers knew what was going on, 400 Chinamen were shivering on the dock. The Sheriff ordered the mob to disperse, but the only result of his order was a hastening of the work of expulsion. The captain of the steam ship admitted all the Chinamen who had bought tickets, but refused to allow the others to go on board. He armed his crew and attached hose to his boilers, and thus assumed the defensive. Not more than 80 of the 400 Chinamen purchased tickets and sailed.

Early Sunday morning Governor Squire issued a proclamation ordering the mob to disperse, but it resolutely kept its victims on the dock until a large part of the law-abiding citizens were sworn as deputies and special policemen, and proceeded to protect the Chinamen from violence, and to disperse the mob. The mob threatened defiance, but was scattered, and the dock was guarded the rest of the day and all night. Meanwhile, Judge Gunn, of the United States Court, so joined the captain of the steamboat from sailing, and ordered him to produce the Chinamen who had gone on board in court the next morning, to ascertain whether they had been deprived of liberty. It was hoped that the mob's purpose had been frustrated, and that it would not again assemble.

The next morning, guarded by two companies of militia, all the Chinamen were marched from the dock and the hotel to the court-house, where every one was asked by the judge whether he wished to remain. Most of those who had bought tickets decided to go to San Francisco, and they were escorted back to the steamer. The rest were ordered to return to their quarters under guard of one company of militia. Then the mob, which was vigorously led, reassembled, 1000 strong, became infuriated at the sight of their victims returning to their homes, and made an attack on the militia. In the fight that followed, one man was killed and four were wounded. The militia was reinforced, the mob became more furious, and the struggle continued for an hour. No other violence was done, but for the four following days and nights the citizens kept guard, and the town, all business interrupted, was in fear of another attack. On Tuesday Governor Squire issued a proclamation ordering all persons in the Territory assembled for unlawful purposes to disperse, and United States troops were sent to Seattle. When Brigadier General Gibbon arrived on Thursday, order had been restored and kept, but at the cost of continued watchfulness by the militia and citizens. Nearly half of the Chinamen had gone away, and the rest were living under the protection of the recruited police. The town was patrolled night and day for a week, and the troops were kept in readiness to attack the mob if it should again be formed. Several leaders had been arrested, meetings of all kinds were prohibited except by permission of the brigadier general. Notice was given to the idle to seek employment or to leave the town, and the custom element has, for the time being at least, quite cleared. Descriptions of suspicious persons have been put on record for reference in case they return.

The experience of Seattle has caused the other towns in Washington Territory and in Oregon to make preparations against attempts at violence. But since the disgraceful butchery of Chinese in Wyoming several months ago the anti-Chinese feeling in the extreme Northwest has become more violent and more nearly universal. An "Anti-Chinese Congress" has been held at Portland, which adopted a resolution calling upon the people in every town in the Northwest "peaceably to assemble and politely request the Mongolian race to remove"—a resolution that is a little less polite than it seems to be, since it follows a declaration that the Chinese are "immoral and degraded and a constant menace to free institutions, to the home, and the family." In obedience to this resolution several meetings were held on February 22. The experience of Seattle, therefore, may at any time be repeated at other towns.

## ICE GORGE ON THE HUDSON.

AWAY back in the fifties an ice gorge was formed in the Hudson River near Albany, and resulted in the flooding of that city to such an extent that steam-boats were able to, and did, navigate Broadway, and the terrified inhabitants in the lower part of the town were taken off in boats from the second-story windows of their places of abode. Since then there have been many floods caused by the pressure of more ice in the Hudson than that mode stream was able to take immediate care of, but never one so disastrous in its effects as the old time wash-out above referred to. There is, however, seldom a winter which is "breaking up," as the saying goes, does not afford a view to the inhabitants of the upper Hudson towns of that picturesquely curious condition which follows upon the wrecking and piling up one on top of another of innumerable great ice rafts in a confused heap between the banks of the river. A spectacle of this sort has just been furnished a mile more than midway between Albany and Troy, and a view of the ice-gorged river is shown in this issue. The point selected for this view is directly opposite the Island Park race track, and the picture is a faithful representation of the appearance of the river several days ago. It is easy to imagine this mass of ice dislodged and on its way to and Albany, gathering huge additions to itself from the smaller ice in front, and being constantly augmented by hurrying cakes in its wake. One can fancy the way in which it would grind up the railroad bridge, and sweep the river-front of docks and shipping. But Albanians and Trojans are accustomed to being menaced in this way, and an ice gorge must force itself upon their attention in some pronounced work of destruction before very much attention is paid to it.

New-Yorkers who live where the river comes under the modifying influence of the Gulf Stream really have a very small and faint idea of the extent of congelation of which it is capable a little farther north. The occasional thump, thumping of fragmentary ice on the bottoms of the Jersey ferry boats is about the only reminder the residents of this end of the river have that the great stream is now in the arctic zone and undisturbed condition as when in June they journeyed up its beautiful blue length, with the shadow of the steamer outlined on the water, and scarcely wavering, as calm and placid as the water's surface. Let them, then, turn to Albany for a better understanding of what the Hudson is in winter. The ice harvest has just closed, and the reports of the winter's crop are in. There are one hundred and twenty-five ice-houses on the river, situated or sixty-eight different points. If placed in a continuous line, end to end, these great store-houses would extend a distance of about seven miles, and they have a total capacity of 3,728,000 tons of ice. Between two and two and a quarter millions of tons have been stored during the present season. Navigation on the Hudson for any considerable distance above this city has been continuously closed since early in the winter. On the 24th of February a tug-boat and a propeller with two barges in tow succeeded in getting as far up as Newburgh for the first time since the close of navigation.

For the news of ice gorges in general the season is now becoming ripe. After a winter like that just closed, the record for March of disasters and destruction by freshets and ice gorges is apt to prove a long and startling one. The most memorable, perhaps, of the ice gorges was that which formed at Port Jervis in March, 1879. It was on the 8th of the month that the public was apprised of the peril in which the town lay. An ice gorge or glacier four miles in length had formed in the Delaware River opposite and above Port Jervis. The inhabitants moved their household effects to high ground, and awaited a flood that seemed inevitable. The ice bridge was too firm to be dislodged by repeated explosions beneath its surface of enormous charges of dynamite and giant powder; but the barrage that were made for this purpose showed the fact—a providential one—that a space was found extended completely through the four mile length of the gorge, thereby relieving the water which was being collected above it. For more than a week the people of Port Jervis and neighboring towns on the Delaware lived with their hearts in their mouths, while the work of breaking a central channel through the enormous glacier was manfully carried on by a body of trained workmen under the personal guidance of the Mayor of Port Jervis. It had, after the first few days, become evident that the overflow above the gorge would not prove very destructive, thanks to the natural tunnel before mentioned; but every man, woman, and child in the vicinity knew that there was a more dreadful peril in store—the coming of the inevitable spring freshet from the upper rivers.

On the 16th of March news was telegraphed that the freshet had begun at Deposit, ninety miles away, and that an immense sea of ice was being borne down the river at the rate of five miles an hour. With the impenetrable barrier of the great gorge at Port Jervis before it, this flood would be turned in upon and deluge the town. The inhabitants, particularly those living near the river bank, were rendered nearly frantic by fright and despair; but out on the river struggling with the unwieldy mass of ice and snow which blocked the river's course, were the gallant forces of the Mayor. Charge after charge of nitroglycerine was sunk deep in the icy floor beneath their feet, and bonfires of asphalt burned upon all sides. At each explosion of the glycerine and giant powder the ice was cracked and shattered for some cubic yards in space, but still the gorge remained tight and unmovable. The ice had, however, become greatly weakened through the centre, and when the freshet struck it a channel was opened, and the inundation and destruction of the town were prevented. Many bridges were destroyed, and the loss in property was great, but the gorge was broken and passed away without occasioning any loss of life.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

INTELLIGENCE comes from Europe concerning an old lady who was determined to sail from out of the Shetland islands to Norway. She embarked upon the fishing-smack *Columbine*, notwithstanding that the captain repeatedly called her attention to the extremely rough state of the weather. They started forth in a piping gale. Presently the captain was washed overboard, and the entire crew of two sailors, putting off for him in a small boat, were unable to regain the smack, which scudded freely on in the direction of Norway, bearing the old lady alone. Steamers were at once sent forth in pursuit, but in vain. For seven days the smack drove before the wind, and at the end of that time landed high and dry upon the Norway coast. The old lady was discovered in a state of great exhaustion, her entire food upon the voyage having been a bottleful of milk and two sea-biscuit; but it was believed that she would recover. At all events, she had sailed to Norway, as she had made up her mind to do.

It has long been considered that a person can be more publicly insulted in Paris than in any city in the world. A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there recently expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed. Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long and attenuated lance, inserted the small end in his ear, and turned the other end toward the speaker. It was a rather ludicrous performance, but not a laugh was heard among that polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the house was rolled into an ear trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with the semblance of a mammoth perception, whose advance quite almost touched his lectern. He at once spoke louder.

A paragraph recently printed in a New York newspaper said that the first labor strike in this country of which record is preserved occurred among the factory girls of Dover, New Hampshire, in 1827. The girls paraded the town with a flag and a brass band, and the employers quickly yielded to their terms. In reply to this paragraph a correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser* writes that the cordwainers (shoemakers) of New York city went on strike in November, 1809. They were indicted for conspiracy to hamper trade and extort money, and were arraigned before Mayor De Witt Clinton and Sessions Justices Mesier and Carpenter, composing the "Mayor's Court." Mr Sampson and Mr. Colden defended them and on the other side were District Attorney Riker and Thomas Addis Emmet. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the strikers were fined one dollar each, the Mayor, Mayor Radcliff, who had come into office pending the proceedings, in passing sentence, remarking that the object of the trial and sentence was an admonish, not to punish.

A translation of a despatch from the Minister of Public Instruction at Athens to the Greek Minister at the court of St. James is made to afford some interesting information. "This afternoon," says the translation, "in the excavations at the Acropolis, near the Erectheum, we discovered three statues of women in an excellent state of preservation, half as large again as life, with large heads, and completely colored. They belong to the period before Phidias, are delicately finished, and are of an archaic art, admirably preserved." The statues of three colored women of an ante Phidian period would naturally be of an art which it would be wholly proper to call archaic.

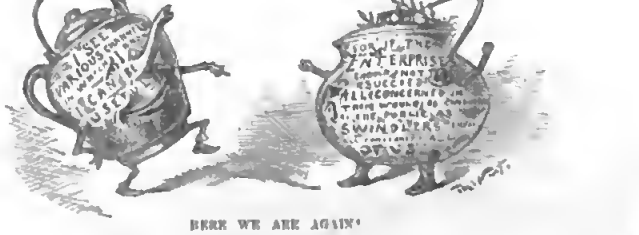
A Pennsylvanian nurser-man declares that he can grow apples without cores. First off, that may seem to be worth while, but on reflection it will be found to be a scheme full of dead-antagonism. All that would be wrong about a coreless apple is might be tedious to rehearse, but let it not be forgotten that opportunity for the exhibition of one of the most beautiful and most common forms of human generosity would be lost in case apples had no cores: the world would be without the most natural offering which is to the boy's pleasure to lay before his friend.

An instance of progressive merit on the part of a cheese is afforded in a story told of a dairyman of Chautauqua. Going recently to Buffalo, he bought there for thirty three cents a pound an imported Swiss cheese, which, when he had taken it home, called forth the enthusiastic praise of the entire family, excepting the wife, who, examining it closely, found thereupon the private mark of her husband, who had made the cheese in his own dairy, and sold it for six cents a pound. The humble curd had made the journey to Europe, and had come back exalted. Many another cheese and many a ham have done similarly, and there are some persons who make the same journey which these provisions make, and also undergo the same metamorphosis.

Fanny, a jaguar in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, has recently been teething, and according to report has had a most distressing time. She is two years old, and it was her second set of molar teeth that gave her so much trouble. Captive wild animals do not get their teeth easily, and dangerous inflammation is apt to set in. Fanny's keepers bestowed upon her the most assiduous care. Mutton, squabs, and milk constituted her sole diet. At first she objected to these dainties, desiring what she would perhaps have characterized, if she had been blessed with the gift of speech, as more "serious" food; but her taste changed, and now that she is well she wants mutton, squabs, and milk, and nothing else.

A Glasgow chemist is said to have found that at a temperature of eighty-six degrees Centigrade the flesh of a sheep becomes exceedingly hard, and rings like porcelain when struck with an iron instrument. Of course bells will be made of sheep-flesh thus treated, though it does seem absurd to think of the poet of the future singing quite seriously of the music, and she realize sermur, and all that, of the mutton chimes.

The allegation is again made that an entire snow fall has been removed from the city of Paris by artificial means, and within a brief space of time. New-Yorkers, of course, will receive the statistics purporting to attach to this alleged performance with caution, for it is well known that nothing of the sort has ever occurred here, and that the opinion prevails in street-cleaning circles that nothing is ever likely to. Such as they are, however, the statistics may be given. The Paris snow is melted with salt, and then swept away into the sewers. The sale costs six dollars and a half a ton. In the storm of December 10, says the *Journal des Débats*, snow fell to the depth of about three and a half inches. The expense of dealing with the fall was forty five thousand dollars, of which about fifty five hundred dollars went for salt, and the rest for labor and horse hire. The salt needs to lie for about two hours before it has sufficiently melted the snow to enable the brooms to go to work. It seems a little odd that the municipality of Paris should go to this trouble and expense, when the snow might cheaply be piled up at the curbings along with the trucks, as is done here.




HERE WE ARE AGAIN!
HAPPY POT, THAT CAN CALL THE KETTLE NAME!

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## ANOTHER NEWSBOYS' HOME.

THE Children's Aid Society, of which Mr WILLIAM A. BOOTH is the president, having already established three lodging-houses for newsboys and other more or less homeless children of New York, which have proved completely successful, is now about to establish a fourth. Since the opening of the first Newsboys' Lodging-House, just off Chatham Street, a few years ago, there have been erected, through the benevolence of charitable ladies, two similar institutions — one at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, built by a liberal donation from Mrs. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, and the other at the corner of East Broadway and Gouverneur Street, for the erection of which Miss CATHARINE WOLFE supplied the money. The poor children of New York will be indebted for the fourth of these admirably arranged and conducted lodging houses to Mrs R. L. STUART, who has given $50,000 for the purpose to the trustees of the Aid Society. Messrs. VAUX & RANSOM have been the architects of the two houses built by Mrs. ASTOR and Miss WOLFE, and are the architects of the one now to be built, and upon which work has already begun. The accompanying illustration is made from the drawings of the architects. The foundation is already in, and the building will be finished during the coming summer. Its site is at the northeast corner of Eighth Street and Avenue B, and it will have a frontage of 65 feet on Eighth Street with 67 feet on the avenue.

Although there is to be a fine entrance from Eighth Street, it will be reserved for the use of visitors and officers of the institution. The grimy little newsboys and their rivals in trade, the bootblacks, will be compelled to descend a flight of stone steps leading from the street into a little courtyard, from which they will gain access to the basement of the building, passing first into a large reception room, and thence into a spacious and very useful wash room adjoining, which is to be supplied with foot-baths, plunge-baths, and all necessary appliances for removing the traces of toil from the boys and fitting them to enjoy society. Having completed their evening toilets, they will be permitted to ascend a broad stairway leading to the dining room, or, if they prefer it, to amuse themselves in a big play room in the basement. The first floor will contain, besides the dining room, an infants' school room (which is to be used as night as a sleeping place for such little waifs of the female sex as may have wandered in) and the superintendent's office and private quarters. On the second floor will be a large hall or audience room, 50 by 65 feet in size and 16 feet high, taking in two stories of the building. Entertainments of various kinds will be given in this hall for the boys' amusement and instruction. The fourth and fifth stories are to be arranged as dormitories. There are to be two grades of sleeping accommodation. For five cents a boy may obtain, in addition to his supper, a shelf bunk in one of the larger dormitories, while for ten cents he may partake of the luxuries of the smaller dormitories, and sleep like a prince in a little bed of his own. The building will be fire proof.

NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE, EIGHTH STREET AND AVENUE B, NEW YORK.

THE ICE GORGE ON THE HUDSON, NEAR ALBANY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. A. TRENAINE, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 155.]

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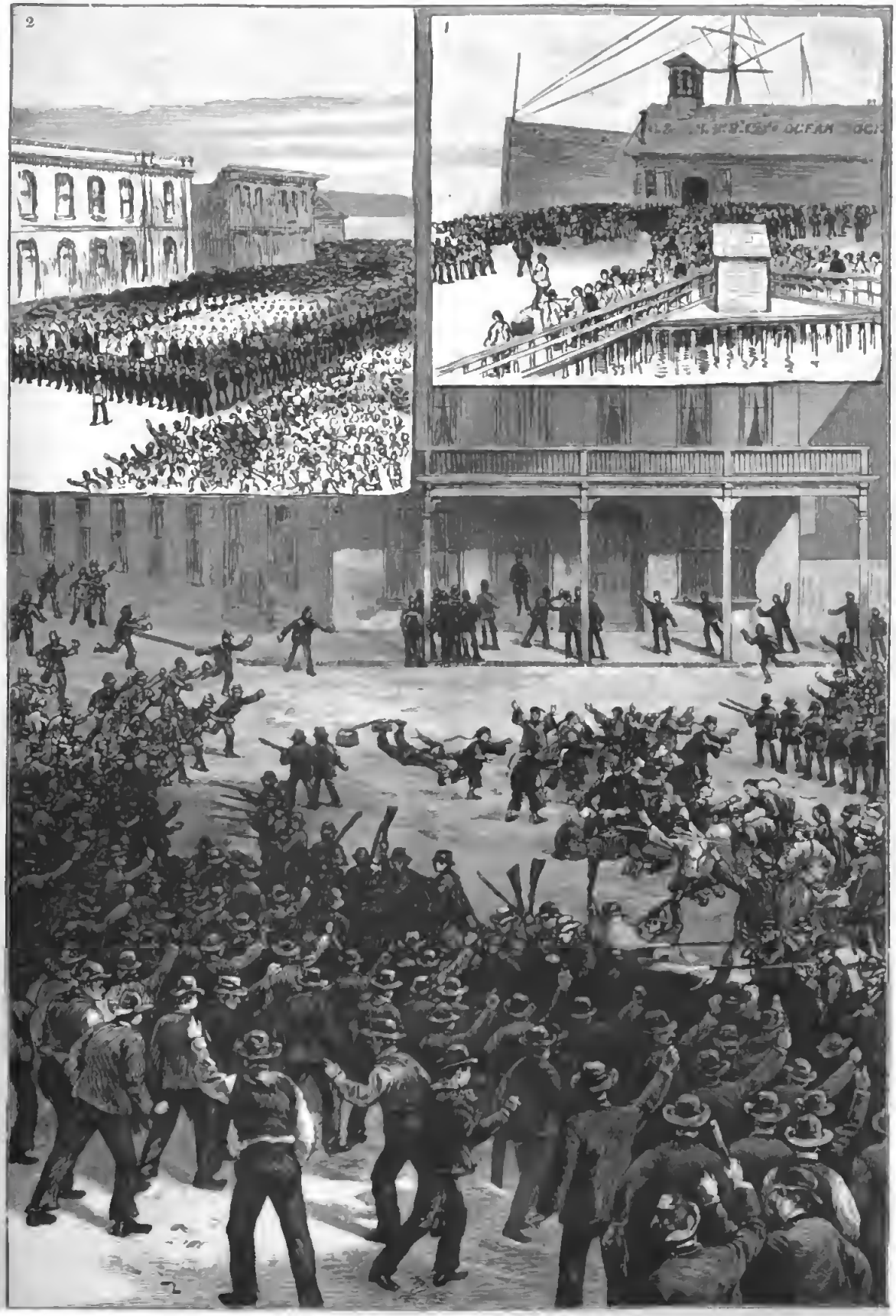

THE ANTI-CHINESE RIOT AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER, FROM SKETCHES BY J. F. WHITING, OF SEATTLE.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

1. Driving Chinamen on Board of the Steamer. 2. Marching under Guard to the Court-house.

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## THE FAIRBAIRNS OF MANCHESTER AND LEEDS.

A DOZEN years ago a farm laborer named Andrew Fairbairn lived at Kelso, Scotland, having a large family and scanty means. Several times he tried to better his condition elsewhere, but with small success, until about 1803, when he became manager of a colliery farm near Newcastle, just over the English border. Two of his sons, William and Peter, rose to wealth and station, which their sons have largely increased.

William Fairbairn, the eldest son of Andrew, was born in 1787. At sixteen he became an engineer apprentice in the Percy Main Colliery, near Newcastle. After the close of his apprenticeship he worked in the neighborhood for three years, and in 1811 set out for London in search of work.

"I had no difficulty," he says, "in finding employment; but before I could begin work I had to run the gauntlet of the trade societies, and after dancing attendance for nearly six weeks, and having to 'box Harry' all the time, I was declared 'illegitimate,' and sent adrift to seek my fortune elsewhere."

In 1814 he went to Manchester, England, which thenceforth became his home. He worked there as a millwright, and in a couple of years he had saved enough to enable him to marry a young woman to whom he had been engaged before going to London for the first time. He soon entered into partnership with James Lillie, a fellow workman, and they set up a little machine shop. Then in the course of a few years grew into a large establishment, and Fairbairn & Lillie came to be recognized as among the foremost mechanical engineers of Great Britain. William Fairbairn is stout, "Fairbairn of Manchester," to distinguish him from his younger brother, Peter, known as "Fairbairn of Leeds."

Peter Fairbairn was twelve years younger than his brother William, having been born in 1799. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a millwright of Newcastle. He had not passed out of his "teens" when Mr Holdsworth, a maker of cotton machinery at Glasgow, invited him to become foreman in his shop, and before long made him a traveling agent, his duties taking him all over the kingdom, and sometimes to the Continent, thus bringing him into intercourse with leading mechanicians and manufacturers at home and abroad. His brother had become well established at Manchester; Peter went thither, and at twenty-two became a journeyman in his shop for a few months. Then he went to London, and was for a year employed by Mr Rennie, the famous engineer. In 1822 he went to France, where he learned still more of his trade. Next year he came back to Manchester, and worked for some months for his brother. In 1824 the Holdsworths offered him a partnership at Glasgow. He accepted the offer, but the result was unsatisfactory, and in 1828 Peter Fairbairn left the concern, and went to Manchester to take counsel as to what should next be done.

The outlook was not satisfactory. He was thirty years old, had married, was the father of an infant son, and saved five hundred pounds. William Fairbairn lent his brother the money to pay his debts, and advised him to set up as a machine-maker in the growing town of Leeds. Flax-spinning was a leading business there, and Peter Fairbairn had in his mind an important improvement upon the machinery then in use. He devoted himself to constructing a model of the machine. Mr Marshall, the great flax spinner, saw its advantages, and told the inventor to go on and construct the machines, which he would use as fast as they could be built. "I cannot do this without assistance," said Fairbairn, "for I have neither workshop nor money." "Never mind that," replied Marshall; "the Wellington Foundry at the New Road End is to be let; go and take it, and I will see that all is right." From that moment Peter Fairbairn was a prosperous man. The little Wellington Foundry grew into the present great establishment, covering eight acres, and employing three or four thousand workmen in producing machinery of all kinds.

William Fairbairn prospered in a like degree. His partner, Mr Lillie, retired in 1831, and Fairbairn then carried on the business alone, attending it in many directions, his son in time becoming associated with him. He was among the first to take up the building of iron ships, and in 1835 he established the great works at Millwall, where more than one hundred and twenty ships were built during the next fourteen years. His name is inseparably linked with the progress of iron-working, mill-work, and engineering. He was made a baronet in 1869, and died in 1874, at the age of eighty-seven, retaining his mental vigor to the last. Peter Fairbairn was long prominent in local affairs in Leeds. He was mayor in 1858, when the Queen and the Prince Consort went to Leeds to open the Town-hall, and the honor of knighthood was conferred upon him at that time. He died in 1861, at the age of sixty-two.

Each brother left a son, his worthy associate and successor in business, both of them being men of high cultivation in many noble directions. Sir Thomas Fairbairn, the son of William, born in 1823, assisted his father in many of his enterprises, working out important problems in mechanical science. Sir Andrew Fairbairn, the son of Peter, born in 1828, was educated partly in Switzerland and Germany, graduated at Cambridge in 1860, read law, and was admitted to the bar. But he had the strong industrial instincts of the family, and in 1867 he went into the works at Leeds, of which he took the sole charge upon the death of his father in 1861. The Fairbairns stand deservedly among the foremost in the ranks of the British "Peerage of Industry," distinguished for high culture and enlightened public spirit, as well as for the ample fortunes which they have acquired in business.


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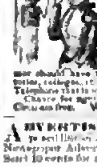

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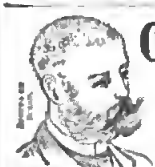

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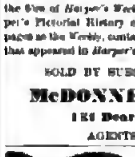

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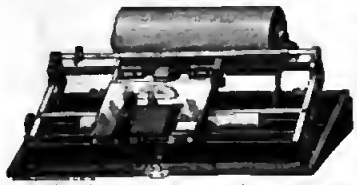

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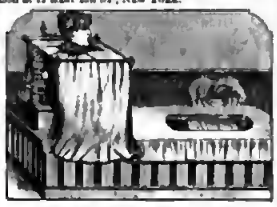

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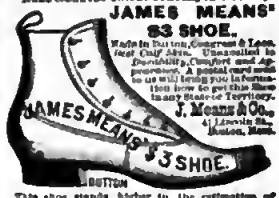


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1523.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

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*Articles of an instructive and practical character are "The Drawing Club," by* MISS ALICE DONLEVY, *"Living Lunch Baskets," by* JOHN R. CORTELL; *and "How to Make a Tennis Net," by* CHARLES LEONARD NORTON. *The first of these articles is distinguished by originality of treatment, and the last by the clearness of presentation which makes an apparently complicated art perfectly simple.*

*The principal illustration is*

"WHO ARE YOU?"

*which is done after a painting by* F. S. CHURCH, N.A., *who also contributes a drawing entitled "Our Northern Correspondent."*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

## 1888.

AS the first year of the present administration ends, the preliminaries of the next Presidential contest begin. The Republican dinner at Detroit at which Senators EVARTS and LOGAN and Governor FORAKER spoke, and the supper of the Logan Invincibles at Baltimore, are understood to be correctly interpreted as presentations of the two Senators as Presidential candidates. Mr. EVARTS's speech at Detroit was a careful statement of his view of what should be the Republican "creed." But there was no "nomination" made at the dinner even in the exuberance of enthusiasm. At Baltimore, where Senator LOGAN was cheered as the candidate. There were loud and general shouts of "LOGAN and '88," and it is understood that Senator LOGAN regards himself as a candidate, while it is generally believed that Senator EVARTS looks upon himself in the same light. Meanwhile it was at least a droll coincidence that while the papers were reporting the Detroit and Baltimore beginnings of "booms," they should also publish profuse extracts from the second volume of Mr. BLAINE's history. It was during the conventions to elect delegates in 1884 that similar extracts from the first volume appeared. A story is told of a touching inscription upon the tombstone of a worthy haberdasher in the cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, to the effect that the afflicted widow continues the business at the old stand. The important fact in the preliminary movements of the next Presidential campaign is one that we have had occasion to point out more than once, namely, that neither party represents a definite policy upon any of the paramount public questions, and the election will be therefore a test of the comparative confidence of the country in the two parties. When neither party represents a distinct policy, the practical question inevitably is, which upon the whole can be most safely trusted to take the better course upon important measures? In deciding this question the character of the nominations and the recent conduct of the party are essential considerations. The situation was much the same in 1884, when the result was determined by the nominations.

The Democratic party during the first year of its administration has done little to win popular confidence, not because its President has done ill, but because his best views and purposes have received no hearty and unanimous support from his party. This is proved not only by the angry tone of a large part of the Democratic press, but by the defensive air of the speeches of the President's party friends. The Pan-electric scandal also is a very serious affair for the Democrats. The Whiskey Ring frauds and the post-tradership scandal under a Republican administration were held to be evidences of party decadence and the results of a too long tenure of power by one party. But the Pan-electric scandal in the first year of Democratic restoration is a startling portent. The Democratic difference with the President upon the silver question is another significant illustration of the situation. The party is swiftly making its record for the campaign of '88. Its sole great advantage to which it owed its success in 1884 was its candidate, now the President. Its true policy after the election was plain. It was complete identification with the President as its representative leader. But it has thrown away its advantage and discarded its policy. The President's course has rent, not united, his party. The Democratic party has not won the confidence of the friends of sound finance or of civil service reform, while the Democratic President is by far the best that the Democratic party ever elected.

The Republican party also is making its record for the campaign. Thus far it has the credit of an admirable act to regulate the Presidential succession. But on the silver question Senator EVARTS, elected last year from New York, where the declarations of both party conventions sustain the President's position, is singularly silent, and is understood to differ from the opinion of New York as thus expressed, and as he is understood to desire the Presidency, he cannot be supposed to believe that the Republican party as a party has either a faith or a policy upon that subject. He holds, perhaps, that the demand of the last Republican National Convention for "efforts" to unite all commercial nations upon "an international standard to fix for all the relative value of gold and silver coinage" is exceedingly suggestive of the want of a common party conviction. But the signs indicate that the chief Republican reliance will be placed upon the alleged failure of the President to fulfill his pledge of reform in the civil service. It is proposed by this course to regain the independent Republican support which was alienated by the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, the argument being that whatever the sincere convictions and desire of the President may be, his party will not permit him to carry them out, and that without his party he is practically as powerless for reform as the Pope without the Church. This is a shrewd plan. But its weakness as a party game is that it is not played by a reform party. There are more Republicans than Democrats who are friendly to reform. But there is no question that a Republican President would have filled offices as their terms expired with Republicans, as Mr. CLEVELAND has filled them with Democrats, and there is no reason to doubt that he would have suspended quite as many as President CLEVELAND has suspended. Should the Senate prove the Democratic President's conduct to have been inconsistent, it could not allege or imply that a Republican President would be less inconsistent, and the game so far would be lost. If the Republican Senate would vote to open its doors and to raise the veil of secrecy, and it should then appear that Republican Senators and politicians had taken no part in the scramble for patronage, and if in Republican States it could be shown also that the reformed system is introduced by law or enforced by Republican authority, and that Republican leaders are honest reformers, then, but not otherwise, might the party claim to be a reform party. To have a little more antislavery leaven than the Democratic party did not make the Whig party an antislavery party, and to count more reformers than the Democrats does not make the Republican a reform party. The Presidential prospect is evidently still very obscure.

## MR. SCHURZ AND MR. BLAINE

AN active public man and a party leader is in an unfortunate position when he writes the history of affairs in which he has taken a prominent part, or treats of other public men with whom he may not only have differed, but who may have successfully opposed his political projects or thwarted his personal ambition. GLADSTONE'S account of DISRAELI or DISRAELI'S of GLADSTONE, CLAY'S view of WEBSTER or WEBSTER'S of CLAY, HAMILTON'S of JEFFERSON or JEFFERSON'S of HAMILTON, would have been read with interest, but they could not be accepted as more than the views of interested political diarists of an opponent or a rival. When Mr. SEWARD was asked if he had kept even a diary during the war for the Union, he said that he had intended to do so, and had procured a book for the purpose, but had decided that inevitably it would be regarded as an *apologia*, a defence, however unconscious, of his own public views and conduct, and therefore that it would be labor lost. It was not a wise conclusion, as the diary of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS shows. Such journals are most serviceable. They are the testimonies of interested and partisan eye-witnesses and actors. They are not history, but they are among the most valuable materials of history. This is the way in which Mr. BLAINE'S history must be regarded. His estimates of the public men of his time are those of a party leader who is yet engaged in party controversy and is still animated by political ambition. They are therefore inevitably the pictures of a party pamphlet, moderated and restrained by the historical tone, but not tempered by the historical spirit.

This is especially true of his portrait of Mr. SCHURZ. Both Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. BLAINE are by taste, talent, and training public men. They are of about the same age, and their public career has been devoted to the same political controversies. They have both been Senators and members of the Cabinet. Mr. BLAINE also has been Speaker, Mr. SCHURZ a foreign minister and a general in the Union army; Mr. BLAINE has been also a candidate for the Presidency, and Mr. SCHURZ was by far the most powerful and effective of his opponents upon the stump. In no Presidential campaign has one speech been a more trenchant and terrible statement and argument against a candidate than Mr. SCHURZ'S Brooklyn speech against Mr. BLAINE. It was the armory of the campaign for Mr. BLAINE'S opponents, and no single speech of the campaign contributed so largely to the result. These facts were not absent from the mind of Mr. BLAINE writing immediately after the election, and inevitably his personal feeling affects his view of Mr. SCHURZ. Again, Mr. BLAINE is essentially a partisan in politics, Mr. SCHURZ essentially an "independent." Like every partisan, Mr. BLAINE identifies certain principles at all times and under all circumstances with a particular party, and is subject, like all other men, to the spirit which seeks the success of party rather than the triumph of principle. Mr. SCHURZ, regarding not only the special party policy, but general political principle, sees party tendency to be often dangerous to political honesty and good government, and holds that temporary defeat may be more serviceable to the true party policy, to public character, and to politics themselves, than success in a particular election. This difference implies a difference of personal temperament, of political philosophy, and of the true grounds of political action, which, when combined with the natural bitterness of ambition baffled by such differences, totally disqualifies Mr. BLAINE to estimate Mr. SCHURZ fairly. He does not say, for he cannot, that Mr. SCHURZ has ever devoted his ability to the defence of an unsound national policy, or to the extenuation of public abuses, or to the promotion of any but the best and wisest measures, or that he has ever been accused or suspected of prostituting public place to his private advantage. An original and earnest Republican, and usually in sympathy with that party, Mr. SCHURZ supported Mr. GREELEY in 1872 and Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, and upon both occasions he acted with other conscientious, independent, and patriotic Republicans.

It cannot be truthfully said, however, that his course shows instability of political principle and vacillation of conduct, unless it be held that unwavering support of a party under all circumstances is the best test of such stability. Lord MELBOURNE, indeed, said that he meant by supporter one who would support him when he was wrong. But Lord MELBOURNE also said "that d——d morality ruins everything." This also is a general opinion in "practical" political circles. But it was not the opinion of JOHN JAY, with whom Mr. SCHURZ undoubtedly agrees. Mr. JAY was a Federalist, but in opposing a candidate of he party he said for himself and the friends who acted with him:

"We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and have uniformly concurred in it; that concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nominations which should be so made. But it is equally certain that such consent did, does, and ever will rest on the confidence, trust, and confidence that such nominations only be made as we would or can support without transgressing the obligations we are under to preserve our characters and our minds free from humiliation and reproach. . . Adherence to party has its limits, and they are prescribed and marked by that Supreme Wisdom which has united and associated true policy with rectitude and honor and self-respect."

This is a wiser and more manly view of party and of party relations than that which holds honor and patriotism to consist in "sticking to the party through thick and thin."

The contemporaries of both the public men of whom we speak easily perceive the injustice and the possibly unconscious reason of Mr. BLAINE'S estimate of Mr. SCHURZ. But whatever the final history of our recent politics may say of Mr. BLAINE, it will say of Mr. SCHURZ that his career has conspicuously illustrated the virtues of fidelity to conviction, of official integrity, and of political independence, which our public life has too often lacked, and that the highest political principle and every sound public policy and wise reform have found in him an able and fearless advocate.

## THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL MESSAGE.

THE Judiciary Committee of the Senate having presented a report accusing the President of refusing to produce papers which it had a right to demand, the President has transmitted a message clearly explaining his position. It is a vigorous and characteristic document, which states to the country his view of his own action, as the report of the Senate had plainly stated its condemnation of his action. It is no more a lecture to the Senate upon its duties, as Senator EDMUNDS called it, than the Senator's report is a lecture to the President upon his duties. We do not agree with the President in his decision to withhold the reasons for removal, while we concur with him in his opinion that reasons cannot be required. The Senate, indeed, has expressly disclaimed the right to demand reasons, but insists upon that of requiring the papers. We have already expressed our agreement with this view. It may certainly demand to see papers on file in the public departments which relate to the public business intrusted to it, while it certainly cannot rightfully ask to see the private correspondence of the President. But neither can the President rightfully place his private correspondence in the keeping of a public department. The proper solution of this difficulty, as we have stated, is an announcement by the President that letters addressed to him concerning the discharge of his public duty in regard to appointments and removals, be-

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ing essentially public in their nature, will be made public by him at his discretion. The publication of such letters, as he points out, would not necessarily show the reasons of his action, but they would show the reasons by which others tried to influence his action, and they would show also who they are who assume the responsibility of asking for appointments and removals. The benefits of such a course are obvious. Nobody would recommend others for appointment or ask their removal except for reasons which they would be willing to submit to public scrutiny.

In the part of the message which treats of the constitutional depositary of the power of removal the President follows MADISON, and rests his argument upon the grant of executive power. But WEBSTER successfully controverted MADISON'S position by showing that the grant of executive power was not absolute but specific, and that the authority of removal was not specified. Since, therefore, the authority is to be inferred, WEBSTER justly derives it from the appointing and not from the executive power. This, however, is a point of constitutional interpretation which can never be settled conclusively; nor is it germane to the pending contest, because the Senate does not question the exercise of the authority nor require the reasons of the exercise, but asks only to see the papers on file in the public departments. It is incontestable that in advising and consenting to the appointment of B in place of A, who is suspended, the Senate advises and consents to the removal of A, and it may certainly require to see all the documents on file regarding the matter, although those documents may not disclose all the information in possession of the Executive, nor the reasons which have influenced its action.

The President reminds the Senate, what we stated some time since, that the "pledges" which he is held to have made in regard to removals before the expiration of terms do not justify the charge that suspension implies personal or official misconduct in the usual sense. He said plainly that he held suspension for offensive partisanship to be justifiable. It is therefore a mere trick to say that removal by him implies personal disgrace. But while this is plain, and while offensive partisanship is a perfectly good reason for removal, why should the President hesitate to say that he has removed a particular person for that reason? And why should he not say it, although the Senate has no right to require him to say it? His object is to put the public service upon a business and not upon a party footing. To do this he must dismiss officers who debase the public service to party purposes. But upon proper occasion to announce such dismissals for such reasons is to prove his fidelity to his own purposes, while, as we have said, to publish the documents is to put an end to all written recommendations of which the authors are not willing to assume the public responsibility. The great reason for not concealing the reasons for the removal of a public officer is that no such officer should be removed for reasons which might not be made public. We greatly deprecate the controversy between the President and the Senate. The object of the Senate undoubtedly is to discredit the President by showing that his action has been sometimes inconsistent with his principles. But whatever its object, and although the President may maintain his prerogative by argument as skilful as that with which he holds it to be assailed, yet rather than to trust to popular support by standing silent upon his responsibility, it would be better to command it by plainly proving that it is deserved.

## A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

THE official attitude of this country toward the Chinese is one of signal dishonor. We are bound by treaty to exert all our power to devise measures for the protection of the Chinese who may be outraged and wronged upon our territory, and we have engaged to secure them the same rights, privileges, immunities, and exemptions that are enjoyed here by the citizens or subjects of the most favored countries. But when the Chinese who are so unfortunate as to have come to the United States are murdered, robbed, driven from their homes and trades, and made the innocent victims of a ruthless terror, and the Chinese Minister, pointing to the treaties, protests and demands redress, the Secretary of State—Mr. EVARTS or Mr. BLAINE or Mr. BAYARD—politely informs him that there is no principle of national obligation and no treaty stipulation which guarantees redress, but omits to inform him what the guarantee of protection means.

The President in a special message justly characterizes the outrages to which the Chinese have been subjected, and denounces "the palpable and discreditable failure of the authorities of Wyoming Territory to bring to justice the guilty parties, or to assure the sufferers an impartial forum in which to seek and obtain compensation for the losses" which the Chinese have incurred. But he holds that the government is under no obligation, either by treaty or by the law of nations, to indemnify the victims. But he recommends an act of grace and generosity in the form of a gift, which, however, is not to be drawn into a precedent. But even if our duty be not defined in a treaty or in international law, it is found in the obligation of the United States to keep its own peace in territory subject to its exclusive authority. Should there be a wholesale slaughter and robbery and enforced exile of all English settlers in a Territory, we venture to say that a remedy would be found without delay. Or if a certain class of Americans were outraged in the same way, the United States would protect them, even if it had to call for volunteers.

It is not a Chinese question: it is an American question. It is the primary question of every government, that of maintaining order and of enforcing respect for its authority. The treatment to which the Chinese upon the Pacific slope are exposed from ignorant and brutal mobs may be inferred from the fact that a Senator from Oregon proposes to prohibit the entrance of all Chinese into the country. When the present law of exclusion was passed the United States stigmatized the whole Chinese race, and undoubtedly stimulated the maltreatment of all who are now here. It is bound by every moral obligation of national honor not only to indemnify those who have suffered, but to take every reasonable step for their protection against those whose inhuman spirit and purpose are now fully disclosed.

## A SOUND VIEW.

THE amusing absurdity that when the people decree an election a party change of administration, they mean not only to change the political offices of the government, but all the scrub-women, stokers, messengers, and porters in the country, is well exposed by the fact that economy, efficiency, and common-sense constantly demand disregard of such folly.

Thus to the Legislature at Albany Judge RATCHELLER, who withstands the purpose of his party to obtain control of the appointment of the laborers upon the new Capitol, and who significantly reminds the bosses that it is not a favorable moment to crack party whips, proposes a commission to supervise the completion of the Capitol, which is not to employ or discharge any employé for political opinions or party relations. Judge RATCHELLER apparently holds that the construction of the Capitol is not a Republican or Democratic work, but a simple business undertaking with which politics have legitimately nothing whatever to do. He does not believe that when the people elected a Republican Legislature they elected also to dismiss every honest and efficient Democratic mason and hod-carrier at the Capitol.

That is a view which is not confined to Judge RATCHELLER; and even Mr. PLATT, of Poughkeepsie, who was an early and consistent enemy of civil service reform, after a recent diatribe against it of which he can hardly be proud, quietly voted for the reform measure which had kindled his wrath, because he knew that it was approved by the people.

## A GREAT MISTAKE.

THE Boston Journal remarks that the signs multiply that the Mugwump spirit is hopelessly broken. On the contrary, there was never a time when political independence was so general, and when the support of party so party was so relaxed. The very fact that the wisdom, necessity, and duty of parties—which nobody denies—are yet so vehemently asserted, as in the HENDRICKS eulogies and elsewhere, although parties have notoriously lost their distinctive relation to great public questions, is an unmistakable sign of the consciousness of the decline of mere party allegiance.

There is no doubt that the character of the nominations of both parties in 1888 will show conclusively that the Mugwump spirit is stronger than ever. A nomination which should defy that spirit would be the weakest that could be made.

## THE QUESTION OF IRELAND.

WHATEVER concessions Mr. GLADSTONE may make in the effort to settle the Irish question, he will not, we believe, impair the imperial supremacy. It is therefore not improbable that the Irish party will reject his propositions, in that case, in the event of the failure of the overtures of the sincerest friends of Ireland in England, the further probability would seem to be a union of English parties upon the subject. That the oppression of Ireland has been great is not denied, but that there is now such oppression as would justify revolution would hardly be conceded by any large number of Englishmen, however radical.

From the private letter of a very intelligent English observer we take the following extracts, that show the religious aspect of the agitation, which becomes constantly more evident, and also a profound distrust of the GLADSTONE government, for which, as yet at least, we see no adequate reason.

"The trouble has been not so much between England and Ireland as between the religious parties in Ireland itself, which would be at each other's throats again to-morrow if imperial arbitration were withdrawn. The short period of Irish independence ended in a hellish civil war, in which all government and order perished. Pitt might simply as have asserted, as CROMWELL had done under the same circumstances, instead of going through the dirty mockery of buying the consent of the Ascendency Parliament of Ireland.

"The history of Ireland has been disastrous; but it must be read as a part of the great struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism which raged all over Europe during the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. The enactment of the penal laws was contemporary with the expulsion of the Huguenots. It was a savage act of political self-defence against enemies who had just tried for the second time to exterminate the Protestants. I believe I am right in saying that the most cruel parts of the Irish code had been allowed to fall into desuetude before the *auto-da-fé* ceased in Spain and Portugal.

"England herself acquired self-government by the Reform Bill in 1832. Before that she was governed by an oligarchy, and since that time British statesmen have been doing all they possibly could for Ireland, though they have had Irish character and Irish religion to contend with. As one once said, with delicate emphasis, 'The conduct of England in Ireland for the last thirty years has been admirable.' He was not an Anglomaniac, and what he said would, I am convinced, be said by every impartial statesman in Europe."

"Things in England are going from bad to worse; and Heaven knows where it will end. The craven submission of the Government to the terrorist League in Ireland, as might have been expected, is increasing the bond of union everywhere. Nothing can be more doleful or indignant than the language of my Liberal friends."

## PERSONAL.

ONE of the best known of American physicians, Dr. ALONZO CLARK, has just entered his eighteenth year. Having been asked upon what part of his long professional career he looks with the most satisfaction, he replied: "Upon my treatment of the typhus fever patients at Bellevue Hospital in 1847–8. Two hundred and fifty of them were in my charge in a wooden structure erected for the purpose on Second Avenue. Though it was winter, I took out the stoves, put the stoves near the open windows, covered the patients with blankets, and let the fresh air blow in. The result was so successful that the value of fresh air in such cases has been appreciated ever since. The principal characteristics of medical practice to-day as distinguished from that of thirty years ago are conservatism and hopefulness: we do not give calomel, nor do we bleed, and we have increased confidence in the healing powers of nature. In all the departments there have been great advances, except in that relating to diseases of the heart: we do not treat such diseases much more successfully than we used to, and the reason we don't is because we can't. Great strides have been made in dealing with consumption. I gave a consumptive patient a prescription a few minutes ago—to inhale the fumes of creosote. I shouldn't have given it ten years ago, because I shouldn't have thought of it, or of any germicide. New York is as desirable a place of residence for a physician as any city in Europe, although no physician has ever made $250,000 in a single year, as Sir ASHLEY COOPER did. Perhaps $100,000 or $40,000 is as much as any physician makes here. New York is healthful where it is built over; in the unoccupied districts there is malaria."

—Fifty years ago Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS and four classmates started the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which is now not only the oldest college periodical, but the oldest monthly of any sort in America. To the February number of this bright and enterprising magazine Mr. EVARTS has contributed a characteristic article, which among the other writers are DONALD G. MITCHELL, ANDREW D. WHITE, DANIEL C. GILMAN, and Professor T. R. LOUNSBURY, all of them former editors. Usually the contributors are undergraduates exclusively, and their style of writing is more direct, more discriminating, and less peppered with learned dissertations than was that of their learned predecessors in the good old days.

—JOHN DECKER, the last chief of the old Volunteer Fire Department, has been reelected president of the Volunteer Firemen's Association, which seeks to perpetuate the traditions of the days when fire-engines were run and worked by hand. No class of public servants, civic or military, of the last generation, has preserved its *esprit de corps* in the extent that the volunteer firemen have, and the head-quarters on Eighth Street, stored with souvenirs of their valorous service, is one of the most interesting museums in the city.

—Miss CLARA MORRIS has her own ideas as to the best method of establishing an American school of acting. She thinks that such a school is needed, and she suggests a plan by which $50,000 may be raised in a few weeks. After the annual dramatic season is over—say during the month of May—when the "stars" have nothing to think of but how to spend their money, let them organize a series of performances in one of the principal theatres, and give their services free. Let there be a grand dramatic festival, lasting three or four weeks, and affording to each class of "stars" an opportunity to display its special ideal. Actors and actresses, great and small, would thus be able to witness a large number and variety of performances, and learn from such whatever each had to teach. They could also show to theatrical managers what they could do, and put themselves in the way of making engagements for the next season. The proceeds of the entertainments could be handed over to a board of trustees, which should consist of experienced members of the profession, and an American school of acting be organized at once. Miss MORRIS has travelled about 10,000 miles since last August in the line of her profession.

—The New York correspondents of the Southern, Western, and Northern newspapers are undoubtedly a most interesting body of men, and their friends are sorry that in many instances the price of their "manifold" letters has been reduced from five dollars to three dollars, and occasionally even to one dollar.

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S admirable extemporaneous address at the opening of Bryn Mawr College for women will never be circulated. The trustees relied upon the reporters of the daily press, but there was no stenographer present, and only a digest of his views has been preserved. In fact, very few public addresses are now reported in full in the daily press.

—Mr. ISAAC DISRAELI, who took some interest in the petty ignorances of men of letters, would possibly have been interested to the fact that one of Mr. GRANT ALLEN'S recent novels contains the following: "Olga, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Tennant." In this country it is usual to introduce gentlemen to ladies, and not ladies to gentlemen.

—Ex-President MARK HOPKINS is now in his eighty-fifth year, with mental and physical force apparently unabated; and whether sitting for his portrait to the studio of a painter, or lecturing before a popular audience on "love as a law," or entertaining the alumni of Williams College—as he did a few days ago at Philadelphia—with the excellent record of that seat of learning, he seems like a man in his prime.

—Among the brave and whole-souled women who in camp and hospital ministered to the sick and wounded soldiers of the civil war, none displayed a zeal more intelligent and persevering than the late wife of Senator JOHN B. HAWLEY. At Beaufort, at Fernandina, at St. Augustine, and at St. Helena Island, during the trying years of 1862 and 1863, she was better than an angel at the cots of the sufferers; and when the wounded came back to Washington after the battles of the Wilderness, hundreds of them received from her hands and lips, in the ward of which she was in charge in the Armory Square Hospital, the tender care of a mother. From the very beginning of the war she was in active service as a nurse of the fever-stricken, and though of delicate constitution, she had the fortitude to assist at the most trying surgical operations. At Washington, in 1865, she was sunlight and life to many of the nine thousand destitute and dying prisoners from Andersonville.

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THE $29,000 FILLY DEW-DROP.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BIDWELL, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

A MEET OF THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT CLUB AT THE HOUSE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BIDWELL, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

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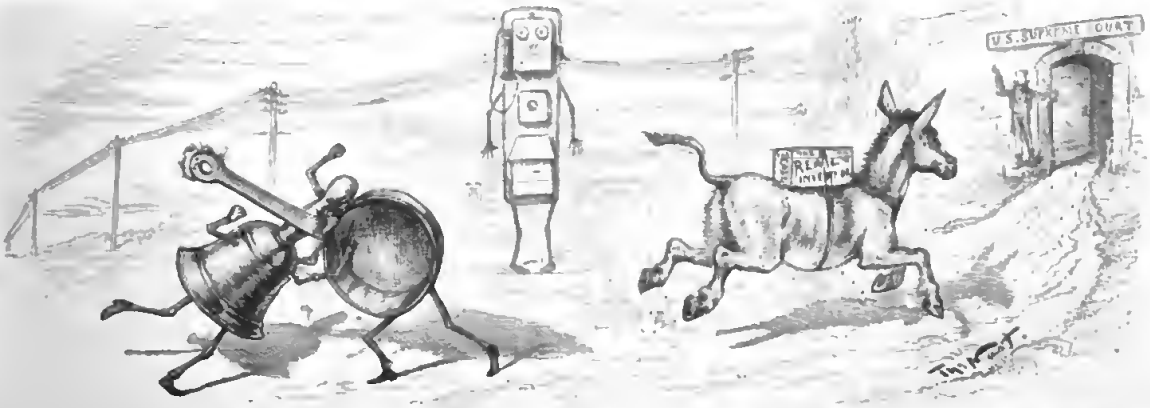
CHARLES H. JONES, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY, CINCINNATI.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

HARRISON PIGGINS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CURRIER, BALTIMORE.—[SEE PAGE 171.]

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.
[SEE PAGE 171.]

"SHE KNELT DOWN ON THE HEARTH, AND TOOK HER FRIEND'S HANDS EXCITEDLY IN HER OWN."—[SEE SERIAL "MADOR OF CONVENTION," PAGE 166.]




THE TELEPHONE RIVALS WERE FIGHTING FOR A *SHADOW*, AND THE SUBSTANCE WAS LOST.

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—(*Continued*)

"I have never wished such things before," said the Scotchman, with a simple, shamed, apologetic look for his weakness. "It is only since coming here, and seeing you."

"If that's the case you had better not look at me any longer. Dear me, I feel I have quite demoralized you!"

"But look or look not, I will see you in my thoughts. Well, I'll go; thank you for the pleasure of this visit."

"Thank you for staying. What will you do when you get out?"

"Something worse than I do here, no doubt," he replied, recklessly.

"For goodness' sake don't say that—it is as if I were running you by lachen."

"I will not say it, but I may feel it. But no—maybe I'll get into my market-mind when I've been out a few minutes."

As he went she said, eagerly, "You may hear them speak of me in Casterbridge as time goes on. If they tell you I'm a coquette, which some may, because of the accidents of my life, don't believe it, for I am not."

"I never I will not!" he said, forcibly.

Thus the two. She had exhausted the young man's enthusiasm till he was quite brimming with sentiment; while he, from merely affording her a new form of idleness, had gone on to wake her serious solicitude. Why was this? They could not have told.

Farfrae was shown out, it having entirely escaped him that he had called to see Elizabeth Jane. Lucetta at the window watched him threading the maze of farmers and farmers' men. She could see by his gait that he was conscious of her eyes, and her heart went out to him for his modesty—pleased that he might be allowed to come again. He entered the market-house, and she could see him no more.

Three minutes later, when she had left the window, a knock, not of moderate but of strength, sounded through the house, and the waiting-maid dropped up.

"Mr. Henchard," she said.

The man had realized herself, and was looking dreamily through her fingers. She did not answer at once, and the maid repeated the information, with the addition, "And he's afraid he hasn't much time to spare, he says."

"Oh! Then tell him that as I have a headache I won't detain him to-day."

The message was taken down, and she heard the door close.

Lucetta had come to Casterbridge to quicken Henchard's feelings with regard to her. She had quickened them, and now she was indifferent to the achievement.

After morning view of Elizabeth Jane as a disturbing element changed, and she no longer felt strongly the necessity of getting rid of the girl for her step-father's sake. When the young woman came in, quite unconscious of the turn in the tide, Lucetta went up to her, and said, quite sincerely:

"I'm so glad you've come. You'll live with me a long time, won't you?"

Elizabeth or a watch-dog to keep her father off—what a new idea! Yet it was not unpleasing. Henchard had neglected her all these days, after compromising her indescribably in the past by his superhuman ignorance of his wife's existence. The least he could have done when he found himself free, and herself affluent, would have been to respond heartily and promptly to her invitation.

Her emotions rose, fell, undulated, filled her with wild surmise as their suddenness, and so passed Lucetta's experiences of that day.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Poor Elizabeth Jane, little thinking what her malignant star had done to blast the budding attentions of Donald Farfrae to herself, was glad to hear Lucetta's words about remaining.

For in addition to Lucetta's house being a house, that taking view of the market place which it afforded had as much attraction for her or for Lucetta. The *carrefour* was like the regulation Open Place in spectacular dramas, where everything goes on that can possibly be interesting to the adjoining residents. Farmers, millers, dairymen, quacks, hawkers, appeared there from week to week, and disappeared on the afternoon wasted away. It was the node of all orbits, and there the movers paused, throwing themselves, or they concerned, into the form of capital K's, X's, and Y's or case the stiffness of their joints, in the old, old Casterbridge fashion.

From Saturday to Saturday was from day to day with the two young women now. In an emotional sense they did not live at all during the intervals. Wherever they might go wandering on other days, on market-day they were sure to be at home. Both stole my glances out of the window as Farfrae's shoulders and poll. His love they seldom saw, for, either through shyness, or not to disturb his mercantile mood, he avoided looking toward their quarters.

Than things went on, till a certain market morning brought a new sensation. Elizabeth Jane and Lucetta were sitting at breakfast when a parcel containing two dresses arrived for the latter from London. She called Elizabeth from her breakfast, and entering his friend's bedroom, Elizabeth saw the gowns spread out on the bed, one of a deep cherry-color, the other lighter—a glove lying at the end of each sleeve, a bonnet at the top of each neck, and parasols across the gloves, Lucetta standing beside the suggested human figures in an attitude of contemplation.

"I wouldn't think so hard about it," said Elizabeth, marking the intensity with which Lucetta was alternating the question whether this or that would suit best.

"But setting upon new clothes is so trying," said Lucetta. "You are that person" (pointing to one of the arrangements), "or you are that totally different person" (pointing to the other), "for the whole of the coming spring, and one of the two, you don't know which, may turn out to be very objectionable."

It was finally decided by Miss Templeman that she would be the cherry-colored person at all hazards. The dress was pronounced to be a fit, and Lucetta walked with it into the front room, Elizabeth following her.

The morning was exceptionally bright for the time of year. The sun fell on that on the market-house and church and pavement opposite Lucetta's residence that they poured their brightness into her rooms. Suddenly, after a rumbling of wheels, there was added to this steady light a fantastic series of circling irradiations upon the ceiling, and the companions turned to the window. Immediately opposite, a vehicle of strange description had come to a standstill, as if it had been placed there for exhibition.

It was the new-fashioned agricultural implement called a horse-drill, till then unknown, in its modern shape, in this part of the country, where the reversion seed lip was still used for sowing, as in the days of the Heptarchy. Its arrival created about as much sensation in the corn-market as a flying machine would create on Charing Cross. The farmers crowded round it, women drew near it, children crept under and into it. The machine was painted in bright hues of green, yellow, and red, and it resembled or a whole a compound of harmonic, grasshopper, and shrimp, magnified enormously. Or it might have been likened or an upright musical instrument with the front gone. This was how it struck Lucetta. "Why, it is a sort of agricultural piano," she said.

"It has something to do with corn," said Elizabeth.

"I wonder who thought of introducing it here?"

Donald Farfrae was in the minds of both on the instantaneous, for though not a farmer he was closely leagued with farming operations. And as if in response to their thoughts he came up at that moment, looked at the machine, and walked round it, and handled it as if he knew something about its make. The two watchers had unwillingly started at his coming, and Elizabeth Jane left the window, went to the back of the room, and stood as if absorbed in the paneling of the wall. She hardly knew that she had done this till Lucetta, contented by the companionship of her new acquaintance with the sight of Farfrae, spoke out: "Let us go and look at the instrument, whatever it is."

Elizabeth Jane's bonnet and shawl were pitchforked on in a moment, and they went out. Among all the agriculturists gathering round, the only appropriate possessor of the new machine seemed to be Lucetta, because she alone rivalled it in color.

They examined it curiously, observing the rows of trumpet-shaped tubes one within the other, the little scoops, like revolving salt spoons, which tossed the seed into the upper ends of the tubes that conducted it to the ground; till somebody said, "Good morning, 'Lizbeth Jane." She looked up, and there was her step-father.

His greeting had been somewhat dry and thunderous, and Elizabeth Jane, unburrassed out of her equanimity, stammered at random, "This is the lady I live with, father—Miss Templeman."

Henchard put his hand to his hat, which he brought down with a great wave till it met his body at the knee. Miss Templeman bowed. "I am happy to become acquainted with you, Mr Henchard," she said. "This is a curious machine."

"Yes," Henchard replied; and he proceeded to explain it, and still more forcibly to ridicule it.

"Who brought it here?" said Lucetta.

"Oh, don't ask me, ma'am!" said Henchard. "The thing—why, 'tis impossible it should act. 'Twas brought here by one of our machinists, as the recommendation of a jumped-up jackanapes of a fellow who thinks—" His eye caught Elizabeth Jane's imploring face, and he stopped, probably thinking that the cast might be progressing.

He turned to go away. Then something seemed to occur which his step-daughter fancied must really be a hallucination of hers. A murmur apparently came from Henchard's lips in which the detected the words, "You refused to see me! Catch me coming again!" addressed to Lucetta. She could not believe that they had been uttered by her step-father, unless, indeed, they might have been spoken to one of the yellow gathered farmers near them. Yet Lucetta seemed silent, and then all thought of the incident was dissipated by the humming of a song, which appeared to come from the interior of the machine. Henchard had by this time vanished into the market-house, and both the women glanced toward the corn-drill. They could see behind it the bent back of a man who was pushing his head into the internal works to master their simple secrets. The humming song went on:

"Tw—a on a s—un—f afore—a,
A wee bed—ro the s—n w—ut d—n,
When Kitty w' a brew a—w g—ss
C—me ov'r the h—lls to Gowrie."

Elizabeth Jane had apprehended the singer in a moment, and looked guilty of she did not know what. Lucetta next recognized him, and more mistrum of herself, said, archly, "The 'Lass of Gowrie' from the inside of a seed-drill—what a phenomenon!"

Satisfied at last with his investigation, the young man stood upright, and met their eyes across the counter.

"We are looking at the wonderful new drill," Miss Templeman said. "But practically it is a stupid thing—is it not?" she added, on the strength of Henchard's information.

"Stupid? Oh no!" said Farfrae, gravely. "It will revolutionize corn-growing hereabout. No more sowers flinging about their seed broadcast, so that some falls by the way-side, and some among thorns, and all that. Each grain will go straight to its intended place, and nowhere else at all."

"Then the romance of the sower is gone forever," observed Elizabeth Jane, who felt herself at one with Farfrae in Bible reading at least. "'Be that observeth the wind shall not sow,' so the Preacher said; but his words will not be so the point any more. How things change!"

"Yes, yes; it must be so!" Donald admitted, his gaze fixing itself on a painfully small point far away. "But the machines are already very common in the east and north of England," he added, apologetically.

Lucetta seemed to be rather outside this train of sentiment, her acquaintance with the Scriptures being somewhat limited. "Is the machine yours?" she asked of Farfrae.

"Oh no, madam," said he, becoming vociferous and deferential at the sound of her voice, though with Elizabeth Jane he was quite at his ease. "No, no—I merely recommended that it should be got."

In the silence which followed, Farfrae appeared only conscious of her—to have passed from perception of Elizabeth into a brighter sphere of existence than the appertained to. Lucetta, discerning that he was much taken that day—partly in his mercantile mood and partly in his romantic one—said gayly to him, "Well, don't forsake the machine for us," and went in-doors with her companion.

The latter felt that the had been in the way, though why was unaccountable to her. Lucetta explained the matter somewhat by saying, when they were again in the sitting room, "I had occasion to speak to Mr Farfrae, the other day, and so I knew him this morning."

Lucetta was very kind toward Elizabeth that day. Together they saw the market thicken, and in course of time thin away with the slow decline of the sun toward the upper end of the town, its rays taking the street endways and enfilading the long thoroughfare from top to bottom. The gigs and vans disappeared one by one till there was not a vehicle in the street. The time of the riding world was over, the pedestrian world held sway. Field laborers and their wives and children trooped in from the villages for their weekly shopping, and instead of a rattle of wheels and a tramp of horses ruling the sound as earlier, there was nothing but the shuffle of many feet. All the implements were gone; all the farmers; all the conveyed chaos. The character of the town's trading had changed from bulk to multiplicity, and pence were handled now as pounds had been handled earlier in the day.

Lucetta and Elizabeth looked out upon this, for though it was night, and the street lamps were lighted, they had kept their shutters unclosed. In the faint blink of the fire they spoke more freely.

"Your father was distant with you?" said Lucetta.

"Yes." And having forgotten the momentary mystery of Henchard's seeming speech to Lucetta, she continued: "It is because he does not think I am respectable. I have tried to be so more than you can imagine, but in vain. My mother's separation from my father was unfortunate for me. You don't know what it is to have shadows like that upon your life."

Lucetta seemed to wince. "I do not—of that kind precisely," she said, "but you may feel a sense of disgrace—shame—in other ways."

"Have you ever had any such feeling?" said the younger, innocently.

"Oh no," said Lucetta, quickly. "I was thinking of—what happens sometimes when women get themselves in strange positions in the eyes of the world from no fault of their own."

"It must make them very unhappy afterward."

"It makes them anxious; for might not other women despise them?"

"Not altogether despise them, yet not quite like or respect them."

Lucetta winced again. Her past was by no means secure from investigation even in Casterbridge, since, for one thing, Henchard had never returned to her the cloud of letters the had written and sent him in her first excitement after the discovery that their hasty marriage was void, and his method of rewarding her for saving his life by wedding her had proved itself to be a generosity altogether delusive. The only evidence of that marriage in existence were two—the register, and the letters alluding to the event. He had not returned her the letters, so that possibly they were destroyed, to which case there remained but one. She could have wished that there were none at all.

The encounter with Farfrae and his bearing toward Lucetta had made the reflective Elizabeth Jane more observant of her brilliant and amiable companion. A few days afterward, when her eyes rest Lucetta's or the latter was going out, she somehow knew that Miss Templeman was nourishing a hope of seeing the attractive Scotchman. The fact was printed large all over Lucetta's cheeks and eyes to any one who read her as Elizabeth Jane was beginning to do. Lucetta passed on and closed the street door.

A seer's impulse took command of Elizabeth, impelling her to sit down to the fire and divine events as surely from data already her own time they could be held as witnessed. She followed Lucetta thus mentally; saw her encounter Donald somewhere on it by chance; saw him wear his special look when meeting women, with an added intensity because this one was Lucetta. She depicted his impassioned manner; beheld the indecision of both between their loathness to separate and their desire not to be observed; depicted their shaking of hands; how they probably patted with rigidity in their general contour and movement, only in the smaller features showing the spark of passion, thus invisible on all but themselves. This discerning, silent sitch had not done thinking of these things when Lucetta came noiselessly behind her, and made her start.

It was all true or she had pictured—she could have sworn it. Lucetta had a heightened brightness in her eye never end above the advanced color of her cheeks.

"You've seen Mr Farfrae," said Elizabeth, demurely.

"Yes," said Lucetta. "How did you know?"

She knelt down on the hearth, and took her friend's hands excitedly in her own. But, after all, the did not say when or how she had seen him, or what he had said.

That night she became restless; in the morning she was feverish, and at breakfast-time she told her companion that she had something on her mind—something which concerned a person in whom she was interested much. Elizabeth was earnest to listen and sympathize.

"This person—a lady—once admired a man much—very much," the said, tentatively.

"Ah!" said Elizabeth Jane.

"He did not think so deeply of her as the did of him. But in an impulsive moment, purely out of gratitude, he proposed or make her his wife. She agreed. But there was an unexpected hitch in the proceedings, or a result the we so far compromised with him that the felt she could never belong or another man, or a pure matter of conscience, even if she should wish to. After that they were much apart, heard nothing of each other for a long time, and the felt her life quite closed up for her."

"Ah, poor girl!"

"She suffered much on account of him; though I should add that he could not altogether be blamed for what had happened. At last the obstacle which separated them was providentially removed, and he came to marry her."

"How delightful!"

"But in the interval she—my poor friend—had seen a man the liked better than him. Now comes the point: Could she in honor dismiss the first?"

"A man she liked better—that's bad!"

"Yes," said Lucetta, looking pained at a boy who was swinging the town pump handle. "It is bad! Though you must remember that she was forced into an equivocal position with the first man by an accident; that he was not so well educated or refined as the second, and that she had discovered some qualities in the first that rendered him less desirable as a husband than she had at first thought him to be."

"I cannot answer," said Elizabeth Jane, thoughtfully. "It is so difficult. It wants a Pope to settle that."

"You prefer not to, perhaps?" Lucetta showed in her appealing man how much she leaned on Elizabeth's judgment.

"Yes," admitted Elizabeth; "I would rather not say."

Nevertheless, Lucetta seemed relieved by the simple fact of having opened out the situation a little, and our slowly convalescent of her headache. "Being on a looking glass. How do I appear to people?" she said, languidly.

"Well, a little worn," answered Elizabeth, eying her as a critic eyes a doubtful painting. Fetching the glass, she enabled Lucetta to survey herself in it, which Lucetta anxiously did.

"I wonder if I wear well, as times go?" she observed, after a while. "How many years more do you think I shall last before I get hopelessly plain?"

Three was something curious in the way in which Elizabeth, though the younger, had come to play the part of experienced sage in these discussions. "It may be five years," she said, judicially. "Or, with a quiet life, as many as ten. With no love, you might calculate on ten."

Lucetta seemed to reflect on the or on an analytic, impartial verdict. She told Elizabeth Jane no more of the past attachment she had roughly adumbrated or the experiences of a third person, and Elizabeth, who, in spite of her philosophy, our very tender-hearted, wept that night in bed in the thought that her pretty, rich Lucetta did not treat her or the full confidence of names and dates in her confessions. For by the "she" of Lucetta's story Elizabeth had not been beguiled.

## CHAPTER XXV.

The next phase of the supersession of Henchard in Lucetta's heart was an experiment in calling on her, performed by Farfrae with some apparent trepidation. Conventionally speaking, he conversed with both Miss Templeman and her companion; but in fact it sat rather that Elizabeth Jane sat invisible in the room. Donald appeared not to see her at all, and answered her wise, homely little remarks with curtly indifferent monosyllables, his looks and faculties hanging on the woman who could boast of a more Puritan valiety in her phases, mouth, opinions, and also principles, than could Elizabeth. Lucetta had persisted in dragging him into the circle, but she had remained like an awkward third point which that circle would not touch.

Susan Henchard's daughter bore up against the twenty aches of this treatment, or she had borne up under worse things, and contrived as soon as possible to get out of the inharmonious room without being seized. The Scotchman seemed hardly the same Farfrae who had danced with her, and walked with her, as a delicate acrobatic

* Began in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.

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balance between love and friendship—that period in the history of a love when alone it can be said to be analyzed with pain.

She stoically looked from her bedroom window, and contemplated her fate as if it were written on the top of the church tower hard by. "Yes," the said at last, bringing down her palm upon the sill with a pat: "*He* is the second man of that story she told me!"

All this time Henchard's smouldering sentiments toward Lucetta had been fanned into higher and higher inflammation by the circumstances of the case. He was discovering that the young woman, for whom he now felt a pitying warmth of gratitude, which had been almost chilled out of him by reflection, was, when now qualified with a slight inaccessibility and a more matured beauty, the very being to make him satisfied with life. Day after day proved to him, by her silence, that it was on one to thank if bringing her round by holding aloof; as he gazed in, and called upon her again, Elizabeth Jane being absent.

He crossed the room to her with a heavy tread of some awkwardness, his strong, warm gaze upon her—like the sun beside the moon on comparison with Farfrae's modest look—and with something of a hail fellow bearing, as, indeed, was not unnatural. But she seemed so transcendentalized by her change of position, and held out her hand to him in such cool friendship, that he became deferential, and sat down with a perceptible loss of power. He understand but little of fashion in dress, yet enough to feel himself inadequate to appearance beside her, whom he had hitherto been dreaming of as almost his property. She said something very polite about his being good enough to call. This caused him to recover balance. He looked her oddly in the face, losing his aim.

"Why, d—n it all, of course I have called, Lucetta," he said. "What does that nonsense mean? You know I couldn't have helped myself if I had wished—that is, if I had my conscience at ease. I've called to say that I am ready, as soon as custom will permit, to be publicly married to you; to say that you can fix the day or month, with any full consent, whenever in your opinion it would be seemly. you know more of these things than I."

"It is full early yet," she said, evasively.

"Yes, yes; I suppose it is. But you know, Lucetta, I felt, directly my poor ill-used Susan died, and when I could not bear the idea of marrying again, that after what had happened between us it was my duty not to let any unnecessary delay occur before putting things to rights. Still, I wouldn't call in a hurry, because—well, you can guess how this uneasy you've come into made me feel." His voice slowly fell; he was conscious that in this room his accents and manner were a roughness not observable in the street. He looked about the room, at the novel hangings and ingenious furniture with which she had surrounded herself.

"Upon my life I didn't know such furniture as this could be bought in Casterbridge," he said.

"Nor can it be," said she. "Nor will it till fifty years more of civilization have passed over the town. It took a wagon and four horses to get it here."

"H'w? The fact is, your setting up like this makes my bearings toward ye rather as kward."

"Why?"

An answer was not really needed, and he did not furnish one. "Well," he went on; "there's nobody in the world I would have wished to see enter into this wealth before you, Lucetta; and nobody, I am sure, who will become it more." He turned to her with congratulatory admiration as fervid that she shrank somewhat, notwithstanding that she knew him so well.

"I am greatly obliged to you for all that," said she, rather with an air of speaking casual. The otiot of reciprocal feeling was perceived, and Henchard showed the grin at once—nobody was more quick to show that than he.

"You may be obliged or not for 't. Though the things I say may not have the polish of what you've lately learned to expect for the first time in your life, they are real, my lady Lucetta."

"That's rather rude."

"Dummy, on 'tisn't!" said Henchard, hotly. "But there, there, I don't want to quarrel with ye. Good Lord, for a man and wife to talk to one another like this!"

"We are not man and wife," the answered, firing quickly.

"If going to the registry don't make us so, I should like to know what it does make us."

Lucetta burst in passionately. "How can you speak so! Knowing that it proved to be void by her coming back, and that it was entirely on your side that the blame lay which put me in so awkward a position, you ought to allow me to look at it as I choose! I suffered enough at that lonely, terrifying time after I was sent back from joining you—not knowing what was to happen to me. And if I am a little independent now, surely the privilege is due me!"

"Yes, it is. It was a bad job for you," he said, repentantly. "But perhaps you'll have the justice to own that I was as innocent as you."

"Yes, I believe you were," she said, more calmly.

"Then let us be quick and legalize your state by going through the service again as soon as we can; and so, in spite of the mishap the first time, we shall wind up well at last . . . It is very odd," he mentioned, "that I, as little of a woman's man as I be, should find it necessary to marry two women to be over . . . Well, what do you say?"

For the first time in their acquaintance Lucetta had the move; and yet she was backward. "For the present let things be," she said, with some embarrassment. "Treat me as an acquaintance, and I'll treat you as one. Time will—" the stopped; and he said nothing to fill the gap for a while, there being on pressure of half acquaintance to drive them into speech if they were not minded for it.

"That's the way the wind blows, is it?" he said at last, gravely, nodding an affirmative to his own thoughts.

A yellow flood of reflected sunlight filled the scene for a few instants. It was produced by the passing of a band of newly crowned hay from the country in a new wagon marked with Farfrae's name. Beside it rode Farfrae himself. Lucetta's face became—as a woman's face becomes when the man she loves rises upon her gaze like an apparition.

A turn of the eye by Henchard, a glance from the window, and the secret of her inaccessibility would have been revealed. But Henchard, in estimating her tone, was looking down on plumb straight that he did not onto the arm consciousness upon Lucetta's face.

"I shouldn't have thought it—I shouldn't have thought it of woman!" he said emphatically by and by, rising and shaking himself into activity, while Lucetta was so anxious to divert him from any suspicion of the truth that the naked him to be in no hurry. Bringing him some apples, she insisted upon paring one for him.

He would not take it. "No, no; such is not for me," he said, drily, and moved to the door. At going out he turned his eye upon her; there was an intent look in it.

He had hardly gone down the staircase when she dropped upon the sofa, and jumped up again in a fit of desperation. "I will love him!" she cried, passionately; "as for Ass, he's hot-tempered and stern, and it would be madness to bind myself to him, knowing that. I won't be a slave to the past; I'll love a hero I choose!"

Elizabeth Jane, surveying the position of Lucetta between her two lovers from the crystalline sphere of a straightforward mind, did not fail to perceive that her father, as she called him, and Donald Farfrae became more desperately enamored of her friend every day. On Farfrae's side it was the enforced passion of youth; on Henchard's, the artifically stimulated courting of mature age.

The pain she experienced from the almost absolute obliviousness to her existence that was shown by the pair of them became at times half dissipated by her sense of its humorousness. When Lucetta had pricked her finger they were at deeply concerned as if she were dying; when she herself had been seriously sick or in danger they uttered a conventional word of sympathy at the news, and forgot all about it immediately. But as regarded Henchard, this perception of hers also caused her some filial grief; she could not help asking what she had done to be neglected so, after the professions of solicitude he had made. As regarded Farfrae, she thought, after honest reflection, that it was quite natural. What was she beside Lucetta?—as one of the "meanest beauties of the night" when the moon had risen in the skies.

She had learned the lesson of renunciation, and was as familiar with the wreck of each day's wishes as with the diurnal setting of the sun. If her earthly career had taught her fair book philosophies, it had at least well practised her in this. Yet her experience had resolved into a series of pure disappointments than in a series of substitutions. Continually it had happened that what she had desired had not been granted her, and that what had been granted her she had not desired. So she viewed with an approach to equanimity the now cancelled days when Donald had been her underclared lover, and wondered what unwished for thing Heaven taught send her in place of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DEW-DROP.

THE DUYKS brothers, of Brooklyn, paid $29,000 for the three-year-old filly Dew-Drop, recently sold at the break-up of the racing stable owned by Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD. It is the largest sum that the DUYKS have paid for any one horse. Hindoo cost them but $13,000, while for Miss Woodford they gave in exchange Hindoo, after his breakdown when four years old, together with the three-year-old filly Francesca (a full sister of Iroquois, winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1881), and the two-year-old filly Red and Blue (a half-sister to Iroquois), all three being out of the same dam, Maggie B. B., by imported Australian. The amount paid for Dew-Drop may seem extravagant, considering that the may break down to the work necessary to fit her for the engagements she has at Sheepshead Bay, Monmouth Park, and elsewhere. But the DUYKS had to buy her or beat her with the horses they already owned, entered for the same race, and as they had Congressman W. L. Scott, of Erie, Pennsylvania, for a competitor, it became a question which would stay the longer in front of the auctioneer.

Dew Drop is a bay filly of excellent breeding, and was foaled at Runcocas March 23, 1883. In the farm record she is described as having a "blaze face, near fore and both hind legs white." She is by Falsetto out of the bay-brown mare Explosion that ran with some success in 1876 and 1877. Explosion is by imported Hampton Court out of Naphtha, she by imported Eclipse out of Echo, by Lexington out of Maria Innes, she by imported Yorkshire. Hampton Court was by Young Melbourne out of Duridana by Orlando. Dew Drop's sire, Falsetto, was a good horse, and in 1879 won a number of rich stakes, he is by Enquirer (a son of imported Leamington out of Lida by Lexington, her dam Lizzie by American Eclipse) out of Forfaletta by imported Australian, the out of Kilkorna by Lexington, her dam Glencora by imported Glencoe. This is breeding on the side of both the sire and the dam that cannot be excelled in England or America, combining as it does the best of both countries, and after Dew-Drop's racing career is over will make her worth a large sum as a brood-mare. Dew Drop ran in all ten races last year, leading off by winning a five furlong sweepstakes at Sheepshead Bay in June. She was in turn outpaced for the Surf and Scarlight stakes, second to Charity for the Flatbush, won the Great Eastern Handicap at three-quarters of a mile from a field of twenty-one runners, carrying 110 pounds, in 1 16¾, was outpaced with 117 pounds to Walter H for the Alden stakes, at the same distance, after which she in turn won the Nursery and Champagne stakes, both at three-quarters of a mile, at Jerome Park, the former with 112 pounds in 1 14¾, and the latter with 122 pounds in the same time. At Baltimore Dew Drop in turn took the Central and Ecliptic stakes, both at a mile, running the latter in 1 44¾. After this she was taken back to Runcocas, where she not only wintered well, but filled out in a way that promised that she would be fully able to sustain the stable's reputation this coming summer. Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD's brief but serious illness about the middle of January brought a warning from his physician that he must give up some of his exciting interests, and as the Tuxedo Park estate is in a condition to require his personal attention, he had somewhat reluctantly to give the order which brought the racing stable into the sales ring, where the twenty-seven head catalogued realized a total of $149,050—an average of $5,520, and the largest sale of racing stock that has ever taken place in the United States.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A NATURALIST in the West has concluded either that owls are without memory or that they do not mind going about with owl traps fastened to their legs. He set a trap to catch an owl, and it mysteriously disappeared. He set a heavier trap, and caught in it an owl which had the first trap attached to one of its legs. The phrase "stupid as an owl" seems a fitting reflection upon a bird which would set about making a collection of owl traps in such a manner as this.

The intelligence comes from Illinois that a citizen of that State swallowed a tablespoonful of laudanum on a wager of ten dollars. Friends who witnessed the act urged him to hurry to a doctor, but he insisted on going home. They procured a doctor and followed, and found him vigorously swing. He steadily refused to submit to the stomach-pump, and towed away for three hours, sweating profusely. Then he went into the house, lay down and slept naturally for four hours, woke up in perfect health, and went about his business as usual. Anybody who disbelieves this story, as the Brothers Grimm said, must pay a half-crown.

A Canadian who wished to learn how he should go to work and what it would cost to take out a license to sell washing-machines in the United States, and who had no personal acquaintance on this side of the border, wrote to President Cleveland, asking him if he could not be kind enough to furnish the information desired. In a time of strained relations between this country and the Dominion, growing out of the fisheries question, there is a sociable and neighborly ring about this Canadian request which is altogether reassuring.

An advertisement calls attention to a compound by which "ball dresses may be rendered safe from fire by accident." Of course that is good as far as it goes, but on preparation of this sort can hope to be wholly successful which does not also guarantee the security of ball dresses from fire by intention.

A naturalist who has bestowed attention upon the sea and its inhabitants says that he has observed whole shoals of herring, "in their anxiety to escape when pursued by whales, piled up above the surface of the sea to a height of from three, to six feet. On one occasion the fish formed a mass even with the top of the mast of a fishing-boat, viz., about fifteen feet, and had part of the mass fallen into the boat it would doubtless have sunk." There is on record another curious description intended to convey an idea of size, namely, that of "a pumpkin so big that eight man could stand around it."

A late paragraph of information says, "There are almost as many foxes in some places in New England now as there were fifty years ago." Indeed there are quite as many.

Ten policemen of Astoria were aroused at two o'clock the other morning by the apparition of a running man. They at once knew it was a burglar. They called upon him to stop, but this he did not do, his reason being, as was drawn from him afterward, that he did not hear them. Then one of the policemen drew a revolver of heavy calibre, and sent a bullet after him, and that brought him. It was then learned that he was a burglar only in theory, and that in point of fact he was a zealous house-servant running for a doctor to attend his employer's wife, who had been taken alarmingly ill in the night.

Somebody says he has discovered that the hand of a postman who writes thirty-five words in a minute travels over sixteen feet of space in that time, providing he dots all his i's and crosses all his t's. It is hard to see how there can be any inflexible rule in such a matter. The hand of John Hancock in writing twenty-one of words must have travelled several thousand times further than the hand of the man who engraved the Declaration of Independence on the smoothed side of a fifty-cent piece.

Eighty cents were found in the stomach of a fish recently caught in Idaho. They were in the form of a silver dollar.

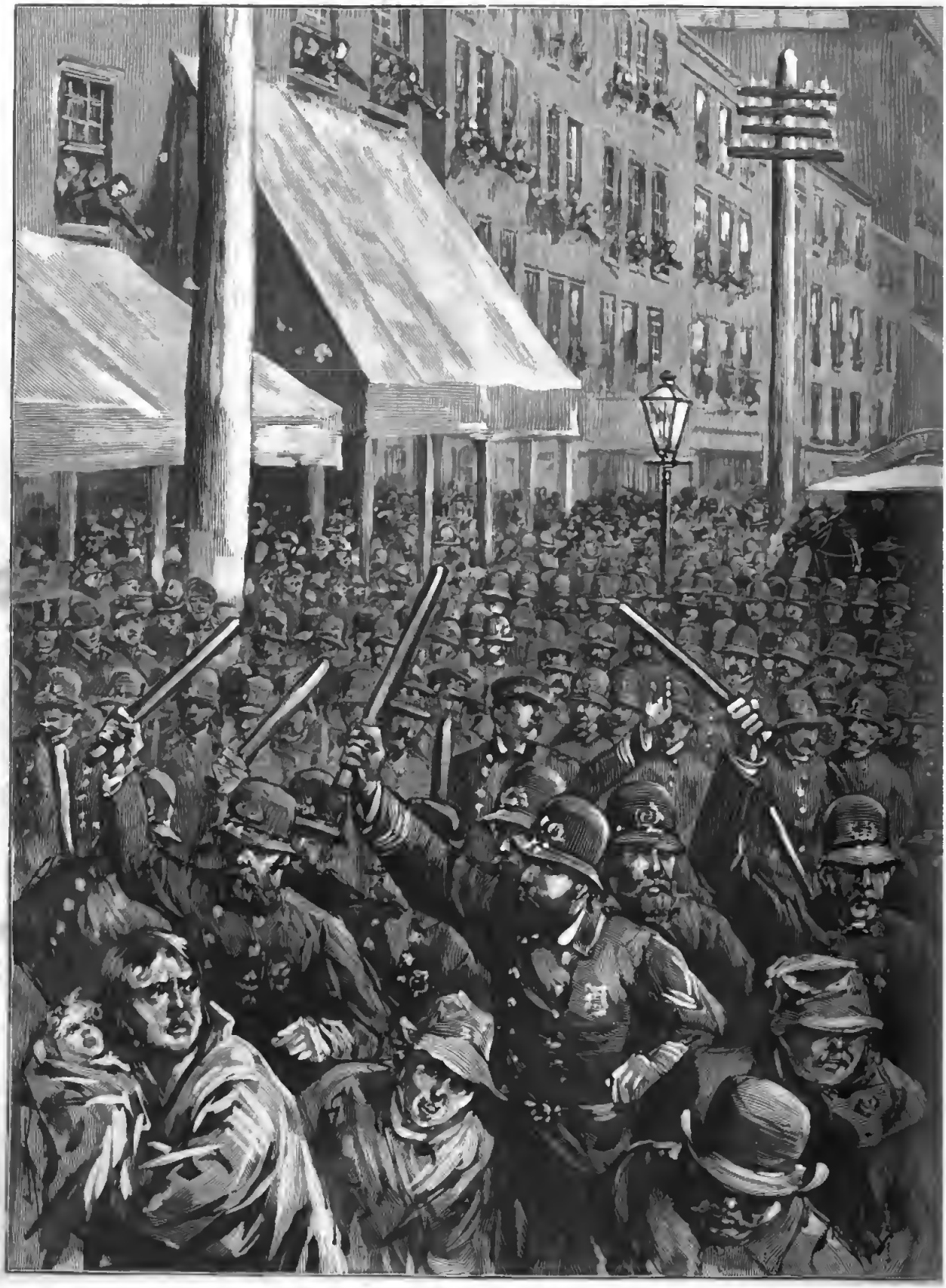
The usual methods of capturing alligators seem frivolous in the light of the method of a Florida hunter. "His method," says a report, "is to jump into a stream in pursuit of an alligator, and, if necessary, to dive under water for his victim, which he manages to subdue by getting his fingers in the creature's eyes, and then riding him ashore in triumph." Only a little while ago there was an account in the newspapers of two men who were chased for a considerable distance by a baby alligator only six feet long, and one of the fugitives was finally overtaken and very painfully snapped and trodden upon by the infant saurian. If these men had only known enough, they might easily have subdued this little fellow by getting their fingers in his eyes and riding him off to any place they pleased. But they didn't know enough, and they were chased and humiliatingly snapped for their ignorance. If it had been a full-grown alligator, they might have been killed.

A MATTER OF APPEARANCE.

MRS. BLOOMER (who has been denied a sealskin sacque, and accepts Mr. Blinder's to go without his overcoat when accompanying her on the street, that her attire may appear more unassailable by contrast). "Blinder, 'tain't cold, so take your hands out of your pockets, and quit your shivertin'. Do you want to disgrace me in the eyes of the public?"

THE BLIZZARDS THAT BOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA.

Let us be thankful that our country is large enough to cling to.



THE STREET RAILROAD STRIKE IN NEW YORK—THE POLICE OPENING

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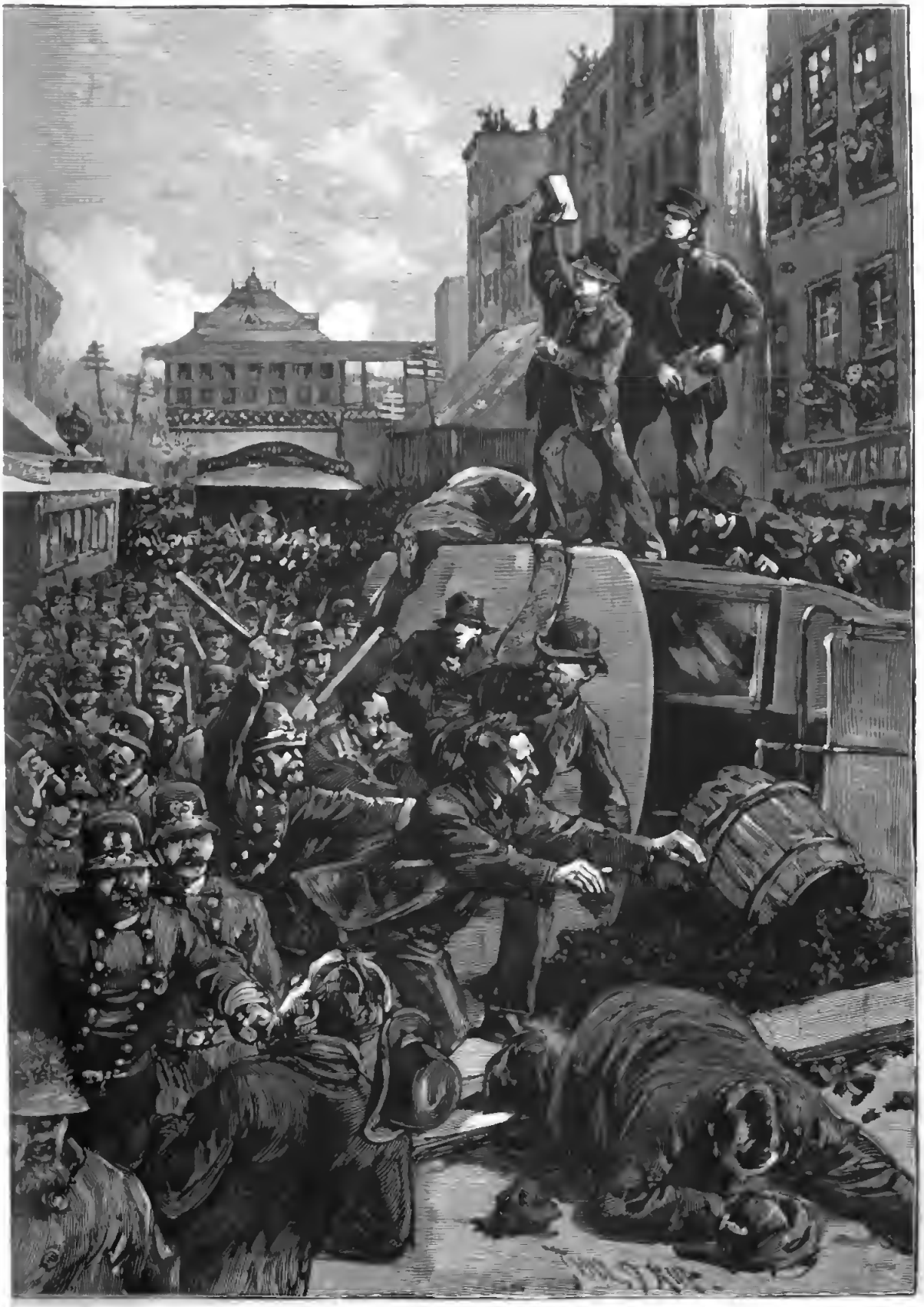

WAY FOR A HORSE CAR.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 172.]

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## NOT CUT TO HIS CLOTH.

He said he was forty-two, and I don't think he told stories about his age. He was above the middle height, with good broad shoulders. He had a long red beard. *Red* I called it, *he* said it was brunette-color. But, "brandy" or "sandy," it was handsome of its kind. And he had deep-set gray eyes that winked and twinkled in what was sometimes a very aggravating manner, and made one feel as if he were laughing at one. His name was Brymer—the Reverend Cecil Brymer—and he was the only amusing person in St. Ives—than, of which abominable, out-of-date, scandalous Cornish town he was the vicar.

I had never been in such a place before. You see, we had always lived at Brighton, going away in the summer to Dieppe, or Fécamp Mawr, or somewhere like that. Well, Nelly and Tom Carew would not wait like reasonable beings until he could buy a good practice in a decent place, but most get married at once. He was only twenty-four, and who in their senses would employ a doctor of twenty-four, he be never so splendidly clever? At least that is what the Mater says; for my part I would rather trust a man of twenty-four than one of sixty-four, as more likely to be up in the modern improvements, but that doesn't seem to be the general opinion. When Tom heard of this practice at St. Gosthian, he concluded that people in such an out-of-the-world place would be thankful to get hold of a qualified *baby* even, so he bought it, and took Nelly down there.

He was a West Country man himself, coming from Exeter, as Cornwall did not occur to him as very dreadful. But poor Nelly! At first her letters were full of the natural beauties of the place—the lovely bay, with its sapphire waters, the serpentine rocks, and the cliffs covered with samphire and sea pinks and a lot of flowers we know nothing about in the home counties. There were hedges of camellias and fuchsias, the wrote, and geraniums that rioted round the attic windows, and "mesembrianthemums all over the back-yard wall." It was the name of these latter that fetched her, I suppose, for when I saw what hairy, spidery yellow things they were, I did not at all long to transplant them to Regency square.

Well, Nelly soon tired of the natural beauties, and began to pine for artificial ones, and by-and-by she wrote a piteous appeal for one of us as to go and stay with her. Kate was just engaged to Frank D'Arcy so it was out of the question for her to go, the Mater said. No one considered my feelings, or thought it possible that I might object to leaving Brighton; a victim had to be offered up, and I was the one fixed on.

Perhaps I should have hated it more if it had not been that I was just a little anxious to get away. It never does a girl any good to have her name coupled with any one's, and I was afraid that people had been putting Ella Walmesly (that's me) and Maurice Fitzance together entirely too much. Mr. Fitzance was very interesting and very charming, and could talk in a delightful manner, altogether different from the run of young men, who generally begin, "Isn't this weather beastly?" He never asked mine to perfection, and we always got on at tennis together, and he told me once that he thought he had discovered something in me that was wanting in most girls. Then we had the same ideas on art and things of that kind, and he had been choosing my books for me at Treacher's all the winter; but that was all.

Mr White (*the* Mr White, the author) had been yachting in the summer with Sir William Fitzance's eldest son, and when Maurice came back with him to Brighton we all thought *he* was the one; then we found out quite accidentally that the eldest's name was John. Ever so many people thought Maurice had behaved very badly in not mentioning his brother, and when old Lady Wales began to tease me about him, I thought it was time to put a stop to all silly reports. So I was very dignified, and soon shut her up, and, as I said before, I was glad to get away to Cornwall.

I don't like "good byes" of any sort, so I avoided Mr Fitzance as much as I could; in fact, I was really almost rude to him, and I suppose he was huffy; for though I told Kate to let him know the train I was going up by, he didn't come to the station.

You may imagine what kind of a place St. Gosthian is when I tell you there is no direct railway there; one has to change at a junction called Rostrec, and wait, sometimes ages, till the little train that runs up and down the single line to St. Gosthian comes and fetches one away.

Tom met me at Rostrec, and seemed delighted to see me. I had an idea brothers-in-law could gush so, and in the evening he and Nelly sat round me, and positively hung upon my words, while I told them all home news, and what was going on in London. Before we went to bed Nelly insisted on coming into my room and examining all my clothes. She said it was so long since she had seen a decent gown she could not wait. She screamed with delight over my neal-brown plush, but shook her head at my nursing dressing.

"You will never wear them here," she said. "I wear my summer whites for dinner, and Tom doesn't change. He did at first, but he was called out two or three times in the evening, and his patients laughed at him."

"What sort of society have you?" I asked, telling myself for a comfortable gossip.

"Ella, we have none—positively none."

"My dear, you are out living as a desert island. The *A. B. C.* says 'St. Gosthian—population, five thousand,' therefore we must have society."

"Well, there are two thousand fishermen and two thousand miners and five hundred sheep-keepers."

"And the remaining five hundred?"

"Are old maids."

"But, my dear, the lawyers and brokers and other doctors—aren't there any?"

"Of course there are, but they are ancient beyond belief, and narrow-minded, and altogether hopeless. Wait till you see the clothes they wear! And they invite people out to tea at six and supper at eleven, and in the interval they play pope-jean and look at albums, and the worst of it is we *have* to be civil to them because they are possible patients. If they would only be ill now and then one might stand it, but they are abominably healthy, all of them."

"Will they invite me to tea?"

"Tea! and you'll have to go. We have to ask them back then, and we can't ask them to dinner, because no one else gives dinners. I did try to introduce high teas, and what do you think happened?"

I shook my head.

"Why, they all sat round, and waited and waited, with a hungry look on their faces, and then I heard some one say something about 'after supper,' and it dawned upon me that they meant sitting there till they got another meal."

"How awful! What did you do?"

"Went and scratched together the cold remains. I have heard since that Mrs. Carew gives ridiculously extravagant teas and miserably poor suppers."

"Greedy wretches! Is there no one decent at all?"

"The Daviess aren't so bad; and then there's the vicar, he is unmarried, and really very nice. I don't know what Tom would do without him, he is the only man he can speak to."

"The vicar doesn't sound very promising." I thought to I got into bed. "Nelly is quite enthusiastic about him, but then she is married."

And so you see I get round to what, or rather to whom, I began about.

In spite of the vaunted Cornish climate, that was the coldest house I've ever been in; I suppose it was being so near the sea. The drawing-room, pride of Nelly's heart by day, was chanted and abhorred at night, as it was impossible to keep warm there; the dining-room was gloomy; and we always chose to sit in the "den," as we called Tom's special apartment, a little upstairs room, with wainscoted walls cut at all sorts of queer angles, and with a window built out over the clay yard, with its "mesembrianthemum" wall. Beyond the wall was the bay, and often, when it was rough, the wind would bring the spray beating up against the window, and one could get comfortably drenched without going out of doors.

Mr Brymer used to come in nearly every evening to smoke with Tom; and we used to sit round the fire talking about all manner of things. Great fun we had, and great nonsense we talked sometimes. How jolly it is to find people who are talk nonsense, isn't it? Mr Brymer could do it to perfection. He was a splendid head to chaff, too. You see, being just four congenial souls in that dreary waste of commonplace, we got very intimate, and we used to pick up one another's little foibles and failings, and make fun of them to a merciless manner. Sometimes we were gravely inclined, and would discuss politics and books and metaphysics—at least Tom and Mr Brymer did; Nelly and I and the curate listened.

The curate was awfully amusing. His real name was Gibson, but Mr Brymer, for some reason, christened him "The Eagle," and the name seemed to fit him. He was a tall, gawky man, about Broad-thirty, with black hair and eyes and a hooked nose, and a great laugh that would cause breaking just when one least expected it. He was only a deacon, and how he ever got a bishop to make him that much I can't understand, for I'm sure he could never pass any examination. But he was a very hard-working, good man, and perhaps they only asked him Bible questions and things to do with religion.

The people of St. Gosthian began to give little parties in my honor, as Nell said they would; and when I'd been there about a week I received my first invitation. Nelly pretended she had a headache, and Tom invented a patient miles away, so I went under convoy of the Daviess, two middle-aged girls who lived near, and with whom, for lack of others, Nell was rather intimate. There were nine women and two men—*the* eligible bachelors of the place. One was a fat, good-natured creature, called Tremayne, who seemed content with his old-fogyism, but the other still clung to his past reputation as a beau, dyed his hair, wore an embroidered waistcoat, and paid us all compliments.

We had tea, muffins, and buttered cakes and toast, and marmalade. We sat round the table, which had a tray at each end—one with tea, presided over by Mrs. Mathews, the hostess, and one with coffee and Miss Selina Mathews, and we were all very elegant and rather mincing (it was infectious, and I found myself quite catching their way). After tea, Mr Brymer, Mr. Gibson, and Tom came in, and we all played pope-jean till supper, after which, and without our leaving the table, Mr Rosewarne and Mr. Tremayne sang songs. Mr Rosewarne's were sentimental, Mr Tremayne's comic. The gem of the latter's collection, and one which I was told met with unfailing success, had a refrain something like this:

> "Joha, don't wriggle the baby;
> Please don't jiggle the baby;
> Be particular, perpendicular
> Always hold the baby."

It had nineteen verses, and they encored it. I didn't think it funny at all, and I didn't see why Mr Brymer and Tom need have laughed. I did laugh when Mr Rosewarne sang "Love not," but I pretended to cough, and Tom said he must make me up a mixture.

When we got home we found Nelly by the fire with a novel. She said she had had a most enjoyable evening, which was more than I had. The next party I went to I would not play pope-jean, but I got Mr Brymer into a corner and taught him blind-hookey, which is a simple game, and doesn't fatigue one's intellect. He was everything from me—even my bangles, and he broke one trying to put it on. Tom heard the next day that Mrs. Carew's sister was suddenly a terrible flirt.

I suppose all the unmarried women in St Gosthian had tried their hands on the vicar and failed. He was intensely polite to them all, but there was a vein of sarcasm running through his civil speeches which they neither liked nor understood. There was a bazaar held at Bodmin soon after he went to St. Gosthian, and he sent to it three pairs of slippers, one smoking-cap, one pair of embroidered braces, a tobacco-pouch, and a book-marker, all offerings from his lady parishioners. He told them what he had done, saying, as they were so use to him, he thought they might as well go toward restoring Bodmin church steeple. I believe there was a great deal of indignation felt about it, but he received no more presents.

The Daviess told me a great deal about Mr. Brymer, indeed, he was a favorite topic of conversation at the teas. He was supposed, they said, to have had an unfortunate love affair early in life; he had been deeply attached to a young woman, who treated him most heartlessly. Ten years after, the very sight of a woman was intolerable to him. As the English Church provides no monasteries for her suffering children, he did the next best thing—went as master to a large public school, until, by the healing influence of years, he felt sufficiently strong to encounter the sex again.

"Oh," said Miss Charlotte Davis, "think what his sufferings must have been! Surely Providence will let him be consoled some day. There must be some woman in the world whose blessed mission is will be to bind up that broken heart."

"Not broken, Lotta," said her sister—"not broken, only bruised."

"Well," said I, "I don't think I pine for the office of spiritual sick-nurse, to go round repairing the ravages that another girl has made; besides, he doesn't occur to me as a woman hater."

"That is his courtesy; he doesn't show it openly; but he treats us all with a 'thus far and no farther' kind of way. For instance, when one goes to the vicarage one is always shown into that prim drawing room, and never into his library, where one could stay and chat a little."

I did not say anything, but I smiled to I thought of the many times Nelly and I had been in that same library.

Miss Mathews gave me a confessional album to write in, and Mr Brymer and I concocted our answers together, and made them dovetail in the most absurd manner. For answers to "Who are your favorite composers?" I put "Hydrate of chloral and the Rev. C—l B—r; for my idea of "Manly beauty" I wrote, "A brandy beard and gray eyes"; while for "Feminine ditto" put an exact description of me. One question was, "If not yourself, who would you choose to be?" and he put "A patient of Dr. Carew's, for then I should soon be myself again," and sent Tom a bill, "To advertisement, five pounds."

On the morning of the 14th of February I got several letters, among them one with the post-mark "Brighton." Something made me read the others before this—the same feeling, I suppose, that makes children eat the jammiest bit of pudding last.

When I opened it I saw it was a valentine in verse:

> "We parted once before; you wept
> When I rose up to go, you did;
> You prayed for me before you slept—
> You little *have* I know you did!
>
> "But now no grief is as that brow
> Which then you said throbbed so, you did.
> You loved me better then than now—
> Yes cruel thing, you know you did!
>
> "Do you remember what the sea
> It took you out to show you did?
> You made a pretty mistake—
> You false of tongue, you know you did!
>
> "You sighed, 'That life were like its cross
> When summer breezes blow,' you did,
> 'To catch love's light before it fade—
> You cold, *cold* heart, you know you did!
>
> "'What have I done? You make us move
> Up me as never before you did;
> You think my homage now a bore;
> You liked it *then*—you know you did!
>
> "'How blest,' you said, 'were life with one
> Who loved you truly?'—oh, you *did!*
> You thought I was so *elder* son—
> You elder fool, you know you did!"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry about it. Of course it was from Maurice Fitzance, and equally of course a man who could write chaffing poetry to a girl couldn't care about her very much. Well, that was quite right and as it should be; but there was a little sting in the last verse somehow, and then I had never had an unpleasant valentine before.

I read it out at breakfast, and we all laughed over it.

"It's very clever," said Tom; "you are a mercenary little baggage, aren't you, Ella?"

"Not in the least," I answered, indignantly; "if I cared for a man, I would marry him if he'd only twopence a year. As to the rhymes being clever, I've no doubt the person who wrote them sold dozens of copies, for they apply to lots of girls, like the caricatures in Treacher's."

After all, who was Maurice Fitzance that I should care whether he thought well or ill of me?—a mere empty headed young fellow. If it had been an older man, a man whose opinion one would really value—say, like Mr Brymer, for instance—one would have hated it, but Mr Brymer, land as he was of teasing, would never have done a thing like that.

By-the-bye, he had mentioned that new surplices were wanted for the choir, I would go to the vicarage and see if I could help.

"I don't believe you ru n sew," he said to me. "Your fingers look to if they tool not, neither do they spin"; certainly they don't look fit to wrestle with that stiff linen. The Misses Davis, Mrs. Mathews, Miss Dupuis, and some others are coming to-morrow afternoon to a sort of 'bee,' and they will do them."

"Don't you want me at all, then?"

"Yes, I was going to ask you. I must give them some tea, and as I am an unhappy bachelor, there is no one to pour it out and preside generally, will you undertake to?"

I said yes with a little inward exultation.

He met me to the hall the next afternoon. "They are all in there," he whispered. "I wish Gibson was at home to talk to them" (Mr. Gibson had gone away for a few days' holidays.)

We went into the drawing-room. "Mrs. Mathews," he said, "I've brought you a new recruit; here's Miss Walmesly come to help."

I sat down, and a crackly piece of white stuff was handed to me. When I had travelled tolerably along almost six inches of it, it was too-time, and the trass came so Mr Brymer looked across to me, and of course I got up and went to pour it out. I saw Mrs Mathews and Miss Dupuis exchange glances. We began to talk about books in general—novels in particular.

"I read so few novels," remarked Miss Dupuis. "Could you recommend me one as true, Miss Walmesly?"

"I always enjoy Hardy's," I answered, "and Besant and Rice's."

A horrified expression stole over her face. "Besant's?" she said, to faltering tones. "I don't think I should like those."

"Oh yes, you would," I persisted, "they are jolly."

"In London they may be considered so," she said, "but in Cornwall—o—ahem!—a young girl would out at least ever to having read them. I only know of their existence through the papers."

"Papers?" I repeated, completely mystified.

"Yes, papers. Where are seen things referring to the books written by the—the *person* you mention, in conjunction with Mr Bradlaugh."

I collapsed. But through my inward merriment I caught the sound of Mr Brymer's voice trying to explain that though the names were identical, the authors were not.

"Don't you want this twaddle blown out of your brain?" he asked me, when the meeting was over. "Come for a walk up Tregowes hill."

So we went where the road ran along the top of the cliffs and the wind came in sweet and fresh across the Atlantic. He was in rather a sentimental mood, and talked of the loneliness of his position, and how he felt the need of sympathy sometimes. And I, being in a *confiding* mood, told him about my valentine.

"It's not that I much mind," I said, "but one hates to have anybody think unkind things of one."

"And they are not true, these things that your valentine hints at?"

"Of course not."

"Why was it sent?"

"Because—oh, because people are so stupid, and think things."

"There is no smoke without fire, Miss Ella. I think you must have refused some one once because he wasn't rich. Come, candid confession is good for the soul."

"Well, then, I didn't, for no one ever asked me."

"But if they had?"

"It isn't the part of a confessor to ask indiscreet questions," I answered, "and here we are at home."

Mr Gibson thought there never was any one like his vicar. He would sit open eyed and mouthed listening to him, not understanding half of what he said, but admiring all the same. The evening after his return from Yorkshire they both came in. There was a little conscious air about "The Eagle," we noticed, and by-and-by we learned the cause.

"Mrs. Carew," began Mr. Brymer, "Aquila there had a valentine while he was away. What do you think of that for a person?"

"I think it's very shocking, but I hardly wonder at it."

"No, nor I. I suppose they can't help it."

"What is it like, and who sent it?" I asked, innocently enough.

A loud guffaw and a confused mumble that sounded like "Come, that is a good one," burst from Mr. Gibson.

"It was anonymous, Miss Walmesly," explained the vicar, "but it is in a lady's hand, and bears the St. Gosthian post-mark."

"Hand it out, and let's see," said Tom.

After some pressing, it was produced. Like mine, it was in verse, and ran thus:

> "What is the title of that theme set themes
> That shockingly I love, I love to speak on,
> The bright ideal at my girlish dreams?—
> William the Deacon.
>
> "Thy moon hair, thy eagle-chiselled nose,
> Thy bright eye flashing forth as does a beacon,
> The grace with which thou turnest out thy toes—
> William the Deacon.
>
> "The mellowness of thy most solemn tones
> Makes us forgetting that time can weaken,
> So different when Mr. Brymer drones—
> William the Deacon.
>
> "Oh, must I vainly, hopelessly thus pine?
> May I not, dearest, finally lay my cheek on
> Thy manly bosom? Oh, be mine, be mine!—
> William the Deacon."

"There are not many girls in St. Gosthian who could have written it, for it's clever," said Mr Brymer, when it was ended. Then Mr Gibson looked at me and laughed again. I saw it all in a minute. I was supposed to be the authoress. The idea of my pining for William Gibson was so irresistibly comic that I went into peals of laughter, which perhaps only increased their suspicions.

On the second Sunday in March Tom went away to Exeter for a couple of days or so, and Nell and I felt rather dull in consequence. We went to church in the morning, and heard Mr Gibson preach, then in the afternoon Nell went grumpingly off to Sunday-school. It was considered her duty to have a class there, but how she hated

it on one can imagine. I'm sure if doing a thing one loathes is meritorious, she deserved a golden crown for the two hours of purgatory she went through once a week. She had a class of about fifteen girls, their ages varying from intelligent twelve to stupid eighteen, all of them with quaint Cornish names—Gracera, Tamsonia, Loredara, Honora—and a nastier set of girls I defy you to find anywhere. Pert, independent, and cheeky, not of the "live upon your daily rations, keep within your proper stations, bless the squire and his relations," type that one finds in agricultural districts. Nell thought with joy that she had hit upon a simple efficacious means of keeping these giggling sniggering misses quiet. She would hear them scramble through the collect and gospel, and then, without further explanation, would read to them for the rest of the afternoon, while absolute quiet reigned in Mrs. Carew's corner. One day the vicar took it into his head to see what they were all doing.

"What book have you got?" he asked, and leaning over Nell's shoulder, read the title, "*Lady Audley's Secret*, Vol. II."

He made no comment then, but he remonstrated privately with her on her choice of literature.

"Well, it's all your fault and Tom's," she said. "You will make me go to that horrid place, and I would read anything to keep them quiet."

He mildly suggested to her that the supposed object of a Sunday-school was to impart religious instruction. She obstinately stuck to it that her plan was a good one, pointing, as a proof thereof, to the fact that for more than a month her class had been the best behaved of the lot. She begged hard to be allowed to finish the book, but he was firm, and so she had to make some excuse, and they dropped again into their old ways, poor Nell trying hard to "expound," while the girls conversed in undertones and irreverently pinched each other.

On this particular Sunday, while she was away, there came a ring at the door. I heard a manly voice asking for Miss Walmesly, and in a minute up came Sarah, having a card with the name "Maurice Fitzsee." For one moment my heart gave a great throb of joy; then I remembered the valentine.

"Tell him that Dr. and Mrs. Carew are out, and I am engaged," I said. Then I heard the door bang and steps retreating down the street. Before I had time to feel sorry for what I had done, Nell came in, full of her grievances against the girls.

"Beasts! I do hate them," she said, as she flung her hat down. "I won't go to that horrid school any more. Why should I have my Sunday afternoons spoiled? You don't, and Tom doesn't. Ella, I met a most distinguished stranger just this minute; he stared at me in the most extraordinary manner." Receiving no answer to this, she went on. "Ella, my dear, wake up and listen to the wind. Cromwell told me just now that no one could stand on the pier. Come and look at the sea."

I went to the window. The wind was lashing the water up furiously, and right out to sea, beyond the light house, was a line of white ominous-looking breakers, and every now and then a great wave beat against the wall, and sent the spray with a slap up against the glass. Then we saw a ship round the corner and come driving straight for the rocks. She was so close that we looked down on her almost as one looks on the stage. We could see men running about on deck, we could hear their cries to one another. It was very awful, but intensely interesting. She pitched so that sometimes we thought she must go right over. Then suddenly the wind dropped, she righted herself, swung round, and sailed slowly into the harbor.

It was only a temporary lull, though; at night came on the storm grew worse. Mr Gibson came in after evening service, and while he was talking to us the front door was flung open, and Mr. Beymer's voice called up the stairs, "There's a ship on the rocks."

We caught up shawls, and hurried down after Mr Gibson. Ahead of us we could see the vicar and another man tearing along the cobbled road, then down a narrow winding alley called "The Warren," which led to the sea.

On the beach we found all St. Gurthina gazing with frightened eyes on a vessel that, with broken masts and torn sails and cordage, was battling hopelessly with the terrible wave that threatened every moment to dash her against the cliffs.

"Can nothing be done?" asked Nell of an old fisherman.

He shook his head. "Nothing could get nigh her but the Godjal life-boat, and I reckon she's got work of her own to do."

Then I saw Mr Beymer. He was standing on something that raised him above the crowd, his hand resting on the shoulder of a man whose back was toward me. The vicar's voice sounded not above the noisy storm.

"Man," he cried, "are we going to let them drown without one effort to save them? There are women there, and children."

A hoarse murmur ran through the crowd, and a shrill voice screamed, "There be women here too, master, whose husbands aren't going to certain death."

"I don't want the husbands," he answered. "Here are Gibson and I and my friend here, three unmarried men. Now where are the others? Tom Trevorton, Matthew Balclun, aren't you coming?"

"For old ye, sor," said an Irish voice; and Michael Cassidy, the coast guard, stepped out, to be followed by others, brave, stalwart fellows, too hitherto lacking a leader. They got the coast guard's boat, and my heart sank when I saw the first man to get in her was Maurice Fitzsee.

How selfish women are! All the time that boat was laboring in that boiling sea Nelly kept up a little stream of satisfaction. "How thankful—oh, how thankful I am that Tom's in Exeter!"

Three times did it come and go with its cargo of half-drowned wretches. There were plenty of volunteers now—men who wouldn't be shamed by "the passions." Most of them only sat once, but Maurice wouldn't leave the boat. Mr Beymer was beaten, drenched and white, against an old hull that stuck up on the sand.

"When did he come?" I asked him.

"Last night. He was one of my boys, you know. I heard about you ages ago. But when I knew you, I didn't believe that you could behave so cruelly as he seemed to think, and so I wrote *that*, when I saw how you took it, I was sure you weren't so mercenary as you seemed, so I advised him to come and try his luck."

"I wouldn't see him this afternoon, because—because of that valentine."

"I know, Ella, I'm too jerky for a person, I'm afraid. I wrote that valentine."

"Why?"

"Because I thought you needed a lesson perhaps, and perhaps because the old Adam isn't dead in me yet."

"Did you write 'The Eagle's' too?"

"Yes, but I told him a day or two after. Would you see him now, Ella?"

"Yes."

A figure was coming across the sand.

"Maurice," he called out, "here is an old friend of yours who is anxious that you should change those wet clothes, lest you should take a chill."

And we walked up home together.

ADAM POWER.

## HARRISON PHŒBUS.

MR HARRISON PHŒBUS, to whose foresight and energy seekers of health and pleasure owe the improvement (it might even be said the creation) of one of the most delightful resorts on the Atlantic coast, died at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, on February 25. It was he who saw the advantages of Old Point, and by his industry and energy made it famous. He purchased the Hygeia Hotel in 1874 by the help of his friend Mr STEINMANZER, of Baltimore, and so conducted it that it attracted more visitors from every part of the Union and from other countries than any other Southern resort; and most people who came to know the place came also to know and to esteem the man who did what nature had failed of doing to make it delightful.

MR PHŒBUS was a man of uncommon energy. He was born in Maryland, forty-six years ago, of very poor parents. At eighteen he was a lumberman, at nineteen a builder, and at twenty he was conducting a business of his own. At twenty-three he was a driver for an express company in Baltimore, in the service of which he became a special messenger, and was intrusted with responsible work. It was as the agent of the Adams Express Company that he first went to Fortress Monroe—a position that he filled at the time of his death. All the useful offices of the place were held by him: he was postmaster, a notary public, a United States commissioner, an agent for steam-ship companies—all which meant simply that everything that was done at Old Point Comfort which made it an attractive place was done under the personal supervision of this energetic man. He refused nominations for Congress and other opportunities to extend the range of his usefulness, and with generosity and good-nature, as well as with indomitable energy, devoted himself to making his fellow-men comfortable and happy.

## FOX-HUNTING NEAR NEW YORK.

THE fact that a considerable number of young men in this city combine with the more ordinary accomplishments of the day the ability to ride across country is without doubt due to the establishment in this vicinity of several popular and successful fox-hunting clubs. It is quite safe to say that no amount of galloping through the Park or of hurdle-jumping in the riding schools of the city could have given that proficiency in the saddle which is to-day shown by the riding of many of the fashionable young men, and young women too, for that matter, of New York. It is easy to decry the fox-hunting proclivities of the young American of the period, and ridicule finds a ready mount on which to attend each meet of the riders to hounds, but the fact remains that the sport is of necessity a manly one, and that it is steadily growing in popularity. A fearless and skilful rider is sure to command the respect and admiration of all beholders.

The first attempt to revive fox-hunting in this country was made at Hackensack, New Jersey, in the year 1878. The word "revive" is used advisedly, for prior to the Revolution the sport found many patrons in Virginia, Kentucky, and other of the Southern States, and it is a matter of record that a capital pack of fox-hounds and hunters were kept and used on Long Island. The nature of the country about Hackensack was by no means suited to the purpose, nor were the methods pursued by the inexperienced sportsmen at that time calculated to win much public commendation of the sport. There was more game in the undertaking for the daily newspapers than for the huntsmen, and the columns of ridicule that were put forth concerning the wildly exciting pursuits of imaginary foxes by Jerseymen on buckboards and in spring wagons were highly amusing. Even in those days, and amid the ridiculous surroundings, there now and then appeared a rider who seemed imbued with the true spirit of the chase, and who found real pleasure and healthful profit in it. Two years later, in 1877, a drag pack was established at Meadow Brook, near Garden City, on Long Island, and was known as the Queens County Drag Hunt. A dozen couples of hounds were imported, which were eliminated from the chase, and something like the genuine fox-hunting sport was to be had. As was naturally to have been expected, difficulties arose between the riders and the Long Islanders whose grounds were ridden over and after a time the Queens County hounds were removed to Westchester County—a country so promising for cross country riding that the club was compelled to abandon it after a short trial, and to return to Long Island. Mutual concessions were made by the huntsmen and the Long Island farmers, and as the members of the two prominent clubs that are now firmly established on Long Island are gentlemen and *fair* minded men, it is seldom that any difficulties through damages to property now occur, or, if they occur, are not speedily and satisfactorily settled. It is no doubt a source of wonder to many persons who have read of the successful hunts of the Long Island clubs how the matter of trespass upon private property is managed so that there is not a constant squabble between the huntsmen and farmers. The Duke of Beaufort, one of the most devoted riders to hounds in England, has made some very sensible remarks on this subject. "The great difficulty I find in hunting the country," said he, "is caused entirely by the reckless and idiotic manner in which some of the field delight to ride over wheat seeds, beans, or other crops, when they might ride over grass, or even take the trouble to ride up a furrow. Gentlemen should recollect that fox-hunting can only go on by mutual forbearance on the part of owners and occupiers who are not sportsmen—very great on their part—and that calls for all the more forbearance on the part of those who hunt and enjoy sports and ride over the lands of others." It is in this spirit that the majority of the huntsmen on Long Island have acted from the outset, and as each club has its damage fund for the repair of fences, etc., there has been very little complaint from the farmers and property owners.

In 1879 the Rockaway Hunt was established, having its kennels first at Lawrence, Long Island, and afterward removing to Far Rockaway. About a year ago the club moved to a new club-house at Cedar Hurst. Several years ago the Queens County hounds and the Rockaway Hunting Club combined, with the understanding that the club should be known as the Rockaway Hunting Club, and the hounds known as the Queens County hounds of the Hunting Club, thus preserving the two names. The Meadow Brook Club is also an organization of several years' standing, having its kennels near Hempstead, Long Island (see a meet of the hounds of this club that is shown in the accompanying illustration. An idea of the extent to which the sport is carried on Long Island may be gathered from the fact that the Rockaway Club alone has over seventy members, with a corresponding number of three-quarter bred hunting-horses in the stables, and a pack of trained hounds numbering twenty-four couples. The Meadow Brook Club is about the same in size. Although called "fox hunting," as pretense of riding down a real fox has been made by either of these clubs for a long time. The hounds follow a trail scented with anise or herring, and a stiff ride it usually is, for the average American rider is quite as plucky as his English cousin. The run is generally from six to eight miles in length, and if any one doubts that the meets of these clubs, spring and fall, furnish examples of daring and magnificent riding, or that it is anything like child's play, let him cross over to Long Island and see how very much in error his impressions have been. In addition to the Long Island clubs there are also several successfully managed hunts in other parts of the country, notably the Essex County Hunt at Orange, New Jersey, that of the Elkridge Fox-hunting Club near Baltimore, Maryland, and one or two near Philadelphia.

## CHARLES H. JONES.

AT a recent convention of the National Editorial Association of the United States, held at Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr CHARLES H. JONES, the editor of the *Times-Union*, of Jacksonville, Florida, was elected President. This association grew out of a suggestion offered at the annual session of the Minnesota Editorial Association nearly two years ago, and its first convention took place during the progress of the first World's Fair at New Orleans. At that convention eighteen States were represented, and Mr R. B. HERMANN, of the *Republican*, of Red Wing, Minnesota, was elected President, Mr Jones being chosen on First Vice-President. The recent meeting at Cincinnati, which continued for three days, was attended by delegates from a number of the Western and Southern States, the Eastern and Middle States being very slimly represented. Texas sent sixteen delegates, Louisiana thirteen, Colorado seven, and the Indian Territory one; but there were none present from the State of New York, and only three from all of New England. Mr Jones, who was honored by his selection for the Presidency, is a gentleman of learning and culture, and is about thirty-nine years of age. He was born in Georgia, and entered the Confederate service at the age of sixteen, serving under General Hood. He came North soon after the close of the war, and found employment in the Putnam publishing house of this city. He afterward connected himself with the *Eclectic Magazine* of New York, and was subsequently made its editor, which post he filled most about three years ago. During his literary career in this city he contributed extensively to *Appleton's Journal*, and also found time to do considerable work as an author, putting forth a number of books, including a *Life of Charles Dickens*, a *Life of Lord Macaulay*, a volume entitled *Ten de Sancte*, an *Encyclopædia of African Travel*, and a *Domestic Encyclopædia*. In 1883 he went to Florida to prepare a book on that State. While there he negotiated for the purchase of the Jacksonville *Times*, but had succeeding in obtaining control of that paper, he started an independent newspaper known as the Florida *Times*. He subsequently bought out the *Union*, and consolidated the two papers under the title of the *Times-Union* of Jacksonville. He was a delegate in the Chicago National Convention, and is a strong supporter of President CLEVELAND.

## RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

THE development of art as applied to the illustration of books, which has been so delightfully and so universally extended in our day, the English reading world is indebted to no one more than to the English artist Mr RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Mr CALDECOTT made a place in might be said that he made a field of his own in popular illustration. His work had a graceful humor that was recognizable at once, but did not so repeat itself as to lose its charm. Among the first books that he illustrated were WASHINGTON IRVING'S *Old Christmas* and *Bracebridge Hall*, his editions of which appeared two years ago. Mrs CONVERS CARR'S *North Italian Folk*, BLACKMORE'S *Broken Hill*, and other books of similar kind appeared with his illustrations before he began that series of picture-books by which his name became a household word in every land where English-speaking children live. *John Gilpin* and *The House that Jack Built* were followed for six or eight years with two delightfully illustrated books a year. Mr CALDECOTT did much work for the London *Graphic*, and many of his drawings which originally appeared in the *Graphic* have been reproduced in colors. Besides his fame as an illustrator, he achieved distinction both as a painter and as a sculptor. Though he had no artistic training in his youth, he became a member of a number of British associations of artists, and his works have been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

A few months ago Mr CALDECOTT came to America, hoping to regain his health, and the last work he did was a few drawings of views in Florida for the *Graphic*. He died at St. Augustine on February 13, in the forty first year of his age.

## CRYSTALS IN BUTTER.

READERS of HARPER'S WEEKLY will remember the interesting paper by Dr. Thomas Taylor, printed in the number for October 2, 1885, illustrated from magnified crystals of butter and animal fats respectively, and showing how to distinguish genuine butter from the imitations. The following letter, addressed to the Washington *Star*, deals with a criticism of the method of testing butter described in the article in question:

In your issue of the 15th there appeared a dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, under the caption, "A point for oleomargarine men," in which I find the following statement:

"Professor Weber has discovered that the mixing of a little water and salt with the oleomargarine, a process it always undergoes, causes the bogus butter to develop under the microscope exactly such crystals as are found in the legitimate article, and the same result can be obtained with pure tallow treated in like manner. This discovery destroys in a great measure the usefulness of Dr Taylor's discovery, and strengthens the position of the oleomargarine manufacturers."

It seems scarcely possible that Professor Weber's position is correctly represented in the foregoing statement. If it were true that "the mixing of a little water and salt with the oleomargarine causes the bogus butter to develop under the microscope exactly such crystals as are found in the legitimate article," no oleomargarine would be found in the market without these crystals, since, as is stated in the above extract, "the mixing of salt and water with oleomargarine is a process it always undergoes."

Now the fact is that when the bogus butters of commerce are examined under the microscope without having first been boiled, the crystals which I have described as peculiar to butter are not to be seen, even to the case where butter is present in the mixture. The crystallization of butter, as I have again and again stated, does not take place until after boiling.

Since nearly all the butter substitutes contain more or less butter, it follows that when boiled and the crystallization takes place, there are crystals of butter present, although not easily discerned. The trituration with alcohol or other suitable fluid a portion of the butter crystals are separated from the fats with which they are mechanically mixed, and float into the field of view. The fundamental character of the article, however, will be distinctly shown by the presence in large quantities of the crystals characteristic of the lard, beef suet, or other fat used as an adulterant.

As to the statement that "the same result can be obtained with pure tallow treated in like manner," I can only say that the mixing of a small quantity of salt and water with pure beef tallow has no effect whatever on its crystals, as my every-day experience demonstrates. Its only effect, as is known to chemical science, is to preserve the caseine in butter and the tissues in fat from putrefaction.

In spite of the fact that salt and water are always used in the manufacture of bogus butter, I have found, in an experience of about ten years, that these counterfeits invariably show the crystals which I have described and published as characteristic of the fats used in their manufacture, these being usually lard and beef, especially the latter. I have therefore no fear that the confusion at my discoveries as a practical means of distinguishing oleomargarine or other counterfeits from butter will ever be destroyed, or that the position of the oleomargarine manufacturers will ever be strengthened by a "little salt and water."

Very respectfully,

THOMAS TAYLOR, M.D.,
Microscopist, U. S. Department of Agriculture.
Washington, D. C.

## THE NEW YORK CAR STRIKE.

THE strike of New York horse-car drivers, conductors, and stable men, which began with a single line on Tuesday, March 2, and culminated on Friday in a universal tie-up of every road, was the most extensive ever known in the city.

The first strike was that of the Dry Dock, East Broadway, and Battery Railroad, which has branches from Grand Street Ferry through Grand Street to Cortlandt Street Ferry and Desbrosses Street Ferry, and from City Hall to East Twenty-third Street and East Thirty-fourth Street. The strikers numbered 600.

Several days before the strike the men had presented their petition to the president of the company. He advertised in Sunday's papers for new employés, but those who were engaged were gathered in by the strikers, so that the strike of Tuesday was complete. On Wednesday it continued.

On Thursday morning an attempt was made to run blue car No. 155 through Grand Street. The track ahead soon began to fill up. A big brewers wagon was overturned at one point, and cars became stalled, and relieved themselves by leaving their contents on the tracks; lumber, cobble-stones, bagasseads, bricks, and barrels rapidly accumulated, and at East Broadway junction the switch-plate was taken up. The hard job was then abandoned, and the car retreated.

The municipal authorities now found themselves face to face with a formidable riot. With any portion of the grievance of the men which was really founded on unreasonable overwork or other injustice public sympathy was not lacking; but the duty of the city authorities as to the positive infraction of law was clear, and accordingly Superintendent MURRAY, of the police force, prepared to discharge it.

Applied to by the railroad company for the protection of its property and its employés, he collected 750 policemen, and at half past 2 P.M. entered the task of taking blue car 155, which had been blocked in the morning, on the round trip from river to river and back. He had already distributed 500 of his men along Grand Street from end to end, on each side, and now placed the remaining available forces around the car, strong platoons being in front, on both sides, and bringing up the rear. Thus it proceeded like a military procession, an office employé of the company driving, another employé conducting, and two officials of the company acting the unenviable role of passengers.

The streets were thronged with a mob that groaned, hissed, and jeered from the sidewalks, while from every window there were angry jabbering and shaking of fists. Before long a pile of lumber was encountered, which the police soon removed. Soon the obstructions multiplied—cobble-stones, heaps of ashes, loads of sand, bales of rags, barrels and boxes, and even big baggage trucks, wheels uppermost. It was near one of these, at Eldridge Street, which had brought the cortège to a full stop, that the first serious trouble occurred. Scarcely had MURRAY called to his men, "Lift off that truck," when from the crowd, which surged and eddied in closer at every pause in the progress, a stone whizzed past his head. The cry "Charge!" rang out, and instantly the heavy clubs went aloft, and descended on the heads and shoulders nearest. With wild cries of slaves the crowd scattered in all directions, a few badly clubbed, some injured by being trampled upon, while show windows were smashed, and hats and bonnets were strewn on the street as the result of the fray.

When the Bowery was reached, another severe blockade was found. There the Second Avenue line runs through Grand Street, and as its cars successively came up their drivers were called upon by the mob to unhitch their horses, whereupon the cars had been overturned all along the line at this point, some lying on their sides and some even on their roofs. The police worked steadily at the barricade, and at length car 155 went forward. At Sullivan and Thompson streets showers of eggs fell on the policemen, with an occasional cup or bottle. At Canal Street there was a barricade of Sixth and Eighth Avenue cars all askew. At last the ferry was reached, and car 155 turned about, in exactly two hours the four mile round trip was finished, car 155 was locked up in its stables, and the extempore driver and conductor, BROWN and ANDREW, escorted back to the offices by a guard of fifty police.

That night the Employé Protective Association, which backs the strikers, through a committee ordered all horse-car employés in the city to stop work at 4 A.M. on Friday, in aid of the Dry Dock employés, and also those of the Atlantic Avenue line in Brooklyn.

This mandate was fully obeyed, and on Friday morning the cars stopped throughout the city of New York, while 15,000 employés, it is estimated, went out. The Railroad Commissioners at once urgently set to work to adjust the difficulty, and with such success that soon after noon the great strike was ended. Commissioner O'DONNELL acted as arbitrator, and the basis of the agreement was two dollars for a day's work of twelve hours, allowing half an hour for dinner.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONER JOHN O'DONNELL, ARBITRATOR IN THE STREET RAILROAD STRIKE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

THE LEGISLATIVE INVESTIGATION OF THE BROADWAY RAILROAD FRANCHISE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

1. Jacob Sharp. 2. Roscoe Conkling. 3. Clarence A. Seward. 4. Senator Low.

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THE INVESTITURE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY JOHN DUNSIN

## ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

On Thursday, March 4, St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, was thronged with a multitude of people, which overflowed in the surrounding streets, brought together by interest in the impressive ceremony of installing MICHAEL AUGUSTUS CORRIGAN as Archbishop of New York. The pallium, which is the insignia of the authority and dignity of an archbishop in the Roman Catholic Church, and is worn only on solemn occasions, like Christmas and Easter, had arrived the day before from the hands of the Pope, Archbishop ELDER, of Cincinnati, having been the messenger charged with its delivery. The ceremony of installation was participated in by Archbishop GIBBONS, of Baltimore, the new Cardinal-elect, Archbishop WILLIAMS, of Boston, Archbishop ELDER, of Cincinnati, Archbishop RYAN, of Philadelphia, nearly twenty bishops from New York and other States, and more than two hundred other priests. A large choir was made up by adding those of St. Paul's and St. Francis Xavier's churches to that of the Cathedral. The procession of priests, in their varied robes, from the neighboring Orphan Asylum in Madison Avenue, furnished a spectacle to the outdoor crowd. It was joined at the archiepiscopal residence by Archbishop CORRIGAN and his attendants, and met at the Cathedral entrance by a train of priests and acolytes, headed by Monsignor QUINN, Vicar-General, and rector of the parish. The new Archbishop was arrayed in full pontifical robes and mitre, and carried in his hand a massive gold crozier. He was escorted to the great throne, attended by Monsignors PARSONS and FARLEY. The other archbishops sat near him, and the bishops were grouped on the opposite side of the sanctuary. The great marble altar was brilliantly lighted, and the choir sang St. Casimir's hymn while the salutations to the chief dignitary were in progress. The Archbishop then chanted the prayer of St. Patrick, which was followed by the presentation of an address pledging to him the loyal support of the clergy of his archdiocese. To this he made a brief reply, standing upon the throne. He retired, and replaced his heavy pontifical vestments with a plain robe of purple, and the solemn votive mass of the Blessed Virgin was then celebrated by Archbishop ELDER, assisted by several priests. Archbishop RYAN delivered an address from the pulpit, devoted in part to a tribute to the memory of the late Cardinal-Archbishop MCCLOSKEY. The ceremony of investiture with the pallium followed. The Archbishop was again attired in full pontifical vestments, including the cape of cloth of gold and the archiepiscopal mitre. He knelt on the altar step at the feet of Archbishop GIBBONS, and read from the missal held before him the oath binding him to the propagation of the faith and the extirpation of heresy, and pledging his faith to the Sovereign Pontiff. The pallium was taken from the altar by Archbishop GIBBONS and placed about the neck of the new Archbishop of New York, who uttered the prescribed formula in Latin, and, rising, advanced to the front of the altar and chanted the apostolic benediction. The chanting of the *Te Deum* closed the services.

The pallium is made of white lamb's-wool, and is dotted with black crosses fastened by golden pins studded with precious stones. It is one of the most ancient vestments of the Church. In the Greek Church it is worn by bishops, but in the Roman Church only by archbishops. One of the earliest representations of church ceremonies is a painting discovered in the ancient Church of St. Clement in Rome of the installation of St. Clement as Pope. St. Peter is represented as investing Clement with the pallium, and installing him in the papal seat. When a prelate is not invested at Rome, the pallium is always sent by the Pope at the hands of a trusty messenger, who must be an ecclesiastic specially commissioned for the purpose. It must be delivered to the person designated by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda to receive it, and to no one else. The messenger is not discharged of his responsibility until the act of investiture is concluded. The prelate who places the pallium on the shoulders of the newly installed archbishop is also designated at Rome.

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## THE BROADWAY RAILROAD.

It was in 1851 that Jacob Sharp first appeared as an applicant for permission to build and operate a surface railroad in Broadway. The contest was carried on in the Legislature at Albany, for the most part, during the thirty-three years that elapsed before he won the prize, but even in the outset the New York Board of Aldermen showed a great desire to assist him. Probably it is not generally known even to citizens who have taken great interest in the work of the Senate committee of investigation that the Aldermen voted the coveted franchise to Sharp thirty four years ago, over a Mayor's veto and in the face of an injunction, and were punished for their action, one member of the Board spending fifteen days in jail, and paying a fine of $250, while several others were forced to pay fines and costs. The fight for the possession of Broadway played a part in State politics, and its influence was felt even in national conventions and campaigns. Not until 1884 was the indefatigable Sharp able to procure the passage of a law that finally transferred the contest from Albany to the city of New York.

Resolutions empowering Sharp and his associates to build the road were passed by the Aldermen on August 6, 1884, only one member voting in the negative. These resolutions were vetoed by the Mayor, who declared that the franchise could easily be sold at auction for $1,000,000. In fact, that sum had been offered by more than one company, but the Aldermen preferred to give the prize to Sharp. The resolutions were passed over the veto, at a special meeting called in great haste, on August 30. Owing to some technical defects, the Board's action was afterward repeated, and the second veto was overridden on December 5, 1884. The road was built, and its business and profits are enormous. But the scandal caused by the Aldermen's action and by the financial operations of Sharp's company was so great that the Legislature was forced by public opinion to send a committee of investigation to the city. This committee employed ex-Senator Conkling and Mr. Clarence A. Seward as counsel, and Mr. Sharp and his friends have relied upon the advice of Mr. George Bliss. The first testimony was given on February 6.

The facts drawn out thus far are very remarkable; but while it may be difficult to account for them upon any theory except that presumes that there was bribery, it does not appear that bribery has been proved, or that any evidence has been [illegible] which any person in [illegible] could be convicted of a misdemeanor. The Broadway and Seventh Avenue Company had for years occupied Broadway from Union Square northward. The franchise for Broadway below Union Square was procured in behalf of this company, and with the understanding that the new company should unite with it. Sharp built the new road, and it was transferred to the old company. The new company issued stock to the par value of $1,000,000, and bonds to the amount of $2,500,000, for "construction and equipment," based upon its road and franchise. The old company guaranteed the interest on the bonds—which were sold at 107—and more than 9500 of the new company's 10,000 shares of stock were turned over to the old company, to be used for the old company's benefit. The old company also mortgaged its property for $500,000 to raise money to be used in "enlarging its depot and extending its facilities." Sharp testified a year or two ago that the proposed road could be built for $100,000. The committee finds that the cost was about $138,000. But there was raised a fund of $2,500,000, to say nothing of the stock and the proceeds of the old company's $500,000 mortgage, and the committee has been trying to find out what became of all this money. Both the bonds and the stock were placed in Sharp's hands, and Sharp is the man who ought to know where the money went. He declares that he paid to lawyers more than $200,000, and used $450,000 in buying out the old stage companies. He testified on one day that he had $240,000 in bonds remaining, and on the following day reported that he had $519,000. He gave $68,000 in bonds to James J. Belden because Mr. Belden had induced one of his friends to subscribe for 100 shares ($10,000 worth) of the new company's stock. There was no other consideration. This is an example taken from Sharp's list of disbursements. But it was difficult to draw from him even such testimony as this, for his memory had almost entirely failed him. He had preserved no record of his transactions. He had one or two books of check stubs, but they bore no entries beyond an occasional date. In September, 1885, he had nearly $950,000 in deposit in a bank, and a few weeks later he reduced this deposit to about $30,000 by checks, but although he drew $853,000 in checks on one day, he could remember very little about the disposition of the money. Checks for $250,000 or $300,000 seemed to have vanished from his memory, leaving no trace. He always drew checks payable to "cash," and of course their destination was not revealed by names or endorsements. Very remarkable testimony has been given by Mr. Fossuy, President of the Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company, who placed the proceeds of the $500,000 mortgage in currency in a safe-deposit vault instead of a bank, and after nearly a year had passed turned over about $460,000 to Sharp to be used in paying lawyers and buying stage lines, and by Director Hays, of the same company, who, as trustee, signed the bonds of a mortgage for $1,000,000 without, as he says, knowing anything about them, and without knowing anything about the business of the company of which he is a director.

Some of the Aldermen who served in 1884 have attended the committee's meetings, and others are reported to be in Florida and New Jersey, nursing impaired health. It was rumored at one time that at least one of these men had determined to disclose some facts that others would like to conceal, but the rumor appears to have had no foundation in fact.


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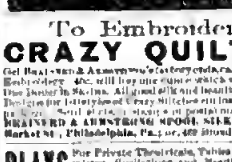


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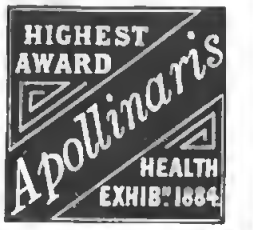


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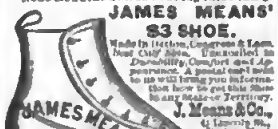


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## THE PRESIDENT AND THE BOURBONS.

ONE of the most amusing political spectacles of the time is the wrath of Bourbon Democratic organs with the Independent Republicans who supported Mr. CLEVELAND. The simple and familiar facts are that the Democrats nominated Mr. CLEVELAND because they knew him to be acceptable to the Independent Republicans, and that he was elected by the aid of their vote. That is the offence which the Bourbons will not forgive, but cannot forget. Except for the Independent support, Mr. CLEVELAND would not have been elected, and no other Democrat would have received that support. There were, indeed, Independent voters who would have supported Mr. BAYARD, but he would not have commanded the united Independent vote, which was cast for Mr. CLEVELAND. Moreover, there was no Independent fusion with the Democratic party. The conference of Republicans and Independents expressly disclaimed it. "Such Republicans," said the address of the conference, "do not propose to abandon the Republican party nor to merge themselves in any other party," and the Independents and Independent Republicans announced their support of Mr. CLEVELAND, not as a Democrat, but as an honest and vigorous public officer, whose career had practically proved both the sincerity of his reform convictions and his courage to resist the worst and most Bourbon elements of his party. Undoubtedly the Democratic party supplied the great mass of the votes that elected Mr. CLEVELAND, but undoubtedly also those votes were not enough to elect him. His slender plurality in the State of New York secured his election. But had the Independents in that State taken any course but that of voting for him, he would have been defeated.

Mr. CLEVELAND was no less frank than the Independents. He said plainly that he was a Democrat, and that his administration would be Democratic. Of course he must be the judge of what that word implied, and of what the platform of the Convention meant. For upon no actual public question, the tariff, the currency, or administrative reform, was the Democratic party agreed. Upon no such question did the election turn. The Democratic canvass consisted of denunciation of Republican corruption and of a general and vague promise of reform, which, as with JACKSON, might mean a universal loot of the civil service. The Republican canvass turned upon an appeal to the deep and natural distrust of the Democratic party, and upon the apprehension of specific disasters, which, however, were not justified by any Democratic manifesto or actual policy. Neither party stood for a definite course, and the election was decided by the fact that the Democratic candidate was personally trusted by Independent voters who could not support the Republican candidate. From the moment of the election the Bourbon and reactionary force of the Democratic party sought to appropriate the result to its own profit, and to coerce the President to abandon his own views and purposes by the practical threat of leaving him without a party. An important part of this Bourbon effort has been that last resource of insufferable silliness, sneering at the demand for honesty in politics as Miss Nancyism, unmanliness, and Phariseeism—as if fraud and bribery and corruption and treachery and venality of every kind were so much manlier and braver and better than honesty and pluck—and warning the President, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* warns him, that the Independents "can lose the Administration a party and cannot make a party for it." In other words, it warns the President that if he respects the understanding upon which alone he was elected, he will be abandoned by the Democratic party. It is precisely because that Bourbon tendency and spirit in the Democratic party were perfectly well known to Independent voters that they carefully disclaimed any Democratic fusion.

The Democratic Bourbons are furious with the Independent or Mugwump press for holding the President to be very much "better than his party." But how could that press possibly help perceiving the most obvious fact in the situation? For a quarter of a century Democratic counsels and conduct in general had illustrated every kind and degree of political stupidity. The very quality in Mr. CLEVELAND that commanded Independent support was his superiority to such counsels, and his ability to withstand the Bourbonism which the Brooklyn *Eagle* represents—in other words, the fact that he had proved himself to be better than his party, and if elected might be trusted not to yield to its worst tendencies. Could the Democratic Bourbons have had their way, Mr. BLAINE would be President; and if they should now succeed in bullying President CLEVELAND into subservience to their will, their party will go out of administration much more decisively than it came in. The Democratic party is not strong enough to save itself if in deference to the supposed necessity of its support the President should show that his allegiance to party is stronger than his fidelity to conviction. The Independent vote gave the Democratic party the opportunity of proving whether the deep distrust of its ascendency, founded upon its tradition of hostility to freedom and equal rights, was justified, or whether there was a new Democratic party represented by Mr. CLEVELAND. In the actual political situation it was most desirable to ascertain that fact. One quarter of the term of the administration has ended. The President has held stoutly to his convictions and to the understanding upon which he was elected. But during the year of immense resistance upon his part to the Bourbon Democratic bullying he has received no united support from his party. Its conspicuous leaders have been lukewarm; a large part of its press has hardly concealed its hostility; the general Democratic attitude has been apologetic and explanatory and hesitating; and now at the close of the year the Brooklyn *Eagle*, one of the chief Democratic organs in the President's own State, and a fair exponent of Democratic opinion, serves upon him unmistakable notice that he must choose between the Democratic party and "political eunuchs," meaning those with whose views of reform the President agrees. The *Eagle* is indignant that he does not resent the "effusive and insolent and preposterous praise" of these people, with whose "organized hypocrisy" it declares that the Democratic party "will not fellowship." If dirt were trumps, said CHARLES LAMB, what a hand you would hold! The Democratic Bourbons may rage furiously together, but the truth remains that whether or not an Administration can succeed without a party, the character of Mr. CLEVELAND as a sagacious and patriotic statesman, like that of Sir ROBERT PEEL when he lost the favor of the Tories without gaining that of the Whigs, will depend, not upon the support of the Democratic party, but upon that sincerity and courage and fidelity to conviction which alone secured his election, which have won him the confidence of intelligent citizens despite parties, and which alone can secure necessary reforms.

## THE STRIKES.

THERE is one aspect under which the late street-railroad strike in New York is to be considered which is worthy the attention of intelligent leaders in such movements. We allude to the breach of faith, the breaking of a pledge, between the employés and the companies. A few weeks ago the employés of certain roads demanded certain concessions, and received them. They thereupon went to work with the complete and honorable understanding in each case that, except for violation of the compact by the company, or refusal of the company to entertain further reasonable propositions, the work should be faithfully and honestly performed. But without any such violation or refusal, and without any difference whatever between these companies and their employés, the employés stopped work upon the demand of other employés differing with another company. The question is not whether the other employés were right or wrong in their demands. They certainly do not seem to us to have been unreasonable. But it was not a dispute which concerned the employés who had settled their own differences with their companies, and had virtually pledged their faith not to injure the companies.

The explanation offered is that all railroad employés of a certain kind belong to an organization whose regularly authorized orders they must obey. If this fact is known to the employing companies, they know, of course, that every arrangement which they make with their employés is subject to the revision of this general organization, and the obedience of the employés to the commands of that organization cannot be regarded as a breach of faith, as it certainly is, unless the fact that the employés of a railroad can make no binding settlement with the company is well understood. But if this be the fact, the intelligent leader of whom we speak can see the inevitable consequences. Men will not invest money in enterprises where profits depend upon labor if the observance of contracts which they make for labor depends upon the making of other contracts of which they have no knowledge or control. When confidence is completely shaken, and capital sees that it cannot know under what conditions and at what risks it is investing itself, it will, of course, not venture, and the demand for labor will be stopped.

It is no reply to say that capital oppresses labor, and that men cannot live upon starvation wages. Certainly they cannot. But however true this may be, it is just as true that general remunerative employment is impossible without confidence, and that confidence depends upon honor and good faith and respect for the common welfare. Thousands of honest and innocent hard workers were put to loss by the general "tie up." The same course in other business would paralyze the traffic of the entire community, and produce incalculable suffering and wrong to the poorest persons in it. It would do much more. It would spread an alarm whose consequences would be most fatal to those who live by daily wages. If because the Dry Dock Railroad cannot come to terms with its employés the business of the whole city is to be suspended, and an uneasy anticipation of unknown mischief is to precipitate a panic, every man who has money will be very careful not to invest it, not only in the Dry Dock Railroad, but in any other enterprise which can be paralyzed by the same power that stops that road. Capital will certainly not invest itself in forms which are exposed to the chances of mobs and riots incited by arbitrary and wholly irresponsible leaders. This is the common-sense view. There are often great wrong and great suffering among honest and hard working men and women. But no intelligent American will look upon anarchy as a remedy, and if any foreigner suggests it, the intelligent American should be able to answer him. The demand for labor and the opportunity to labor both end when the enterprises which require labor are abandoned, and they will be abandoned when the situation is such that it is impossible to count upon the peaceful continuity of labor and to calculate the probable results of the venture. Mr. POWDERLY, the head of the Knights of Labor, makes some moderate and judicious remarks in a published interview, and when the action of the organization is conformed to such views, it will be regarded with more favor. But so long as it appears as a mere despotism, forcing its subjects to obey a mandate which they do not comprehend, it will be judged like other despotisms. Its leaders will understand that they must be judged by their power to lead and the direction of their leading.

## OPEN THE DOORS.

THE argument of Mr. EDMUNDS's speech in opening the debate upon the papers is absolutely incontrovertible. But there are some practical considerations which he omitted to state, which are of great importance. Undoubtedly papers on file in the public offices are parts of the public records, and they can not be rightfully withheld from the representatives of the people. The President is certainly not bound to give reasons for the exercise of his power of appointment and removal, but the transmission of public papers to Congress is not a revelation of the reasons which have influenced his action. He can act without papers, and papers on file contain only statements of fact, or arguments for a specific use of his power. But that is all. They are not the records of his reasons, and the conclusions drawn from them may be wholly incorrect. They are not to be withheld for any such reasons. But in point of fact, and in consequence of an accepted tradition, are there not such papers which cannot be honorably disclosed? Mr. EDMUNDS says that official papers are papers addressed to a public officer, as such, upon public business. He holds that Mr. SHERMAN could not properly treat as his own or destroy a paper addressed to him as President of the Senate upon a question pending before the Senate. The reason, however, is not that Mr. SHERMAN is President of the Senate, but that he is a public officer.

Mr. EDMUNDS, as a Senator, is also a public officer. Would he hold that any letter whatever which he may receive regarding any appointment pending before the Senate, and addressed to him as a Senator, may be rightfully demanded by the Senate for its inspection? Are there not such letters which he might justly hold to be private and confidential, and not honorably to be disclosed? It ought not to be so, and it should be made impossible hereafter, but is it not a fact? A tradition as absolute as that which requires a Presidential elector, against the very purpose of the fundamental law which creates him, to vote for a particular candidate and not at his own discretion, has arisen in regard to certain papers which fall under Mr. EDMUNDS's definition of public papers. They are letters concerning appointments and removals written to the President or to a Senator in implicit confidence. By a common and accepted understanding and custom they are papers of the most private character, which neither President nor Senator, conscious of the understanding, can honorably expose. Yet they fall under Mr. EDMUNDS's definition, and

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are therefore properly part of the public records. The remedy is not retroactive but prospective. It is a declaration by the President that he will hereafter regard all such letters as public documents, and always open upon proper occasion to public inspection.

Mr. EDMUNDS's whole argument against Presidential secrecy is an argument against the secrecy of the Senate. The Senate does not demand to see public papers on file in the public offices for itself, but for the people. By what authority does it hide from the people knowledge of their own affairs? Denouncing the President for trying to conceal from the Senate knowledge to which it is entitled, by what right does the Senate assume to conceal the same knowledge from the country? If the Senate may rightfully demand to see all the papers relating to appointments and removals, how much more rightfully may the people demand to see them? Let the doors be opened. While the Senate is calling the President to account for secrecy, the country is arraigning the Senate for the same offence. The people have a right to know who it is that assumes on their behalf to recommend appointments and removals, and they have an equal right to know why the Senate consents to the displacement of good officers and to the appointment of unfit officers. Did the Senate ask for papers in the case of RASIN in Baltimore? And if not, why not? If it could trust the President in nominating RASIN, why not in suspending DUSKIN? Or did it confirm Mr RASIN because Senator GORMAN said that it was all right? If the Senate can trust Senator GORMAN in such matters, can it give one plausible reason for not trusting President CLEVELAND? And in the next Presidential campaign shall we have the edifying spectacle of Senators going upon the stump to cite, as evidences of the President's betrayal of reform, nominations like RASIN's which they themselves confirmed? This whole wretched game should be ended at once by opening the doors. Mr EDMUNDS says that the Senate is the same whether sitting with open or closed doors; undoubtedly; and as public opinion would not tolerate closing the doors upon a silent debate, so it demands opening the doors when the debate is upon confirming a henchman of Senator GORMAN'S. In this controversy with the President the Senate may wisely recall the fact that the pot did not purify itself by calling the kettle black.

## AN UNWISE BILL.

SENATOR WILSON, of Iowa, has introduced a bill to double the rate of postage upon fourth-class mail matter, against the passage of which the Legislature of Iowa is reported to have protested unanimously. The present rate is sixteen cents per pound, and the change would raise the charge to letter postage. The express companies would undoubtedly rejoice in the passage of such a bill, but as know no other interest that would be gratified. The great general business interests of the country warmly oppose the bill.

The argument drawn from the deficit of the Post-office Department is inapplicable, because the purpose of that department is to facilitate communication of every kind between different parts of the country, and to do in the very matter of carrying parcels what private enterprise would not undertake. It takes into consideration the immense extent of the country, the diffusion of population, and the good policy not only of carrying letters and papers, but seeds and small merchandise, to the solitary settlers upon the remote frontier.

Of course it is desirable that the department should be self-sustaining, but this good end is to be reached in some other way than by refusing to do a part of the service which does not pay. It is better, if such be the alternative, that the distant settler should have his newspaper and parcel than that there should be an unusual surplus from the department in the Treasury. But the argument of loss is peculiarly inapplicable, for a despatch to the *Evening Post* says that the Third Assistant Postmaster-General states that in point of fact the fourth-class matter at the present rates is the only class of matter that yields the department a profit. To increase the rate of the fourth-class matter would therefore reduce the revenue. The bill ought to be defeated.

## A TIMELY TREATISE.

THE most complete and thorough historical study yet made of the appointing system in this country has just been issued by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS as the fifth number of the publications of the American Historical Association, and it is the work of a woman, LUCY M. SALMON. It shows wide and accurate investigation of all the records upon the subject which are comprised in the annals of Congress, innumerable speeches, reports, pamphlets, and political biographies. The result is a concise but adequate sketch of the progress of the appointing system, under the title of *History of the Appointing Power of the President*, making a very timely and valuable manual of information upon the subject.

The author justly traces the modern origin of the abuse to Governor MCKEAN, of Pennsylvania, and the Council of Appointment in New York. She shows how steadily and fatally it has grown, until the proposal to reform a gross and dangerous abuse was gravely denounced in Congress as a blow at republican institutions. She supposes the essential mischief of the four years law, and points out that the fervor of devotion to reform among public men has generally depended wholly upon the position of their party as out or out of power. The substance of the original debate in the First Congress of 1789 upon the power of removal is fairly given, although the fact is left hardly clear enough that the decision was merely a legislative interpretation of the Constitution, open always to reconsideration, and with the weight of great authorities upon the Constitution quite as much against the early settlement as not so. That settlement was due, in fact, to three very powerful considerations which do not now exist—the fact that parties were not yet organized, that WASHINGTON was President, and that MADISON warmly advocated the President's sole power of removal. Except for this precise situation the decision would hardly have been made.

The present dispute between the President and the Senate has often arisen, and it was paralleled in 1829, when General TAYLOR was President. A resolution in the Senate asked him to furnish the charges against officers who had been removed, and the debate turned upon the point whether the President's course had been consistent with his previous professions. The majority said that they would uphold the policy of the President if he would only confess that his reasons for appointment and removal had been political. In 1832 Senator BENTON introduced resolutions stating that removal except for official causes was hostile to the Constitution, and alleging that the Senate ought not to confirm if removal had not been made for adequate cause. The work is comprised in a solid, handsome pamphlet of 116 pages, and it is the most important contribution to the literature of the reform since the publication of Mr. EATON's *Civil Service in Great Britain*.

## PURE PRACTICES.

THE Syracuse *Standard* speaks of "the light made by the Republican majority for the dignity of the Senate and pure practices in the civil service." Does the *Standard* think that the fight was signally illustrated by the Senate's confirmation of Mr. RASIN? True, he was nominated by Mr CLEVELAND, but the *Standard* was speaking of the Republican majority, which could have rejected him. To establish pure practices in the civil service by confirming Mr. RASIN is what Mr. Squeers might have called "cuts mass."

## EXTRAORDINARY REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN EDUCATION.

ON the 8th of March it was announced that JAMES D WARDEN, of Buffalo; Congressman BURRITT, of Whitehall; CHESTER S. COLE, of Corning, chairman of the Republican State Committee; CHARLES HACKETT, of Utica, chairman of the Executive Committee of the same Committee; ex-Senator GERSHOM LOND, of Dundee; SILAS B. DUTCHER, of Brooklyn; ex-Congressman DAVY, of Rochester; and C. M. DENNISON, of Utica, had arrived in Albany. These worthy gentlemen are all known as professional politicians, and they must henceforth be known also as devoted friends of education, for they had come of their own expense to influence the Republican nomination of a Superintendent of Public Instruction. On the 9th of March the caucus was held, and Mr A. S. DRAPER, of Albany, was nominated. Mr DRAPER is an equally well-known politician, and his election was opposed in a circular, which was distributed among members of the Legislature, for the reason that he was a doubtful Republican, and had even cast a scrap with ardor for Mr. BLAINE in 1884.

It is not evident what all this has to do with the Superintendent of Instruction in New York. Why should the gentlemen whom we have mentioned take no politicians so deep an interest in the selection of the Superintendent? Can it possibly be because the organization of that department extends into every one of the twelve or fifteen thousand school-districts of the State, and enables the chief to establish most convenient and advantageous relations in every point in every county in the most secret and thorough manner, and that such opportunities might be politically useful?

No, this cannot be the reason, because the worthy gentlemen whom we have mentioned are all Sunday school politicians who do not play naughty little games in politics. The reason of their activity must be their profound interest in the great cause of popular education, especially in the primary schools.

## OVERDOING IT.

THE Elmira *Advertiser* speaks of the Pan-Electric affair as "the greatest scandal ever known against a member of an American Cabinet." It is a very great scandal undoubtedly, but it is certainly no name—to use the gentlest phrase—than the post-tradership scandal in the Cabinet of General GRANT.

## THE REPORT ON THE BROADWAY RAILROAD CONSPIRACY.

THE preliminary report upon the Broadway Railroad case is a document of refreshing plainness of speech, calling a spade a spade and corruption corruption. It holds that the company never had a legal existence, that it was a mere cover for other companies, that its issues of stock were in violation of law, and that it procured its consent of the Aldermen to the construction of the road by bribery and corruption. For this last opinion the committee offers thus far only circumstantial evidence. But it is conclusive evidence to all who know New York Aldermen and who have read the testimony before the committee.

It is in evidence that the franchise which the Aldermen were bribed to steal from the people of the city would yield a net interest of five per cent. on $10,000,000, and by just as much they lay the burden of heavier payments upon poor people, because to take that amount of revenue from the city is to increase the taxes, which at last come out of the rents and other expenses of the poorest people.

The committee proposes that justice should be done, that the criminals should be punished, the fruits of their rascality taken from them, and the property and franchise restored to their owners. They submit bills for these purposes, and express the hope that before their work is done they will have exposed the details of the conspiracy and the crime. The moral value of this investigation and its report is very much greater than that of any property or franchise. It proves to the TWEEDS of every kind and degree who are always plotting the plunder of the city that it they cannot expect the long immunity which the TWEEDS gang enjoyed, and that the public spirit and purpose which were aroused by the great frauds in 1872 have not yet fallen asleep again.

## PERSONAL.

An interesting incident of the reception at the Metropolitan Building, in West Fifty-fifth Street, a few days ago, was the exhibition by one of the artists, Mr R. M. SHAMBERY, in addition to some sunny forest interiors of the flag of his country stained with his own blood that had been shot in his frenzy, Mr SHAMBERY having been a gallant lieutenant in the late war.

—The inhabitants of the ancient town of Montclair, New Jersey, gave themselves on the Saturday and intellectual season of its young halls, a literary club at which to discuss each the respective standing of the poets of prose of the world. A short time ago the subject was DANTE ALIGHIERI, whose merits and demerits were diligently subjected to the penetrating light of modern criticism; and last week, in the lecture room of the Congregational church, before a large and interested audience, one of the members of the club stood on the platform and read a brilliant logical and well balanced estimate of VICTOR HUGO'S poetical works. It was generally admitted that no man in the town could have equalled the performance.

—The Sun offers to receive contributions for the purpose of saving JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET'S cottage at Barbizon for his widow, who is in danger of losing it. The structure of stone, covered with stucco and roofed with tiles, is a picturesque feature of the little French village on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau, one story high, and very modest, even with its adjoining studio, which the painter erected as a retreat from his numerous family, and in which his most celebrated works were created. The Sun's project is sure to appeal to the sympathies of Americans, who have shown their appreciation of MILLET'S genius by investing more money in it than the people of all other nationalities combined.

—It is a question whether or not Stonewall Jackson's war-horse, old Sorrel, now dying at the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Richmond, Virginia, would be permitted by Mr HENRY BOWEN to live, if in this city. Old Sorrel is so weak that when he rises at all it is through the intervention of block and tackle, and it is believed that he no longer considers life worth living. When New York horses, for any reason or other, have arrived at that condition, Mr. BOWEN personally interests himself in giving them a speedy and painless death, usually by means of a patented explosive bullet behind the forehead.

—The great French etcher MEYRON was very surly and suspicious long before he ended his days in a mad house. To his fellow-artist Mr SEYMOUR HADEN, who showed him many courtesies in his poverty, he was particularly discourteous. Mr HADEN now possesses the MS. of an article sent by MEYRON to the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, but never printed, in which the Frenchman accuses him of selling under false colors, and directs charges him with discovering and buying old Dutch etchings, and selling the impressions as his own after affixing his name to the plates. Mr. HADEN tells the story to his friends with mock sincerity, and is at no pains to despise the tribute to his genius which it implies. The valuable collection of MEYRON'S etchings recently exhibited in this city by Mr FREDERICK KEPPEL is now being arranged for exhibition in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

—Judge BARRETT, of the Supreme Court of New York, has long taken much interest in the possibilities of the colored race; and when about to render a decision recently he went out of his way to compliment the legal ability and methods of the attorneys and referee—both colored men—who had submitted papers in the case.

—At the sale of Mrs. MARY JANE MORGAN'S pictures and porcelains, the art dealers were slim as long lath, at considerably less prices than they had sold them, some of the most valuable examples. Pieces of silver-ware also went to the jewellers at from one-third to one-half the sums originally paid.

—Mrs. HORATIO SEYMOUR, who died recently at a Senator Tremain's home in Utica, was one of the women whom Nature seems to have designed to be the elite of statesmen. She not only sympathized with the public work of her husband in all its varied phases—political and philanthropic—but created for him a home which he loved more than any other place on earth. Those who knew her best have often recognized her impress on the spirit of that memorable address to the prison convicts in which the ex-Governor told them how he had profited most by the most serious mistakes of his private life, and urged them to make stepping-stones of their crimes to higher things.

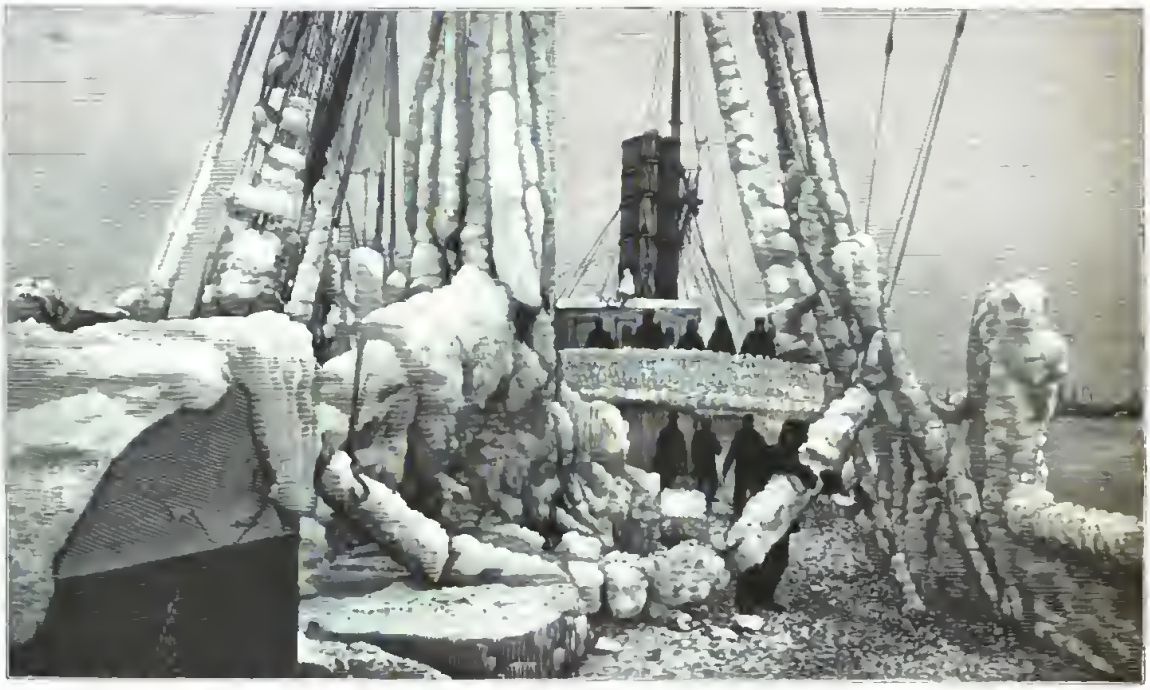
—Simon CAMERON, ex-Secretary of War, was a commanding figure at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of this month, on the occasion of his eighty-seventh birthday. In good health and better spirits, he received friends, telegrams, and flowers all day long, and, like the late TAMMANY WEBB, seemed ready to demonstrate the healthfulness of politics as an occupation. He spoke of his son, Senator "DON" CAMERON, with pride, and of his friend General FITZ-JOHN PORTER with admiration.

—Statistics of the New York Free Circulating Library show that Miss MARY L. BOOTH'S *History of New York* is more in demand by readers than any other historical work in the collection.

—The late Principal TULLOCH, who was at the head of the leading theological school in Scotland, was well known by his works to ministers and theological students in this country. His personality was extremely lovable, and among his most admiring friends was the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. It will be news to many persons in this country that, according to an English review, he had, like Dean STANLEY, a liking for heretics.

—A well known American novelist, while conversing recently with a friend, expressed his appreciation of black dresses for women. "I never saw a woman," he said, "who did not look better in black than in colors. Just now I have in mind a charming creature, whose only facial disadvantage is a slight predominance of jaw; but last evening I saw her in a black dress, and her jaw did not trouble me at all."

—Mr THOMAS ALDRICH on the list of this month made his annual contribution to a solution of the problem of the relations of capital and labor. For the fourth time the editors, reporters, clerks, compositors, office-boys, and all other *attaches* of the *Staats-Zeitung* who give their working hours to it exclusively received a present of a sum equal to one-tenth of their annual salary or wages. The reporter, for instance, who earns $2000 a year was presented with $200, the office boy who earns $200 a year, with $20, and so on. The total extra sum thus expended was about $20,000. When an *attaché* of that newspaper is sick, his pay goes on as usual. The city editor last year had an attack of typhoid pneumonia, which lasted eleven weeks; he resumed his regular pay meanwhile, and on returning to duty was told that his salary had been increased. The managing editor has already served the paper twenty-eight years, the musical critic twenty-five years, and several other members of the staff ten, eleven, and fifteen years respectively. There has been no change in the reportorial corps for more than two years. One of the editors said the other day, "We have no apprehension of a strike in the *Staats-Zeitung* office."

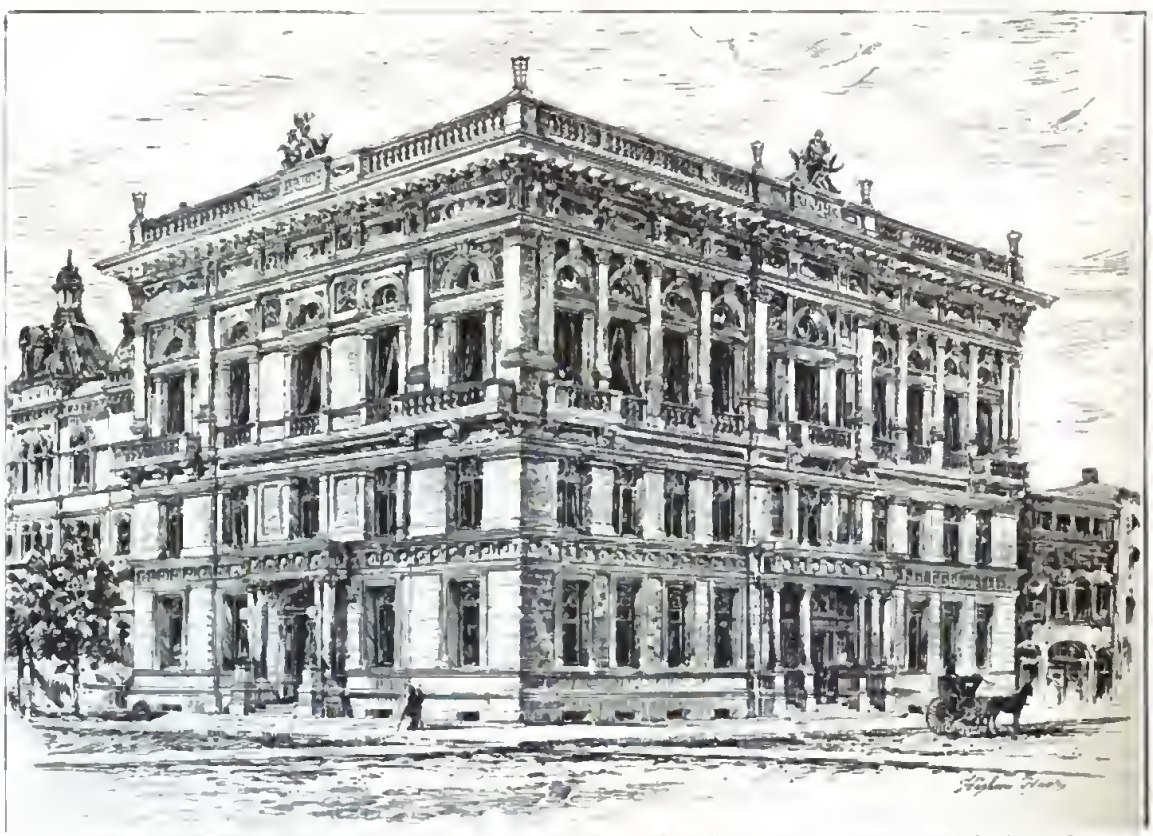


THE STEAMER "PEDRO," AS SHE APPEARED ON HER ARRIVAL AT BOSTON, FEBRUARY 28.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. W. BROWN, BOSTON.

## AN ICE-ENVELOPED STEAMER

During the past winter a great many steamers and sailing vessels have come into this and other American ports with accidental cargoes of ice nearly or quite as extensive as the cargoes originally shipped. Such was the case with the Spanish steamer *Pedro*, which reached Boston not long ago in a condition which is scarcely describable, but which is accurately shown in the accompanying illustration. It would be needless to say that this vessel is a steamer, even did her smoke-stack not appear, for it is quite evident to any observer that her shrouds and rigging generally are altogether useless except for strictly ornamental purposes.

The *Pedro* left the port of Matanzas on the 17th of February last, with moderate weather prevailing. She was not long, however, in finding a gale, in which she labored continuously for nearly a week, when she was glad to put into Norfolk for rest and repairs. Up to this point she had not begun to accumulate any of the enormous cargo of ice with which she made her appearance in Boston. After leaving Norfolk, however, the same old gale, or another like it, was encountered, with the additional discomfort of a very low temperature. Tremendous seas began to pour in over her rail, and as the water became frozen almost instantaneously, it was not long before the foundation had been laid for an excellent iceberg aboard ship. The seas boarded the steamer fore and aft, and the icy condition of the vessel made the work of the sailors extremely difficult and dangerous. The cabin was flooded with water, and the furniture and stores were badly damaged. There was ice everywhere, much more of it than is shown in the picture, which is from a photograph taken several hours after her arrival at Boston. Her prow was a shapeless mass of ice, and she was a dirty yellowish white from stem to stern. She made Race Point, which is distant only thirty-eight miles from Boston, at eleven o'clock one night, but it took her twelve hours to reach her pier from that point. Even the steam seemed to freeze up and lose its efficiency. Her foremast and forward rigging were so thickly coated with ice that they were nearly ten times their proper size in circumference.



PROPOSED CLUB-HOUSE FOR THE ARION SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY HUDSON HAWLEY FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

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THE CUNARD STEAMER "OREGON," LOST OFF LONG ISLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 14.

## THE LOSS OF THE "OREGON."

At half past four on Sunday morning, March 14, the famous Cunard steamer *Oregon*, from Liverpool March 6, for New York, was five miles off the southern shore of Long Island. There were 896 people on board, of whom 641 were passengers.

A three masted coasting schooner, bound out, approached the steamer and crashed into her port side at the water-line, making a large hole, through which the water rushed with such violence as to leave no hope of saving the ship. Her signals of distress were answered about eight o'clock by the Sandy Hook pilot-boat No. 11, and the coasting schooner *Fanny A. Gorham*, and during the three hours following the transfer of the passengers and crew to their decks went on. An hour later the German steamer *Fulda* appeared, and the passengers were transferred to her, arriving in New York at seven o'clock A. M. on Monday. The *Oregon* had gone down at 1 P. M.

The *Oregon*, which was built for the Guion Company in 1883, and sold to the Cunard Company in 1884, was a steel vessel of 7500 tons, and, before the *Alaunia* was built, was the fastest Atlantic steamer. The *Oregon*'s best passage was from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in six days, nine hours, and twenty two minutes.

## THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

It chanced that on a fine spring morning Henchard and Farfrae met in the chestnut walk which ran along the south wall of the town. Each had just come out from his early breakfast, and there was not another soul near. Henchard was reading a letter from Lucetta, sent in answer to a note from him, in which she made some excuse for not immediately granting him a second interview that he had desired.

Donald had no wish to enter into conversation with his former friend on their present constrained terms; neither would he pass him in resulting silence. He nodded, and Henchard did the same. They had receded from each other several paces when a voice cried, "Farfrae!" It was Henchard's, who stood regarding him.

"Do you remember," said Henchard, as if it were the presence of the thought and not of the man which made him speak—"do you remember my sending 'ee on the errand to that woman whose life was much mixed up with mine?"

"I do," said Farfrae.

"Do you remember my telling 'ee how it all began, and how it ended?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have offered to marry her properly, now that I can, but she backs out of it. She won't marry me. Isn't that a conscience, hey? Now what would you think of her—I put it to 'ee?"

"I think it shows no great sense of propriety in her," replied, it shows very little," said Farfrae, heartily, and in perfect good faith.

"Well, ye owe her nothing more now."

"It is true," said Henchard, and went on.

That he had looked up from a letter to ask his questions completely shut out from Farfrae's mind all vision of Lucetta as the culprit. Indeed, her present position was so different from that of the young woman of Henchard's story as of itself to be sufficient to blind him absolutely to her identity. As for Henchard, he was reassured by Farfrae's words and manner against a suspicion which had crossed his mind. They were not those of a conscious rival. Yet that there was rivalry by some one he was firmly persuaded. He could feel it in the air around Lucetta, see it in the turn of her pen. There was an antagonistic force in exercise, so that when he had tried to hang near her he seem-

DR. CHARLES PHELPS.
Photographed by J. Lebouvier, New York.—[See Page 183.]

ANDREW S. DRAPER.
Photographed by Newell, Albany, N. Y.—[See Page 183.]

JAMES C. MATTHEWS.
Photographed by McDonald & Sweet, Albany, N. Y.—[See Page 183.]

SENATOR JOHN F. MILLER.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington.—[See Page 183.]

SENATOR JEROME B. CHAFFEE.
Photographed by Fall, New York.—[See Page 183.]

JOSHUA FIERO.
Photographed by F. Forbush, Hudson, N. Y.—[See Page 183.]

ed standing in a rebound current. That it was not innate caprice he was more and more certain. Her windows gleamed as if they did not want him, but curtains seemed to hang idly, as if they screened an existing presence. To discover whose presence that was—whether really Farfrae's after all, or another's—he exerted himself to the utmost to see her again, and at length succeeded.

At the interview, when she offered him tea, he made it a point to launch a cautious inquiry if she knew Mr Farfrae.

Oh yes! she knew him, she declared; she could not help knowing almost everybody in Casterbridge, living in such a garden over the centre and areas of the town.

"Pleasant young fellow," said Henchard.

"Yes," said Lucetta.

"We both know him," said kind Elizabeth Jane, to relieve her companion's disclosed embarrassments.

There was a knock at the door; literally, three full knocks, and a little one at the end.

"That kind of knock means half and half—somebody between gentle and simple," said the corn-merchant to himself. "I shouldn't wonder therefore if it is he." In a few seconds surely enough Donald walked in.

Lucetta was full of little fidgets and flutters, which increased Henchard's suspicions without affording any special proof of their correctness. He was well-nigh ferocious at the sense of the queer situation in which he stood toward this woman. One who had reproached him for unwittingly wronging her, who had urged claims upon his consideration on that account, who had lived waiting for him, who at the first decent moment had come to ask him to rectify the wrong; such she had been. And now he sat at her tea-table eager to gain her attention, and in his amatory rage feeling the other man present to be a villain, just as any young fool of a lover might feel.

They sat stiffly side by side at the darkening table, like some Tuscan painting of the two dry nights supping at Emmaus. Lucetta, forming the third and chief figure, was opposite them; Elizabeth Jane, being out of the game, and out of the group, could observe from afar all things; that there were long spaces of taciturnity, when all exterior circumstance was subdued to the touch of spoons and china, the clack of a heel on the pavement under the window, the passing of a wheelbarrow or cart, the whistling of the carter, the gush of water into householders' buckets at the town pump opposite; the exchange of greetings among their neighbours, and the rattle of the yokes by which they carried off their evening supply.

"More bread and butter?" said Lucetta to Henchard and Farfrae equally, holding out between them a plateful of long slices. Henchard took a slice by one end and Donald by the other; each feeling certain he was the man meant; neither let go, and the slice came in two.

"Oh—I am so sorry!" cried Lucetta, with a nervous titter. Farfrae tried to laugh; but he was too much in love to see the incident in any but a tragic light.

"How ridiculous of all three of them!" said Elizabeth to herself.

Henchard left the house with a ton of conjecture, though without a grain of proof, that the counter attraction was Farfrae, and therefore he would not make up his mind. Yet to Elizabeth Jane it was plain as the town pump that Donald and Lucetta were incipient lovers. More than once, in spite of her care, Lucetta had been unable to restrain her glance from flitting across into Farfrae's eyes like a bird to its nest. But Henchard was concentrated upon too large a mark to discern such minutiæ as these; he an evening light, which to him were as the notes of a grasshopper that lie above the compass of the human ear.

But he was disturbed. And the sense of occult rivalry in ownership was so much superadded to the palpable rivalry of their business lives. To the coarse materiality of that rivalry it added an inflaming zest.

The time vitalized antagonism took the form of action by Henchard sending for Jopp, the manager originally displaced by Farfrae's arrival. Henchard had frequently met this man about the streets, observed that his clothing spoke of mechanics, heard that he lived in Mixen Lane—a back alley of the town, the *pis-aller* of Casterbridge demoralization—itself almost a proof that a man had reached a stage when he would not stick at trifles.

Jopp came after dark by the gates of the churchyard, and felt his way through the hay and straw to the office where Henchard sat in solitude awaiting him.

"I am again out of a foreman," said the corn-factor. "Are you in place?"

"Not as much as a beggar's, sir."

"How much do you ask?"

Jopp named his price, which was very moderate.

"When can you come?"

"At this hour and moment, sir," said Jopp, who, standing hands-pocketed at the street corner till the sun had faded the shoulders of his coat to scarecrow green, had regularly watched Henchard in the market-place, measured him, and learnt him, by virtue of the power which the still man has in his stillness of knowing the busy one better than he knows himself. Jopp, too, had had a convenient experience; he was the only one in Casterbridge besides Henchard and the close-lipped Elizabeth Jane who knew that Lucetta came finally from Jersey, and had previously from Bath. "I know Jersey too, sir," he said. "Was living there when you used to do business that way. Oh yes—have often seen ye there."

"Indeed? Very good. Then the thing is settled. The testimonials you showed me when you first treed fo' s are sufficient." That characters deteriorate to time of need possibly did not occur to Henchard. Jopp said, "Thank you," and stood more firmly, in the consciousness that at last he officially belonged to that spot.

"Now," said Henchard, digging his strong eyes into Jopp's face, "one thing is necessary to me, as the biggest corn and hay dealer in these parts. The Scotchman who's taking the town trade so hold into his hands must be cut out. D'ye hear? We can't live side by side—that's clear and certain."

"I've seen it all," said Jopp.

"My fair competition I mean, of course," Henchard continued. "But as hard, keen, and unflinching as fair—rather more so. By such a desperate bid against him for the farmers' custom as will grind him into the ground—starve him out. I've capital, mind ye, and I can do it."

"I'm all that way of thinking," said the new foreman. Jopp's dislike of Farfrae as the man who had once usurped his place, while it made him a willing tool, made him, at the same time, commercially as unsafe a colleague as Henchard could have chosen.

"I sometimes think," he added, "that he must have some glass that he sees next year in. He has such a knack of making everything bring him fortune."

"He's deep beyond all honest men's discerning, but we must make him shallower. We'll undermill him, and overbay him, and so snuff him out."

They then entered into specific details of the process by which this would be accomplished, and parted at a late hour.

Elizabeth Jane heard by accident that Jopp had been engaged by her step-father. She was so fully convinced that he was not the right man for the place that, at the risk of making Henchard angry, she expressed her apprehension to him when they met. But it was done to no purpose; Henchard shut up her argument with a sharp rebuff.

The season's weather seemed to favor their scheme. The time was in the years immediately before foreign competition had revolutionized the trade in grain, when still, as from the earliest ages, the wheat quotations from month to month depended entirely upon the home harvest. A bad harvest, as the prospect of one, would double the price of corn in a few weeks; and the promise of a good yield would lower it as rapidly. Prices were like the roads of the period, steep in gradient, reflecting in their phases the local conditions, without engineering, levellings, or averages.

The farmer's income was ruled by the wheat crop within his own harvest, and the wheat crop by the weather. Thus in person he became a sort of flesh-barometer, with feelers always directed to the sky and wind around him. The local atmosphere was everything to him, the atmospheres of other countries a matter of indifference. The people, too, who were not farmers, the rural multitude, saw in the god of the weather a more important personage than they do now. Indeed, the feeling of the peasantry in this matter was so intense as to be almost excusable in those equable days. Their impulse was well-nigh to prostrate themselves in lamentation before entirely rains and tempests, which came as the Alastor of those households whose crime it was to be poor.

After midsummer they watched the weather-cocks as men waiting in antechambers watch the lackey. Sun elated them, quiet rain sobered them, weeks of watery tempest stupefied them. That aspect of the sky which they now regard as disagreeable they then beheld as furious.

It was June, and the weather was very unfavorable. Casterbridge being, as it were, the bellboard on which all the adjacent hamlets and villages sounded their notes, was decidedly dull. Instead of new articles in the shop windows, those that had been rejected in the foregoing summer were brought out again; superseded reap-hooks, badly shaped rakes, shop worn leggings, and time-stiffened water-tights reappeared, furbished up as near to new as possible.

Henchard, backed by Jopp, read a disastrous parsing, and resolved to base his strategy against Farfrae upon that reading. But before acting he wished—what so many have wished—that he could know for certain what was at present only strong probability. He was superstitious—as such hendstrong natures often are—and he nourished in his mind an idea bearing on the matter—an idea he shrank from disclosing even to Jopp.

In a lonely hamlet a few miles from the town—so lonely that what are called lonely villages were teeming by comparison—there lived a man of curious repute as a forecaster or weather-prophet. The way to his house was crooked and miry—even difficult in the present unpropitious season. One evening when it was raining so heavily that ivy and hazel resembled like dam monkery, and an out-door man could be excused for shrouding himself to his ears and eyes, such a shrouded figure as that might have been perceived travelling to the direction of the hazel copse which dripped over the prophet's cot. The turnpike-road became a lane, the lane a cart-track, the cart track a bridle-path, the bridle-path a footway, the footway overgrown. The solitary walker slipped here and there, and stumbled over the natural springes formed by the brambles, till at length he reached the house, which, with its garden, was surrounded with a high, dense hedge. The cottage, comparatively a large one, had been built of sod by the occupier's own hands, and thatched also by himself. Here he had always lived, and here it was presumed he would die.

He existed on unseen supplies; for it was an anomalous thing that while there was hardly a soul in the neighbourhood but affected to laugh at the man's assertions, uttering the formula, "There's nothing to 'em," with full assurance on the surface of their faces, very few of them were unbelievers in their secret hearts. Whenever they consulted him they did it "for a fancy."

When they paid him they said, "Just a trifle for Christmas," or "Candleman," as the case might be.

He would have preferred more honesty in his clients, and less sham ridicule; but fundamental belief counted him his superficial irony. As stated, he was credited to him; people supposed him with their backs turned. He was sometimes astonished that men could profess so little and believe so much as his home when at church they professed so much and believed so little.

Behind his back he was called "Wole-ch," on account of his reputation, to his face, "Mr." Fall.

The hedge of his garden formed an arch over the entrance, and a door was inserted as in a wall. Outside the door the tall traveller stopped, handaged his face with a handkerchief as if he were suffering from toothache, and went up the path. The window-shutters were not closed, and he could see the prophet within, preparing his supper.

In answer to the knock, Fall came to the door, candle in hand. The visitor stepped back a little from the light, and said, "Can I speak to ye?" in significant tones. The other's hesitation to come in was responded to by the country form, "This will do, thank ye," after which the householder had no alternative but to come out. He placed the candle on the corner of the dresser, took his hat from a nail, and joined the stranger in the porch, shutting the door behind him.

"I'm long heard that you can—do things of a sort?" began the other, expressing his individuality as much as he could.

"Maybe so, Mr. Henchard," said the weather-caster.

"Ah—why do you call me that?" asked the visitor, with a start.

"Because it's your name. Feeling you'd come, I've waited for ye, and thinking you might be leery from your walk, I laid raw supper plates—look ye there." He threw open the door and disclosed the supper table, at which appeared a second chair, knife and fork, plate, and mug, as he had declared.

Henchard remained in silence for a few moments, thus throwing off the disguise of frightity which he had hitherto preserved, he said "Then I have not come in vain. . . Now, for instance, can ye charm away a storm?"

"Without trouble."

"Cure the evil?"

"That I've done—with consideration—if they will wear the toad-bag by night as well as by day."

"Forecast the weather?"

"With labor and time."

"Then take this," said Henchard. "'Tis a crown piece. Now what is the harvest fortnight to be? When can I know?"

"I've worked it out already, and you can know at once." [The fact was that five farmers had already been there on the same errand from different parts of the county.] "By the sun, moon, and stars, by the clouds, the winds, the trees, and grass, the candle-flame and cat-eyes, the smell of the herbs; likewise by the cats' eyes, the ravens, the beetles, the spiders, and the dung-march, the last fortnight in August will be—rain and tempest."

"You are not certain, of course?"

"As one can be in a world where all's unsure. 'Twill be more like living in Revelations this autumn than in England. Shall I sketch it out for ye in a scheme?"

"Oh, no, no," said Henchard. "I don't altogether believe in forecasts, come to second thoughts on such. But I—"

"You don't—you don't; 'tis understood," said Wildeve, without a sound of scorn. "You have given me a crown because you've one too many. But won't ye pass me at supper, now 'tis waiting and all?"

Henchard would gladly have joined, for the savor of the stew had floated from the cottage into the porch with such appetizing distinctness that the meat, the onions, the pepper, and the herbs could be severally recognized by his nose. But sitting down to bob-and-nob there would have seemed so much like him too implicitly as the weather-caster's apostle, he declined, and went his way.

The next Saturday Henchard bought grain to an enormous extent, also on the next, and on all available days. When his granaries were full to choking, all the weather-cocks of Casterbridge creaked and set their faces in another direction, as if tired of the southwest. The weather changed; the sunlight which had been like sun for weeks assumed the hues of topaz. The temperament of the walkin passed from the phlegmatic to the sanguine an excellent harvest was almost a certainty, and as a consequence prices rushed down.

All these transformations, lately to the outsider, to the wrong-headed corn dealer were terrible. He was reminded of what he had well known before, that a man might gamble upon the square surfaces of hedged fields as readily as upon those of a card-room.

Henchard had backed bad weather, and apparently lost. He had mistaken the turn of the flood for the turn of the ebb. His dealings had been an extensive that settlement could not long be postponed, and to settle he was obliged to sell off corn that he had bought only a few weeks before at figures higher by many shillings a quarter. Much of the corn he had never seen; it had not even been moved from the ricks in which it lay stacked miles away. Thus he lost heavily.

In the blaze of an early August day he met Farfrae in the market place. Farfrae knew of his dealings (though he did not guess their intended bearing on himself), and commiserated him; for since their exchange of words in the South Walk they had been on stiffly speaking terms. Henchard for the moment appeared to resent the sympathy, but he suddenly took a careless turn.

"Ho, no, no—nothing serious, man!" he cried, with fierce gaiety. "These things always happen, don't they? I know it has been said that figures have smarted me right lately; but is that anything rare? The case is out so bad as folk make out, perhaps. And dammy, a man must be a cust fool to mind the common hazards of trade."

But he had to enter the Casterbridge bank that day for reasons which had never before sent him there, and to sit a long time in the partners' room with a countenance bearing. It was rumoured soon after that much real property, as well as vast stores of produce, in the town and neighborhood, which had stood in Henchard's name, was actually the property of his bankers.

Coming down the steps of the bank he encountered Jopp. The gloomy transactions just completed within had added fewer to the original sting of Farfrae's sympathy that morning, which Henchard fancied might be more disguised, so that Jopp met with anything but a bland reception. The latter was in the act of taking off his hat to wipe his forehead, and saying, "A fine hot day," to an acquaintance.

"You can wipe and wipe, and say, 'A fine hot day,' can ye?" cried Henchard, in a savage undertone, imprisoning Jopp between himself and the bank wall. "If it hadn't been for your fool's advice it might have been a fine day enough. Why did ye let me go on, hey? when a word of doubt from you or anybody would have made me think twice that you can never be sure of the weather till 'tis past."

"My advice, sir, was to do what you thought best."

"A useful fellow; and the worse you help somebody else in that way the better." Henchard continued his address to Jopp in similar terms till it ended in Jopp's dismissal three and then, Henchard turning upon his heel and leaving him.

"You shall be sorry for this, sir—sorry as a man can be," said Jopp, standing pale, and looking after the corn-merchant as he disappeared in the crowd of market-men hard by.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

It was the eve of harvest. Prices being low, Farfrae was buying. As was usual, after reckoning too surely on famine weather, the local farmers had flown to the other extreme, and (in Farfrae's opinion) were selling off too recklessly—calculating with just a trifle too much certainty upon an abundant yield. So he went on buying old corn at its comparatively ridiculous price; for the produce of the previous year, though not large, had been of excellent quality.

When Henchard had squared his affairs in a disastrous way, and got rid of his burdensome purchases at a considerable loss, the harvest began. There were three days of excellent weather, and then—"What if that cust conjurer should be right after all?" said Henchard.

The fact was that on some half the sickles began to play than the atmosphere suddenly felt as if the seed of rennes would grow in it without other nourishment. In subdued people's cheeks like damp flannel when they walked abroad. There was a gusty, high, warm wind; isolated rain-drops starred the window panes at remote distances; the sunlight would flap out like a quickly opened fan, throw the pattern of the window upon the floor of the room in a milky, colorless shine, and withdraw as suddenly as it had appeared.

From that day and hour it was clear that there was not to be so successful an ingathering after all. If Henchard had only waited long enough, he might at least have avoided loss, though he had not made a profit. But the momentum of his character knew no patience. At this third turn of the scales he remained silent. The movements of his mind seemed to tend to the thought that some power was working against him.

"I wonder," he asked himself with eerie misgiving—"I wonder if it can be that somebody has been creating a waxen image of me, or stirring an unlucky brew to confound me! I don't believe in such power; and yet—what if they should ha' been doing it?" Even he could not admit that the perpetrator, if any, might be Farfrae. These isolated hours of superstition came to Henchard in times of moody depression, when all his practical largeness of view had oozed out of him.

Meanwhile Donald Farfrae prospered. He had purchased in an depressed a market that the present moderate stiffness of prices was sufficient to pile for him a large heap of gold where a little one had been.

"Why, he'll soon be Mayor?" said Henchard. It was, indeed, hard that the speaker should, of all others, have to follow the triumphal chariot of this man to the Capitol.

The rivalry of the masters was taken up by the men.

September night shades had fallen upon Casterbridge, the clocks had struck half past eight, and the moon had risen. The streets of the town were curiously silent for such a comparatively early hour. A sound of jingling horse-bells and heavy wheels passed up the street. These were followed by angry voices outside Lucetta's house, which led her and Elizabeth Jane to run to the window and pull up the blinds.

The opposite Market-house and Town-hall abutted against its next neighbor, the Church, except in the lower story, where an arched thoroughfare gave admittance to a large square called Bull Stake. A stone post rose in the middle, to which the oxen had formerly been tied for baiting with dogs to make them tender before they were killed in the adjoining shambles. In a corner stood the stocks.

The thoroughfare leading to this spot was now blocked by two four-horse wagons and horses, laden with hay-trusses, the leaders having al-

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ready passed each other, and became entangled head to tail. The passage of the vehicles might have been practicable if empty, but built up with hay to the bedroom windows as they were, it was impossible.

"You must have done it a purpose," said Farfrae's wagoner. "You can hear my horses' bells half a mile each wagon o' them."

"If we'd been minding your business instead of swallowing along in such a greasy manner, you would have seed me," returned the small representative at Henchard.

However, according to the strict rule of the road, it appeared that Henchard's man was most in the wrong, he therefore attempted to back into the High Street. In doing this the near hind-wheel rose against the church yard wall, and the whole mountainous load went over, two of the foot wheels rising in the air and the legs of the thill horse.

Instead of considering how to gather up the load the two men closed in a fight with their fists. Before the first round was hardly over Henchard came upon the spot, somebody having run for him.

Henchard sent the two men staggering in contrary directions he collaring one a rib each hand, turned to the horse that was down, and extricated him after some trouble. He then inquired into the circumstances, and seeing the state of his wagon and its load, began hotly rating Farfrae's man.

Lucetta and Elizabeth Jane had by this time run down to the door and opened it, whence they watched the bright heap of new hay lying in the moon's rays, and passed and repassed by the forms of Henchard and the wagoners. The women had witnessed what nobody else had seen—the origin of the mishap; and Lucetta spoke.

"I saw it all, Mr. Henchard," she cried; "and your man was most in the wrong."

Henchard paused in his harangue and turned "Oh, I didn't notice you, Miss Templeman," said he. "Mr man in the wrong? Ah, to be sure! to be sure! But I beg your pardon notwithstanding. The other's in the empty wagon, and he must have been most to blame for coming on."

"No, I saw it too," said Elizabeth Jane. "And I can assure you he couldn't help it."

Lucetta's white figure disappeared from her doorway inward, and the door was shut before Henchard could reach it to converse with her further.

"Just see that nobody drives against that hay and wagon to-night, Stubberd," said the corn-merchant. "It must bide till the morning, for all hands are in the fields still. And if any coach or road wagon wants to come along, tell 'em they must go round by the back street, and be hanged to 'em."

During these moments Henchard had determined to follow up Lucetta, notwithstanding her cleanness, and he knocked her adieu.

The answer he received was an expression of Miss Templeman's sorrow at being unable to see him again that evening, because she had an engagement to go out.

Henchard walked away from the door to the opposite side of the street, and stood by his hay in a lonely reverie, the constable having strolled elsewhere, and the horses being removed. Though the moon was not bright as yet, there were no lamps lighted, and he entered the shadow of one of the projecting jambs which formed the thoroughfare to Bull Stake; here he watched Lucetta's door.

Candle-lights were flitting in and out of her bedroom, and it was obvious that she was dressing for the appointment, whatever the nature of that might be at each an hour. The lights disappeared, the clocks struck nine, and almost at the moment Farfrae came round the opposite corner and knocked. That she had been waiting just inside for him was certain, for she instantly opened the door herself. They went together by the way of All-Saints' Lane southward, avoiding the front street, guessing at last where they were going, he determined to follow.

Nearly the whole town had gone into the fields. The Casterbridge populace still retained the primitive habit of helping one another in time of need; and thus, though the corn belonged to the farming section of the little community that inhabited the Durnover quarter—the remainder was on less interested in the labor of getting it home.

Reaching the end of the lane Henchard crossed the shaded avenue on the walls, and down the green rampart, and stood amongst the stubble. The "stitches" in shocks rose like tents about the yellow expanse, these in the distance becoming lost in the moonlit haze.

He had entered at a point removed from the scene of immediate operations, but too others had entered at that point, and he could see them winding among the shocks. They were paying no regard to the direction of their walk, whose vague serpentining soon began to bear down toward Henchard. A meeting promised to be awkward, and he therefore stepped into the hollow of the nearest shock, and sat down.

"You have my leave," Lucetta was saying, gaily. "Speak what you like."

"Well, then," replied Farfrae, with the unmistakable inflection of the lower pure, which Henchard had never heard in full resonance on her lips before, "you are sure to be much sought after for your position, wealth, talents, and beauty. But will you resist the temptation to be one of those ladies with lots of admirers—say—and be content to have only a homely one?"

"And who the speaker?" said she, laughing. "Very well, sir, what next?"

"You are convinced, Donald, that I have nobody else," she presently said. "But I should wish to have my own way in some things."

"In everything! What special thing did you mean?"

"If I wished not to live always in Casterbridge, for instance, on finding that I should not be happy here?"

Henchard did not hear the reply; he might have done so had much more been said and care to plan the conversation. They went on toward the scene of activity, where the shocks were forming hundred, a dozen a minute, upon the carts and wagons which carried them away.

Lucetta desired on parting from Farfrae when they drew near the work people. He had some business with them, and though he entreated her to wait a few minutes, she was inexorable, and trapped off homeward alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## JEROME B. CHAFFEE.

Ex-Senator Jerome B. Chaffee, who recently died at the residence of his son-in-law F. S. Stone, Jun., was nearly sixty-one years of age, having been born in Niagara County, New York, in April, 1825. He had been an invalid for several years, suffering from a complication of diseases. Mr. Chaffee was a self-educated man, and a man of indomitable energy. He accepted a clerkship on a grocery store in lieu of a college education, and by strict economy succeeded in accumulating sufficient money to enable him to go into the dry goods business on his own account at the age of twenty-two. He chose Adrian, Michigan, as the place for his enterprise, married there, and secured the leadership of the leading and rising men of the State. He was a natural politician, loving intrigue, and devoted to his party. Zachariah Chandler recognized in him a congenial spirit, and a strong friendship continued unbroken between the two men up to the time of the former's death. From Adrian Mr. Chaffee went to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he spent three years in active business life. The Pike's Peak excitement, in 1860, carried him to the West, and he became one of the founders of Denver city, and, indeed, of the State of Colorado. In this new country he found full vent for his political ambitions and his restless business activity. He dabbled in a little of everything, and made money rapidly. Associated with a few other active spirits, he organized the Territory of Colorado, became the Speaker of the House in the first Territorial Legislature, and was sent as a Territorial Delegate to Congress. Upon the formation of Colorado as a State, he was elected Senator. It was this case of Colorado that made Mr. Hayes the President of the United States, then clearly Mr. Chandler was entitled to the credit of that accomplishment, for it was by his indefatigable efforts more than through any other cause that Colorado succeeded in getting into the Union in 1876. At one time Mr. Chandler became engaged in a controversy with President Grant over the appointment of a Territorial Governor for Colorado, and it was in the "making up" of this quarrel that the ground was prepared for the close, intimate family relationship that subsequently obtained between General Grant and himself through the marriage of General Grant's son and namesake to Mr. Chaffee's daughter.

## ANDREW S. DRAPER.

The new Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Andrew S. Draper, is a lawyer of excellent standing, and a resident of Albany, where his social connections are advantageous. His age is about forty-three years. He has been identified with both the theory and the practice of education for many years, having served as principal of one of the Albany public schools, as teacher in the Albany Academy, and as an officer of the Albany Normal School.

Mr. Draper's nomination by the Republican caucus of the Legislature on the 9th of March is generally esteemed, however, a recognition of his unwearied activity in local politics. The contest for the position was somewhat sharp and among his competitors were Mr. Harper of Cattaraugus, the Albany correspondent of the *Evening Post* and nominated by Genesee County, Mr. Cuyler E. Hawkins, of Jefferson County, who was nominated by Senator Brown, and Mr. William J. Milne, of Genesee County, who was nominated by Senator Warner. On the first ballot Mr. Draper received 41 votes, Mr. Hawkins 22, Mr. Milne 20, and Mr. Cattaraugus 1, and on the fourth ballot Mr. Draper received 61, and he was declared the nominee of the caucus. The next day he was formally elected at a joint session of the two Houses, the Democrats casting a compliment vote for the present Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. James E. Monroe, who has been appointed Chief Examiner for the Civil Service Commission.

## JOSHUA FIERO.

The Hon. Joshua Fiero, who died at his home in Catskill on March 1, of paralysis, was born in the old town of Bronn, now Greenville, in this State, on May 4, 1818. Until he was sixteen years old he worked upon his father's farm, attending school for two months each winter, then for six years he assisted his uncle, who owned and was working large stone-quarries at Malden, in Ulster County, was a clerk in a dry-goods store in Catskill for two years, and then opened a store for himself in the same place, afterward establishing branches in Auburn, Kingston, Leeds, and Ashland. In 1840 Mr. Fiero was a Major of Cavalry in the State militia, and in 1854 he was Adjutant of the Twenty-eighth Regiment. He was a Whig, and afterward a Republican, and a hard worker in both organizations. In 1855 he was elected to the Assembly, and in 1859 he went to Albany as a Republican Senator from the Tenth District, composed of Ulster and Greene counties, where there had been a large Democratic majority theretofore. At the breaking out of the war Mr. Fiero was chairman *pro tem.* of the Senate, and chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Governor Morgan considered him one of the most powerful and trustworthy aids in the execution of those measures for which placed New York in the van of the States contributing the way for the Union. In 1863 Mr. Fiero was Provost Marshal of the Thirteenth Congressional District, and as such officer executed in his district the first draft, in September of that year. He performed his duties wisely but mercifully and generously. His office was not one to win honors, and he resigned it in the fall of 1864. Mr. Fiero married in 1842 Mary F. Parsons, daughter of William Parsons, of Greene County, and by her had eight children, five of whom survive him.

## DR. CHARLES PHELPS.

The new nominee for Health-officer of the port of New York, Dr. Charles Phelps, lives at No. 108 East Nineteenth Street, in this city, and has long been in active practice as a surgeon. He was graduated from Bloom University almost thirty years ago, and soon afterward was matriculated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York. Textbooks of medicine throughout the country Dr. Phelps's name is familiar because of his official connection with Bellevue Hospital and St. Vincent's Hospital, where he has been Visiting Surgeon for eleven years, and also for years of his presidency of the Medical Board of the former institution. He is president too of the Board of Surgeons of the Police Department.

Dr. Phelps, now in the prime of life, has ever held any other political office, and his friends say that he did not which the honorary to send in his name, and that no "claims" were presented in his behalf, save those of ability and integrity. The revenues of the present Health-officer, Dr. Smith, have been, according to his own showing, $27,304 a year, for the four years 1882-5 inclusive, but there is a general feeling that this sum does not represent all that the place is worth.

Dr. Phelps is a man of warm personal friendships and wide acquaintance among the leading Democrats of the city and State, and an active member of the Manhattan Club, but he has never been a member of Tammany Hall, the County Democracy, Irving Hall, or any other political organization, although he is well known as a Democrat.

## SENATOR JOHN F. MILLER.

The death of Senator John F. Miller, of California, which occurred at Washington on the 8th inst., has removed from the United States Senate a member whose record during the civil war was exceptionally brilliant; indeed, it was from a face wound received in action, occasioning the loss of an eye, that the complication of disorders which led to his death originally arose. Senator Miller, whose position in the Senate was more of a social than a political one, was born in Indiana in 1831 of Virginia parents. After a common-school education in his native State he entered the New York State Law School, and was graduated in 1852. He began the practice of his profession at South Bend, Indiana, subsequently removed to California, where he practiced for three years, and then returned to Indiana. He was elected a member of the Indiana State Senate in 1856, but resigned that position to enter the army, going to the front as Colonel of the Twenty-ninth Indiana Infantry. His bravery soon won for him the rank of Brigadier and then that of Major-General, and he served with distinction under Sherman, Buell, Rosecrans, and Thomas, receiving severe wounds in the battles of Stone River and Liberty Gap. He was offered a colonelcy in the regular army after the close of the war, but declined it, and turned his steps toward the Pacific coast, where he succeeded in amassing the immense fortune he has now left to his wife and sole daughter. He was one of the originators of the Alaska Seal Fur Company and was for many years its president. He was in the United States Senate until next year, he having been elected as a Republican to succeed Senator Newton Booth in 1880. The present Governor of California being a Democrat, Senator Miller's death will lessen the Republican majority in the Senate by one. Senator Miller was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

## JAMES C. MATTHEWS.

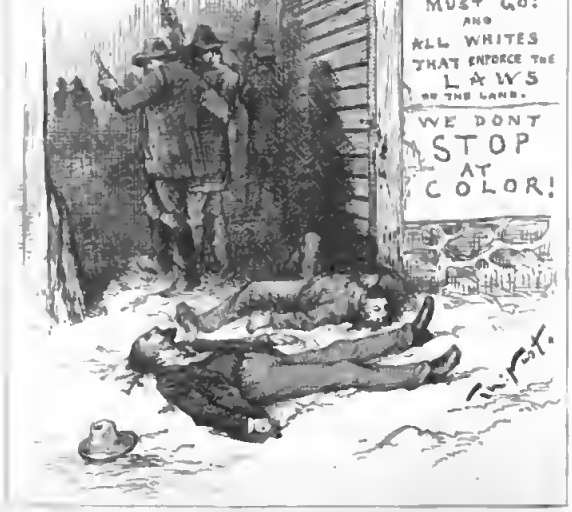
James C. Matthews, who was the other day nominated by President Cleveland to succeed Lawrence Dougan as Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, is a colored resident of Albany, New York, forty years of age, and a lawyer by profession. The office, which Mr. Dougan resigned on January 5 last, is worth about $3000 a year. It had never been filled by a colored man previous to Mr. Dougan's appointment. He is a native of New Haven, Connecticut, but was taken by his parents to Albany at an early age, and was educated at the Boys' Academy on that city. He is said to be the only colored student to whom a diploma was ever issued at that school. His military example certainly seems to have been an admirable one, for he succeeded in carrying away from all his lighter-colored school-mates the first prize for the best English essay and also the Boys' literary medal. After a thorough course at the Albany Law School, he was admitted to the bar of that city in 1870, and subsequently secured the right to practice before the United States courts. He is spoken of as a fluent speaker and a good lawyer. Mr. Matthews has a wife of his own race and several children. He is a near relative of Bishop Jean Lee, the well-known colored preacher. In politics Mr. Matthews was a Republican until 1872, when he connected himself with the Liberal movement.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A book published in London gives instructions for serving eggs in one hundred and twenty different ways, and purports to be comprehensive. There are really, however, one hundred and twenty-one ways, this way not described in the book being that in which eggs are served to unpopular orators in riotous assemblages.

The trustees of Cornell University having purchased the law library (containing 4100 volumes) of the late Merritt King, it is reported that the university is to have a law department. The establishment of a medical school is also under consideration. The matter of the law department rests with a committee of the trustees, who are to report in June.

Two paragraphs have recently been going the rounds of the newspapers the matter of which is undoubtedly erroneous. One says that a Connecticut man consumes two tons of chewing tobacco a year. If that is true, he uses every day about eighty-seven pounds of tobacco of the ordinary size. The other paragraph declares that two women in Paris had a dispute as to which could talk the faster, and that one of them on trial distinctly pronounced 296,311 words in three hours. If that is true, she uttered 1645 words a minute, and twenty-seven words every second, which is commended for trial to any one who thinks it can be done.




MURDERERS STOP AT NOTHING.

Portland, Oregon, March 1.—The bodies of M. Coleman and Wilson Potter, well-known citizens of Seattle, W. T., arrived here from Lake Washington yesterday. They were assassinated by some unknown persons. Coleman was foreman of the Grand Jury that indicted a number of men for participating in the recent Seattle riot, and also those who shot and killed several Chinamen at the Nax Castle coal mines.

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A LOGGERS' CAMP AT NIGHT.—DRAWN BY J. MACDONALD.

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THE UNITED STATES SHIP OF WAR "ATLANTA."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[See Page 192.]

THE MOUTH-PIECE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK LOST—A LIBERAL REWARD OFFERED.

## A VICARIOUS LOVE AFFAIR.

I.

"If you want to keep up your German," said my brother to me one evening when I was cutting the leaves of the *Kunderkiesen*, "you ought to make the acquaintance of our new corresponding clerk, Rudolph Liebau."

"What is he like?" I asked.

"Like the ideal German—big, fair-haired, blue-eyed. He is no bogus count or baron, but the son of a poor professor in Bonn. For the past year this boy—he can't be more than two or three and twenty—has been with his transplanted kinsmen in Milwaukee, and consequently he does not speak English very well yet; but he is learning it so fast that if you don't hurry up he will be of no use to you in the lingo line."

My brother and I seldom seek new acquaintances; we are set in our ways, I suppose; but although we took up Rudolph Liebau for a purely selfish reason, it was not long before we counted him among our friends. He was a singularly winning, lovable young man, and he brought a refreshing atmosphere of youth into our humdrum lives. He did not care to know one two except us, and he would not let me introduce him to the young ladies who confessed to me that they had read a little Schiller, and would be glad to make the acquaintance of the German gentleman. They tried so vain to lure him into the German reading club, and during the holidays they fairly begged me to persuade Herr Liebau to take part in some tableaux that were to be given for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital, they assured me he would make a perfect Lohengrin. When I told Rudolph that, his fair face reddened to the roots of his yellow hair.

"There are two reasons," he said, with unwonted dignity, "why I will not go in the society here. The first is, I cannot afford it."

As I knew to a penny what his salary was, I thought for one fleeting minute that he must be close fisted, but the next minute I was ashamed of the idea.

"And the second is—this," he added, taking a photograph out of his breast pocket and giving it to me. We were in our library, and I studied the face of an extremely pretty girl, while Rudolph gazed dreamily at the open fire.

"Your Elsa?" I said.

"Yes, and her name is Elsa; and that is why I felt so foolish when you told me they wanted me to be Lohengrin. Her name is Elsa Muller, she became engaged before I came to America; and I am saving up money to send for her, for her people are poor, but as soon as I get a little ahead, she has promised to come over here and marry me. Her parents died when she was a child, and she lives in Dusseldorf with an uncle and aunt who have no children. She is fond of them, but she has promised, and we Germans do not break such promises lightly, as you Americans do. I think she will come in the spring. Perhaps I will go after her, but the passage costs a great deal, and I want every dollar I can earn to furnish a house for her. I look at all the little houses," he added, turning to me with an abashed smile, "and I see my Elsa sitting in all the windows, waiting for me to come home."

The ice was broken, he could talk of his Elsa now, and he did talk of her and of his affections for her until, when I read sentimental German stories, I skipped over the love-making, for the words were so familiar that I could tell in a page of them at a glance. My brother was as much interested as I on Rudolph's engagement, and we talked about it a good deal, we pictured the maiden in the city over the sea, waiting for her sweetheart to beckon her to his side, ready for his sake to leave home and kindred, and enter upon a new life among strangers. John and I really revelled in romance. Our lives had been very prosaic, quite lacking in those ardent affections that we read about, and indeed until we knew Rudolph we were inclined to take cynical views of heart affairs. Under his influence, however, we became convinced that there was something in the love that poets and novelists dwell upon so tenderly, we left off scoffing, and respected the mysterious bond that links men and women together. Toward spring we resumed the advertisements of houses to rent, both of us in search of the ideal cottage which expectant brides and grooms are always trying to find, and hastened of discussing plumbing and ventilation, we spoke of vine-hung porches and cosy parlors. When the weather was fine we walked out together on Sunday afternoons, John and I, and he would suddenly point to a house, and say, "Don't you think Elsa would like that?"

"The garden isn't big enough," would very likely be my remark. "Rudolph wants a bit of land where he can raise some flowers." Then presently it would be my turn to point out a house for our young couple, and John would screw up his face, shake his head, and say the house would never suit Elsa, it was too far out of town; in bad weather, she could not get to the butcher's and baker's and candlestick-maker's. So it went, he thinking of her, I of him, and he had a photograph of Elsa in his room; but I did not need a photograph of Rudolph, for I saw him nearly every day. I can hardly explain it, but gradually my brother and I came to regard the love affair as ours—it was as though we were to be married. We with our gray hair and touches of rheumatism, we who had passed through half a century and more of life without one wild raptures or gnawing heartaches. When a steamer came that did not bring an expected letter, John wondered if Elsa were ill, and was anxious until he heard she she had not written—some excellent reason there was always—and I entered into Rudolph's disappointment, and like him watched for the German mail-steamer. We lost all the ups and downs of lovers' lives; we spoke of the future in glowing terms; we dreamed of marriage bells and idyllic honey-moons. Meanwhile the winter were away, and the ice in the Hudson melted under the April sun.

"Elsa ought to be a rarely pretty woman," my brother said one evening when Rudolph entered the library, looking very handsome in the new suit of clothes that he had absolutely been compelled to buy. His face fell, and he shook his head sadly.

"She is afraid of making the journey alone," he said, "and, besides, her aunt is ill." He gave me a letter then. "You may read it all but the first and last pages," he added, as though he conferred a royal favor upon me.

It seemed to me that Elsa set forth her woes almost too eloquently. The aunt was ailing and Elsa could also leave the dear, good woman who had been a tender mother to her? The demands of duty were dwelt upon at great length, but there was a ring to the neatly turned sentences that was not quite true to my ear, and I was suddenly seized by a fear that Elsa's affections might have paled to the two years' separation from her lover. Rudolph smiled wistfully as he received the letter back.

"She has a loyal heart, my Elsa," he said, "and she is grateful to her uncle and aunt. She wishes to be here, she wishes to be there, but I will fetch her to the autumn. She will not fear to cross the sea with me."

There was a triumphant lush in his eyes, and he began to stride about the library, talking incoherently of his plans for the future. He had found a house; he would secure it at once; would I help him buy the furniture? Everything must be ready for Elsa—some flowers on her dressing-table—ah, flowers everywhere! She loved flowers, loved all that was beautiful, and so on, and so on, until at last he went home, talking, I had no doubt, to himself on the way.

I accompanied him soon after that to the house which he proposed to rent in the autumn. It stood in need of some repairs, and the owner promised to make them at once, so that the nest should be ready to receive its mistress when she arrived in September. Lover though he was, there was that prudent German streak in Rudolph which crops out to the midst of sentiment, and he beat his landlord down in the matter of rent as no American could do under like circumstances, and when he talked of furniture he noised hard economy with soft rhapsody in a bewildering fashion. He was determined to go after Elsa in the autumn, but he bemoaned the cost of the passage until my brother was vexed.

"The idea of talking so much about money at such a time!" said John. "Why, he will haggle over the price of the flowers he means to buy to put on his wife's dressing table!"

"That's the German of it," I said. John snatched a newspaper, muttering words that were anything but complimentary to the Germans in general.

"And yet," he exclaimed, "I do honestly believe that Rudolph's heart would be broken if by any chance his sweetheart proved him false; but she won't. I have great faith in Elsa."

I did not venture to hint my fears of her loyalty, yet remembering her all too pretty letter, I sighed. Was she as true to him as he was to her? Rudolph ran across young ladies at our house sometimes, and he hardly knew whether they were fair-haired or dark; he saw only one face—the face of the girl in the city over the sea.

In the midst of the house-repairing and furniture-buying I received an urgent invitation to go to Europe that summer with my cousins, the Moers. I had been to Europe many times, but I was ready to make the journey again, especially when John favored the plan, and declared that he was even willing to have our orphan niece, Amelia Burtonglin, come and keep house during my absence. I mention this to prove how eager he was to have me go, for he did not like Amelia very well—she asked him tormenting questions about our Indian policy and the condition of British politics, and she was most alarmingly learned. Moreover, he despised a badly dressed girl, and she had a genius for getting dowdy, unbecoming clothes; otherwise she might have been considered very good-looking, although her face was too severe to be pleasing. It was John's suggestion that she should stay with him while I was in Europe, and I said:

"The truth is, John, you want me to go abroad and bring Elsa Muller over. Own up to it."

He laughed. "Well, I have rather set my heart on having the wedding here." He looked up and down the long parlors, and glanced at himself in the mirror. "We could stand there," he added, pointing to the deep bay-window.

"We?" I said. "You?"

He absolutely blushed. "I mean they," he exclaimed.

"Amelia will talk cosmology and Buddhism to you," I said, maliciously. "Can you stand that?"

He vowed he could, and he bore my remarks about his devotion to Elsa with perfect good-humor. He was relieved, he owned, when, in response to the letter I sent to Amelia, asking her to keep house for me while I was in Europe, she wrote that she would be glad to oblige me, but she had made an engagement to attend the summer school of science somewhere or other.

"Ah, well," said John, "I can keep house by myself. You go, and bring Elsa back with you early in September."

"Do, ah, do!" said Rudolph; and I may as well confess that it was a good deal because I sympathized with Rudolph that I left my brother to the servants' care, and crossed the sea to Germany, like the lady in the ballad.

II.

It was not until the middle of August that I reached Dusseldorf, where I was to stay with an American friend who was there studying painting, while the Moers went off on a flying trip through Somerland. My friend boarded in an artist's family, and her landlady, who knew Elsa Muller, told me that she was a little coquettic, which was just what I feared and expected. I went to see her. Her uncle and aunt had a floor in a house on the outskirts of the town, and evidently lived in a frugal fashion, but the tiny parlor was as neat as it was stiff. Elsa proved to be even prettier than her picture had represented her, a demure, dark-eyed creature, who greeted me with shy smiles, and begged me to tell her all about Rudolph. When I said that he had a house waiting for her, her face lengthened; but when I asked if she were ready to go to America next month, she actually shuddered.

"It is so very far," she murmured, clasping her hands in despair. "And the waves run so high."

Doubtless a man would have admired her as she sat there, looking piteously out of her large, soft eyes, but I wanted to box her ears. Her aunt came in, a buxom dame of forty, who laughed when I inquired solicitously after her health.

"My health is always good, thank God," she said. "I have not been ill since I was a little child."

Then I knew Elsa had fibbed; but although she was not worthy of the honest, faithful Rudolph, I felt no sorry for him that I tried to excise her interest in him by telling her of his prosperity, and enlarging upon the beauty of the house awaiting her. She and her aunt exchanged a quick glance.

"Rudolph Liebau will get on in the world," said the aunt. "He comes of thrifty people."

"Yes," chimed in Elsa; "and I do not see why he went to America. He was doing very well in the bank at Cologne, and Cologne is a fine town."

She would like to have lived in Cologne, that was clear, and I had a notion that when she engaged herself to Rudolph she had an idea that he would seek his fortune in America. I saw her one evening at an out-door concert, in company with her aunt and uncle and a long-haired young man who languished over her in such a inchoatescel fashion that some English tourists near me paused to him as a typical German lover. He was her second cousin—a *genre* painter, so my friend's landlady told me, and the landlady looked very solemn too, for she knew that Elsa was engaged, and a betrothal in Germany is almost as sacred and binding a tie as marriage.

"The aunt and uncle are a good deal to blame," she added; "they want to keep her over there; but Rudolph Liebau ought to be told of her scandalous conduct."

I could not tell him; I could not even write to my brother about it; for, remembering his affection for Elsa, I shrank from wounding his feelings, and, too, I hoped that Elsa would so the end prove faithful to her engagement. Moreover, in his last letter, John had said that business compelled him to start for the West at once; he did not want to go, but he must, and would be absent a month, and in a month I should see Rudolph myself. In desperation I went to the Mullers', and brought Elsa to promise to go to America with me. I pleaded, I begged, I painted the future in brilliant hues, I almost went on my knees to her; and the sighed, raised up her eyes, wept, but would make no promises. I had an interview with the aunt, another with the uncle. I saw Elsa again; and at last I turned upon all three, and in more vigorous German than I supposed I could master I called them false, fickle, wicked people. I vent them off forever, and I am bound to add that they looked very much relieved when I said I would never darken their door again.

When I joined the Moers in Frankfort, a few days later, I found two letters awaiting me, one from my brother, dated at Chicago. There was not a word of news in it, no mention of domestic concerns, no answer to sundry anxious questions of mine about the cook; nothing but Elsa, Elsa, Elsa up and down four pages. She had not written lately to Rudolph, of course), and he was afraid she was ill. That letter I tore up in exasperation, and did not even think of sending an answer. The other was a curt one from Rudolph. He too said he had not heard from Elsa for some time past, and he begged me to inform him whether he might expect her or not. Until he knew definitely he would take no further steps toward preparing the house to receive her. It was a sad, despairing letter, and before I answered it I wrote and implored Elsa to meet me in Hamburg in time to sail for New York in September 3. Up to the very last minute I looked for her or a line from her, and consequently did not write to Rudolph, but she neither appeared nor vouchsafed me a note, and during the homeward voyage I paced the decks, making safe, consoling speeches to poor Rudolph.

The steamer reached New York a day sooner than it was expected, and as I was not sure that my brother had yet returned home, I thought it hardly worth while to telegraph to him. I had no trouble getting my trunks through the custom-house, and I managed to catch the six-o'clock train up the river. In the drawing room car I met one of my neighbors, a jocose old gentleman, who told me that my brother had returned from the West a few days ago. He assured me that the house was safe and sound, and that everything had run smoothly in my absence. I asked him if he had seen our friend Rudolph Liebau lately.

"The good-looking young German?" he said. "Yes; I saw him almost every day. He has pined sadly during your absence, lost twenty pounds, I guess. We used to be his big smile, but now he is as doleful as possible, goes about with his eyes on the ground, and I think he was ill for a week or two."

I asked no more questions, for the old gentleman was inclined to lay the cause of Rudolph's despondency at my door, to make jokes and poke fun, and I felt in no mood to laugh with him. I understood the German temperament so well, with its tendency to melancholy, that I feared the effect of the bad news on Rudolph. It was not until I reached Newbrook that I remembered that I had not sent a message to our coachman, and as there was no carriage awaiting me, and the hackmen were all engaged, but it was early in the evening, hardly eight o'clock, and the idea of walking home alone did not alarm me in the least. As I turned into our street I saw a man approaching slowly, and I recognized my brother.

"John!" I cried.

He stared at me. "But where is Elsa?" he asked.

"She would not come. She has another lover. She does not mean to marry Rudolph at all."

"Another lover! Does not mean to marry Rudolph!" he repeated.

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I took his arm, and we walked a little way in silence, meeting young couples saunntering to nowhere in particular, as young couples do on a warm, starlit evening. Finally I told my brother the whole story, and when I had done, he said:

"How much and how persuaded Elsa that she will be happier in Germany; but I am afraid she will be sorry some day that she yielded to the old folks' wishes, instead of following the dictates of her own heart. And yet maybe it is all for the best. Poor Elsa! poor child!"

I did not try to convince him that she had on heart, for I saw that he was deeply hurt. We passed Rudolph's lodging house, where the landlady's daughter was playing the jingling tunes on a piano that landladies' daughters always play, and the tears came to my eyes at the thought of the poor unhappy boy.

"Has he heard from her lately?" I asked.

Mr. brother's arm tightened. "I will tell you all about it when we get home. I could not bear to write, and, besides, I hoped against hope up to the very last, but I warn you, dear, that what I have to tell will make you unhappy."

I shivered. I was unhappy enough already. What was I to say to Rudolph—I who had promised to bring Elsa to him safely? How could I tell him that her scandalous flirtation was the subject of gossip in Dusseldorf?

Our house came in sight, all the windows standing wide open, and dim lights shining out here and there. When John and I went up on the piazza I glanced through the long windows into the parlors—for the servants had not closed the shutters, of course—and I saw Rudolph and my niece, Amelia Burroughs, sitting side by side on the sofa, holding hands, and gazing at each other with fond, and even I stopped because I was too amazed to stir, and I heard him say, in pathetic broken English:

"She has not written; I do not think she will come. It may be that she cares for me no more. We were so young! I did not understand my own heart, but now—" He bowed eloquently at Amelia, and she sighed. "I have tried to find out whether she would come," he continued. Not I turned away from the window then.

"How long has Amelia been here?" I asked my brother, in a whisper.

"All summer, though she came meaning to stay only a week. I did not suspect it at first, and I refused to believe it. I talked to Rudolph—I might as well have talked to a stone wall. I could not write to you, and besides, Amelia kept saying that she must go, she had promised to attend the summer school of science, and I thought, once she was out of the way, Rudolph would remember Elsa. When I started has the West she had her trunks packed, ready to leave the next morning, but the stand."

"Evidently," I said, as he rang the bell fiercely to warn the pair on the sofa.

Rudolph married Amelia—she had led him into it, and Elsa married the grave painter, and they all sent each other a cooling presents, and everybody was happy, except our brother and me; but we had loved too deeply, trusted too entirely, for the wounds in our hearts to heal.

CHARLOTTE BURNING.

"DUTCHY."

When Captain CRAWFORD, of the Third Cavalry, U.S.A., was killed when in pursuit of GERONIMO, he was attended by the famous scout "Dutchy." He quickly laid his dead master on the ground, took aim at the Mexican who had shot him, and killed him. Then he finished his work of vengeance by killing the commanding officer of the Mexican detachment to which the slayer of Captain CRAWFORD belonged.

"Dutchy" is an Apache. Formerly he was one of GERONIMO's band, and one of its most desperate members. When the band submitted, three years ago, to General CROOK, "Dutchy" showed that his peace-making was sincere by entering the service of the United States cavalry as a scout. On many occasions he had shown his attachment to Captain CRAWFORD. He turned the knowledge and skill and daring that had made him a formidable foe to such good use for his new master that he became famous before he avenged his death. He boasts that he never missed his mark, whether it were enemy or game. The scout of Indian romance is now rarely met. The fewness of the hostile Indians, and the comparative smallness of the area the topography of which is not accurately laid down on the war maps, have taken the old fashioned scout's occupation away. Of those that are left there is perhaps not another so famous as so faithful and dangerous to the enemy as old "Dutchy."

## MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

MR. J. P. MAHAFFY, in his ingenious essay on the *Decay of Modern Preaching*, says of the difficulties in the way of the success of the preacher: "He is not to speak too loud or too low; he must not be too long or too short. If he employs anecdote, he is thought lazy. If he keeps to dogma only, he is thought dry. In fact, every sort of departure from a fixed way of speaking is resented by some section of his congregation." A sketch of the lives of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY will perhaps show that they have answered the question of the right mode of interesting men as a practical way. They have both the advantage of business training, and they have carried the directness of business life into the pulpit. This fact accounts for much in their methods, which, though unprofessional, are exceptionally successful. DWIGHT L. MOODY was born February 5, 1837, in Northfield, Massachusetts. At four years of age he lost his father, the mother, left with a house and a little land, fought a brave battle with poverty until her children became old enough to take care of her. DWIGHT must have been a hardy, self-willed boy. He went to the district school, but learned very little beyond some skill in declamation.

In his seventeenth year he went to Boston, where he was employed as a salesman in the shoe store of his maternal uncle SAMPSON, and lived at Boston. Both in Boston and afterward in Chicago he proved himself to be an expert salesman. He was brought to an earnest Christian life by the Rev. Dr. KIRK, of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church. His first application to join this church was refused, there was a distrust felt of the wayward, self-willed youth, which only time overcame. In 1856 he was admitted as a member, and with his usual energy began to speak at social and mission services, but with so little satisfaction to those who heard that he was requested to keep quiet. In the fall of 1856 he went to Chicago, where he again found employment as a salesman, and where, too, he again showed unusual capacity for business. In Chicago, as in Boston, his mode of speaking in private religious meetings was so distasteful to his fellow worshippers that he was quickly silenced. Nothing daunted, he next occupied himself with hunting up street boys and persuading them to come to Sunday school—arriving in fact, as a sort of roaming collector. In this he had great success, and soon was able to open a school of his own in one of the worst parts of Chicago, obtaining the use of the hall over the North Market, he brought together a company of almost ungovernable urchins, disciplined them, and taught them the rudiments of morals and religion. In this field he had the aid of JOHN V. FARWELL, the well known dry goods merchant. In four many months the average attendance had risen to more than six hundred, with an average attendance of one thousand persons. Mr. MOODY's tact and ingenuity were never more conspicuous than in the management of this mission. His success as an organizer created a demand for him at Sunday school conventions, where again his propensity to speak seemed to make him troublesome. From his Sunday school he passed to the service of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, with which his name has ever since been closely identified. During the war he was one of the Christian Commission's army chaplains. Immediately after the great fire in Chicago, October, 1871, his church and school building was replaced by a Tabernacle of rough boards, which, during the memorable winter following, became a centre of practical charity.

Up to this time Mr. MOODY was little known to the public outside of Chicago, and even in Chicago it had been necessary for him to prove the quality of his character, and to conquer obstinate prejudice. In 1872, accompanied by Mr. SANKEY, he went to England. Arrived there, the evangelists found that the two gentlemen who had invited them were dead. At a venture, they began in the cities of York and Sunderland. Events ran their usual course, they were accused of selfish motives, were told that their direct mode of speech was not relished—in a word, that they were not wanted. In Newcastle the prejudices of the people and the clergy were overcome, and from that time the evangelists had the ear of England. From the point the progress of MOODY and SANKEY throughout the United Kingdom is too well known to need repeating. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, and London audiences ranging from three thousand to ten thousand persons crowded the largest halls to listen to the novel combination of simple speech and inartistic song. Never were the chief themes of the Christian religion more artlessly handled, and never with greater effect. In London fourteen thousand persons assembled daily in the great hall of the Agricultural Society. Her Majesty's Opera-house, in the West End, and Bow Road, in the East of London, were also in their turn filled with eager listeners. In the Opera-house success it was proved that Mr. MOODY's style of address did not repel the most refined hearers. His sincerity and effectiveness drew all classes of society to him.

Returning home, the remarkable services in our own chief cities followed. In New York the Madison Square Garden, in Philadelphia the Pennsylvania Railroad's freight station, were utilized. These meetings sometimes lasted for weeks with unabated interest. Among the recent successes of Mr. MOODY none is more striking than his conquest of prejudice in Oxford and Cambridge. His first service at Oxford was so disturbed by the noises made by the undergraduates that there were minutes when it was impossible for him to proceed. With wonderful tact and patience he persisted till he gained the good will of his almost riotous audience. Before long he had won many hearts, and the impression left upon numerous members of the university promises to be both deep and lasting. Like success attended his visit to Cambridge. Of late the labors of the two evangelists at home have been given to the smaller towns.

Mr. SANKEY's public life has been so associated with that of Mr. MOODY that an account of one is necessarily an account of the other. IRA D. SANKEY was born in Edinburgh, western Pennsylvania, in 1840. He is of Methodist parentage, and had no much experience of struggle with poverty in early life as fell to the lot of Mr. MOODY. His father was a man of property, at one time a member of the State Legislature, and held an official position in the Methodist church to which he belonged. Young SANKEY was musical from boyhood. He became a church member among the Methodists at Newcastle in his sixteenth year. His solo singing was even then effective, and he had been in much request at religious conventions before Mr. MOODY knew him. The two met at a Young Men's Christian Association Convention, when Mr. MOODY proposed the partnership in evangelism which has continued ever since. Mr. SANKEY makes no pretensions to high art, sing in with him a means to an end, and he employs it with direct reference on this end on all occasions. It might be said that the ballad has come into vogue again, this time in the service of Christianity. One of his most famous pieces, "The Ninety and Nine," was found in a Scotch paper, but the melody is his own. His enunciation in singing is peculiarly distinct, and the song-sermon adds to the effect of the spoken sermon of his associate.

Mr. MOODY's manner of life apparently agrees with him, for he has been growing stouter year by year. He has the capital advantage of a cheerful temperament, and must speak with little if any nervous exhaustion.

## THE MOODY SCHOOLS AT NORTHFIELD.

It needs little observation of Mr. MOODY's career to convince one that he is possessed of unusual executive ability. Indeed, it may be fairly claimed that a large part of his success as an evangelist is due to his power in administration. Wherever he opens his mission he organizes beforehand all the Christian forces of the neighborhood. Many of these forces have not been utilized for years, but under the inspiration of his enthusiasm they are again brought into action. One could easily, therefore, foresee his success as a founder of schools and also could readily predict that his personal views of Bible study would be impressed on both teachers and scholars. To make the Bible the foundation of all culture, and to prepare young men and women for self help and for active Christian service, are the avowed objects of the Northfield seminary for girls and the Mount Hermon school for boys.

To begin with, Mr. MOODY has troops of friends in England and America who bring confidence in the man, are ready to give practical help. Abundant funds have been secured, and adequate buildings have risen upon them, as if by magic. The girls' seminary was projected in 1879, and the boys' school later, but already both are fairly equipped. The place could had have been better chosen. No one has ever made the tour of the valley of the Connecticut River but has confessed the charm of its quiet beauty. The river winding in and out, the meadows that skirt its banks, the hills on either side, make a picture which the traveller does not easily forget. North field is at a point where three states—New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts—meet, and the scenery begins to be more rugged than in the broader stretches to the south. The grounds of the girls' seminary comprise two hundred and fifty acres, and those of the boys' school, four miles away, four hundred. The students have ample room and verge enough for both body and mind—an advantage which we hope will be extensively copied. One of the strange facts of the life of the colleges and schools founded in our country in the last century, and even later, is the small allowance of land allotted to each. Our forefathers were prominent in doing out that of which they had the greatest abundance.

To come to details. In both schools a rigorous exclusion of applicants who seem, from habit or otherwise, to be unfit for admission, is exercised. In the seminary girls who offer themselves must be fifteen years of age and in good health. This last requisite is very properly insisted upon, for the young women are expected "to perform all the work of a house, under the supervision of a matron." It is to be hoped that the work of the home is light, for heavy lifting, and indeed all labor which ends so much bodily weariness, is unsuited to young women who spend a part of every day in a school room. However, the buildings are heated by steam, and water, hot and cold, is in good supply on all the floors. Yet it is one thing to teach house-keeping by practice, just possible superseded, and quite another to impose a cooking labor on school-girls who are sufficiently tasked with their class duties. The results of this system in the famous Mount Holyoke Seminary are not quite so satisfactory as one could wish, although as we say this we give our tribute of admiration to it and its saintly founder, Mary Lyon. But there will always be two theories on this subject, and Mr. MOODY is fully entitled to choose which of them he will accept for himself.

There are two courses of study, the one Latin, the other English, each covering three years. In both, English composition is a leading feature, but we miss any mention of English literature. Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil are read in the Latin; Greek, French, and German are added as elective studies, but no authors to be read are named in mathematics, algebra and geometry are required studies, while trigonometry is elective. In every year and section of a year the Bible is a text-book; much time is spent on the life of Christ, which is as it should be. There are enough subjects of study, if they are thoroughly taught, to give young women an adequate education. The whole cost of board and instruction for a year is $100. This implies the endowment of scholarships, and we observe that such endowments are called for. Mr. MOODY shows that he intends, as usual, to be master of the situation; the school is not open to all, but only to such pupils as are fully approved. On these terms he ought to be able to gather under the roof of his seminary, from America and England, a very choice company.

The boys' school is just as rigorously selective. Its place, as already stated, is a farm of four hundred acres, about four miles from the girls' seminary, and very prettily named "Mount Hermon." It is emphatically a training school for Christian work. The trustees state that "long, disorderly, or vicious boys will not be received knowingly, or being retained if received ignorantly." Pupils are taken only on probation, and must be sixteen years of age. The questions proposed to the candidate for admission, or his parents, are of the searching character, such as: "Has the candidate shown an ambition to excel in anything?" "Has he formed any purpose in life?" "What prominent traits of character?" "Has he had any bad companionships?" "Why do you wish to send him to this school?" If candidates for admission to our colleges were so thoroughly tested, what a thinning out there would be, and with what beneficial results to the colleges themselves! We may some day, in this country, practically apply the theory that a college or university is a learned society, organized for the purpose of promoting culture, and therefore that young men who have no real interest in these own culture are by that fact debarred from membership. Mr. MOODY's boys' school does not contemplate culture in any high sense, the most that is aimed at is a good grounding in English, as a preparation for colleges. The boys are required to work on the farm two or three hours each day. They turn their hands to all varieties of field labor, and are trained to take care of live stock. For work done beyond the required hours, wages are paid. Those who remember GOETHE's ideal scheme of education in the *Wilhelm Meister* need not be told that a pretty picture he makes of the boys, with their three reverences, at work in the open fields,

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DWIGHT L. MOODY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

and enjoying life to the full. At Mount Hermon there is a practical farmer, with a few hired hands to help, and the boys do the rest. Here, then, is a big gymnasium of four hundred acres, and a training for the muscles, but a training which contributes every day to the capability of self support.

Very wisely, we think, the family system, as distinguished from the congregate, has been adopted in housing the boys. They are divided into family groups of not more than twenty, each house being under the care of two ladies. This is a modification of the dormitory system, which, if well maintained, cannot fail of good results. The dormitory system is essentially monastic, and it is surprising how tenacious of life this relic of middle-age habits has been. In those ages the teachers were monks, and the students had necessarily to live apart from the world, in cloisters, in order to be under the supervision of their teachers. But teachers are no longer monks, and the necessity for the dormitory system no longer exists. WICHERN, in founding the Hamburg Rough House, laid down the broad principle that the nearer he could keep to existing social relations, the more likely he would be to succeed; "that the family is God's own order, and the natural place for a child, and that family life is the circle within which the purest and strongest influences are to be sought." What is true of children is equally true of growing youth; the more closely their school life can be allied to home life, the more surely they will be guarded from vice.

Unquestionably the education of average boys must include the training of the muscles as well as of the brain. Already the industrial school is allied far as the correlative of the public school. And as the old apprenticeship system is now extinct, school training of the muscles in the practice of handicrafts must take its place. Mr. Moody has adopted for his boys the best of all the arts, that of tilling the soil. The old Jewish practice of giving every boy a trade has much to commend it, and as we have inherited so much from Judaism, it might be wise to claim that part of our heritage too. An enthusiastic English friend of Mr. Moody, who visited Mount Hermon in September last, thus describes what he saw: "The grain harvesting was over, but a score or so of the students were busy reaping, binding, and shocking a splendid crop of Indian corn. Others were actively employed in the laundry; others were cleaning out the school building; and yet others were doing some of the hundred and one odds and ends that need to be attended to on a large farm. Later on, there was the usual evening 'milking bee.' Some eighty cows are kept on the place, and all these are milked or otherwise tended by the students, who also feed the pigs, attend to the dairy, churn the butter, etc."

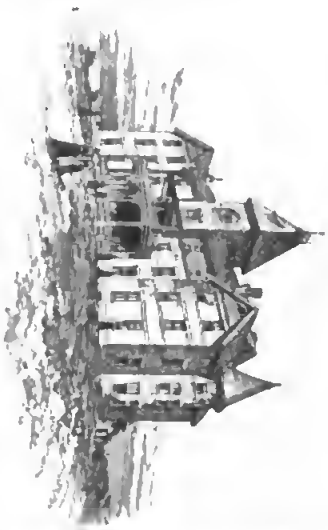
We observe that Mr. Moody is calling for help in money that he may be better enabled to carry out his plans. In his appeal he states that "more students than the buildings will hold are waiting for admittance." We trust that he will not need to wait long for all the money he requires. The school is the product of his convictions, and his conviction of the need of a Christian basis of all education is thoroughly sound. But Mr. Moody's Christianity is not of the make believe sort. Holding that Christ's word is the law of life for men, he makes it the supreme law in the training of boys and girls. And is he not in this altogether right?

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

BIRTHPLACE OF MR. MOODY AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. MOODY'S RESIDENCE AT NORTHFIELD.

DORMITORY.

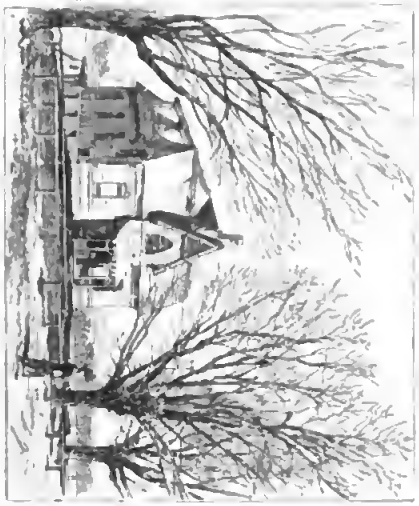


EAST HALL.

DINING-HALL.

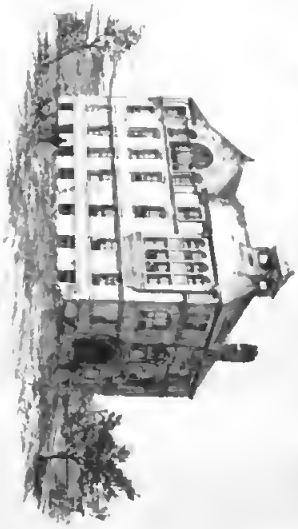
BOYS' SCHOOL AND DORMITORIES.

TOWN HALL, LOOKING FROM THE RESIDENCE OF TRA D. SANKEY.



YOUNG LADIES' RECITATION HALL.

HAMPTON HALL.



BOYS' RECITATION HALL.

RECITATION HALL.

THE MOODY SCHOOLS AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY LOUIS JOSTE.—[See Page 187.]

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## THE ARION SOCIETY.

The Arion Society is one of the leading musical associations of this city. Although it was at the beginning an offshoot of the Liederkranz Society, it has long since gained a position of independence, and is to-day the formidable though friendly rival of the parent organization. The first concert of the Arion Society was given in the Apollo Rooms on Broadway, on the 29th of January, 1854, and its first masquerade ball (that splendid mid-winter revel which annually attracts the attention of thousands of merry-makers) took place the following winter. Mr. Carl Bergmann was its first conductor. It was the Arion Society which produced Wagner's *Tannhäuser* at the old Stadt Theatre more than twenty-five years ago, and long before the presentation of a Wagner opera had become the easily popular matter that it is to-day. It was a year later, in 1860, that the Arion, in open competition with all the leading singing societies of the United States at the Sängerfest in Buffalo, succeeded in bearing away the first prize.

The head-quarters of the Arion Society have for years been in St. Mark's Place, but it has for some time been apparent to the members that a more commodious club-house must be sought. Several months ago a suitable site was secured at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue. It is on this commanding site, in close proximity to the handsome head-quarters of the Liederkranz Society, that the building illustrated in this issue is to be erected. The picture is from the drawings of Messrs. De Lemos & Cordes, the architects. The building plot has a frontage of 125 feet on Park Avenue and 60 feet on the cross street. The first story will be of stone, and the upper stories of buff brick and terra-cotta. There will be a handsome main entrance on the avenue, and a minor entrance on Fifty-ninth Street. The estimated cost of the building is $200,000. In the third or top story will be the concert-room or dancing-hall, an apartment that is to be 66 by 120 feet in dimensions.

## THE "ATLANTA."

The cruiser *Atlanta* belongs to the first group of four steel vessels ordered by Congress for the navy. A second group, consisting of two cruisers and two gun-boats, was authorized a year ago, but is not yet contracted for. A third group is now under consideration.

The *Atlanta* is the second to be completed of the first group, built by Mr. John Roach. Her predecessor was the *Dolphin*; but while the latter, from her small dimensions and light armament, is only classed with despatch vessels, the *Atlanta* and her sister ship the *Boston* will form additions to the fighting navy.

The contract for the *Atlanta* called for a vessel having a length between perpendiculars of 270 feet; length on water-line, 276 feet; length over all, 283 feet; depth from garboard-streak to under side of superstructure deck, 34 feet; height of main-deck port sill from load water-line, 11 feet; freeboard at extremities of superstructure, 9 feet; breadth (extreme), 42 feet; draught at load water-line (mean), 16 feet 10 inches; displacement at water-line, 3000 tons; area of plain sail, 10,400 square feet; complement of men, 270; battery, four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; indicated horse-power, 3500; sea speed, 13 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 580 tons.

Vessels of this type usually have an open deck battery and a poop and top-gallant forecastle; but it was provided that in the *Atlanta* the poop and forecastle should be moved to the centre of the ship, forming a central superstructure, leaving the deck forward and aft clear for the play of the guns. Outside the forward port angle and the after starboard angle of the superstructure an 8-inch long rifled gun will be mounted in a barbette about three feet high, built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from forty degrees abaft the beam on the port side, sweeping the whole deck forward, to thirty degrees abaft the beam on the starboard side, and there is a like arrangement for the after gun. Within the superstructure are six 6-inch breech-loading rifles. Forward and aft the *Atlanta* will not be so dry in heavy weather as if she had a forecastle and poop. Her rig is that of a brig. She has a steel protective deck and water-tight compartments, while longitudinal bulkheads extending throughout the machinery space are used as coal-bunkers, giving a coal protection eight feet thick above the water-line, and an average of five feet thick for some distance below it.

Since the contract for the *Atlanta* and *Boston* was given out it has been subjected to slight modifications, as usual, while the insolvency of the contractor, Mr. Roach, has caused these vessels and the *Chicago* to be completed under government direction. Substantially, however, the foregoing statistics give the *Atlanta's* dimensions, plan, protection, and battery power.


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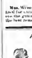

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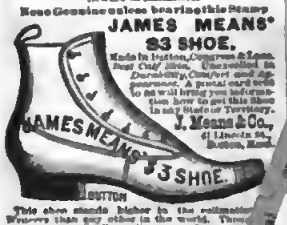


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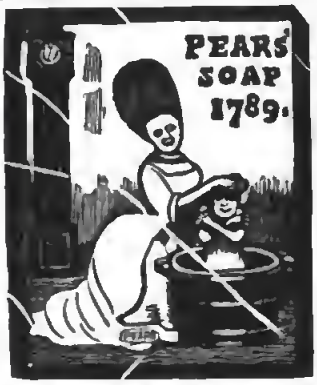


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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1527.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

## A LOSING GAME.

THE contest which the Senate has been waging with the President is part of the game for position in 1888. It can have no other practical result. The Senate may resolve that it is right and the President wrong, but it can do nothing except to refuse to confirm nominations, and for the consequences of such action it must account to the country. It is, we think, correct in its view of the right of the Senate to see all public papers on file in the departments. But that is a question in which the public is no more interested than in the abstract principles of the controversy between the Whig Senate and General JACKSON. The Whig Senate was generally right, but the popular sympathy went with the belligerent President, who said that he was responsible to the people, not to Congress, and who seemed to the popular mind to be a single man fighting a host. In the pending controversy the Republican Senate does not command the public sympathy for three reasons: one is that it arraigns the President for withholding information upon public matters which it refuses itself to impart to the public; the second is that it wrongfully insists, despite the very terms of what it calls the President's pledges, that suspension is a personal stigma upon the officer suspended; and the third is that it seeks practically to brand the President as a spurious civil service reformer, while it is in the very act of violating sound principles of reform and of a good service.

For reasons which we have reiterated all papers relating to appointments and removals which are addressed to the President are intrinsically public papers, and are properly open not only to the inspection of Congress, but of the public, under proper conditions. But the common understanding, which has become a tradition, that many such papers are of the highest confidential character, makes it dishonorable to expose them. Henceforward, however, the President may well cause it to be understood that every person who assumes to write to him on behalf of the public, to influence appointments and removals, must remember that as the letters do not relate to the President's or to the correspondent's private business, but to the business of the public, the public will be at liberty to see them. But this is not the contention of the Senate, which insists only that the President shall not withhold such papers from the Senate. In the second place, the assertion that the President has said that he would suspend only for cause, and that therefore suspension is a personal stigma, and withholding the papers is really a refusal of common justice to a person publicly accused by the President of some kind of official malfeasance, is an untrue allegation, and in no degree justified by the words of the President. He has never said that he would remove only for cause, in the sense of personal or official dishonesty. His words upon this subject, in the letter to which the debate has constantly referred, are these:

"There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service status, but which are so disconnected with the policy of the Administration that the removal therefrom of the present incumbents in my opinion should not be made, during the terms for which they are appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in sympathy with the appointing power; but many now holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management. The lessons of the past should be unlearned, and such officials, as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service."

This is a plain intimation that officers will be suspended, not for official malfeasance only, but for offensive partisanship, and it is a very poor trick to insist that in consequence of this declaration every suspended officer is personally disgraced.

Above all, however, the weakness of the Senate in this controversy is that it morally assumes the position of the champion of civil service reform. But as if to turn its own claim into ridicule, in the midst of sneering at the President as a sham reformer, it confirms nominations which should not have been made, and against which there is an imposing protest for detailed and unanswerable reasons. If, therefore, the President be shamming, the Senate is a self-confessed accomplice in the sham. Take the case of FREDERICK SALOMON. He was Surveyor-General of Utah—a soldier of the Union, a man and a public officer without stain. He was suspended, and RICHMOND S. DEMENT was nominated to succeed him. He was not a civil engineer. He had been just convicted by the affidavit of reputable men of gross falsehood. The Public Lands Committee of the Senate unanimously recommended his rejection. He was openly described in the executive session as a "crank," a "fool," a "monumental ass," and when, according to the uncontradicted statement, the report upon his unfitness was presented, Senator LOGAN, who announced last spring in Boston that civil service reform is the child of the Republican party, made a personal appeal for DEMENT's confirmation, not because he was fit for the office, nor because SALOMON had been justly suspended, but because DEMENT had been personally useful to him. Senator LOGAN. It was the worst form of one of the worst abuses of the spoils system, and there were enough Republican Senators to maintain and enforce it during a pause in the Republican arraignment of President CLEVELAND as false to reform. These are the things—practical acts, and not professions in a platform—which show the hollowness of the pretence that civil service reform is the Republican policy. And this is the kind of thing which leaves the Senate without the sympathy of the friends of reform. In the strife for position the Republican Senate is playing a losing game for its party. Its real and useful "game" would be, not to try to show that the President is false, but to prove that the Republican party is true. What is the game played for? To recover the confidence of independent and reform voters. But does any Senator suppose that such confidence is likely to be recovered by practising the worst abuses that demand reform? If the President, as is alleged, shows his contempt for reform by nominating Senator GORMAN's henchmen in Maryland and Senator LOGAN's friend DEMENT in Utah, what does the Senate do in confirming them? For its own purposes the Senate is playing a losing game.

## THE NAVY.

IF CHINA should choose to resent our impotence in regard to the massacre and outrage of the Chinese upon the Pacific slope by sending war ships to destroy the $180,000,000 of destructible property in San Francisco accessible to the guns of such ships, we should be as impotent to defend ourselves as we now profess to be to protect the Chinese victims of American violence. "It is the unanimous opinion of your committee,' says the report of the Naval Committee of the House, "that the government of the United States might not longer to permit the lives and property of American citizens to be thus manifestly held at the mercy of so many foreign nations." To this declaration the whole country will cry Amen, and it will approve also the general spirit and purpose of the committee to provide a naval armament suited to the situation. The provisions of its bill have been well summarized as follows. It contemplates two sea-going armored vessels of about 6000 tons displacement, designed for a sea speed of sixteen knots an hour, with engines of at least 6000 indicated horse-power, and costing, including engines and machinery, and exclusive of armament, not more than $2,500,000 each, and these vessels shall have each a complete torpedo outfit, and be armed in the most effective manner; three protected double bottomed cruisers of not less than 3500 nor more than 5000 tons displacement, to have the highest practicable speed, to cost, excluding armament, not exceeding $1,500,000, and the cost of the three vessels, including engines and machinery, not to exceed $4,000,000; four first class torpedo-boats, costing in the aggregate not more than $400,000; one torpedo cruiser of about 800 tons displacement, with full torpedo outfit, spars and masts, high power rifle, and secondary battery armament, with steel deflective deck, and sea speed of at least twenty-two knots, to cost complete, excluding armament, not to exceed $300,000, which sum is appropriated.

The double-turreted Monitors *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, and *Terror* are to be completed, and the bill provides, as the report says, that one or more of the new vessels contemplated by the bill shall be constructed in one or more of the navy-yards of the United States. Power is also given to the Secretary to build or complete government workshops or vessels included in the bill, in case it should become apparent to him that contractors have made a combination against the government. The weight of evidence is that contract ships are cheaper; but there is some strong testimony tending to show that government built ships are cheaper. The committee also found that it was "expedient" to extend the practice of building ships of war by contract. One of the desirable results to follow from this policy will be the encouragement of private ship-building and the consequent multiplication of the means of rapidly increasing our naval strength in case of need. Large discretion is properly given to the Secretary of the Navy, and the report is signed by every member of the committee. The sum of $14,000,000 is appropriated, to be expended by the Secretary, so that there will be at last a proper personal responsibility for the expenditure. The disposition to distrust such responsibility leads often to a system of intended checks and balances which ends in a total dispersion of responsibility, so that often for the most shameful waste no person can be fairly held accountable.

It is fortunate for the country that the report was unanimous. It shows a happy concord between members of both parties in the committee, not only as to the general desirability of an adequate navy, but also as to the best practical way to begin to obtain it. The party organs, of course, will struggle to give a party aspect to the undertaking, and as Secretary CHANDLER was not in good repute among Democrats, an attempt will be made to foster Republican distrust of Secretary WHITNEY. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. WHITNEY's administration of his department is regarded by the country with no less favor certainly than that of Mr. CHANDLER, and there is a very general conviction that Secretary WHITNEY is not only an officer of perfectly clean hands, but of superiority to every kind of departmental favoritism and intrigue. The bill for the reorganization of the Naval Department prepared by the Naval Committee in accordance with the suggestions of the Secretary in his annual report is heartily approved by him as agreeable to the results of the best experience in naval administration in other countries. The establishment of an official council in the department, however, with no administrative or executive authority whatever to consider such questions as the Secretary may refer to it, seems to be quite superfluous. Such an organization is not necessary to enable the Secretary to ask the advice that he needs. It is cumbrous, and rather worse than useless. But the bill restores the headship of the department to the Secretary, to whom it belongs, and it will promote its general efficiency by defining responsibility. This naval awakening, and its proposed result, if it can be properly consummated, will be one of the chief praises of the Administration. After the melancholy experience of the last decade, even to begin the building of a proper American navy will be a work to which every patriotic American will rejoice, and unless the Senate should fatally change the bill, that beginning is now likely to be achieved.

## AT QUARANTINE.

THE terms of the present Health-officer and of the Quarantine Commissioners expired long since, and they have held over, until now the Governor has nominated their successors. The revelations of the last year in regard to rag disinfection, and the plain statement of Mr. JUDD, one of the present Commissioners, that the Quarantine system is a "humbug" and "a fraud"; the knowledge that the emoluments of the Health-officer were enormous, and that the State Committee of his party levied heavily upon his fees for the most questionable election purposes, under the familiar plea of "necessary and legitimate expenses" of the election; and the general belief that there is a Quarantine ring of politicians which profits by various schemes of disinfection, and by the corruption made practicable by the immense revenues of the office—have made it most desirable that there should be a thorough change. Governor HILL therefore has nominated Dr. PHELPS for Health-officer, a physician of character and standing, and a Democrat, and three gentlemen for Quarantine Commissioners, two of whom are Republicans, and all of whom are of unexceptionable character.

The obvious and the best possible thing to do under the circumstances is to confirm the nominations. But Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, one of the present Commissioners, and a well-known politician, says substantially that he cannot believe that a Republican Senate would confirm a Democrat for an office so important as the Health-office, and a correspondent of the *Tribune* states the objection without circumlocution. "As Republican," he says, "dreams of giving that office with its fees of $25,000 to a Democrat, to be used as a campaign fund next fall when the time arrives to elect the Assemblyman who will vote for United States Senator." That is to say, the Republican party wants the Quarantine "boodle" for its own "legitimate expenses" in securing a Republican Legislature. There is an evasion in this plain statement of the case. It is not surprising that those who look upon the Health-office as the rich source of a corruption fund for the "legitimate expenses" of a party should be bitterly opposed to the Gotswold bill, which abolishes the enormous and demoralizing receipts of the Health-office and provides a liberal and competent salary for the Health-officer.

Intelligent Republican Senators must be aware that in the present political situation, when parties are not divided by distinctive policies, the Republican party in the State will be judged by its action upon questions of wise and economical administration. If the Republican Legislature should defeat a bill so obviously reasonable and satisfac-

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tory as the Gmswold bill, which, as every voter in the State sees, dries up a fountain of corruption, and of the Republican Senate insists upon retaining an official body which is believed, despite the protest of one of its members, Mr. Jenn, to whom on suspicion of the kind attaches, to be "the fence" of outrageous abusers, the Republican party will suffer very much more seriously than it could possibly suffer by the loss of a few thousand dollars from the fund for its "legitimate expenses." Mr. Platt is a Republican politician in rather desperate straits. But, after all, sustaining him in the office which gives him his importance by opening the little sluice from the Quarantine receipts into the party treasury is not a Republican principle, and to make it a Republican policy would be a grave blunder.

## SENATORIAL COMMON SENSE.

Senator Blackburn recently offered in open session of the Senate a report from a committee in regard to an appointment, and the horror which overcame the Senate is said to have been not unlike that of a pious congregation when a blasphemer laughs out in church. Mr. Evarts, in a similar moment of good sense, gravely offered in open session a petition against an appointment. There was a similar Senatorial shudder, and the affair was hushed up.

But can anybody give a good reason why a committee of the Senate reporting upon a subject of current public interest, such as the filling of an office, should not be heard in the open Senate, or why the names of persons who undertake to secure or to prevent appointments, not in their own, but in the public service, should be withheld from the public? Is an appointment to office more the business of twenty or thirty men who sign a petition than of the community on whose behalf, and without any authority, it is asked?

Who is so much interested as the public in the character of those who are appointed to the public service? and as the lives and careers of those who are nominated for election are publicly canvassed, can anybody tell why those who are nominated for appointment should not submit to the same ordeal? If a man is nominated for Governor of New York, the light of inquiry and discussion is turned upon every act of his life. If he is nominated for Collector, why should he stand in the dark?

## MRS. BANCROFT.

Every one who knew Mrs. Bancroft was aware of her singular social accomplishment and charm, but only those who knew her somewhat intimately knew also what an incomparable helpmeet she was to her husband. Not only did she sympathize entirely with his literary tastes and aims, and share his generous ambitions, but her fine tastes, her exact eye, her familiarity with all good literature, and her unwearied patience made her one of the most admirable of counsellors on every detail of literary form. She read carefully, and as carefully and thoughtfully corrected, the proofs of his works, and the historian could not submit to a sounder judgment than hers any doubtful or difficult point in his studies or his conclusions. His work was not complete until it had received her complete approval.

Mrs. Bancroft's interest in society was great, and unabated to the end. Familiar with every detail of social consonance, her manners had a refined dignity and precision which carried a cool nonchalance statelinesss into social intercourse, and rebuked the free and easy conduct of a more careless generation. In her long life she had seen at home and abroad all the most distinguished persons of her time. As the wife of the Secretary of the Navy in Washington, of the American Minister in London and in Berlin, and of one of the most eminent scholars and the most distinguished historians of her own country, her social experience was very wide and various, and as she was a very shrewd observer, she was at once a high social authority, and in conversation a most charming social annalist.

Her character had all the constancy and force of the Puritan stock from which she sprang but she was totally free from extravagance of sentiment or of expression. Her household was ordered with a thoroughness and care of which only the results and never the means were evident. With her, in truth, society began at home; and home was as full of her serene and stimulating presence that nothing but the consciousness of that lenxtinguishable intelligence can cheer the darkness which her departure leaves.

## AMONG THE FAITHLESS, FAITHFUL.

There is one officer of the United States who, in the midst of the massacre and mobbing of innocent Chinese, does his duty promptly, fearlessly, and as effectively as his resources permit. We mean Governor Squire, of Washington Territory, who met the outbreak at Seattle with a declaration of martial law, and who has shown the best possible disposition for the summary treatment of the murderers and rioters in the Territory.

Governor Squire was loyally and strongly supported by good citizens of King County, in which Seattle is situated. A public meeting of the bar was held at Seattle after the outbreak, and after denouncing the crime in the plainest terms, and commending the action of the Governor, and demanding implicit obedience to the law, the meeting further resolved:

"That in a community like this, where there are no privileged classes and very little fixed capital, and where all are workers in some industry or calling, and where the prosperity of any class is intimately associated with the prosperity of all, there is no occasion for jealousy, animosity, or strife, and that those pestilent agitators who, abandoning every useful calling, have for months past, and at a time when western Washington was to human view about entering upon an era of prosperity unprecedented in her history, devoted themselves to arraying one class against another, by lies and incendiary appeals, are the worst enemies of society, and are especially the enemies of our honest working men, whom they are striving in dope and trick into becoming his breakers, and whose livelihood they already have imperiled by frightening capital out of the country, and by breaking up industries which have only been established after years of laborious exertion and sacrifice.

"That we call upon all the people of this county and this Territory to rebuke incendiary agitation, secret intrigue, and sedition, and to render a steadfast and loyal support to a government that has showered greater blessings upon mankind than any other, and one whose liberal form can only be maintained and its blessings perpetuated by the virtue, intelligence, vigilance, and active loyalty of its people."

That is the true tone of American citizens as against the murderous violence of those who are mainly foreigners, and there has been a similar meeting and protest in Portland, Oregon. It is a national disgrace that having excluded Chinese immigration by law, the hundred thousand Chinese who are so unlucky as to be caught in the country are outraged by foreign mobs, while the government politely regrets that it can do nothing. The coming of the Chinese may be a curse. But if it be a curse, it is now prohibited by law, and honest Americans upon the Pacific slope should be the first to defend those who are here against brutal lawlessness.

## MEMORIAL TO CHARLES READE.

Whoever recalls the delight with which *Christie Johnstone* and *Peg Woffington* were received when they were first published, and all who have felt the spell of the brilliant genius of Charles Reade, will hear with pleasure that the Dean of St. Paul's, in London, has granted permission for the erection in the cathedral of a medallion portrait of the author, and if sufficient funds are obtained, a marble bust of him will be placed also in some public institution.

A mask was taken after death by Mr. George M. Curtis, the sculptor, who has already made a portrait bust, and the execution of the medallion also will be intrusted to him. The list of subscribers in England already embraces some of the most eminent names in the country, and it is not doubted that many of the great number of Charles Reade's admirers in this country would be glad to contribute toward the memorial of one who has given such great and enduring pleasure to both countries. Messrs. Harper & Brothers will receive any contributions for the purpose, and transmit them to the authorized agents in England.

## THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The President has appointed Mr. Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, to succeed Mr. Dorman B. Eaton upon the Civil Service Commission, and Mr. John H. Oberly, of Illinois, to succeed Mr. William H. Trenholm, who is appointed Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Lyman has been the Chief Examiner of the Commission, and is one of the ablest, truest, and most intelligent friends of the reformed system. His experience in the Commission, as well as that of earlier service in the Treasury Department, peculiarly qualify him for his new responsibility, and his appointment is altogether satisfactory to the friends of reform.

Mr. Oberly is known mainly as a Democratic politician. He has been recently Superintendent of Indian Schools, and in the Lake Mohonk conference of those most interested in the Indian question last summer, Mr. Oberly's declarations of the wisdom and necessity of separating politics from the Indian appointments were very positive. The President undoubtedly has not found it easy to obtain a Democrat so singularly fitted for the position as Mr. Trenholm, and as it is announced that the nominations of Mr. Lyman and of Mr. Oberly are not due to solicitation, but to his conviction of their suitability, it remains only to see whether his judgment in regard to Mr. Oberly will be confirmed by the event.

The loss in the Commission of Mr. Trenholm is undoubtedly serious, but the gain to the Treasury by his appointment as Comptroller is unquestionable.

## PRO AND CON.

It is an old saying that the Bible can be quoted upon all sides of a very question, and Miss Salmon, in her excellent historical sketch of the appointing power, to which we alluded last week, shows that the position of eminent statesmen upon such a question as the Senate has been discussing depends upon the ascendency of their party.

Mr Kenna, in his late excellent speech in the Senate against the resolutions of Mr. Edmunds, quotes Mr. Webster, who was then a Whig, saying in the Senate, under a Whig Administration:

"Since the practice [of removal] has become a settled practice, since every Administration has indulged in it, and since it must now be considered as the legal construction of the Constitution that it is one of the powers of the President to remove incumbents from offices which they hold, it follows, as a necessary and as an inevitable consequence, that this power, thus legally vested in the President, must be exercised by him as independently of our control as any other power that is so he exercised by him under the Constitution."

But in 1835, when the Democratic Jackson was President, the same Whig Senator Webster declared this "legal construction of the Constitution" to be "erroneous":

"The power of appointment being conferred on the President *and Senate*, I think the *power of removal* went along with it, and should have been regarded as a part of it, and exercised by the *same bonds*. I think, consequently, that the decision of 1789 [in Congress], which *implied* a power of removal separate from the appointing power, was erroneous. But I think the decision of 1789 has been established by practice and recognized by subsequent laws as the settled construction of the Constitution, and that it is our duty to act upon the case accordingly, for the present, without admitting that Congress may not hereafter, if necessity shall require it, reverse the decision of 1789."

And Mr. Webster said in the same speech:

"I mean to hold myself at liberty to act hereafter upon this question as I shall think the safety of the government and the Constitution may require."

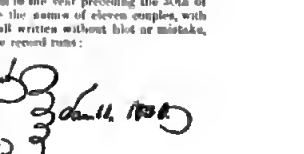
The question between the President and the Senate can never be conclusively settled, because the only way to which the President can be reached is by impeachment, and the Senate cannot impeach.

## PERSONAL.

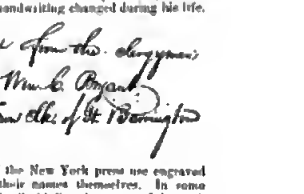
Mr. William Rose, administrator of the estate of the late Mrs Mary Jane Morgan, has kindly furnished us with the following brief review of the recent sale of her art works, the most important event of the sort ever known in the United States. The total sum received was about $1,202,000, of which the $683,000 for the pictures was about eighty-five per cent. of their original cost. Had Mrs. Morgan bought these pictures with the same amount of skill that she used in its sale, her heirs would have obtained at least twenty-five per cent more than she gave for them. This skill resided in the "boosting" done by the art dealers, who bestowed much attention upon the sale, and advised their clients to bid generously and long. They seemed resolved from the first to support the picture market to the utmost of their ability. What has been the result? Who, three years ago, would have thought that many works out of these art galleries. For the last ten days the picture market has been worse beyond precedent, and it will continue to be for some weeks to come, all because of the "boom" produced by the dealers. Now see how different is the condition of the diamond market. Instead of supporting it by advancing the sale of Mrs. Morgan's diamonds, the leading jewellers held back and remained apathetic. In consequence, only a few of Mrs. Morgan's diamonds brought fair prices, and many of them still remain unsold; and rich people are investing their money, not in diamonds, of which they seem to be distrustful, but in pictures. So of Mrs. Morgan's fine collection of glass. The dealers in glass paid little attention to its sale, and the glass market has suffered badly. People are buying pictures now, they are not buying diamonds and glass. It must be confessed, however, that Mrs. Morgan's seventeen Blanes were sold for less than fifty per cent of what she paid for them. The "Moonlight Concert," for example (No. 79), which cost her $7,500, went for $2,600; "L'Isle des Amours" (No. 129) which cost her $12,000, went for only $3,000, the "Boy with Hunting Dogs" (No. 104) which cost her $7,000 went for $1,500, and the "Bathers" (No. 210), which cost her $15,000, went for $2,000. But one of the art dealers explained to me that buyers are suspicious of Blanes, because there are so many counterfeits in the market. Of all her pictures, Mrs. Morgan's favorite was the little seated "Cupid" by Bouguereau.

—The late Dr Austin Flint was once called in consultation to a case of typhoid fever. The patient, a young lady, was becoming very weak because unable to retain the milk mixed with limewater which her attending physician had prescribed. "Why not let milk mixed with barley water?" suggested Dr Flint. The change was made, and the food agreed with the sufferer so well that she could take several quarts of it every twenty four hours. Her recovery was assured, and she cherishes the memory of Dr. Flint.

—Sixty-six years ago Mr William Cullen Bryant was Town-Clerk of Great Barrington, Massachusetts and one of his duties was to record the marriages solemnized in that place. The book in which the entries were made in his own clear and beautiful handwriting is still preserved. On one of its pages he wrote as follows: "Be it remembered that by the certificate of the Reverend Elijah Wheeler, made to me, it appears that the following persons were joined in marriage by him in the year preceding the 30th of April, a.d. 1821." Then come the names of eleven couples, with the dates of their marriage, all written without blot or mistake, save in one instance, where the record runs:



In this the reader will perceive that the modest Town Clerk made at least three mistakes, and diligently corrected them afterward. The signature of the record is worth reproducing also, to show how little Mr Bryant's handwriting changed during his life.



—Some of the reporters of the New York press use engraved visiting cards; others write their names themselves. In some instances the style is, "Mr John Smith," in the centre of the card, with the name of the newspaper below. In other instances the name of the newspaper comes first and occupies the central place, while the reporter's name appears modestly below in a corner.

—"I cannot but feel," says an American author, "that Shakespeare's works are the product of several minds. If one man composed them, he had a vocabulary of 14,000 words. But Henry Ward Beecher, with all his richness, uses only 9000 words."

—A distinguished New Yorker of Irish descent boasts that during the annual parade on the 17th of March St. Patrick caused more street-car drivers to tie up than all the Knights of Labor did during the late strike

—Alma Tadema's recent biographer, George Eliot, is authority for the statement that Alma is a fancy name, adopted by the painter because it is euphonious, and in order to have his pictures entered on the first page of catalogues of art exhibitions.

—Hon to witness a session of Parliament. Advice from an old traveller to a young American about to visit Europe: "Go to Westminster Hall—the entrance to the Parliament Buildings—'ship up' to a policeman, tell him you are an American, fur him, and request a pass." The directions were followed to the letter, and with entire success.

—Not long ago Julian Barron wrote a letter to a friend in this city, expressing deep satisfaction that his picture of the three maidens should have fetched $7000 at the sale of the Whitney collection. But that was before his group of white robed young communicants had been bid up to $45,500.

—Mr. Moncure D Conway's forth coming lectures on English life and politics, in response to the cordial invitation of many distinguished citizens, will be a recital of observations and reflections made by an American scholar and a profound thinker during a long residence in Great Britain

—A recent graduate of a leading college, a young man of excellent scholarship and good natural gifts, decided to go upon the stage. He was at once assigned to play the principal part in *Young Mrs Winthrop*, and went down South with a travelling company. He complains earnestly that the other members of the company take every opportunity to prevent his success. The leading lady, for example, enters a minute too late or departs a minute too soon, and thus makes him ridiculous, while the manager of the company, who also acts a small part frequently interrupts him in his soliloquies, and frets him as even Ko-ko can never fretted. Do the American actor and actress despise a college graduate?

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JOHN H. DEVEREUX.
Photographed by J. F. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio.—[See Page 203.]

JOHN H. OBERLY, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
Photographed by Garrett, Bloomington, Illinois.—[See Page 203.]

CHARLES LYMAN, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 203.]

AUSTIN FLINT, M.D.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 203.]

ELI MURRAY.—Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 203.]

ALDERMAN HENRY W. JARRING.
Photographed by Anderson.—[See Page 203.]

ALDERMAN JAMES PEARSON.
Photographed by J. U. Stead.—[See Page 203.]

INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES.
Photographed by Anderson.—[See Page 203.]

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRIDGE.

THE RIVER SPAN.

THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO NEAR LOUISVILLE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THEODORE BEUST, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

"DONALD SAW HER, DREW UP, AND WAS HASTILY MADE ACQUAINTED WITH WHAT HAD OCCURRED."—[SEE SERIAL "THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE," PAGE 191.]

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "THE ROMANCE OF A MILLIONAIRE," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—(*Continued.*)

HENCHARD thereupon left the field, and followed her. His state of mind was such that on reaching Lucetta's door he did not knock, but opened it, and walked straight up to her sitting-room, expecting to find her there. But the room was empty, and he perceived that in his haste he had somehow passed her on the way hither. He had not to wait many minutes, however, for he soon heard her dress rustling in the hall, followed by a soft closing of the door. In a moment she appeared.

The light was so low that she did not notice Henchard at first. As soon as she saw him she uttered a little cry, almost of terror.

"How can you frighten me so!" she exclaimed, with a flushed face. "It is past ten o'clock, and you have no right to surprise me here at such a time."

"I don't know that I've not the right. At any rate, I have the excuse. Is it so necessary that I should stop to think of manners and customs?"

"It is too late for propriety, and might injure me."

"I called an hour ago, and you would not see me, and I thought you were in when I called now. It is you, Lucetta, who are doing wrong. It is not proper in you to throw me over like this. I have a little matter to remind you of, which you seem to forget."

She sank into a chair, and turned pale.

"I don't want to hear it—I don't want to hear it!" she said through her hands, or he, standing close to the edge of her dress, began to allude to the Jersey days.

"But you ought to hear it," said he.

"I come to nothing; and through you. Then why not leave me the freedom that I gained with such sorrow? Had I found that you married me for pure love I might have felt the vow binding, though it was not legal. But I soon learned that you had done it out of mere charity—almost as an unpleasant duty—because I had helped to save your life, and you thought you must repay me in some way. After that I did not care for you or deeply or before."

"Why did you come here to find me, then?"

"I thought I ought to remarry you for conscience' sake, since you were free, even though I—did not like you so well."

"And why, then, don't you think so now?"

She was silent. It was only too obvious that conscience had ruled well enough till new love had intervened and usurped that rule. In feeling this she herself forgot for the moment her partially justifying argument—that having discovered Henchard's infirmities of temper, she had some excuse for not risking her happiness in his hands after once escaping them. The only thing she could say was, "I was a poor girl then; and now my circumstances have altered, so I am hardly the same person."

"That's true. And it makes the more awkward for me. But I don't want to touch your money. I am quite willing that every penny of your property shall remain to your personal use. Besides, that argument has nothing in it. The man you are thinking of is no better than I."

"If you were as good as he, you would love me!" she cried, passionately.

This unlucky answer wounded Henchard. "You belong to me, and you cannot in honor refuse me," he said. "And unless you give me your promise this very night to be my legal wife, before a witness, I'll disclose all—in common fairness to other men!"

A look of resignation settled upon her. Henchard saw its bitterness, and had Lucetta's heart been given to any other man in the world than Farfrae he would probably have had pity upon her at that moment. But the supplanter was the upstart (for Henchard called him) who had mounted into prominence upon his shoulders, and he could bring himself to show no mercy.

Without another word, she rang the bell, and directed that Elizabeth Jane should be fetched from her room. The latter appeared, surprised in the midst of her incubations. As soon as she saw Henchard she went across to him dutifully.

"Elizabeth Jane," he said, taking her hand, "I want you to hear this." And turning to Lucetta: "Will you or will you not marry me?"

"If you—wish it, I must agree."

"You say yes?"

"I do."

No sooner had she given the promise than she fell back in a fainting state.

"What dreadful thing driven her to say this, father, when it is such a pain to her?" asked Elizabeth, kneeling down by Lucetta. "Don't compel her to do anything against her will. I have lived with her, and know that she cannot bear much."

"Don't be a mo'tharn simpleton," said Henchard, drily. "This promise will leave him free for you if you want him, won't it?"

At this Lucetta seemed to wake from her swoon with a start.

"Hum? Who are you talking about?" she said, wildly.

"Nobody, as far as I am concerned," said Elizabeth, firmly.

"Oh—well. Then it is my mistake," said Henchard. "But the business is between me and Miss Templeman. She agrees to be my wife."

"But don't dwell on it just now," entreated Elizabeth Jane, holding Lucetta's hand.

"I don't wish to, if she promises," said Henchard.

"I have—I have," groaned Lucetta, her limbs hanging like balls from very misery and faintness. "Henchard, please don't argue it any more."

"I will not," he said; and taking up his hat, he went away.

Elizabeth Jane continued to kneel by Lucetta. "What is this?" she said. "You called my father 'Michael,' as if you knew him well? And now it is he has got this power over you that you promise to marry him against your will? Ah! you have many, many secrets from me."

"Perhaps you have some from me," Lucetta murmured, with closed eyes, little thinking, however, on unsuspicious was she, that the secret of Elizabeth's heart concerned the young man who had caused this damage to her own.

"I would not—do anything against you at all," stammered Elizabeth, keeping in all signs of emotion till she was ready to burst. "I cannot understand how my father can command you so. I don't sympathize with him in it at all. I'll go to him and ask him to release you."

"No, no," said Lucetta; "let it all be."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The next morning Henchard went to the Town hall opposite Lucetta's house to attend Petty Sessions, being still a magistrate for the year by virtue of his late office of Mayor. In passing he looked up at her window, but nothing of her was to be seen.

Henchard as a justice of the peace may at first seem to be an even greater incongruity than Shallow and Silence themselves. But his rough-and-ready perceptions, his sledge-hammer directness, had often served him better than more legal knowledge in despatching such simple business as fell to his hands in this court. To-day, the Mayor for the year being absent, he took the big chair, his eyes still abstractedly stretching out of the window to the ashlar front of High Street Hall.

There was one case only, and the offender stood before him. She was an old woman of unstitled countenance, attired in a tho'st of that nameless tertiary hue which comes, but cannot be made—a hue neither tawny, russet, hazel, nor nut; a sticky black bonnet that seemed to have been worn in the country of the Psalmist, where the clouds drop fatness; and an apron that had been white in times or comparatively recent as still to contrast visibly with the rest of her clothes. The steeped aspect of the woman or a whole showed her to be no native of the country-side, or even of a country-town.

She looked nervously at Henchard and the second magistrate, and Henchard looked at her, with a momentary pause, or if she had reminded him indistinctly of somebody or something which passed from his mind as quickly or it had come. "Well, and what has she been doing?" he said, looking down at the charge-sheet.

"She is charged, sir, with the offence of disorderly female and vagabond," whispered Stubberd.

"Where did she do that?" said the other magistrate.

"By the church, sir, of all the wrong places in the world for shouts and rolling. I caught her in the act, your worship."

"Stand back, then," said Henchard, "and let's hear what you've got to cry."

Stubberd was sworn, the magistrate's clerk dipped his pen, and the constable began:

"Hearing a illegal noise, I went down the street at twenty five minutes past eleven o'clock on the night of the fifth instinct, Hannah Donnicy. When I had—"

"Don't go on so fast, Stubberd," said the clerk.

The constable waited, with his eyes on the clerk's pen, till the latter stopped scratching and said "yes." Stubberd continued: "When I had proceeded to the spot, I saw defendant at another spot, namely, the gutter." He paused, watching the point of the clerk's pen again.

"'Gutter,' yes, Stubberd."

"Spot measuring twelve feet nine inches or thereabouts from where I—" Still careful not to entrust the clerk's penmanship, Stubberd pulled up again; for having got his evidence by heart, it was immaterial to him whereabouts he broke off.

"I object to that," spoke up the old woman, "'spot measuring twelve feet nine or thereabouts from where I,' is not good evidence."

The two magistrates consulted, and then one of them said that the Bench was of opinion that twelve feet nine inches from a man on his oath was admissible evidence. Stubberd, with a suppressed gaze of victorious certitude at the old woman, continued: "Was standing myself. She was wambling about quite dangerous to the thoroughfare, and when I approached to draw near, she insulted me."

"'Insulted me'. . . . Yes, what did she say?"

"She said, 'Put away that dye lantern,' says she."

"Yes."

"Says the, 'Dost hear, old turnut-head? Put away that dye lantern. I have finered fellers a deal right finer-looking than thee, dee me if I hain't,' she says."

"I object to that conversation," interposed the old woman. "I am not capable enough to hear what I said, and what's said out of my hearing is not evidence."

There was another stoppage for consultation, a book was referred to, and finally Stubberd was allowed to go on again. The truth was that the old woman had appeared in Court so many minor times than the magistrates that they were obliged to keep a sharp lookout upon their procedure. However, when Stubberd had rumbled on a little further, Henchard broke out impatiently, "Come—we don't want to hear any more of them cust d'ye! Say the word out like a man, and don't be so modest, Stubberd; or else leave is alone."

Turning to the woman, "Now, then, have you any questions to ask him, or anything to say?"

"Yes," she replied, with a twinkle in her eye; and the clerk dipped his pen.

"Twenty years ago I was a-selling of furmity in a tent at Weyton Fair—"

"Twenty years ago!—well, that's beginning at the beginning!" said the clerk, not without satire.

But Henchard stared, and quite forgot what was evidence and what was not.

"A man and a woman with a little child came into my tent," the woman continued. "They sat down and had a basin apiece. I was of a more respectable station in life then than I am now, being a land smuggler in a large way of business, and I used to season my furmity with rum for them who asked for it. I did it for the man; and then he had more and more; till at last he quarrelled with his wife, and offered to sell her to the highest bidder. A sailor came in and bid five guineas, and paid the money, and led her away. And the man who sold his wife in that fashion is the man sitting there in the great big chair." The speaker concluded by nodding her head at Henchard and folding her arms.

Everybody looked at Henchard. His face seemed strained, and in tint or it had been powdered over with ashes. "We don't want to hear your life and adventures," said the magistrate's clerk, sharply, filling the pause which followed. "You've been asked if you've anything to say bearing on the case."

"That bears on the case. It proves that he's no better than I, and has no right to sit there in judgment upon me."

"'Tis a concocted story," said the clerk. "So hold your tongue."

"No, 'tis true!" The words came from Henchard. "'Tis or true as the light," he said, slowly. "And upon my soul, it does prove that I'm no better than she. And to keep out of any temptation to treat her hard for her revenge, I'll leave her to you."

Henchard left the chair and came out of the court, passing through a group of people on the steps and outside that was much larger than usual; for it seemed that the old furmity dealer had mysteriously hinted to the decisions of the inns in which she had been lodging since her arrival that she knew a queer thing or two about their great local man Mr. Henchard, if she chose to tell it. This had brought them hither.

"Why are there so many idlers round the Town hall to-day?" said Lucetta to her servant, when the case was over. She had risen late, and had just looked out of the window.

"Oh, please, ma'am, 'tis the hurry about Mr. Henchard. A woman has proved that when he wor a young man he sold his wife for five guineas in a booth at a fair."

In all the accounts which Henchard had given her of the separation from his wife Susan for so many years, of his belief in her death, and so on, he had never clearly explained the actual and immediate cause of that separation. The story she now heard for the first time.

A gradual misery overspread Lucetta's face as she dwelt upon the promise wrung from her the night before. At bottom, then, Henchard was this. How terrible a contingency for a woman who should commit herself to his care!

During the day she went out to the Ring, and to other places, not coming in till nearly dark. As man as she saw Elizabeth Jane after her return indoors she told her that she had resolved to go away from home to the sea-side for a few days—to Port-Bredy. Casterbridge was so gloomy.

Elizabeth Jane, seeing that the looked wan and disturbed, encouraged her in the idea, thinking a change would afford her relief. She made not help suspecting that the gloom which had seemed to have come over Casterbridge in Lucetta's eyes might be partially owing to the fact that Farfrae was away from home.

Elizabeth Jane saw her friend depart for Port-Bredy, and took charge of High Street Hall till her return. After ten or three days of solitude and incessant rain, Henchard called at the house. He seemed disappointed to hear of Lucetta's absence, and though he nodded with outward indifference, he went away handling his beard with a settled mien.

The next day he called again. "Is she come now?" he asked.

"Yes, she returned this morning," replied his step-daughter. "But she is not in-doors. She has gone for a walk along the turnpike-road to Port Bredy. She will be home by dusk."

After a few words, which only served to reveal his restless impatience, he left the house again.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

At this hour Lucetta was bounding along the road to Port Bredy just as Elizabeth Jane had announced. That she had chosen for her afternoon walk the road along which she had returned to Casterbridge three hours earlier in a carriage was curious—if anything should be called curious in concatenations of phenomena wherein each is known to have its accounting cause. It was the day of the chief market—Saturday—and Farfrae for once had been missed from his corn stand in the dealers' room. Nevertheless, it was known that he would be home that night—"for Sunday," as Casterbridge expressed it.

Lucetta, in continuing her walk, had at length reached the end of the ranked trees which bordered the highway in this and other directions out of the town. This end marked a mile, and here she stopped.

The spot was a vale between two gentle acclivities, and the road, still adhering to its Roman foundation, stretched onward straight or a surveyor's line till lost to sight on the most distant ridge. There was neither hedge nor tree in the prospect now, the road clinging to the scabbly expanse of corn-land like a strip to an undulating garment. Near her was a barn—the single building of any kind within her horizon.

She strained her eyes up the lessening road, but nothing appeared thereon, not as much as a speck. She sighed one word, "Donald!" and turned her face to the town for retreat.

Here the case was different. A single figure was approaching her—Elizabeth Jane's.

Lucetta, in spite of her loneliness, seemed a little vexed. Elizabeth rises as her face shaping itself into affectionate lines, while yet beyond speaking distance, or soon or she recognized her friend. "I suddenly thought I would come and meet you," she said, smiling.

Lucetta's reply was taken from her lips by an unexpected diversion. A by-road on her right hand descended from the fields into the highway at the point where she stood, and down the track a half was rambling uncertainly toward her and Elizabeth, who, facing the other way, did not observe him.

In the last quarter of each year cattle were at once the mainstay and the terror of fairs about Casterbridge and its neighborhood. The head of stock driven into and out of the town at this season to be sold by the local auctioneer was very large, and all those horned beasts, in travelling to and fro, sent women and children to shelter as nothing else could do. In the main the animals would have walked along quietly enough, but the Casterbridge tradition was that to drive stock it was indispensable that bellowing cries, coupled with Yahoo antics and gestures, should be used, large sticks flourished, stray dogs called in, and in general everything done that was likely to infuriate the vicinity disposed and terrify the mild. Nothing was commoner than for a householder as going out of his parlor to find his hall or passage full of little children, nursemaids, or aged women, who apologized for their presence by saying, "Bull passing down street from the sale."

Lucetta and Elizabeth regarded the animal in doubt, he meanwhile drawing vaguely toward them. It was a large specimen of the breed, in color rich dun, though disfigured at present by splotches of mud about his scanty sides. His horns were thick and tipped with brass, his two nostrils like the Thames Tunnel or men in the perspective view of rate. Between them, through the grizzle of his nose, was a stout copper ring, welded on, and irremovable or Gerth's collar of brass. To the ring was attached an ash staff about a yard long, which the bull with the motions of his head flung about like a flail.

It was not till they observed this dangling stick that the young women were really alarmed, for it reversed to them that the bull was an old one, too orange to be driven, which had in some way escaped, the staff being the means by which the drover controlled him, and kept his horns as arm's-length.

They looked round for some shelter or hiding place, and thought of the barn hard by. As long or they had kept their eyes on the bull he had the un some deference in his manner of approach; but no sooner did they turn their backs to seek the barn than he tossed his head, and decided that his mood should be rage. This caused the two helpless girls to run wildly, whereupon the bull advanced in a furious charge.

The barn stood behind a green slimy pond, and it was closed, with the exception of one of the usual pair of doors facing them, which had been propped open by a hurdle-stake, and for this opening they made. The interior had been cleared by a recent bout of threshing, except as one end, where there was a stack of dry clover. Elizabeth Jane took in the situation. "We must climb up there," she said, hurriedly.

But before they had even approached it they heard the bull scampering through the pond without, and in a second he dashed into the barn, knocked down the hurdle-stake in passing, so that the heavy door slammed behind him. The mistaken creature saw them, and with lowered head plunged toward the end of the barn into which they had fled. The girls quickly doubled, so adroitly, indeed, that their pursuer's horns struck against the wall when the fugitives were already half-way to the other end. By the time that his length would allow him to turn and follow them thither, they had crossed over, and after the pursuit went on, not a moment being attainable by Elizabeth or Lucetta in which to open the door. It was possible that the impact of his horns upon the stone-work had cashed the bull some pain, for he was more violent than ever.

"Don't turn your back to him," cried Elizabeth Jane. "We made a mistake in that. If I could get hold of the leading stick, perhaps I could manage him."

Lucetta was too terrified to heed or hear what her younger companion said. She looked as blyhs that the other beseeched: "Keep up, keep up, dear, and move behind me! Could you open the door if I were to draw him off this way?"

"Oh, no, no! I cannot. I wish he would come! It is all over with us now!"

Elizabeth Jane, being much the cooler as well or the stronger, had, whilst Lucetta was speaking, by a combination of dexterity and courage, darted forward and seized the staff affixed to the bull. So accustomed had the animal been to obey the holder of that staff that for a moment—such is discipline—he seemed quite cowed, while the girl cried to Lucetta, "Climb the clover stack!" But the bull, soon finding that he was in new and firm hands, began swaying his head this way and that, dragging Elizabeth with him as if she were a reed.

Her danger was imminent, and her sole chance lay in keeping the staff extended, while a thrust against the wall might probably have been the end of her.

"I can hold on no longer," the gasped, the hot air from her antagonist's nostrils blowing over her like a sirocco. She suddenly let go, and

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1515.

assembled up the clover by a short ladder which lay half buried in the stack. Reaching the top, she was comparatively safe, unless the bull should undermine the stack, which she knew was but loosely piled. He contented himself, however, for the present with knocking down the ladder. She now looked round for Lucetta, whom she believed to have gone up before her. But Lucetta was not behind her anywhere, and on a few minutes, to her horror, she perceived her companion at the other and vacant end of the barn, whither she had run in her bewilderment, while Elizabeth was engaged with the animal.

The bull, too, saw Lucetta now, and depressed his horns with deliberate aim, as if he felt there was plenty of time so long as he do the thing well. A rattling at the door distracted him. In a moment a man bursts in, plunged toward the bulling-staff, seized it, and wrenched the animal's head as if he would snap it off. The wrench was in reality so violent that the thick neck seemed to have lost its stiffness and to become half paralyzed, whilst the nose spat blood. The practical-minded human contrivance of the nose ring was too cunning for impulsive brute force, and the creature quailed.

The man was seen in the partial gloom to be large-framed, active, and unhesitating. He quickly led the bull to the door, and the light revealed Henchard. He made the bull fast without, and reentered to the succor of Lucetta, for he had not perceived Elizabeth Jane in her perch aloft. Lucetta was hysterical, and Henchard took her in his arms and carried her to the door.

"You—have saved me!" she cried, as soon as she could speak.

"I have returned your kindness," he responded, tenderly. "You once saved me."

"How—comes it to be you—you?" she asked, not heeding him.

"Fortunately I came out here to look for you. I have been wanting to tell you something these two or three days, but you have been away, and I could not. Perhaps you cannot talk now?"

"Oh—no. Whom is Elizabeth?"

"Here am I!" cried the missing one, cheerfully, and without waiting for the ladder to be placed she slid down the face of the clover stack to the floor. "I thought you were up there" she said. "But thank God, 'tis all right now. He always protects us when we don't expect him so."

Henchard supporting Lucetta on one side, and Elizabeth Jane on the other, they moved slowly along the rising road. They had reached the top, and were descending again, when Lucetta, now much recovered, recollected that she had left her muff in the barn.

"I'll run back," said Elizabeth Jane. "I don't mind it at all, as I am not so tired as you are." She thereupon hastened down again to the barn, the others pursuing their way.

Elizabeth Jane soon found the muff, such an article being by no means small at that time. Coming out, she paused to look for a moment at the bull, now rather to be pitied with his bleeding nose. Henchard had secured him by jamming the staff into the hinge of the barn door, and wedging it there with a stake. At length she turned to hasten onward after her contemporaries, when the saw a green and black gig approaching from the contrary direction, the vehicle being driven by Farfrae.

His presence here seemed to explain Lucetta's walk that way. Donald saw her, drew up, and was hastily made acquainted with what had occurred. As Elizabeth Jane mentioning how greatly Lucetta's life had been jeopardized, he exhibited no agitation different in kind no less than in intensity from any she had seen in him before. He became so absorbed in the circumstances that he scarcely had sufficient knowledge of what he was doing to think of keeping her up beside him.

"She has gone on with Mr. Henchard, you say?" he inquired at last.

"Yes. He is taking her home. They are almost there by this time."

"And you are sure she can get home?"

Elizabeth Jane was quite sure.

"Your step-father saved her?"

"Entirely."

Farfrae checked his horse's pace; she guessed why. He was thinking that it would be best not to intrude on the other too just now. Henchard had saved Lucetta, and to provoke a possible exhibition of her deeper affection for himself was so ungenerous as it was unwise.

The immediate subject of their talk being exhausted, she felt more embarrassed at sitting thus beside her past lover; but soon the two figures of the others were visible at the entrance to the town. The loss of the woman was frequently turned back, but Farfrae did not whip on the horse. When these reached the town walls, Henchard and his companion had disappeared down the street; Farfrae set down Elizabeth Jane, on her expressing a particular wish to alight there, and drove round to the stables at the back of his lodgings.

On this account he entered the house through his garden, and going up to his apartments, found them in a particularly disturbed state, his boxes being hauled out upon the landing, and his bookcase standing in three pieces. These phenomena, however, seemed to cause him not the least surprise. "When will everything be cast up?" he said to the mistress of the house, who was superintending.

"I am afraid not before eight, sir," said she. "You see we wasn't aware till this morning that you were going to move, or we could have been forwarder."

"A—well, never mind, never mind!" said Farfrae, cheerily. "Eight o'clock will do well enough, if it be not later. Now don't ye be standing here talking, as it will be twelve, I doubt." Thus speaking, he went out by the front door and up the street.

During this interval Henchard and Lucetta had had experiences of a different kind. After Elizabeth's departure for the muff the corn merchant opened himself frankly, holding her hand within his arm, though she would have been withdrawn it. "I have been very, very anxious to see you these two or three days," he said—"ever since I saw you last. I have thought over the way I got your promise that night. You said to me 'If I were a man I should not insist.' That cut me deep. I felt that there was some truth in it. I don't want to make you wretched, and to marry me just now would do that as nothing else could—it is but too plain. Therefore I agree to an indefinite engagement—to put off all thought of marriage for a year or two."

"But—but—can I do nothing of a different kind?" said Lucetta. "I am full of gratitude to you—you have saved my life. And your care of me is like coals of fire on my head. I am rich. Surely I can do something in return for your goodness—something practical?"

Henchard remained in thought. He had evidently not expected this. "There is one thing you might do, Lucetta," he said. "But not exactly of that kind."

"Then of what kind is it?" she asked, with renewed misgiving.

"I must tell you a secret to ask it. You may have heard that I have been unlucky this year. I did what I have never done before—speculated rashly, and I lost. That's just put me in a strait."

"And you would wish me to advance some money?"

"No, no," said Henchard, almost in anger. "I'm not the man to grasp on a woman, even though she may be so nearly my own as you. No, Lucetta, what you can do is this, and it would save me. My great creditor is Grower, and it is at his hands I shall suffer, if at anybody's; while a fortnight's forbearance on his part would be enough to allow me to pull through. This may be got out of him in one way—that you would let it be known to him that you are my intended—that we are to be quietly married in the next fortnight. Now stop, you haven't heard all. Let him leave this there, without, of course, any prejudice to the fact that the actual engagement between us is very thin and remote. Nobody else need know; you could go with me to Mr. Grower, and just let me speak to us before him as if we were on such terms. We'll ask him to keep it secret. He will willingly wait then. At the fortnight's end I shall be able to face him; and I can coolly tell him all is postponed between us for a year or two. Not a soul in the town need know how you've helped me. Since you wish to be of use, there's your way."

It being now what the people call the "pinking in" of the day, that is, the quarter hour just before dusk, he did not at first observe the result of his words upon her.

"If it were anything else," she began, and the dryness of her lips was represented in her voice.

"But it is such a little thing!" he said, with a deep reproach. "Less than you have offered—just the seeming to do what you have so lately promised. I could have told him as much myself, but he would not have believed me."

"It is not because I won't—it is because I absolutely can't," she said, with rising distress.

"You are provoking!" he burst out. "It is enough to make me force you to abide by what you have promised."

"I cannot," she insisted, desperately.

"Why? Whom I have only within these few minutes released you from your promise to do the real thing off hand."

"Because—he was a witness."

"Witness! Of what?"

"If I must tell you— Don't, don't upbraid me."

"Well? Let's hear what you mean?"

"Witness of my marriage—Mr Grower was."

"Marriage?"

"Yes. With Mr Farfrae. I am already his wife. We were married this week at Port-Breedy. There were reasons against our doing it here. Mr Grower was a witness because he happened to be at Port-Breedy at the time."

Henchard stood as if petrified. She was so alarmed at his silence that the murmured something about holding him sufficient mercy to tide over the perilous fortnight.

"Married him?" said Henchard at length. "Me good—what, married him whilst—bound to marry me?"

"It was like this," she explained, with tears in her eyes and quavers in her voice; "don't—don't be cruel! I loved him so much, and I thought you might tell him of the past—and that grieved me. And then, when I had promised you, I learned of the custom that you had sold your first wife at a fair, like a horse or a cow. How could I keep my promise after hearing that? I could not risk myself in your hands; it would have been letting myself down to take your name after such a scandal. But I knew I should lose Donald if I did not reunite him at once—for you would carry out your threat of telling him our relations, as long as there was a chance of keeping me for yourself by doing so. But you will not do so now, will you, Michael, for it is too late to separate us?"

The notes of St. Jude's bells in full peal had been wafted to them while she spoke; and now the thumping of the town band, renowned for its unstinted use of the drum stick, throbbed down the street.

"Then this racket they are making is on account of it, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes—I think he has told them, as also Mr Grower has. . . . May I leave you now? My—he was detained at Port-Breedy to-day, and sent me on a few hours before him."

"Then it is his wife's life I have saved this afternoon."

"Yes—and he will be forever grateful to you."

"I am much obliged to him . . . Oh, you false woman!" burst from Henchard. "You promised me!"

"Yes, yes. But it was under compulsion, and I did not know all your case—"

"And now I've a mind to punish 'em as you deserve! Thus used to the man who has treated, and your precious happiness is bound to alone."

"Michael—pity me, and be generous."

"You don't deserve pity."

"I'll help you pay off your debt."

"A prisoner of Farfrae's wife—me!" Don't stay with me longer—I shall say something worse than usual."

She disappeared under the trees of the south walk as the hand came round the corner, making the chimes of every church and stone in celebration of her happiness. Lucetta took an heed, but ran up the back street and reached her own home unperceived.

[to be continued.]

## THE LOSS OF THE "OREGON"

SHORTLY before daybreak on Sunday, March 14, the Cunard steamer *Oregon* sighted Five Islands Lights. The travel-weary on board of her must have felt that they were almost as good as in port. It was a still, starlight night; the sea was as smooth as a lake; the ship was pushing westward at the rate of eighteen knots an hour; nobody could have guessed any reason she breakfast should not be eaten inside of Sandy Hook. Some thirty of the steamer's people were on deck. Two men were on the lookout on the turtle-back away forward, and a third stood at the forward end of the promenade deck, ready to pass any word from them to the officers on the bridge. On the bridge were Chief Officer WILLIAM THOMAS MOTHERWELL and Fourth Officer WILLIAM MCMASTER. Suddenly, Mr Motherwell sees a bright light appeared about one point on the port bow, and almost immediately darkened. It seemed to be held up by somebody on the deck of a vessel. No mast-head or side lights were visible, and the two officers at the moment took the vessel for a pilot-boat. Knowing that the captain did not wish to take on a pilot until the bar was reached, the chief officer put the wheel aport to get the boat astern ahead on the bar. Directly a schooner loomed upon the steamer's port bow, and struck her a few feet forward of the bridge. The schooner rebounded, plunged forward, and struck again. The huge steamer did not heel under the shock, but there was an ominous sound of rending and tearing of the iron plates. When, in the excitement, those on the steamer's deck looked again for the schooner, she was gone. No cry was heard from her, no wreckage, no trace of her of any kind, remained.

The sleepers in the state-rooms and steerage below had not been roused by the shock. Orders were soon given to awaken them, however. The great steamer had been terribly wounded, and tons of water were pouring in through her broken side. Two of the compartments had been cut into, one of them the largest of the compartments into which the ship was divided.

Passengers hurried on deck, protected only by such articles of clothing as could be caught up in their frightened haste. Guns were fired and rockets were sent up as signals for assistance. Captain PHILIP CORTHER, the commander of the *Oregon*, had retired to his room at four o'clock, half an hour before the collision occurred. He had been kept up by a fog, and had retired only after it had cleared away. The collision brought him out again, and he directed the subsequent work. The steam pumps and hand pumps were set going, but they were powerless to overcome the rush of water. Efforts were made to stop the leak by forcing down sails and mattresses on the outside of the hull were unsuccessful. The water gained steadily, and at length the fires in the engine-room were extinguished. While the ship's boats were being got in readiness, the firemen and stokers, about one hundred in number, rushed on deck and endeavored to get into the boats in advance of the women and children, when Second Officer HEAN sprang among them and clubbed them without mercy, right and left, until they retreated, and other similar attempts at disorder were likewise checked in the beginning by the vigorous and resolute action of the ship's officers.

The pilot-boat *Phantom* (No. 11) answered the signals of the *Oregon*, and later the consting steamer *Fanny A. Harkness*, and the passengers and crew of the sinking steamer were transferred to these, and still later the North German Lloyds steamer *Fulda*, from Bremen, came up, and took them all on board and into this port. There were on the *Oregon* 186 first-cabin passengers, 66 second cabin, and 300 in the steerage, making, with the crew of 235 men, 836 persons, all told.

Before all the passengers had been got on board the *Fulda*, the *Oregon* sank. This occurred three-quarters of an hour after noon—eight and a quarter hours after the collision. She lurched forward, engaging off her foremast, and sank, with her stern lifted at an angle of forty-five degrees, in twenty fathoms of water, showing her topmasts after she had settled upon the bottom.

The rescued people were fed on board the *Fulda*, and brought speedily into New York Harbor. The *Oregon* cost a million and a quarter of dollars, and her cargo was worth a quarter of a million. The cabin passengers lost a great deal in the way of baggage, money, and jewels. Mrs. E. D. Monnan, of this city, lost $20,000 worth of diamonds, and another passenger $5000 in cash. This was to have been the last trip of the *Oregon* to New York, it having been the purpose of the Cunard Company to transfer her to their Boston line.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT has recently been noticed that there is near the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the northwestern part of North Carolina, an arrangement of rock from which the Egyptian Sphinx seems to have been copied. This kind is the bounty application which has been bestowed upon the North Carolina formation. It appears to have been thrown together by nature, and for that reason it seems likely that the Egyptian Sphinx is, of the two, the imitation, since it is common for man to copy from nature, whereas nature seldom takes stone a like fashion upon man, and the sphinx is believed to be of human manufacture. This kind, moreover, has the advantage over the Egyptian semblance of being a great more times larger. It rises fifteen hundred feet from the plain on which its base is fixed, and most indeed be, as a character of its vast proportions stands, when compared with the Sphinx, as the biggest of Brobdingnagians to the smallest of the men of Lilliput. It is said to look like a thing of chiseling nor, and can be seen fifty miles away.

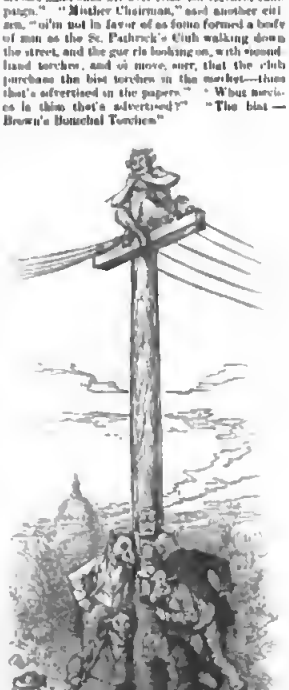
The almost incredible story is told of a Western farmer that, some years ago, having burglars breaking into his house, and being out of bacon, he hurriedly loaded his gun with a box of pills, which were compounded, however, of a soft material, and merely smeared the burglars somewhat, as warmed caddies's nap might have done, when the weapon was discharged, and that the other day, again hearing burglars and being out of bacon, and bearing his former failure in mind, he loaded up with pills which were sugar-coated, and shot one burglar dead and seriously wounded another.

Twelve hundred drums, it is said, are turned out of the little village of Granville, in Massachusetts, every day. If so much noise could be turned out of this town, with what increase of gratitude would people throw their windows open in warm weather!

A barn near Omaha covers five acres of ground, and is said to be the largest in the world. It was made that one, not with the idea that its weight would secure it against removal by cyclones, but with the view to accommodate almost four thousand head of cattle. When such an establishment and its contents go pitching upon the lawn of a tornado, the picturesqueness of Western incident will be even greater than it is at present.

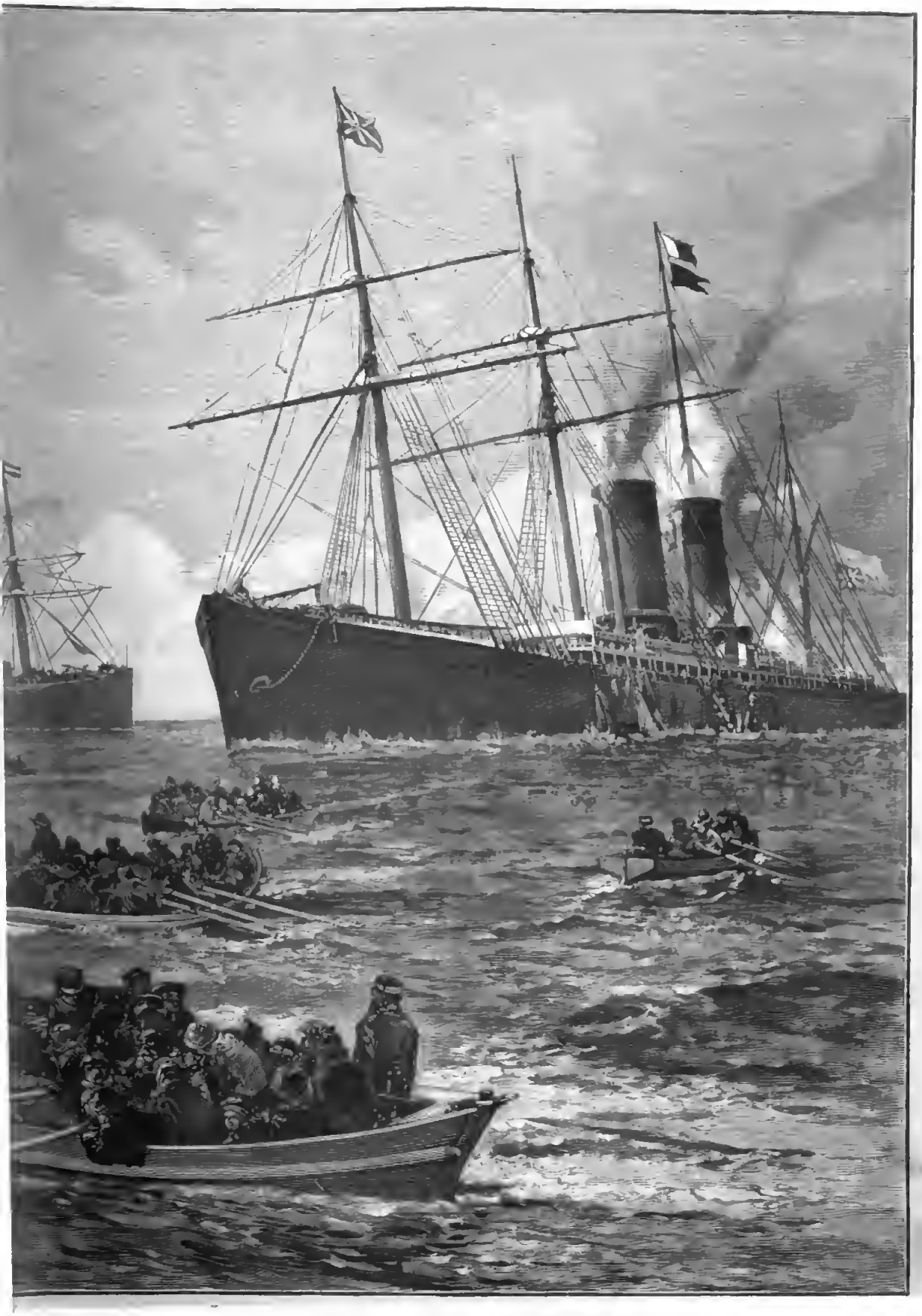
They are long and heavy hands, according to statistics, which point the time upon the clock dial on Westminster Abbey. The minute-hand is sixteen feet long, and the hour-hand is nine, and each weighs one hundred pounds.

Last St Patrick's Day was to be celebrated with great spirit in a certain Western town, and a meeting was held to decide about the torch-light procession. "Mother Chairman," said a speaker, "I move ye, in consideration of the condition of the star ring poor of thirland, that we do not spind the money for new tor riches, but use some second hand ones left over from the Garfield campaign." "Mother Chairman," said another citizen, "o'im not in favor of as fonne formed a body of man as the St. Patherick's Club walking down the street, and the gas rin looking on, with second hand torches, and so move, sorr, that the club purchase the best torches in the market—thinn that's advertised in the papers." "What novelties is thim that's advertised?" "The best—Brown's Bonchal Torches."



PAN-IC MUSIC—VERY ELECTRIC.

THE SINKING OF THE "OREGON"—TRANSFERRING THE PASSENGERS TO THE ST



"FULDA."—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from Descriptions by the Officers.—[See Page 199.]

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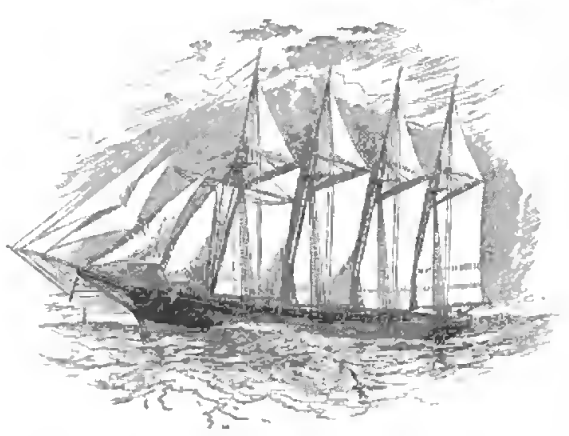

## THE "HAROLDINE"

When, in 1853 or thereabouts, what was called the "Dramatic Line" of Liverpool packet-ships—the *Romeus, Siddons, Sheridan, Garrick*, and *Shakspeare*—was built, old ship-masters shook their heads sagely and said that John Collins, the head of the line, was getting in his dotage. This was an advance in the size of merchant-ships from about 800 to about 1000 tons. "He can't," said the "shippers" of that day, "make men any bigger, and the men we have find it all that they can do to handle the sails of our present ships. Besides, no shipper will want his freight stowed in the bottom of these monstrous vessels, because he will have to wait so long before it can be discharged." It was found, however, that men, without being made larger, were able to handle the sails of the thousand-tonners, and by the aid of steam-winches the cargo was discharged from them more expeditiously than aforetime from the smaller ships by hand, and it was found also that the larger the ship the more profitable she was, and in the course of a few years ships of 1000 tons were considered small, and those of 2000 and 2500 became common. Then, indeed, the difficulty of handling the canvas became apparent; but this was solved by Captain R. B. Forbes by cutting the topsail in two, making double the number of those sails of half the former size.

As with the square-riggers, so with the fore-and-aft vessels. The two sails of the schooner became too unwieldy, and another mast was added, the three-masted schooner being now so common as to fail to excite remark. The artist has shown above another phase in the natural process of evolution, and the *Haroldine*, a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel of 1294 tons, has four masts, the advantage being economy in the manning, the crew required being only what is sufficient to care for one mast, and of course she needs but one captain and one set of officers. She is 193 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 18 feet 6 inches deep, and will carry 2000 tons of dead weight. With the assistance of a donkey-engine, six men before the mast is quite enough crew for her, while, if square-rigged, she would require twenty men.

For long ocean voyages, until some fuel less bulky than coal is discovered, the sailing vessel must still do the work which in shorter trips can be best performed by a steamer, and there seems no reason to suppose that the limit of size for fore-and-aft vessels has been reached in the *Haroldine*, any more than it was in the old fashioned thousand-ton square-rigger, and possible fore-and-aft schooners with five or even six masts may be common in the future. The *Haroldine* has already made one voyage to China, having recently arrived from Hong Kong with a cargo of tea, and will soon sail for Shanghai with a full cargo of oil.

The advantages of the fore-and-aft rig are so obvious that it would seem strange that it had not been more generally adopted for vessels of large size. The first cost is much less than the square rig, upon as great sail-spread can be obtained, and in a position where it is very much more effective, the fore-and-aft-rigged vessel being able to lie at least two points nearer the wind than the square-rigger, and except when running directly before the wind she can always make more effective use of her canvas. The difficulty, of course, has been the enormous size of spars and sails required, and this, as in the present instance, is obviated by the multiplication of them on the added masts, to which there seems to be scarcely any limit.

## AH SING'S MISTAKE

### A SHORT STORY OF THESE DAYS

I.

Ah Sing was a poor miserable Chinaman. He was born at Old Canton, which they call the "City of Rons," and his education was neglected. He never heard, for instance, of the science of Political Economy; but there is no learned professor thereof whom he could not have instructed in the matter of the effect of over population. His years, from earliest consciousness, were passed among literally teeming myriads of human beings. They covered the land, and when there was no more room for them there, they suspended themselves over the water in floats not floats supported on slender bamboo poles. One of those apologies for dwellings Ah Sing shared with his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. From where it stood you can look over the "City of Rons" to the picturesque White Cloud Mountains, but it is doubtful if Ah Sing ever saw that beautiful sight. He had no time for the picturesque. His life and those of his family were simply a struggle for existence—a struggle to keep the mats over their heads, and secure enough rice to prevent them from starving.

Perhaps sometimes when Ah Sing, standing erect in his floaty boat, clung to the ladder of the long, symmetrical, American built steamer which came daily to Canton, and solicited a share of the patronage of her well-dressed and comfortable looking passengers, a dim idea of life under better surroundings than his may have dawned upon him, but no one can tell. Once, however, an American missionary engaged the boat to take him to his chapel at Hoiam and he, speaking the Canton dialect well, talked with Ah Sing. He told him of the great and free country where he himself was born, and from whence he had come over thousands of miles of sea to tell the poor Chinese "the tidings of great joy." He told him, too, how truly the people of this great and good land wished well to him and his kind, and then he asked him to come and hear his sermon. As his boat was engaged by the hour, Ah Sing went, and he sat in the chapel and listened. Probably he heard little and comprehended less of what the preacher was saying about theological points, and about the glories and joys of a future world, but he did think a great deal about that lovely, homeless, and free country of which he had been told; and when he learned the rum-shanty back to the Canton side he ventured to ask him some questions about it.

That night, too, curiously enough, he met an old acquaintance who had gone to San Francisco in the early days, and come back with money and experience. This man told him more of the land of freedom, of the opportunities for making money there, and of the market for such labor as even a poor Canton boatman could furnish. Ah Sing went to his squalid couch that evening and actually dreamed of a new life beyond the seas.

The next day the condition of the atmosphere was very singular. It was ominously quiet, and the clouds were heavy and lowering. In the afternoon Ah Sing had occasion to go into the walled city, and he remained there until nearly dusk. As he came into the narrow street, from the low door of a shop there burst upon him, with a roar as if of a thousand demons, the fury of the *Storm Fiend*. He dragged himself under shelter of a wall, and lay there in terror—how long he knew not. It was actually morning before he arose, and finding that the storm had somewhat spent its force, half ran, half crept, wet to the skin and bedraggled, toward the river-bank. When he reached it he uttered a wild wail of despair, and flung himself on the ground. All was gone—house, mat sheds, junks, boats, and rafts. Away inshore from the point where his own shed had stood, there swept by him a foaming, raging, yellow torrent. His particular mat shed was but one of many, and those who had dwelt with him thereon were as dumb unconsolingly shabby and poverty-stricken people, but they had served to be his flesh and blood, and now house and boats, and father and mother, and brothers and sisters, were gone forever, and Ah Sing was alone in the wide world.

They tell of that typhoon to this day, and point you out the marks showing to what point the water rose. The papers devoted much space to the accounts of the sifting of a ship lying at Whampoa to a berth well up in the paddy fields, and they mentioned incidentally the loss of many thousands of Chinese lives. So it was: the typhoon (*ta fusong*, "great wind"), the Demon of the Storm, had at one blow destroyed nearly all the river population, and brought to an end, merciful on doubt, many, many, hard, bitter, toiling, joyless lives. There were few mourners, too, to "go about the streets"; for most of them had gone with those whom they would have mourned. A few thousands or tens of thousands, more or less, count for little in this land of many millions; their places were easily and quickly filled, the waters subsided, and all went on as usual on the Canton River.

Ah Sing had little time for grieving. Woe was far too expensive a luxury for him, and hunger and fatigue were present realities. He must decide what to do and he was not long about it. His thoughts turned at once to that happy "Land of Promise" of which he had heard, and in less than forty-eight hours' time he had engaged himself to an agent of the Six Companies; he had turned his back forever on the "City of Rons" and the White Cloud Mountains, and he was on his way Hong Kong with a number of companions. In the beautiful harbor of this colony lay the great American steamer *City of Peking*, and in her capacious between decks Ah Sing found his quarters, and the narrow bunk in which, after the manner of Chinese passengers, he passed much of his time on the voyage to San Francisco. One of the American passengers, a man who had lived in China and learned the language, was in the habit of coming into the quarters of the natives and frequently addressing them. His favorite topic—and he dwelt upon it with much force and eloquence—was the favored and happy life of those who came to the United States to cast in their lot with the great American people.

"To you, prospective fellow-citizen," read he, "to you, refugees from the oppressors of the Old World, she proffers a warm and generous welcome—she extends the right hand of fellowship. You are coming, my Mongolian brethren, to the glorious land of the free. Over you is bright forth cast the ægis of her beneficent protection, which is granted so generously as the air you breathe. Happy indeed is your lot."

Now there were not wanting shoptors among the saloon passengers, who sneered that this orator was a humbug and a blatherskite, that he did not believe a word of what he said, and that his only spoke, partly to hear himself talk, and partly for practice to qualify him if for an interpreter. Unfortunately, however, Ah Sing was denied admittance to these upper regions, and consequently deprived of this information; so, poor credulous heathen that he was, he believed all the orator said, and looked forward eagerly to his arrival at the picturesque portal of the Golden City.

In due time the great steamer passed the Farallones Light, threaded her way between Point Bonito and Point Lobos, past Alcatraz Island, and up the beautiful harbor to her wharf. Close to her, when in her berth, lay another large vessel, just arrived from Europe; and from this latter, as from the *City of Peking*, there were debarking crowds of sailors—men, women, and children from far-distant lands seeking a home under the starry flag. There was a marked difference, however, in the reception of the two parties. For the Asiatics there was scant courtesy. Custom house officials examined them and their baggage roughly; dock hands jostled them, street boys and "roughs" at the gate greeted them with cries of derision and occasional volleys of stones. The Europeans, on the other hand, were the recipients of many attentions, and were met by waiting force in large numbers. Stout men, with mustaches of auspicious blackness, and of important position—to judge from the respect shown them—were particularly solicitous for the welfare of these new-comers. Of course Ah Sing had yet to know that these men in three others what there was not to him and his companions—*material for satire*; so he wondered more and more at the differences. No doubt this wonder culminated when one of these same European aliens, contemporaneous in arrival with him, advanced toward him and, with loud curses, dealt him a blow which laid him senseless on the ground.

When he came to himself, in the Chinese quarter, he had plenty of time for reflection, and as in his unenlightened heathen way he mentally contrasted the real America with the ideal one, things began to be "all of a muddle" with him. And yet, thought he, it could hardly be possible that he had been wholly misinformed by all the good people who told him about America.

II.

A number of years ago some bold engineers and bolder men of means conceived the idea of carrying an iron road across the continent. At the latitude at which the rails from the East had not even reached the Missouri, and west of that river—on the map said—there lay the "Great American Desert." Beyond long ranges of sterile and arid plains were the massive heights of the Sierra Madre, the grim recesses of the Wasatch Mountains, the sickness-stricken Humboldt Valley, the cañons and precipices of the Sierra Nevada. Along the emigrant trails to Pike's Peak and California lay the bodies and bones of hundreds as hundreds of human beings slain by hostile Indians. The lives of all who ventured into these inhospitable regions—traders, trappers, emigrants, stage drivers, and riders of the "Pony Express"—were carried in their hands; and when the railroad engineer proposed to take up his shoulder and follow in their footsteps, he seemed indeed like, as old Jeremy Taylor says, "one who sets up his outposts in an enemy's country, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in."

Mile by mile, however, the surveyors, the graders, and the track-layers advanced from both ends, from the mountains, through the valleys, across the plains, crept the rails. At last the meeting parties raced toward each other and for the goal at Promontory Point, on the north arm shore of the Great Salt Lake. Now, mark come through the statements may be in these days, it is a historical fact that the successful and early completion of this great work was largely due to Chinamen. Of all people, they indeed "seem delights and live laborious days," and their patient and persistent toil was a prominent factor in the first real binding together of the East and the West.

The engineers "builded better than they knew" when they carried the great road past coal banks from which it should conveniently and easily draw its supplies of fuel. And here, again, was there need of the patient laborer whose work was so efficient and whose maintenance so inexpensive. If there were coal below the surface in that inhospitable region, near the great railroad, there was also plenty of sage-brush above it, and the presence of sage-brush suggests in a general way the abomination of desolation. Nevertheless, here, as in other forlorn places all over the world, certain spots had been isolated from their surroundings and made pleasant and home-like. Such was the residence of the water superintendent, an Eastern man of large experience, who had brought his family to Wyoming with him. This family consisted of his wife, a daughter of maidenhood, and a chubby, curly haired boy of four. This daughter was like one of the beautiful flowers which sometimes flourish on the arid plains of the West. She was as pretty as she was good, and as gentle and amiable as she was pretty. Her fame had gone out into the region around, and many an overland passenger on the "U. P." heard of her from enthusiastic train-men. Her name was Gertrude, and nothing was more natural than that, following the suggestion of a poetical tourist, she should be called "Gertrude of Wyoming." It was she who had made this little oasis in the sage brush desert blossom like the rose, and had so disguised and modestly ornamented the interior of the little house that one who entered forgot in an instant the long miles between it and conventional civilization. Did space permit, quite a little idyl might be founded on the lonely life of this young beauty of the sage-brush. But this is Ah Sing's story, not hers, and it has to do but with the temporary proximate of these two widely different life paths.

In the course of time poor Ah Sing found himself at these Wyoming mines, and engaged to work therein. His long and weary pilgrimage from San Francisco thither was a literal and prolonged running of the gauntlet. Everywhere, with monotonous iteration, there rained upon him jeers, insults, curses, kicks, and blows. Like the Wandering Jew, he could find no rest. In one place after another, where he would fain have remained to toil humbly and usefully, there rang in his ears, sooner or later, the old cry, "The Chinese must go," and then there was nothing for him but to take up again the pilgrim's staff and bear again the pilgrim's burden. When he reached Wyoming he was worn and thin tired and foot-sore, squalid and hungry. He hoped for little; many day that he was unmolested was a clear gain; and a forlorn and desolate place might perhaps harbor him a little longer than a pleasanter one. So down into the mines he went, patient and encouraging as always.

Of course Miss Gertrude's flowers would not grow without irrigation, and there was no one, just when she wanted such services, to help her attend the ditch. One day she stood, just at sunset, looking wistfully at the line she had marked out for it to take. With a sudden impulse she picked up a shovel lying near by and made an attempt to dig for herself; but the work was too hard for her, and soon she stopped. Just then there approached a poor miserable Chinaman—a "moon-eyed leper," she had often heard such a one called. Ordinarily she would take little notice of a Chinaman, but this one, for some reason, had attracted her attention—probably because he looked so particularly weary and thin and tired. Ah Sing's eyes met hers, and he stopped. A rare thing had happened to him. For the first time since he had stepped on the wharf at San Francisco he saw something in the look of an American which cheered and comforted him. He was only a poor miserable Mongolian heathen, yet in the beautiful eyes resting on him he saw God-sent pity, heavenly compassion. It moved even his dull soul. Had he been other than he was, he might have made an address of thanks. Now, he only said "Chin chin," and, taking up the shovel, began digging the irrigating ditch. Gertrude, somewhat surprised, thanked him.

"Have you been long in this country?" she asked.

"Two, t'ree year," said Ah Sing.

"Do you like it?"

"No likee. Melican man too muchee bobbely mi" ("bothers," mai-trait, abuse me), "Hinkman too muchee fuggee, too muchee kickee, too muchee stonee."

Gertrude almost sighed. True enough she knew the poor fellow's grievances to be. How could people be so unkind, thought she, to this defenseless sufferer? He must be too tired to work, she told him. Had he not better stop?

"My likee workee for you," said Ah Sing.

His sentences were short, his jargon hard to understand, his expression stolid but his meaning unmistakable. He labored for an hour on the ditch; then said, "Jesson now my go way; my come back to-morlow."

The next evening he was there, sure enough, and when Gertrude looked from the window of the house at sunset she saw him patiently toiling again. She went to speak to him, and took her little brother with her. When Ah Sing saw the boy he stopped working; and what was almost a gleam of interest showed itself in his face.

"How muchee old?" (how old) asked he.

"Four," replied Gertrude.

"He alla same as young blother."

"Where is your brother?"

"Hab makee die," said he, and resumed his work, looking now and then at the little boy with a curious expression of kindness.

This was a beginning of a warm friendship, and the child rarely failed to stay with the stolid Chinaman when he worked on the ditch. Day by day the length of this ditch increased, until it was nearly finished and ready for the water, and all the time Ah Sing was engaged, in his few

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spare moments, in making a Chinese puzzle for her new little friend. Gertrude would gladly have been of service to her curious, self-appointed benefactress, but it was clear that her devotion to her was the expression of heart-felt gratitude and good-will, and that he would accept no remuneration. The young girl often looked pityingly at his useless cheeks and thin hands, and thought how little life had in store for him.

At last she saw that one more afternoon's work would put the ditch to readiness for the water, which would speedily convert another arid track into a beneficent addition to her pretty garden. It was nearly dark before Ah Sing completed his labors. Then said he, "To-mollow can putice water. To-nighten ni finebee cumshoe" (present) "for amalie pecee chalo." Then he ran to his shabby quarters.

When the white miners came out of the shafts that day they gathered in a saloon, and, as they consumed large quantities of vile whiskey, seemed engaged in the consecration of some plan. Later that evening the stillness was broken by the report of fire-arms and the cries of poor creatures in dire anguish; then the scene was illuminated by the flames of burning cabins. The situation was simple. The Mongolians wanted to work quietly in the mines for the wages they had been receiving. The "Caucasians" did not wish them to do so, so they killed them.

Ah Sing was sitting on his squalid bunk, working deftly by the light of a tallow-candle. At the first report of fire-arms he sprang up and ran from the cabin. He saw his countrymen falling and fleeing and he fled too. He had run perhaps a hundred yards when the flames broke brilliantly out from a boarding-shed, and brought his flying figure into plain relief. Then a large Caucasian raised brought his Winchester rifle to his shoulder, and sent the bullet crashing through the poor Chinaman's skull. When they picked up his body, next day, they found the little puzzle tightly clutched in his thin fingers.

Ah Sing had the advantage over his fellow-sufferers in two particulars. First, his earthly troubles came to an end in the twinkling of an eye, while many of the others dragged themselves into the sage-brush to die slowly and miserably of wounds and starvation. Second, they had no one to mourn for them, while a beautiful young girl and a bright little boy wept bitterly when, after the troops arrived, they carried Ah Sing's body off for burial.

Next day was Sunday, and the minister improved the occasion. He pointed out how very sad it was that these poor heathen died before they had embraced the Christian religion, and he announced that after the services a collection would be taken up to aid so sending missionaries to China.

There was something curious about Ah Sing's case. To be sure, he was only a poor credulous heathen, and he had been told that the United States was a free country, and offered a secure and peaceful asylum to the oppressed of all lands—nay, that such were eagerly welcomed. Now this is no new doctrine. It is in strict accordance with the Declaration of Independence; it is taught in our schools and colleges and preached from our pulpits. It is embraced in every political platform, and in its truth is involved the very existence of our country.

Yet, when Ah Sing believed it, it really seemed as if he made a sad and fatal mistake.

It may be allowable to call attention to the unobtrusive moral of this little story.

The public are not likely to ever learn the ghastly and horrible details of the late Wyoming massacres. That name, indeed, is suggestive. Poets, romancers, and historians have joined through the long course of a century in wringing our hearts and bringing tears to our eyes by their account of what once happened in another Wyoming; yet the culprits on that occasion were savages, who but followed their natural instincts in redressing real wrongs. In our day, on the other hand, a new Wyoming is the scene of dastardly and cold-blooded butcheries which would shame Apache Indians or Papuan pirates. To be sure, we learn from an official proclamation that the perpetrators thereof were "not American citizens." Not yet, perhaps, but soon to be. The trifling formalities needful for the transformation of these alien and imported Thugs into honorable American citizens can hardly be wholly ignored; but they need not last long. Not only do these men go scot-free at present, but they seem to have earned the gratitude and respect of their neighbors. Soon will they, their hands red with innocent blood, become part and parcel of the Sovereign People, soon, again, perhaps, again to drive and legislative dignities.

Nevertheless, the great eternal principles of Right are stronger than the decrees of Senatdom; and for a nation which condones such deeds there is assuredly in store a certain and dire retribution.

A. A. HAYES.

## GENERAL JOHN H. DEVEREUX.

GENERAL JOHN H. DEVEREUX, who died at his residence in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 17th of this month, was one of the best-known railroad men in the West, and was, in fact, prominent in railroad circles throughout the country. During his long business career he held the presidency one after another of all the leading roads running to and from Cleveland, including the Lake Shore both before and after its consolidation with the Michigan Southern, and the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railway, the president of which he was at the time of his death. He was also officially connected with the Dayton and Union and Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Connellsville, and Cleveland and Mahoning railways. At various times he was also prominently connected with the Tennessee and Alabama road, and with the great Pennsylvania system. As an instance of the high regard in which his abilities as a railroad manager were held, it may be mentioned that in 1873 the parties interested in the old Atlantic and Great Western road unanimously agreed upon him as the proper person to take control of that property, and sought to secure his services. General DEVEREUX was disinclined to accept the position, and, in order to get out of it, placed his terms at a figure, as he supposed, beyond their reach. There was, however, no hesitation on the part of the road owners, who gladly paid him a bonus of $100,000, together with a salary of $20,000 a year, for his services. He was for many years a trusted and efficient lieutenant of the VANDERBILT forces, and when VANDERBILT desired to obtain possession of the Nickel Plate Railroad, General DEVEREUX was intrusted with the delicate task of securing the men to carry on the negotiations.

General DEVEREUX was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, on the 5th of April, 1832, and, after receiving such education as the common schools of that vicinity afforded, went West, where his wonderful executive ability early began to tell to the success of his active career. His first railroad employment was obtained in the capacity of assistant civil engineer on the line of the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati Railway of which road he eventually became the president. During the war he was a military engineer, and consequently superintendent of United States military railroads in Virginia. At the age of thirty General DEVEREUX was married to Miss ANTOINETTE KELSEY, a daughter of Captain L. A. KELSEY, of Cleveland. His wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, survive him.

## THE ACCUSED ALDERMEN.

MR. HENRY W. JARDINE, who has been one of our aldermen for three years, and who was among the gentlemen known as the "social eighteen," who on August 30, 1884, voted to give Broadway to Jacob SHARP, was arrested, March 16, while sauntering toward the City Hall.

The charge against him was made upon belief and upon information obtained from Police Inspector BYRNES. The latter's information had been obtained in the course of a series of interesting and diplomatic interviews with the Alderman during the past year. According to that official's story, when JARDINE found how he had been entrapped, he concluded that it would be better to betray his fellows than to suffer all alone, and consented to meet Judge HILTON, BYRNES and the District Attorney and confess everything, hoping thus to obtain leniency for himself.

Inspector BYRNES declared that JARDINE had confessed; that he had told how $20,000 had been paid for his vote, and had implicated a number of his fellow-aldermen. Alderman JARDINE found a saloon-keeping friend who gave $15,000 bail for him, and having thus regained his liberty, appeared as happy and cheerful as usual. Both he and his lawyers stoutly deny that any confession has been made. The Alderman's political friends, declaring that JARDINE would never "squeal," offered to back their confidence to his innocence by betting large sums of money.

Mr. JARDINE is the Alderman who figured as the receiver of silver-ware stolen from Mrs. SIDNEY HAMILTON, and who avoided prosecution by paying something over $1100. He was supposed to be quite poor when he first became a statesman, but is well off now.

The day after the arrest of JARDINE the session of the legislative committee engaged in investigating the grant of the Broadway franchise disclosed some interesting facts about another of the righteous, Alderman JAMES PEARSON. It appeared that one of his brothers-in-law had borrowed money to pay PEARSON's election expenses. While he was an alderman, in December, 1884, a bank account was opened in the name of another brother-in-law, which amounted to $16,000 before it was closed in July, 1885, the brother-in-law in whose name the account stood being then in the employ of the Department of Public Works, and now a policeman. The other brother-in-law, being pressed for his opinion of the sources from which the deposits were derived, at last said he supposed they came from "the profits of the aldermanic business."

## THE HOSTILE APACHES.

GERONIMO, the head chief of the Chiricahua Apaches, came into prominent notice in 1876. CHOUSE, the former head chief, died in 1875, and was succeeded by his son TAZA. ESKINTA, Cochise's war chief, was displeased to have a young or man placed over him. He grew restless, and with a few followers made several raids into Sonora. On their way back they would stop at a ranch kept by a man named ROURKE. ROURKE sold them liquor, but once refused to sell them all they wanted, whereupon they went away, but in a short time came back and killed ROURKE. The Chiricahuas at this time were at peace with the whites, and bitterly denounced the deed. YOKA with a few men met ESKINTA a short distance from Fort Bowie, near what is called Bear Spring. A fight ensued, and ESKINTA was killed. In this fight GERONIMO took sides with TAZA. The murder of ROURKE aroused the whites, and there was a clamor for the transfer of the Chiricahuas to the San Carlos Reservation, where the rest of the Apaches had been placed. The Indian Agent had a conference with the Indians in the author's store. They were all opposed to leaving their old home, but after much talk TAZA spoke out. "My father's last words to me were, 'Keep peace with the whites,' and if you wish me to go, I will."

Until the last Geronimo, then a sub-chief, was opposed to going. He made a good speech, saying he did not think it was just to send them away. He knew ESKINTA had done wrong, and the band fought and killed him, but the rest of the tribe had done no harm and he did not think they should be made to suffer for what ESKINTA had done. But it was decided to remove them to San Carlos. GERONIMO asked for a four days' leave in order to bring in his bands, which was scattered in the mountains. He went out and nothing more was seen of him till a few days after, when he was taken on New Mexico, and brought on to the San Carlos Reservation. A little while afterward he escaped and was out till 1878, when Lieutenant HAYNES, of the Twelfth Infantry, went down into Sonora, captured him, and brought him back to the reservation. He escaped again in 1881, and was out till General TWOMBLY brought him in in 1884. The other leader of the renegades is CHATO, one of the subchiefs. He has been one of the best behaved of those on the reservation, and had never given any serious trouble before last year.

The present outbreak occurred the 17th of last May. Lieutenant HARRIS DAVIS, who had charge of the renegades at the time, gives the causes and circumstances attending it. Knowing they would be punished for their conduct of the officer in charge was left to find it out, then all came to him at the same time to tell him what they had done, and as he would not be able to punish all, they thought they could escape. Lieutenant DAVIS decided to take an action in the matter, but telegraphed to the department commander. Before any reply could be sent, the wires between Prescott and San Carlos had been cut, and the renegades, bearing the consequences of their conduct, left the reservation. GERONIMO had meanwhile represented matters to CHATO and, when the latter discovered the truth he immediately left GERONIMO and started back. He camped in the mountains north of the Gila, and it is said that he intended, as soon as the excitement had subsided, to return to the reservation, but Lieutenant DAVIS, who was in pursuit of the hostiles, had struck his trail, and seeing the scouts in pursuit of him, CHATO became alarmed and started for Mexico.

There are very many difficulties in the way of prosecuting such a war as this, which those who are not acquainted with the nature of the country and are accustomed to the usual mode of warfare do not appreciate. The hostiles move in an exceedingly mountainous country, in which pursuit is possible only by following their trails. They can travel much faster than government troops, for they are obliged to go on foot, while the hostiles are mounted, and when their horses are worn out, they raid some ranch and secure fresh mounts. It is almost impossible to surprise them. They pitch their camps upon high and almost inaccessible mountain spurs, from which they can make an easy retreat. These camps command wide reaches of country, and their sentinels are mounted and equipped with good field glasses. If the theatre of the war were confined to United States soil, one important obstacle would be removed, but most of the territory traversed by the hostiles is foreign. All the engagements thus far have taken place below the Mexican line. The principal water holes in Arizona and New Mexico are guarded by troops of cavalry, but the Mexican soil not allow the United States to establish any permanent camps in their country. The Mexican troops have been of hardly any service. The Indians do not fear the Mexican soldiers, and many Mexicans trade with the hostiles, giving them ammunition in exchange for plunder. In Arizona two cases are known in which the hostiles stole horses from ranches while the cow boys were at home and knew what was being done, but did not dare to stir from their houses.

A peculiarity of General CROOK's mode of warfare has been the selection of Indians to fight Indians. He was eminently successful in conquering the rest of the Apaches, and during the present campaign so little have the troops been able to accomplish, on account of the nature of the country, that of late the fighting has been confined almost entirely to the use of Indian scouts who are of the same tribe as the hostiles.

At present there is a cessation of hostilities. GERONIMO wants to meet General CROOK some time this month, and until then has promised not to commit any depredations. He gave as hostages one of his chiefs and three other bucks.

FORT BOWIE, ARIZONA, March 16.

## THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

To fill the places on the National Civil Service Commission made vacant by the resignation of the Hon. DORMAN B. EATON and the appointment of Mr. W. L. TRENAMAN to be Comptroller of the Currency the President has appointed Mr. CORCORAN LYMAN, of Connecticut, and Mr. JOHN H. OBERLY, of Illinois. Mr. LYMAN's appointment may fairly be called a promotion, and is an exemplification of the reform. After a brief period of service in the army, he was in 1864 appointed to a clerkship in the office of the Second Auditor of the Treasury, at Washington, and he has been in the public employment continuously ever since. After several promotions, he was in 1877 made Chief Clerk of the Stationery Department. It was from this post that he was transferred to the place of Chief Examiner of the Civil Service Commission when it was first organized. During General GRANT's administration, when a Civil Service Board was appointed, he was its Chief Examiner. He has therefore been practically identified with the work of furthering the reform from its inception. He has done more of the detail and practical labor of the Commission since its organization under the law of 1883 than any other man. Having spent most of his manhood in the public service, and being as nearly an enthusiast as a very practical man may be, Mr. LYMAN brings to his new work an great earnestness as one of his associates or predecessors, and a more general knowledge of its duties than any other new appointee could have. He is a Republican.

Mr. JOHN H. OBERLY, the new Democratic Commissioner, has spent the greater part of his life as a newspaper writer. He was the correspondent of a Chicago paper at Albany during the period between the election and the inauguration of the President, and it was then that Mr. FITZGERALD formed his acquaintance. He has made a record in Illinois as an earnest Democrat in most of the political campaigns of recent years. In 1884 he was chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of the State. He was appointed last year Superintendent of Indian Schools, and it was from that position that he was transferred to the Commission. Mr. OBERLY is about fifty years of age, and his knowledge of men and of politics will stand him in good stead.

## GOVERNOR MURRAY, OF UTAH.

THE resignation of Governor ELI MURRAY, of Utah, which he had tendered to the President to take effect at the latter's pleasure, was called for a few days ago by Secretary LAMAR. It has been conjectured that the request for his resignation was simply the Administration's adherence to the rule by which Governorships of Territories have been considered administrative offices, and other things being equal, should go of the same political faith as the President. Another conjecture is that the President has been displeased with Governor MURRAY's course in vetoing the appropriation bill passed by the Territorial Legislature.

Governor MURRAY is a native of Kentucky, where he was once the Republican candidate for Governor. He was appointed Governor of Utah by President HAYES, and, because his terms of service has been simultaneous with the enforcement of the Edmunds law against polygamy, and because of the vigor of his administration in executing that law, his name will probably be more tenaciously associated in the popular mind with the suppression of polygamy than the name of any other officer of the government. The "Gentiles" in Utah have expressed regret at his resignation, and the Mormons would sincerely congratulate themselves if their best reason to hope—and the President's Message gives them no such reason—that Mr. CLEVELAND would name a successor whose administration will be less troublesome to them to their efforts to perpetuate their peculiar institution. Governor MURRAY retires with the well-earned and lasting thanks of the "Latter day Saints."

## DR. AUSTIN FLINT.

DR. AUSTIN FLINT came of a family which for five successive generations has produced a great physician. He was the most distinguished of them all, and by his contributions to medical literature he made for himself a permanent place in the history of the profession. His great-grandfather was a physician of more than local fame as the colony of Massachusetts, his grandfather was a practitioner at Leicester, where he lived to a great old age, his father chose the same profession; and his only child is the well-known physician in the city who bears his name.

Dr. FLINT was born in 1812. After thorough academic training, he was graduated at Harvard Medical School in 1833, for three years he practiced his profession in Massachusetts, he removed to Buffalo in 1836, where ten years later he founded *The Medical Journal*, and became one of the founders of the Buffalo Medical College; thence he went to Louisville, and thence to New Orleans, to each of which cities he was called to fill chairs to medical institutions. When, about 1860, he came to New York, where he spent the rest of his life, he had already made a national reputation as practitioner, teacher, and writer on medical subjects. Six years later his great *Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Medicine* appeared, which, in spite of the different tastes that has since made many special professions of what in Dr. FLINT's youth was included in the general practice of medicine, remains an authoritative comprehensive treatise. He became one of the faculty of the Long Island College Hospital and of Bellevue Hospital, which latter post he held until his death. In 1872 he was elected President of the New York Academy of Medicine, and held that honorable position by successive reelections until he resigned last winter. Two years ago he was made President of the American Medical Association; in 1876 he was a delegate to the International Medical Congress which met at Philadelphia, where he delivered his famous address on "Medicine"; he attended the Medical Congress at London in 1881, and that at Copenhagen three years later, and he was President of the next Congress, which will be held at Washington next year. He had been invited, and had accepted the invitation, to deliver an address on "Medicine" at the forth-coming meeting of the British Medical Association—an honor that no other American physician has ever earned. As a writer he was known to his profession in all civilized lands; as a teacher he trained two or three generations of physicians, many of whom have become eminent, and who live in every part of the Union. In the practice of his profession he achieved as great distinction as any of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic as a general practitioner, and as a man he was so highly esteemed so he was widely honored as a physician. He died on March 25 at his residence in this city, fourteen hours after an attack of cerebral apoplexy, during which he did not recover consciousness.

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## MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

On Friday, March 10, President CLEVELAND sent to the Senate the nomination of Brigadier-General OLIVER OTIS HOWARD for the vacancy that had been created three days before by the retirement of Major-General POPE.

The officer thus selected for promotion is one whose distinguished services during the war for the Union eminently entitle him to the rank and emoluments of the new grade, while his advancement also comes to him in the line of seniority. Born at Leeds, Maine, November 8, 1830, he graduated at Bowdoin College in his twentieth year, and immediately entered the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1854, and was made a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Ordnance. In 1857 he took part in the operations against the Florida Indians, and was next made Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point, in which occupation he remained until the outbreak of the war for the Union in 1861.

Finishing the duties of the academic year at West Point, he received the Colonelcy of the Third Maine Infantry, June 4, and three days afterward resigned his army commission as First Lieutenant of Ordnance. Proceeding at once to Virginia, he took part the following month in the battle of Bull Run, where he commanded a brigade, and in September he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers. Under MCCLELLAN he served in the Peninsula campaign of 1862, and at Fair Oaks, on the 1st of June, was twice wounded, losing his right arm. Nevertheless, he rejoined his command in August, and took part in the battle of Antietam. He then received the command of a division, was made a Major-General of Volunteers dating from November 29, 1862, and in December took part in BURNSIDE'S battle at Fredericksburg. The following May he had risen to the command of the Eleventh Corps, and served with it in HOOKER'S campaign of Chancellorsville. It was upon that corps that JACKSON fell by his famous flank march, his great success, however, costing him his life. In the subsequent movement of MEADE upon Gettysburg General HOWARD took command of the Union line, on the first day of the battle, after the death of General REYNOLDS, as the senior officer present; and for his services on this occasion he afterward, on the 28th of January, 1864, received the exceptional honor of a vote of thanks from Congress.

General HOWARD was now transferred with his command to Tennessee, where he arrived in season to take part in the battles under GRANT at Lookout Valley and Missionary Ridge, and in the relief of BURNSIDE at Knoxville. The following spring, for SHERMAN'S Georgia campaign of 1864, General HOWARD received command of the Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, and with it made the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. At the latter point he was transferred, on the death of General MCPHERSON, to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, which before had been successively commanded by General GRANT and General SHERMAN. Up to that time HOWARD had been engaged specially at Dalton, Resaca, Kenesaw, and in the actions around Atlanta, and everywhere with credit.

Through the subsequent campaign from Atlanta to Savannah HOWARD'S command constituted the right wing of SHERMAN'S grand army; and again in the campaign of 1865 through the Carolinas, terminating with the surrender of JOHNSON'S army toward the end of April. While engaged in this latter service he was nominated and confirmed a Brigadier-General in the regular army, to date several months earlier, December 21, 1864. He also received the brevet rank of Major-General in the army "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Ezra Church, and during the campaign against Atlanta, Georgia."

Immediately on the close of the war, General HOWARD, who had become identified with various religious, educational, and philanthropic movements, was appointed, in May, 1865, Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, and held this position until it was abolished by law in 1872, and he was also Trustee of the Howard University for colored persons, and President of this institution from 1869 to 1873. He was on duty for a time in New Mexico and Arizona as Special Commissioner to the Indians.

His subsequent commands were those of various military departments in accordance with his rank, his present one being that of the Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha. He was also Superintendent of the Military Academy from January, 1881, to September, 1882.

It will be clear from the foregoing recital that General HOWARD has fully earned by his war services the high rank to which he has at length been nominated. He served throughout the war, East and West, from Bull Run to the surrender of Durham Station, making the march through Georgia and the Carolinas, as well as campaigns on the Rappahannock and the Chickahominy.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, U. S. A.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACE.

A COAL TOW ON THE OHIO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

STATION AT KENOSHA, WISCONSIN.

STATION AT FLETCHER'S NECK, MAINE.

## THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THE United States Life-saving Service—an organization whose employés saved on our coasts in the year 1884 the lives of 4412 persons, and property valued at $9,161,334—had its origin in a few battered huts that had been placed prior to the year 1871 on the Long Island and New Jersey beaches for the use of those whom storm and wreck might cast on those dreary sands. Those huts were very poorly furnished with appliances for saving or sustaining life, and only every other one was manned. From so small a beginning the service has been slowly but steadily built up until it is now the world's model organization of its kind. Its line of stations has been extended from Long Island and New Jersey to Maine in one direction and to Texas in the other, along the shores of the Great Lakes, and on the Pacific coast. It has found earnest friends in and out of Congress, among whom should be mentioned the Hon. S. S. Cox, now Minister to Turkey, but its development is due in great measure to the untiring labors of Mr. Sumner I. Kimball, who has been its General Superintendent from the days of its infancy.

There is in time of peace no other branch of our public service in which is found a greater demand for endurance, courage, and heroism, or in which that demand is more fully supplied. The hardy surfmen risk their lives where no one can see or applaud them except the suffering men and women whom they save, and they do their work for the inadequate pay of $50 a month. Visitors at Long Branch and other beaches in summer days, who see the neat little cottages that serve as station-houses, know very little about the hardships faced and endured by the keeper and his six or seven men in the rough winter nights and days when the storm-swept sands must be constantly patrolled in order that no disabled or wrecked vessel may escape attention. The most valuable and arduous labors of these men are done in the night, when storm or blunder has driven some craft into the breakers, and imperiled the lives of all on board. The patrolling surfman, making his way along the beach, discovers the unfortunate vessel, and his companions are speedily brought to the spot with the life-boats and other appliances that are kept at every station. It may be impossible to use either the large life-boat which is launched from the station, or the lighter surf-boat which is drawn on wheels to a point opposite the wreck. In that case a shot, to which is attached a small line that has been coiled in an ingenious way, is fired across the vessel, and by means of this line those on board draw out from the beach a hawser, which afterward supports a breeches-buoy or a life-car, in which the passengers and crew are carried through the surf to the shore. In the year 1884 there were landed by the surf-boat 472 persons, by the life-boat 272, by small boats 77, and by the breeches-buoy 158. Many others were rescued in ways more dangerous, because neither the boats nor the buoy could be used.

The most striking proof of the value of this service is furnished by the great reduction of the loss of life upon our coasts since it became effective. Even since 1876 the reduction is nearly seventy-five per cent., for while in that year and the years immediately preceding is one person out of every twenty-nine persons on wrecked vessels was lost, there has been a constant decrease, until only one out of 113 is lost. The contrast can be made still greater. It is known that 512 lives were lost on the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey in the twenty years preceding the organization of the service, or an average of twenty-five persons

INTERIOR OF A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

each year. A complete record would largely increase this number. On the other hand, there were lost in the last fiscal year throughout the whole domain of the Life saving Service—the Atlantic coast from Maine to Texas, the Pacific coast, and the shores of the lakes—only eleven lives, and the annual average for the last four years has been only fifteen. Since 1871 the service has also saved seventy per cent. ($56,251,106) of imperiled property in vessels and cargoes to the value of $51,753,769, and 24,967 lives out of 25,428 that were in great danger. These figures summarize the history of thousands of wrecks, and cover many a thrilling story of disaster, suffering, and rescue.

The brave and faithful surfmen are on regular duty upon the Atlantic coast only from September 1 to May 1, but the station-keepers are paid by the year. On the lakes the surfmen serve from the opening to the close of navigation. On the Pacific coast few of the stations are fully manned. On the Florida beaches the stations are merely houses of refuge, well supplied with provisions, and occupied by keepers, who are required to patrol the coast after every storm. Not long ago the surfmen received only $40 a month, and the keepers only $400 a year. In 1882 a law was passed which allowed these figures to be raised to $50 and $700 respectively, and contained other provisions of great value. At that time there was danger that the organization would lose some of its best men because the pay was so small, and for the additional reason that a man disabled in the line of duty could get no aid from the government. Under the law as it now stands the disabled surfman or keeper receives his pay for one year, and in some cases for two, while the widow and children of an employé who loses his life in the service receive his pay for two years. These provisions for something in the nature of a pension were richly deserved by the brave and modest men who so frequently risk their lives, and are continually exposed under conditions that tend to break down the hardiest constitutions.

The Life-saving Service has not escaped the attention of politicians, and sometimes it has been difficult to thwart the intentions of influential men who desired to place upon its pay-roll persons who were in no way fitted for the work. Not until 1882 was the merit system—"maintained," as Superintendent KIMBALL said in his report for that year, "by personal effort and struggle, under great and often disheartening difficulties"—secured to the service by a statute which declares that the appointment of district superintendents, inspectors, keepers, and surfmen "shall be made solely with reference to their fitness, and without reference to their political or party affiliations."

## COAL BOATS ON THE OHIO.

NOBODY as a sight worth seeing a Pittsburgh steamer with a tow of coal flats is a notable object, for nothing like it can be seen anywhere else in the world but on our inland waterways. These tow-boats are all "stern-wheelers." They carry no load themselves, and, burdened with nothing but their own weight, which is chiefly the weight of their engines, their evolution has been wholly toward the development to the utmost of propelling power. Many of them draw no more than two feet of water. For this peculiar boat architecture credit is due to Pittsburgh's engineers, and by means of it they have made the cheapest transportation service in the world. Simple as it now seems to build wholly with reference to power, and to spread out the cargo, so to speak, over an indefinite pa area as low water makes necessary, the solution of the problem of cheap coal transportation was not reached until the railroads threatened to take away all traffic from the rivers, as they have practically taken away all travel.

How important this peculiar transportation service is from a commercial point of view will be appreciated when it is called to mind that in 1874 (and it has increased enormously since then) when a special report was made to the national government of the traffic on the Ohio River, it equalled the total foreign commerce of the United States, reaching the value of $800,000,000. By far the most important item of this great inland water traffic is that done from the docks of Pittsburgh, and the most important item of the river traffic of Pittsburgh is coal. Pittsburgh coal can be delivered in New Orleans for about $2 00 per ton, and New Orleans is 2000 miles away by river. Voyages of 4000 miles are by no means uncommon for these coal carriers to take on our inland waters. Cow Island, on the upper Missouri, is 600 more than 4000 miles from Pittsburgh, and they carry coal to market there—a distance as great as from New York to our port on the Baltic Sea. Not less than 20,000 miles of inland navigable waters are accessible to these Pennsylvania fuel peddlers. More than 160 of them are owned by Pittsburgh owners—a vast fleet, the building of which cost hardly less than $10,000,000. The aggregate of vessels of all kinds is now more than 4000. Of the 13,000,000 tons of coal that were dug in 1883 in the counties near Pittsburgh, about 4,500,000 tons were carried to market by water.

The Pennsylvania miners indulge in a dream, which will doubtless some day come to pass, of sending coal to South America by way of New Orleans cheaper than it can be carried thither from the English collieries. The Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce has published the estimate that the cost of digging and shipping to Rio Janeiro would not be more than $5 00 per ton. At Pittsburgh, therefore, they argue, ought to be begun, and could be begun, the revival of our decaying merchant marine, for that city alone of American cities can furnish paying ballast. During the recent and the present Expositions at New Orleans, the establishment of a coal trade with the Central and South American states has been a project much talked about.

The inland river traffic itself, however, without regard to possibilities of foreign commerce, is by no means fully developed. Every year the extent of navigable waters is greatly increased by Congressional appropriations and by State and private enterprise. Since enormous carrying power no longer requires great depth of water, the extension of navigation is much simplified and cheapened. It is estimated that there are 20,000 miles of rivers already traversed by these boats, and that perhaps 20,000 miles more will be opened before the end of the century. The United States government is now constructing a dam—the Davis Island Dam—at Pittsburgh, which, when completed, will give harborage for 12,000 steam boats and barges, and the largest and longest dock in the world will be constructed there.

But there is no need to indulge in forecasts or speculations about the Ohio River traffic from Pittsburgh. Already the gas that lights the cities of London and Windsor in Ontario, Detroit, Marquette, Chicago, and Milwaukee is made partly, in some of them wholly, of coal that is transported by rail from the nearest river towns; and the largest cargoes in the world, some of which travel longer distances than any other, except those of the sailing vessels that go around the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, are the cargoes of these little stern-wheel coal steamers, and the *Great Eastern* itself never did the feat of carrying 20,000 tons.

## THE KENTUCKY AND INDIANA BRIDGE

THERE are three railway lines from the South and East which converge at Louisville, Kentucky, and four which diverge from New Albany and Jeffersonville, on the Indiana side of the Ohio River. For the accommodation of this traffic there has hitherto been but one bridge across the river, the Indiana terminus of which is nearer to Jeffersonville, which is situated directly across the river from Louisville, than to New Albany. The traffic to and from New Albany, which passed over the Louisville, Evansville, and St. Louis and the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago railways, has been obliged to pay toll by lease or redemption over a short branch road from New Albany to Jeffersonville in order to reach the Louisville bridge. For the lease of this four miles of road the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago company alone has paid a yearly rental of $4500.

A new bridge has now been constructed below the old Louisville bridge, which shortens the route from Louisville to New Albany by two miles over which the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago road will make its Kentucky connections directly. The length of the bridge is 2483 feet, exclusive of the approaches. The longest span of 480 feet, is from an island to the Kentucky shore over the channel through which boats go that do not run the risk of shooting the falls of the Ohio. It is 100 feet from the low-water mark to the lowest timber in the bridge. The noteworthy engineering feature of this bridge is that it is the longest commercial system of cantilevers in the world. The new cantilever principle, which since its development to the engineers of Great Britain, is the balancing of canti levers on upright pillars. This system of high level bridges is a development of the use of cast steel. The best-known cantilever bridge in this country is the Niagara bridge. Others are those over the Fraser River, on the Canada Pacific Railroad, and over the Kentucky River at Cincinnati. The successful use of the principle in the construction of the Niagara bridge caused its adoption by the engineers of the Forth railway bridge in Scotland. The Kentucky and Indiana bridge was built at a cost of a million and a quarter dollars. Sixteen thousand tons of wrought iron and steel and eleven thousand tons of iron were used in its construction. Besides the railroad tracks, there are two ways for wagons, two for street cars, and two for pedestrians. The prospect of the river and the hills near its Indiana end is as pronounced by BAYARD TAYLOR one of the finest views he had ever seen.


DEEP-SEA WONDERS

Exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their addresses to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed grandly.—[Adv.]

THE GOOD REPUTATION

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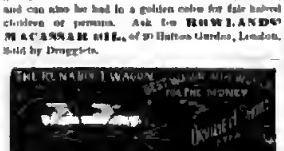


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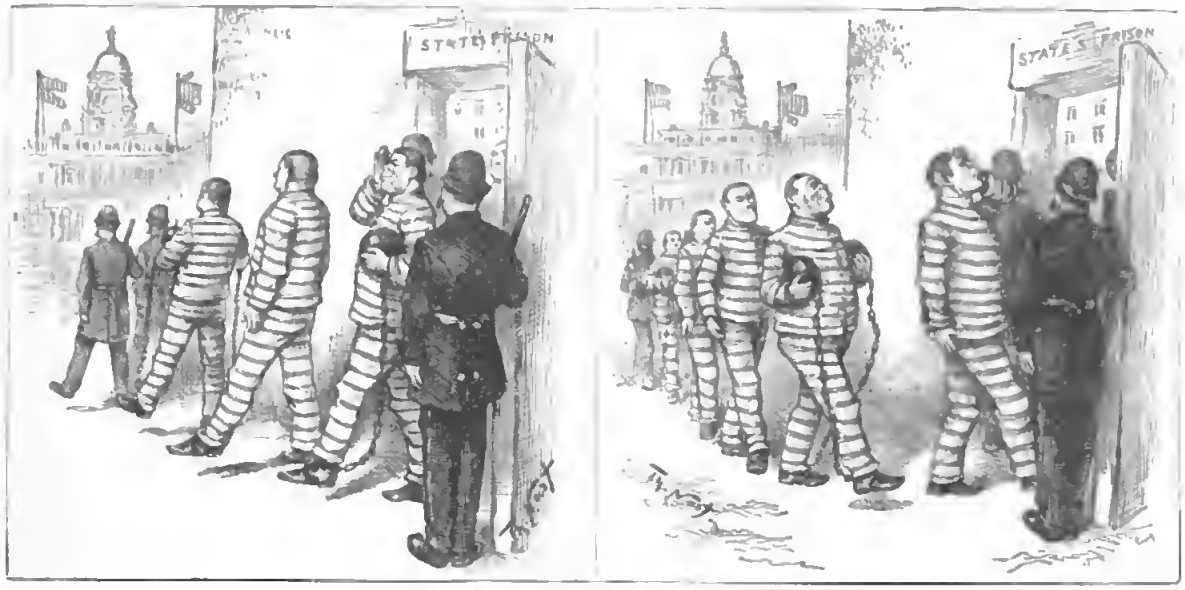


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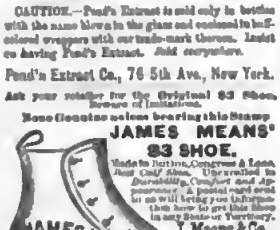


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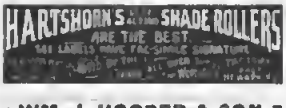

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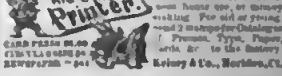


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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886.

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FLOWER SHOW AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.—[SEE PAGE 218.]

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

*The current number contains a front-page illustration, "Scenes"—Margery Daw"; the continuation of* MRS. LILLIE'S story, "*Jo's Opportunity,*" *illustrated*; "*Parlor Performer,*" *by* G. B. BARTLETT; *Part II of* "*His First Cruise,*" *by* FRANK H. CONVERSE, *illustrated*; *a full page picture,* "*A Scamper Across Country,*" *drawn by* A. C. CORBOULD, *with an article on Horseback Riding, from* COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, U.S.A.; "*The Drawing Club,*" *Part II, etc. In the next number, published April 6, will appear the first part of*

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886.

## THE STRIKE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

THE right of all men to decide upon what terms they will work for others is undeniable. The right to associate with others in demanding such terms is equally unquestionable. The right to invite arbitration if employers and employed cannot agree is incontestable. And the correlative rights are equally clear: that of every man to decide how much he will pay for work, the right of employers to unite in refusing to pay more than they think advantageous, and the right of the owners of property to control it lawfully. It is plain that no man has a right to determine what another man shall ask for his services unless the other man consents, and that the attempt to compel him to take less or more is a gross violation of his lawful right, which it is the duty of society to protect. Of course the seizure of the property of others, or interference with the lawful control of it by its owners, is a fundamental crime against society, and the inability to prevent it is social dissolution.

In the light of these principles, if the employés of the Missouri Pacific Railroad choose to make common cause with those of the Texas Pacific, and have made no contract, and have given no promise which forbids, they are at perfect liberty to refuse to work until their associates are satisfied. It may be very injudicious, but if they choose for reasons satisfactory to themselves to take the risk of losing their employment and exposing their families to the consequences, they are within their legal rights. But the moment that they do more, when they interfere with the equal right of others not to act with them, and when they touch property which is not theirs, to injure it, they are merely law-breakers, with whom the law may rightfully deal. It is undeniable that if all the employés of all the railroads in the country should agree to support by throwing up their employment any demand which any number of employés upon any railroad should make, they would violate no law. They would, however, strike a terrible blow at the public welfare. They would bring incalculable suffering upon all who live by wages, and by destroying the confidence which is the basis of all prosperous industry, they would plunge the country into indescribable calamity. Happily the number of persons who would engage in such an enterprise as this is comparatively very small. The consciousness that the maintenance of law and order is the condition of the welfare of all, and that in any wide prostration of industry it is the poorest who suffer most, is so general in this country that the good sense of the mass of the people may be trusted to prevent a general catastrophe.

There is certainly no disposition to regard every proposition or demand of employés as unreasonable, but neither, in a country where every man is trying to better his condition, is there any general feeling that those who succeed are necessarily guilty of injustice and oppression. The great railroad strike in the Southwest is not sustained by public sympathy, because no reasonable ground for it has been stated, and because it attempts not only to assert the right of employés to decide upon what conditions they will work, but to destroy the similar rights of other employés, and to deprive property owners of the right to control their property. This is an assault upon social order itself, which could right no wrong, and which, unchecked, would involve the country in a common disaster. However intelligent and well-meaning individuals among the Knights of Labor may be, the remedy which their conduct in Missouri offers for what they hold to be wrongs is sheer anarchy. If the owners of the roads desire to continue to operate them, and if they can find employés who are willing to do the work, it is the duty of the State to protect them in their unquestionable right. There need be no misunderstanding. The demand for fair wages for fair work is just. In case of difference, a resort to arbitration, equally voluntary and equally binding upon both sides, is often wise. But the right of the property owner to control his property, like that of the laborer to control his labor, is undeniable, and its protection is vested in the State, and not in a voluntary and irresponsible association of citizens.

## OPEN THE DOORS.

THE demand for open executive sessions of the Senate is very general and determined. Senators PLATT, VAN WYCK, and LOGAN, all Republicans, have introduced resolutions in favor of publicity, and Senator SHERMAN has expressed his concurrence. The general opinion of the press of both parties is favorable to the change, and the debate upon Mr EDMUNDS's resolutions has deepened the popular conviction and strengthened the demand. Every sound argument against hiding information in the public departments is conclusive against hiding it in the Senate. The secret session is one of the survivals of an old Parliamentary procedure, which became a tradition because its reason was not asked. When, however, the practice is seen to be a prolific source of abuse, and its reason is demanded, there is no valid reply whatever. The defence put forward is that it is unfair to make public the statements affecting the character or capacity of those who are nominated to office. The conclusive reply to this assertion is that the fitness of every man who is nominated for popular election is publicly discussed, and his nomination for Senatorial confirmation should not exempt him from the same public scrutiny.

In a government like ours, whatever is secret may be justly suspected. The public consideration of nominations by the Senate would be one of the great advances in administrative reform. It would relieve the President and the heads of departments from a large part of that wholly partisan and unauthorized correspondence which is now a most serious obstruction of the public business, and which was well exposed by General COX, Secretary of the Interior in the first GRANT administration. It would hold every self-constituted adviser of the President to his just responsibility, and break up the various abuse known as the courtesy of the Senate. Deliberating upon appointments under the public eye and ear, Senators would be compelled to give some good reasons for opposing or favoring them, and would cease to be guilty of the monstrous impropriety of soliciting nominations to be submitted to their own approval.

The reform would tend strongly to lead to the disclosure of the reasons for removals. While removal is legally an exercise of the executive discretion, its reasons cannot be legitimately demanded. But as executive discretion in assenting to appointments is vested in the Senate, whenever a removal is to be effected by a new appointment any Senator may properly decline to assent so long as the reasons for a change are unknown to him. He cannot be fairly asked to confide in the President's discretion, because he is constitutionally responsible for the exercise of his own discretion, and solely in the public interest. The precedent of WASHINGTON should be controlling. He was willing to state the reasons for making a nomination, and if the case had been that of superseding an incumbent, the wisdom of his course would have been the same. If the Senate had sought to injure him in public estimation by the imputation of removals for discreditable reasons, WASHINGTON would have given the reasons to the country. The Senate may refuse for some time to open its doors in executive session. But the mere proposition of publicity at once appeared to the country as sensible and desirable that its adoption cannot be long delayed.

## THE LETTER ONCE MORE.

THE *Post Express* of Rochester, New York, objects to our interpretation of the President's letter to the Reform League, and holds that it has been always interpreted as a pledge not to make removals solely upon partisan grounds, and not to remove during their terms "decent public servants who have not proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management." These are the words of the letter, and their meaning cannot be fairly misunderstood. They mean that in the President's judgment an officer may be properly removed before the expiration of his term for offensive partisanship, and the conclusion is therefore irresistible that such removal does not necessarily imply official malfeasance or personal dishonor. The one reason for removal which is emphasized and elaborated in the letter is offensive partisanship, and it is certainly unfair to say that that is commonly held to be equivalent to a personal stigma in the sense alleged in the discussion. On the contrary, in the general opinion of politicians it is a duty to use an office for party benefit, and Mr. DWIGHT LAWRENCE, an excellent authority upon the subject, in an interview to which we have alluded more than once, speaks of the rural post-offices as the local head quarters of the party.

The letter undoubtedly implies that difference of political opinion is not in itself to be taken as offensive partisanship; and if suspensions have been made for such difference they are unquestionably violations of the declarations of the letter. If such an instance can be adduced, that is, if it can be shown that the President has suspended an honest, efficient, and satisfactory officer who was not an offensive partisan, and claimed only "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights," and if the suspension was made for the purpose of appointing a successor in political accord with the appointing power, he is plainly condemned by his own words. But it would be very difficult to prove all this without complete knowledge of all the facts which have been presented to the President, both orally and in writing, and to obtain such knowledge would be no less difficult. Under the terms of his letter the President must decide for himself what constitutes offensive partisanship. If it be said that such a phrase affords an excuse for any violation of principle, the reply is that the phrases of Mr CLEVELAND must be interpreted by the known honesty of his personal and political character. If he says that he will remove only for certain reasons, we do not believe that there is any large number of intelligent persons in the country who suppose that he intends to deceive, or is talking merely for buncombe; and even if instances of departure from his rule could be proved, however they might be regretted, they would not be regarded as evidences of duplicity.

If the Republican majority in the Senate had been able to show that such removals had occurred, it would not have proved the President's deliberate or systematic or general falsity to his principles, nor would it have sinken the public confidence in his honest purpose or his official integrity or courage, or in the change that has been actually accomplished. Still less would it have proved any particular zeal for honest reform upon the part of the majority. The contest of the Republican Senate and House of 1866 67-68 with ANDREW JOHNSON was an effort, happily successful, to baffle a most dangerous executive purpose. That of 1886 with GROVER CLEVELAND is a desperate attempt to show that in some cases he has departed from a sound rule in regard to appointments and removals, to which, in general, he has been more faithful than any President since the abuse became the policy of both parties. In one case the Republican Senate was sustained by the sympathy and approval of all patriotic citizens. In the other, it has been seen to be playing a very small party game, in which it has been practically worsted.

## GOVERNOR HILL AND THE LEGISLATURE.

GOVERNOR HILL has approved the bill for an honest sale of railroad franchises in cities, suggesting some desirable supplementary legislation upon the subject, and he expresses himself with most satisfactory emphasis upon the corruption of the Aldermen in swindling the city by granting franchises for nothing except a heavy bribe. The matter is very strongly and unreservedly stated, and the message is so good, and so addresses itself to the best public sentiment, that his most sagacious political opponents at Albany must be led to serious reflection. The Governor is a Democrat, and the Legislature is largely Republican. As usual, both sides are playing for position. The action of the Legislature will credit or discredit the Republican party, and that of the Governor the Democratic party. It must, we think, be admitted that the Governor has been underrated as a political player. He has made as yet, from the party point of view, an serious mistake; that is, he has done nothing to repel the confidence even of the Democrats who would not support him. Have the Republicans been equally wary?

The Governor has made admirable Quarantine nominations, and has divided them equally between the parties. The Republican Senate hesitates to confirm them. The Republican Senate, at the instance of a Republican, passed a bill which facilitated the railroad franchise frauds in the city. The Republican House, yielding to the general public demand, modified it properly, demanded a conference, in which the Senate receded, and both Houses passed the bill. The Governor promptly approves it in a message so strong that his party is sure to get certainly equal credit for the law. Besides this, the Republican Legislature, having full authority, has selected a Superintendent of Public Instruction in a caucus dominated by the chief party "bosses." Viewing the action of the winter at Albany as a game for party position, which of the contestants has done best for his party, the Governor or the Legislature? Has the general conduct and spirit of the Republican Legislature probably led many Democrats to regret that they voted for the Governor, or has his general action made both Republicans and Democrats who opposed him more friendly?

These are questions which some Republican leaders are doubtless pondering. Republicans are no longer to be rallied by a great cry like the non-extension of slavery, the prosecution of the war, or reconstruction by a loyal Congress. Now, too, that so many honest apprehensions of Democratic restoration have been

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dispelled, Republicans cannot be united merely by a vague and vague distrust of the party which sustained slavery and resisted equitable reconstruction. The contest with the Democratic President over appointments and removals has not prospered; certainly it has not inspired or even animated the party. There is undoubtedly great Democratic dislike of the President. But that is common under every Administration, and it is not a substantial dependence for party opposition. To the sagacious Republican at Albany meditating the Governor's message the Republican situation must seem a little colorless and negative. The one course that would arouse the old enthusiasm would be the plain identification of the party with its reform spirit, and not its subservience to trading politicians.

## PARTY.

A LECTURE upon "Government by the People" was recently delivered at Bloomington, Indiana, by Professor WOODBURN, of the University at that place, and a Republican paper published in the town, which makes great fun of Mugwumps and political independence, is of opinion that the doctrine of the discourse must have been peculiarly disagreeable to Mugwumps because it acknowledged the necessity and desirability of party, or of organized action to secure great public results. It seems to be supposed by the journal in Bloomington, as by other journals elsewhere, that Mugwumpery, or political independence, aims at government without party. This assertion is a convenient falsification for the purposes of machine politicians, but if any honest man is deluded by them, we beg to assure him that in our opinion, as maintained in this journal for many a year, "independence" aims simply at honest and decent government by party. It holds that the support of dishonest or unfit candidates for the sake of party is neither honest nor decent politics, and that it does not promote honest and decent government.

That is Mugwumpery, and Professor WOODBURN is himself practically a Mugwump, and an active member of the active Reform Association in Bloomington. Like all intelligent men, he knows and urges the value of associated action and of effective organization to secure a common purpose. Like all other Mugwumps—that is, all independent American citizens—he knows the necessity of sacrificing personal preferences to the accomplishment of that common purpose. But there is no word in the lecture as reported which favors the theory that because party is a necessary political agency, therefore dishonest party agents may be honestly supported for the sake of party. The Independent Republicans in New York who scratched in 1879, and who stand at home or voted for the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1882, or for the Democratic candidate for President in 1884, also voted in all those years for other Republican candidates for Congress and for other offices, and in 1885 they universally supported the Republican candidate for Governor. Such Republicans have the protection of equal rights, honest finance, the advancement of reform, and economical and efficient government quite as much at heart as Republicans who think Republicanism consists in voting for the devil if he is regularly nominated.

The American who holds that because he approves the general purposes of a party he is morally bound to vote for anybody or for anything that the party may nominate or decide, is a dangerous, however unconscious, enemy of Republican institutions and of good government. If he hopes for reform within the party, does he think to promote that reform by deliberately strengthening the thing to be reformed? Honest Democrats thought that they might join the Tammany Committee, when TWEED controlled it, in order to check TWEED. Mr. SEWARD clung to ANDREW JOHNSON in the hope of restraining him. The honest Democrats and Mr SEWARD were swept away. In both cases it should have been clear to them that the way to save their party was to oppose and defeat TWEED and JOHNSON, not to stand by them and excuse them. Mugwumps, or Independents, have the utmost faith in the necessity of parties, and of steady persistence toward good ends. But they hold that parties were made for the citizen, not the citizen for the party, and that to secure the object it must be remembered that party is a means, not an end.

## PAUPER CHILDREN.

Mr. LETCHWORTH, President of the State Board of Charities, corrects the statement in the report of the Secretary of State in New York that the number of children under sixteen years of age supported in the county poor-houses of the State is steadily increasing. From the returns made to the State Board of Charities it appears that the number of children between the ages of two and sixteen years in all poor-houses and almshouses of the State, exclusive of New York city,

| | |
|---|---|
| On the 1st of October, 1882, was | 104 |
| " " " 1883, was | 94 |
| " " " 1884, was | 80 |
| " " " 1885, was | 67 |

A constant and gradual decrease instead of increase is thus shown. New York city has a special hospital for diseased children and a school and asylum for idiots.

Mr. LETCHWORTH says that the children between the ages mentioned in the poor-houses in the State are either unteachable idiots, epileptics, or so diseased as to render them unsuitable to place in families. They are children that the orphan asylums properly refuse to accept, and for whom the State has made no provision. Sometimes superintendents of the poor can get them boarded in private families, but it is generally at a high rate in consequence of the helpless condition of these wards, as in the case of hopeless idiots, of which the proportion is large. The Commissioners of the State Board of Charities in their respective districts exercise a watchful care over this subject. It is closely looked after by the Secretary of the Board when making his regular visitations through the State, and it receives the attention of the County Visitors of the State Board of Charities and the State Charities Aid Association.

The Board of Charities has arrested in the county poor-houses the growth of that dangerous and demoralizing class, the hereditary paupers. If private citizens by refusing to give alms ignorantly, and by cordially sustaining the charity organization society in the city, and the special societies of relief which are known to them, would aid in the good work, one of the most menacing results of pauperism would be averted.

## A MAGNUM OPUS.

A VERY important work, a comprehensive treatise upon the science of military law, has just been completed by Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM WINTHROP, Deputy Judge Advocate General, and issued by W. H. MORRISON in Washington. It is the first complete work of the kind, comprising a thorough digest of opinions, precedents, and all necessary information. Colonel WINTHROP is an official authority of great weight upon the general subject. For many years a diligent student and constantly engaged in the practical administration of military law, his qualifications for the work are unsurpassed, and, as he truly says, a proper history of the late war could not be written without careful consideration of the more important trials and acts of military government which are treated in these two volumes.

In the preface Colonel WINTHROP well states the scope of his work:

"The lawyer who, if he has not been led into the old error of confounding the military law proper with martial law, has perhaps viewed it as consisting merely of an unimportant and uninteresting scheme of discipline, will, it is hoped, discover in these pages that there is a military code of greater age and dignity and of a more elevated tone than any existing civil code, as also a military procedure, which, by its freedom from the technical forms and obstructive habits that embarrass and delay the operations of the civil courts, is enabled to result in a summary and efficient administration of justice well worthy of respect and imitation. The military student, on the other hand, in examining the cases cited, as adjudicated by the courts which expound the international law, the common law, the criminal law, and the maritime law, will, it is thought, more fully appreciate the connection between the military law and the general law of the land; will perceive that the former, while distinct and individual, is not an isolated exception, but a branch of the great body of the public law, variously and harmoniously affiliated with the other branches of the system."

The work is dedicated by the author to General HOLT in the following words: "To Brevet Major-General JOSEPH HOLT, U.S.A., Secretary of War in 1860-6, who, later, as the first Judge Advocate General of the Army, at the most critical period of our history, founded our military jurisprudence, this work is with respect and affection dedicated by his former assistant." The *Military Law* is truly a magnum opus, and a most valuable contribution to the literature of jurisprudence.

## EIGHT HOURS A DAY FOR THE DRAM SHOP.

A CORRESPONDENT asks whether the nine hundred millions of dollars now spent annually in this country for liquors would not swell to a still larger sum if an eight-hour law for labor should be passed without applying the restriction to liquor saloons. Why should the seller of liquor be employed longer than other laborers? If they need the time for recreation and instruction and self-improvement, not less does he. We suggest to the advocates of the eight-hour law that they demand that its blessings shall extend to the laborers in the saloons, and that one of the conditions of a license to sell liquor shall be, besides the Sunday restriction, a limitation of the labor of selling to the same time which shall be thought best for other labor.

## FATHER MATHEW.

THE Commission authorized by the Senate to collect information in regard to the liquor traffic and its consequences, should it even go so far as to begin, may well recur to what Mr. GIBBONS says of Father MATHEW to his convenient and timely *Irish History for English Readers*, which is just published by the HARPERS.

In the first nine months of the appeal of Father MATHEW 156,000 persons took the pledge, and in four years he had around the whole country. With a rapidly increasing population, crime rapidly decreased. In 1839, when the movement was beginning, there were 12,000 committals and sixty-four capital sentences. Six years later, when the interest was at its height, there were but 7000 committals and fourteen death sentences. The good father made his reform a question neither of creed nor of politics, but solely of personal conduct, and another friar of the same kind to-day would be no less a benefactor to Ireland.

## A TIMELY AND SERVICEABLE RECORD.

THE *Civil Service Record*, published in Boston, is the oldest of the journals devoted wholly to the interests of reform. It is a neat small quarto issued monthly at fifty cents per year, and its latest number shows undiminished vigor and interest. It is, as its name imports, a record of the movement, and it will be found very valuable by every friend of reform.

Its chief article in the present number is upon the President and the Senate, and expresses clearly and crisply the general view of reformers, that while the reasons of Executive action cannot be rightfully demanded, the good cause would be greatly advanced if all possible information were given to Congress and to the country. The statement that undoubtedly the President has, under the Constitution, the absolute power of removal, seems to be open to denial. That he has the lawful power in unquestionable. But the Constitution is silent, and the law is merely a construction by Congress, which may at any time change the construction, so it did in the tenure of office law.

The comments of the *Record* upon the HOWE bill, recently passed in this State, are very judicious. The tendency to recognize class distinctions under any plea is to be deprecated, and for such a purpose to weaken the competitive method is unquestionably prejudicial to reform. In Massachusetts the reformed system has been wisely made to include laborers, and the *Record* states that "the labor departments of Boston are pretty thoroughly taken out of politics, and put on a sound business basis." The work goes heartily on, and although Senator INGALLS cannot contain his wrath at "the rot and debauchery of this so-called civil service reform," it is the rot and debauchery of the spoils system which has aroused the common sense of the people that they propose to correct it.

## PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS's friends throughout the country are congratulating him on the semicentennial anniversary of the *Public Ledger*—a newspaper whose prosperity gives pleasure to good citizens without distinction of party, as a demonstration that journalistic success is compatible with integrity, cleanliness, good manners, and singleness of purpose.

—A singular tribute to the breadth of spirit that characterizes General LEW WALLACE's *Ben Hur* is the fact that both his Jewish and Catholic fellow-citizens are buying the book in large quantities.

—The King of the Belgians has conferred the cross of the Order of Leopold upon the Hon. GEORGE H. CORLISS, of Providence, Rhode Island, on the occasion of his exhibit of engines at the Universal Exposition in Antwerp.

—Mr EDWIN A. ABBEY sailed from Liverpool on the 25th of March in the steamer *Bretagne*, and in one of his average letters. As no living artist equals him in originality and fertility of invention, so no living artist could reach our shores who would find a warmer greeting. Mr ABBEY's stay will be comparatively brief. After a few weeks he will return to his London studio.

—Americans who visit Mr ROSWIR GOMPES at his villa in the suburbs of London report that they feel much at home because of the multitude of American paintings which Mr GOMPES has transferred from his house in this city. While living here Mr GOMPES took a pride in collecting native pictures, and it was his custom to give annually an art reception, choosing for the purpose an evening that came just after the hanging committee had finished their duties at the National Academy, and just before varnishing day, when the result of their labors fell for the first time under the exacting criticism of the exhibitors themselves. Consequently the utmost good feeling prevailed, accompanied by a gentle but lively curiosity. No artist knew that his contributions to the Academy exhibition had either been rejected or badly hung, and almost every guest was in a state of pleasant anticipation. These circumstances gave to Mr GOMPES's annual art reception an interest altogether unique.

—From the *Evening Post*: "HARPER'S WEEKLY performs a valuable service by publishing portraits of Aldermen JAMES and PEARSON, which everybody interested in city government ought to take a thoughtful look at. The two faces make the same revelation concerning the average aldermanic character which we have made at each election in our 'Voter's Directory.' If there could be an illustrated directory brought out each year after the nominations for aldermen are made, it might be possible to arouse the respectable sentiment of this city to the necessity of looking elsewhere than in bar rooms and gambling dens for candidates."

—In his address at the annual meeting of the Princeton alumni in this city, President McCOSH said: "There is a prospect, through the generosity of one of our younger professors, to get an endowment for a Professor of Archæology, who will be a member of our School of Art, and who will also aid the department of history and of classics." The "younger professor" referred to is understood to be Mr ALLAN MARQUAND, a son of Mr. H. G. MARQUAND, of this city. The MARQUAND name is already associated with princely benefactions to Princeton College.

—Dr MARY PUTNAM JACOBI told the Nineteenth Century Club that woman has become "discursive and superficial" in her habits of mind because she has always three things to think of—the pot on the fire, the baby, and the expected husband coming home in a stew. Whereupon one of the fashionable ladies, of whom the audience was chiefly composed, whispered to her neighbor: "Neither the pot, the baby, nor the husband ever trouble me. Do they you?"

—An occasional contemporary advises its readers that very profitable hours may be spent in the second hand book stores, where valuable and rare works are occasionally found among the musty volumes. But it would be a mistake to assume that the proprietors of these stores do not know the worth of such works. It is their business and their pleasure to be experts in such matters, and their advice is often sought by collectors, and highly prized.

—Mr CHARLES A. DANA, who was one of the principal bidders at the MOSLER art sale, is a noted collector of Oriental porcelains, and a learned connoisseur. Dealers say that the vases, plaques, and kindred curiosities, if thrown upon the market, would turn out a much better investment than even the MOSLER oil paintings.

—Mr JAMES W. ALEXANDER, president of the Princeton Alumni Association of New York city, is a son of the late Rev. Dr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, once a professor in Princeton College, a grandson of the late Rev. Dr ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, the first professor in Princeton Theological Seminary, a nephew of the late WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, formerly a trustee of the college, and a nephew also of HENRY M. ALEXANDER, at present a trustee.

—Mr LOUIS C. TIFFANY has again demonstrated the justice of the present excellent reputation of American colored glass by contributing to the new Church of the Holy Cross, which was consecrated by Archbishop CORRIGAN a few days ago, two beautiful transept rose-windows, and several clere-story windows, which contrast favorably with the nine Munich windows in the semicircular dome of the richly elaborated sanctuary of the edifice.

—Sir CHARLES WARREN, the new Chief Commissioner of the London Police, is a soldier, an administrator, and an explorer. He dug eighty feet below the present surface of Jerusalem, and has done more than any of his contemporaries to show up the ancient city as it was. He is colonel of the Royal Engineers, and has commanded troops in western and south Africa and in Egypt. He is also an author and a statesman. There are persons who think that such a Chief Commissioner of Police would answer very well in this city.

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PROPOSED RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON AT STORM KING.—Drawn by Charles Graham from the Engineer's Plans.—[See Page 218.]

EXPLOSION OF NATURAL GAS AT MURRYSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Sketches by Thomas S. Clarke.—[See Page 222.]

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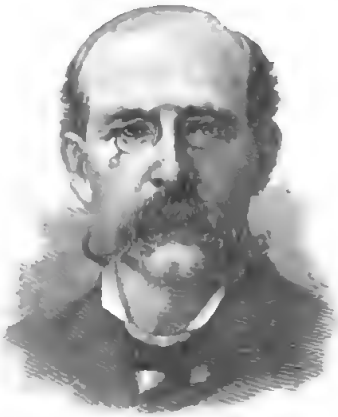
GEORGE HEARST, SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.



TERENCE V. POWDERLY, GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR OF AMERICA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUTHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

H. M. HOXIE, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KUSEL.—(See Page 218.)

## SENATOR MILLER'S SUCCESSOR.

THE term for which JOHN F. MILLER was elected Senator from California will expire March 4, 1887. Governor STONEMAN has filled the vacancy which the death of Senator MILLER created by the appointment of GEORGE HEARST. Like many of the Senators from the Pacific States, Mr. HEARST is a very rich man, his wealth consisting of mining properties. Apart from the conspicuousness given to him by his fortune, he is well known in Californian politics as the owner of the San Francisco *Examiner*, and as an active Democrat, having been a competitor for the Senatorship against Governor STANFORD, and a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor against General STONEMAN.

## THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

AN outline of the history of the strike upon the "GOULD system" of railroads in the Southwest during last week is given upon page 218. The strike was brought about by the local organizations of the Knights of Labor in the region affected by it, apparently without consultation with the central body. Mr. TERENCE V. POWDERLY, the General Master Workman and executive head of the order, left his home in Scranton for St. Louis when it became evident that the strike was to be a serious and extensive affair. He attempted to moderate the zeal and combativeness of the Missouri assemblies, but apparently without complete success. On March 26 he found it necessary to contradict the prediction of Mr. IRONS, who, as chairman of the Executive Committee of District No. 101, had been the leader of the strike, that the strike would extend over the whole country, and embrace all occupations in which the laborers were under the control of the organization. On the same day a long and vigorous address by Mr. POWDERLY to the Knights of Labor was made public, although its author had intended it as a confidential circular. He deprecated ranting talk and hasty action, and advised the assemblies not to elect their officers because of their eloquence or of their zeal, but solely for the soundness of their judgment. Of the strikes in the Southwest he said, "It would have been far better to continue at work and properly investigate the matter than to have struck." In conclusion he said, while deprecating all forms of violence, "either the local and district assemblies of the order must obey its laws, or I must be permitted to resign from a vocation which obliges me to play one part before the public and another to our members." On the day on which this address was published its author came to New York for the purpose of meeting the other members of the Executive Committee of the Knights of Labor, and endeavoring to obtain a peaceable solution of the questions involved in the strikes upon the Southwestern roads. With this view the committee on the following day proposed to Mr. GOULD the selection of three arbitrators on their part and them on his, these six to choose a seventh, and the Knights of Labor to abide by the decision of the tribunal thus composed. On Sunday Mr. GOULD consented, and on Sunday night Mr. POWDERLY telegraphed "to the Knights of Labor on strike on the Southwest to resume work at once."

TERENCE V. POWDERLY has always lived in the coal region of Pennsylvania, where labor troubles may be said to be endemic. He was born in 1849 at Carbondale, and has for many years been a resident of Scranton, of which town he has several times been Mayor. He was brought up to the trade of a machinist, and employed all the leisure his employment allowed him in study, especially the study of engineering. For the past sixteen years he has devoted a great part of his time to the organization of labor, and has been six times elected to the office he now holds. The order of Knights of Labor was founded in 1869 by five workmen of Philadelphia, the leading spirit being UZIAH S. STEVENS, a clothing cutter, who became General Master Workman in 1878, when the national organization was formed, and was succeeded in that office by Mr. POWDERLY.

"BENCHARD RETURNED HIM A SCARCELY PERCEPTIBLE NOD, AND JOPP STOPPED."—(See Serial "THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE," PAGE 224.)

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY.

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Farfrae's words to his landlady had referred to the removal of his boxes and other effects from his late lodgings to Lucetta's house. The work was not heavy, but it had been much hindered on account of the frequent pauses necessitated by exclamations of surprise at the event, of which she had been briefly informed by letter a few hours earlier.

At the last moment of leaving Port-Bredy, Farfrae, like John Gilpin, had been detained by important customers, whom, even in the exceptional circumstances, he was not the man to neglect. Moreover there was a convenience in Lucetta arriving first at her house. Nobody there as yet knew what had happened; and she was left in a position to break the news to the inmates, and give directions for her husband's accommodation. He had, therefore, sent an his two days' bride in a hired brougham, whilst he went across the country to a certain grange of a boat and barley richs a few miles off, telling her the hour at which he might be expected the same evening. This accounted for her trotting out to meet him after their separation of four hours.

By a strenuous effort, after leaving Henchard, she imbued herself in readiness to receive Donald at High Street Hall when he came on from his lodging. One supreme fact empowered her to this, the sense that, come what would, she had secured him. Half an hour after her arrival he walked in, and the met him with a relieved glad sense which a month's perilous absence could not have intensified.

"There is one thing I have not done, and yet it is important," she said, earnestly, when the had finished talking about the adventure with the bull; "that is, broken the news of our marriage to my dear Elizabeth Jane."

"Ah, and you have not," he said, thoughtfully. "I gave her a lift from the barn homeward, but I did not tell her either, for I thought she might have heard of it in the town, and was keeping back her congratulations from shyness, and all that."

"She can hardly have heard of it. But I'll find out; I'll go to her now. And, Donald, you don't mind her living on with me just the same as before? She is so quiet and unassuming."

"Oh ay; indeed I don't," Farfrae answered, with perhaps a faint awkwardness. "But I wonder if she would care to?"

"Oh yes," said Lucetta, eagerly. "I am sure she would like to. Besides, poor thing, she has no other home."

Farfrae looked at her, and saw that she did not suspect the secret of her own reserved friend. He liked her all the better for the blindness. "Arrange as you like with her by all means," he said. "It is I who have come to your home, not you to mine."

"I'll run and speak to her," said Lucetta.

When the got upstairs to Elizabeth Jane's room, the latter had taken off her out-door things, and was resting over a book. Lucetta found in a moment that she had not as yet learned the news.

"I did not come down to you, Miss Templeman," she said, simply. "I was coming to ask if you had quite recovered from your fright, but I found you had a visitor. What are the bells ringing for, I wonder? and the band, too, is playing. Somebody must be married, or else they are practising for Christmas."

Lucetta uttered a vague "Yes," and seated herself by the calmer young woman, looking managedly at her. "What a lovely creature you are," she presently said; "never knowing what a going on, or what people are talking about everywhere with been interest. You should get out and gossip about as other women do, and then you wouldn't be obliged to ask me a question of that kind. Well, now I have something to tell you."

Elizabeth Jane said she was so glad, and made herself receptive.

"I must go rather a long way back," said Lucetta, the difficulty of explaining herself satisfactorily to the pondering one beside her growing more apparent at each syllable. "You remember that trying case of conscience I told you of some time ago—about the first husband and the second lover." She let out in jerky phrases a leading word or two of the story she had told.

"Oh yes, I remember; the *story of your friend*," said Elizabeth, dryly, regarding the frisks of Lucetta's eyes as though to catch their exact shade. "The two lovers—the old and the new: him she wanted to marry the second, but felt she ought to marry the first, so that the good the world have done she did out, and the evil that she would not, that she did—exactly like the Apostle Paul."

"Oh no; she didn't do evil," said Lucetta, heatily.

"But you said that she—or, as I may say, you"—answered Elizabeth, dropping the mask, "were in honor and truth bound to marry the first."

Lucetta's blush at being seen through came and went again as she replied, earnestly, "You will never breathe this, will you, Elizabeth Jane?"

"Certainly not, if you my not."

"Then I will tell you that the case is more complicated—worse, in fact—than it seemed in my story. I said the first man went to be married, and thought we were married. He was a widower, to me supposed. He had not heard of his first wife for many years. But the wife returned, and we parted. She is now dead, and the husband comes paying me addresses again, saying, 'Now we'll complete our marriage.' But, Elizabeth Jane, all this amounts to a new courtship of me by him; I was absolved from all vows by the return of the other woman."

"Have you not lately renewed your promise?" said the other, with quiet surmise. She had divined Man Number One.

"That was wrong from me by a threat of resistance."

"Yes, it was. But I think when any one gets coupled up with a man in the past as unfortunately as you have done, she ought to become his wife."

Lucetta's countenance lost its sparkle. "He turned out to be a man I should be afraid to marry," she pleaded. "Really afraid. And it was not till after my renewed promise that I knew it."

"Then there is only one course left to decency and honesty. You must remain a single woman."

"But think again. Do consider—"

"I am certain," interrupted her companion, hardily. "I have guessed very well who the man is. My Father; and I say it is him on nobody for you."

Any suspicion of lack of respectability was to Elizabeth Jane like a red rag to a bull. Her craving for correctness of environment was, indeed, almost virtuous. Owing to her early troubles with regard to her mother, a semblance of irregularity had terrors for her which those whose causes are safeguarded from suspicion know nothing of. "You ought to marry Mr. Henchard or nobody—certainly not another man," she went on, with a quivering lip, in whose movement two passions shared.

"I don't admit that," said Lucetta, passionately.

"Admit it or not, it is true."

Lucetta covered her eyes with her right hand, as if she could plead no more, holding out her left to Elizabeth Jane.

"Why, you have married him?" cried the latter, jumping up with pleasure after a glance at Lucetta's fingers. "When did you do it? Why did you not tell me, instead of teasing me like this? How very honorable of you! He did treat my mother badly once, it seems, in a moment of intoxication. And it is true that he is stern sometimes. But you will rule him entirely, I am sure, with your beauty and a mind and accomplishments. You can the woman he will adore, and we shall all three be happy together now."

"Oh, my Elizabeth Jane!" cried Lucetta, distressfully. "'Tis somebody else that I have married! I was so desperate—so afraid of being forced to anything else—so afraid of revelations that would quench his love for me, that I resolved to do it off hand, come what might, and purchase a rich of happiness at any cost."

"You—have—married Mr. Farfrae?" cried Elizabeth Jane, in Nathan tones.

Lucetta bowed. She had removed herself.

"The bells are ringing on that account," she said. "My husband is down-stairs. He will live here till a more suitable house is ready for us, and I have told him that I want you to stay with me just as before."

"Let me think of it alone," the girl quickly replied, cowking up the turmoil of her feeling with grand control.

"You shall. I am sure we shall be happy together."

Lucetta departed to join Donald below, a vague uneasiness floating over her joy at seeing him quite at home there. Not on account of her friend Elizabeth did the feel it, for of the bearings of Elizabeth Jane's situation she had not the least suspicion; but on Henchard's alone.

Now the instant decision of Susan Henchard's daughter was to dwell in that house no more. Apart from her estimate of the propriety of Lucetta's conduct, Farfrae had been so nearly her avowed lover that she felt she could not live there.

It was still early in the evening when the hastily put on her things and went out. In a few minutes, knowing the ground, she had found a suitable lodging, and arranged to enter it that night. Returning and entering unobtrusively, she took off her pretty dress, and arrayed herself in a plain one, packing up the other to keep as her best, for she would have to be very economical now. She wrote a note to leave for Lucetta, who was closely shut up in the drawing-room with Farfrae, and then Elizabeth Jane called a man with a wheelbarrow, and seeing her trunks put into it, she trotted off down the street to her rooms. They were in the street in which Henchard lived, and almost opposite his door.

Here she sat down and considered the means of subsistence. The little annual sum settled on her by her step-father would keep body and soul together. A wonderful skill in mending of all sorts—acquired in childhood by making orisons to Newson's home—might serve her to good stead, and her studies, which the pursuit unremittingly, might serve her in still better.

By this time the marriage that had taken place was known throughout Casterbridge, had been discussed unsoftly on curb-stones, confidentially behind counters, and jovially at the King of Prussia. Whether Farfrae would sell his business and set up for a gentleman as his wife's money, or whether he would show independence enough to stick to his trade in spite of his brilliant alliance, was a great point of interest.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

The return of the humiliated woman before the magistrates had spread, and in four and-twenty hours there was not a person in Casterbridge who remained unacquainted with the story of Henchard's mad freak at Weydon Priors Fair, long years before. The amends he had made to after-life were lost sight of in the dramatic glare of the original act. Had the incident been well known of old and always, it might by this time have grown to be lightly regarded as the rather foll wild out, but the single one, of a young man with whom the steady and mature (if somewhat hoodwinking) burgher of today had scarcely a point in common. But the act having lain as dead and buried ever since, the interspace of years was unperceived, and the black spot of his youth were the aspect of a recent crime.

Small in the court incident had been in itself, it formed the edge or turn in the incline of Henchard's fortunes. On that day—almost at that minute—he passed the ridge of prosperity and honor, and began to descend rapidly on the other side. It was strange how soon he sank in esteem. Socially he had received a startling flip downward; and having already lost commercial buoyancy from rash transactions, the velocity of his descent in both aspects became accelerated every hour.

He now gazed more at the pavements, and less at the home fronts, when he walked abroad, more at the feet and leggings of men, and less into the pupils of their eyes with the blazing regard which formerly had made them blink.

Sad events combined to molle him. It had been a bad year for others besides himself, and the heavy failure of a debtor whom he had trusted implicitly completed the overthrow of his tottering credit. And now, in his desperation, he failed to preserve that strict correspondence between bulk and sample, which is the soul of commerce in grain. For this one of his men was mainly to blame; that worthy, in his great invasion, having picked out the sample of an enormous quantity of second-rate corn which Henchard had in hand, and removed the plucked, blanted, and mouldy grains in great numbers. The produce, if honestly offered, would have created no scandal; but the blunder of misrepresentation, coming at such a moment, dragged Henchard's name into the ditch.

The details of his failure were of the ordinary kind. One day Elizabeth Jane was passing the Golden Crown, when she saw people bustling in and out more than usual when there was no market. A by-stander informed her, with some surprise at her ignorance, that it was a meeting of the Commissioners under Mr. Henchard's bankruptcy. She felt quite tearful, and when she heard that he was present in the hotel she wished to go in and see him, but was advised not to intrude that day.

The room in which debtor and creditors had assembled was a front one, and Henchard, looking out of the window, had caught sight of Elizabeth Jane through the wire blind. His examination had closed, and the creditors were leaving. The appearance of Elizabeth threw him into a reverie, till, turning his face from the window, and lowering above all the rest, he called their attention for a moment more. His countenance had somewhat changed from the flush of prosperity, the black hair and whiskers were the same as ever, but a film of ash was over the rest.

"Gentlemen," he said, "over and above the assets that we've been talking about, and that appear on the balance sheet, there be those. It all belongs to me, as much as everything else I've got, and I don't wish to keep it from you, not I." Saying this, he took his gold watch from his pocket, and laid it on the table; then his purse—the yellow canvas money bag, such as was carried by all farmers and dealers—untying it, and shaking the money out upon the table beside the watch. The latter he drew back quickly for an instant to resume the hair guard made and given him by Lucetta. "There, take you have all," he said. "And I wish for your sakes 'twas more."

The creditors, fairness almost to a man, bowed at the watch, and at the money, and into the street, when Farfrae James Everlasting spoke:

"No, no, Henchard," he said, warmly. "We don't want that. 'Tis honorable in ye, but keep it. What do you say, neighbors—do we agree?"

"Ay, sure: we don't wish it at all," said another creditor.

"Let him keep it, of course," murmured another, in the background—a silent, reserved young man, named Boldwood, and the rest responded unanimously.

"Well," said the senior Commissioner, addressing Henchard, "though the case is a desperate one, I am bound to admit that I have never met a debtor who behaved more fairly. I've proved the balance sheet to be as honestly made out as it could possibly be; we have had no trouble; there have been no evasions and no concealments. The rashness of dealing which led to this unhappy situation is obvious enough, but as far as I can see, every attempt has been made to avoid wronging anybody."

Henchard was soon affected by this than he cared to let them perceive, and he turned aside to the window again. A general murmur of agreement followed the Commissioner's words, and the meeting dispersed. When they were gone, Henchard regarded the watch they had returned to him. "Then I mean by rights," he said to himself. "Why the devil didn't they take it? I don't want what don't belong to me." Moved by a recollection, he took the watch to the maker's just opposite, and sold it there and then for what the tradesman offered, and went with the proceeds to one among the smaller of his creditors, a cutlaper of Dummerford, in straitened circumstances, to whom he handed the money.

When everything was ticketed that Henchard had owned, and the auctions were in progress, there was quite a sympathetic reaction in the town, which till then for some time past had done nothing but condemn him. Now that Henchard's whole career was pictured distinctly to his neighbors, and they could see how admirably he had used his one talent of energy increase a position of affluence out of absolutely nothing—which was really all he could show when he came to the town as a journeyman hay trusser, with his wimble and knife in his basket—they wondered, and regretted his fall.

Try as she might, Elizabeth Jane could never meet with him. She believed to him still, though nobody else did, and she wanted to be allowed to forgive him for his roughness to her, and to help him in his trouble.

She wrote to him; he did not reply. She then went to his house—the great house the had lived in so happily for a time—with its front of dun brick, vitrified here and there, and its heavy mullions; but Henchard was to be found there no more. The ex Mayor had left the home of his prosperity, and gone into Jopp's cottage by the Priory Mill—the sad purlieu to which he had wandered on the night of his discovery that she was not his daughter. Thither she went.

Elizabeth thought it odd that he had fixed on this spot to retire to, but assumed that necessity had no choice. Trees which seemed old enough to have been planted by the friars still stood around, and the back hatch of the original wall yet formed a cascade which had raised its terrible roar for centuries. The cottage itself was built of old stones from the long-dismantled Priory, scraps of tracery, moulded window-jambs, and arch-labels being mixed in with the rubble of the walls.

In this cottage he occupied a couple of rooms, Jopp, whom Henchard had employed, abused, enjoied, and dismissed by turns, being the landlord. But even here her step-father could not be seen.

"Not by his daughter?" pleaded Elizabeth Jane.

"By nobody—at present; that's his order," the was informed.

Afterward she was passing by the corn stores and hay barns which had been the head-quarters of his business. She knew that he ruled there no longer, but it was with amazement that she regarded the heather gateway. A smear of decisive lead-colored paint had been laid on to obliterate Henchard's name, though its letters dimly loomed through like ships in a fog. Over these, in fresh white, spread the name of Farfrae.

Abel Whittle was edging his skeleton in at the wicket, and he said, "Mr Farfrae is master here?"

"Yes, Miss Henchet," he said. "Mr Farfrae have bought the concern and all of we work folk with it, and 'tis better for us than 'twas—though I shouldn't say that to you as a daughter-law. We work harder, but we hain't made afeard now. It was four made my few poor hales on this. No beating out, no slamming of doors, no meddling with yer cursed soul and all that, and though 'tis a shilling a week less, I'to the richer man, for what's all the world if yer mind is always in a larry, Miss Henchet?"

The intelligence was in a general sense true, and Henchard's stores, which had remained in a paralyzed condition during the settlement of his bankruptcy, were stirred into activity again when the new tenant had possession. Thenceforward the full necks, looped with the shining chain, went marrying up and down under the cat-head, hairy arms were thrust out from the different doorways, and the grain was hauled in, trusses of hay were tossed anew in and out of the barns, and the wooden cranked, while the scales and steelyards began to be busy where guess-work had formerly been the rule.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Two bridges stood near the town part of Casterbridge town.

The first, of weather stained brick, was immediately at the end of High Street, where a diverging branch of that thoroughfare ran round to the low-lying Dummerford lanes, so that the precinct of the bridge formed the merging point of respectability and indigence. The second bridge, of stone, was farther out on the highway; in fact, lairly in the meadows, though still within the town boundary.

These bridges had speaking countenances. Every projection in each was worn down to obtuseness, partly by weather, more by friction from generations of loungers, whose toes and heels had from year to year made restless movements against those parapets as they had stood there meditating on the aspect of affairs. In the case of the more friable bricks and stones even the flat faces were worn into hollows by the same mixed mechanism. The masonry of the top was clamped with iron at each point, since it had been on uncommon thing for desperate men to wrench the coping off and throw it down the river, in reckless defiance of the magistrates.

For to this pair of bridges gravitated all the failures of the town; those who had failed in business, in love, in sobriety, in crime. Why the unhappy hereabout usually chose the bridges for their meditations in preference to a railing, a gate, or a stile, was not so clear.

There was a marked difference of quality between the personages who haunted the new bridge of brick and the personages who haunted the far use of stone. Those of lowest character preferred the former, adjoining the town, they did not mind the glare of the public eye. They had been of comparatively on account during their successes, and, though they might feel deprived, they had on particular sense of shame be their ruin. Their heads were mostly kept in their pockets; they wore a leather strap round their waists, and boots that required a great deal of lacing, but seemed never to get any. Instead of sighing at their adversities, they spat; and instead of saying the iron had entered into their souls, they said they were done as their luck. Jopp in his times of distress had often stood here; so had Mother Cuxsom, Christopher Coney, and poor Abel Whittle.

The *miserables* who stood on the remoter bridge were of a politer stamp. They included bank

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1525.

rupts, hypochondriacs, persons who were what is called "out of a situation" from fault or lackness, the inefficient of the professional class—shabby genteel men, who did not know how to get rid of the weary time between breakfast and dinner, and the yet more weary time between dinner and dark. The eyes of this group were mostly directed over the parapet upon the running water below. A man seen there looking thus fixedly into the river was pretty sure to be one whom the world did not treat kindly for some reason or other. While those in straits on the townward bridge did not mind who saw them or, and kept their backs to the parapet to survey the passers-by, those in straits on this never loved the road, never turned their heads at coming footsteps, but, sensitive to their condition, watched the current whenever a stranger approached, as if some strange fish interested them, though every finned thing had been poached out of the river years before.

There and thus they would muse. If their grief were the grief of oppression, they would wish themselves kings, if their grief were poverty, wish themselves millionaires; if sin, they would wish they were saints or angels; if despised love, that they were one of the courted Adonises in the country round. Some had been known to stand and think so long with this fixed gaze downward that eventually they had allowed those poor carcasses to follow that gaze, and they were discovered the next morning in the pool beneath out of reach of their troubles.

To this bridge came Henchard, as the other unfortunates had come before him, his way thither being by the river-side path on the chalky edge of the town. Here he was standing one windy afternoon when Dunnemford Church clock struck five. While the gusts were bringing the notes to his ears across the damp intervening flat a man passed behind him, and greeted Henchard by name. Henchard turned slightly, and saw that the comer was Jopp, his old foreman, now employed elsewhere, to whom, though he hated him, he had gone for lodgings, because Jopp was the one man in Casterbridge whose observation and opinion the fallen corn-merchant despised to the point of indifference.

Henchard returned him a scarcely perceptible nod, and Jopp stopped.

"He and she are goon into their new house to-day," said Jopp.

"Oh," said Henchard, absently. "Which house is that?"

"Your old one."

"Gone into my house?" And starting up, Henchard added, "*My* house of all others in the town!"

"Well, as somebody was sure to live there, and you couldn't, it can do ye no harm that he's the man."

It was quite true, he felt that it was doing him no harm. Farfrae, who had already taken the yards and stores, had acquired possession of the house for the obvious convenience of its contiguity. And yet this act of his taking up residence within those roomy chambers while he, their former tenant, lived in a cottage, galled him indescribably.

Jopp continued: "And you heard of that fellow who bought all the best furniture at your sale? He was bidding for no other than Farfrae all the while. It has never been moved out of the house, as he'd already got the lease."

"My furniture too! Surely he'll buy my body and soul likewise."

"There's no saying he won't, if you be willing to sell." And having planted these wounds in the heart of his once imperious master, Jopp went on his way, while Henchard stared and stared into the racing river till the bridge seemed moving backward with him.

The low land grew blacker, and the sky a deeper gray. When the landscape looked like a picture blotted in with ink, another traveller approached the great stone bridge. He was driving a gig, his direction being also townward. On the round at the middle of the arch the gig stopped. "Mr. Henchard?" came from it in the voice of Farfrae. Henchard turned his face.

Finding that he had guessed rightly, Farfrae told the man who accompanied him to drive home, while he alighted, and went up to his former friend.

"I have heard that you think of emigrating, Mr. Henchard," he said. "Is it tr-rue? I have a real reason for asking."

Henchard withheld his answer for several instants, and then said: "Yes, it is true. I am going where you were going to a few years ago, when I prevented you and got you to bide here. 'Tis turn and turn about, isn't it? Do ye mind how we stood like this on the bridge when I persuaded ye to stay? You then stood without a chattel to your name, and I was the master of the house in Corn Street. But now I stand without a stick or a rag, and the master of that house is you."

"Yes, yes; and it is so. Such is the course of things!" said Farfrae, arresting his facial movements.

"Ha, ha, true!" cried Henchard, throwing himself into a mood of jocularity. "Up and down! I'm used to it. What's the odds, after all?"

"Now listen to me, if it's no taking up your time," said Farfrae; "just as I listened to you. Don't go. Stay at home."

"But I can do nothing else, man," said Henchard, cheerfully. "The little money I have will just keep body and soul together for a few weeks, and no more. I have not felt inclined to go back to journey work yet; but I can't stay doing nothing, and my best chance is elsewhere."

"No; but what I propose is this—if ye will listen. Come and live in your old house. We can spare some rooms very well; I am sure my wife would not mind it at all—until there's an opening for ye."

Henchard started. Probably the picture drawn by the unsuspecting friend of himself under the same roof with Lucretia was too striking to be received with equanimity. "No, no," he said, gruffly; "we should quarrel."

"You should has a part to yourself," said Farfrae; "and meals would interrupt you. It will be healthier than down there by the river where you live now."

Still Henchard refused. "You don't know what you ask," he said. "However, I am do no less than thank ye."

They walked into the town together side by side, as they had done when Henchard had persuaded the young Scotchman to remain. "Will you come in and have some supper?" said Farfrae, when they reached the middle of the town, where their paths diverged right and left.

"No, no."

"Hyde-hye, I had nearly forgot. I bought a good deal of your furniture."

"So I have heard."

"Well, it was no that I wanted it so very much for myself, but I wish ye to pick out all that you care to have—such things as may be endeared to ye by associations, or particularly suited to your use. And take them to your own house, it will not be depriving me; we can do with less very well; and I will have plenty of opportunities of getting more."

"What—give it to me for nothing?" said Henchard. "But you paid the creditors for it."

"Ah, yes; but maybe I'll worth more to you than it is to me."

Henchard was a little moved. "I—sometimes think I've wronged ye?" he said, in tones which showed the disquietude that the night shades had in his face. He shook Farfrae abruptly by the hand, and hastened away as if unwilling to betray himself further. Farfrae saw him turn through the thoroughfare into Bull Stake and vanish down toward the Priory Mill.

Meanwhile Elizabeth Jane, in an upper room no larger than the Prophet's chamber, and with the silk attire of her palmy days packed away in a box, was sitting with great industry between the hours which she devoted to studying such books as she could get hold of.

Her lodgings being nearly opposite her stepfather's former residence, now Farfrae's, she could see Donald and Lucetta speeding in and out of their door with all the bounding enthusiasm of their situation. She avoided looking that way as much as possible, but it was hardly in human nature to keep the eyes averted when the door showed.

While living on thus quietly she heard the news that Henchard had caught cold and was confined to his room—possibly a result of standing about the meads in damp weather. She went off to his house at once. This time she was determined not to be denied admittance, and made her way upstairs. He was sitting up in the bed with a great-coat round him, and at first resented her intrusion. "Go away—go away," he said. "I don't like to see ye!"

"But, father—"

"I don't like to see ye," he repeated.

However, the ice was broken, and she remained. She made the room more comfortable, gave directions to the people below, and by the time she went away had reconciled her step-father to her visiting him.

The effect either of her ministrations or of her mere presence was a rapid recovery. He soon was well enough to go out, and new things seemed to wear a new color in his eyes. He no longer thought of emigration, and thought more of Elizabeth. Time having nothing to do made him more dreary than any other circumstance; and one day, with better views of Farfrae than he had held for some time, he stolidly went down to Farfrae's yard and asked to be taken on as a journeyman hay-trusser. He was engaged at once.

The hiring of Henchard was done through a foreman, Farfrae feeling that it was undesirable to come personally in contact with the ex-corn-factor more than was absolutely necessary. While anxious to help him he was well aware by the time of his uncertain temper, and thought reserved relations best. For the same reason, his orders to Henchard to proceed to this and that country farm trussing in the usual way were always given through a third person.

For a time these arrangements worked well, it being the custom to truss in the respective stack-yards, before bringing it away, the hay thought at the different farms about the neighborhood; so that Henchard was often absent at such places the whole week long. When this was all done, and Henchard had become in a measure broken in, he came to work daily on the home premises like the rest. And thus the same flourishing merchant and Mayor and what not stood on a day laborer in the barns and granaries he formerly had owned.

"I have worked as a journeyman before now, he'n't I?" he would say, in his defiant way, "and why shouldn't I do it again?" But he looked a far different journeyman from the one he had been in his earlier days. Then he had worn clean, suitable clothes, light and cheerful in hue; leggings yellow as marigolds, corduroys insignificant as new hay, and a neckerchief like a flower garden. Now he wore the remains of an old blue cloth suit of his gentlemanly times, a rusty silk hat, and a once black satin stock, coiled and shabby. Clad thus, he went to and fro, still comparatively a young man—for he was not much over forty—and saw with the other men in the yard Donald Farfrae going in and out the green door that led to the garden, and the big house, and Lucetta.

At the beginning of the winter it was rumored about Casterbridge that Mr Farfrae, already in the Town Council, was to be proposed for Mayor in a year or two.

"Yes, she was wise, she was wise in her generation," said Henchard to himself, when he heard of this one day on his way to Farfrae's hay barn. He thought it over as he unshed his beads, and the piece of news acted as a restorative breath to that old view of his—of Donald Farfrae as his triumphant rival who rode rough shod over him.

"A fellow of his age going to be Mayor, indeed!" he muttered, with a corner-drawn smile on his mouth. "But 'tis her money that floats an upward. Ha! ha! how cut-cab it is! Here he I, he's former master, working for him on man, and he the man standing as master, with my house and my furniture and my wife all his own."

He repeated these things a hundred times a day. During the whole period of his acquaintance with Lucetta he had never wished to claim her as his own as desperately as he now regretted her loss. It was an mercenary hankering after her fortune that moved him; though that fortune had been the means of making her so much desired by giving her the air of independence and easiness which attracts men of his composition. It had given her servants, house, and fine clothing—a setting that invested Lucetta with a startling novelty in the eyes of him who had known her in her narrow days.

He accordingly lapsed into moodiness, and at every allusion to the possibility of Farfrae's near election to the municipal chair his former hatred of the Scotchman returned. Concurrently with this he underwent a moral change. It resulted in his significantly saying every now and then, in tones of recklessness, "Only a fortnight more!" "Only a dozen days!" and so forth, lessening his figures day by day.

"Why d'ye say only a dozen days?" asked Solomon Longwave, as he worked beside Henchard in the granary weighing oats.

"Because in twelve days I shall be released from my oath."

"What oath?"

"The oath to drink no spirituous liquid. In twelve days it will be twenty years since I swore it, and then I mean to enjoy myself, please God."

Elizabeth Jane sat at her window one Sunday, and while there she heard in the street below a conversation which introduced Henchard's name. She was wondering what was the matter, when a third person who was passing by asked the question in her mind.

"Michael Henchard have boxed up drinking after taking nothing for twenty years."

Elizabeth Jane jumped up, put on her things, and went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHILE people were wondering that not the slightest vestige should be found of the schooner that sank the *Oregon*, a newspaper of that town reported that a boat which might have been a schooner's yawl had been "picked up by fishermen about forty-five miles north-northwest of Fire Island light." The fishermen referred to must have been trout fishermen, whose eagerness for the sport led them to defy the law, and go fishing in March, and they must have been a good deal surprised to find a schooner's yawl astray so well as toward the interior of the State of Connecticut. If it was the yawl of the schooner that sent the *Oregon* to the bottom, one may form some notion of the astounding force of the collision, for the boat must have been projected by a single sudden impetus across Long Island and the Sound to the point on *terra firma* at which the trout fishermen came upon it, since it could not have drifted so far into the continent in the interval of time between the collision and the discovery.

It is said that a number of those New-Yorkers who are distinguished by English ways and manners contemplate the introduction here of the European rule of the road which requires drivers to turn out to the left. The pain which would accrue from such an experiment to the persons attempting it, it is quite painful to contemplate. To go into battle would be tame and trifling in comparison. Omnibus drivers born in chewing tooth, and a stout person hugging with his ribbed the left-hand rail would cause would arouse in them an enthusiasm which would amount to frenzy. It would be a sort of steeple-chase to the hospital, the finish being accomplished in an ambulance.

"The weather is over me a little this morning," remarked, recently, a Frenchman who is zealously studying the idioms of the English language in this city. He had meant to say that he was a little under the weather.

The question has arisen in the soul of a will once in Philadelphia whether the fact that the orator hitched his horse to a sign on the Fourth of July is evidence that he was not of sound mind. That would depend on where the orator was at the time. As an easy way to pass within the arctic circle which at the equator would indicate stark madness.

The dispositions of the Parisian people to be original, which a year ago had led them to furnish a cafe with waiters who were dressed in the garb of convicts, has since led them to dress other waiters in other cafes as Academicians and as nashes and nuns, and the Paris papers are saying that it is about time that such nonsense should stop.

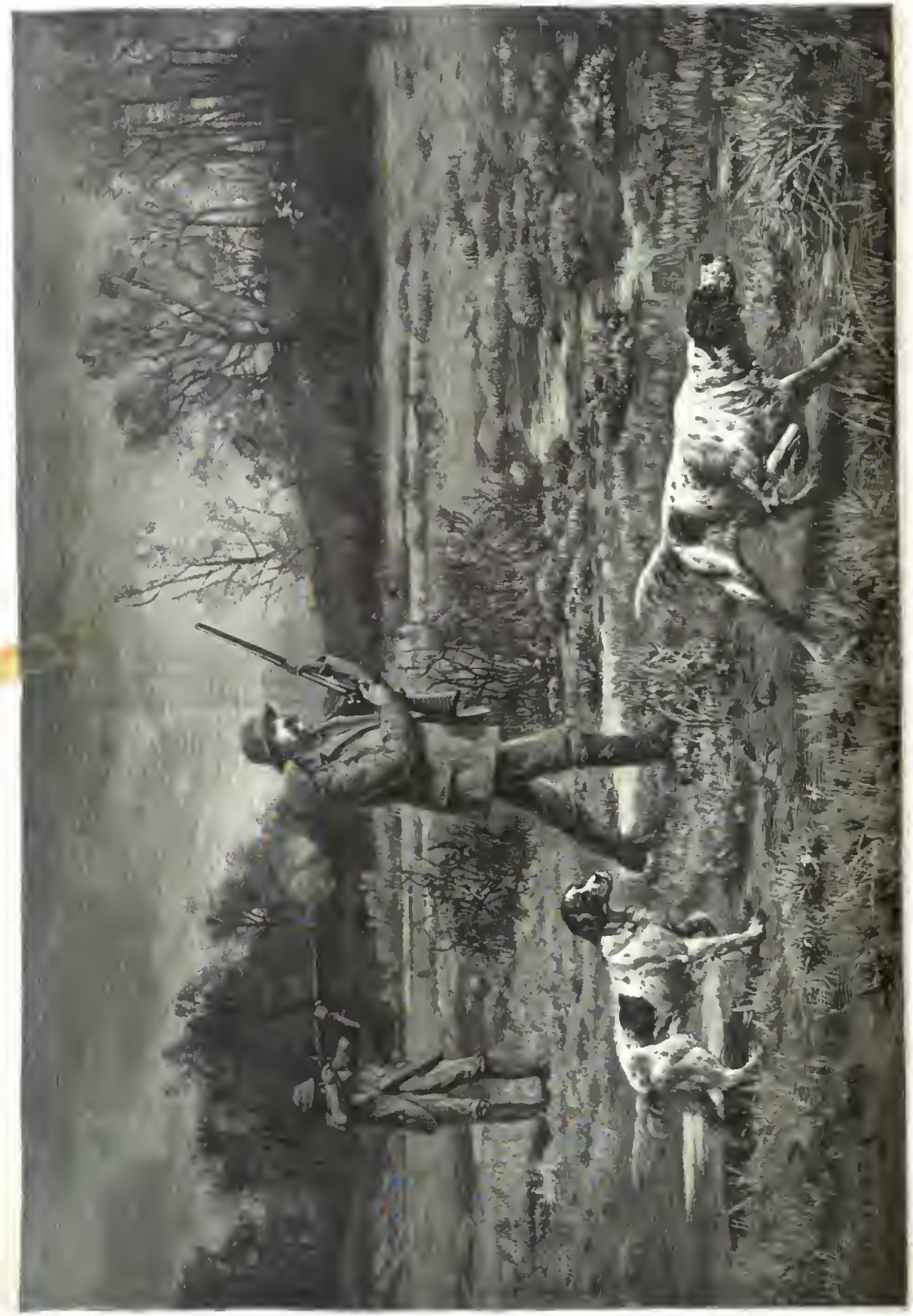
A "new and curious disease" is reported from a village in the interior of the State. The description of it says that "the side of the face and head begins to swell, and soon becomes very painful. Sometimes the swelling extends to both sides." Of course it would be known if such were the fact, but the symptoms telegraphed read very much like mumps.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is of the opinion that "plain living must clearly be the order of the day in Berlin, whether or not high thinking goes along with it. Out of a total population of 1,200,000 nearly 222,000 are altogether exempt from municipal taxation as having incomes of less than £21 a year. The incomes of nearly 270,000 range between £21 and £33, so that however cheap sausage, cabbage, and beer may be, there is clearly no great margin for luxurious excess. When we come to the other end of the scale we find incomes proportionally modest. Incomes between £300 and £10,000 are credited to 108 individuals; eighteen persons have incomes up to £15,000, fifteen up to £20,000, nine up to £27,000, and four persons only exceed this sum. If we could get at similar statistics of the incomes of Germans in London, the result of the comparison would probably be as startling that half Berlin would rush to swell the tide of Teutonic immigration."

The Civil Service Reform Club of Bloomington, Indiana, the seat of the Indiana State University, recently offered two prizes, one of twenty-five and one of fifteen dollars, for essays on the subject of civil service reform, the only restriction being that for one of the prizes only members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes of the university could compete. A large audience gathered in the university chapel on the evening of February 25 to hear the reading of the essays, which were seven in number. The writers had the liberty, of course, of writing upon either side of the question, but civil service reform received the support of all of them. Two, indeed, started out with the idea of arguing against the reform, in behalf of the spoils system, but an insight of the subject afforded to them in the course of their pursuit of material revealed the poverty of the excuses which the spoils system has to offer, and they swung into line for reform, as people are apt to do who take the trouble to inquire into the merits of this controversy.

A GARLAND OF HONOR.

FARR. "Mr. Lamar, pick out the real inventor from among the frauds, that he may wear this."



SPRING SNIPE-SHOOTING.—DRAWN BY J. M. TAIT.—[SEE PAGE 218.]

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APPROACH TO THE PHILADELPHIA STATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AT NIGHT.—DRAWN BY JOHN PERRIL.

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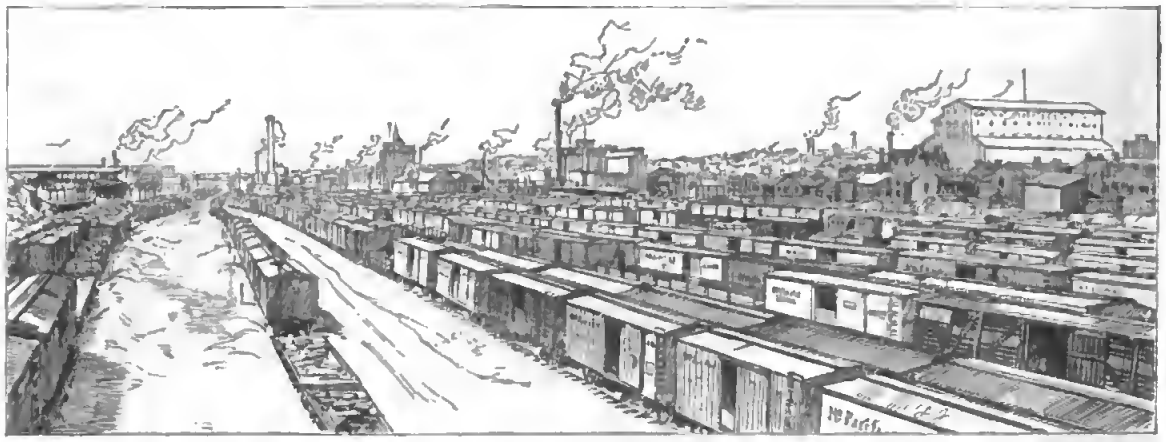

FREIGHT TRAINS BLOCKED AT ST LOUIS.—DRAWN BY LOUIS JOUTEL FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. BRIDGER, ST LOUIS.

## THE SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD STRIKE.

THERE is a less clearly defined purpose in the strike of the Knights of Labor employed by the Southwestern railroads than in any other of recent years. Early in March a strike was ordered by the Knights of Labor of certain employés of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company, because a foreman had been dismissed. It was claimed, contrary to an agreement between the railway company and the organization to which he belonged. The receiver of the railroad refused to reemploy the dismissed man, and the Knights of Labor thereupon ordered a strike, first of the men employed in the shops of the Missouri Pacific Company, and then of other employés who were members of the organization. This was in effect a boycott, the purpose of the strikers being to compel the receiver of the Texas and Pacific road to reemploy the dismissed Knight by obstructing traffic on connecting roads. Mr H. M. HOXIE, Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific Company, at once informed a committee of the strikers that the Texas road was not in any way under his jurisdiction, and that he had no power to cause the reinstatement of the dismissed foreman. Meanwhile, all freight trains on the "Gould system" of roads, which centres at St. Louis, were stopped, and the greatest blockade of traffic has followed that has been known since the blockade caused by the general strike of railroad employés in 1877. Mr. HOXIE published a statement to the public, in which he claimed that the employés of the roads over which his authority extended had made no complaint, and had no cause to make complaint, and that the blockade of traffic was caused without provocation by the management of the Missouri Pacific Company.

In reply to that, committees of the Knights of Labor have published addresses to the public, to the business men of St. Louis, and to all organizations of working-men, in which they are forth that the managers of the "Gould system" of roads have violated in a succession of instances an agreement entered into in 1884 between the companies and the Knights about increase of pay of certain employés, and the conditions on which men should be dismissed. To these *ex post facto* explanations the managers of the blockaded roads have not replied. But the Governors of Missouri and Kansas met at St. Louis, held a conference with Mr. HOXIE, and at a subsequent conference with a committee of the Knights made an effort to effect a reconciliation. But the Knights refused to return to work without assurance that greater consideration would be given them than hitherto by the managers of the roads. They issued an address refusing to return to work unless a new agreement should be made defining in particular the influence that would be given to their decision concerning the dismissal of men from the service, and threatening a general trial of strength between the Knights and the railroad companies, not only of the Gould system, but all its connections eastward and southward. Another address issued by the strikers on the 24th declared that reconciliation was impossible unless more substantial recognition should be given to the Knights of Labor. Mr T. V. POWDERLY, the chief executive officer of the organization, on the same day wrote to ex-Governor CURTIN, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, asking for Congressional investigation of the strike and its causes.

For eighteen days the blockade was maintained without other deeds of violence at St. Louis than preventing of freight trains from moving. The Governors of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas issued proclamations on the 26th, calling on the managers of the roads to send out their trains as usual, and on all officers of the law to afford them protection. The railroad company made efforts daily to send out trains, but the strikers disabled the engines, uncoupled the cars, and otherwise prevented a resumption of traffic. The number of men out of employment is not less than 10,000, and the loss to the railroads and to owners of freight is incalculable. The effect of the blockade is felt from one side of the continent to the other.

## THE FLOWER SHOW.

THE flower exhibition which occupied the Metropolitan Opera-house during four days of last week was undoubtedly the finest yet produced in this city.

Over $20,000 were expended, and leading florists of New York and vicinity worked for weeks in preparation for it. The noticeable feature of the exhibition was the effective and artistic arrangement of the flowers and plants. As one entered the lobby the perfume of the sweet spring flowers arranged in gardens on either side was almost overpowering. Here hyacinths, narcissuses, and tulips blossomed, surrounded by green borders and laid out in moon and star shaped beds.

Passing between these and on through the entrance to the main hall, between hedges of English laurel, one found himself in the midst of a vast garden. Here was almost every kind of plant and flower known to the florist.

On either side of the parquet floor towered a huge palm centuries old, and smaller ones were arranged in stately rows down its centre. On the right, just beyond the smallest of the two giants, a pyramid of party-colored azaleas rose, and on the other side, just opposite an old tree trunk covered with moss and ivy, was the temporary home of countless orchids of grotesque forms and brilliant colors. More orchids, some cut and others potted, were arranged in other pyramids and on tables about the hall. A collection of potted orchids on a table in the right-hand corner near the stage is valued at $3000. These were exhibited by JOHN S. HEAD, of Tremont, New York.

A peculiarly fine orchid of wonderful form was exhibited by Mr. KRESSLE, of Rochester. This flower has a lazy petale of a yellowish-green color, from the centre of which grows a green tail over a foot long. It is one of the rarest varieties yet produced.

Other rare specimens in Mr KRESSLE's collection were the *Cymbidium lowianum* and the *Dendrobium nordianum*. The first of these has on a single stem thirty-two blossoms of a nauvelemon and chocolate color. The shape of the blossoms is like that of the tiger-lily. The *Dendrobium* has on a single stem forty-five blossoms of a pink, purple, and lemon shade.

The collections of FRANCIS COMSTOCK, of Albany, and of W. C. WILSON, of Astoria, Long Island, also contain many rare and beautiful specimens.

The roses, two varieties of which bern never before been shown in this country, attracted more attention than any of the other flowers, excepting perhaps the orchids, and formed a wonderful collection of varieties rare in size and color.

On a table in the left-hand further corner of the hall, resting on a throne of green leaves, sat the sovereign of the exhibition, the new rose, "Her Majesty." It is a large double-petalled flower of a blush tint, and was exhibited by Mr. JAMES K. PETERS, of Short Hills, New Jersey.

Among the tea-roses a new variety, "The Bride," occupied a pedestal by herself. This rose is of lemon white color, shading into blush at the ends of the petals.

Down toward the stage, and separating it from the main floor, a great triple arch, made in the form of the Arc de Triomphe, reached to the ceiling. Cut flowers of brilliant hues, swinging in festoons of ivy or of evergreen, hung down beneath the green circle, and here and there flowering plants added to the beauty of the whole.

Just beyond this a tall fountain arose amid beds of white lilies and lilies-of-the-valley, over which its waters splashed with a gentle murmur. The fountain was encircled by a wire fence, whose meshes were filled with lilies and studded with a thousand electric lights that glowed like molten dew-drops.

Back of the fountain the whole of the rear wall of the stage was composed of mirrors hung at two angles in such a way as to reflect and duplicate the entire hall. Directly in front of the mirrors beds of white lilies grew. On the left of the lilies English primroses peeped out from amid the grass just as they do in their native meadows. On the right, Chinese primroses, blue and pink, bloom in profusion.

Between the fountain and the mirrors, in vivid contrast to the white lilies, a bed of gorgeous cinerarias flaunted their gay blossoms. On either side of the stage tables of cut flowers of all kinds were placed.

Mr C. F. KESSLER, the florist, was the manager of the exhibition, assisted by Mr. JOHN THOMPE, who did so much to make the chrysanthemum show successful. The repetition of such exhibitions may be considered assured.

## BRIDGING THE HUDSON.

AN illustration is shown in this issue of the lofty iron bridge which it is promised will soon be added to the other imposing features of the Hudson River landscape. When the reader is reminded that the great Brooklyn Bridge is about one hundred and thirty-five feet high, and that the bridge shown in the illustration is to be ninety feet higher, a fair idea of the imposing spectacle that it will present when strung across the river between two lofty mountains can be imagined. The bridge will, as is shown, rest upon five stone piers, three of which will be in the river. Only two of these piers will, however, be in the nature of obstacles to navigation, the third pier being in shallow water on the eastern side of the river. The intervals between the two mid-river piers and on either side of them will be respectively 760 and 705 feet, the depth of the river at the point where it is crossed being about twenty-six hundred feet. The clear height from high-water mark to the under side or lower chord of the bridge will vary at different portions of the structure from 150 to 190 feet, at no point being less than the first-mentioned figure. A moment's "figuring" shows that this leaves a height in some places of seventy-five feet to be occupied by the structure itself in making up the total height of 225 feet from the surface of the river to the top of the bridge, and gives a good idea of how the enormous iron structure will loom up between its mountain bastresses. And yet it is declared by engineers that the iron rods and columns of which the structure (which is known as a triple cantilever) will be composed will look like spider-web threads at the great height at which they are strung, and will form a delicate tracery against the sky. The bridge will be laid with two tracks, though only one train will be permitted to pass over it at a time.

The corporation which has, after many ups and downs of legislative success, secured the right to bridge the Hudson is known as the New England and Southwestern Railroad Company, of which General JAMES W. BURNES is President, and Mr. CHAUNCEY H. SWAN, Secretary and Manager. The length of this road when completed will be about twenty-six miles, extending from a junction with the New York, Lake Erie, and Western, on the east side of the river, to a junction with the New York and New England and Harlem roads at Brewster's, on the east side. The bridge will extend from the lofty heights of Storm King Mountain, near Cornwall, on the west, to Break-neck Mountain, on the opposite shore, and the railroad will tunnel Bull's-head Mountain for a distance of 3000 feet on its way toward Brewster's.

Considering the fact that the factories of New England use annually about eight millions of tons of coal from the coal fields of Pennsylvania, and that as early as 1864 the late ROSWELL RAMSEY, consulting engineer of the New York and New England road, demonstrated that coal could be put down in Boston for twenty-three cents a ton less by an all-rail route as Newburg than by the rail and water route via Philadelphia and New York, although the coal cars had to be ferried across the Hudson at Newburg, the importance of this bridge in its effect upon eastern freight can hardly be overestimated. It is also claimed that the new route will be from two to four hundred miles shorter to the Southwestern cotton fields from the New England mills than any route now in use, reducing the cost of cotton, so it is said, about $1 50 a bale. It is understood that work will begin on the bridge at an early date.

## SPRING SNIPE-SHOOTING.

THE signs of spring burst upon us. Warm rains are followed by swelling buds; chattering flocks of blackbirds swoop down and scatter over the old cornfields; the lizard and frog sing duets in the lowlands, and the Rockaway clam man carols in the streets. It is then the sportsman knows that the English snipe is on his way, and it is time to be up and at him. Formerly there were grounds in New Jersey, not many miles distant from the city, where, under certain conditions, fine snipe-shooting was to be had, but the glory of those spots has long since departed, owing to innumerable causes, in which drainage and incessant shooting have played most important parts. The English snipe shooter, therefore, who plans that success shall crown his labors, turns his face westward, and steers straight for Illinois and Missouri. There, on the timber-skirted prairies, dotted here and there with patches of water, where the ground is boggy and filled with insect life, he finds birds abundant and in fine order, with but few persons present to interfere with him or render the shooting dangerous.

In the States named there are many localities which are favored by the snipe during their spring migration. All the low, wet lands adjacent to the large water-courses are the trysting-places in April for the snipe. In some of these spots the birds are so abundant that the shooter counts his score by dozens, and the birds are taken at the stores in trade for groceries. Carlyle, in Illinois, is still a great snipe country. In the vicinity of Norton, a little place forty miles west of Vincennes, Indiana, is an excellent find; but for the past season or two no place could excel the grounds and new cattle-yards which lie north of Mason City. There a tract of lake land has been drained within the last few years, and a magnificent wide stretch of new snipe ground has been the result. This spot has been visited by few but local gunners, who have had a corner in snipe ever since the water was let off. Another fine tract of snipe ground has some fifty miles north of St. Louis. Part of this is preserved for the shooting of wealthy sportsmen from that city, and when the birds are migrating, immense bags are scored by the crack shots. In places like this, when birds are plentiful, dogs are used only to retrieve the game, for a first-class setter or pointer would be on a perpetual point from morning to night, and would be a hinderance rather than an assistance.

Unless the Eastern sportsman has visited the great snipe grounds in the West, he has not the faintest idea of the vast number of birds which can be found upon them. Yet their arrival is a bagatelle; their movements a mystery where all signs and prophets fail. It is after the spring inundations, when the water has receded from the low marsh lands, leaving the easy surface exposed to the sun. This and warm rains dispel the frost. Then the birds begin to come along, at first in small whisps. They are wild and unsettled, they circle high up in the air over the wet prairies. Occasionally one of them utters its guttural cry, which serves as a signal for the slender winged birds to increase the rapidity of their flight. Circuiting in the clouds in the most erratic manner, they disappear and appear in the rain-charged atmosphere. At last, apparently tired of their gyrations, they swoop down until within a few feet of the marsh, which they skim with great swiftness, until fancy causes them to suddenly check themselves in their flight; then they flare up, showing their white breasts, and with outstretched wings tilt backward into the rushes out of sight.

There the keen-nosed setter discovers their presence, and with head uplifted winds them from often a great distance. He approaches the game with ghost-like tread until he establishes his point. In cold weather and on open ground the birds will not lie for a dog, but go "skaiping" off in a most tantalizing way. But when the nature of the ground changes, and there is plenty of cover

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and the sun shines out hot, and southerly winds prevail, the snipe lie well, and, as a rule, are easily approached. It is under these conditions that the big bags are made, which not infrequently consist of over one hundred birds.

Although a few birds appear at the end of March, it is between the 5th and 15th of April that the main flight may be looked for. At this season the snipe in the connecting link between the winter and summer shooting. The geese and wild-ducks have already reached their breeding grounds in the North, and the yellow-leg and other wading birds are still strung out along the Southern coast. Spring snipe-shooting, though laborious a sort, is therefore greatly prized by the majority of good, quick shots; but, for all that, it should be prohibited by law, as it is the season when the birds are filled with eggs.

FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

## COME HOME, CHILDREN.

By MARY A. BARR.

"I wonder why I should think to-night
Of Galveston beach with its lone white sands?"
And the old man feebly stirred the logs,
And warmed in the blaze his thin cold hands.
"I used to play on the white beach sands,
And paddle with bare brown feet in the foam.
I used to live near the Mexican Gulf,
And never a boy had a fairer home.

"We were six children, merry and bold,
Sailors and fishers bound to be
We built our boats and we cast our nets
All day long by the sounding sea—
All day long till the sun grew dim,
And the waves were white with breaking foam,
Till mother, waving her hand, would call—
'Come home, children! come home! come home!'

"'Come home, children; your father is here,
The meal is ready, the fire is bright.'
Then gladly enough we left our play,
But sweet was the love and rest and light.
I think I can see the bare white sands,
I think I can see the breaking foam.
Oh! would I could hear my mother call—
'Willy, don't linger; come home; come home!'

"For I was always the last to hear,
Always the last her smile to meet;
So when the rest on the hearth-stone stood,
Still she was watching my tardy feet.
Does she watch them yet from the hills of God?
Does she see how sadly now they roam?
In a little while shall I hear the call—
'Willy, don't linger, come home, come home'?

"For I am weary, and sad, and old;
My feet are touching the great dim sea;
The others are safe with her long ago;
But she is waiting, watching for me."
He talked all night of the bare white sands,
Of his mother's voice and the breaking foam;
But just as the dawning touched the east,
We knew he had found his mother and home.

Mothers who know that your toil is great,
Mothers who fear that your love is vain,
Sons may wander and seem to forget;
Some day they will remember again.
They may grow famous, or rich, or old;
Far away from your side they may roam,
The gray-headed man is only a boy
When he whispers "Mother!" and thinks of home.

## JOHN WHITFIELD'S WIFE.

JOHN WHITFIELD was one of those men who involuntarily remind us of a noble old Newfoundland dog, chivalrous to women, gentle to children, and repelling all petty annoyances with a patience that really had something heroic in it. Old merchants with shaven chins, who carried umbrellas and rode to their business in the omnibus, called him "sure." Young merchants who drove to their offices in cabs, and thought they were paying commerce a compliment, called him "slow." People generally believed him to be a bachelor, yet he had nothing of that undeveloped, withered, selfish look about him which is usually characteristic of the single state.

I had, indeed, a dim impression that for luck in my own childhood I had heard something about John Whitfield's wife. I once said so much to his head clerk, Jacob Smith, whose assistant I was. Jacob looked up slowly and smiled incredulously.

"I have been here, Will Lawson," he said, "just five-and-twenty years. I never saw nor heard tell of any woman since I came."

"How old was Mr. Whitfield then?"

"About thirty, I should think. He had just bought this business—came up from New Orleans to buy it."

"Ah! He might have been in love and even married before that, Jacob."

"He might, but I don't believe he was. When Mr. Whitfield falls in love, it will be with a woman made to order. I never saw a one half good enough to be his wife."

I called John Whitfield "Uncle John," but he was not really any relation. Forty years previously my father and he had been sworn companions, and in a summer bathing frolic John had once saved father's life. When I left school at nineteen years of age, with a pretty fair record, he took me at once into his warerooms.

I did not live with him, now, indeed, use very much of him outside of business hours; but occasionally he invited me to dinner, and when he did so, he signalized the visit by some such remark as the following—"Will, you have done very cleverly lately. Jacob Smith says he can spare you for a couple of weeks' vacation, and here is a small check to make it pass pleasantly. Your father and I are brothers, you know; I have the right to offer it, Will."

He said something very like this to me one hot night in July just before my summer holiday, and then he asked me where I was going. I told him of a little farm-house in the mountains, where I was sure of good fishing.

"That is right," he answered, cheerily. "I like a man who is fond of throwing a line, but, Will, let me ask you something—are there any girls there?"

I said I thought so, but had never seen them.

"Then take care of yourself. You have had a good education, and a gentleman's home. Don't marry a beautiful, ignorant girl, whatever you do. Will, don't make that mistake."

He seemed to me quite unnecessarily excited about this subject. He referred to it again and again, and caressed me, even after he had bid me "good by and a happy holiday."

However, the caution turned not to be a bird of prophecy. I fell in love with Farmer Jones's little barefooted girl, a beautiful child of fifteen years of age. My two weeks' holiday fled like an enchanted dream, for Nellie and I were together all through the sweet, hot July days. I was so infatuated with her loveliness and simplicity, and so interested in helping her to improve her neglected education, that I determined to do a very foolish and a business-like thing—I wrote to Uncle John, and asked for another week.

"Dear Will," he wrote back, "I am glad you said you were so happy, and did not plead sickness, or a sprained ankle, or some other fraud. I am afraid you have fallen in love—I told you not, but if this is the case, I can't find in my heart to be hard with you. I was an old man now, but *I too have been in Arcadia*. One week, mind, and no more, and be cautious, my dear Will. Do nothing in a hurry."

Well, all here affairs are pretty much alike. Nellie and I made vows and promises, and exchanged locks of hair. I tried to speak to Farmer Jones seriously about our attachment, but he only laughed at us, and said Nellie was a child and I was out on a frolic, and that he had no kind of doubt but we would both of us forget every word we had said in a couple of months. And though I felt hurt at being treated in such contemptuous fashion, I determined to show Farmer Jones that we were both of us very much in earnest, and had no intention of forgetting.

So I wrote regularly to Nellie, sent her books and presents, and was both pained and pleased at the efforts the child made to improve herself. Gradually there began to dawn upon my mind a scheme for her education. I determined to tell Uncle John the whole truth, and ask him to propose to her father for me, and also arrange some plan by which she might come to the city and enter some good school.

I wrote to Nellie at once, and she was enthusiastic on the subject; but it was harder to find the proper opportunity to speak to Uncle John. Indeed, it was near Christmas before it came. I had taken dinner with him, and we were sitting silent before the fire. All at once he said,

"Will, did you fall in love last summer, as I suspected? Or was it only trout?"

"I fell in love."

"Does it last?"

"I love her more than ever."

"Is she pretty?"

"I think so, sir. Yes, I am sure she is very lovely."

"Educated?"

"No, sir."

"Lady-like?"

"No, sir; she is just a simple, innocent child. She has no idea of life, or fashion, or dress."

"It won't do, Will. Girls of that kind are very pretty to write verses about; they don't answer in real life."

"I am sorry you think so, sir. If you only saw her!"

"Ah, Will, I have no occasion to see her. I know all about it. For a girl of that kind I once became very near being a scoundrel. I am not talking without knowledge. Poor Bernice! poor Bernice!"

He smoked away silently for some time, and then seemed suddenly to remember me. "Will," he said, "you must not run into this danger without warning. Come with me."

He led me slowly upstairs into his own room, and we stood together before a fine painting.

"Is Nellie Jones as beautiful as that?"

"She is very different—and she is not so beautiful."

"No, no; few women are as handsome as Bernice was. The temptation was great, if that was any excuse. She was a fisherman's daughter. Her father lived on one of the small islands in the Delta of the Mississippi. She was a splendid, passionate creature, and, with all her faults, she loved me as few, if any, men deserve to be loved. Under the orange-trees surrounding their little cane hut I spent a whole summer, defying heat and fever, and supremely happy if Bernice was by my side.

"Her father was a sensible man; he positively refused his consent to our marriage. He said his daughter suited him and their wild life well enough, but that she would make me wretched, and be wretched herself also. He warned me that she was passionate, jealous, and revengeful, and fit for no gentleman to marry. But I thought different. She had a native sense of what was graceful and proper, and I was sure that if she was fashionably dressed, and placed in a fashionable world, she would instinctively adapt herself to its ways and habits.

"At length her father and I came to open discussion; and he told me, with the rude frankness of his order, that I must leave the house, and speak to Bernice no more. Bernice and I had anticipated this order, and were prepared for an escape together. In the afternoon, while he was sleeping, we took a boat for New Orleans.

"As soon as we landed I looked for a clergyman to marry us. We called no several. Some made excuses, and some were from home, but at last, as we rode through a small street, I saw a church door open, and a minister entering. I went boldly up to him, told him I had run away with the lady, and offered him a large fee to be married without further delay.

"He agreed very politely. The congregation were coming in, and many people were present. We took no notice of any one, went up to the altar, and were made man and wife. The service was the Episcopal service, and our marriage certificate was signed by George C. Williams, officiating clergyman.

"For some time we were very happy. I bought her fashionable clothing and rich jewels, and we travelled about from place to place, Bernice's great beauty everywhere attracting attention and remark. At length, being in New York, I thought I would pay a short visit to my native village, and exhibit my beautiful bride to my old friends.

"It was there our troubles began. I knew most of the village girls from childhood, and they came with all the frankness and kindness of sisters to see me. Many of them called me 'John,' as they had always done, and there was scarcely a respectable family in the village that did not give us entertainment in our honor. In hotels Bernice had played her part very fairly. She had little to do but dress well and look handsome, and this she accomplished almost naturally. But in the familiarity of household visiting her deficiencies were glaringly apparent. Even her splendid beauty suffered somewhat when in contrast with the fair *quaintly* faces of the North, and she felt this dimly, and resented it.

"Every girl I spoke to became an object of jealous hatred to her, and after she as two outrageous public outbursts of temper I was compelled to suddenly leave my friends, without warning and without farewell. But I considered that I had knowingly accepted Bernice with all her faults, and I did not reproach her. Perhaps if I had it might have been less irritating to the proud, passionate creature. But I generally me silent during her outbursts of temper, as she went quietly about my business, until she flung herself at my feet to an agony of reproach and self-upbraiding.

"These scenes, once begun, occurred so frequently that I determined to furnish a house, and see if the charge of it would interest and amuse her. I bought a lovely place, surrounded with gardens, and had it perfectly appointed. Then I took her there, and gave it to her as her own unconditionally. She was greatly pleased, and for many weeks I was very happy again.

"But it did not last, Will; it could not. I prospered in business, became well known, and was often asked to take part in public dinners and affairs. At first my wife said nothing, and I imagined she had quite outgrown her jealousy of me. Would you believe that she was only watching me, and that she was making of my most innocent courtesies dreadful wrongs? I proposed to take her with me, but this she would not accept. She had discovered her social faults, and was too proud to attempt to correct them. 'She had been good enough to marry,' she told me, 'and she was just as good then as when we were married.'

"And this was true, Will; I acknowledged that, though I was getting tired. Two years of constant bickering seem the truest love. I left her to her own ways, and I want better and thinner as I wished. Sometimes we had reconciliations and a week or two's perfect happiness, and then some trifling incident would arouse her anger and jealousy, and for another week or two we were virtually separated.

"Still I loved her, loved her passionately and truly, and I never wronged her even in a thought. I had never then seen any woman half so beautiful, and I been never seen my sister to be compared with her. Even her wild, ungovernable nature touched mine as no gentler woman's has ever done, and though there were evil and cross elements in one destiny, none the less Bernice was my destiny—the only woman on earth for me.

"It was in the fourth year of our marriage, and Bernice had been for weeks in one of her most trying tempers. She pleaded sickness sometimes, and as gentler moments hung round me with a touching tenderness which even yet makes my heart ache to remember. One night there was a grand ball, and as it had some political significance, I felt compelled to attend it. I begged Bernice to go, she begged me not to go; neither of us would give way, and I went alone.

"The ball was in masquerade, and Bernice assumed some disguise and followed me. When I returned home she met me with a passion I am in no mood to bear patiently, for under excitement her want of education was painfully apparent, and I had just left the society of some of the most brilliant and refined women in the world. For the first time I allowed a sense of my mistake to frame itself in words. She listened to them, and then left the room without a reply.

"I rather congratulated myself on their effect, and went to my business as usual the next day. When I came home, Bernice was gone, and gone in such a way that it was impossible to hide my misery. The servants had taken her version of our dispute, and I was severely blamed. It was in all the daily papers, and I had serious annoyance from her father and friends.

"Every effort was made to find her for some weeks, and was unavailing, and I lived in constant anxiety. One day, when various circumstances had combined to make the affair almost intolerable to me, I was requested by two friends to go to the city prison and identify a man who had obtained money from them and me on various false pretences. He was not the man who had deserted me, but he was the man who had married me. I made inquiries about him, and discovered that at the time of my marriage he was personating a clergyman, and so raising money for charitable objects, which of course he appropriated.

"He was not a clergyman, he had never had a license, our marriage was null and void. I was in the mood to feel almost exultant. I could tell Bernice now that, if I was an honest fool to her, she was free to leave me, and that I had no legal claim on her, nor she on me.

"Singularly enough, when I got home that day there was a letter waiting for me from a lawyer in Mobile, saying that my wife had instructed him to commence suit against me for a separation. I never answered him at all. I wrote a letter to Bernice, Will, which I ought to have been ashamed to write, and sent it to her lawyer, with a request that it should be given to her at once.

"All that night I thought of what I had done, and felt glad of it. For the first time in my life I drank alone, and drank too much. Very early in the morning I fell asleep, but just as the half awakened birds were beginning to twitter in the trees about the house, I woke—I woke, Will—as people often do when their souls are aware of some near sorrow. A bell rang loudly and imperatively. I got up at once. I knew intuitively that I was wanted. Before I was dressed my servant stumbled half asleep into my room and handed me a telegram. It was signed by a woman who called herself Adela Lauve, and said only, 'Your wife is at my house, dying; come at once.'

"What bitter agony now seized me! That dreadful letter! If she got it before I arrived! I could not bear to contemplate such an event. I chartered a special train, and spared no money in hurrying to her side, and, thank God! I was not quite too late. The first thing I saw when I entered the room was our dead babe; the second, my letter—*unopened*.

"She had not been able to read it; she was scarcely able to stretch out her hands toward me and tell me a long, last farewell with last glazing eyes. But in those few last moments we seemed all one again, and my darling died in my arms and close to my heart. But oh, Will! Will! I tremble yet when I think how near I came to being a scoundrel. My poor little wife! We made a great mistake."

"How?"

"I ought not to have married her until I had in some measure prepared her for her new life. The mistake would have learned for my sake that the wife could not humble herself to learn."

"I never thought of marrying Nellie, uncle, until she had been educated. I was going to ask your advice on this very subject, she as herself as soon to come to New York and go to school."

"That is better."

Then we talked the matter over, and the end of it was that Uncle John said there was some woodlands for sale in the neighborhood of Nellie's home, and that while he was trying to make a bargain for himself he would see if he could arrange matters for me.

The next day Jacob Smith said, "Mr Whitfield has gone to Sacramento to buy some land," and I answered, "So he told me." Three days afterward Jacob said, "Mr Whitfield has bought the land; he bought it from that Israel Jones with whom you stood last summer," and I answered, "Indeed! I rather expected he would do so."

But it was a full week before Uncle John came back to the office. He looked pleasantly at me as he entered, and said, as he passed my desk, "Mr Lawson, I want to speak to you in my room."

"Will, I have seen your Nellie."

"Did you like her, sir?"

"She is pretty well—for a beginning. I took her to school this morning—to Miss Hayden's, a very good school. I told Nellie Now you are not to trouble her, she is to have a fair chance with her lessons."

"How often may I see her in a week, sir?"

"How often do you think fair and right, Will?"

"Twice a day—that is fourteen times a week, sir. I will help her with her lessons."

"Twice a day! Is that case you will have to live with me. I dare say your aunt Hulduh would like that."

"Aunt Hulduh! What do you mean, Uncle John?"

"To be candid, Will, as I was up that way I could not help going to see your fathers, and then and there it struck me to ask your aunt to come and look after my house and Nellie. Nellie has lots of things to learn that only a lady like Miss Hulduh can teach her, and I am going to supervise Miss Nellie's education myself. I have concluded it must be at home as well as at school."

"Dear, dear Uncle John!"

"Now, Will, you never said, 'Dear, dear Uncle John' before—what is it you want?"

"I want to stay with you and Aunt Hulduh."

"And Nellie?"

"Yes, and Nellie."

"I am agreeable. If you can live under one roof together for two years while Nellie is studying, and not get tired of each other, and not quarrel, I think at the end of it you may venture to marry. So move your traps to-night, and make the experiment."

It is eight years since John Whitfield began his educational experiment, and Nellie and I have lived under the same roof ever since. We have been six years married, and Uncle John may be almost daily seen walking as riding with a lovely little girl, who rules him with a tyranny at once absolute and delightful.

"She is so beautiful," he says in apology, as he plays with her long fair hair—"she is so beautiful that she is almost worthy to be called Bernice." And though the child is as unlike as possible the dark, handsome, passionate picture which hangs in John Whitfield's room, she is, after it, the dearest thing on earth to John Whitfield's heart.

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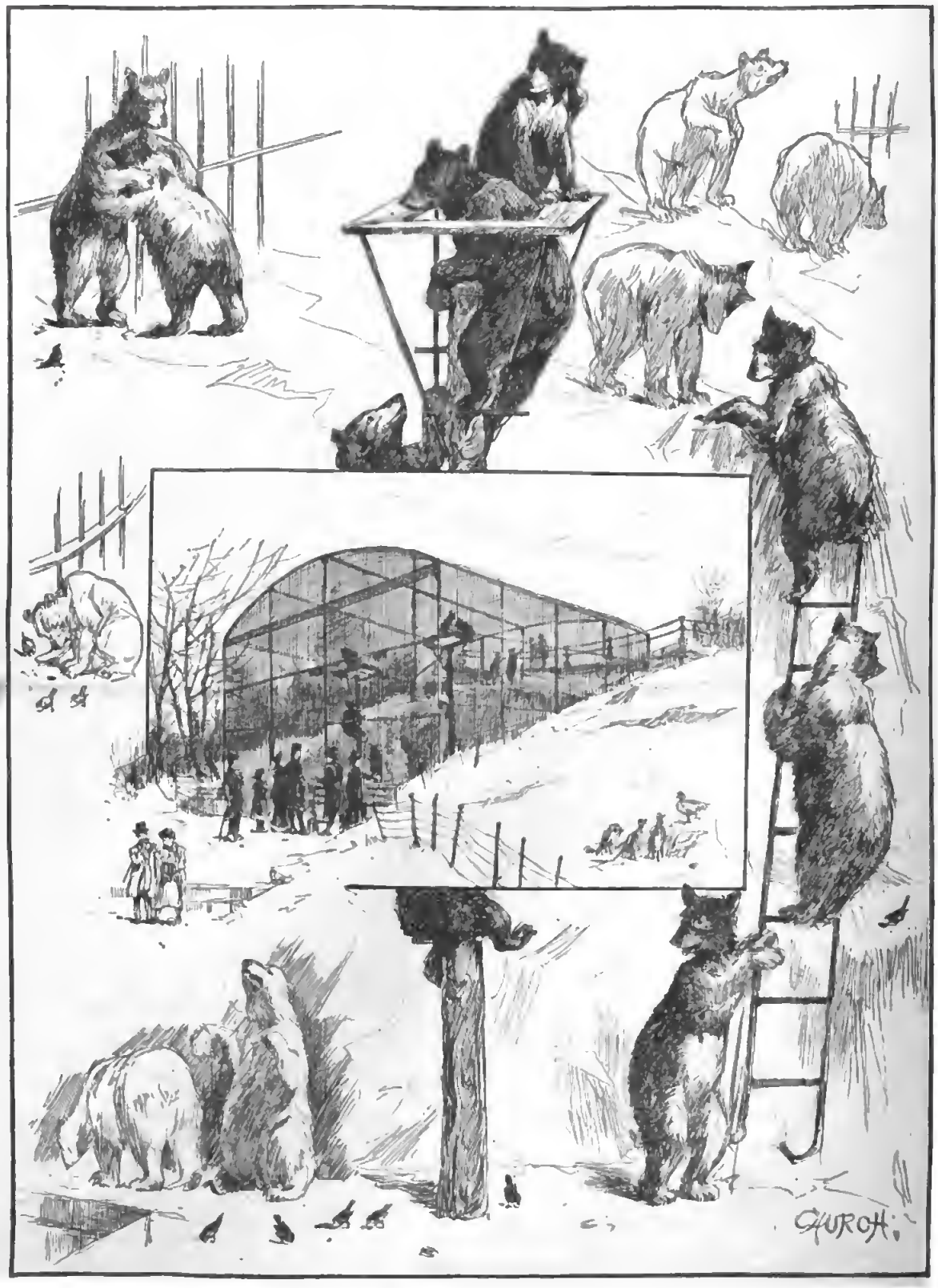


THE BEAR-PIT IN CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 222.]

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OUR ROYAL RULERS (BY DIVINE RIGHT) IN SECRET SESSION.

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## A BURNING GAS WELL.

An explosion of natural gas, peculiar in its cause and shocking in its consequences, occurred at the little village of Murrysville, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, on the 19th of March, illustrations of which disaster are given in this issue. The Chartiers Gas Company was engaged in making connections from a new and abundant well to their main line, when the pipe suddenly broke, and the gas, rushing forth in enormous volume, filled the air, and penetrated all the houses in the immediate vicinity. Among these dwellings was one occupied by a Mrs. TAYLOR, her father-in-law, and three children. The entire family, and a Miss LAVCOCK, who was living with the TAYLORS, were driven from the house by the insufferable odor of the gas, and were standing upon the front porch, when, the gas suddenly igniting at the fire in an open grate, there was a terrific explosion, and in an instant the house was a mass of flames. The clothing of the unfortunate people caught fire, and they were all terribly burned, Mrs TAYLOR and two of her children and Miss LAVCOCK having since died from their injuries.

In less than five minutes after the explosion all the houses in the neighborhood were in flames, and seven of them were destroyed. It was late in the afternoon when the explosion took place, and nightfall added to the terrors and demoralization of the inhabitants of the little town. The air was so impregnated with gas as to be almost unendurable, and the flames from the broken pipe shot upward for more than a hundred feet in the air, the roar of the conflagration being audible at Monroeville, five miles away. Five enormous gas wells poured into the pipes of the Chartiers Company, and it was estimated that three million cubic feet of gas were being burned hourly, and that thrice that amount was escaping unconsumed. Some frame buildings were hurriedly torn down to stop the spread of the conflagration in the village, and the women and children were, for the most part, removed in a distance, all the neighboring farm-houses being speedily filled with the refugees. A special train with reinforcements of men to fight the fire was sent from Pittsburgh, but the heat from the great fountain of flame that arose from the broken main was so intense that little could be done to shut it off. At midnight it was discovered that there were three breaks in the sixteen-inch main. Two hundred men, in charge of a brave superintendent, set to work to dig a ditch approach to the blazing pipe. The men wore wet clothes wrapped about their faces, but were unable to approach nearer than fifty feet. Meantime arrangements were made with Battery B of the Pennsylvania National Guard to attack the conflagration by shooting a hole in the gas main above the point of leakage. Through twenty miles of mud, in a drenching rain, a three-inch cannon belonging to the battery was dragged to the fire. One hundred men were at work at the tiller digging a trench and tunnel to the base of the stand-pipe, which was red-hot from the ground to its top, forty-five feet in the air. It was decided to postpone the attempt of shooting the pipe until another plan had been tried. This plan proved effectual. The workmen succeeded in reaching the pipe, and having, under cover of a fire-shield, chiselled it, attached an immense chain to the upper part of the pipe, by which it was eventually forced over and broken. An arrangement on the principle of no old fashioned candle snuffer was then forged, and by dint of much hard work was gotten over the main pipe where it had been broken off, and the gas supply from the wall was effectually cut off.

## BEARS IN CENTRAL PARK.

To the Central Park Menagerie, which, in spite of its recent growth to very respectable proportions, has never taken the more pretentious name of Zoological Garden, the important additions have recently been made of two polar and two grizzly bears. The bear pit now contains, besides these four, three Russian and five black bears—twelve in all. The black, the grizzly, and the Russian bears live and play peacefully in one enclosure, and they indulge in the humane pastime of quarrelling only when every one wishes to be the first to climb the pole and take a view of their neighbors on Fifth Avenue. In an adjoining enclosure the two polar bears, not disposed to be neighborly to the darker species, draw the "color line," and broad alone over memories of icebergs. These two are expert climbers, and they amuse themselves by springing up their pole or climbing up the rocks with such groans as frighten those of the inferior races into their den or up their pole. The monotony of their life is relieved by gazing at strangers and feeding on whatever children throw them. Between such visits, being given to meditation, they solemnly gaze at their paws. This pair of young polar bears, which are yet but one year old, were bought from a dealer in Hamburg. Polar bears are so ferocious that they are rarely captured, and their captors are the seal-hunters of Norway and Iceland, who kill the older ones and take the cubs. Two pairs were brought to European dealers last summer, one of which is this pair in Central Park, and the other was purchased for the Zoological Garden at Dresden. There are now only seven in the United States, two being in Cincinnati, two in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and one the property of a showman. The pair in the Zoological Garden at Philadelphia was killed by lightning. They do not breed in captivity, as the other species do.

The two excellent specimens of the grizzly, which next to the polar bear is the most ferocious of all species, are the property of the editor of *The Forest and Stream*, in whom they were sent a few months ago as a present by a Rocky Mountain trapper. They were shipped in a wooden box, and on their long journey they amused themselves by gnawing it. They were carried to the Park by a trackman just after dark one day in December, and the box was no sooner put on the ground than one of them made its way out of it. The attendants and all the policemen within easy call gathered about the frightened beast, which had no little desire to attack a policeman or a policeman had to attack it. This state of mutual and useless fear was maintained until the superintendent of the menagerie was sent for, and came and led the wearer cub into its iron cage. Besides those owned by showmen, there are but six grizzly bears in captivity east of the Rocky Mountains—three two in Central Park, two in Chicago, and two in Cincinnati.

Besides those twelve specimens, which spend winter and summer alike in the pit, there are two other bears in Central Park of even rarer species. They were born in a warmer climate, and must spend the winter in-doors. One is a Himalaya or Indian bear, a broad-chested, bow-legged, black beast which is always hungry, and greets you with no open mouth. It is thought to be the only specimen of this kind in America. It was sent from India to a gentleman in one of the Western States, who, having no fondness for bears, refused to pay the express charges, and the express company gave it to the Park. The other is a vicious and ugly Malayan or "sun" bear, specimens of which most of the travelling showmen have. It delights in tearing up sheet-iron from the floor of its cage, and pacing back and forth for pastime in most ungraceful parrot-toed fashion.

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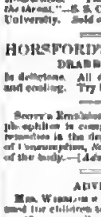

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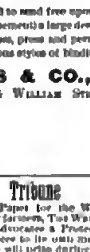

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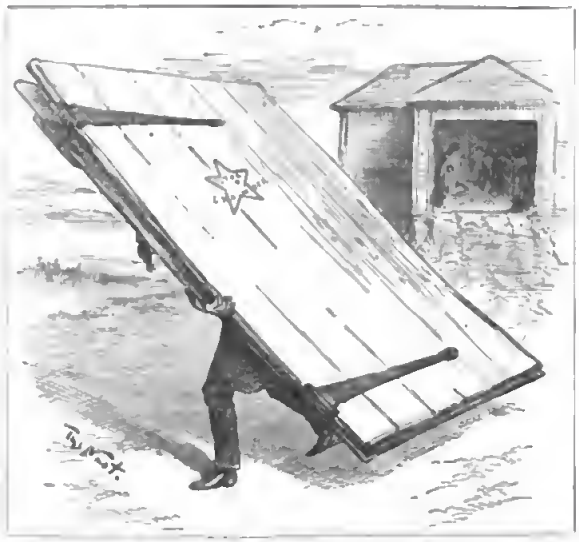

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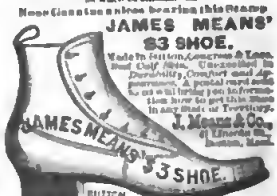


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*The illustration accompanying it is engraved after a drawing by* W. P. SNYDER.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1886.

## RIGHTS AND STRIKES.

THE great strike in the Southwest, and the smaller labor strikes and troubles elsewhere, have naturally led to serious consideration of the practicable defences of enterprise and industry against sudden and violent interruptions. This is not to be interpreted as a disposition to deny or to disregard the rights of any man, but on the contrary to guarantee and protect the rights of all men. It is the direct employers of labor who are immediately affected by such interruptions, and among the propositions we observe a letter to the Chicago *Times*, signed "Manufacturer," which suggests a general organization of capitalists and manufacturers for mutual protection against strikes. The article concedes that the proposition is not new. In Rhode Island it states that there is an organization of manufacturers who pay into the treasury one-fifth of the sum of their monthly pay-rolls, which has now swelled to the sum of a million of dollars. Such a plan, says the article, would not put an end to strikes, but it would curtail unjust demands, and it would enable employers to meet the labor organizations upon a fair ground. Intelligent and cool-headed leaders like Mr. POWDERLY have seen of course from the beginning the possibility of such movements among employers. United action and boycotting and all for each are methods as open to employers as to employés. A combined lock-out against a combined strike would be an indescribable disaster. But no employé or union of employés will suppose that, in a contest so desperate as that which a general strike would involve, the employers would not resort to the most powerful weapons at their command.

The unions of employés assume to decide what kind of labor employers shall engage and what wages they shall pay, how they shall direct the labor which they hire, and to whom they shall sell its products, and all other details of the business. They assume to command laborers to leave their work without knowing why, to forfeit the chance of resuming it, and to abandon the support of their families, and trust to a committee or an association to keep them from starving. There is no such despotism in the world as such a system, and there are no slaves so abject as such a scheme produces. It is the annihilation of liberty, and naturally it invites counter-organization. The question which is raised by the Southwestern strike is one of the most important possible. The vital necessity of an uninterrupted railroad transport and the enormous amount of money invested in railroads make a suspension of railway traffic a national calamity. That such a calamity should depend upon the whim of an irresponsible body of men wholly unknown to the law is simply anarchy. It is the end of confidence, of regular industry, of regard for law. Such a situation must end, unless society is to be dissolved. Honest men who live by wages, and who honestly acquiesce in this system of blind obedience to an unknown authority, can see that in the contest which that authority may provoke the final result does not depend upon numbers. Destruction of all the railroads in the country, total suspension of railroad traffic, and the massacre of all railroad officers would end neither in increased employment nor in higher wages. It would end in terrific reprisals and in a common catastrophe.

The Knights of Labor sometimes boycott a newspaper. But if the newspaper interest in all its branches should retort by boycotting every workman in any branch of its employment, paper-making, ink making, machine-making, printing, refusing absolutely to employ any man in any branch who had any connection with the Knights of Labor, who would suffer most? Riots would not remedy the situation for the boycotted workman. Destruction of property would merely confirm the lock-out, exasperate passions, and postpone peace. The moral judgment of the community would pronounce against the instigators of the trouble, as it has pronounced against the Southwestern strike. These tremendous reprisals are resources to which employers have not yet generally turned. But the demands of the Knights of Labor to supersede lawful government, to dictate to every man what he shall do with his own, to permit all great enterprises and industries to be prosecuted only as they shall choose, will not be tolerated in a free country and by a free people. There is no excuse for such attempted tyranny in this country, where Knights of Labor are voters and can influence legislation, and where there is no public sympathy for corporations and great associations of organized capital, but the strongest disposition to favor labor and the laboring man. Nothing has shown this more plainly than the friendly tone of the press toward the Knights of Labor until the recent events in Missouri, which have revealed so clearly the scope and tendency of the situation that, except in a few demagogue sheets, which are the worst enemies of honest labor, the condemnation is universal. But its character should be understood. It is not condemnation of the union of any body of men lawfully to demand what they hold to be their rights and dues, and to refuse to work except upon certain terms. That is not denied. What is condemned is the union of any body of men to interfere unlawfully with the rights and property of others.

## OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP

THE well-known special correspondent in Washington of the New York *Herald* says in a recent letter, published in "double leads" to give it prominence and importance, that "civil service reform, about which so much fuss has been made for some years, is now dead and buried." This statement is made at the end of a letter plainly declaring collusion between the President and Senators of both parties for the purpose of carrying out the old spoils system. The letter is accompanied by an editorial article indirectly charging the President with hypocrisy. This is a serious attack. The special correspondent is not only a sagacious observer, but he enjoys peculiar facilities for information in regard to all political subjects in Washington. He is, moreover, above suspicion of personal or improper motives. The *Herald* warmly supported Mr. CLEVELAND for the Presidency, and although not a partisan paper, it has been generally in sympathy with the Democratic party. This unqualified statement, therefore, of the deliberate renunciation by the President of his efforts for reform in the civil service, in the sense in which these words are generally understood, is of great significance. But it is a conclusion which cannot be truthfully drawn from a few facts or disappointments. That "the old bargain and dicker for office between the President and the Senate will go on again," as the special correspondent says, will not be easily believed by any one who has watched closely the President's course. But that a great many unpleasant things have happened which might extort an impatient expression of incredulity is undeniable, and nothing is to be gained for reform by concealing them.

In speaking last week of the President's letter to the Civil Service Reform League, which has been constantly cited in the Senate, and upon which the recent debate largely turned, we said that it had not yet been shown that the President had removed any officer of the kind mentioned in the letter, solely because of political opinion. But we stated that if such an instance should be established it would prove unquestionably a violation of the principle laid down in the letter. There is, however, another point. The letter substantially stated that offensive partisanship would be a cause for removal, and it also defined the meaning of the phrase by saying that "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service." This is a perfectly simple and clear statement. It was approved cordially by all friends of reform, and the pledge which it contains, as understood by civil service reformers, was distinctly stated at the annual meeting of the National League, to whose executive committee the President's letter was addressed. At that meeting the president of the League said, with the unanimous approval of the League, "To remove a Republican officer for offensive partisanship is to give a moral pledge to the country that a Democratic successor would be removed for the same cause." Whatever transcends "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of political rights" in the case of a Republican is equally offensive in that of a Democrat, and therefore an equally good reason for removal. Senator HARRISON, of Indiana, in his speech upon the EDMUNDS resolutions, states a case as within his knowledge, but which he frankly says may not be known to the President, as follows.

"There was held the other day, in the city of Fort Wayne, in the Twelfth Congressional District of Indiana, a meeting of the Democratic Congressional Committee. Let me show you who were so: C. A. ZOLLINGER, of Indianapolis, the pension agent, was a chairman of the committee; WILLIAM KAECHER, postmaster at Fort Wayne, met with the committee as a member; ELI W. BROWN, postmaster at Columbia City, met with the committee as a member; and HERMAN FERGUSON, postmaster at Angola, also met with this Democratic committee as a member."

This active participation in party politics, under the President's interpretation—and as we think a correct interpretation—is offensive partisanship. It is one of the worst abuses—namely, the control of primary partisan politics by office holders paid from the public treasury—which reform proposes effectually to abolish. It is very much more than "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of political rights." And if this has occurred at one place in Indiana, it has doubtless occurred in many places there and elsewhere. The people of Indiana and of the country are entitled to know who advised the appointment of these officers and the removal of their predecessors, and we regret to say that the President and the Senate unite in refusing the information. The President may not have known the facts. The law, under the Constitution, vests many appointments in the heads of departments. But a President known to be bent upon reform may justly assume that whoever accepts an invitation to his cabinet intends to conform to his policy. And when once such facts are known to the President, as he is responsible for his own administration, and can ask any explanation or the resignation of any Secretary, such facts unexplained or such offences unredressed necessarily impair public confidence in his own good faith. We certainly justify, and on the highest public grounds, removals, not for political opinion, but for offensive partisanship. But this is a principle which is absolutely impartial. And if the statements made by Senator HARRISON are indisputable, the retention of the officers mentioned is not consonant with what we understand to be the President's principles and policy.

## THE REPUBLICAN SPIRIT.

IT must be a source of poignant grief to American citizens who decline to support unfit candidates for office, although nominated by the party to which they belong, that Mr. INGALLS, a Republican Senator from Kansas, thinks that they are politically neither men nor women, and announces his opinion in such vivid terms, according to the reports, that ladies fly from the galleries and Republican Senators roar with laughter. On the other hand, it cannot be altogether pleasant for Republicans who remember that Republicanism in Kansas once meant a great and earnest conflict for freedom and the rescue of the Union from the slave power to perceive that Republicanism in Kansas, as illustrated by Mr. INGALLS, has dwindled into a vulgar sneer at political independence and manliness and honesty, and ridicule of reform in the civil service. The tirade of Mr. INGALLS against political independence was but a feeble echo of Mr. CONKLING's picturesque gibes at "Jayhawkers and skirmishers between the lines." But some Republicans perhaps ask themselves whether even Mr. CONKLING's gibes in the height of his political power and of the unquestioned supremacy of the Republican party, although loudly cheered as the blows of a great practical statesman pulverizing the Miss Nancys and the Sunday-school prigs of politics, were really serviceable to the party, or whether the Republican jeers of 1884 at purists and Pharisees and impercelestial essences for whom no earthly party is good enough—jeers which even with the enormous Irish contingent, which was in no intelligible sense Republican, did not avail to save the party—were really of use to it.

The earlier attacks of Mr. CONKLING and of the campaign of 1884, like this later diatribe of Mr. INGALLS, all directed against political independence, were certainly signal tactical blunders, and showed an extraordinary misconception of the essential power of the Republican party. That power lies in the ability to unite and organize the spirit of political independence and progress and reform, and combine its vote. Mr. INGALLS says that he never knew a Democrat who left his party for reform. Perhaps not. It is not the Democratic way. But it is the Republican way, and no stress of scourging with a party whip will drive Republicans out of that way. No man can be in any proper sense a Republican leader until he comprehends this fact. A Republican convention can be dragooned, but not the party. Mr. INGALLS himself admits that the Mugwumps, or Independent Republicans, defeated the party. He is correct. Some of the strongest and sincerest Republicans saw in the events of 1884 in the party the triumph of tendencies which were fatal to the national welfare, and they did not vote for the Republican electors. Their plea was that made by the Mugwumps of 1872, and which brought the New York *Tribune* to oppose the party when the Republican candidate was General GRANT, and which commanded the assent of many of the present Republican leaders in the State.

This independent disposition and this courage are essential elements of the Republican party. It is, however, the present policy of Republican leaders to crush them; and if it should continue, the result will show that, like the Democratic party in 1860, the Repub-

lican party is yielding to a dry-rot. There is more political manliness, independence, and courage, the essential elements of the Republican spirit, in any dozen of the Republicans at whom Mr. INGALLS sneers as eunuchs, than in a hundred who swear meekly the party hail and chain and vote by order. If ever the Republican party return to power, it will not be done by ridiculing reform, and by solemnly resolving to vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated, but by recovering the ancient Republican respect for political liberty and independence.

## POSTAL SAVINGS-BANKS.

THERE are about $450,000,000 of savings in the savings banks of New York, and from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars are deposited annually. In the city of New York during less than seven years twenty-two savings banks failed, and 76,834 depositors from among the poorest people lost $4,475,061. During the two years that Mr. FAIRCHILD was Attorney-General of the State he was officially obliged to put into bankruptcy institutions representing about $4,000,000 of savings, and he says that the State laws were unable to help the depositors, who had absolutely nothing to depend upon but the good faith of the managers. These facts show what an uncertain reliance for the very poor even these excellent institutions are. But there is another important fact, and that is the unequal distribution of savings-banks, so that in some parts of the country where they would be of the greatest service they do not exist.

In his report for 1880 Comptroller KNOX said that in New England there were 422 such banks, and in the Middle States 181. But in the Western States and Territories there were but 50, and in the Southern States only 5. The Committee on the Post-office reported to the House of Representatives in 1882 that in the dense population of New England there is a savings-bank to every 9436 persons; but in the other thirty-two States the average is but one bank to every 225,000 persons. To supply the people of these States as New England is supplied would require nearly five thousand banks more. This situation, and the great desirability of furnishing both a convenient and a secure place of deposit for the savings of the poorest persons, have led to the suggestion of government or postal savings-banks. In England the plan was proposed eighty years ago. But it was stoutly and successfully resisted for fifty-four years, until in 1861 three hundred postal banks were opened in England for business. At the close of the first year there were 2535 post-offices engaged in savings-bank business, and the amount of deposits was $8,270,336 27, and at the close of the year 1880 the amount was $164,336,382 19. The post-office pays two and a half per cent. interest on deposits.

The feasibility and value of the system have been so fully demonstrated in England, and its convenience and desirability here are so clear, that the committee recommended the passage of a carefully prepared bill establishing such banks, to pay interest at two per cent., to be paid from the investment in United States bonds or bonds guaranteed by the United States. The interest should be low, so as to promote withdrawal of proper sums to be invested elsewhere. When, in the course of paying off the national obligations, interest could be paid no longer, there would remain absolute security for the depositor. It is not a scheme to supersede private savings-banks. On the contrary, in England the private banks held on deposit in 1876 about $10,000,000 more than in the year before the opening of the postal banks. The scheme conflicts with private banks only as the postal carriage of merchandise conflicts with the express companies. Both have plenty of business. The postal banks have been urgently recommended by Postmasters-General and committees of Congress, and it is understood that the present committee is favorably inclined to the bill. The system is so convenient and excellent that its friends will not be disheartened by any disappointment, and the plan will be pushed until its usefulness secures its adoption.

## THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

THE first great step in securing the American shore at Niagara Falls as a public park was so successful and satisfactory that it is the earnest not only of success, but of sagacity in the preparation of the ground for its purpose. The secret of the success in the preliminary work was twofold—a thorough organization of the friends of the reservation, with a careful personal canvass of the State by Mr. J. H. HARRISON, the efficient secretary, and confidence in the character and intelligence of the Commissioners, which were the guarantee against jobbery of every kind and of perfect good faith.

The Commission still remains, and the work before it now is of the highest importance. But it is not a work which requires haste. On the contrary, it demands deliberation and care. The first thing of all is a general plan of treatment for the reservation, and this requires merely the study and judgment of a master of landscape art. It was constantly stated—and the statement was one of the persuasive arguments for the bill—that after the removal of the disfigurements which encumber the grounds the grounds themselves would be left substantially in a simple, natural condition of turf and walks and trees. It was understood, certainly, that no new disfigurements would be introduced.

There is no present need of the expenditure of much money. The necessary survey of the grounds should be intrusted to a man of acknowledged ability, and of experience and standing in the treatment of great domains and laying out of parks, and his report and design should precede all other work of amateurism. This is so obvious that we cannot doubt that it will be the decision of the Commission, and the appropriations which it is understood to have asked of the Legislature are therefore not easily apprehended. Provision for elevators and drives can be intelligently made only when some general scheme has been adopted, and we have not heard that such a scheme has been prepared. In any case, no grant should be made by the Legislature until the general design of treatment is known.

## A BOOMERANG.

SENATOR EDMUNDS's opinion of Mr. BLAINE is as well known, and represents no serious difference in the Republican party, that the attention which is now called to it can hardly be intended to serve the interest of the party. Mr. EDMUNDS did not take an active part in the campaign of 1884, but he did express his strong conviction of the necessity of retaining Republican ascendency, and he voted for Mr. BLAINE. Of Mr. EDMUNDS's Republicanism, tried by any reasonable party standard, there is no more doubt than of Mr. BLAINE's. But it is known that he does not admire Mr. BLAINE.

Now the present attack upon Mr. EDMUNDS implies that the true test of Republicanism is admiration of Mr. BLAINE. Is that a judicious test to apply? Or is the test satisfied if a Republican who does not admire Mr. BLAINE takes the stump for him, and exposes himself and the party to the inquiry why he does not admire him? The Rochester *Democrat* says that it was a grave mistake for Mr. EDMUNDS to be lukewarm toward Mr. BLAINE, because Mr. EDMUNDS had been a candidate for the nomination. But if a man thinks that his party has nominated an unfit candidate, does the *Democrat* think it a grave mistake for him not to say that he thinks him a fit candidate? Mr. EDMUNDS's opinion of Mr. BLAINE, formed upon long and intimate observation of his public life, was not changed by the nomination. To say that he might have spoken for the party is to forget that, under the circumstances of the campaign, to have spoken for the party without personally commending the candidate could have been interpreted in but one way—and it would have been more disastrous for Mr. BLAINE then the course actually pursued.

The simple question for every sensible Republican which is raised by this attack upon Mr. EDMUNDS is this: If a Republican, upon a survey of all the facts and letters and testimony and papers, is of opinion that, with all his undoubted gifts and personal attractions, Mr. BLAINE is not a man to be supported earnestly for the Presidency, although he is to be voted for if nominated, does such a man cease to be a Republican? If he does, the attack is an attempt to put Mr. EDMUNDS out of the party. But if such a man, who although voting for the candidate cannot praise him, does not cease to be a Republican, what is gained for the party by thrusting persistently upon public attention the unquestionable fact that one of the strongest and most trusted and most spotless of Republican leaders does not admire another? Would it help Mr. BLAINE, should he be nominated again, that his friends had persuaded the country that Mr. EDMUNDS thought him unfit for the Presidency?

## THE PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

LONGFELLOW's charming plea in the "Birds of Killingworth" is not without its effect; at least it is a delightful reinforcement to the movement to protect the birds against the murderous band of fashion. The barbarity of personal adornment by our rings is now generally left to the North American Indian, and as he rapidly advances in civilization he will turn it over to the Hottentot and New-Zealander. But the wearing of dead birds as an ornament is a vestige of similar barbarism, against which humanity and civilization now loudly protest.

Mr. HADLEY, the chairman of the Game-laws Committee in the New York Assembly, has introduced a bill which does not shrink from stating its purpose plainly. It is intended "to prohibit women from encouraging the butchering of plumage birds by wearing them on their bonnets." The bill makes it unlawful for five years to kill or to take in any way any song-bird, except only when the tuneful libertines are caught *flagrante delicto* in the very act of destroying fruit. The bill outlaws the poor English sparrow, who is treated as a pirate of the air—the enemy of birds and man.

Already women are stigmatized as of "the demi-bird-wearing sex," and the American Ornithologist's Union is wisely and forcibly raising the alarm to turn out and prohibit the wide-spread and wanton slaughter. Mr. BERGH's appeal for suffering animals has opened a new and beautiful chapter in the history of humane endeavor, and his work has made the relief of the birds more practicable. After BERGH's well-won success, to save the "living blossoms of the air" from being sacrificed to a savage human vanity will not seem to be a sentimental fancy. But let us hope that humanity will begin at home, and that every intelligent woman, now that the question is raised, will refuse to disfigure herself with a dead bird.

## THE "LEDGER'S" SEMI-CENTENARY.

THE semi-centenary of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, which was completed a few days since, was fitly celebrated by that paper in issuing a fac-simile of its first number, and by the extensive contemporaries of the *Ledger* in a general salute of congratulation. This is due not only to the excellence of the journal, but to the universal good-will felt by the press for the proprietor of the *Ledger*, Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, to whom not only its prosperity, but its general character, is so largely attributable. This character consists both in his admirable summary of local news in the community for which it is published, and in its unfailing editorial mastery. The *Ledger* has opinions, and expresses them plainly, but it takes no part in politics of controversy. It is agreeable to know that perfect urbanity even in a newspaper is consistent with the greatest success and prosperity, and we of the controversial press may well take a lesson from the well-balanced columns of this well-kept *Ledger*.

## PERSONAL.

NOT very long ago college students received an official encouragement to enter into researches concerning theatrical matters. But things have changed somewhat. Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS, the leading American dramatist, has been telling the Harvard boys how to write plays, and Mr. HENRY IRVING is expected soon to tell the Oxford boys how to act them, while the Princeton boys have a prosperous dramatic club of their own, which gives public performances with great *éclat*.

—New Bedford, Massachusetts, is associated with considerable artistic talent. BIERSTADT used to study there, W. S. MACY, who is now painting the sea greens around Bermuda, was born there; and E. SWAIN GIFFORD and WILLIAM PARRISH have summer studios on Nonquitt Beach, near by. Most of the older inhabitants are Quakers, who have but little respect for an artistic career.

—A stationer in this city professes his ability to tell at once, by how a man looks whether or not he can manage a stylographic pen.

—Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, though said by one of his intimate friends to be not less than sixty-eight years old, would pass for thirty-five in his new comedy, *The Jilt*. His sparkling repartee keeps the house in merriment whenever he is on the stage, although one of his countrymen swears that such expletives as "Be-ga-sus!" are not always used by Irish gentlemen in drawing-rooms.

—Twenty years ago at Amherst College a Sophomore, who is now a distinguished Western lawyer, introduced a new method of hazing. At midnight, accompanied by ten or twelve of his classmates, he would enter a Freshman's room with a bucket of young chimney swallows. When his companions had seated themselves solemnly in a circle, he proceeded to open the baskets and let the swallows fly. The fun then consisted in witnessing the poor Freshman's attempts to catch them, which often lasted until dawn.

—Mr. W. H. BEARD's latest fancy is a court jester dancing in a glen with a golden-haired fairy, in the presence of an attentive rabbit, and a multitude of fairies in the background. The rabbit is supposed to be getting ready to say, "I see a with my own eyes"—a remark which constitutes the title of the picture.

—Sir HENRY TAYLOR, the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, who died March 28, at the age of eighty-six, was the Nestor of English letters. When the drama that made him famous appeared in 1834 the literary stage was occupied by men of whom all have long passed away except himself and CARLYLE, who was five years older, and died five years earlier. It is noticeable that TAYLOR was one of the very few persons who are mentioned with respect in CARLYLE's *Reminiscences*. Though *Philip Van Artevelde* is still praised, it is now little read, nor is any other of Sir HENRY's voluminous works except his entertaining *Autobiography*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS last year. A portrait of Sir HENRY appeared in HARPER'S BAZAR for April 23, 1885.

—The Veteran Firemen's Association has now more than four hundred members, and pays $2000 a year for a handsome four-story club-house, with a brown-stone front, in East Tenth Street, near Fifth Avenue. On the first floor are reception-rooms; on the second, billiard rooms; on the third, card-rooms, and on the fourth and in the basement, business offices. Many of the members have contributed their old fire-hats, which are arranged in a sort of frieze-work around the billiard room. Racks of engines, trumpets, condenser-cases, and other souvenirs of the Volunteer days adorn the walls, together with portraits of HENRY BERGH, JAMES F. WHEELER, CORNELIUS ANDERSON, MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, and other noted fire-laddies. There are said to be ten thousand survivors of the old Volunteer Fire Department.

—In Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY's recent article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the famous KRUPP iron-works at Essen mention is made of "an engine, apart by itself, strong enough to carry on all the works; it is over fifty feet high, and quite beautiful. It was doing no work when I saw it, but in constant motion, generally quiet, though sob and then snorting and revolving its huge wheels softly, merely to work off its energy and keep from bursting. Never did I see a more impressive type of restrained and soft force." It is worth noting that the drawings for this remarkable engine were furnished by the American engineer Mr. GEORGE H. CORLISS, of Providence, Rhode Island, the brusque man whom by the King of the Belgians of the Order of Leopold was noticed in the last number of the WEEKLY.

—We regret to record the death of Mr. A. N. KELLOGG, whose name for more than twenty years has been associated with the printing of country newspapers on the auxiliary or co-operative plan. More than sixteen hundred country newspapers receive weekly from his offices at Cleveland, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Memphis, and New York what are known as "patent insides," that is, sheets printed on one side and blank on the other. His own experience as a country editor in Wisconsin led to his invention of his method, and ultimately to his acquisition of a large fortune by means of its general use. He was a man of rare business foresight and tact, indomitable will, and personal magnetism, a mathematician of unusual powers, and a citizen of blameless life. Not long before his death he delivered to his eldest daughter a manuscript copy of some new and valuable methods of calculus. His name is often recorded at the Patent-office in Washington. After years of ill health, borne with characteristic fortitude, he died peacefully, in the presence of his family, at Thomasville, Georgia, whither he had gone in hope of recruiting his waning strength. His age was fifty-four.

—A valuable and timely pamphlet, sent of a wide circulation, is the *Sun's* reprint of the interesting articles published in its columns on the pictures and porcelains—including the celebrated peach-blow vase—of the late Mrs. MARY JANE MORGAN. This bright little work is really an instructive and trustworthy compendium of modern art criticism, and as such will be a welcome guest in studio and library.

—Not long ago an interesting contribution to the paramount question of the wisest method of adjusting the relations of capital to labor appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE in the form of a story entitled "Back to Back," and describing Mr. WILLIAM WEBSTER's plan of distributing risk and profit. This plan was that the capitalist, the laborers, and the man who manages the business—who sells the goods, obtains the use of the capital, and chooses the laborers—should receive an equal division of the profits. Mr. GEORGE HOLYOAKE, when in this country, pronounced Mr. WEBSTER's plan the most practicable ever unfolded, and reprinted it in his London journal. The present activity of the Knights of Labor and similar organizations has drawn attention afresh to Mr. WEBSTER's ideas, and a great manufacturing firm at Westerly, Rhode Island, has recently been trying his plan with excellent results.

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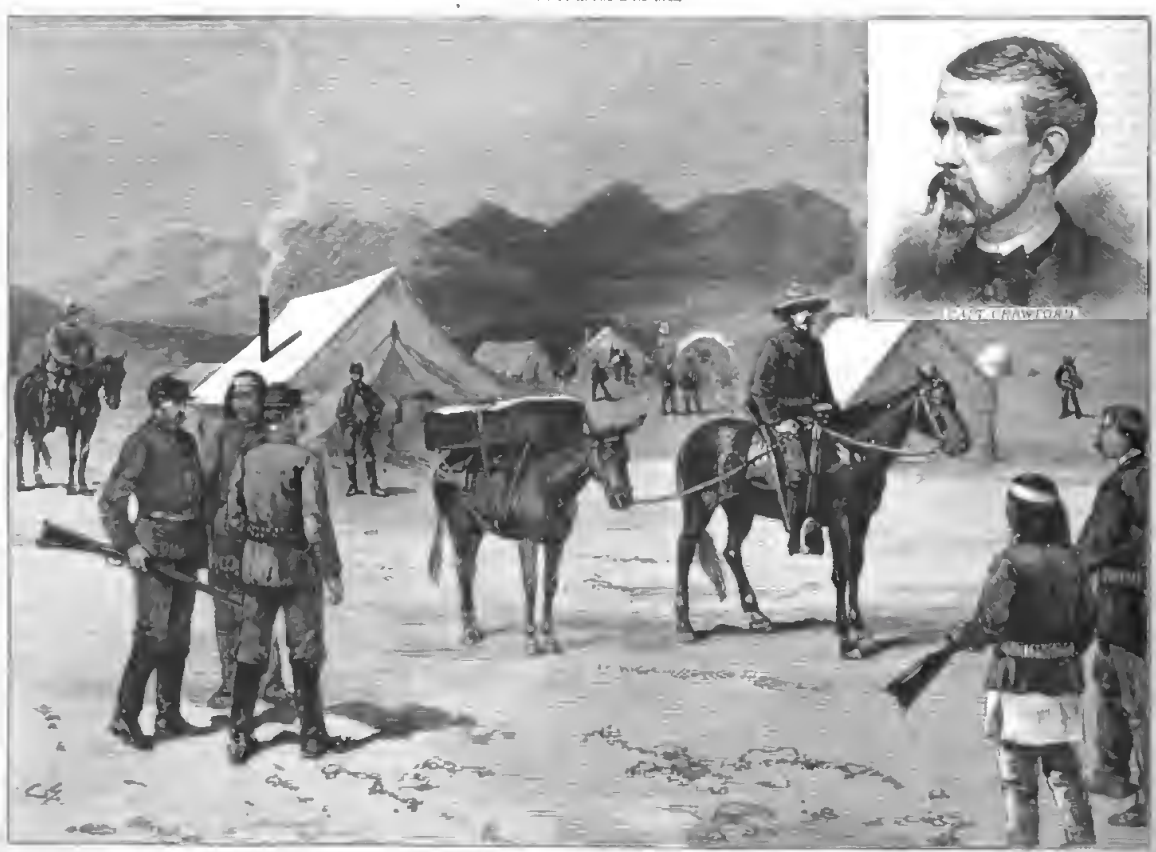
## THE CHIRICAHUA APACHE TROUBLES.

CAPTAIN EMMET CRAWFORD, of the Third United States Cavalry, while in pursuit of the renegade Chiricahua Apache Indians, who for nearly a year have been engaged in the commission of a very comprehensive series of crimes, terrorizing the people of New Mexico, Arizona, and Sonora, and successfully eluding both the United States and Mexican troops, was on the 11th of January last shot down by a party of Mexican soldiers, and after lingering for seven days finally died. Reports in the daily press have furnished many different and conflicting accounts of this affair, but from the testimony of eye-witnesses of the murder there appears to be little doubt that the killing of this officer was performed with deliberation by the Mexicans, and was not the result of their having mistaken Captain CRAWFORD and his command for a body of the hostile Indians, as was urged, after the commission of the murder, in extenuation of it. At all events, the Mexican government has been awakened to the importance of thoroughly investigating the affair, and Colonel SANTA ANNA PEREZ, the officer in charge of the Mexican troops at the time of the killing, is being subjected to a rigorous examination by the War Department of that government. In the mean time the task of recovering the body of the unfortunate American officer and preparing for it an appropriate burial has been successfully performed.

An accompanying illustration shows the arrival of Captain CRAWFORD's remains on American soil at the supply camp, Lang's Ranch, New Mexico, and is from a sketch of the scene made on the spot. The duty of recovering the remains was intrusted to Captain DOUGLAS, who with an escort of twenty soldiers, ten packers, and a skilled embalmer proceeded to Nacori, one hundred miles south of the American border, and exhumed the body from a shallow grave near the desolate little village, in which it had been placed by the Mexicans. The dry soil had kept the body in an excellent state of preservation, and as it was immediately embalmed, the features remained recognizable at the time of its arrival at Lang's Ranch. The return journey was a difficult one. The body, encased in a rubber sack, was borne on the back of pack-mules, which picked their way with difficulty over the steep ascents and declivities of the mountain trails. Midway between Nacori and the border line the little funeral cortège came upon a body of three hundred Mexican soldiers, who were endeavoring to get at the rear of Chief GERONIMO's band for the purpose of engaging those Indians in case of their refusal to surrender to General CROOK. It was impossible to tell at what point or where the Chiricahua marauders might swoop down upon the practically defenceless funeral train and annihilate it. Fortunately the journey was made without hindrance from the Indians, and the remains of Captain CRAWFORD having been transferred from the rubber case to a metallic coffin at Lang's Ranch, were taken on with a military escort to Fort Bowie, ninety miles distant, there to await shipment to the East.

GERONIMO, THE RENEGADE CHIEF OF THE CHIRICAHUA APACHES
Photographed by A. Frank Randall.

It was to the pursuit of the famous renegade Chiricahua Apache chieftain GERONIMO that Captain CRAWFORD lost his life. HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 27 contained an interesting sketch of this warrior in connection with a review of the circumstances which led to the present outbreak of the Chiricahua Apaches on the 17th of May last. Captain CRAWFORD's acquaintance and experience with this wily chief dated far back of that time. In his volume entitled *An Apache Campaign*, Captain JOHN G. BOURKE, of the Third United States Cavalry, has paid high testimony to the efficiency of his brother officer Captain CRAWFORD, who commanded a body of one hundred and fifty friendly Apache scouts during the campaign in the Sierra Madre in the spring and summer of 1883. It was the persistent way in which (under General CROOK's orders) Captain CRAWFORD followed the Chiricahuas into mountainous strongholds that had hitherto been deemed impenetrable by white men that resulted in the surrender of GERONIMO (who was then a sub-chief of the Chiricahuas) at that time. In Captain BOURKE's book he is called "HEKNOYTHO," which is probably the more correct way of spelling the name of this famous warrior than has during the present campaign been adopted in reports from the frontier. At the time of his "coming in" during the Sierra Madre campaign, HEKNOYTHO (or GERONIMO, as he may be called in deference to the present custom) was possessed of a band of female prisoners, the wives of Mexican soldiers, whom he had taken with him into the mountain fastnesses. Originally there had been six in the party, but GERONIMO had sent back the oldest and feeblest with a note to the Mexican general, saying that he wanted to make peace, and would do so provided the Mexicans returned the Apache women and children held prisoners by them; if they refused, he would steal all the Mexican women and children he could lay his hands on, and would continue the war until he made Sonora and Chihuahua a desert. The women explained that the greatest terror prevailed in Chihuahua at the mere mention of the name of GERONIMO, "whom the peasants believed to be a devil sent to punish them for their sins." This was in 1883, and the reputation of GERONIMO as "a fiend" has not been suffered to be impaired since that date; indeed, during the last six months the daily press has overflowed with accounts of his rascality, very many of which have had their origin in the brains of sensational newspaper correspondents. There is no doubt, however, that GERONIMO is a dangerous ruffian, and his surrender to General CROOK, promised many weeks ago, has been anxiously looked forward to during this time, and several times announced, only to be contradicted. His contempt for the prowess of the Mexican army has always been complete, and he has frequently boasted that he killed the Mexican soldiers with rocks, having "no ammunition to waste upon Mexicans."




THE APACHE WAR—ARRIVAL OF THE BODY OF CAPTAIN CRAWFORD AT LANG'S RANCH, N. M.—Drawn by Charles Graham from a Sketch by J. S. Pettit

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS H. RUGER, U. S. A.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. W. PACH.
(See Page 231.)

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.
(See Page 231.)

"HENCHARD, WITH WITHERING HUMILITY OF DEMEANOR, TOUCHED THE BRIM OF HIS HAT TO HER."—(See Serial "The Mayor of Casterbridge," Page 238.)

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LOOKER-ON," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "ADVENTURES OF A HELIRAIN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

At this date there prevailed in Casterbridge a convivial custom—scarcely recognized as such, yet none the less established. On the afternoon of every Sunday a large contingent of the Casterbridge journeymen—steady church-goers and sedate characters—having attended service, filed from the church doors across the way to the King of Prussia Inn. The rear was usually brought up by the choir, with their bass-viols, fiddles, and flutes under their arms.

The great point, the point of honor, on these sacred occasions was for each man to strictly limit himself to half a pint of liquor. This scrupulosity was so well understood by the landlord, that the whole company was served in cups of that measure. They were all exactly alike—straight-sided, with leafless lime-trees done to celbrown on the sides—one toward the drinker's lips, the other confronting his comrades. To wonder how many of these cups the landlord possessed altogether was a favorite exercise of children in the marvellous. Forty at least might have been seen on these times in the large room, forming a ring round the margin of the great sixteen-legged oak table, like the moonlitide circle at Stonehenge in its pristine days. Outside and above the forty cups came a circle of forty smoke jets from forty clay pipes; outside the pipes the countenances of the forty church-goers, supported at the back by a circle of forty chairs.

The conversation was not the conversation of week-days, but a thing altogether finer to point and higher in tone. They invariably discussed the sermon, dissecting it, weighing it, as above or below the average—the general tendency being to regard it as a scientific feat or performance which had no relation to their own lives, except as between critics and the thing criticised. The bass-viol player and the clerk usually spoke with more authority than the rest, on account of their official connection with the preacher.

Now the King of Prussia was the inn chosen by Henchard as the place for chasing his long term of drunken years. He had so timed his entry as to be well established in the large room by the time the forty church-goers entered to their customary cups. The flush upon his face proclaimed at once that the vow of twenty years had lapsed, and the era of recklessness begun anew. He was seated on a small table, drawn up to the side of the massive oak board reserved for the churchmen, a few of whom nodded to him as they took their places, and said, "How be ye, Mr Henchard? Quite a stranger here."

Henchard did not take the trouble to reply for a few moments, and his eyes rested on his stretched-out legs and boots. "Yes," he said at length; "that's true. I've been down in spirit for weeks; come of ye know the cause. I am better now; but not quite serene. I want you fellows of the choir to strike up a tune; and what wish that, and this here of Stanridge's, I am in hopes of getting altogether out of my minor key."

"With all my heart," said the first fiddle. "We've let back our strings, that's true; but we can soon pull 'em up again. Sound A, neighbors, and give the man a move."

"I don't care a curse what the words be," said Henchard. "Hymns, ballets, or rantipole rubbish; the Rogue's March or the cherubim's warble—'tis all the same to me if 'tis good harmony, and well put out."

"Well—hch, hch—it may be we can do that, and not a man among us that have sat in the gallery less than twenty year," said the leader of the band. "As 'tis Sunday, neighbors, suppose we raise the Fourth Pas'am, to Samuel Wakely's tune, as improved by me."

"Hang Samuel Wakely's tune as improved by thee!" said Henchard. "Chuck across one of your psalters—old Wiltshire is the only tune worth singing—the psalm tunes that could make my blood ebb and flow like the sea when I was a steady chap. I'll find some words to fit an." He took one of the psalters, and began turning over the leaves.

Glancing to look out of the window at that moment, he saw a flock of people passing by, and perceived them to be the congregation of the upper church, now just dismissed, their sermon having been a longer one than that the lower parish was favoured with. Among the rest of the leading inhabitants walked Mr Councillor Farfrae, with Lucetta upon his arm, the observed and imitated of all the smaller tradesmen's womankind. Henchard's mouth plunged a little, and he continued to turn over the leaves.

"Now, then," he said, "Psalm the Hundred-and-Ninth, to the tune of Wiltshire; verses two to fifteen. I give ye the words:

"'His maid shall orphans be, his wife
A widow plunged in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread
Where none can give relief.

"'His ill-got riches shall be made
To usurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil shall be
By strangers borne away.

"'None shall be found that to his wants
Their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan seed
The least assistance lend.

"'A swift destruction soon shall seize
On his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name
Shall utterly deface.'"

"I know the Pas'am—I know the Pas'am!" said the leader, hastily, "but I would as lief not sing it. 'Twasn't made for singing. We chose it once when the gypsies stole the pa'son's store, thinking to please him; but he were quiet upset. Whatever Servant David was thinking about when he made a Psalm that nobody can sing without disgracing himself, I can't fathom! Now, then, the Fourth Pas'am, to Samuel Wakely's tune, as improved by me."

"Od seize your sauce—I tell ye to sing the Hundred-and-Ninth, to Wiltshire, and sing it you shall!" roared Henchard. "Not a single one of all the drunken crew of ye goes out of this room till that Psalm is sung!" He slipped off the table, seized the poker, and going to the door, placed his back against it. "Now, then, go ahead, if you don't wish to have your coat pates broken!"

"Don't 'e, don't 'ee take on so! As 'tis the Sabbath day, and 'tis Servant David's words and not ours, perhaps we don't mind fo' once, hey?" said one of the terrified choir, looking round upon the rest. So the instruments were tuned and the commissioner verses sung.

"Thank ye, thank ye," said Henchard, in a softened voice, his eyes growing downcast, and his manner that of a man much moved by the strains. "Don't you blame David," he went on, in low tones, shaking his head without raising his eyes. "He knew what he was about when he wrote that. If I could afford it, he hinted if I wouldn't keep a church choir at my own expense to play and sing to me at times low, dark times of my life. But the bitter thing is that when I was rich I didn't need what I could have, and now I be poor I can't have what I need!"

While they paused, Lucetta and Farfrae passed again, this time homeward, it being their custom to take, like others, a short walk out on the highway and back, between church and tea time. "There's the man we've been singing about," said Henchard.

The players and singers turned their heads, and saw his meaning.

"Heaven forbid!" said the bass-player.

"'Tis the man," repeated Henchard, doggedly.

"Then if I'd known," said the performer on the clarionet, solemnly, "that 'twas meant for a living man, nothing should have drawn out w' my wynd-pipe the breath for that Psalm, so help me!"

"Nor from mine," said the first singer. "But, thought I, as it was made so long ago, and so far away, perhaps them fen't much in it, so I'll oblige a neighbor; for there's nothing to be said against the tune."

"Ah, my boys, you've sung it," noted Henchard, triumphantly. "As for him, it was partly by his songs that he got over me, and heaved me not. . . . I could double him up like that—and yet I don't." He laid the poker across his knee, bent it as if it were a twig, flung it down, and came away from the door.

It was at this time that Elizabeth Jane, having heard where her step-father was, entered the room with a pale and agonized countenance. The choir and the rest of the company moved off, in accordance with their half-past regulation. Elizabeth Jane went up to Henchard, and entreated him to accompany her home.

By this time the volcanic fires of his nature had burnt down, and having drunk on great quantity as yet, he was inclined to acquiesce. She took his arm, and together they went on. Henchard walked blankly, like a blind man, repeating to himself the last words of the singers:

"'And the next age his hated name
Shall utterly deface.'"

At length he said to her, "I am a man to my word. I have kept my oath for twenty years; and now I can drink with a good conscience. . . . If I don't do for him—well, I am a fearful practical joker when I choose. He has taken away everything from me, and, by heavens, if I meet him, I won't answer for my deeds!"

These half-uttered words alarmed Elizabeth—all the more by reason of the still determination in Henchard's mien.

"What will you do?" she asked, cautiously, while trembling with disquietude, and guessing Henchard's allusion only too well.

Henchard did not answer, and they went on till they had reached his cottage. "May I come in?" she said.

"No, no; not to-day," said Henchard; and she went away, feeling that to caution Farfrae was almost her duty, as it was certainly her strong desire.

As on the Sunday, on on the week-days, Farfrae and Lucetta might have been seen flitting about the town like two butterflies—or rather like a bee and a butterfly in league for life. She seemed to take no pleasure in going anywhere except in her husband's company; and hence when business would not permit him to waste an afternoon, she remained in-doors, waiting for the time to pass till his return, her face being visible to Elizabeth Jane from her window aloft. The latter, however, did not say to herself that Farfrae should be thankful for such devotion, but, full of her reading, she cited Rosalind's exclamation: "Mistress, know yourself; down on your knees and thank heaven fasting for a good man's love."

She kept her eye upon Henchard also. One day he answered her inquiry for his health by saying that he could not endure Abel Whittle's pitying eyes upon him while they worked together in the yard. "He is such a fool," said Henchard, "that he can never get out of his mind the time when I was master there."

"I'll come and wimble for you instead of him, if you will allow me," said she. Her motive in going to the yard was to get an opportunity of observing the general position of affairs on Farfrae's premises now that her step-father was a workman there. Henchard's threats had alarmed her so much that she wished to see his behavior when the two were face to face.

For two or three days after her arrival Donald did not make any appearance. Then one afternoon the green door opened, and through it came, first Farfrae, and at his heels Lucetta. Donald brought his wife forward without hesitation, it being obvious that he had no suspicion whatever of any antecedents in common between her and the new journeyman hay-trusser.

Henchard did not turn his eyes toward either of the pair, keeping them fixed on the hand he twisted as if that alone absorbed him. A feeling of delicacy, which even prompted Farfrae to avoid anything which might seem like triumphing over a fallen rival, led him to keep away from the hay barn where Henchard and his daughter were working, and to go on to the corn department. Meanwhile Lucetta, never having been informed that Henchard had entered his husband's service, rambled straight on to the barn, where she came suddenly upon Henchard, and gave vent to a little "Oh!" which the happy and busy Donald was too far off to hear.

Henchard, with withering humility of demeanor, touched the brim of his hat to her as Whittle and the rest had done, at which she breathed a dead-alive "Good-afternoon."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Henchard, as if he had not heard.

"I said good-afternoon," she faltered.

"Oh yes, good-afternoon, ma'am," he replied, touching his hat again. "I am glad to see you, ma'am." Lucetta looked embarrassed, and Henchard continued: "For as humble workmen here feel it a great honor that a lady should look in and take an interest in us."

She glanced at him unreadily; the sarcasm was too bitter, too unendurable.

"Can you tell me the time, ma'am?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, hastily; "half past four."

"Thank ye. An hour and a half longer before we are released from work. Ah, ma'am, we of the lower classes know nothing of the gay leisure that such as you enjoy."

As soon as she could do so Lucetta left him, nodded and smiled to Elizabeth Jane, and joined her husband at the other end of the enclosure, where she could be seen leading him away by the outer gates, so as to avoid passing Henchard again. That the had been taken by surprise was obvious.

The result of this casual rencontre was that the next morning a note was put into Henchard's hand by the postman.

"Will you," said Lucetta, with as much bitterness as she could put into a small communication—"will you kindly undertake not to speak to me in the being undertones you used to-day, if I walk through the yard at any time? I bear you no ill-will, and I am only too glad that you should have employment of my dear husband, but in common fairness treat me as his wife, and do not try to make me wretched by covert words. I have committed no crime, and done you no injury."

"Poor fool!" said Henchard, with fond savagery, holding out the note. "To know no better than commit herself to writing like this? Why, if I were to show to her dear husband—push!" He threw the letter into the fire.

Lucetta took care not to come again among the hay and corn. She could rather have died than run the risk of encountering Henchard at such close quarters a second time. The gulf between them was growing wider every day. Farfrae was always considerate to his fallen acquaintance, but it was impossible that he should not, by degrees, cease to regard the ex-corn-merchant on more than one of his other workmen. Henchard saw this, and concealed his feelings under a cover of stolidity, fortifying his heart by drinking more freely at the King of Prussia every evening.

Often did Elizabeth Jane, in her endeavors to prevent his taking other liquor, carry tea to him in a little basket at five o'clock. Arriving one day on this errand, she found her step-father was measuring up clover-seed and rape-seed in the corn-stores on the top floor, and she ascended to him. Each floor had a door opening into the air under a cat-head, from which a chain dangled for hoisting the sacks.

When Elizabeth's head rose through the trap, she perceived that the upper door was open, and that her step-father and Farfrae stood just within it in conversation, Farfrae being nearest the dizzy edge, and Henchard a little way behind. Not to interrupt them, she remained on the steps without raising her head any higher. While waiting thus she saw—or fancied she saw, for she had a terror of feeling certain—her step-father slowly raise his hand as a level behind Farfrae's shoulders, a curious expression taking possession of his face. The young man was quite unconscious of the action, which was so indirect that, if Farfrae had observed it, he might almost have regarded it as an idle outstretching of the arm. But it would have been possible, by a comparatively light touch, to push Farfrae off his balance and send him head over heels in the air.

Elizabeth felt quite sick at heart on thinking of what this might have meant. As soon as they turned the mechanically took the tea to him, left it, and went away. Reflecting, she endeavored to assure herself that the movement was an idle eccentricity, and no more. Yet, on the other hand, his subordinate position in an establishment where he once had been master might be acting on him like an irritant poison; and she finally resolved to caution Donald.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

NEXT morning, accordingly, she rose at five o'clock, and went into the street. It was not yet light; a dense fog prevailed, and the town was so silent as it was dark, except that from the rectangular avenues which framed in the borough there came a chorus of smart rappings, caused by the fall of water-drops from the condensations on the boughs; one it was wafted from the West Walk, now from the South Walk, and then from both quarters simultaneously. She moved on to the bottom of Corn Street, and through it came, first Farfrae, and at his heels Lucetta. Donald the familiar bang of his door, and then his quick walk toward her. She met him at the point where the last tree of the engirdling avenue flanked the last house in the street.

He could hardly discern her till, glancing inquiringly, he said, "What—Miss Henchard—and are ye up so early?"

She asked him to pardon her for waylaying him at such an unseemly time. "But I am anxious to mention something," she said. "And I wished not to alarm Mrs Farfrae by calling."

"Yes?" said he, with the cheerfulness of a superior. "And what may it be? It's very kind of ye, I'm sure."

She now felt the difficulty of conveying to his mind the exact report of possibilities in her own. But she somehow began, and introduced Henchard's name. "I sometimes fear," she said, with an effort, "that he may be betrayed into some attempt to—insult you, sir."

"But we are the best of friends."

"Or to play some practical joke upon you, sir. Remember that he has been hardly used."

"But we are quite friendly."

"Or to do something—that would injure you—hurt you—wound you." Every word cost her twice its length of pain. And she could see that Farfrae was still incredulous. Henchard, a poor man in his employ, was not, to Farfrae's view, the Henchard who had ruled him. Yet he was not only the same man, but that man with the sinister qualities formerly latent quickened into life by his buffetings.

Farfrae, happy, and thinking no evil, persisted in making light of her fears. Thus they parted, and she went homeward, journeymen now being in the street, wagoners going to the harness-makers for articles left to be repaired, farm horses going to the shoeing smiths, and the sons of labor being generally on the move. Elizabeth Jane entered her lodging unhappily, thinking she had done no good, and only made herself appear foolish in her weak note of warning.

But Donald Farfrae was one of those men upon whom an incident is never absolutely lost. His revised impressions from a subsequent point of view and the impulsive judgment of the moment was not always his permanent one. The vision of Elizabeth Jane's earnest face in the rimy dawn came back to him several times during the day. Knowing the solidity of her character, he did not treat her hints altogether as idle sounds.

But he did not desist from a kindly scheme on Henchard's account that engaged him just then; and when he met Lawyer Joyce, the Town Clerk, later in the day, he spoke of it as if nothing had occurred to damp it.

"About that little seedsman's shop," he said, "the shop overlooking the church-yard, which is to let. It is not for myself I want it, but for our unlucky fellow-townsman Henchard. It would be a new beginning for him, if a small one, and I have told the Council that I would lend a private subscription among them to set him up in it—that I would lie fifty pounds, if they would make up the other fifty among them."

"Yes, yes, so I've heard; and there's nothing to my against it, for that matter," the Town Clerk replied, in his plain, frank way. "But, Farfrae, others see what you don't. Henchard hates ye—ay, hates ye—and 'tis right that you should know it. To my knowledge, he was at the King of Prussia last night saying in public that about you which a man ought not to say about another."

"Is it so—and is it so?" said Farfrae, looking down. "Why should he do it?" added the young man, bitterly, "what harm have I done him that he should try to wrong me?"

"God only knows," said Joyce, lifting his eyebrows. "It shows much long-suffering he has to put up with him and keep him to your employ."

"But I cannot discharge a man who was once a good friend to me. How can I forget that when I came here 'twas he enabled me to make a footing for myself? No, no; as long as I've a day's work to offer, he shall do it if he chooses. 'Tis not I who will deny him such a little as that. But I'll drop the idea of establishing him in a shop till I can think more about it."

It grieved Farfrae much to give up this scheme. But a damp having been thrown over it by these and other voices in the air, he went and countermanded his orders. The then occupier of the shop was in it when Farfrae spoke to him, and feeling it necessary to give some explanation of his withdrawal from the negotiation, Donald mentioned Henchard's name, and stated that the intentions of the Council had been changed.

The occupier was much disappointed, and straightway informed Henchard, as soon as he saw him, that a scheme of the Council he setting him up in a shop had been knocked on the head by Farfrae. And thus out of error a monstrous enmity grew.

When Farfrae got in-doors that evening the teakettle was singing on the high hob of the semi-egg-shaped grate. Lucetta like a nymph ran forward and seized his hands, whereupon Farfrae duly kissed her.

"Oh!" she cried, playfully, turning to the window. "See! the blinds are not drawn down, and the people can look in. What a scandal!"

When the room was lighted, the curtains were drawn, and the twain sat at tea. She noticed that he looked serious. Without directly inquiring why, the let her eyes linger solicitously on his face.

"And who has called?" he absently asked.

"Any bills for me?"

"No," said Lucetta. "What's the matter, Donald?"

"Well—nothing worth talking of," he responded, coldly.

"Then never mind it. You will get through it. Spotchmen are always lucky."

"No—not always," he said, shaking his head gloomily as he contemplated a crumb on the table. "I know many who have not been so. There was Sandy Macfarlane, who started to

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1528.

America to try his fortune, and he was drowned, and Archibald Leith, he was murdered! And poor Willie Dumbleese and Maitland Marfreane, they fell into bad courses, and went the way of all such."

"Why, you old gossey! I was only speaking in a general sense, of course. You are always so literal. Now when we have finished tea, sing me that funny song about high-heeled shoes and silver tags, and the one and forty women."

"No, no, I couldna sing to-night. It's Henchard—he hates me, so that I may not be his friend if I would. I would understand why there should be a war his envy, but I cannot see a reason for the whole intensity of what he feels. Now can you, Lucetta? It is more like old-fashioned rivalry in love than just a bit of rivalry in trade."

Lucetta had grown somewhat wan. "No," she replied.

"I give him employment—I cannot refuse it. But neither can I blind myself to the fact that with a man of passions such as his there is no safeguard for comfort."

"What have you heard—oh, Donald, dearest?" said Lucetta in alarm. The words on her lips were "Anything about me?" but she did not utter them. She could not, however, suppress her agitation, and her eyes filled with tears.

"No, no—it is just an opinion as an fancy," declared Farfrae, soothingly, though he did not know its seriousness so well as she.

"I wish you would do what we have talked of," mournfully remarked Lucetta. "Give up business, and go away from here. We have plenty of money, and why should we stay?"

Farfrae seemed seriously disposed to discuss this move, and they talked thereon till a visitor was announced. Their neighbor Alderman Vatt came in.

"You've heard, I suppose, of poor Chalkfield's death? Yes, died this afternoon at five," said Mr Vatt. Chalkfield was the Councilman who had succeeded to the Mayoralty in the preceding November.

Farfrae was sorry at the intelligence, and Mr Vatt continued: "Well, we know he's been going some days, and as his family is well provided for, we must take it all as it is. Now I have called to ask ye this, quite privately: If I should nominate ye to succeed him, and there should be no particular opposition, will ye accept the chair?"

"But there are folk whose turn is before mine, and I'm over young, and may be thought pushing," said Farfrae, after a pause.

"Not at all. I don't speak for myself only; several have named it. You won't refuse?"

"We thought of going away," interposed Lucetta, looking at Farfrae anxiously.

"It was only a fancy," Farfrae murmured. "I wouldna refuse if it is the wish of a respectable majority in the Council."

"Very well, then, look upon yourself as elected. We have had old men long enough."

When he was gone, Farfrae said, musingly: "See, now, how it's ourselves that are ruled by the powers above us. We plan this, but we do that. If they want to make me Mayor, I will stay, and Henchard must rave as he will."

From this evening onward Lucetta was very uneasy. If she had not been imprudence incarnate she would not have acted as she did when she met Henchard by accident a day or two later. It was in the bustle of the market, when no one could readily notice their discourse.

"Michael," said she, "I must again ask you, what I asked you years ago, to return me any letters or papers of mine that you may have—unless you have destroyed them. You must see how desirable it is that the time at Jersey should be blotted out, for the good of all parties."

"I have returned the whole lot of your letters."

"I think not," she said, timidly.

"I tell ye I returned every scrap of your handwriting—returned 'em long ago."

"Then I never received them."

"I sent them up to you in a packet by Elizabeth Jane, to be put into your hands when you were passing through Casterbridge by coach—exactly as you requested."

"Ah! I did not take that journey till some days later."

"Then what did Elizabeth Jane do with them?" said he. "You had better find out."

Lucetta's anxiety was now to see Elizabeth Jane, which there was not much difficulty in doing. She called by request, and then Lucetta learned how Farfrae, as may be remembered, had offered to deliver the packet to relieve Elizabeth from the tedium of waiting at the coach-office.

What had become of those letters, Lucetta asked herself, after they had passed so strangely into Donald's hands? Why had they never left his possession, when that possession was to have been but the transitship of a moment? She could only hope that the packet had been destroyed.

And yet it was of the essence of Farfrae's careful nature never to destroy anything.

On the very evening which followed this afternoon of anxiety there was a great ringing of bells in Casterbridge, and the combined brass, wood, catgut, and leather bands played round the town with more prodigality of percussion-notes than ever. Farfrae was Mayor—the two-hundredth odd of a series forming an elective dynasty dating back to the days of Charles I.—and the fair Lucetta was the coerced of the town. . . . But, ah! that worm i' the bud—those letters; what had Donald done with them? where were they?

Henchard's thoughts were running on a parallel line with those of poor Lucetta's. Festering with indignation at the erroneous intelligence of Farfrae's opposition to the scheme for installing him in the little seed-shop, he was greeted with the news of the municipal election (which, by reason of Farfrae's comparative youth and his Scottish nativity—a thing unprecedented hereabout—had an interest far beyond the ordinary). The bell ringing and the band playing, loud as Tamerlane's trumpet, goaded the down fallen Henchard indescribably, the musing now seemed to him to be complete. As soon as his work was over, he too went to Elizabeth Jane, to make the inquiry in which Lucetta had preceded him. To him also Elizabeth confessed that she had been relieved of the parcel by Farfrae.

A grotesque grin shaped itself on Henchard's face.

The next morning he went to the corn yard as usual, and almost eleven o'clock Donald entered through the green door, with no trace of the worshipful about him. The set more emphatic change of places between him and Henchard which this election had established renewed a slight embarrassment in the manner of the most younger man; but Henchard showed the front of one who had overcharged all this, and Farfrae met his amenities half-way at once.

"I was going to ask ye," said Henchard, "almost a packet that I some gave my step-daughter to hand to a lady in the Bath coach." And he added the particulars.

"Ah!" said Farfrae, "I do remember me finding this day. I could find no lady in any coach, I called at your house to give back the parcel, it was the very hour of Mrs. Henchard's death; I took it home, the packet being undone, wrapped it up again, and there it is now."

"It was not of much consequence—so say," said Henchard. "But I'll call for it this evening, if you don't mind."

It was quite late when he fulfilled his promise. A cord of sardonic humor hung on his lip as he approached the house, as though he were contemplating some terrible form of amusement. Whatever it was, the incident of his entry did not diminish its force, this being his first visit to the house since he had lived there as owner. The ring of the bell spoke to him like the voice of a familiar dredge who had been bribed to fortake him, the movements of the doors were revivals of dead days.

Farfrae invited him into the dining room, where he at once unlocked an iron safe built into the wall, his Henchard's safe, made by an ingenious locksmith under his direction. Farfrae drew thence the parcel, with a repetition of his honest apologies.

"Never mind," said Henchard, dryly. "The fact is, they are letters mostly. . . Yes," he went on, sitting down and unfolding them, "here they be. That ever I should see 'em again! I hope Mrs Farfrae is well after her exertions of yesterday?"

"She has felt a bit weary, and has gone to bed early on that account."

Henchard returned to the letters, seeing them over with interest. Farfrae being seated at the other end of the dining table. "You don't forget, of course," he resumed, "that curious chapter in the history of my past, which I told you of, and that you gave me some assistance to by taking a journey to Budmouth? These letters are, in fact, related to that unhappy business; though, thank God, it is all over now."

"What became of the poor girl?" asked Farfrae.

"Luckily she married, and married well," said Henchard. "So that these repentances she poured out on me do not now cause me any twinges, as they might otherwise have done. Just listen to what an angry woman will say."

Farfrae, willing to humor Henchard, though quite uninterested, and bursting with yawns, gave well mannered attention.

"For me," the letter went on, "there is practically no future. A wife whose husband has vanished into thin air, who feels it morally impossible that she can be wife of any other man after going to the altar with you, and who is yet no more your wife than the first woman you meet in the street. I quite acquit you of any intention to deceive me, yet you are the door through which wrong has come to me. That in the event of your present wife's death you will restore me to my true position is a consolation as far as it goes; but how far does it go? Thus I sit here, a widow without the melancholy satisfaction of a husband's tomb."

"That's how she went on to me," said Henchard; "acres of words like that, when what had happened was no fault of mine."

"Yes," said Farfrae, absently, "such is the way of women." But the fact was that he knew very little of the sex; yet detecting a sort of resemblance in style between the offdoing of the woman he worshipped and those of the supposed stranger, he concluded that Aphrodite ever spoke thus, whosoever the personality she assumed.

Henchard unfolded another letter, and read it through likewise, stopping at the subscription as before. "Her name I don't give," he said, blandly. "As I didn't marry her, and another man did, I can scarcely do that in fairness to her."

"To-rue, to-rue," said Farfrae. "But why didn't you marry her when your wife Susan died?" Farfrae asked this, and the other questions, in the comfortably indifferent tone of one whom the matter very remotely concerned.

"Ay, well you may ask that," said Henchard, the new moon shaped grin adumbrating itself again upon his mouth. "In spite of all her protestations, when I came forward to do so, as in honor bound, she was not the woman for me."

"She had already married another, I presume?"

Henchard seemed to think it would be sailing too near the wind to descend further into particulars, and he answered, "Yes."

"The young lady must have had a heart that bore transplanting very readily."

"She had, the bad," said Henchard, emphatically.

He opened a third and fourth letter, and read. This time he approached the conclusion as if the signature were indeed coming with the rest. But again he stopped short. The truth was that, as may be divined, he had quite intended to effect a grand catastrophe at the end of this drama by reading out the name, he had come to the house with no other thought. But sitting here in cold blood he could not do it. Such a wrecking of hearts appalled even him. His quality was such that he could have annihilated them both in the heat of action; but to accomplish the deed by cool poison was beyond the nerve of his enmity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GENERAL THOMAS H. RUGER.

In this number of the WEEKLY we present a portrait of Colonel Thomas H Ruger, commanding the Eighteenth Infantry, who was nominated by President CLEVELAND as a Brigadier-General, to fill the vacancy created by the promotion of General TERRY.

Born in New York in the year 1833 young RUGER was appointed from Wisconsin, in 1850, to West Point, where he graduated with high honors in 1854. General G W C. LEE was first man in the class; Colonel R. E. ANDERSON, now commanding the Engineer School at Willet's Point, the second; General RUGER the third; General G G HOWARD the fourth. PRIMAN and J. E. B STUART belonged to the same class. Entering the Engineers, as his rank entitled him to do, he was engaged for a few months on the construction of the defenses of New Orleans, but the following spring, April 1, 1856, resigned, and opened a law business at Janesville, in which he was occupied until the outbreak of the civil war, six years later.

His first command in the war was as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Wisconsin Volunteers, in the summer of 1861. He became Colonel of this regiment in August, and was on duty in Maryland and in the Shenandoah Valley during that and the succeeding year, taking part in the combat of Winchester, May, 1862, and in the battles of Cedar Mountain, August 9, and Antietam, September 17. He was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, November 29, 1862, and as such took part in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg in 1863. He was engaged also in suppressing the draft riots in New York in that year. Transferred to the West, he took part in Sherman's campaign of 1864 to Atlanta, and then as a Division Commander of the Twenty-third Corps in General THOMAS's Tennessee campaign against Hood, serving with the Western army until the surrender of Johnston.

After the war, General Ruger was made Colonel of the Thirty-third Infantry in the regular army, and brevet Brigadier-General for gallantry and meritorious services at Gettysburg. He was for a time Provisional Governor of Georgia, and held other commands at the South throughout the Reconstruction period, and until 1871, when he served as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point for five years, until 1876. Then he returned to Atlanta and took command of the Department of the South. He had, in 1880, on the reduction in the number of regiments, been transferred to the Colonelcy of the Eighteenth Infantry, and with this regiment proceeded to the West on the reduction of the Southern garrisons. At the time of his recent nomination, General Ruger was in command of the School of Application and the Post at Fort Leavenworth.

## RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

THE Most Reverend RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH died in England on the 28th of March, having been born in 1807. Related to the Narrows family of the Irish peerage, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1829. Showing a marked predilection for a clerical life, he was ordained and held first a curacy in Hants. In 1841 he became canon of Cambridge. When the Rev. Dr. WHEWELL took charge of the see of Oxford, Mr TRENCH was made chaplain, and three years afterward he became Theological Professor and Examiner of King's College, London. This position he held with great distinction until 1856, when, Dr BLOMFIELD dying, he became Dean of Westminster. With the death of Dr WHATELY in 1864, Dean TRENCH was appointed Archbishop of Dublin and of Kildare, and became Chancellor of the Order of St. Patrick. He resigned his archbishopric in 1884.

Apart from his Archbishop's minute piety and theological erudition, he will be best remembered for his literary work, which was of singularly varied character. In 1835 he published the "Story of Justin Martyr," and other poems, and three years later "Sabbatia," "Honor Neal," and other verses, the truth, delicacy, and high moral tone of which productions gave him at his debut a prominent position. From 1841 to 1851 many works were written by him, the greater portion of them reflecting the truest spirit of religion. Very prolific, his taste and his learning covering a very wide ground, he wrote a work on the *Life and Genius of Calderon*. Archbishop TRENCH's popularity in the United States arose mainly from his studies on philological subjects, such as *The Study of Words*, and *English Past and Present*, this latter work having passed through many American editions. Archbishop TRENCH's poetry has been discussed of late by Mr F. W. H MYERS in a volume of essays, and a very high place has been accorded to his devotional poems. In such purely clerical work as the Archbishop's sermons, the power and strength of their arguments are remarkable. From the pulpit during the first fifty years of his life his interpretations of the Gospel were constant, and the *Two Sermons preached at Cambridge on Special Occasions* in 1862 are frequently cited as among the most elegant of his many productions. From what has been so briefly written it may, however, be understood how wide was the range of topics treated by him. With scarce an exception, no English divine was better known in the United States, nor are any more highly esteemed abroad or at home.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS

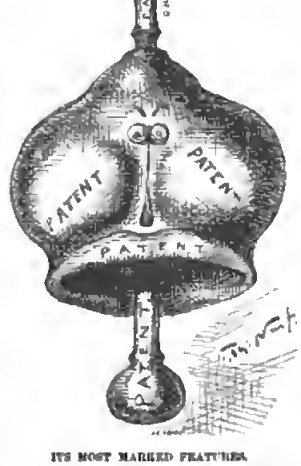
MR. DANIEL H CARPENTER, of Rio, writes that there is a still more fine case for an American stroke than the one recently mentioned in this column. The stroke that was noticed occurred in New York in November, 1883, and the cordwainers, or shoemakers, who conducted it, were found guilty of a conspiracy to hamper trade and extort money, and were fined one dollar each, not as a punishment, but as a warning. Mr Carpenter says: "At the January sessions, 1886, in the city of Philadelphia, 45 ladies' cordwainers (shoemakers) were tried for conspiracy at raise wages, and after a protracted trial lasting till May, they were found guilty, and fined eight dollars each, besides the cost of the trial. They were defended by the eloquent Caesar H Rodney, and no one can read his speech in their behalf and be convinced of the justice of the rendered verdict. But the law, as laid down by Recorder Moses Levy, compelled the jury to bring in the verdict as above stated."

A French writer avers that hiccoughs may be cured by refrigeration of the soles of the feet. There are reasons for believing that the assertion is merely a theory which the writer deduced from the fact that of all the persons whom he ever saw with frozen ears not one had the hiccoughs. But whether it is theory or fact which the writer advances, the problem still remains as to what treatment is proper for a person who has the hiccoughs and who is without ears. Science of late years has advanced with enormous strides, but it is an amazing long way that still lies before her.

A steam-shovel has been contracted for use on a Western railroad which throws the snow two hundred feet from the track on either side. Such a powerful shovel could not be used on the tracks in this city, for obvious reasons. He due it would rake the sidewalks and overwhelm pedestrians, and by night its tremendous force would have to be concentrated at short range by the miles of tracks which picturesquely line the curbings of this accommodating town.

According to a story which comes from England, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Germany recently came in collision with the German army. The army had in mind a test of the accuracy and power of certain projectiles, and a military committee in Prussia started off a number of condemned horses on a gallop, and then mowed them down with the new projectiles very successfully. The agents of the society protested, and were promptly arrested and prosecuted "for an insult to the army." They escaped with a fine of fifty marks and the warning to be more circumspect in future.

It is hardly a matter to excite surprise for a citizen to shoot at his gas-meter, not because the act is common, but because gas-meters are given to such exasperating habits that an assault upon one readily suggests itself as a reasonable proceeding. These eccentric and high pressure instruments, however, have for some reason long conducted themselves with impunity, and the gentleman living in First Avenue who recently descended into his cellar and fired a bullet into one really cherished the intention of shooting a rat, and was free of even the slightest animosity against his gas-meter at the moment. The gas-meter, in the circumstances, might for once have behaved generously to the consumer, but it did not. Surpassing even its customary activity, it exploded, burning the consumer so severely that it was necessary to remove him to Bellevue. The rat escaped unharmed.




ITS MOST MARKED FEATURES.

Some patents of which the United States government cannot deprive the Bell Telephone Company

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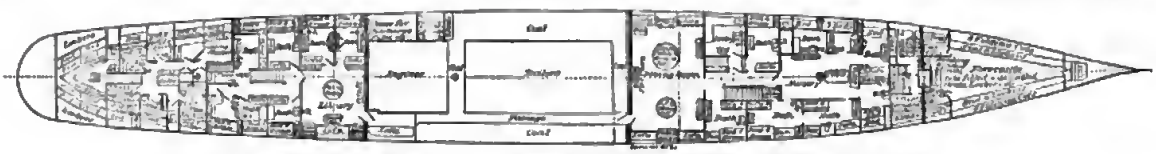
MAKING BESSEMER STEEL AT PITTSBURGH—THE CONVERTERS AT WORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 238.]



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S STEAM-YACHT "ALVA."—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLAN.

## THE "ALVA."

THERE seems to be slight doubt that in the future the large schooner yacht of the past will give place to the steamer, and that yacht racing will be confined to one-masted vessels. This has come to be the case practically in Great Britain, which is at present the leading yachting nation of the world, and this is gradually becoming the fact in this country. The schooner as a racing yacht has gone out of fashion, and the schooner as a cruising yacht is being replaced by the steamer. Yachting, it is said, means racing, and "steamers cannot be raced." This is a popular idea, but it is scarcely correct, for steamers always have raced, and always will. The great ocean packets race continually. They calculate their passages by minutes and seconds. The river and Sound steamers race whenever they fall in with a boat of a rival line, and the tug-boats of the harbor open not their engines wide whenever another tug comes up abreast of them. Thus the steam yachts may race without saying. So if the objection to the general introduction of the steam yacht is that she can't race, it falls. There is now a club exclusively of steam-yachts, and each year a race is run under its auspices. This year it will take on an international form, the club having offered a prize of greater value than any before offered to yachts, and sufficiently valuable to tempt entries from across the ocean, and it is expected that two at least of the British steam-yacht fleet will come to this country to race, and as in sailing yachts the Yankee boat has thus far been able to hold her own, so it seems probable that the American Club Cup—$10,000 in value—will not cross the ocean.

We have now, as the fastest yacht in America, the *Atalanta*, belonging to Mr GOULD. She is the largest of the fleet, being 250 feet long, the next in size being Mr ASTOR's *Nourmahal*, 238 feet, and the third in size Mr. BENNETT's *Namouna*, 226 feet.

The illustrations in this another are of another immense steam-yacht, which is being built at the establishment of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company at Wilmington, Delaware, and to be called the *Alva*, and she will be a larger vessel than either that of Mr GOULD or that of Mr. ASTOR, for she is to be 285 feet over all, 252 feet waterline, 32 feet 3 inches beam, 22 feet 6 inches depth, and will draw 17 feet. She is, in fact, an ocean steamer, and will be rigged as such, having three masts, the forward one ship-rigged throughout.

She is being built under the immediate supervision of Mr. Dr CLARE BYRNE, who is well known in this country from his success in the designing of Mr BENNETT's *Namouna*, and the owner of this yacht, Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT, has as his immediate representative in supervising her construction Mr J. FREDERICK TAME, well known as a practical yachtsman, and better known as the vice-president of the American Ship-building Company. The engines of Mr. VANDERBILT's yacht are to be made in England. These are of the tandem compound, which have been approved as the best in the CUNARD boats *Etruria* and *Aurania*. The cylinders are 32 and 45 inches, with 42 inches stroke, supplied with steam by two boilers 17 feet diameter and 10 feet 6 inches long, each having four furnaces. They will turn a propeller of phosphor-bronze 18 feet in diameter.

The hull is to be of mild steel, and she will be built under the inspection of British Lloyd's, and will class A 1. The cabins will be forward of the machinery, and in their appointments, of course, all that can be obtained by an unlimited command of money will be secured. It goes without saying, in these days, that she will be lighted by electricity and steered by steam, and that in this yacht an improvement will be made on all vessels which have preceded her. As to her speed, she is guaranteed thirteen and a half knots per hour at sea, but in the Sound races of the American Club, unless she can beat the *Atalanta*, Mr. VANDERBILT must build another yacht.

As to the cost of this beautiful vessel, that to a man of Mr. VANDERBILT's wealth is of the least importance. What he desires to have is the finest vessel in the world, and if he does not have this in the *Alva*, some one will have blundered, and as neither Mr. TAME, nor Mr Brown, nor the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company are apt to blunder, it is most probable that Mr. VANDERBILT will have the best yacht in the fleet. Certainly she is the largest, and in his the think as to size, is probably reached. Mr GOULD will hardly desire a vessel larger than the *Atalanta*, Mr ASTOR is satisfied with his *Nourmahal*, and Mr. BENNETT, it is said, finds the *Namouna* quite large enough for all his requirements, and for some years those four steamers will head the list as to size, for although we have many wealthy men, there are few sufficiently wealthy to spare the money necessary to build and run a vessel of the size of either of these. The question as to the cost of running a vessel like the *Atalanta* is often asked, and when it is stated that Mr. GOULD pays out $2500 each month for wages alone, some idea may be formed of the cost by adding to this maintenance for about sixty people, and the cost of a daily consumption of coal when steaming the whole day of about twenty tons. Add to all this the interest on first cost, and the continuous incidental expenses of the season, and the total will not fall far short of $10,000 a month.

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## CASSIA.

### A LOVE STORY.

A GREAT white rambling house facing an acre of thick trees and dense flowering shrubs, with the murmur of ever-beating waves in the distance—a house that hid itself among the elms and oaks, and shrouded even its doors and windows in thick hanging jasmine and cypress vines.

Nine o'clock in the morning, but not a creature was visible outside; the matted balconies were empty, the hammocks all unoccupied. Indeed, every room opening from the lower balcony was darkened excepting one. In this room the blinds were reversed, and a faint breeze moved the thin white curtains. A table was laid here for three people, and the preparations an it seemed to imply that their advent was momentarily expected.

Presently the door opened, and a beautiful girl of about sixteen years of age entered. She was dressed in a fine long robe of white muslin trimmed with knots of pale green ribbon, and in her hand she carried a bunch of pansies and lilies.

"Leroy?"

"Yes, Miss Cassia."

"Tell Colonel Bauvare I am waiting."

In a few minutes a stout, handsome man dressed in white linen entered. He kissed the girl on the brow softly.

"Where is mamma?"

"She will not appear this morning. She lay awake all night planning about the ball, and is too fatigued to rise."

"But surely to give a party is not such a very important affair, papa?"

"The people whom I entertain is a very important affair indeed, Cassia."

"Dear me! I had not thought of it in that light. I should just invite all the good dancers and nice people in the neighborhood. There are plenty of nice people round us."

"Fortunately this is a very select neighborhood; there are on better families in the country—in the world, I might say—than the Bauvares, the Peyrans, the Le Croix, the Des Moines—"

"And the Rivers, papa. I remember young Herbert Rives as well! He was the handsomest youth I ever saw. We must not forget Herbert Rives, papa."

"Cassia, I wish you to distinctly understand that Mr Rives and I have had a bitter quarrel—an irreconcilable quarrel. If the public sentiment was raised to a proper pitch here, I should shoot him with a great deal of pleasure. I hope I shall never hear you speak of either the father or son again."

"I want Herbert Rives to come to my ball, papa."

"It is impossible, Cassia."

Cassia was silenced, but not convinced. Toward evening she went out to walk. The negro girl with her had a little basket, and was gathering wild strawberries as they walked. As she entered the grove skirting the Rives estate the thick, intensely green turf, as soft as velvet, delighted her; the shade and warmth and sweet earthy smell filled her with a delicious, drowsy sense of repose.

"Oh, how nice it would be to lie down on this turf and sleep!" she thought. "I wonder what one's dreams would be in such a place?"

She had scarcely ceased wondering when she saw a splendid black horse quietly feeding, and under a tree not far away a man lay either dead or sleeping. Not dead surely? She must at least see to that. In a moment she stood over him. He was a young man, handsome as Endymion, and fast asleep.

When they had gone a little apart she paused, thought a minute, and then took her handkerchief, and with the little gold pencil at her chain wrote, "Love has been with thee, and thou knew it not." Then stepping softly back, she laid it on the turf beside his head.

Not until they were a quarter of a mile away did Cassia speak; then she said, softly, "Milly, do you know who that is?"

"Law, yes, Miss Cassia—Massa Herbert Rives. Done forgot my berries, Miss Cassia. Kin I go back for 'em?"

"Yes; I can not the house now. Go back if you wish."

When Milly got back to where she had left her basket, the horse was saddled, and the young man was slowly riding away. Milly watched him out of sight, and saw him examine the handkerchief carefully, then kiss it and put it in his breast; all of which proceedings she reported, with some slight additions, to her mistress.

It was very natural that both young people should revisit the scene of this adventure. But for two days nothing more came of it. They went at unlucky hours, and only crossed each other. On the third day they were fortunate. Cassia, sitting with a book on her lap—which she was not reading—heard the fiery gallop of a horse, and instantly afterward horse and rider vaulted over the zigzag fence which divided the Bauvare and Rives estates.

Before Cassia could rise, Herbert had dismounted, thrown the reins over his horse's neck, and, hat in hand, advanced to her feet. His manly grace and beauty and his unaffected delight in their meeting completed the conquest that had been gained while he was unconscious of the power of his attractions. He pretended an ignorance of Cassia's person; he addressed her frankly as Miss Bauvare, and reminded her of their girl and boy friendship. He confessed that he had been watching for a glimpse of her, and that he had dared the trespass on the Bauvare land for the pleasure of speaking to her.

Cassia met him in the same manner. There was no formality and no embarrassment, and the conversation drifted insensibly into low, short sentences, made wonderfully eloquent by passionate glances and whispered queries, that Cassia answered only by smiles and blushes.

After this meeting Cassia was exceedingly amiable and obedient, and she entered with charming ease and interest into all her mother's social plans. The ball list was made not without any dissent or opposition.

The colonel was delighted; he took all the credit to himself. "Cassia is a sensible girl; she saw that I meant what I said, and she has accepted the situation in a very admirable manner," he said, complacently.

Mrs. Bauvare smiled scornfully at the self-complacent father. "Colonel," she replied, "of all the men I ever knew, you are the most easily deceived. Cassia has not accepted the situation; she has gone round it, you may depend on that. If she had accepted it she would never have been on very pleasant about it. I dare say that she has met Herbert Rives somewhere, and that she is meeting him every day."

"Great heavens, Mrs. Bauvare! why did you not suggest this view of the case before?"

"Because I have the ball on my mind at present, and I cannot possibly attend to two things at once, and do justice to both. Besides, I was afraid, if I told you my suspicions, you might in some way or other mismanage things."

The colonel did not indulge in any forcible remarks at that time, but he ordered his horse and rode away, determined to show his wife how much benefit she might yet derive from his assistance. There was on the estate a lovely little water-fall shaded by great oaks. Here the colonel, in his own morning days, had caused to be built a pretty arbor, and he instantly decided that if Cassia and Herbert Rives met anywhere, it would be at this romantic spot.

This very decision showed the narrowness of the masculine mind in elucidating an affair in which a modern woman was concerned. It was the very last place Cassia would have chosen. The spray and the shade made the place always insufferably damp, and the damp took the starch out of her muslins and the curl out of her hair. The rustic seats were of twisted wood, and not at all comfortable; the gloom and the monotonous tinkle of the water were too melancholy for the glory of Love's young dream. It was far more luxurious to recline on the warm soft grasses under the oaks, and to be fleeked by the conscious that the blowing leaves sifted through them, and to hear the songs of the birds overhead.

So the colonel haunted the water-fall for nearly a week in vain.

It was the day before the ball, and the house was topsy-turvy. Cassia seemed to be far too busy to meet any one that day, and the colonel felt himself so far relieved from duty that he went off for a long ride over the estate. Thus it happened that, being detained several times by the overseer, it was mid-afternoon when he reached the little wood that was Cassia's and Herbert's trysting place. "I will turn in there," he said to himself, "and have a smoke, and perhaps a siesta under the trees."

The lovers could not see him, and they were far too much occupied with their own conversation to hear his approach. Milly perceived the colonel first, and made some fruitless attempts to warn the careless couple, but they really saw nothing of their danger until the angry father stood almost before them.

His first feeling was that of complacency at having found Cassia not, but his second, one of intense anger at her. He handed her her hat, which was lying on the grass, and said, with a severe politeness, "I presume Mr. Rives is not aware that he is trespassing; there is, however, a notice on yonder tree to that effect."

"Oh yes, he is, papa, but he asked my permission to trespass on you for a little rest and shade, and I gave him it." She said the last words with an ominous flash of light and color in her eyes and cheeks.

Herbert apologized with frank politeness, and seemed determined to win at least a ceremonious courtesy from the colonel. He spoke of the weather, and was answered with an affirmative bow, and at last, being desperately determined to obtain an invitation to the ball, he said, "I hope you may have a pleasant evening for your dance to-morrow, colonel."

The colonel stiffly said he hoped so.

"I have not been invited," said Herbert, with the charming straightforwardness of youth. "I do wish that you would ask me, colonel."

The colonel "believed Mrs. Bauvare's list was quite full," and after that there was nothing for Mr Herbert to do but mount his horse and gallop away.

"Papa, I am ashamed of you!" Those were Cassia's first words. "I never thought you could have been less than a gentleman."

"Cassia, I am ashamed of you. I never thought that you could have been less than a lady."

"I never have been. If you were going to shoot a man you would have to him, and treat him like a gentleman."

"I do not consider Herbert Rives a gentleman."

"I am sorry, for I am engaged to him."

"Such nonsense!"

"And I intend to marry him."

The colonel kept a stern silence, and only showed his extreme anger by the passionate way in which he struck down the grasses and flowers with his stick.

The ball went off with great *éclat*, and, in spite of the colonel, Herbert was present, not in the house, indeed, but in the gardens, and on the balcony after the guests were gone; and Cassia had spoken to him a dozen times—in fact, had arranged with him the time and place of their next meeting.

For it was now a trial between two old parents and a pair of desultory young lovers, and the lovers got the best of it. They met by night and they met by day, and they never met twice in the same place. It was impossible to detect their messengers, to lay any plan to prevent their meeting. Every servant on both plantations was in their interest, and they had safe and happy meetings in the shut-up drawing-room and the cool sweet dairy when both Colonel Bauvare and Rives senior were seeking their disobedient children a couple of miles away.

In the mean time troubles of many kinds were gathering round both households. Great political questions which had little to do with love and lovers were tearing ever city and home in twain, and Herbert had added to the crime of loving adjectionably, the still graver crime of conscientiously opposing the popular political sentiment.

"There are times when even a brave man may honorably fly, but Cassia must go with me," said Herbert to himself, and an hour afterward he was saying the same to Cassia.

"I dare not stay another day, beloved; if I do, I must betray my allegiance to my country, or get into serious trouble with my father and the people here. For even father in urging me in this matter. He is determined I shall compromise myself, and if it comes to fighting, as I believe it will, he will gladly send me away in the hopes that it may forever separate us. Darling, life will be very hard and cold without you."

"It will be death to me, Herbert; but we can at least die together. Perhaps over one grave they will know how cruelly they have treated us."

"Dear Cassia, we want to live together, not die together. I would rather call you wife than have a new Shakespeare write a new play about us. A home is better than a mausoleum, sweet. Will you go with me?"

"I will go wherever you go, Herbert."

"Then farewell till morning. Meet me at the north gate at five o'clock. We can reach P—— in two hours. I know a minister there, an old schoolmate of mine; he will marry us at once, and from P—— we can get direct railway to New York. Will you be there?"

It was not in the heart of woman to resist such an appeal, handsome lover, and such pleading, passionate eyes, and Cassia said, "I will be there, Herbert."

"Then, dearest, I must go now; see, the clouds are breaking and the storm is over. Say nothing even to Milly, and ride Selim, for he is the fleetest horse you have. We will leave him at P——, to be sent back to the colonel." Then they said good-by a dozen times, and still came back to say it once again.

Leaving a few tender lines for her parents and a special little note for her mother, Cassia went forth at five o'clock the next morning to her lover. Two or three of the house-servants saw her go to the stable and saddle Selim, and ride rapidly away, but they had always made it a point of honor to know nothing of Miss Cassia's rides and walks, and they only glanced at her and went on with their work. Herbert was waiting for her, and in a few minutes the young lovers were happily galloping away to P——.

"We shall be there by seven o'clock, Cassia, and I will call up my friend at once, and we will

be married, because the colonel may suspect mischief. I think he won't, but he may."

In fact, the colonel suspected it much sooner than they anticipated. He had risen earlier than usual that morning, having determined to send a challenge as soon as it was possible to Captain Rives. He went to the stable for his favorite horse, and found it gone. There was a hubbub and great confusion at once, though it was not until all the servants had been examined that the real culprit was suspected.

Then there was sudden in hot haste, with many hot words and not a few promiscuous blows, and after swallowing a glass of brandy and a cup of coffee, the colonel followed straight to P——.

The colonel found the happy bride and bridegroom taking breakfast with the minister. He lifted his hat courteously to the latter, but took no notice of Herbert.

"Sir," he said, "you have done a very foolish thing this morning. You have married that child there to a very worthless and unworthy man."

"I think you are mistaken, Colonel Bauvare. I have known Herbert Rives intimately for six years."

The colonel lifted his eyebrows disentingly, and turned to Cassia. "Come home, my daughter. Wait one year, and then, if you still wish to marry this man, you shall at least be married respectably from your father's house. Your mother wishes you to return also. Come back with me."

"My mother has you, father, and she will forgive me, for she will remember that she ran away with you, father. I must stay with Herbert now."

She had risen, and stood by the side of her husband; and even the angry father was struck by the extreme beauty of the young couple; he said, in a softer voice than might have been expected, to Herbert,

"Where are you going to take that child?"

"To New York, sir."

He left them without another word.

On the other hand, Mrs. Bauvare wrote Cassia a long letter that very night, forgave her everything, sent her love to Herbert, and begged her to transmit weekly bulletins of everything that might interest her.

Unfortunately political events of the gravest character soon put a stop to Cassia's weekly bulletins. Of course, if I had been drawing a hero on splendid in character as he was handsome in person, I should have insisted on Herbert going to the war and carving his way to glory with his sword. But Herbert united with his magnificent physical beauty only a very prosaic mind. He preferred to make money and live comfortably with his beautiful wife and children; and somehow man generally thought just as well of him for it.

However, if he had a prosaic mind, he had by no means prosaic affections. One evening, soon after the close of the war, he came to Cassia with a radiant face. "Darling," he said, "do you remember your father saying an ass was a couple of fools, and that when we came to our senses we could let him know?"

"I remember, Herbert. Poor papa! How I should like to see mamma and papa again!"

"Can you be ready to start to-morrow, and take both the children with you?"

"Oh, Herbert! do you really mean it?"

"I really mean it, Cassia. I have come to my senses, dear. Since our little Julia has grown so near and dear to me I have estimated better how hard it must have been for your father and mother to give you up. I hope, however, I have been able at last to do something which will prove to them I know the value of the dear girl I stole away from them."

"What have you done, Herbert?"

"Redeemed both the Rives and the Bauvare estates. You shall take the title-deeds of the Rives place to my father, and our little Herbert shall give Bauvare back to his grandfather."

## THE PRESIDENCY OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

What is the Mormon Church?

A polygamous hierarchy.

Who is its President?

John Taylor, an Englishman, called "the mouthpiece of the Almighty," God's representative on earth. He is "prophet, seer, and revelator" to the whole Church. When he speaks, it is with the voice of Jehovah. All man-made laws, all acts of Congress, are null and void if they conflict with his commands. "We must obey no heroes and mortes obey," declared an authority in 1869. This mighty autocrat, who holds in his hands the destinies of two hundred thousand beings calling themselves American citizens, is assisted by two counsellors, the triumvirate being called the First Presidency.

Who are these counsellors?

George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. The latter is the nephew of Joseph Smith, the original prophet, and son of Hyrum, his brother, murdered by the mob of Carthage, Illinois, in 1844. He is a rabid fanatic. This is not strange, considering the influences under which he was born and the education he has received. Brother Smith has four wives; one, however, is said to have obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty. This holy man has been sent on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, where the Mormons have had a settlement for many years. Gossip in Utah declares that while it is convenient for Smith to be beyond the clutches of United States marshals, his absence is a great relief to the other members of the Mormon trinity, as Smith is not always in accord with the majority. Moreover, he believes that he is the lawful successor of John Taylor, whose seventy-six years are beginning to leave their mark on both body and mind. The real president to-day, however, is held by George Quayle Cannon, and when Taylor is gathered to Abraham's bosom—the place to which all good polygamists go—it will be found that God has appointed Cannon to fill his place. Who knows how soon this may happen? Under the circumstances, it is best that Joseph F. Smith should remain in the Sandwich Islands.

Owing to his long residence in Washington on Delegate from Utah, George Q. Cannon is well known outside of Mormondom. Suave and cordial in manner, he impresses strangers very favorably, and is universally liked among his own people. He is an ideal Jesuit. With a loud and distinct voice, he makes himself heard throughout the vast Tabernacle, and does the real work, while John Taylor wears the mantle of the Prophetcy. This astute Saint represented Utah at the national Capitol for years, though he had never been naturalized, and had four wives! Had he come from any other part of the Union he would have been seized by the law and sent to the penitentiary. But coming from Utah, instead of being a convict, he was a Saint! In this country virtue and vice are purely geographical expressions. Yet we call ourselves a nation!

George Q. Cannon is the result of long years of blind adherence to fanaticism. A nephew of John Taylor's first wife, reared in the apostle's family, having heard from childhood the jingle of the boys of the holy priesthood, he repeats the precepts of his elders, and believes because he does not permit himself to think. "I have never allowed myself to reason about the Book of Mormon," said Cannon, years ago, to a friend. "I accept it on faith."

And what more of this power behind the throne? There is nothing like documentary evidence, and I happen to possess a document that throws no little light on the devious ways of Mormonism. Here it is:

"United States of America,
Territory of Utah, } ss.
County of Salt Lake, }

"Ashdyn Rasin, a citizen of the United States resident in said Territory and county, deposes and says that on or about the first day of March, a.d. 1866, at the City of Salt Lake, one George Q. Cannon told affiant that according to the doctrine of Blood Atonement, as believed, understood, and practised in and by the Church of Latter-day Saints, or Mormons, it was and always is the duty of each and every member of said Church to shed the blood of his neighbor for atonement's sake.

"That is to say, the said George Q. Cannon did, at the time aforesaid, attempt to impress upon the mind of the affiant that when any consciousness of a thought he be in a state of sinfulness or disobedience to said Church, his discretion and prudence, it was then and in that case the ineffable privilege and duty of any other consciousness to kill such supposed offender. And having argued and explained to affiant the said doctrine of Blood Atonement, the said George Q. Cannon did then and there informed affiant that Alonzo W. Babbitt, Secretary of Utah Territory, had transgressed the laws of said Church, and had disobeyed the commands of its President in divers ways; and that for such transgressions and disobedience the blood of the said Alonzo W. Babbitt should and must be shed, to redeem and save his soul from sin. That thereupon the said George Q. Cannon said affiant that said Alonzo W. Babbitt was then, in March, 1866, intending to go from Salt Lake City to Washington, D. C., adding and urging affiant to accompany said Babbitt on the journey as aforesaid, and on the journey so shed the blood of said Alonzo W. Babbitt, according and in obedience to the teachings of said Church. That affiant then and there earnestly and conscientiously refused to consent to be have any part in the commission of the murder so advised and contemplated by said George Q. Cannon.

"Affiant further says that he did accompany the said Alonzo W. Babbitt to Washington, D. C., but did not return to Utah with him. Thus afterward, in the summer of 1866, the said Alonzo W. Babbitt was assassinated on his return from Washington, and this affiant believes said assassination was an act done in accordance with the laws or doctrines of said Church, and by agents of said Church, instigated thereto by the advice and counsel of George Q. Cannon aforesaid, and other persons in the authority of said Church.

"Affiant says that in March, 1866, as aforesaid, he was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or Mormons, as hereinbefore stated, and that said George Q. Cannon was a member of said Church, holding office in the priesthood, at the same time, that said George Q. Cannon is the same person who is now Delegate in the House of Representatives from the Territory of Utah to the Congress of the United States. And further deponent saith not.

(Signed) "A. RASIN.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of March, a.d. 1874.

(Signed) "ARTHUR B. GOFIN,
"Clerk of Supreme Court of Utah Territory."

The unfortunate Rasin, who dared to tell the truth about God's anointed, disappeared soon after, and I was told in Utah that he had never more been seen. Such an apostate, of course, needed to have his blood spilled in order to save his soul.

"Under certain circumstances the Lord allows his priesthood to lie in order to save the people," declares a Mormon authority, consequently it is not strange to find George Q. Cannon swearing first black and then white. In the Utah contest case between George R. Maxwell and George Q. Cannon, first session Forty-third Congress, the latter said:

"I deny that on the 15th day of November, 1871, at Salt Lake City, or at any other time or place, I declared, upon oath or otherwise, that I considered the revelation of polygamy paramount to all human laws, or that I would obey said revelation rather than the laws of my country. I deny that I now live or have ever lived in violation of the law of God, man, my country, decency, or civilization, or of any law of the United States. I deny that I am now living with four wives, or that I am living or cohabiting with any wives in defiant or wilful violation of the law of Congress of 1862 entitled 'An Act to prohibit polygamy in the Territories.'"

With this awful lie upon his conscience, George Q. Cannon held his seat in Congress despite the additional fact that he was an alien, never having been properly naturalized! When in 1880 Eli H. Murray, of Kentucky, became Governor of Utah, his honest soul revolted at such mockery of law and justice, and at the next election for Delegate to Congress ignored George Q. Cannon's right to a certificate of election, being an alien, he was not entitled to office, no matter how many votes he polled. To ask Governor Murray to certify that an alien had been elected to office was to ask him to certify to a lie. There is no decree of any court making George Q. Cannon a citizen of the United States. When, years ago, Cannon returned from the Sandwich Islands, where he had been upon a mission, and aimed to be elected to some office in the Legislature, the clerk of the Tithing Office, who was also clerk of the District Court, gave him a certificate of citizenship, which possesses no legal value whatever. How right Governor Murray was in the position he took in this matter was shown by the action of Bishop Sharp, a prominent Mormon of large fortune. Having obtained a certificate of citizenship from the same source as that to which George Q. Cannon had gone, Bishop Sharp consulted lawyers as to its legality when President Cannon's election was under dispute. On being assured by them of the worthlessness of his certificate, Bishop Sharp at once took legal steps to become an American citizen. Governor Murray gave a qualified certificate to A. G. Campbell, "being a citizen of the United States," and accompanied his decision with a full detail of all the facts and the vote polled, recasting the question to Congress, the body alone having final power to decide whether either of the candidates was chosen. The Committee on Elections held that neither the certificate of Campbell nor the statement of the vote made a *prima facie* case for either of the claimants. The committee held Cannon ineligible for election, and declared the seat vacant, whereupon a new election was ordered, and a monogamous Mormon, John T. Caine, was sent to Congress.

Then it was, in this second Utah contest case, "Cannon v. Campbell," that Cannon deposed:

"I, George Q. Cannon, contestant, protesting that the matter in this paper contained is not relevant to the issue, do admit that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called Mormons; that, in accordance with the tenets of said Church, I have taken plural wives, who use live with me, and have so lived with me for a number of years, and have borne me children; I also admit that in my public addresses, as a teacher of my religion to Utah Territory, I have defended said tenet of said Church as being, in my belief, a revelation of God.

[Signed] "GEORGE Q. CANNON."

What a remarkable somersault is this, my countrymen! And now, after having hidden from United States marshals for about eighteen months, during which time the Mormon Premier has, in conjunction with John Taylor, counselled the people to defy the government and "live their religion," the Lord has allowed this mighty man to be caught by miserable minions of the law. So little faith had this Cannon in his cause, and so little did he enjoy playing the martyr, that he actually tried to escape from the train while on parole, and broke his holy nose in the futile attempt. He is now at large, after giving bonds to the amount of $40,000, and the knowing predict that he will "jump his bail" and escape to Mexico. His brethren are good Saints, and will not suffer. That bail will be secretly repaid by the Church out of the Tithing House funds, or from money collected "to influence legislation at Washington." What think you of the leaders of the "kingdom of God on earth"? KATE FIELD.

## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

"THE CORNER TABLE."—INVING R. WILE.
(From Earle's Illustrated Academy Notes.)

The present, sixty-first, annual exhibition of the Academy, which was thrown open to the public during this week, also betrays a very gratifying evidence of increased vitality, not merely among the general students and younger man of the profession, but among the staid and conservative Academicians themselves. The recent purchase by the Academy of land adjoining the present structure may be taken as another indication, and a very cheerful one, of the leaven that is working in that body. In spite of a competitive exhibition more formidable than any with which it has ever been called to contend, the standard of the present Academy exhibition is the highest that it has yet attained in portrait, landscape, and genre there is a very marked improvement. The range of technical skill is higher; there is more invention and thoughtfulness to be discovered in the choice and treatment of subjects, and upon the whole it may be stated unreservedly that most thoughtful observers will agree that it is the most encouraging exhibition that the Academy has yet made. There are few objections to be urged on the score of the annual income of the prerogatives of Academicians, fewer also are to be charged to the account of the hanging committee, and all friends of the Academy may congratulate themselves and it upon the new light that prevails in its chosen precincts.

In the last Academy there was no conspicuous picture of the year, and the exhibition was, perhaps, less interesting upon that account. There have been occasions when some startling achievement in some direction or other challenged attention and provoked discussion, and the exhibitions that contained such were always the more interesting therefore. The present exhibition has a conspicuous picture—one that will provoke a good deal of discussion, and which will certainly be regarded with a great deal of popular interest. It is by ROSWIN KNOWLAN, a very large canvas, and hung effectively and judiciously at the east end of the South Gallery. The subject might have been chosen from some of the events incident to the labor troubles of the past few weeks, representing on it does a number of foundry hands with a grievance clamoring to the door of the capitalist against whose oppression they rebel. It recalls forcibly a class of pictures which been been very popular in England, and of which we may cite a familiar and signpost example in MR. LUKE FILDES's "Casual Ward." MR. KNOWLAN, while a little too obvious in his dramatic methods, has painted in this an exceedingly able and effective picture. There is no question of his sincerity of purpose, and the force and directness with which he has executed it show that he is a painter of uncommon power, from whom serious and important work may reasonably be expected.

The portraiture of the exhibition is strong. The president, MR. DANIEL HUNTINGTON, contributes an unusual number of his characteristic canvases. MR. EASTMAN JOHNSON has an admirable portrait in the South Gallery, one of the best, to our thinking, that he has painted. MR. R. C. PORTER has one of his most successful pictures in his "Portrait of a Lady" in the North Gallery—a superb piece of work in its way, and an striking an example of purely fashionable portrait-painting as has ever been seen in the Academy. MR. C. NOEL FLAGG has a very dignified and refined portrait of a lady in the same gallery, and a striking study of "Hester Prynne" in the Northwest Gallery, the latter an interesting and effective conception of the tragic possibilities of that famous literary creation. There are a great many portraits in the exhibition that will repay careful study, and it would seem that the branch of art had prospered exceedingly during the past winter.

MR. C. Y. TURNER contributes a picture of uncommon distinction in his wedding procession of Priscilla, which might be likened to some fair Puritan who fain would emulate the example set forth in the legend of Europa and Jupiter.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD contributes two of the most successful pictures that he has exhibited in some years—one, an Oriental subject, treated with the most charming harmony of color, and the other, one of his more familiar New England themes, painted with great delicacy and refinement of sentiment.

MR. ARTHUR QUARTLEY is represented by two marine subjects chosen from his recent studies along the English coast. They are undoubtedly the best pictures of his that have been seen in any public exhibition in New York, admirable in color, and bright and vigorous in style.

MR. GEORGE INNESS enjoys the place of honor in the South Gallery with a large and serious canvas, a study in the deep recesses of some thick woodland—a subject such as DIAZ loved best, and one which MR. INNESS seems to have painted in more than ordinary communion of spirit with that great master, but with an abatement whatever of his own independent methods both of thinking and of painting. It is a landscape of great power and solemnity.

MR. GILBERT UNTE has achieved one of the conspicuous successes of the exhibition in a subject so hackneyed, as usual, from the reminiscences of our civil war. It is much the best picture that he has ever painted, and indicates a degree of progress which will enable him to rank to the American DE NEUVILLE.

Other notable pictures of the exhibition are GROSS's "Dutch Marine"; L. D. HOLMES's "Uncle Remus," an exceedingly clever picture; "The Close of Day," a strong and characteristic landscape by ROBERT MINOR, two clever portrait studies by W. M. LAVERCOMBE, a beautiful study in an English lane by F. D. MILLET, and two fine examples by EDWIN M. WARD, interesting in subject, and painstaking and conscientious in execution.

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## THE ACCUSED ALDERMEN.

THESE are published in this issue the portraits of several members of the New York Board of Aldermen of the year 1884 who have been either arrested on indictments or detained as witnesses. HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 15 contained a *résumé* of all the proceedings, negotiations, etc., connected with the grant of a franchise for the Broadway horse railroad, so far as they were then known. This was supplemented in the issue of March 27 by the announcement of the arrest of one of the members of that Board—Alderman HENRY W JARVIS, who was also the Vice-President of the present Board of Aldermen at the time of his arrest. In that number appeared the portraits of JARVIS and of Ex-Alderman JAMES PEARSON. Some suspicious circumstances had at that time been brought to light concerning PEARSON, but he was not arrested until April 2, having been indicted for taking bribes, together with WILLIAM P KIRK, who in 1884 was President of the Board of Aldermen. L. A. FULLGRAFF, another of the Aldermen, was summoned on the same day to the office of the District Attorney, but was not arrested. It was surmised that the District Attorney had endeavored to ascertain from him what he knew concerning the Broadway grant, and was prepared to promise him immunity in return for his evidence, and this conjecture was not weakened by FULLGRAFF'S own brief and guarded account of the interview.

These proceedings—the indictment and arrest of KIRK and PEARSON, and the summoning of FULLGRAFF—were taken upon information furnished by another of the suspected ex-Aldermen, CHARLES B WAITE. WAITE had not only been one of the eighteen Aldermen who voted to grant the Broadway franchise over the Mayor's veto, but had presided at the meeting at which the action was taken, having come from the Pequot House at New London, of which he was the landlord, to the Brevoort House in New York, which he also kept, in order to attend it. February 24 of this year he left New York, and was supposed for a time to be in hiding in order to avoid testifying before the investigating committee. April 1 he returned to the city, by arrangement with the authorities. He remained during most of the day closeted with the District Attorney. Whatever statement he made was not published, but it was given out that he had been permitted to turn State's evidence, and had imparted all he knew about the alleged bribery of the Aldermen to the District Attorney. To the reporters he talked freely, but his conversation with them consisted largely of denials of the truth of statements which he admitted having made at divers times and to sundry persons.

On the evening of the day of Mr. WAITE'S arrival, WILLIAM P. KIRK, the President of the 1884 Board of Aldermen, was arrested. The following morning Mr WAITE was taken before the Grand-Jury, and at the conclusion of the interview indictments were issued by the Grand Jury against Ex-Alderman KIRK and Ex-Alderman JAMES PEARSON, the latter being also at once put under arrest. Bail in $25,000 was furnished for each of them, and they were released, Alderman KIRK only of the two having spent a night in confinement.

Mr KIRK is a Democrat, and was a prominent member of Tammany Hall, and served upon the Committee on Organization at the time of his arrest, but after that episode he promptly resigned, pending the result of his trial. He was born in Oliver Street, this city, about fifty-four years ago, and became a politician at an early age as possible. He has been an Assemblyman and a School Trustee, and was once indicted for extorting money from school-teachers, but was never tried. In 1877 he was elected an Alderman at large, and served several terms He formerly kept a corner liquor store, but gave that up several years ago, being worth over $100,000

Ex-Alderman CHARLES B. WAITE was "brought up" to the business of keeping a hotel, his father, C C WAITE, having been the proprietor of the Brevoort House for many years. Upon the death of his father he inherited a large sum of money, which he is said to have squandered, a large portion of it having been spent to further his political ambitions. He was extremely anxious to become a Fire Commissioner, and one of his unsworn statements is that the inducements which were extended to him for his vote in favor of the Broadway Railroad were pledges to secure for him the coveted commissionership.

LUDOLPH A. FULLGRAFF is a native of Germany, about fifty years of age, and a manufacturer of paper-boxes by occupation. He was elected an Alderman for 1883, and reelected for 1884.

MARTIN IRONS, OF ST LOUIS, CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR, DISTRICT NO. 101.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. G. GARDNER, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

MR W K VANDERBILT'S STEAM-YACHT "ALVA."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS.—[SEE PAGE 234.]

EX-ALDERMAN LUDOLPH A. FULLGRAFF.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY

EX-ALDERMAN CHARLES B WAITE
PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS, 1883.

EX-ALDERMAN WILLIAM P. KIRK.

AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND.—R. Swain Gifford.

A HANDMAID.—F. D. Millet.

A PORTRAIT.—Frederic Dielman.

IN THE WOODS.—George Inness.

RESTING.—Edgar M. Ward.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—From Sketches in Charles M. Kurtz's "Illustrated Academy Notes."—(See Page 235.)

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## MAKING BESSEMER RAILS.

Within sight of the battle-field where Braddock was defeated in 1755, near the present city of Pittsburgh, the Messrs Carnegie have made amends for that repulse of civilization by the great victory of peace which is known in the commercial world as the Edgar Thomson Iron and Steel Works. Here iron ores are made into Bessemer steel rails before they are allowed to cool. The ores from mines in Pennsylvania, in Michigan, on the South, and from abroad are unloaded in heaps, between the walls of which are roads for carts and paths for a footbarrow, laid out as streets on a city, far below the tops of the little mountains of ore and coke and limestone. Here the proper admixtures of different kinds of ores, and with them of coke and limestone, are made and hoisted to the furnaces. These burn day and night, seven days a week, and to create the blast the power of a long row of enormous engines is required. Though clogly they would have that almost inaudible motion of the great Corliss engine, in combination their own motion and the blast they produce make a roar of power more like elemental forces than of machinery of man's devising.

At the Carnegie Works the pig iron stage of Bessemer steel manufacture is avoided. The molten iron is not allowed to cool, but is conveyed in iron cars directly to the Bessemer "converter." The "converter" is the elliptical vessel, swung high above the floor, in which the iron is converted into Bessemer steel. It swings on axles at either side, and the molten iron is run into it while it is in a horizontal position. Another great blast now does its work, this time of cold air, and as the converter gradually regains its vertical position the blast is started before the metal reaches the bottom of the vessel. With a great roar the flame shoots upward, and the oxygen is absorbed by the silicon and manganese. Then the flame increases in size and brilliancy, and becomes first orange and afterward purple, and when the carbon is removed it subsides. The converter is now tipped over, and the metallic manganese (spiegeleisen is generally used) that is necessary to complete the making of steel is added, and the flame and cinders shoot higher than ever, with great brilliancy and much noise. The space about the converter for a moment is filled with flying flame and sparks that make as brilliant a spectacle as can be conceived. All that now remains to be done is to pour the purified molten mass from the converter into ladles and thence into moulds, where, as soon as it becomes solid, it is Bessemer steel in ingots. It is not allowed to cool, but is loaded by hydraulic derricks on iron cars, and drawn by a locomotive into the rolling mill. There every ingot is placed in a furnace and again heated red-hot. On iron tracks the reheated ingot is conveyed to the blooming train, where it is forced between rollers time and again, every time within a narrower space, until it is considerably elongated. The ponderous machinery moves it on to a solid carriage, where it is cut into pieces, or "blooms," each of proper quantity to make a rail.

The rest of the process is simple, but it is simply Titanic. The next rollers the block of steel reaches elongate it still more, and shape it into a rail. The rail is cut smooth at each end by circular saws as quickly as machines are used from blocks of soft wood, the difference being that this saw-dust is red-hot sparks. The rail is straightened by the eye under another steam-hammer, bolt-holes are bored at either end, it is now allowed to cool for the first time since it ceased to be ore, and is ready for the market. The manipulation of the red-hot metal, whether in molten or malleable condition, from the blast-furnaces to the last process, is almost wholly accomplished automatically, at the Edgar Thomson Works the only fuel used is natural gas.

Bessemer steel may contain as much as 0.06 per cent. of phosphorus, and have the ductility and strength required in rails, if there be not more than 0.15 per cent. of carbon. The peculiarity of the Bessemer process is that the carbon, silicon, etc., are removed by a blast of air through the molten metal, on fuel being required; and the revolution it has caused in the manufacture of this grade of steel is due to the rapidity of the process and the great quantity that can be dealt with at once. The heat produced by the blast of cool air through the metal is due mainly by the oxidation of silicon and manganese. The American improvements in the Bessemer process increased its capacity at least fourfold. They were due chiefly to Mr. A. L. Holley, who directed the building of most of the works in our country. The American output of Bessemer steel last year was about one million tons.

The rapidity with which the product of this revolutionizing process has been cheapened is shown by the following scale of prices: Bessemer steel rails cost per ton in 1868, $138; in 1872, $112; in 1879, $59; in 1880, $67; in 1881, $51. It was about 1867 that the complete revolution began that threw steel rails caused in the transportation problem of the world, especially in our own country—a revolution that reduced the average rate of freight per ton per mile on the roads in the State of New York from 1.7 cents in 1870 to 0.6 cents at present. The road beds were improved; heavier loads could be carried; and a revolution was made in the building of cars. Car capacity of 20,000 pounds has been increased to 40,000, and even more. Heavier locomotives were built; greater speed was attained, and, more important than all, railroad managers saw and took advantage of the then undeveloped possibilities of long "through-line" traffic and of traffic on a large scale at small charges. It is thus directly, and especially indirectly, to the Bessemer process that we owe the fairly startling fact that flour is transported from the mills in the far West to New York at a lower cost than, as bread, it can be delivered by the baker from his shop to his patrons two blocks away.


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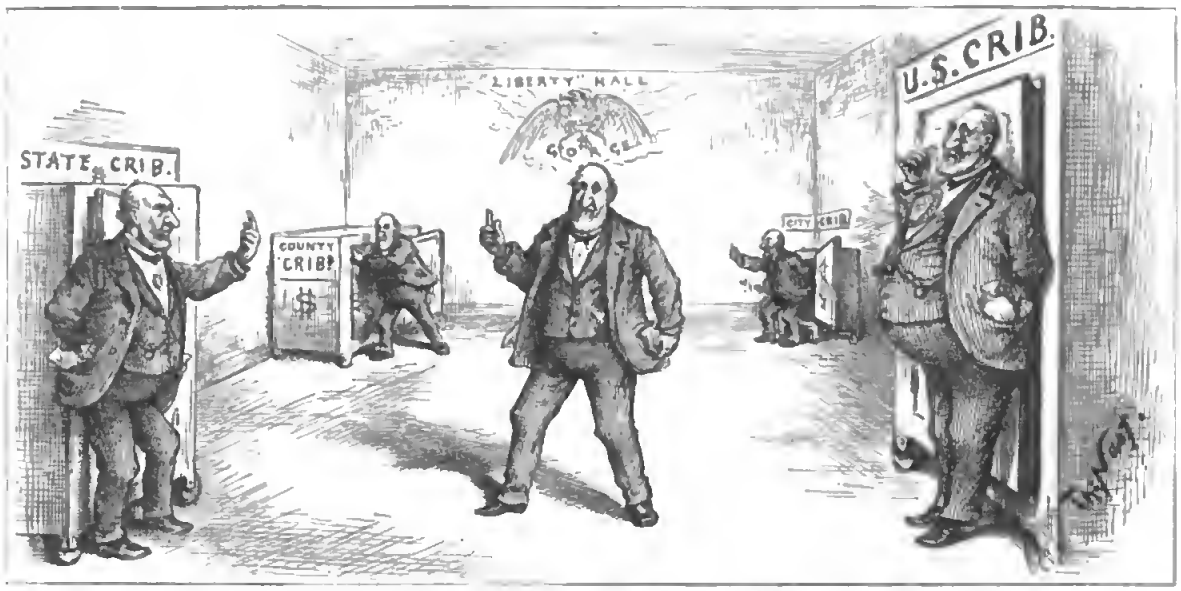


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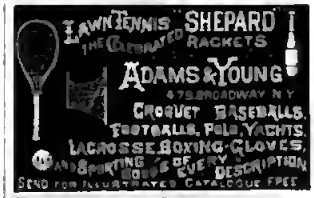


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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BROUGHT TO A STAND-STILL—AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOODS IN ALABAMA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM A PASSENGER'S NOTES.—[SEE PAGE 247.]

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*Other stories and articles are, "A Sister's Sacrifice," "Jamaica Fiber," "Something About Checkers", and an illustrated poem by* MISS MCDERMOTT, *entitled "April and the Easter Holidays."*

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1886

## THE ARBITRATION BILL.

WE have stated what seems to us to be a fair view of the right of every man to work upon his own terms, and to employ others on terms acceptable to himself. We do not say, nor have we implied, any right to control one's property to the detriment of others, or in an unfriendly spirit toward others. Nor have we denied, what is obvious, and what history proves, that these rights will sooner or later in some form come into collision, and that the changed conditions which attend the progressive development of civilization, while they cannot affect such rights, do greatly modify the methods in which it is wise and humane to exercise them. The attitude of labor—using the word as descriptive of work done for daily wages—toward capital is very different from what it was formerly. With the progress of invention, the enormous consolidation of corporate capital, and the free education and equal political power of the laborer, the power of labor organization is incalculable. At the present time an immense part of the travel and transport of this country depends upon railroads, and correspondence throughout the Union is largely carried on by the telegraph. Two or three summers ago the apprehension of a sudden and simultaneous desertion of the telegraph by the operators, from Maine to California, produced an indescribable excitement, because of the plain perception of the disastrous consequences. The consequences of a similar abandonment of work by all the railroad employés can be imagined. The employés are not ignorant of the mighty power, under such circumstances, of associated action. They have preferred to organize as workingmen, not as citizens, and to seek their objects by direct action upon employers rather than by legislation. The American who lives by wages is not a theorist, and in general he is not a Socialist in the European sense of the word. He aims directly to better his condition, not to reconstruct society.

That he does this often in a very mistaken way is evident, and his disregard of equal rights is one of the greatest of wrongs. The right of a man to decide for himself where, how, and for how much he will work, like the right to decide for himself whom he will employ and how much he will pay, is sacred. Violation of these rights is subversive of society itself. But without active interference with others the power of the simple inaction of all the employés upon a railroad or of a great factory is enormous. The changed situation of the world of enterprise and labor, therefore, naturally suggests and compels some simple and practicable method of adjusting differences, not between a citizen and his gardener, but between corporations owning a thousand miles of railroad and the lives of thousands of employés upon whose constant labor the service and the value of the railroad depend. It is, of course, possible, as we have said, for labor to organize against capital, and for capital to organize against labor, and to try conclusions of endurance. But not only is such a situation fatal to the common interest, but it entails immense personal suffering upon the innocent and helpless, and leads directly to the most sanguinary convulsions.

In such a conflict the right cannot be assumed always to be with one side, nor will it be immediately evident in a dispute between two vast interests what justice demands. Moreover, in a situation so serious, the wise course cannot be determined by abstract considerations. It may be a sound theoretical principle that a government ought not to treat with armed rebels. But it may be the height of wisdom under certain circumstances to do so, and by doing so justice may be subserved and friendly relations restored. The peaceful practical relation of organized capital and labor is one of the most important of modern questions, and when honest differences arise involving the general welfare, the most reasonable course to pursue is that adopted by wise neighbors who, instead of fighting or going to law, resort to arbitration. Arbitration, indeed, must be voluntary, because the law cannot rightfully compel a man to pay more or to receive less than a certain sum for labor, unless it has been fairly stipulated. Arbitration is the frequent recourse of differing interests. In France and other countries courts of arbitration are of the highest public and private service. In England the immense advantage of arbitration has been conclusively demonstrated. Its details, of course, must be most carefully considered and arranged. The business of a great industry, of a factory, a railroad, a steam ship service, cannot be constantly interrupted by petty issues. But a friendly disposition, even with the strongest conviction of rights, will settle many a difference happily which otherwise, by mere self-assertion, would lead to enormous loss upon both sides. The arbitration bill just passed in the House gives the sanction of Congress to this method of settling disputes, and it authorizes arbitrators to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of books and papers. The bill also provides for compensating the participants in the proceedings, including witnesses, limiting the sum in any one case to $1000—a provision which we presume will be challenged by strict constructionists in the Senate. The bill is significant as a sign of Congressional good-will. But it does not exclude other forms of arbitration upon which differing interests may agree. When Congress proposes a simple and fair method of adjusting serious differences, even if it cannot enforce it, the moral assumption will be against the party that refuses to resort to it.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S IRISH SCHEME.

IT is not an extravagance of speech to say that the eyes of the world were fixed upon Mr. GLADSTONE when he arose in the House of Commons to move his Irish bill. The greatest of living statesmen, at the close of what even the London *Times*, while warmly opposing him, truly calls a splendid Parliamentary career, proposes a scheme satisfactorily, justly, and finally, in his judgment, to unite Ireland with England after centuries of oppression and alienation. An English statesman could not address himself to a nobler task, nor could a splendid Parliamentary career end more splendidly than in the endeavor nobly to accomplish it, even if it should fail. At the age of seventy-six the praise of a great statesman is all the greater if in dealing with a question so vast he proposes the method of a permanent settlement, instead of seeking a temporary arrangement which inevitably results in continuing contest and disaster. There was an earlier English statesman, "the bad earl," whose motto in Ireland as elsewhere was "thorough." This also, in an exactly opposite sense—a sense of friendship, of reason, of domestic peace—is the motto of Mr. GLADSTONE.

The excitement of the occasion was unprecedented, and it will be historical. The circumstances recall the accounts of GRATTAN'S speech upon moving in the old Irish Parliament, on the 17th of April, 1782, that "there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation but the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, nor any Parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country save only the Parliament of Ireland." At that time in Ireland there was the same universal public expectation, the same vast throngs filling the streets of Dublin many hours before the session would begin, and the same brilliant and distinguished assembly in the Parliament House. As last week in London, the Speaker took the chair at four o'clock. There was an official statement of the royal disposition toward Ireland. The profound silence of intense anticipation followed—an "awful moment," as a member of the Irish House who was present on the great day describes it—until, after "a solemn pause," "Mr. GRATTAN, slowly rising from his seat, commenced the most luminous, brilliant, and effective oration ever delivered in the Irish Parliament."

It was sublime, but it was not statesmanship. Two supreme legislatures within the same empire are impossible, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S scheme is essentially different. It contemplates actual imperial sovereignty, with an Irish domestic legislature; a viceroy with command of the imperial troops in Ireland, and imperial supervision of the collection of customs, and their payment in the first instance toward the common expenditure. This is very far from the independent Parliament of GRATTAN. It recognizes the total defeat of the GRATTAN Parliament, and it is the only practicable home rule in one country related to another as Ireland is related to England. The scheme does not recognize the fundamental right asserted by GRATTAN. It is an act of the Imperial Parliament, which passes, if at all, by its authority, and by the same authority it can be repealed. The highest tribute to the scheme as a work of practical statesmanship is the comment of Mr. PARNELL: "I believe the measure will be cheerfully accepted by the Irish people and their representatives as a satisfactory solution of the long standing dispute between the two countries, and as tending to prosperity and peace in Ireland, and to satisfaction in England." The result of the vote after the debate will now be awaited with hardly less interest than the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE.

## THE CARROLLTON MASSACRE.

THE strongest and most tenacious reason of the distrust which so long excluded the Democratic party from power was the treatment of the colored race in the Southern States, and the most forcible appeal now made against its ascendency is in the name of the wrongs still done to that race. The opposition to the doctrine of State sovereignty, which was so long maintained by the Democratic party, and which at last was asserted in arms by those in the Southern States who held it, was a doctrine obviously inconsistent with the national existence in any legitimate sense, but it was so radically disposed of by the war that it would not of itself have fostered a continual distrust. But the conduct of the Southern Democracy in attempting to perpetuate a form of slavery under ANDREW JOHNSON led to the embittered debates upon reconstruction, and determined its character. That conduct confirmed the distrust, and the Democratic suppression of the colored vote in many parts of the Southern States, both by violence and by fraud, has prolonged and still strengthens that distrust, which will be the "strongest hold" of the Republican party, as Mr. BLAINE instinctively felt in the hour of his defeat, until the just reason of the distrust disappears.

There are signs of its gradual disappearance, and as it is no longer contended that the national government can deal directly with wrongs to the citizens of any State, who must invoke local redress, the prospects of the Democratic party depend quite as much upon the treatment of colored citizens in the Southern States as upon any single point. An incident like that at Carrollton the other day at once tests this feeling. Fifteen and sixteen years ago HARPER'S WEEKLY, with other Republican journals, constantly called attention to the significant silence, or worse, of the Southern press, when the Ku-Klux outrages were at their height, and the colored people were made to suffer for the angry disappointment of the white population at the total failure of ANDREW JOHNSON'S reaction and the enforcement of Republican reconstruction. That tone is changed. The story from Carrollton has all the old familiar character. A body of white men ride into a village in the morning, enter a court-house where a crowd is collected, deliberately massacre half a dozen colored men, and ride away unmolested. Some of the Southern papers, and notably the Vicksburg *Herald*, take the old tone. "The whites were exasperated, and possibly committed excesses; but blood will tell in a race conflict, and if Ohio or England had as many colored people as Mississippi, they would have more trouble with them." This is the view that would have been universally presented fifteen or twenty years ago. But happily it is now very exceptional, and all the chief papers in the Southern States have spoken in manly and emphatic condemnation of the bloody wrong, and agree with President CLEVELAND that it is a shame to the civilization of the State.

It remains, of course, to be seen whether the juries will express the real opinion of the community. If they do, the most thorough investigation will be made, and justice will be done upon the assassins. But if the local authorities do nothing, and the massacre is treated merely as a "regrettable" incident of a kind to be expected, the old and reasonable distrust of the party which has absolute control of all official action in the Southern States will be renewed and strengthened. The massacre at Carrollton, it is true, is in itself no worse than the massacre and persecution of the Chinese upon the Pacific slope. Murder is always murder, and both crimes disgrace the American name. But the slaughter of the Chinese is not associated with a political party, and has no political significance whatever. On the other hand, the Carrollton massacre, if unredressed and apparently unobserved by the community, will confirm the conviction that the comrades of those who are openly slaughtered amid an indifferent community will certainly not be suffered by that community to vote against its will. The consequences of such a feeling are obvious, and the Democratic party cannot allow such a revolting crime as that at Carrollton to pass unrebuked and unpunished. If no remedy for such wrongs exists in Mississippi, a remedy will be found out of Mississippi. The election of 1884 was not a sign of confidence in a party, but in a man. Distrust of his party was set off by other considerations which, after the lesson of that campaign, are not likely to recur, and it is the plain policy of the Democratic party to prove that the President, in his view of the Carrollton massacre, as in his views of administrative reform, speaks for his party.

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## AN AMUSING SPEECH.

It is long since there has been so entertaining a speech on that of Senator VANCE, of North Carolina, against administrative reform. Indeed, since Don Quixote assailed the windmills, peacefully promoting the public benefit, as wicked giants of oppression, there has been nothing in its way more amusing than Senator VANCE valiantly attacking as the arch-enemy of Republican institutions a reform which would make politics a little more decent. The Senator patiently followed the Republican Senators SPOONER and INGALLS, and the Senatorial eulogists of the Vice-President, in celebrating party spirit as the brightest of patriotic virtues, and he echoed again the comical taunts of Sunday-school politics and effeminate politicians with the same old charming confidence that nothing is so virile in politics as turning out a scrub-woman because her husband belongs to the other party, and nothing so manly as dismissing an efficient and satisfactory postmaster because he doubts or does not doubt the policy of protection.

But if Senator VANCE will forgive us for treating his excellent extravaganza for a moment seriously, we will approve him that after his elaborate vindication of the great truth, which has the great advantage of being questioned by nobody, that ours is a government of parties, he forgot to remark two things: one, the nature of parties; and the other, the fact that civil service reform holds parties to their true functions. The Senator knows, of course, although he omitted to state, that whenever a constitutional country is not divided into parties by questions of public policy which they seek to embody in legislation, parties are merely combinations to secure the emoluments of place, and have no essential significance whatever. Now the Senator cannot mention a great question, not the tariff, the currency, foreign policy, administrative reform, Indian affairs, the Mormons, arbitration, nor any other question of immediate interest, upon which the parties in this country are divided as against each other. Indeed, his speech is the confession that his own party is torn asunder upon the momentous issue of possession of the post-offices. This is now the situation of parties. They represent no cardinal difference. The Democrats have been in power for a year, and have certainly introduced no great change of public policy; and if the Republicans should come in to-morrow, they would do only what the Democrats are doing.

The second point omitted by the Senator is that nothing perverts parties from their legitimate office so much as the scramble for spoils. The purpose of a party is to secure a certain policy of administration. Party organization is designed to affect public opinion by argument and appeal to the public intelligence, and to make effective the expression of the popular will. Whatever tends to prevent an election by bribery or intimidation, or by false and secondary issues, from truly revealing that will, destroys the very object of party organization. This is what the spoils system does. Instead of submitting questions of public policy to the public judgment, it merely invites a furious contest for the salary of every petty place in the service. Consequently good citizens, however much they may desire a change of administration, are unwilling to secure it at the cost of a universal disturbance of the public service, and vote not for a change of policy, but to avoid that disaster. Thus the result of a contest involving all the enormous spoils of the entire civil service is the total defeat of government by party. With the *naïf* inconsequence of the spoils politician, the humorous Senator from North Carolina, having emphasized the necessity of party, proceeded to insist upon a policy which more than anything else defeats the object of party. But he will forgive us for taking him seriously even for a moment, since it is plain that he did not take himself seriously. His thoroughness of ignorance of the reform bill and its methods, together with his elaborate affirmation of undisputed truths, buttressed and bulwarked by conclusive citations from other statesmen, shows that his humane purpose was to relieve the late rather arid debates of the Chamber by a little fun. The Senator accomplished his beneficent purpose, for a funnier speech has not been heard during the session.

## THE PEOPLE'S REFORM.

The *Civil Service Reformer* for April, published in Baltimore, contains a letter to the Knights of Labor upon administrative reform, by Dr. RICHARD T. ELY, professor in the Johns Hopkins University, and a well-known student of the labor question. We could easily quarrel with Dr. ELY's representation of the reform movement as the "respectable"—a statement which shows a singular misconception of the nature and development of all reform movements, and needlessly injures the cause that he would serve. We should certainly question also the wisdom of State ownership of all telegraphs, telephones, and railroads, as favored by Professor ELY, and which has no pertinence to the subject of this paper.

But with the general object of his letter we cordially sympathize, namely, to show that the spoils system is essentially exclusive and aristocratic, and that administrative reform is peculiarly a movement of equal rights and of the people. Senator GORMAN's demagogic fling at "educated" street laborers in the usual of a boss who naturally likes to fill the public service with his private henchmen, and pay them from the public purse. Is an intelligent man less likely to work well than an ignorant one? And as it is the people who are to be served, is there any sound reason that they should not require intelligent ability rather than ignorant ability in their service?

The truth is that nobody is so much concerned in a sensible and economical public service as the people who are not rich. The reform demands equal rights for every citizen, rich or poor, and whether he has or has not a "politician" to push him. Its motto is, Let the best man win, and if there be any principle less aristocratic, perhaps Mr. BENNETT, of North Carolina, who insists that the spoils might to belong to the victors, will mention it.

## A NEW QUARTERLY.

Among the new and important periodical publications the *Political Science Quarterly*, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College, and published by Ginn & Co., is well worthy attention. The first number, dated March, 1886, contains several admirable articles, of which the object is plainly not a "sensation," but a fresh and thorough treatment of timely topics which requires some space for proper consideration, and which are of permanent interest.

In a paragraph we cannot specially mention all the papers in this number. We will note only that the article upon "The American Commonwealth," by Professor JOHN W. BURGESS, contains a new and striking view of the historic tendency of our institutions. The admirable quality of the article in its true scientific spirit in the highest sense. The author is embarrassed neither by tradition nor party sympathy, nor by zeal to make a case. But with ample knowledge and dialectical skill he analyzes the just significance of unquestionable facts. His work is done in the best temper, and the paper is unusually interesting.

The *Political Science Quarterly* begins with high promise.

## INTERESTING FIGURES.

COMPTROLLER CHAPIN, of New York, has made recently a special report upon salaries and taxation and revenue, which contains a great deal of valuable information, and states facts which are probably unsuspected by most New-Yorkers. The State pay-roll contains the names of 6000 persons, besides teachers, to whom there is annually paid about $5,000,000. But the clerical force of the State is not classified with a view to salary, and there is no legal provision of the amount to be paid for any kind of clerical service. In fact, the State service was not classified at all until Colonel BURT, as Chief Examiner of the State Reform Commission, made such a classification.

The Comptroller favors a fixed term for clerical subordinates, and removal for cause only. His official experience naturally gives weight to his opinion; but due subordination and proper flexibility in any service depend so much upon the power of summary change when necessary that it seems most desirable to abolish, so far as possible, all motive for an arbitrary and wrongful use of the power of removal, rather than to create a kind of vested right to place. In this respect the public service should be assimilated to private service as nearly as possible.

A very interesting part of the report is the annex of tables showing the relative increase of the two great neighbors, New York and Pennsylvania. This is traced in the figures of cities, towns, and counties, showing that the actual increase in the two States from 1870 to 1880 was 700,112 to New York, and 760,940 in Pennsylvania, the per cent. of increase in New York being 15.97, and in Pennsylvania 21.60. In eight counties in New York there was an actual decrease, but in only one county in Pennsylvania. The reasoning of the report upon changes in methods of taxation we have no space to discuss. The Comptroller renews his recommendation of last year for financial reform, beginning with the conversion into cash of the four and one-quarter millions of the school fund. They are the well-considered suggestions of a sagacious public officer.

## MR. POWDERLY'S VIEWS.

SENATOR HAWLEY recently described Mr. POWDERLY as "a man of more conservatism and standing in the country than some men upon the floor of the Senate." This view is confirmed by the words and the conduct of Mr. POWDERLY, who, although he has been very ill during the strike of the Knights of Labor, has shown a perfectly sound judgment. He says:

"The Knights of Labor are not statesmen, philosophers, great scholars, or anything of that kind. Their hours of labor are long, and they have little time or money to invest in education. It is natural they may have made some mistakes, but I am satisfied that the great majority of the men have their hearts in the right place, and have no wish or intention of violating the law, and are in hearty sympathy with the spirit and letter of my secret circular. There is one good that will result from this strike, whatever happens. It will give the people an insight into the management of railroads. A railroad that gets its charter from the government and urges and invites people to settle along its line is responsible, it seems to me, to the people and the government that the road should remain open. If they fail to keep their contract, the government should take a hand in the matter.

"There is one thing that I shall insist upon as soon as I get well, and that is to have a special committee appointed to make a thorough investigation of the cause and everything relating to this last strike. The committee shall visit all points along the road and make a most careful investigation of every detail. Persons found to any way to have interfered, except in a peaceful and lawful manner, with the running of trains or injuring the property of the railroad companies, wherever situated, will, if members of the K. of L., be expelled and prosecuted. I propose that that investigation shall here to the line, let the chips fall where they may. No organization can live and sanction violations of the laws that govern the land. When we have the light of this investigation we will be able to pass judgment on the conduct of this strike, from beginning to end, and fix the responsibility for the trouble on the parties who are at fault. The committee will be appointed as soon as possible."

If Mr POWDERLY is correct, and the Knights of Labor are such as he describes, and those who have violated the law should be dealt with by the fraternity as he suggests, the Knights will be sure of the sympathy of the country. There is no doubt of the frequent abuse of the power of great corporations, nor of the disposition to restrain such abuse in every lawful way. Nor is there any question of the right of employees to decide upon what terms they will be employed. But having so decided, there should be no doubt that they will honestly observe those terms.

Those Knights of Labor who are law-respecting citizens must not continue a determination to defeat the equal rights of those who are not Knights of Labor to work upon their own terms, with a cruel desire to enslave any body of citizens. If the views of Mr POWDERLY should prove to be those of his associates, the result will be most fortunate.

## PERSONAL.

From a letter written to a friend by Mrs LEW WALLACE we learn that the General was seven years in writing *Ben Hur*, and that his most difficult problem was to give details of battle, love-making, social life, and adventure, while keeping the Christ-child in the mind of the reader as the central figure. Estimating five readers to every buyer of the book, more than four hundred thousand persons have read *Ben Hur*. Translations of it have been made into German and Turkish. Mrs WALLACE pronounces the portrait of her husband in a recent number of this journal to be a good likeness.

—Who says that conversation is a lost art? An immense placard on the exterior wall of a Bowery Dime Museum announces the presence of the returned filibusters from Turk's Island and Honduras, "who will relate hourly an interesting story of the strange incidents of the voyage."

—Ex-Lieutenant-Governor DONOHUE does not conceal from his friends his satisfaction over the success of the *Star*, of which he is editor and proprietor. His idea was to produce a paper supporting the principles of a Democratic administration, without being in any sense an administration organ; and at the same time, by excluding the sensational and the coarse, to insure for the *Star* a welcome at the hearth. He has already accomplished this purpose, and the *Star* is about to take possession of the commodious seven-story iron building at Park Place and Broadway. Governor DONOHUE is a brilliant orator and vigorous writer, as well as a political leader, and he seems to take to journalism naturally.

—Sometimes the phrenologist hits it off happily, as in the following words appended to a photograph of the Rev Dr C H PARKHURST, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church: "Has a very intelligent countenance, large development of the moral faculties, and great intuition. Has considerable tact in judging and dealing with human nature. Would make a good college or society president."

—Professor MAX MULLER, having translated "God save the Queen" into Sanskrit, some of his fellow-students have criticised his style with severity. An usual, however, he keeps his temper. "Sanskrit scholars," he comprehensively observes, "are not very proud as yet of their style. We are all learners in Sanskrit."

—Mr ANDREW LANG describes Miss THACKERAY as the best successor of JANE AUSTEN, and declares that she adds fresh lustre to a name that in fiction equals JANE AUSTEN'S.

—Mr F D MILLET'S classically draped figure "The Handmaid," reproduced by wood-engraving in the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is the most beautiful piece of modelling at the sixty-first annual exhibition of the National Academy, and seems to show that his friends were right when they told him that he could become even a better painter than a war correspondent or a college lecturer.

—Mr WHISTLER, the artist, who is expected to deliver his "Ten o'clock" lecture in this country next autumn, spent most of his childhood in Stonington, Connecticut, on the shore of Long Island Sound. His father was a principal stockholder in the first railroad constructed between Stonington and Providence, and one of the first locomotives used on the road was named after him, The Whistler.

—Mr MONCURE D CONWAY, after a residence of twenty-two years in London, speaks of the tremendous force of that city in remoulding the personalities of those who go there to stay—a force as wonderful as it is irresistible. For instance, Cardinal MANNING, he says, went there with a bent toward metaphysics and scholastic theology, but is now absorbed in the problem of how best to reform drunkards; as every St Patrick's Day he exerts his great influence to get Irishmen to promise not to enter a bar-room. The late Mr ROSSETTI, once a dreamy transcendentalist who painted Madonnas, chose for his subjects in later years his wife and a hospital nurse. Mr SPURGEON relinquishes much of his earlier attention to Calvinism, and preaches "practical sermons" on the duties of every-day life. Many similar instances are given by Mr. CONWAY to enforce his point.

—The Indianapolis *Journal*, accepting as true the report now going the rounds of the press that Mr THOMAS NAST has recently bought the controlling interest in a couple of silver mines out West, says, in friendly comment: "THOMAS NAST uses his pencil to show that Uncle Sam is inane in not log because of the silver surplus, but he turns right around and puts his own money into Colorado mines. The caricaturist has just bought a half interest in two lodes." To all of which Mr NAST simply replies: "If I owned a half interest in every silver mine in the United States, I would not change my mind as to the absurdity of Congress having the power to make seventy-nine cents a dollar."

—A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Nice, mentions, among the attractions of that winter resort during the Carnival season: "From every mast-head the gayest of bunting is flying. JAMES GORDON BENNETT has his floating palace here, and his crew are smoking cigarettes on the forecastle."

—An exhibition of "nocturnes, arrangements, and harmonies" by Mr. WHISTLER, in a room decorated to brown paper and gold, will soon be given in London.

—Professor BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, wants the inhabitants of that city to sing Scotch songs instead of German and Italian ones, and condemns them for considering it vulgar to do so. He believes that the school-children would get more good out of Scotch songs than out of all the Latin and Greek he ever heard of.

—Last year the *Saturday Review* warned the owner of the *Genesta* that it was a hopeless task to try to beat the *Puritan*. This year it warns the owner of the English yacht *Galatea* that he will commit a grave mistake and will court a disastrous defeat in sailing for the *America's* cup, for the reason that he will have to contend against a centre board, which is not a yacht, but only a racing machine. "To sail an English yacht against a racing machine is an absurdity, and any English yachtsman who crosses the Atlantic to sail for the cup will possibly be thought to go on a fool's errand." This may not settle the long-disputed question as to the comparative speed of centre-boards and keels, but it will give unconcealed pleasure to many American yachtsmen.

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AN APACHE CAMP.

MANGUS.

## GERONIMO'S AIDS.

THOUGH GERONIMO, the Chiricahua Apache chieftain, is the real leader as well as the nominal chieftain of the marauding hostiles who have become known as "Geronimo's band," he has had very able counsellors and desperate companions in Chiefs NANA, MANGUS, and CHIRICAHUA. CHIRICAHUA and NANA, who were the most troublesome hostiles next to GERONIMO himself, were among those captured and brought to Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory, on April 2. There General CROOK met CHIRICAHUA, who proved as treacherous to his recent chief in words as he had proved to the whites in deeds. "GERONIMO," he said, to clear himself of all blame, "has been the cause of all the outrages. He forced us off the reservation by lies. I must die some time. If you punish too hard, you and your officers have families, and love them much. So have I." After this appeal for mercy, the next that was heard of CHIRICAHUA was that, having escaped, he had met GERONIMO after his escape, and that they were both in Mexico, with their warriors and squaws.

NANA is thought by the residents of New Mexico and the officers of the army to be in great measure responsible for the whole hostile career of the Apaches. He is a no less desperate or treacherous chief than GERONIMO himself. He affects a certain pomp by requiring his orderly to follow him at a respectful distance whenever he goes out, and he is accompanied on every march, too, by his squaws. He is now a captive.

Chief MANGUS is the second of his name who has been a terror on the frontier. He is a son of the old Chief MANGUS, of Colorado, whose depredations filled an earlier chapter in Indian history.

CHIRICAHUA, NANA, the minor chiefs KUTLE and ALSASHA, and seventy-two other Apaches, men, women, and children, the results of recent captures by General CROOK's command, were sent on April 7 from Fort Bowie to Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, Florida, as prisoners of war. There are said now to be only thirty-four hostiles on the war path in Arizona, against ninety-six two weeks ago.

CHIRICAHUA.

NANA'S SQUAWS. NANA AT HOME. NANA'S ORDERLY.

THE CHIRICAHUA APACHES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. FRANK RANDALL.

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# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A MILKMAID," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

As Donald stated, Lucetta had retired early to her room because of fatigue. She had, however, not gone to rest, but sat in the bedside chair reading, and thinking over the events of the day. At the ringing of the door-bell by Henchard she wondered who it should be that would call at that comparatively late hour. The dining room was almost under her bedroom; she could hear that somebody was admitted there, and presently the indistinct murmur of a person reading became audible.

The usual time for Donald's arrival upstairs came and passed, yet still the reading and conversation went on. This was very singular. She could think of nothing but that some extraordinary crime had been committed, and that the visitor, whoever he might be, was reading an account of it from a special edition of the *Casterbridge Chronicle*. At last she left the room, and descended the stairs. The dining room door was ajar, and in the silence of the resting household the voice and the words were recognizable before she reached the lower flight. She stood transfixed, her own words greeted her, in Henchard's voice, like spectre from the grave.

Lucetta leaned upon the banister with her cheek against the smooth hand rail, as if she would make a friend of it in her misery. Rigid in this position, more and more words fell successively upon her ear. But what amazed her most was the tone of her husband. He spoke merely in the accents of a man who made a present of his time.

"One word," he was saying, as the crackling of paper denoted that Henchard was unfolding yet another sheet. "Is it quite fair to this young woman's memory to read at such length to a stranger what was intended for your eye alone?"

"Well, yes," said Henchard. "By not giving her name I make it an example of all womankind, and not a scandal to one."

"If I were you I would destroy them," said Farfrae, giving room thought to the letters than he had hitherto done. "As another man's wife, it would injure the woman if it were known."

"No, I shall not destroy them," murmured Henchard, putting the letters away. Then he arose, and Lucetta heard no more.

She went back to her bedroom in a semi-paralyzed state. For very fear she could not undress, but sat on the edge of the bed, waiting. Would Henchard let out the secret in his parting words? Her suspense was terrible. If he had confessed all to Donald in their early acquaintance he might possibly have got over it, and married her just the same—unlikely as it had seemed; but for her or any one else to tell him now would be fatal.

The door slammed: she could hear her husband bolting it. After looking round in his customary way he came leisurely up the stairs. The spark in her eyes well-nigh went out when he appeared round the bedroom door. Her gaze hung doubtful for a moment, then to her joyous amazement she saw that he looked at her with the relishing smile of one who had just been relieved of a scene that was irksome. She could hold out no longer, and sobbed hysterically.

When he had restored her, Farfrae naturally enough spoke of Henchard. "Of all men he was the least desirable as a visitor," he said. "But it is my belief that he's just a bit crazed. He has been reading to me a long lot of letters relating to his past life; and I could do no less than indulge him by listening."

This was sufficient. Henchard, then, had not told. Henchard's last words to Farfrae, in short, as he stood on the door-step had been these: "Well, I'm much obliged to ye for listening. I may tell more about her some day."

Finding this, she was much perplexed as to his motives in opening the matter at all, for in such cases we attribute to an enemy a power of consistent action which we never find in ourselves or in our friends; and forget that abortive efforts from want of heart are as possible to revenge as to generosity.

Next morning Lucetta remained in bed, meditating how to parry this incipient attack. The bold stroke of telling Donald the truth, dimly conceived, was yet too bold.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH R. POTTER, U. S. A.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEARS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 254.]

CASTING A TWELVE-INCH GUN AT SOUTH BOSTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. H. GARRETT.—[SEE PAGE 251.]

She decided to employ artifice—not with Donald, but with the enemy himself. It seemed the only practicable weapon left her on a woman. Having laid her plan, the rose, and wrote at him who kept her on these tenter hooks:

"I overheard your interview with my husband last night—and now the drift of your revenge. The very thought of it crushes me. Have pity on a wretched woman." Thus far she wrote truly. She added: "If you could see me, you would relent. You do not know how utterly has told upon me lately. I will be at the King at the time you leave work—just before the sun goes down. Please come that way to assure me you will carry this horse-play no further."

To herself she said, in closing up this appeal: "If ever tears, artifice, hypocrisy, have served the weak to fight the strong, let them do so now!"

With this view she spent the whole afternoon in making a toilet which differed from all she had ever attempted before. To heighten her natural attractions had hitherto been the unvarying endeavor of his adult life, and one in which she was no novice. But now she systematically proceeded to impair the natural presentation. In two hours the had produced upon her naturally pretty though slightly worn features the aspect of a countenance withering, aging, sickly—a head of hair with a few incipient gray threads; in brief, prematurely wrecked by extreme sorrow. The chemist up the street, who eked out a meagre drug trade by scented soaps, cosmetics, and disfigoring cosmetics of various kinds, was three or four times requisitioned for this proceeding. By the time she had sickled herself as her mind, the hour had arrived.

It was with a shudder, almost with a terror, that she beheld in the glass what the had done. It seemed too real. If her dear husband should meet him he would surely believe that this was her true aspect, and that her hitherto charming lineaments had been the counterfeit of art.

To avoid this contingency she veiled herself, and slipped out of the house quickly. The sun was resting on the hill like a drop of blood on an eyelid by the time she had got up the road opposite the amphitheatre, which she speedily entered. The interior was shadowy, and emphatic of the absence of every living thing. Lucetta descended, and paused in the arena breathless.

She was not disappointed in the fearful hope with which she awaited him. Henchard came over the top, and as it took him some time to scramble down, she could arrange herself for his reception. The daylight was feeble enough for her to venture on boldly lifting her veil without running the risk of his seeing artifice. Her manner on he came down was one of cynical carelessness, but when he reached a distance of two or three yards only, the saw a change. He was evidently shocked, yet any his cynical half-smile, and said, in a kindly subdued tone, "Good-night t'ye. Of course I'm glad to come if you want me, any time."

"Oh, thank you," she said, apprehensively, there being certainly no trick in that.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill," he stammered, with unconscious compunction.

She shook her head. "How can you be sorry," she asked, "when you deliberately cause it?"

"What?" said Henchard, uneasily. "Is it anything I have done that has pulled you down like this?"

"It is all your doing," said she. "I have no other grief. My happiness would be serene enough but for your threats. Oh, Michael, don't wreck me like this! When you look at me, and see what you have brought me to, you might think that you have done enough. When I came here I was a young woman; now I am rapidly becoming an old one. Neither my husband nor any other man will regard me with interest long."

The half-truth in this strengthened the power of her simulation. Henchard was disarmed. His old feeling of supercilious pity for womankind was brought out by the perception that the was no longer attractive. A poor, withered, worn-out woman was such very small deer to hunt that he felt ashamed, but all zest and desire for Lucetta there and then, and no longer cursed Farfrae his bargain. He had married money, but nothing more. Henchard was anxious to wash his hands of the game.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he said.

"I am sure I shall be very willing. My reading of these letters was only a sort of practical joke; and I revealed nothing."

"To give me back the letters, and any paper you may have that breathes of matrimony."

"So be it. Every scrap shall be yours . . . But between you and me, Lucetta, he is sure to find out something of the matter, sooner or later."

"Ah!" she said, with eager tremulousness, "but not till I have proved myself a faithful and deserving wife at him, and then he may forgive me everything."

Henchard silently looked at her: he almost envied Farfrae such love as that, even now.

"M'm—I hope so," he said. "But you shall have the letters without fail. And your secret shall be kept. I swear it."

"How good you are?—how shall I get them?"

He reflected, and said he would send them by his landlord the next morning. "Now don't doubt me," he added. "I can keep my word."

The evening had closed in to night, and their remaining words were few. Respect, affinity of ideas, genial companionship—the only permanent bases of affection between other than blood-relations—had never entered into Henchard's sentiments toward Lucetta, and now that her freshness and elasticity seemed to have departed, he experienced no passion for or against her.

A head and shoulders suddenly broke above the eastern segment of the amphitheatre, rising higher by degrees. Some idler had for once apparently chosen to ramble there. "Hist!" said Henchard. Lucetta pulled down her veil.

Before his wife came not that evening Farfrae had, without entering his house, gone from the corn stores into the town on a business which he had once before begun and abandoned. Henchard's visit had awakened a slight chord of feeling for him, by reason of their past friendship, and he resolved that, after all, he would do what he could toward purchasing the seed business for the fallen man. He went up the street, and having money in his purse, soon contrived to set the affair again in train. This done, he was anxious to let Henchard know of it early, and went on at his cottage. Here he learned from Jopp that Henchard had gone out by the Budmouth Road. Farfrae followed, but saw no Henchard. Confounded by the amphitheatre, eloquent at silent evening time, he mounted the earth-work, when Lucetta and Henchard saw him at once against the sky, though he could not see them in the gloom of the vast concavity. Farfrae walked round on the summit, and descended the slope by the great entrance just as Henchard and Lucetta passed through it to come out. A meeting could not be avoided, and Henchard conducted himself boldly on non his want.

"Ah! it is Henchard, I think?" said Donald.

"Yes," said Henchard.

"I have been looking for you, I have some news to tell ye. But no; I won't interrupt you now," Farfrae said, his eyes for the first time falling on the female figure.

"It don't matter," replied Henchard, quietly, perceiving that Donald had no suspicion as to the personality of his companion, owing to the unusual wrappings the wore. "Is the news serious?"

"'Tis good news," said Farfrae, cheerfully. "Name I'm right glad to have to tell ye, man. About the seed business, you know. We shall be able at arrange it for ye after all."

They had walked on together through the gloom, Henchard drawing Lucetta's arm through his arm to lead a deluded aspect to the rendezvous he had been surprised in, and keeping her on the outside. Farfrae proceeded to state the details of the proposal, which he did without remove, being under the impression that it, as it seemed, Henchard were about to contract another marriage, he could have no secrets from his future partner. "Well, an' will ye accept?" he asked.

Henchard, feeling how deeply he had wronged Farfrae in suspecting him of enmity at the scheme, could not reply at once. And a certain pride kept him from jumping at the offer. He thinked Donald for his exertions on his behalf, and he would think the matter over; adding, "I have still strong arms, you know, and can keep myself without assistance, on far as that goes."

"And will add another to yourself soon, apparently," said Farfrae, playfully, nodding to Henchard's companion. Henchard made no answer to this; and feeling himself one too many in such circumstances, Farfrae bade them good-night and went his way.

Lucetta and Henchard parted immediately Donald had left them, Lucetta passionately hoping at get back at her husband, whose bearing toward Henchard had on moved her during her enforced silence as almost to lead her to fling her arms round his neck regardless of consequences. She crept indoors like a shade, and ascended to her room. When she had restored herself at her natural hues, she went down and found her husband in the dining room.

"Well, Lucetta, I've a bit of news for ye," he said, gayly. "I think poor Henchard is going to console himself by speculating be a wife once more. I met him courting just one."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Returning from her appointment, Lucetta had seen a man waiting by the lamp nearest to her own door. When she stopped to go in, he came out and spoke to her. It was Jopp.

He begged her pardon for addressing her. But he had heard that Mr Farfrae had been applied to by a neighboring corn-merchant to recommend a working partner; if so, he asked to offer himself. He could give good security, and had stated as much to Mr Farfrae in a letter; but he would feel much obliged if Lucetta would say a word in his favor at her husband.

"It is a thing I know nothing about," said Lucetta, coldly.

"But you can testify at my trustworthiness better than anybody, ma'am," said Jopp. "I was in Jersey several years, and knew you there by sight."

"Indeed," she replied. "But I know nothing of you."

"I think, ma'am, that a word or two from you would secure for me—but I cover very much," he persisted.

She steadily refused to have anything to do with the affair, and cutting him short because of her anxiety at get in-doors before her husband should miss her, left him on the pavement.

He watched her till she had vanished, and then went home. When he got there he sat down in the darkest chimney-corner, looking at the iron dogs, and the wood laid across them for heating the morning kettle. A movement upstairs disturbed him, and Henchard came down from his bedroom, where he seemed to have been ruminating hours.

"I wish," said Henchard, "you would do me a service, Jopp—now, to-night, I mean, if you can. Leave this at Mrs. Farfrae's for her. I should take it myself, of course, but I don't wish to be seen there."

He handed a package in brown paper, sealed. Henchard had been as good on his word. Immediately on coming in-doors he had searched over his few belongings, and every scrap of Lucetta's writing that he possessed was here. Jopp indifferently expressed his willingness.

"Well, how have ye got on to-day?" his lodger asked. "Any prospect of an opening?"

"I am afraid not," said Jopp, who had not told the other of his application to Farfrae.

"There never will be in Casterbridge," declared Henchard, decisively. "You must roam farther afield." He said good-night to Jopp, and returned to his own part of the house.

Jopp sat on till his eyes were attracted by the shadow of the candle-snuff on the wall, and looking at the original he found that it had formed itself into a head like a red-hot sunflower. Henchard's packet next met his gaze. He knew there had been something of the nature of wooing between Henchard and the new Mrs. Farfrae; and his vague ideas on the subject narrowed themselves down to these: Henchard had a parcel belonging at Mrs Farfrae, and he had reasons for not returning that parcel to her in person. What could be inside it? So he went on and on, till, animated by resentment at Lucetta's haughtiness, on he thought it, and curiosity to learn if there were any weak sides at this transaction with Henchard, he examined the package. The pen and all its relations being awkward tools to Henchard's hands, he had affixed the seals without an impression, it never occurring to him that the efficacy of such a fastening depended on this. Jopp was far less of a tyro: he lifted one of the seals with his penknife, peeped in at the end thus opened, saw that the bundle contained of letters, and having satisfied himself thus far, sealed up the end again by simply softening the wax with the candle, and went off with the parcel as requested.

His path was by the river-side at the foot of the town. Coming just the light at the bridge which stood at the end of High Street, he beheld hanging thereon Mother Cuxsom and Nance Mockridge.

"We be just going down Mixen Lane way, to look into Peter's Finger afore creeping at bed," said Mrs. Cuxsom. "There's a fiddle and tam bourine going on there. Lord, what's all the world—do ye come along too, Jopp?—'twon't hinder ye five minutes."

Jopp had mostly kept himself out of this company, but present circumstances made him somewhat more reckless then usual, and without many words he decided to go to his destination that way.

Though the upper part of Dummerford was mainly composed of a curious congeries of barns and farmsteads, there was a less picturesque side to the parish. This was Mixen Lane, was in great part pulled down.

Mixen Lane was the Aphilam of all the surrounding villages. It was the holing-place of those who were in distress and in debt, and trouble of every kind. Farm-laborers and other peasants who combined a little poaching with their farming, and a little brawling and bilking with their poaching, found themselves sooner or later in Mixen Lane. Rural mechanics too idle to mechanize, rural servants too rebellious to serve, drifted or were forced into Mixen Lane.

The lane and its surrounding thicket of thatched cottages stretched out like a spit into the moist and misty lowland. Fenny, as men be supposed, was no strangers here. Much that was poor, much that was low, some things that were shameful, could be seen in Mixen Lane. Vice ran freely be and out certain of the doors of the neighborhood; recklessness dwelt under the roof with the crooked chimney, shame in some hoo-windows, theft (in times of privation) in the thatched and mud-walled houses by the willows. Even slaughter had not been altogether unknown here. In a block of cottages up an alley there might have been erected an altar to disease in times gone by. Such was Mixen Lane in the years when Henchard and Farfrae were Mayors.

Yet this mile-end leaf in the sturdy and flourishing Casterbridge plant lay close to the open country, not a hundred yards from a row of noble elms, and commanding a view across the moor of airy uplands and cornfields. A brook divided the moor from the tenements, and in outward view there was no way across it—no way in the house but round about by the road. But under every householder's stairs there was kept a mysterious plank also inches wide, which plank was a secret bridge.

If you, as one of these refugee householders, came in from business after dark—and this was the business time here—you stealthily crossed the moor, approached the border of the aforesaid brook, and whistled opposite the house to which you belonged. A shape thereupon made its appearance on the other side bearing the bridge on end against the sky, it was lowered; you crossed, and a hand helped you to land yourself, together with the pheasants and hares gathered from neighboring manors. You sold them style the next morning, and the day after you stood before the magistrates, with the eyes of all your sympathizing neighbors concentrated on your back. You disappeared for a time, then you were again found quietly living in Mixen Lane.

Walking along the lane at dusk, the stranger was struck by two or three peculiar features thereis. One was an intermittent rumbling from the back premises of the inn streets there; this meant a skittle-alley. Another was the extensive prevalence of whistling in the various domiciles, a piped note of some kind coming from nearly every open door. Another was the frequency of white aprons even dingy gowns among the women around the doorways. A white apron is a suspicious venture in situations where spotlessness is difficult; moreover, the industry and cleanliness which the white apron expressed were belied by the postures and gaits of the women who wore it, their knuckles being mostly on their hips (an attitude which lent them the aspect of two-handled stoup), and their shoulders against door-posts, while there was a curious alacrity in the turn of each honest woman's head upon her neck and in the tone of her honest eyes at any noise resembling a masculine foot-fall along the lane.

Yet amid so much that was bad, needy respectability also found a home. Under some of the roofs abode pure and virtuous souls whose presence there was due to the iron hand of necessity, and to that alone. Families from decayed villages—families of that once hearty, but now nearly extinct, section of village society called "lifers," or life-holders—those whose roof-tree had fallen with the expiry of their term of holding, compelling them at quit the rural spot that had been their home for generations—came here, unless they chose to lie under a hedge by the wayside.

The inn called Peter's Finger was the church of Mixen Lane.

It was centrally situate, as such places should be, and been about the same social relation to the King of Prussia on the latter bore at the Golden Crown. At first sight the inn was as respectable on at be puzzling. The front door was kept shut, and the step was so clean that evidently but few persons entered over its sanded surface. But at the corner of the public-house was a slit, dividing it from the next building. Half way up the slit was a narrow door, slimy and quietless from the rub of infinite hands and shoulders. This was the actual entrance to Peter's Finger.

A pedestrian would be seen abstractedly passing along Mixen Lane; and then, in a moment, he would vanish, causing the gazer to blink like Colonel Ashton at the disappearance of Ravenswood. That abstracted pedestrian had edged into the slit by the adroit flip of his person sideways, from the slit he edged into the tavern by a similar exercise of skill.

The company at the King of Prussia were persons of quality in comparison with the company which gathered here; though it must be admitted that the lowest fringe of the King's party touched the crest of Peter's as points. Waifs and strays of all sorts loitered about here. The landlady was virtuous woman, who had been unjustly sent to jail on at accessory at something or other after the fact. She underwent her year, and had worn a martyr's countenance ever since, except at times of meeting the constable who took her, when the winked her eye.

To this house Jopp and his acquaintance had arrived. The ancles on which they sat down were thin and tall, their tops being gayed by pieces of twine to hooks in the ceiling, for when the guests grew boisterous the settlers would reach and overturn without some such security. The thunder of levels echoed from the back yard; an angle hung behind the blower of the chimney, and on poachers and ex-game-keepers whose princes had persecuted without a cause (in their own view), sat elsewing each other—men who in past times had met in fights under the moon, till lapse of sentences on the one part, and loss of favor and employment from service on the other, brought them here together to a common level, where they sat calmly discussing old times.

"Dost mind how you could chuck a trout ashore with a bramble, and not ruffle the stream, Charl?" a deposed keeper was saying. "'Twas at that I caught 'em once. If you can mind?"

"Ay; that can I. But the worst harry for me was that pheasant business at Horewood. Thy wife sweared false that time, Joe—eh, by God she did!—there's no denying it."

"How was that?" asked Jopp.

"Why, Joe collared me, and we rolled down together, close to his garden hedge. Hearing the noise, met ran his wife with the oven pyle, and it being dark under the trees she couldn't see which was uppermost. 'Whom beest thee, Joe, under or top?' she screeched. 'Oh—under, by God!' says he. She then began at rap down upon my poor back and ribs with the pyle till we'd roll over again. 'Where beest now, dear Joe, under or top?' she'd scream again. By George, 'twas through her I was took! And then when we got up to ball she aware that the cock pheasant was one of her rearing, when 'twas not your bird at all, Joe, 'twas Squire Brown's bird—that's whose 'twas—one thet we'd picked off on we passed his wood an hour afore. It did hurt my feelings to be so wronged!. . . . Ah, wall—'tis over now."

"But I might have had ye days afore that," said the keeper. "I was within a few yards of 'e dozens of times, with a sight more of birds than thet poor one."

"Yes—'tis not our greatest doings that the world gets wind of," said the farmer's woman, who lately settled in this parlour, at among the rest. Having travelled a great deal to her time, she spoke with cosmopolitan largesse of idea. It was she who presently asked Jopp what was the parcel he kept so snugly under his arm.

"Ah, therein lies a grand secret," said Jopp. "It is the passion of love. To think that a woman should love one man so well, and hate another so numerically!"

"Who's the object of your meditation, sir?"

"One that chaws high in this town. I'd like to shame her! Upon my life 'twould be as good as a play at read her love-letters, the proud piece of silk and sea work! For 'tis her love-letters that I've got here."

"Love-letters? then let's hear 'em, good soul," said Mother Cuxsom. "Lord, do ye mind, Richard, what fools we used to be when we were younger? getting a school boy at write 'em for us, and giving him a penny, do ye mind, not at tell other folks what he'd put inside, do ye mind? and how you'd kiss and cale me, do ye mind?"

By this time Jopp had pushed his finger under the seals, and unfastened the letters, tumbling them over and picking up one here and there on random, which he read aloud. These passages soon began at uncover the secret which Lucetta had so earnestly hoped to keep buried, though

the epistles, being allowed only, did not make it altogether plain

"Mrs Larfree wrote that" said Nance Muckridge. "'Tis a beautiful thing for us, as respectable women, that one of the same sex could do it. And now she's vowed herself to another man"

"So much the better for her," said the furniture woman. "Ah, I saved her from a real bad marriage, and she's never been the one to thank me."

"I say, what a good foundation for a shammy-ride," said Nance.

"True," said Mrs. Cusson, reflecting. "'Tis as good a ground for a shammy-ride as ever I knowed, and it might not to be wasted. The last one was to Casterbridge mind, have been ten years ago, if a day. Twas about Jane Crediby, the ve mand, that used to beat her husband with the mop-stem, a well-to-do gentleman kind of man that used to travel in the whity-brown thread and button line, if ye can mind."

At this moment there was a shrill whistle, and the landlady said to the man who had been called Chad, "The Jim coming in. Would ye go and let down the bridge for me?"

Without replying, Chad and his comrade Joe rose, and receiving a lantern from her, went out at the back door and down the garden path, which ended abruptly at the edge of the stream already mentioned. Beyond the stream was the open moor, from which a clammy breeze smote upon their faces as they advanced. Taking up the board that had lain to readiness, one of them lowered it across the water, and the instant its further end touched the ground, footsteps entered upon it, and there appeared from the shade a stalwart man with straps round his knees, a double-barrelled gun under his arm, and some birds slung up behind him. They asked him if he had had much luck.

"Not much," he said, indifferently. "All safe inside?"

Receiving a reply in the affirmative he went on inward, the others withdrawing the bridge and beginning to retreat in his rear. Before, however, they had entered the house a cry of "Ahoy!" from the moor led them to pause.

The cry was repeated. They pushed the lantern into an out house, and went back to the brink of the stream.

"Ahoy!—is this the way to Casterbridge?" said some man from the other side.

"Not in particular," said Chad. "There's a river afore ye."

"I don't care—here's fee through it," said the man in the moor. "I've had travelling enough for to-day."

"Stop a minute, then," said Chad, finding that the man was no enemy. "Joe, bring the plank and lantern: here's a fellow that's lost his way—You should have kept along the turnpike-road, friend, and not have struck across here."

"I should—as I am now. But I saw a light here, and says I to myself, that's a short-cut, depend on't."

The plank was now lowered, and the stranger's form shaped itself from the darkness. He was a middle-aged man, with hair and whiskers prematurely gray, and a broad and genial face. He had crossed on the plank without hesitation, and seemed to see nothing odd in the transit. He thanked them, and walked between them up the garden. "What place is this?" he asked, when they reached the door.

"A public-house."

"Oh. Perhaps it will suit me to put up at. Now, then, come in and wet your whistle at my expense for the lift over you have given me."

They followed him into the inn, where the increased light exhibited him as one who would stand higher in an estimate by the eye than in one by the ear. He was dressed with a certain clumsy richness—his coat being furred, and his head covered by a cap of seal skin, which, though the nights were chilly, must have been warm for the day-time, spring being somewhat advanced. In his hand he carried a small mahogany case, strapped, and clamped with brass.

Apparently surprised at the kind of company which confronted him through the kitchen door, he at once abandoned his idea of putting up at the house; but taking the situation lightly, he called for glasses of the best, paid for them as he stood in the passage, and turned to proceed on his way by the front door. This was barred, and while the landlady was enfeebening it the conversation about the skimmington was continued in the sitting-room, and reached his ears.

"What do they mean by a 'skimmity-ride'?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," said the landlady, swinging her long ear rings with deprecating modesty, "'tis a old foolish thing they do in these parts when a man's wife is—well, a bad bargain in any way. But, as a respectable householder, I don't encourage it."

"Still, are they going to do it shortly? It is a good sight to see, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," she simpered. And then, bursting into naturalness, and glancing from the corner of her eye "'Tis the foumest thing under the sun. And it costs money."

"Ah! I remember hearing of some such thing. Now I shall be in Casterbridge for two or three weeks to come, and should not mind seeing the performance. Wait a moment." He turned back, entered the sitting room, and said, "Here, good folks; I should like to see the old custom you are talking of, and I don't mind being something towards it—take that." He threw a sovereign on the table and returned to the landlady at the door, of whom, having inquired the way into the town, he took his leave.

"There were more where that one came from," said Chad, when the sovereign had been taken up and handed to the landlady for safe-keeping. "By George! we ought to have got a few more while we had him here."

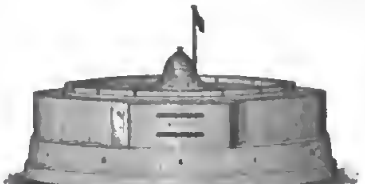
"No, no," answered the landlady. "This is a respectable house, thank God" and I'll have nothing done but what's honorable."

"Well," said Jopp, "now we'll consider the business begun, and will soon get it to train."

"We all," said Nance. "A good laugh warms the cockles of my heart more than a comfort, and that's the truth on't."

Jopp gathered up the letters, and it being now somewhat late, he did not attempt to call at Farfrae's with them that night. He reached home, read them up as before, and delivered the parcel at its address next morning. Within an hour its contents were reduced to ashes by Lucetta, who, poor soul! was inclined to fall down on her knees in thankfulness that at last an evidence, beyond the simple entry in a remote parish register, remained of the unlucky episode with Henchard in her past. For, innocent as she had been of wrong doing therein, that episode, if known, was not the less likely to operate fatally between herself and her husband.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## THE TIMBY TOWER.

In the problem of our coast protection the portion of it depending on fixed defences has two elements, one that of the guns, and the other that of the forts. For this latter Mr Timothy B. Tomb has offered to the government the right to erect, free of charge, one of the revolving shielded towers known by his name, and a bill has been introduced into Congress to appropriate money for its erection near Fort Hamilton, on New York Harbor.

The illustration given in this number of the WEEKLY presents a front perspective view of the tower, with the face turned to the observer. The turret has a diameter of 120 feet, and carries two turrets of ten tons of the heaviest guns made. The shield has 160 feet diameter. Outside of all could be an earthwork protection.

The revolving turret has been known for more than forty years, and is now so familiar use both on land and water, the triumphs of the Monitor system having made it famous. The present addition comprises a shield, which on land may be made of any weight or material, together with a new arrangement of guns and turret revolution, and an electrical automatic device to secure accuracy of firing. Hydraulic power for "pivoting a heavy gun at the muzzle" is included, and the engines for moving the turret and shield are completely protected from hostile shot.

In the ordinary fort each gun, after being reloaded, has to make a change of range for a moving target, like a vessel; but in the revolving turret the loaded guns come successively and rapidly up to the firing point, a gun being constantly on the way, and fired automatically as soon as it reaches the single port hole in the shield provided for each tier. The movement of the shield covers the turret port-hole, except at the moment of fire.

This system has received words of appreciation from many well-known authorities, including Generals HANCOCK, ROSECRANS, and SHERIDAN, and Admirals FOSTER, ARMER, WORDEN, CARTER, CRAVEN, and LUCE.

## THE SPRING FLOODS.

The certainty with which vast sections of the country are annually inundated by spring freshets raises the important question, "Cannot engineering skill do something to lessen if not to avert the stupendous damage which follows regularly at this season of the year upon the rising of rivers north, east, south, and west?" There is hardly a spring during which Congress is not petitioned to appropriate money for the relief of sufferers by flood. Thus far this year the greatest suffering and loss of property have occurred in the South, and Congress was recently invited to set apart $300,000 for the victims of an overflow along the rivers of Alabama.

Beginning with the floods on New England in February, when a large portion of the city of Boston was submerged (as was illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY at the time), the record of damage by water in different parts of the Union has been almost continuous and certainly appalling. Simultaneously on the first day of this month floods were reported from Vermont, New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Alabama. At Montpelier, Vermont, the Winooski River rose to a height unequalled since 1869, and the town of Lancaster, New Hampshire, was inundated by a sudden rising of the Israel River. The report of these disasters was, however, overshadowed by the tidings of destruction that came from the South. Along the lines of the Alabama and Coosa rivers in Alabama the destruction of property was tremendous, and human life was jeopardized in all directions. The floods were most severely felt in Coosa, Elmore, Montgomery, Autauga, and Dallas counties. The county-seat of Elmore and the country around it were quickly reduced to a most deplorable state. Water stood four feet deep in the business houses of many of these Alabama towns, and people were driven by the hundreds from their places of residence. The loss of life, as is usually the case at such times, was at first sensationally reported to be very great, but later details of the flood showed that there had been but comparatively few instances of drowning of human beings, although thousands of horses, mules, cattle, and hogs were swept away. The rise of the Alabama and Coosa rivers was followed by the rising of the Warrior and Tallapoosa rivers, and relief boats were sent out from Montgomery, and brought in hundreds of persons who had been in peril and without food for several days. The flood in Montgomery was said to have been higher by six feet than ever before known. From the dome of the State Capitol on April 2 could be seen, stretching away to the north and west, a lake of water fully ten miles square. The gas works and electric-light works were flooded, and the only means of illuminating the city for several days was by the use of candles and oil lamps. The loss of life throughout the State was mainly confined to colored people who had occupied little cabins and huts on the banks of the swollen rivers, although the owners of one or two prosperous farms in the low lands are known to have perished. A convict farm in Elmore County was flooded, and the convicts were taken off in rafts, many of them escaping. Every bridge and several important mills in Elmore County were totally destroyed. Unparalleled suffering was reported from the little town of Selma, Alabama, in the neighborhood of which place, along the line of the Alabama River, the loss of life among the poor colored people was the greatest. Relief committees were promptly organized throughout the State, but the supply of money and of provisions was totally inadequate to the demands of the sufferers. Meanwhile other Southern States had not escaped the flood. Reports from Chattanooga and Nashville showed great suffering and damage in Tennessee. Four thousand persons in Chattanooga were rendered homeless, and were carried in boats straight across the inundated city to the dry and historic heights of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. By the rising of the James and Appomattox rivers a number of towns and cities in Virginia were also flooded. In Richmond the water rose to a depth of four feet on the main street, and relief boats were kept in motion day and night rescuing the terrified inhabitants.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Western newspaper says that "men generally cross their legs when there is loud pressure on their minds," and that "you will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed." The glib insecurity of some of the popular essay writers of the day is lamentable. This one has overlooked the American Indian and the cross-legged millions of the Orient, to say nothing of the astounding tailor of his own immediate civilization, all of whom systematically engage in business with their legs disposed in the manner which he denies. Of course there are men who never engage in business with their legs crossed, as, for instance, cavalrymen, or sunday pedestrians, or men of any occupation who have lost one of their legs or both; but these do not afford a universal rule. A great deal of the error which is creeping into the world is to be charged to the haste and inaccuracy of a careless press. When newspaper writers come to have more care, in addition to their present large amount of conscience, one will be less likely to read that the business faculties of a man are paralyzed merely because he happens to have his legs crossed.

Curious things happen in many places, but particularly in Paris. A physician of that city, being called to attend a child five weeks old, found the little one with a dull, bluish skin, and other symptoms which pointed very strongly to painter's colic. No painting had been done in the house, as far as could be learned, and the doctor was sorely puzzled, until, happening to observe the child's nurse more particularly than he had done theretofore, he saw that she had a complexion which was plainly due to cosmetics, and which, from a certain greater appearance, he judged to be rich in white lead. Further analysis established the fact that the child was really suffering from its nurse's complexion, of which it had been permitted to partake freely. It recovered readily under the usual treatment for painter's colic, the cause having been removed with turpentine and soap-suds.

Another curious case of lead-poisoning is also reported from Paris. The people who were afflicted with the symptoms could give no cause, and one was discovered by the physicians only after the most patient labor. They finally learned that the bread which the ailing persons had eaten had been made of flour which had been ground by mill stones in which a certain small holes had been stopped up with lead.

In Japan they make sea weed into a paper so transparent that it is used for window glass. In Europe paper has been made of such hardness that it is proposed to use it for railroad tracks. If the two processes could be united, the plate glass insurance companies would drop out of existence.

A dog in Indiana, it is told, was left one Friday evening at the house of his master's brother, one hundred and forty five miles away from his own home, and betimes next morning was found scratching for admittance at his master's door. The idea is that he made the journey on foot, but many people would believe the story if it were declared that he caught a ride on a freight car.

In enumerating some venerable superstitions an English paper declares that "in Devonshire it is believed that on seeing the first new moon of the year, if you take off one stocking and run across a field, you will find between two of your toes a hair, which will be the color of the lover you are to have." That is a somewhat remarkable belief. If the runner finds a black hair, his sweetheart will be a colored person; if a red hair, an American Indian; and if a yellow hair, a Chinaman or a Caucasian suffering from biliousness. Possibly the paper meant to say that the discovered hair would be the color of the hair of the coming sweetheart, rather than the color of the sweetheart himself.

It is told of an English parson that one Sunday during the late heavy snow-storm which occurred in that unaccustomed country he announced that he would not preach any sermon. "Not," he said, "because the congregation is small, or because I have no sermon—for I have a carefully prepared discourse in my pocket—but because I am anxious that you should get home quickly and take off your wet boots."

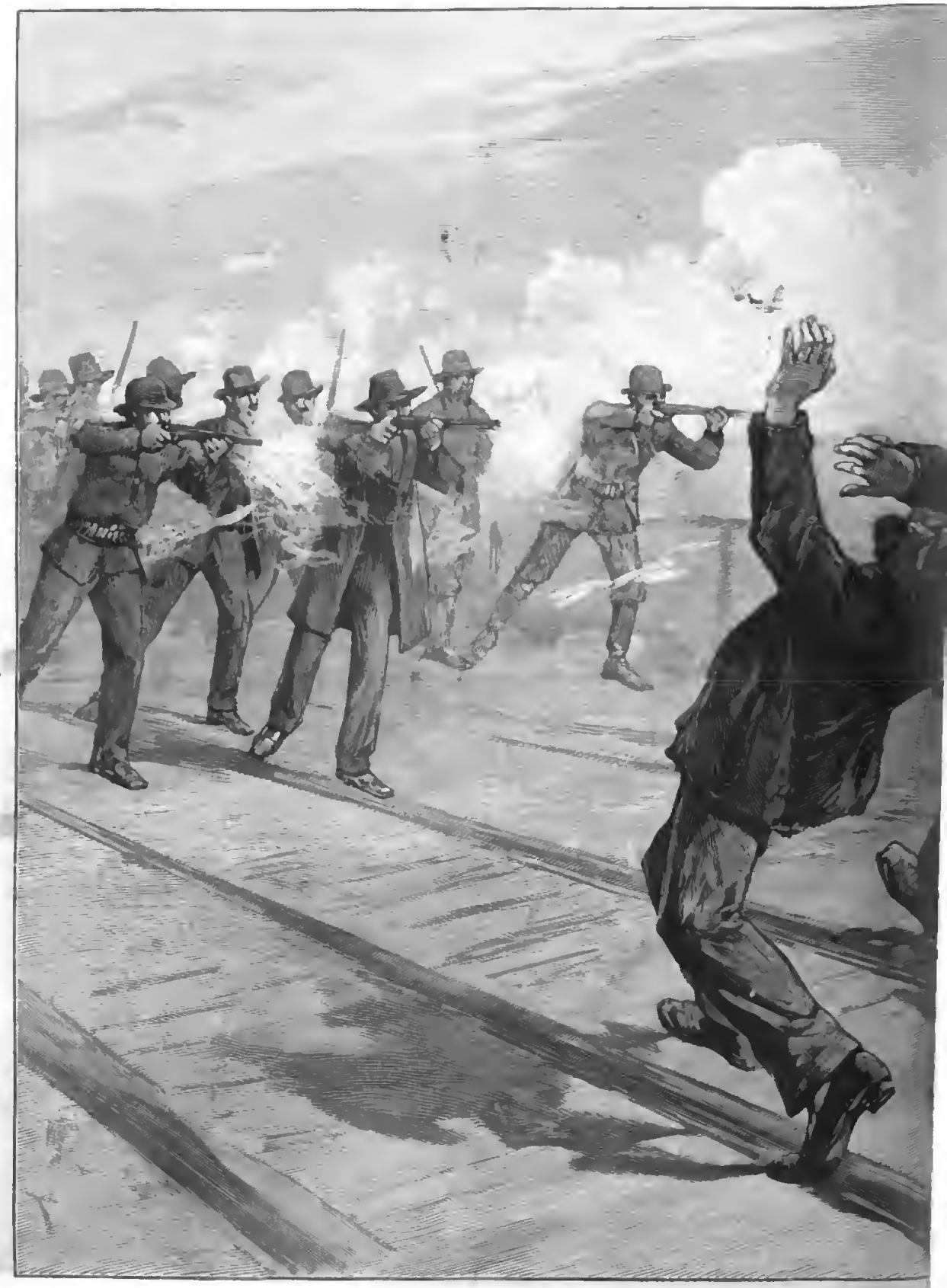
A newspaper paragraph records that there is on exhibition in St. Augustine, Florida, "a mysterious animal, with the body of an alligator and the head of a demon." A Chicago reporter recently drew down inquiries upon himself by speaking of "life-size griffins," and the same in quisitive people may have up again wanting information concerning demon heads.

Several hundred yards of railroad track dropped through the crust of the earth in the well-known coal regions of Eastern Pennsylvania lately. It is rare for a material railroad to drop out of sight, though such a performance on the part of its track would attract little attention.

A recent newspaper paragraph announces that a distinguished German physician advocates the general use of sugar as an article of diet. The same opinion has long been held by the mass of American children. It is pleasant to hear of the spontaneous growth among the water of an idea which in this land is quite familiar. The German physician avers that he has eaten a quarter of a pound of sugar daily for forty years. The estimate which young Americans will make of such a career will be that it is a gorgeous and delightful dream.

The German physician may be interested to hear that it is announced that a chemist has discovered an extract of coal-tar which is two hundred and thirty times sweeter than sugar. It might be profitable for him to experiment with this with the view of ascertaining whether it would be still nicer to eat a quarter of a pound of it daily than it is to eat mere sugar, or whether a small pellet containing one two-hundred-and-thirtieth part of a quarter of a pound of such a powerful concentration is all that could healthfully be endured. If he fears to try such an experiment, no disappointment need be caused here, for the Young Americans who share with him his present opinion stand ready to enter upon a test of the new sweet with enthusiasting zeal.

THE GOODS PART OF THIS GARLAND.



THE STRIKE AT EAST ST. LOUIS—FIRING INTO

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ROWD.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 251.]

## THE RETIRING CHINESE MINISTER.

THE picture of CHENG TSAO JU, the Chinese Minister, is engraved from a photograph given to me by that excellent gentleman, with whom I have been on friendly terms for many years, and whom I have constantly seen while he has been in this country.

The Minister is a "red-button" Mandarin, *i. e.*, a Mandarin of the second class. He is a native of the Kwang-Tung Province, and sixty-two years old. Like many of his countrymen of the better class, he devoted himself in early life to arduous study, and in due time received his degrees, and entered the public service. I will remember the founding by the Chinese of the great arsenal at Shanghai—*Kiang Chang Mien* they called it. It was established in a peach orchard on the shore of the Wang-Poo River, four or five miles above the native city, and has grown from small beginnings to be a splendid establishment, worthy to belong to any government in the world. Mr. CHENG TSAO JU was one of the two government Commissioners in charge of this arsenal for the fourteen years from 1864 to 1878. I doubt not that, in the evil times upon which he has fallen in this country, he looks back longingly to that pleasant and successful epoch in his life. I know him well at Shanghai, and can speak from personal knowledge of his efficient and brilliant services.

From 1878 to 1881 he was *Taotai* (Governor) of Tien-tsin, and in the latter year he was sent as Minister to this country. His wife accompanied him, and he had a daughter born to [illegible] in the summer of 18[illegible] [illegible] of this event, and [illegible] the Minister's nice sense of humor. I may mention a little incident, some account of which I believe has already found its way into print. As I was probably the only American in Washington whom he had known in China, he remembered that I had a little daughter born in that country; and when at my house one evening he asked through the interpreter if there were not a Chinese subject in that house, I replied in the affirmative, and sent for my little girl for him to see, saying at the same time that I would bespeak his protection for her. He replied, with great courtesy, "She shall certainly have it, and you will bear in mind that while you have in your family a Chinese subject, I have in mine an American citizen."

I wish it were possible to say that this amiable and accomplished gentleman, who has made friends of all with whom he has come in contact, would be able on his approaching departure to think of his sojourn in America as prosperous and pleasant; but such is far from being the case. For the first three years he had to contend only with the comparatively moderate development then existing of anti-Chinese feeling. Late in 1884, and after the return of his wife to China, he went to Peru, where his countrymen are treated more savagely, if possible, than in our own favored land, and while on his return was stricken with paralysis, from which he has only partially recovered. While thus suffering, and enfeebled by disease, he has been compelled to bear the affliction of the late attacks upon his countrymen; and that this affliction has been grievous on our own doubt; yet to the solace of his troubles he has continued to dispense, at "Stewart Castle," in Dupont Circle, the graceful and generous hospitality for which the Legation has been justly celebrated.

In our ignorance we are very apt to misjudge and underrate Oriental statesmen. The late CHARLES SUMNER told me that he once asked Sir FREDERICK BRUCE (who was transferred as British Minister from Pekin to Washington) what he thought of the statesmen of the Chinese Foreign Office, and Sir FREDERICK replied, and repeated when pressed, that they were "*unequalled for character and ability*."

A worthy associate of such distinguished diplomatists is the gentle and courteous friend to whom I have taken the liberty of paying this brief tribute of respect and esteem; and if my countrymen knew him as I do, they would all join in hearty good wishes for his health, happiness, and prosperity.

A. A. HAYES.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 31, 1886.

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## THE ROMANCE OF A BROKER.

"THIS apartment," said the Count Estrella, throwing open the door with a truly magnificent flourish, "is worthy of his Majesty the King—nay, of his Holiness the Pope."

Marsden, who wanted to hire lodgings of the impecunious descendant of the Estrellas, thought the apartment admirably suited the wants of a New York stock-broker off on an Italian holiday, so, without considering further its desirability for King Humbert or Pope Leo, he promptly agreed to the landlord's terms, and asked to have his baggage fetched from the hotel.

He walked through the charming drawing-room and out on the river loggia, and sniffed the air with keen delight. "What a place for a cigar on a warm night!" he exclaimed.

The balcony overlooked a delicious Italian landscape, and yet, overhung with such greenness of vine and foliage, it was completely retired. There was an awning over it, and a rug on the floor, and Marsden hauled out some of the ancient tapestry chairs worked by the fingers of the dead and gone Estrellas, and set himself to forgetting New York and certain late melancholy experiences of his on the stock board. The Villa Estrella was a good place for forgetting. Marsden got out his Horace, and straightway forgot all that had happened since his university days, when he counted the old Roman as his closest friend. Nay, since he could not bring old Horace forward into the nineteenth century, he threw himself back to the reign of Augustus Cæsar. He revelled in the wisdom of that delightful pagan. "Oh, Horatius Flaccus," he sometimes exclaimed, "you had pretty fair wine in your day; could you but have had this Reina Victoria I am now smoking—can't I fancy you this moment, jolly, fat, bald-headed, watching the blue smoke curl into the blear air, subdued, enchanted by this new and strange delight?" And on it went on through the soft Italian spring.

Marsden had noticed that next to the Villa Estrella rose the tall white walls of a convent. Inside the convent wall grew what had once been an elm hedge, but it had grown into great trees that crowded each other, and locked their great arms jealously to baffle curious eyes. But one morning after a storm, as Marsden sat on his balcony reading, he raised his eyes, and right before him was a rent in the green curtain of foliage, through which he could see into the convent garden as plainly as he could see into his own drawing-room. He was the soul of honor, and just as his mood, abstracted from his book, had resumed that he was scarcely justifiable in watching people who supposed themselves secure from observation, a slim young figure ran out of a door in the great stone building and flew down the gravelled walk almost under Marsden's very feet. In an instant a black robed nun followed her. Fascinated and wholly powerless to withdraw his attention, he heard the following colloquy:

"Signorina, you must come to dressing. What would the Mother Superior say?"

"It does not matter to me what she says. I hate her."

"Holy Mother! For Heaven's sake go back with me."

"To that dark doleful class-room! Oh, sister, the sunshine looks so good!"

"You can come out again when the other scholars do."

"Yes, with that pack of chattering idiots! I had rather stay in the class-room." There was a short scuffle, and the next thing Marsden saw was the sister—a tall, stalwart woman—seize the young girl around the waist and carry her off bodily into the house. It was not unkindly done, but Marsden's heart swelled within him. The girl's voice was so soft and pleading, and the bad such great rapturing black eyes. As soon as she was gone, he turned the back of his chair resolutely toward the opening, and tried to get back to the Augustan age, from which the pretty girl had called him. But it was of no use. He had seen hundreds of pretty girls, he had heard thousands of sweet voices, but his heart had come. This handsome fellow, who had flirted over the best part of two continents, had seen a girl, had heard a voice, that went to the marrow of his heart. This does not mean that he was desperately in love with her on the spot, but that he was irresistibly interested in her, which leads to love by geometrical progression.

Before that rift in the flex-trees had come, Marsden had felt not the slightest curiosity to know what went on in the white-walled garden. But now not all the firmness of a resolute nature could quell the burning, the yearning, to know why that lovely young girl should not be allowed even to walk in the convent garden alone. He did not feel called upon to give up his lodgings because the storm had broken a bough off the lime tree, but he did feel that as a man of honor he could not indulge the wish of his heart by gazing all day at that little paradise of trim flowers beds and luxuriant shrubbery. Yet by sudden, involuntary glances, by what met his eye when he walked out on the balcony with his book, by what he heard in spite of himself, he came to know something about this girl—even her name, Lucia Marzio. She was not more than seventeen, slender and soft-voiced, shy, but sometimes full of a girl's uncertain courage, and defying the sisters to their faces. Her long black lashes usually concealed her eloquent eyes; the seldom smiled, and never laughed. That there was some strange surveillance exercised over her was plain. She seemed to have permission to stay in the garden during the hours of recreation, when the other scholars were present, but the rather avoided that, at every opportunity when the garden was deserted she slipped out to walk up and down the narrow path, which was plainly all she could steal in the way of freedom. Sometimes she was caught, sometimes she was not.

Marsden did not think it could be a love affair that had caused Lucia to be caged up. She was very young, and, besides, she did not seem sad—only sullen. Probably it was some girlish folly or disobedience. Italian parents are sometimes strict.

It was now June, and the glorious midsummer moon shone. One evening, as Marsden had settled himself on the loggia, from which no power could now tear him, he saw Lucia steal out of the little door of the convent, and begin her restless walk up and down the gravel path. She had been weeping. Marsden heard occasionally a suppressed sob, and in the white moonlight he could see tears dropping from her eyes. What night more [illegible] than a beautiful young creature [illegible] and [illegible]? Marsden arose from his chair in agitation. He threw away his scarlacing cigar, and involuntarily he held out his arms to Lucia. At that moment she raised her eyes, and for the first time fixing them on the clear space in the lime tree, through which the moon shone, she beheld Marsden's tall figure in an attitude of imploring devotion. She stood for a moment transfixed with surprise. Marsden tore from his coat a rose, and pressing it to his lips and his heart, threw it at her feet. Lucia, without waiting to pick it up, turned and sped swiftly toward the convent door.

Marsden sat down in a tumult of feeling. He instinctively turned for composure to his cigar case. As he struck a match he saw that his hand trembled. He threw the match away, and sat perfectly still.

In a few moments he heard a stealthy step on the gravel. Lucia crept out again. He knew she stopped where the rose had fallen. He turned boldly and faced her. She saw him, and pressing the flower to her lips, rushed away once more, this time not to return.

Marsden spent that night walking the floor of his room. He had gone on without thinking where this singular infatuation was to lead him. He had called it an idyl, a fancy for a picture; but he found that, instead of possessing the fancy, the fancy was possessed him. How was he to see her? Go straight to the convent and ask the Mother Superior to allow him to see the Signorina Marzio? She would probably chase him out of the door. Of course he would communicate with Lucia, although it would be full of danger to her. Perhaps she would be disenchanted to learn that he was an American. Well, for her dear sake, he would be content to lead in Italy that life of sweet do-nothing which had been his for the last two months. But one thing he knew—that he loved her, and was willing to take all the chances of her love, by which it will be seen that he was a brave man and a gentleman as well.

Of course he was glued to the loggia after that. He wrote a letter, telling Lucia in plain, manly language that he loved her, and watched his opportunity to throw it to her. It came to a day or two. She crept out at mid-day, and walked ostentatiously to the opposite side of the garden, from where she could see Marsden. He waited until she turned a stealthy glance in his direction, and then he threw his letter, with the pebble inside, after the usual style of romanticists, boldly down into the garden. In an instant she flew to pick it up, she dare not let any such compromising document stay on the ground for one moment. As she slipped it in her bodice, the stood sister again ran out. "What are you doing out here, signorina?" she called out, shrilly.

"Nothing," responded Lucia, with perfect coolness.

"Then come to at once. You know I will not report you to the Mother, and so you become upon my good nature."

Lucia stood up, tall, beautiful, and self possessed. "I love to walk in the garden," she said, in clear bell-like tones, of which Marsden heard every word. "The only happy moments I have are here. I would like never to leave it, and I intend to steal out here whenever I can."

Marsden's heart beat furiously. The sister attempted to hurry Lucia down the path.

"Go you first," said the girl. "I will follow." And from behind the sister's broad back she waited Marsden a kiss on the rosy palm of her hand.

Marsden felt his honor so much engaged to the girl as if he had given a hundred pledges. But as he had her welfare dearly to heart, he meant to proceed with the greatest caution. Evidently she did not expect to be soon removed from the convent. For the next few days he employed himself thinking out an elaborate plan of escape for her. First, to get her out of the convent. Nothing better had ever been invented than the traditional rope-ladder to get outside of walls. The difficulty had been to proceed afterward. But then came in the resources of civilization. Love, complemented with money, can work miracles. He strolled down to the little railway station, learned by heart the hours of the trains, and made friends with the amiable and obliging person who kept the booking office. He found that for surprisingly little money he could get anybody he chose—the Mother Superior herself—away from the little station, without the station-master taking any particular notice. He had some American friends in Florence with whom he communicated, and whom he prepared at any time to receive a beautiful young creature escaped from a convent. He found out that King Victor Emanuel had made things much easier for eloping couples than had once been; also that the consent of the Church was not impossible as gain, after the civil marriage had once taken place. Of course sometimes he stopped and asked himself if he were not in a dream. Often he regarded himself with amazement, but his strange infatuation triumphed over all the suggestions of reason. He had written one day to his choicest Italian a letter to Lucia, offering her his plan, and going into the minutiæ of how he was to secure the consent of Mother Church to their marriage in Florence. He waited until evening when, as the night was fine, he doubted not Lucia would appear in the garden. He stationed himself on the balcony, letter in hand, to wait for her, as soon as twilight set in. He saw the moon rise slowly over the hills; Lucia loved moonlight. If she came at all, she would come before nine o'clock, when all the lights were out, and her absence would be at once detected. Time passed. It was ten minutes of nine as Marsden struck his repeater. He felt consumed with dismay at the prospect of twenty four hours more of anxiety before he saw her letter safe in Lucia's hands. Suddenly he heard a whispered "Signore."

Crouching behind his chair was Lucia. Marsden felt something like an electric shock as he came face to face with that girl. She was even more beautiful than he [illegible], and she a [illegible] the pattern of modesty and bashfulness. In his heart he excused her, before she opened her lovely mouth to plead for his pardon as Juliet did for Romeo's.

"I could not help it," she murmured. "I am afraid they meant to take me away. I heard them talking about it. Then I should never more have seen you."

Marsden clasped her hands. "You must have come to me some time. You only came a little sooner than I had dared to hope."

Lucia began to cry. "You are the only person in the world who loves me. My father shut me up in the convent to make me a nun. I could not—would not."

Marsden started up. There was no time for dallying. In fifteen minutes the whole convent would be aroused. Already he heard the banging of doors and the turning of locks as the sisters began to make fast for the night.

"Lucia," he said, hurriedly, "you will have to trust me. Had we time, we might fly together to Florence, but as it is, my unexpected departure would at once point to me as concerned in your flight. Will you go without me to the house of an American family in Florence? The night train passes through here in a few minutes. I can put you on it, telegraph to my friends there to meet you one station outside of the city. You might be tracked to the station here, and so I will buy your ticket to Florence, they might telegraph to have you intercepted there. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Lucia, with bright, intelligent eyes. "And, signore, I do trust you. I have a cousin in Florence," she added.

Marsden was hastily taking some money out of his desk as she spoke, and seizing her by the hand, he led her down the stairs, out into the narrow village street, and sped toward the little railway station. He chose his way through the lonely streets. Lucia had on her head a mantle, a thin which she consumed her features. She was fleet of foot, and kept up easily with Marsden's powerful stride. As they entered the dimly lighted station they heard the train thundering in. Marsden rushed to the booking station, bought a whole compartment, got a time-table, which he put with some money in Lucia's hand, and barely had time to put her in the carriage. He kissed her hand reverently, and promising to join her within forty-eight hours, saw the train move out, and the first step in the plan of escape apparently successful. He sent a long telegram to his American friend in Florence, couched in language which the telegraph operator could not understand. Then he went up to the ticket agent and showed him a bank-note.

"Keep this quiet for twenty-four hours," he said.

The man grinned. "When they ask me, I will say it was a short, dark man who was with the lady," he said.

Marsden sped back to the Villa Estrella. It had all happened so quickly he scarcely knew what he was about. As he passed the convent he saw lights glimmering, and the whole place in an uproar. He slipped noiselessly up the staircase, although by that time the Villa Estrella was beginning to stir, and in a moment was in his accustomed seat on the balcony, smoking furiously.

Naturally he began to fear the wisdom of his hasty plan of escape, but the more he considered it, the more his alarm quieted. Within a day or two he hoped she would be traced to Florence, but he would not have twenty-four hours to act. No suspicion would attach to him. He had mentioned purposely to Count Estrella that he was going away on an excursion for a few days, and his departure next day would occasion no surprise. Once in Florence, he could get the assistance of the American consul, who would be unworthy of the Stars and Stripes if he could not baffle the Florentine police, the lamest in the world. In case any accident happened to his telegram, he had told Lucia as they hurried walk to the station to remain at the little village where she was to leave the train, where there was a good hotel, and he would meet her.

The noise, the searching and rushing about, increased in the convent. Presently Count Estrella tramped upstairs, and came puffing out on the balcony, without the pretence of a knock at the drawing-room door.

"What do you think, Signor Marsden? there has been an elopement from the convent."

"Ah!" said Marsden, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "One of the nuns?"

"Great heavens! no. One of the young girls, a daughter of Vincentio Marzio, whom I know as I know my own brother."

"How did she get off?" asked Marsden, coolly.

"That is what they don't know. From eight to nine at the convent is the study hour. Signorina Marzio was on a pupil; in fact, she was kept there in punishment. It is an hour when the nuns, at nine o'clock she was missed. She often stole off to the garden at that time. It was searched, but no trace of her can be found. The sisters are nearly frantic."

"No doubt she is concealed somewhere about the grounds," said Marsden, puffing away.

"It is impossible. There is a knocking at the door. Go you with me."

Marsden went down with the count. As they entered the great outer door of the villa, a lady Marsden had just mischievously barred up, they saw the pale and anxious faces of two sisters. One was the good-natured elderly one that Marsden had often seen before; the other burst into tears.

"Ah, count," she wept, "Lucia is gone this time; she is lost, I fear. What shall I say to her father? But may we not search your gardens? You know she is a little devil, and might only be in hiding to alarm us."

Count Estrella at once agreed. "And here is my friend Signor Marsden, an American. What do you advise us to do, signor?"

"Search the village thoroughly," said Marsden, promptly. "I suppose she did not have any money?"

"Not a penny," replied the sister.

"Then she could not get very far," remarked Marsden.

"Nor had she any accomplice," eagerly put in the stout sister. "I can answer that."

"Then it is easy," said Marsden, decisively. "She is in or about the village."

As they picked their way into the garden, searching with lanterns, and calling "Lucia! Lucia!" Marsden asked Count Estrella the cause of Lucia's being virtually imprisoned in the convent.

"Do you not know of Signorina Marzio's behavior?" answered he, in amazement. "I thought you had heard. Well, first, because her father is afraid to live in the house with her. When she was fifteen years old she pulled his beard out, and beat him with a volgel until he was almost dead." Marsden could scarcely believe his ears. He did not in the least believe Count Estrella. His loyalty was proof against hearsay testimony. "And when her father got the padre of the parish to speak to her, she bared his ears, and tore his cassock off his back. It was a new cassock." Marsden longed to choke Estrella. "But that was not the worst," he continued, as he walked by Marsden's side, poking the lantern into the masses of shrubbery. "I went with them, at Vincentio's request, when he took her before the archbishop, because he wanted to try all moral means before resorting to the police. She hacked the archbishop in the stomach so hard that he ruptured a blood-vessel, and has kept his bed ever since. He will never be well again." This was what Count Estrella had seen, not heard. Marsden felt as if he had received a blow. The strong man reeled like a drunkard. But Estrella went on without noticing it. "I shall never forget when we went before the Prefect of Police. She swore so fiercely that she would throw vitriol on him if he dared to imprison her that he was terribly frightened, and refused to do anything with her. Then her father brought her to the convent."

"How has she behaved at the convent?" Marsden managed to gasp forth.

The sisters had by that time joined them. "Excellently—excellently," cried the weeping one, "although Padre Anselmo, who has known her from a child, told us good behavior healed an good with Lucia Marzio. She only beat the Mother Superior once, and threw a few dishes about at first, but latterly she has been as gentle as a lamb, and only cared for the garden."

Marsden's information sent on a beam of hope. Perhaps her love for him had tamed her.

Suddenly there was an addition to the group. A benevolent-looking priest had joined them. It was Father Anselmo.

"I was sent for to hasten to the convent, and found them so excited and hysterical that I came here to see if I could not glean something intelligible from you," he said to Estrella.

Estrella presented him to Marsden.

"Ah, this is a sad business," he said, shaking his head. "Our poor friend Vincentio!" Then the sisters poured forth volubly their tale of Lucia's flight.

"I for one would not like to be the one to find her," whispered Estrella to Marsden. "She would as soon throttle me as not."

Marsden in his anguish was struck by the dignity and humble countenance of the priest. So keen was the bias he had received that he felt a strange longing for sympathy. Almost involuntarily he felt compelled to confide in him.

"Let us go," said Marsden, "and look around about the village. She is certainly not here."

The priest seemed to understand that Marsden had something to say to him. They walked back into the aisle, and into the court-yard. Marsden held the padre, and said to him, hoarsely, "Tell me about this girl."

Father Anselmo did not look surprised. He knew too much of human nature to be amazed at any of its manifestations.

"All that I can say," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "is that I think it useless to search for her. I advised her father some time ago to let her marry a young man in Florence, a remote cousin of hers, whom she has taken a fancy to marry. But nothing will ever tame her."

Marsden groaned aloud.

"My friend," said the priest, "you know something about Lucia."

Marsden could not have spoken to here saved his life. The padre gave him a quick and penetrating glance. He saw Marsden was trustworthy.

"If you have any share in the flight of that unhappy girl, be frank with me. I have known her from her babyhood. She is a little fiend. Her first husband shot himself; her second ran away—"

"She is but seventeen!" almost shrieked Marsden.

"She is certainly not older," answered Father Anselmo, "but she has been twice married, the second time four weeks after the death of her first husband. The cousin whom I am mentioned she has now run away to marry was once much in love with her, but he became a little timid. If, however, Lucia once puts her eyes on him, he dare not refuse."

"But," said poor Marsden, "she was so gentle, so dove-like."

The padre had hard work to keep a smile from coming on his face. "You ought to have seen her back the archbishop," he said. He took off his berretta, and showed Marsden a long red scar on his forehead just below the hair. "She gave me that one day when she came to me to confession."

Marsden felt hope departing from him. "I trust you as a man of honor," said he; and he made a clean breast to Father Anselmo.

"Give yourself no further anxiety," said the padre, when he had concluded, "I am convinced she has gone to her cousin Antonio. I saw him hanging about here some weeks ago, and wrote her father. Lucia professed to have ceased to care for him. That was a sign she had not."

Just then a flock of black robed sisters poured into the court-yard in search of Father Anselmo. They had found a note from Lucia. Father Anselmo put on his spectacles, Count Estrella, who had appeared upon the scene, held the lantern, and the sisters wept and exclaimed in chorus. The note ran:

"DEAR FATHER ANSELMO,—To-night I propose to take the train for Florence to join my dear Antonio. I have behaved so well lately that I have scarcely been watched at all. I climbed up the fig tree and broke off a branch as two as I could make the acquaintance of the American who lodges at the Villa Estrella. He is a good fellow, and did I not mean to marry Antonio from spite, I would take my American. When this reaches you I shall be on my way to Florence. If the sisters dare to have me stopped, I will return to the convent and put out the eyes of some of them.

"LUCIA MARZIO."

"I told you so," said the padre, folding up the letter carefully.

A week or two after that, Marsden was in Florence, trying to forget the sweet madness of the last three months. He went to the opera. Seated in a box, beautiful, triumphant, yet modest, was Lucia. By her side sat a small young man with delicate features. One of his eyes had a black patch over it. Lucia recognized Marsden. She smiled coquettishly at him, and waved her fan with languid grace. Marsden smiled, then, by an irresistible impulse, laughed. He had not thought he could ever laugh again. After the opera he went up to speak to her. He knew she was almost cured.

"Ah, Signor Marsden," she said, with her sweetest smile, "could it have been otherwise?—Go, Antonio, and get the carriage, blockhead!—Those moonlight nights! I was sincere, signor; my heart was yours—what do you stand there for, dolt, listening to every word I have to say?—but I had promised to marry Antonio; though, as you see, he is a poor stick."

Marsden bowed to the ground. "If it were for your happiness, signora, I can resign you; I shall stifle all vain regrets; but I shall never again see your peer—never another Lucia."

Marsden returned to New York, and married within a year a most satisfactory girl. But he manages to place her occasionally by dark allusions to an Italian romance. And sometimes his wife reproaches him that his heart is yet in Italy; at which Marsden sighs profoundly and says nothing.

STREET.

## THE GRAY NUN.

Twilight comes, each doing day to bless,
A little while before the night,
A gentle nun in convent dress
Of clinging sedan all gray and white.

She lays her cool hand on my face,
And smooths the lines of care away.
Her tender touch with magic grace
Begets the worries of the day.

She holds the mystic curtain for
That hides from view the shadows throng,
And gates me those for whom I sigh,
The vanished friends for whom I long.

Sometimes she brings a perfumed spray
Of flowers that bloomed long years ago,
The breath of summers laid away
'Neath many a winter's drifted snow.

No other guest gives such delight,
Nor can of peace bestow the same,
As she who comes twixt day and night,
And *Twilight* is the gray nun's name.

VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

## CASTING GREAT GUNS.

THE production of a modern heavy gun is not only a costly affair, but often one of no little risk, as it must be perfect for its work, and able to pass the severe test imposed upon it. On the 6th of April the fourth attempt to cast the last of the great 42-inch cast iron rifles for the government was successfully made at the South Boston Iron-Works. The last previous effort had been made in October, and had proved a failure. On the present occasion the pit had been very carefully prepared, with an unusually stout core. Three large furnaces were filled with an aggregate of 105 tons of ore. The fires were started, and in a little over fifteen hours the iron was ready to run. The signal was given, and the troughs leading from the furnaces at once began to pour the metal into the gun cradle in the centre of the building. In twenty-two minutes the pit, dug forty feet into the ground, was full, and the great rifle took its first rude form. Early at May the core will be removed, and the gun taken out.

The weight of one of these cast-iron, breech-loading guns is fifty four tons; that of the Fowler pneumatic carriage, also made at the same works, forty tons. The length of the gun is thirty feet. Its projectile weighs 800 pounds, and is thrown by a charge of powder weighing 265 pounds, with a maximum muzzle velocity of 1840 feet per second, and an approximate muzzle energy of 19,000 foot-tons. The pressure per square inch of bore is about fifteen tons, and the penetration of iron plate twenty-three inches. Enormous as is this weapon, the carriage with the gun can be manoeuvred by one man in thirty seconds.

A quarter of a century ago the most powerful piece of ordnance anywhere constructed was one weighing five tons, carrying a projectile of sixty-eight pounds, with a velocity of 1570 feet, and an energy of 1100 foot-tons. A comparison of these figures with those of the heavy breech-loading rifles just spoken of will show the advance made in our country. But in other lands this is very far surpassed by high-powered modern steel guns. The Armstrong and Krupp monsters are in one dwarf even our 56-ton gun. The Armstrong 110-ton gun throws a projectile weighing 2000 pounds, with a muzzle velocity of 1844 feet, produced by a charge of 772 pounds of powder, and developing the enormous muzzle energy of 47,000 foot-tons. Guns like these are actually mounted in some of the Italian iron clads. There is also an Armstrong 110-ton gun in process of manufacture, and there are many 63-ton and 80-ton Woolwich guns. Krupp is making for Italy four 120-ton guns, fifty feet long, to carry projectiles weighing 2200 pounds each, with a velocity of 1825 feet per second. Such are the prodigious weapons of other lands.

## THE RIOTS AT EAST ST. LOUIS.

THE action of a posse of deputy sheriffs, who had been placed in charge of a freight depot at East St. Louis, in shooting upon a crowd of citizens who had assembled in the neighborhood, nearly precipitated a riot in that city on the 9th inst. Eight special deputy sheriffs, who had been imported from Texas and other distant points and placed in charge of railroad property in the railroad companies, on the supposition that they were brave and fearless men, well calculated to resist the attack of any number of lawless strikers, were stationed at the Louisville and Nashville Railroad crossing to prevent any interference with the moving of trains. They were armed with Winchester rifles. A crowd of three or four hundred persons, some of them strikers, and some persons who were merely attracted by curiosity, had assembled on a bridge near by, and from under cover of this crowd derisive taunts were flung at the posse of deputy-sheriffs. An eye-witness of the tragedy describes the immediate circumstances which led to it as follows: "I was rolling on the rail of the bridge, when somebody shouted at a tall deputy in a long brown coat, and with a curse referred to his red hair, and advised him to go and shoot himself. The deputy at once advanced, and catching hold of the man, began to drag him away. All the small boys in the crowd immediately yelled, 'Rats!' which seemed to infuriate the deputies beyond all control. The large man with the red hair and a smaller man in black aimed their rifles at the crowd on the bridge. Somebody yelled out, 'Don't shoot'; but in an instant there came a volley of shots, and several persons on the bridge fell mortally wounded."

Five men (only one of whom was a striker) and a woman were killed by the first volley, and another life—that of an innocent by-stander—was lost by a shot that was fired by one of the frightened deputy sheriffs a little later.

Upon realizing what they had done, the deputies fled to the city jail, and were locked up for safe-keeping from the hands of the infuriated people. The leaders of the Knights of Labor hastened to the spot—where an immense mob was arming itself and preparing to advance upon the railroad depots, crying for the blood of the officials and vowing vengeance for the deed of the deputy sheriffs—and begged and implored the people to make no unlawful demonstrations.

At half past 9 P.M. on the same day a fire broke out in some vacant sheds near the scene of the afternoon's tragedy, followed shortly after by four others in the railroad buildings and cars near by. The firemen from St. Louis were in some cases protected by Illinois militia in their efforts to put out the fires, but in others they were threatened by the crowd and driven from their work. On Saturday morning order was partly restored, but not until property to the value of $50,000 had been destroyed.

AT THE PIONEER'S GRAVE.

The latter-day Hrobbingnagian Tweedle-dees, who followed the footsteps of the late lamented Lilliputian Tweedle-dum.

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## THE BROADWAY FRANCHISE.

JAMES A. RICHMOND, PRESIDENT OF THE BROADWAY SURFACE RAILROAD COMPANY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BURUS.

SINCE the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY a new phase of the Broadway business has been presented in the arrest of one of the alleged bribers of the Aldermen. The accompanying portraits are of Mr. JAMES A. RICHMOND, who was arrested on the 9th inst., and of Alderman ROBERT E. DE LACY, whose sudden disappearance from the city last week was not wholly unexpected. The announcement of the flight of Alderman DE LACY came almost simultaneously with the news that another member of the famous Board of 1884, Ex-Alderman WILLIAM H. MILLER, had been taken into custody at Palatka, Florida, while his companion in exile, Ex-Alderman DEMPSEY, had managed to escape to Cuba.

Mr. JAMES A. RICHMOND was arrested on a warrant issued by Recorder Smith upon the testimony of Ex-Alderman WAITE (whose portrait was published last week). It will be remembered by the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY that the testimony of JACOB SHARP and of Mr. RICHMOND before the Senatorial investigating committee admitted the sale of large quantities of the bonds of the Broadway surface road, but failed most conspicuously to account for the disposition of the cash proceeds of such sale. Mr. RICHMOND's arrest had not been unexpected, as Ex-Alderman WAITE's confession to the District Attorney was known to have pointed to him as the particular official of the railroad company who managed the task of securing the vote of the Aldermen. Mr. RICHMOND is about forty years of age, and was born at Herkimer County, in this State. He came to New York early in life, and engaged in the general produce business. He began to take an interest in city politics at a very early age, and in 1867 received a nomination for the Assembly, but was defeated. The next year he made a more successful attempt, and served a term at Albany. With his political undertakings came an association with street railway interests, and he was connected with the Twenty-third Street surface railroad before his selection for the presidency of the Broadway line.

ALDERMAN ROBERT E. DE LACY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON.

THE DISASTER NEAR GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL 7.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 254.]

WILFUL SLAVERY MAKES WOFUL SUFFERING.

COLORED LABOR TO WHITE LABOR. "No sooner am I really set free than you enslave yourselves, and at the expense of your families, too."

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## GENERAL JOSEPH H. POTTER.

THE nomination of Colonel JOSEPH H. POTTER, commanding the Twenty-fourth Infantry, to be a Brigadier-General in the army will be especially grateful to all who like to see exceptionally long service rewarded. General POTTER has a record in this respect unequalled, we think, by any officer of his own or a higher grade now serving in the line of the army. General NEWTON surpasses him by a year, but is Chief of Engineers. General POTTER, who was born in New Hampshire, entered the Military Academy in 1839, nearly forty-seven years ago, and graduated in 1843, No. 22 in a class of thirty-nine, ULYSSES S. GRANT being No. 21. Among the other classmates were Generals FRANKLIN, ADAMS, J. J. REYNOLDS, SEMMES, INGALLS, and DUFF.

Garrison life for two years was followed by the war with Mexico, where, as Second Lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry, he was engaged in the defence of Fort Brown, and was then severely wounded in the morning of Monterey. For gallantry in this battle he was brevetted. After the war the routine of garrison and frontier duty returned, the latter including the Utah expedition of 1858. When the civil war broke out, Captain POTTER, who was in service in the Southwest, was captured by Texas insurgents at San Augustine Springs in July, 1861, and not exchanged until near the end of August, 1862. Just a month later he became Colonel of the Twelfth New Hampshire Volunteers, and at once proceeded to make up for lost time. He took part that autumn in BURNSIDE'S campaign, ending in the battle of Fredericksburg, where his gallantry afterward procured him the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. The following May, under HOOKER, he was severely wounded at Chancellorsville, and taken prisoner. After his exchange he served in various capacities, and in the final campaigns of 1864 and 1865 commanded a brigade of the Twenty-fourth Corps, and then became Chief of Staff of that corps, serving until the surrender of LEE at Appomattox. Shortly after, he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers and a Brevet Colonel and Brigadier in the regular army respectively for gallant and meritorious services at Chancellorsville and in the final campaign.

On the reorganization of the army in July, 1866, General POTTER was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, and in due course of promotion became Colonel of the Twenty-fourth. As a veteran of two wars, seriously wounded in both, no one will grudge him his present honors. He will be retired for age, under the compulsory statute, next October; and hence this grateful recognition of his services by the President, enabling him to go from the active list with higher rank and pay, will be accepted as evidence of a disposition to give veterans and almost retired officers consideration in promotion, where merit is also found. The other principal candidates will be able to renew their own chances without prejudice next autumn.

## THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE accident that occurred on the Hoosac Tunnel line of railroad, near Greenfield, Massachusetts, on April 7, had all the horrible features that a railroad disaster can have. Not only was the passenger train of six cars completely wrecked, but of the fifty persons on it all except nine were thrown down a precipice of 130 feet, twelve were killed, and all the rest injured, many of them mortally, and others maimed for life. At the place where the accident happened the road winds with a slight curve about the mountain. One track is laid on a shelf of solid rock, and the other on a projection from this which was built of pieces of blasted rock. The spaces were filled in, and the surface covered over with earth. The rain had washed out this earth so that the weight of the train caused the outer rail to sink below the level of the other one. It is 130 feet from the track to the river below. The wall of the precipice, from which many jagged rocks project, is nearly perpendicular. The engineer had gone just far enough beyond Bardwell Station to have got the train at its usual speed of about thirty miles an hour. He saw a clear track, and had begun to pull around the mountain, when he felt the outer rail sink. He put on the brake, but before the passengers could grasp the seats, after they felt the first disturbance, the cars were rolling down the precipice. The mail-car caught on a projecting rock half way down, but the rest rolled into the Deerfield River, the current of which was swollen by the recent rains. The stream was twelve feet deep where two of the cars fell. Another fell just at the edge of the water, and by the time the debris had become stationary it took fire in two places. Several persons were killed before the cars reached the river, others were killed by the fall and crushed by the weight of car wheels and timbers, some were drowned, and one or two were burned to death. It was just at dusk when the accident occurred, and before rescuers came to the victims that were yet alive the difficulties of rescuing them were made greater by the darkness. When wrecking trains arrived from each direction it was several hours into the night. Physicians and laborers were let down to the cars, which were now burned except the parts that were submerged, and by the light of bonfires the work of saving those that were yet alive and of recovering the bodies of the dead was carried on all night, and was not finished until late the next day. The only person who escaped without injury was a passenger who was standing on the hindmost platform of the train. He leaped to the track, and when he turned to look at the car the whole train was whirling down the precipice. After the splash in the water he heard the groans of the injured, and in a moment, by the light of the burning cars, he saw as horrible a catastrophe as was ever known in the whole record of railway disasters.


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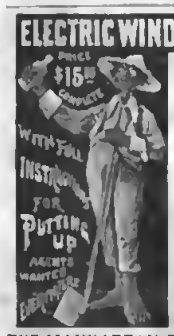


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

## THE BOYCOTT.

THE boycott is not a new controversial weapon, although that name has been recently adopted, and the scope of the ban has been greatly extended. It was practised against Tories in this country during the Revolution, and the non-importation leagues were leagues of boycotters against English manufactures. But it was revived in its present form by PARNELL. In a speech at Ennis four or five years ago he said:

"Now what are you to do to a tenant who bids for a farm from which another has been evicted? You must shun him on the road-side when you meet him; you must shun him in the shop, you must shun him in the fair green and in the market-place and in the place of worship. By leaving him severely alone, by putting him in a moral Coventry, by isolating him from the rest of his countrymen as if he were the leper of old, you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed."

Three days afterward the ban was applied to Captain BOYCOTT, as agent of Lord ERNE, and so rigorously that he could hire no laborer, and his crops were saved only by a body of Ulster Orangemen under an escort of seven thousand soldiers and police. The boycott is a new form of terrorism, but within the letter of the law. It seeks to destroy its victims, not by the guillotine or the dagger, but by depriving them of the means of support. It is intended to show that if a man does not do what an organized body of other men demand, however outrageous the demand may be, he and his family will be ruined. It is the annihilation of individual freedom, and forbids a man to follow his conscientious convictions in the discharge of his own duty.

Of course we do not mean that this is always its intention. But it is a two-edged sword. It is a tremendous weapon for wrong as well as for right, and there is no security that it will not be used by the worst of men for the worst of purposes. Thus a body of men order Mrs. GRAY to turn away her employés if they will not join a certain association. She refuses to coerce them in any way. Thereupon the men, foiled in their effort to deprive her of the control of her own business, try to ruin her by preventing others from dealing with her. This is a crime against freedom, an outrage upon the American principle, and it will be resented and redressed by the spontaneous action of the honest public until the American love of liberty is extinct. The boycott, as experience in Ireland and elsewhere shows, is a proceeding which necessarily tends to disorder. It professes to be a peaceful remedy for grievances, and to act without violence. But this view is not sustained either by the facts in regard to Mrs. GRAY in New York, or in the great disturbance in the Southwest. The statements of Mr. POWDERLY, indeed, and the earnest and evidently effective appeal of Mr. BROWN to the rioters at East St. Louis after the unwarranted shooting the other day, show that the purpose of the Knights of Labor in imposing a boycott is to do no violence. Mr. BROWN forced the ringleader of the rioters to acknowledge that he was not a member of the fraternity, and his appeal did much to restrain the fury of the mob. But it is not enough that no violence is done. The question for Mr. POWDERLY and Mr. BROWN, and for all in whose name they speak and act, is this: knowing that an excited throng of men upon a strike and enforcing a boycott is an inflammable mass which a spark will kindle into a consuming fire, has everything been done by their leaders to avoid a catastrophe?

Have the workmen been ordered, for instance, in the Southwest to keep away from the railroads, to put themselves out of the reach of temptation, and to keep within their undeniable right not to work except upon terms satisfactory to themselves, and their equally undeniable right to make common cause with others whom they hold to be justly aggrieved? If not, then the leaders are to blame, because the real strength of the movement of organized labor lies in public sympathy, and in a community where every man votes, and where the courts are always open, and where legal redress for wrong is accessible, there is no public sympathy for disorder and violence and manifest injustice. We are not saying that the boycotters are the only offenders. Public condemnation ought to fall upon combinations of capital against the public welfare quite as much as upon those of labor. A pool of great corporations to raise the price of any necessary article—bread, or coal, or salt, or sugar—is a crime against society as heinous as the combination of some working-men to prevent other men from working. The power of organized and consolidated capital is one of the most threatening perils of modern society. The arbitrary will, whether of an individual or of an association, of a railroad corporation or of a labor union, which is so situated that it can enforce its decrees, is simple tyranny, and justly alarms all thoughtful men. It is therefore a fact of the highest significance and encouragement that the leaders of the most extensive and powerful labor organization in the country declare that their methods are absolutely peaceful, and that they condemn violence and injustice. They will command general sympathy if in any emergency they add wise and timely warning to avoid the paths that lead to violence and injustice, and if they punish peremptorily and adequately all offenders. Corporate combinations of capital, on the other hand, are not tempted to break the law. Their offence is corrupting legislatures and courts. Their offence may be plainly much more dangerous to society than the open violation of law. The strikers upon the Broadway Railroad may have been hasty or in the wrong. We do not say that they were. But we certainly say that their offence was venial compared with that of SHARPE and his confederates.

## ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE central point of interest for every country during the last fortnight has been the British Parliament, in which the greatest of living statesmen, and the English Minister who will be ranked with the greatest of English ministers—SOMERS, WALPOLE, the PITTS, and Sir ROBERT PEEL—proposed his scheme for the settlement of one of the oldest and most difficult questions in European politics: the relations of England and Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE's personal presence and power cast a certain glamour over the presentation of his scheme which at the first moment gave it an air of success even in Parliament. But the reaction began at once, and the tone of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. TREVELYAN showed how absolute and final was the rupture between them and their late leader. Their attitude, not only uncompromising, but hostile, revealed the extent and quality of the opposition. The Tories, the old Whigs, and the chief Radicals appeared armed and equipped against the Liberal chief. Moreover, their conviction and resolution seemed to be much more positive than those of the supporters of the GLADSTONE scheme. The chief Liberal press, the *Spectator* in London, the Manchester *Guardian*, the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, and at the other extreme the organ of Cardinal MANNING, alike condemned the proposition. No great Liberal lieutenant arose to sustain the great Liberal leader. Few public meetings have responded to his call. Plainly the first result of this proposal to give Ireland a local legislature is the dissolution of the Liberal party. Sir ROBERT PEEL withstood his party, but he carried the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. GLADSTONE may be compelled to see both the dissolution of his party and the rejection of his policy. But personally he will not suffer. He may be driven finally from power, like Sir ROBERT PEEL. But, as HENRY BULWER said of the latter, Mr. GLADSTONE will be "himself a party."

The second great result of his action is that he has marked the line of the demand for home rule for Ireland from which the Irish party will not recede. He has seen plainly that there is no alternative between rigid coercion and some form of home rule. He may be mistaken. It may be that the policy of what Lord HARTINGTON calls "the undisputed supremacy of the law," which means coercion, may be maintained peaceably in Ireland. But it does not seem to be probable. If the sentiment of Lord HARTINGTON's speech and of the *Spectator* be correct, and the Irish are utterly unfit for self-government, why should Irish representatives be allowed to take part in the government of England? and as those representatives in the British Parliament will certainly continue to demand local self-government for Ireland, and are able to obstruct legislation, or to force a combination of parties for the express purpose of defeating them, what will Parliament do? Does it not seem probable that under the circumstances the only practicable quiet in Ireland would be that of Warsaw? So far as can be judged at this distance—and we concede the extreme difficulty of judging justly such a situation in another country—it would seem that the tone of FROUDE's history of the *English* in *Ireland* is that of England toward Ireland to-day. If it be so, it would seem to be inevitable that the defeat of the GLADSTONE bill would be followed by a policy of the most vigorous repression in Ireland.

The serious doubt in regard to the practicability of Mr. GLADSTONE's plan does not lie in any provision of detail which it may be found wise to modify, but in the total want of any provision for enforcing the operation of the bill. If the Irish legislature should transcend the line of action described by the law—if, in fact, the exact divergence should arise that was foreshadowed in the GRATTAN Parliament upon the Regency Bill, or the situation that PITT pointed out in his plea for the necessity of union, what could be done, except to repeal the GLADSTONE act, and how could that be accomplished in the absence of the representatives of Ireland, whose votes would have secured the passage of the act? The natural reply to this proposition is that so great a settlement proceeds necessarily upon good faith, and that bad faith cannot be assumed. But must not the force of such a reply be determined by the real Irish feeling in regard to the English connection? If the spring of the Irish movement is simply home rule and the English connection, the reply is adequate. But if the demand for home rule really means separation, who can doubt that an Irish Parliament, once established, would presently claim an authority which the British Parliament could not acknowledge, and that the attempt to repeal the law establishing the Irish legislature would produce serious trouble? It is fair to assume, however, that such objections have been foreseen by Mr. GLADSTONE, and that the due explanations will be made. But, in any case, the alternative is now clear: either Ireland must be governed by England with the strong hand, or the general policy indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE must be carried out. There is, indeed, one other supposition, namely, that the Irish agitation means nothing, and will vanish at the first "firm" blow. That is the serious belief of many intelligent Englishmen. But Lord HARTINGTON can hardly believe it.

## AN INCONSIDERATE SUGGESTION.

WE trust that it is not true that Mr. COX, of North Carolina, chairman of the House Committee on Civil Service Reform, has proposed as a measure of reform the examination of all clerks now in the service, to test their fitness for retention. The true test of fitness is actual service, and consequently the reformed system does not provide, as is constantly alleged by its enemies, to determine fitness for appointment by examination, but provides examination to determine who shall be selected to be tested by actual service. The reformed system establishes, first, an examination of all applicants, and second, a probation of six months of work, before an appointment is made. The object of the examination is to secure fair play for all, and to ascertain the most intelligent among the applicants. Appointment, however, does not depend upon the result of the examination, but upon the result of the probation after the examination. No applicant, indeed, is placed upon probation who has not passed the examination. But success in the examination is but the first step toward appointment. The sneer at appointment by competitive examination is therefore perfectly pointless.

Now examination as applied to actual employés in the civil service is useless, because the whole term of such employés is a probation, and if that probation shows that they are incompetent, they should be dismissed, however successfully they might pass an examination. This dismissal would be in strict accordance with the soundest principles of reform, and promoting the improvement of the service by the prompt discharge of incompetent persons was among the good reasons for leaving the power of removal unrestricted. There are, undoubtedly, many incompetent clerks in the service who ought to be dismissed. But these very clerks might pass an examination triumphantly, just as an applicant might pass an examination successfully and yet be found upon trial unfit for appointment.

It is a plausible assertion that those who are already in the service ought to be able to pass an examination which it is necessary for new applicants to pass before they can enter the service. But obviously no honest and efficient and satisfactory employé ought to be discharged so long as he attends strictly and effectively to his duty. If, however, he be unfit for the service, from ignorance or any other reason, he should be dropped at once. The object of the reformed system is to secure a service founded, not upon personal or partisan favor, but upon proved individual merit. The examination and probation are the prescribed methods for determining that merit. But if it has been satisfactorily ascertained by actual service, that is enough. What is to be gained by trying to ascertain something else, and making that the test of merit? The natural misconception from which the proposition for an examination of all incumbents springs is the supposition that fitness for appointment is determined under the reformed system by examination. But the moment it is understood that examination is only an introduction to probation, the reason that examination of incumbents is unnecessary becomes evident and conclusive.

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## THE LIBRARY OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

WE recently commended the first number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College. It is one of the many signs of the vigor of the college, and of its adaptation to the life and movement of the time. Columbia College is a school of learning admirably equipped, and if its traditional character is conservative, it means to hold its place among the chief colleges of the country. The desire for a great university in the city naturally turns to Columbia College as its nucleus, and the sole need is the development of the existing organization.

The librarian of the college makes an appeal for the library. Its use as a consulting and circulating library is offered not only to the students, but to all the alumni in the city and vicinity. It is not a free public library, but properly authenticated students are gladly admitted. The library is nobly housed, and it has every convenience of attendance and system. But it needs aid to complete its collections and to keep pace with the advance of scholarship and literature.

Gifts for this purpose are solicited. Special departments could be maintained by moderate funds. The librarian estimates that ten thousand dollars would provide adequately for the department of Philosophy; an equal sum for Political Economy, Social Science, Comparative Philology, or the Pure Mathematics; fifteen thousand would provide for Chemistry, twenty thousand for Physics, and the same sum for General and Constitutional History. The librarian states the matter alluringly. He has mastered the art of showing how pleasantly and successfully the man who would raise to his memory a monument more durable than brass can do it. It is by giving the fund to complete and continue one of these great departments of the library.

## THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

THE *Post-Express* of Rochester interprets the recent remark of HARPER'S WEEKLY that the Niagara Reservation should be left "in a simple, natural condition of turf and walks and trees," and that "no new disfigurements would be introduced," to mean that it should become the subject of elaborate landscape treatment, and consequently "a source of enormous yearly expenditure." This, however, is what the article to which the *Post-Express* alludes plainly opposes, and in all the discussion pending the passage of the bill, the WEEKLY, with all other advocates of the project, insisted that the grounds should be kept in a simple and not a highly ornate condition, and constantly cited the character of the Commissioners as an ample guarantee against all jobbery.

But jobbery and expense and failure are inevitable unless this simple and proper disposition of the grounds is secured by an intelligent and honest expert. We presume that Mr. ROGERS and Mr. DOBSHEIMER and Mr. ROBS and President ANDERSON would agree with us that nothing would more certainly tend to secure the result that all intelligent citizens desire than suggestions, for instance, from Mr. OLMSTED, who is no more capable of jobbery than the Commissioners themselves. We do not mention Mr. GREEN, because he is understood to have had differences with Mr. OLMSTED at Central Park.

The *Post-Express* will find it a difficult task to put us on the side of jobbery.

## THE FOUR I'S MUST GO.

SENATOR PLATT, of Connecticut, opened the debate upon secret sessions with a very forcible and conclusive argument. There is really nothing to urge in reply but precedent and the feelings of those who are nominated. But the Senator showed that there was always a feeling that secret sessions were wrong, and that there has been a constant disregard of the rule requiring secrecy. He reminded Senator SHERMAN's remark that in a government like ours there should be no secrets, and declared that there was a general public demand that the doors shall be opened.

Privilege and prerogative, said Mr. PLATT, as well as patronage and perquisites, are words that should have no significance here, and reform is fatally ineffective until they disappear from familiar use. The Senator is unquestionably correct. They are words describing things which belong to exclusive and class governments, and which have no rightful place under popular institutions. The natural tendency of every great official body in the state, like the Senate, is to grasp and extend power, and it is a tendency which can be withstood effectually only by a resolute and intelligent public opinion.

We shall see with regret distinguished Senators opposing the change contemplated by Senator PLATT's resolution. The country has a right to know both those who recommend persons for appointment to the public service and the reasons for their rejection. The practical unanimity of the press in favor of opening the doors, to which Senator PLATT alluded, is a very significant fact. It shows that the moment the question was asked, the instinctive reply was that secret sessions are a tradition without reason. They are not justified by the common-sense of the people to-day, and therefore they will be abolished.

## THE FAMILIAR SCANDAL.

No city was ever so deeply disgraced by its municipal government as the city of New York. Fourteen years ago the exposure of the TWEED Ring revealed a corruption in that government which had mastered Legislatures and courts, and was plotting to control the national administration; and as we write all of the living ex-members of the late Board of Aldermen, except two, are held for trial for bribery and corruption, or are in hiding.

Such a shame is unprecedented. It is in itself a sharp satire upon popular elections, as well as upon the character and public spirit of New York; and the worst of it is that, bad as it is, no citizen probably feels himself to be humiliated, or in conscious of any personal responsibility. To the most stupid man, however, such facts foretell a constant deterioration of the situation. Such heavy as is disclosed by the Broadway Railroad investigation does not correct itself. It goes from worse to worse, and the consequences fall upon those who make no effort to stay the rascality. If the increasing theft of the property of good citizens does not persuade them to do anything for their own relief, no moral appeal will avail.

When election-day arrives, the voter usual vote, or he must refuse to vote. The latter course merely satisfies the knaves, and for the voting the knaves themselves have provided the alternative, so that however a man votes he votes wrong. There is no short-cut out of the dilemma. There is no way to make voting in the city easy, or to secure good results from it, except by taking a great deal of trouble, and giving time and care and energy to the work. Until that is done, there will be a perpetual succession of Jake Sharps and "hoodle" Aldermen.

## THE CHINESE OUTRAGES.

An old American resident of Canton writes that the original emigration of Chinese to California was drawn chiefly from that province, and that the Americans living there might justly expect the severest retaliation for the barbarous treatment of the Chinese in this country, "were the Chinese people of the sort of brutes that their assailants on the Pacific slope of the United States are." The recent Pacific outrages were followed by pressing telegraphic appeals from the Consul-General of China and the guild of merchants at San Francisco to the Chinese authorities, and the American resident adds: "The Viceroy therefore very properly telegraphed to the Chinese Minister at Washington the grave respect given to local affairs by the stern rebuff of the President, as telegraphed from London," which, he says, greatly shocked the residents.

The representations from San Francisco were to the effect that the riots were mainly the work of the "Irish," and the Viceroy of the province of Canton requested the British Consul there to send a telegram to her Majesty's government "to try and make these numerous Irish subjects in San Francisco behave better." At the very moment of these wanton attacks upon the helpless Chinese who, unfortunately for themselves, have come to this country, the chief Chinese officers in the viceroyalty of Canton had just paid their annual subscriptions for the maintenance of the charitable medical relief society for Americans and English. The contrast in humanity and Christian charity is not favorable to the foreigners upon the Pacific slope who abuse the name and the hospitality of America.

In presence of these crimes, a general massacre of Americans in China might be justly anticipated, and the attitude of our government in saying that it can do nothing puts it before the world in a ridiculously imbecile light. The resolutions of American legislatures in favor of Irish home rule show profound interest in the Irish vote in this country. But if it is oppression which stirs the legislators, why are they silent upon the wanton crimes against innocent foreigners, committed by those who pass for American citizens? There is no Chinese vote. But the Chinese are human beings, and there is such a thing as American honor.

## THE RAILWAYS AND THE REPUBLIC.

ONE of the most important, timely, and significant of recent works is *The Railways and the Republic*, by JAMES P. HUDSON, just published by the HARPERS. It appears at a moment when universal attention is directed to the subject, which is treated in the work with a fulness of information, a courage, insight, and sagacity, which are sure to attract general attention. The introductory chapter upon Railway Domination is a strong and clear statement of the situation, which the author holds to require decisive remedies. The blessings produced by railways are so familiar and so constantly celebrated that he justly thinks the time to have arrived for a careful and comprehensive presentation of the public dangers which they have also developed. If it should appear that a vast multitude of abuses of every kind, threatening private property and equal public rights, and legislative corruption and even the courts of law, have accompanied the growth of this vast power, it is a question of vital importance whether these are necessary results of that growth, and how the public welfare is to be defended against them.

With complete knowledge and familiarity with details, the work describes in an exceedingly interesting and intelligible manner the abuses which have sprung from railway domination. It tells with graphic skill the tale of the tyranny of great corporations, tracing the course of legislation and judicial interpretation, exposing clearly the scope of the pooling policy, the course of competition and combination, and so proceeding to the discussion of remedies. The public welfare demands, not lower railway charges nor legislative tariffs, but "the enforcement of the principle that all persons have equal rights, and that all the services of the railways shall be performed with impartiality, and at charges based on the same standard of cost."

The usual arguments for non-interference are stated with entire candor, and answered simply and clearly. The railway corporations must be subordinated to the will of the people. Their power as now exercised the author believes to be a standing peril to popular integrity and republican freedom, because it is perverting the machinery of government from being an agency of the people, and making it an agency of the corporations. "The only effective reform is to destroy the cause out of which all the evils of the system spring, by taking away the monopoly of the railways, and making them public highways in fact as well as in name." The work is a striking and valuable contribution to the discussion of a question which daily becomes more important, and which cannot be set aside.

## PERSONAL.

THE little cottage at Barbizon which some American admirers of the painter MILLET are trying to buy for his widow has a real value of about $2000, and was rented to MILLET for $80 a year, but since his death it has acquired a sentimental value perhaps ten-fold greater. MILLET's landlord was M. SOMIER, formerly a government clerk at a small salary, and afterward the biographer of the painter. When unable to pay his rent in money, as was often the case, MILLET offered pictures instead, sometimes giving ten or twelve canvases, worth to-day at least $20,000, to meet an obligation of $80. So profitable was his landlord's dealings with him, with ROUSSEAU and with other great artists similarly circumstanced that SOMIER died worth $100,000. His daughter is now the owner of MILLET's house. MILLET once sold five oil paintings for seventy-five francs.

—M. DURAND-RUEL, the Paris art dealer, also has brought to this country three hundred paintings by the French Impressionists, in one of the few men of his class who may be said to live by faith. For many years he has been to the habit of spending his money in encouraging unfashionable painters of promise. Thirty years ago, like his father before him, he bought the finest landscapes of COROT for $200 each. The elder RUEL purchased DELACROIX's great figure piece "Hamlet and Horatio" for forty-two francs. It belongs now to M. HAYE, the Paris banker, who paid $4000 for it, and its present value is $12,000. M. RUEL believes that the best works of the Paris Impressionists will be and he fetch as good prices as do MILLET's and COROT's to-day, and, in accordance with this faith, he is constantly lending money to such men as MONET and RENOIR, besides buying their pictures when nobody else wants them.

—The reception to Mr. W. D. HOWELLS by the Authors' Club on the 23d of April promises to be notable. A number of gentlemen distinguished in other professions than literature have been invited to meet him. The occasion will be purely informal, without set toasts or speeches.

—Lieutenant BAKER, of the United States sloop of war *Juniata*, entertained a small party of friends at breakfast, a few days ago, in the cabin of that vessel off the Brooklyn Navy-yard. Before taking seats at the table, which stands directly over the powder-magazine, the guests made the tour of the *Juniata*, examining her rifled guns and her "brig," or lock up, and asking the usual number of questions. An ice-making machine had just been put on board, for the comfort of the forth coming cruise. Lieutenant BAKER has been making extended scientific studies in the natural history of the sea, and is about ready to publish the result of his investigations. He is a brother of the late Rev. WILLIAM M. BAKER, the novelist.

—Uncle Sam's marines still complain that, unlike their brothers in the army, they are obliged to pay for their uniforms out of their money wages. But they have some hope that Congress will put them on a favorable footing as the soldiers, although this hope has been long deferred. The officers who command them are in a similar predicament—"dressing like dukes on the pay of barbers," to quote their favorite formula.

—"Would you advise me to send my son to the Naval Academy?" asked a New Yorker of a well-known naval officer. "By all means," was the reply, "if he will not study hard enough to become one of the first ten honor men of his class. In that case the government will honorably drop him after graduation, and he will be able to start in life with the best possible education and a dowerer of a thousand dollars."

—The late Mr. GEORGE B. BUTLER, who died in this city on the 13th of April, at the age of seventy seven, was for many years the attorney of A. T. STEWART, after serving in a similar capacity for the Hudson River Railroad Company, an active member of the Committee on Political Reform, and during a part of his busy life an associate editor of the *Journal of Commerce*. One of his three sons, Mr. GEORGE B. BUTLER, is a painter of figure subjects and of portraits.

—Ex-Minister to England JOHN WELSH, dead in his eighty-first year, was a representative merchant of Philadelphia, proud of his city, and honored by its inhabitants, who gave him a purse of $50,000 in testimony of their appreciation of his services as President of the Centennial Board of Finance. He used the money to endowing a chair in the University of Pennsylvania. He was the founder of a hospital, a man of integrity and fulness of purpose. A portrait of Minister WELSH appeared in this journal on November 17, 1877.

—Besides giving his name to the FAIRBANKS scales, the late THADDEUS FAIRBANKS was a citizen of public spirit and blameless life. He attained the great age of ninety-one. His father operated a grist and saw mill, to which the son assisted him, and when a young man THADDEUS invented new cooking stoves and new ploughs. One of his many benefactions was the erection of the academy at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, at a cost of $200,000. His portrait was published in this journal February 10, 1877. His only surviving child is the Rev. HENRY FAIRBANKS, formerly professor in Dartmouth College, and now preacher in St. Johnsbury. Mr. THADDEUS FAIRBANKS was the last of the original members of the firm of E. & T. FAIRBANKS, which has had a national and cosmopolitan reputation for fifty years.

—FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE said of the late Dr. TRENCH, Archbishop of Dublin, when they were both professors to King's College, London: "To have been intimate so long as we have been, as are very subtle, and I sometimes fear that we do not understand each other, from reserve on his side, or mine, or both. Nevertheless, I love and admire him very heartily; the fault is, I suppose, that we never quarrelled enough."

—One of Mr. BOLTON HEAT's reviewers recalls the characteristic criticism of a carpenter who saw his great picture of Christ as "The Light of the World." "Why," he asked, "is there an outlet on the door underneath that half-open plank?"

—The Grolier Club publicly announced that only one hundred and fifty copies of its reprint of an old work would be issued. An secretary discovered that two copies on vellum had been printed in addition. The club immediately ordered Nos. 149 and 150 of the principal edition to be destroyed, in order to prevent the issue of a single one more than one hundred and fifty copies. The London *Athenæum*, in mentioning the incident, describes it as "an act of sacrifice for the repose of the souls of future collectors."

—"It has been my good fortune," said the late Sir HENRY TAYLOR, "to have listened to the conversation of most of the great writers of the present age, and I have observed that they all repeated themselves more than other men, and that this did in no respect detract from the interest of their discourse, but rather enhanced it, as what recurred often was what I most wished to dwell upon."

—An English reviewer finds it noticeable that BRET HARTE's women say very little, and that little generally to the point.

—A lady of Angers, France, belonging to what is described as the upper middle class, has given $40,000 to found an orphan asylum which shall be managed solely by laymen and lay-women, and shall remain entirely under civil control.

—Those who attend service in Grace Church have only to look around them to see the indebtedness of that beautiful Gothic structure to Miss CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE. The entire chancel building, with its marble reredos and magnificent east window, is her gift; the larger organ, in the chancel aisle, was paid for out of her pocket; and a door at the left of the chancel opens into Grace House, a handsome two-story marble edifice devoted to the administrative purposes of the church. Over this door is a marble tablet inscribed with the information that these gifts are "to the honor of God, and in loving memory of His servant, JOHN DAVID WOLFE," the father of the donor, who for eight years was the senior warden of the church. The silver communion service and the altar cloths are later benefactions of the same lady.

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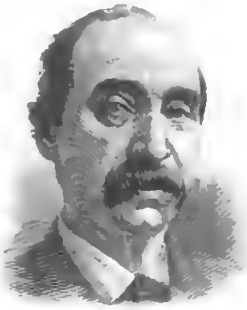


FREDERICK FINCK.—Photographed by Anderson.

THOMAS CLEARY.

THOMAS SHEILS.

PATRICK FARLEY.

LOUIS WENDEL.—Photographed by Uhlrich.

CHARLES H. REILLY.

FRANCIS McCABE.—Photographed by Dana.

HENRY L. SAYLES.

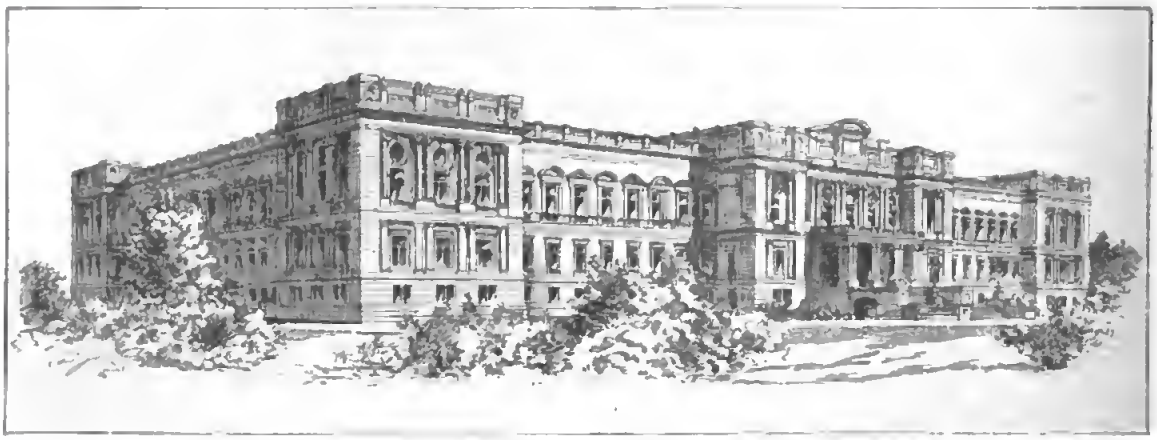
MICHAEL DUFFY.

WILLIAM H. MILLER.

CHARLES DEMPSEY.—Photographed by Dana.

ARTHUR J. McQUADE.—Photographed by Moss.

THE INDICTED ALDERMEN OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 267.]



ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.—Drawn by Louis Joutel from the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 263.]

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AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JORDAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 263.]

REV. JAMES M. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF VASSAR COLLEGE.
[SEE PAGE 263.]

"NEVER LOOSENING HIS HOLD TILL FARFRAE'S FAIR HEAD WAS HANGING OVER THE WINDOW-SILL."—(SEE SERIAL "THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE," PAGE 264.)

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# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

Such was the state of things when the current affairs of Casterbridge were interrupted by an event of such magnitude that its influence reached to the lowest social stratum there, stirring the depths of its society as sensibly as to cut into the midst of the preparations for the thanksgiving. It was one of those excitements which, when they move a country town, leave a permanent mark upon its chronicles, a warm summer permanently marks the ring in the tree trunk corresponding to its date.

A royal personage was about to pass through the borough on his course further west to inaugurate an immense engineering work out that way. He had consented to halt half an hour as on in the town, and to receive an address from the Corporation of Casterbridge, which, as a representative centre of husbandry, wished that to express its sense of the great services he had rendered to agricultural science and economics by his zealous promotion of designs for placing the art of farming on a more scientific footing.

Royalty had not been seen in Casterbridge since the days of the third King George, and then only by candle-light for a few minutes when that monarch, on a night journey, had stopped to change horses at the Golden Crown. The inhabitants, therefore, decided to make a thorough *fête* and *festival* of the unwonted occasion. Half an hour's pause was not long, it is true, but much might be done in it by a judicious grouping of incidents, above all if the weather were fine.

The address was prepared on parchment, by one Biggs, who was handy in ornamental lettering, and was laid on with the best gold-leaf and colors that Turpess the sign-painter had in his shop. The Council met on the Tuesday before the appointed day to arrange the details of procedure. While they were sitting, the door of the Council Chamber standing open, they heard a heavy footstep coming up the stairs. It advanced along the passage, and Henchard entered the room in clothes of frayed and threadbare shabbiness, the very clothes which he had used to wear in the primal days when he had sat among them.

"I have a feeling," he said, advancing to the table and laying his hand upon the green cloth, "that I should like to join ye in this reception of our illustrious visitor. I suppose I could walk with the rest?"

Embarrassed glances were exchanged by the Council, and Grower nearly ate the end of his quill pen, as pressed he it during the silence. Farfrae, the young Mayor, who by virtue of his office sat in the large chair, instinctively caught the sense of the meeting, and as spokesman was obliged to utter it, glad as he would have been that the duty should have fallen to another tongue.

"I hardly see that it would be proper, Mr Henchard," said he. "The Council are the Council, and as ye are no longer one of the body, there would be an irregularity in the proceeding. If ye were included, why not others?"

"I have a particular reason for wishing to assist to the ceremony."

Farfrae looked round. "I think I have expressed the feeling of the Council?" he said.

"Yes, yes," from several.

"Then I am not to be allowed to have anything to do with it officially?"

"I am afraid so; it is out of the question, indeed. But of course you can see the doings fall well, such as they are to be, like the rest of the spectators."

Henchard did not reply to that very obvious suggestion, and turning on his heel, went away.

It had been only a passing fancy of his, but opposition crystallized it into a determination. "I'll welcome his Royalty, as nobody shall!" he went about saying. "I see not going to be set upon by Farfrae, as any of the rest of the paltry crew. You shall see."

The eventful morning was bright, a full-faced sun confronting early window-gazers eastward, and all perceived (for they were practised in weather love) that there was permanence to the glow. Visitors soon began to flock in from county houses, villages, remote copses, and lonely uplands, the latter in gilled boots and tilt bonnets, to see the reception, as if not to see it, at any rate to be near it. There was hardly a workman in the town who did not put a clean shirt on. Solomon Longways, Christopher Coney, Buzzford, and the rest of that fraternity shouldered their sons of the occasion by advancing their customary eleven-o'clock pint to half past ten as an initiatory duty, from which they found a difficulty in getting back to the proper hour for several days.

Henchard had determined to do no work that day. He primed himself in the morning with a glass of rum, and walking down the street met Elizabeth Jane, whom he had not seen for a week. "It was lucky," he said to her, "my twenty years had expired before this came on, or I should never have had the nerve to carry it out."

"Carry out what?" said she, alarmed.

"This welcome I am going to give our royal visitor."

She was perplexed. "Shall we go and see it together?" she said.

"See it! I have other fish to fry. You see it. It will be worth seeing!"

She could do nothing to elucidate this, and decked herself out with a heavy heart. As the appointed time drew near the get right again of her step-father. She thought he was going to the King of Prussia; but no, he coloured his way through the gay throng to the shop of Woodfrey, the draper. She waited in the crowd without.

In a few minutes he emerged, wearing, as her surprise, a brilliant rosette, white, more surprising still, in his hand he carried a flag, of nameless homely construction, formed by tacking one of the small Union-Jacks, which abounded in the town to-day, to the end of a deal wand—probably the roller from a piece of calico. Henchard rolled up his flag on the door-step, put it under his arm, and went down the street.

Suddenly the taller members of the crowd turned their heads, and the shorter stood on tiptoe. It was said that the royal cortège approached. The railway had stretched not an arm toward Casterbridge at this time, but had not reached it by several miles as yet; so that the intervening distance, as well as the remainder of the journey, was to be traversed by road, in the old fashion. People thus wasted and watched the far-stretching London highway to the ringing of bells and clatter of tongues.

From the background Elizabeth Jane watched the scene. Some seats had been arranged from which ladies could witness the spectacle, and the front seat was occupied by Lucetta just at present. In the road under her eyes stood Henchard. She appeared so bright and pretty that, as it seemed, he was experiencing the momentary weakness of wishing for her notice. But he was far from attractive to a woman's eye, ruled as that is as largely by the superfices of things. He was not only a journeyman, unable to appear as he formerly had appeared, but he disdained to appear as well as he might. Everybody else, from the Mayor to the washer-woman, shone in new vestate according to means; but Henchard had doggedly retained the weather beaten garments of by gone years.

Hence, alas, this occurred: Lucetta's eyes slid over him to the side and to that without anchoring on a feature—as gaily dressed women's eyes will often do on such occasions. Her manner signified quite plainly that she meant to know him in public no more.

But she never tired of watching Donald, as he stood in animated converse with his friends a few yards off, wearing round his young neck the official gold chain with great square links like that round the royal unicorn. Every trifling emotion that her husband showed as he talked had its reflex on her face and lips, which moved in little duplicates to his. She was living his part rather than her own, and cared for no one's situation but Farfrae's that day.

At length a man stationed on the furthest turn of the high-road, namely, on the second bridge of which mention has been made, gave a signal, and the Corporation in their robes proceeded from the front of the Town-hall to the archway erected to the entrance to the town. The carriages containing the royal visitor and his suite arrived at the spot in a cloud of dust, a procession was formed, and the whole came on to the Town-hall at a walking pace.

This spot was the centre of interest. There were a few clear yards in front of the royal carriage, and into this space a man stepped before any one could prevent him. It was Henchard. He had unrolled his private flag, and removing his hat, he advanced to the side of the slowing carriage, waving the Union-Jack to and fro with his left hand, while he blandly held not his right to the illustrious personage. All the ladies said, with bated breath, "Oh, look there!" and Lucetta was ready to faint. Elizabeth Jane peeped through the shoulders of those in front, saw what it was, was terrified, and then her interest in the event on a strange phenomenon got the better of her fear.

Farfrae immediately rose to the occasion. He asked Henchard by the shoulder, dragged him back, and told him roughly to be off. Henchard's eyes met his, and Farfrae observed the fierce light in them, despite his excitement and irritation. For a moment Henchard stood his ground rigidly, then by an unaccountable impulse gave way and retired. Farfrae glanced to the ladies' gallery, and saw that his Calphurnia's shock was pale.

"Why, it is your husband's old patron!" said Mrs Blowbody, a lady of the neighborhood, who sat beside Lucetta.

"Patron!" said Donald's wife, with quick indignation.

"Do you say the man is an acquaintance of Mr Farfrae's?" observed Mrs. Beth, the physician's wife, a new-comer to the town.

"He works for my husband," said Lucetta.

"Oh, is that all? They have been trying to tell that it was through him your husband first got a footing in Casterbridge. What stories people will tell!"

"They will indeed. It was not so at all. Donald's genius would have enabled him to get a footing anywhere, without anybody's help!" He would have been just the same if there had been no Henchard in the world."

It was partly Lucetta's ignorance of the circumstances of Donald's arrival which led her to speak thus; partly the sensation that everybody seemed bent on snubbing her at this triumphant time. The incident had occupied but a few moments, but it was necessarily witnessed by the royal personage, who, however, with practiced tact, affected not to have noticed anything unusual. He alighted, the Mayor advanced, the address was read, the visitor replied, then said a few words to Farfrae, and shook hands with Lucetta, as the Mayor's wife. The ceremony occupied but a few minutes, and the carriages rattled up the straight High Street, and out upon the great open road, to continuation of the journey eastward.

In the crowd stood Coney, Buzzford, and Longways. "Some difference between him now and when he sang at the King o' Prussia," said the first. "'Tis wonderful how he could get a lady of her quality to go snacks with him to such quick time."

"True. Yet how folk do worship fine clothes! Now there's a better-looking woman than she that nobody notices at all, because she's akin to that mandy fellow Henchard."

"I could worship ye for saying that," remarked Nance Mockridge. "I do like to see the trimming pulled off such Christmas candles. I am quite sneeped to the part of villain myself, or I'd gie all my small silver to see that lady tapped. . . . And perhaps I shall soon," she added, significantly.

"That's not a noble passion for a woman to keep up," said Longways.

Nance did not reply, but every one knew what she meant. The ideas diffused by the reading of Lucetta's letters at Peter's Finger had condensed into a scandal, which was spreading like a miasmatic fog through Mixen Lane, and thence up the back streets of Casterbridge.

This mixed assemblage of idlers known to each other, presently fell apart into two bands by a process of natural selection, the frequenters of Peter's Finger going off Mixen Lane-ward, where most of them lived, while Coney, Buzzford, Longways, and that connection remained in the street.

"You know what's brewing down there, I suppose?" said Buzzford mysteriously to the others.

Coney looked at him. "Nie the skimmity-ride?"

Buzzford nodded.

"I have my doubts if it will be carried out," told Longways. "If they are getting it up they are keeping it mighty close."

"I heard they were thinking of it a fortnight ago, at all events."

"If I were sure n't I'd lay information," said Longways, emphatically. "'Tis too rough a joke, and apt to make riots in towns. We know that the Scotchman is a right enough man, and that her lady has been a right enough woman since she came here, and if there was anything wrong about her afore, that's their business, not ours."

Coney reflected. Farfrae was still liked in the community; but it must be owned that, as the Mayor and man of money, engrossed with affairs and ambitions, he had lost in the eyes of the poorer inhabitants something of that wondrous charm which he had had for them as a light-hearted, penniless young man, who sang ditties so readily as the birds in the trees. Hence the anxiety to keep him from annoyance showed not quite the order that would have animated it to former days.

"Suppose we make inquiration into it, Christopher," continued Longways, "and if we find there's really anything in it, drop a letter to them most concerned, and advise 'em to keep out of the way?"

This course was decided on, and the group separated, Buzzford saying to Coney, "Come, my ancient friend, let's move on. There's nothing more to see here."

Those well intentioned ones would have been surprised had they known how ripe the great jocular plot really was. "Yes, to-night," Jopp had said to the Peter's party at the corner of Mixen Lane. "As a mind-up to the royal visit, the hit will be all the more pat by reason of their great elevation to-day."

To him, to learn, it was not a joke, but a reprisal.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The proceedings had been brief—too brief—to Lucetta; but they had brought her a great triumph, nevertheless. The shake of the royal hand still lingered in her fingers; and the chit-chat she had overheard, that her husband might possibly receive the honor of knighthood, though idle to a degree, seemed not the wildest vision; stranger things had occurred to men so good and captivating as her Scotchman is.

After the collision with the Mayor, Henchard had withdrawn behind the ladies' enclosure; and there he stood, regarding with a stare of abstraction the spot on the lapel of his coat where Farfrae's hand had rested. He put his own hand there, as if he could hardly realize such an outrage from one whom it had once been his wont to treat with ardent generosity. While pausing in this half stupefied state, the conversation of Lucetta with the other ladies reached his ears; and he distinctly heard her deny him—deny that he had assisted Donald, that he was anything more than a common journeyman.

He moved on homeward, and met Jopp in the archway to the bull stake. "So you've had a cench," said Jopp.

"And what if I have?" answered Henchard, sternly.

"Why, I've had one too, so we are both under the same displeasure." He briefly related his attempt to win Lucetta's intercession.

Henchard merely heard his story, without taking it deeply in. His own relation to Farfrae and Lucetta overshadowed all kindred ones. He went on saying, brokenly, to himself, "She has supplicated to me in her time, and now her tongue won't own me nor her eyes see me! . . . And he—how angry he looked! He drove me back as if I were a bull breaking fence . . . . I took it like a lamb, for I saw it could not be settled there. He can veb hrine on a green wound, he can . . . But he shall pay for it, and she shall be sorry. It must come to a reckoning—face to face; and then we'll see how a cascoah can front a man!"

Without further reflection the fallen merchant, bent on some wild purpose, ate a hasty dinner, and went forth to find Farfrae. After being injured by him as a rival, and snubbed by him as an employer, the crowning degradation had been received for this day—that he should be shaken by the collar by him on a vagabond in the face of the whole town.

The crowds had dispersed. But for the green arches which still stood as they were erected, Casterbridge life had resumed its ordinary shape. Henchard went down Corn Street till he came to Farfrae's house, where he knocked, and left a message that he would be glad to see his employer at the granaries as soon as he conveniently could come there. Having done this, he proceeded round to the back, and entered the yard.

Nobody was present, for, as he had been aware, the laborers and carters were enjoying half holiday on account of the events of the day—though the carters would have to return for a short time later on to feed and litter down the horses. He had reached the granary steps, and was about to ascend, when he said to himself, aloud, "I'm stronger than he."

Henchard returned to a shed, where he selected a short piece of rope from several pieces that were lying about, hitching one end of this to a nail, he took the other in his right hand, and turned himself bodily round, while keeping his left arm against his side. By this contrivance he pinioned the latter effectively. He now went up the ladders to the top floor of the corn stores.

It was empty, except of a few sacks, and at the further end was the door, often mentioned, opening under the sallhead and chain that hoisted the sacks. He fixed the door open, and looked over the sill. There was a depth of thirty as forty feet to the ground. Here was the spot on which he had been standing with Farfrae when Elizabeth Jane had seen him lift his arm, with many misgivings as to what the movement portended.

He retired a few steps into the loft, and waited. From this elevated perch his eye could sweep the roofs roundabout, the upper part of the lofty chestnut-trees, now delicate in leaves of a week's age, and the drooping boughs of the limes, Farfrae's garden, and the green door leading therefrom. In course of time—he could not say how long—that green door opened, and Farfrae came through. He was dressed as if for a journey. The low light of the nearing evening caught his head and fans when he emerged from the shadow of the wall, warning them to a complexion of flame-color. Henchard watched him with his mouth firmly set, the squareness of his jaw and the verticality of his profile being unduly marked.

Farfrae mounted with ease and hand in his pocket, and humming a tune in a way which told that the words were most in his mind. They were those of the song he had sung when he arrived, years before, as the King of Prussia, a poor young man, adventuring for life and fortune, and scarcely knowing whitherward:

"And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And give a hand o' thine."

Nothing moved Henchard like an old melody. He sank back. "No, I can't do it," he gasped. "Why does the infernal fool begin that now?"

At length Farfrae was silent, and Henchard looked out of the loft door. "Will ye come up here?" he said.

"Ay, man," said Farfrae. "I couldn't see ye. What's amiss?"

A minute later Henchard heard his feet on the lowest ladder. He heard him land on the first floor, second and land on the second, begin the ascent to the third. And then his head rose through the trap behind.

"What are you doing up here at this time?" he asked, coming forward. "Why didn't ye take your holiday like the rest of the men?" He spoke in a tone which had just severity enough in it to show that he remembered the untoward event of the forenoon.

Henchard said nothing; but, going back, he closed the stair hatchway, and stamped upon it so that it went tight into its frame; he next turned to the wondering young man, who by this time observed that one of Henchard's arms was bound to his side.

"Now," said Henchard, quietly, "we stand face to face—man and man. Your money and your fine wife no longer lift ye above me as they did but now, and my poverty does not press you down."

"What does it all mean?" asked Farfrae, simply.

"Wait a bit, my lad. You should have thought twice before you affronted to extremity a man who had nothing to lose. I've borne your rivalry, which ruined me, and your snubbing, which humbled me; but your hunting, that disgraced me. I won't stand it!"

Farfrae warmed a little at this. "Ye'd on business there," he said.

"As much as any one among ye. What, you forward stripling, tell a man of my age he'd on business there?" The anger-vein swelled in his forehead as he spoke.

"You insulted Royalty, Henchard; and 'twas my duty, as the chief magistrate, to step ye."

"Royalty be ——," said Henchard. "I am as loyal as you, come to that."

"I see not here to argue. Wait till you are cool, wait till you are cool, and you will see things as I do."

"You may be the one to cool first," said Henchard, grisly. "Now this is the case. Here be we, in this fourpenny loft, to finish not that little wrestle you began this morning. There's the door, forty feet above-ground. One of on two puts the other out by that door—the master hides beside. If he likes, he may go down afterward and give the alarm that the other has fallen out by accident—or he may tell the truth—that's his business. As the strongest man, I've tied one arm to take no advantage of ye. D'ye understand? Then here's to 'ee!"

There was no time for Farfrae to do aught but one thing—to close with Henchard immediately, for the latter had come on at once. It was a wrestling match, the object of each being to give his antagonist a back fall, and on Henchard's part, unquestionably, that it should be through the door.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1516.

At the outset Henchard's hold by his only spare hand, the right, was on the left side of Farfrae's collar, which he firmly grappled, the latter holding Henchard by his collar with the contrary hand. With his right he endeavored to get hold of his antagonist's left arm, which, however, he could not do, so adroitly did Henchard keep it in the rear as he guard upon the honored eyes of his fair clan antagonist.

Henchard planted the first toe forward, Farfrae crossing him with his, and thus far the struggle had very much the appearance of the ordinary wrestling of those parts. Several minutes were passed by them in the attitude, the pair reeling and writhing like trees in a gale, both preserving an absolute silence. By this time their breathing could be heard. Then Farfrae tried to get hold of the other side of Henchard's collar, which was resisted by the larger man exerting all his force in a wrenching movement, and this part of the struggle ended by his forcing Farfrae down on his knees by sheer pressure of one of his muscular arms. Hampered as he was, however, he could not keep him there, and Farfrae finding his feet again, the struggle proceeded as before.

By a lateral whirl Henchard brought Donald dangerously near the precipice; seeing his position, the Scotchman for the first time locked himself to his adversary, and all the efforts of that infuriated Prince of Darkness—as he might have been called from his appearance just now—were inadequate to lift or loosen him for a time. By an extraordinary effort he succeeded of last, though not until they had got far back again from the fatal door. In doing so Henchard contrived to turn Farfrae a complete somersault. Had Henchard's other arm been free, it would have been all over with Farfrae then. But again he regained his feet, wrenching Henchard's arm considerably, and causing him sharp pain, so could he seen from the twitching of his face. He instantly delivered the younger man an annihilating turn by the left fore hip, as it is expressed, and following up his advantage threw him toward the door, never loosening his hold till Farfrae's fair head was hanging over the window-sill, and his arm dangling down outside the wall.

"Now," said Henchard, between his gasps, "this is the end of what you began this morning. Your life is in my hands."

"Then take it," said Farfrae. "You've wished so long."

Henchard looked down upon him in silence, and their eyes met. "Oh, Farfrae—that's not true!" he said, bitterly. "God is my witness that no man ever loved another as I did thee at one time. . . . And now—though I came here to kill 'ee, I cannot hurt thee. Go and give me in charge—do what you will—I care nothing for what comes of me."

He withdrew to the back part of the loft, and flung himself into a corner upon some sacks in the abandonment of remorse. Farfrae regarded him in silence, then went to the hatch, and descended through it till lost to view. Henchard would fain have recalled him, but his tongue failed in its task, and the young man's steps died on his ear.

Henchard took his full measure of shame and self-reproach. The scenes of his first acquaintance with Farfrae rushed back upon him—that time when the curious mixture of romance and thrift in the young man's composition so commanded his heart that Farfrae could play upon him as on an instrument. So thoroughly subdued was he that he remained on the sacks in a crouching attitude, unnerved for a man, and for such a man. In woman-like not tragically on the figure of so stern a piece of virility. He heard a conversation below, the opening of the coach house door, and the pawing in of a horse, but took no notice.

Here he stood till the dim shades thickened to opaque obscurity, and the loft door became an oblong of gray light—the only visible shape around. At length he arose, shook the dust from his clothes a certain, felt his way to the hatch, and gingerly descended the steps till he stood in the yard.

"He thought highly of me once," he murmured. "Now he'll hate me, and despise me forever!"

He became possessed by an overpowering wish to see Farfrae again that night, and by some desperate pleading attempt the well nigh impossible task of winning pardon for his late mad attack. But as he walked toward Farfrae's door, he recalled the unheeded damage in the yard a little he had lain above in a sort of stupor. Farfrae he remembered had gone to the stable and put the horse into the gig, while doing so Whittlebone had brought him a letter; Farfrae had then said that he would not go toward Budmouth as he had intended, that he was unexpectedly summoned to Weatherbury, and meant to call at Melstock on his way thither, that place lying but three or four miles out of his course.

He must have come prepared for a journey when he first arrived in the yard, unexpecting assuredly, and he must have driven off (though in a changed direction) without saying a word to any one on what had occurred between themselves.

It would therefore be useless to call at Farfrae's house till very late.

There was no help for it but to wait till his return, though waiting was almost torture to his restless and self-accusing soul. He walked about the streets and outskirts of the town, lingering here and there till he reached the stone bridge of which mention has been made—an accustomed halting place with him now. Here he spent a long time, the port of waters through the weirs meeting his ear, and the Casterbridge lights glimmering at no great distance off.

While leaning thus upon the parapet, his listless attention was awakened by sounds of an unaccustomed kind from the town quarter. They were a confusion of rhythmical noises, to which the steams added yet more confusion by encumbering them with echoes. His first conscious thoughts that the changes arose from the town band, engaged in an attempt to round off a memorable day by a burst of evening harmony, was contradicted by certain peculiarities of revelry tone. But his apprehension did not rouse him to more than a cursory bewildered; his sense of degradation was too strong for the admission of foreign ideas, and he leaned against the parapet as before.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

When Farfrae descended out of the loft, breathless from his encounter with Henchard, he paused at the bottom to recover himself. He arrived at the yard with the intention of putting the horse into the gig himself (all the men having a holiday), and driving on a village on the Budmouth Road. Despite the fearful struggle, he decided still to persevere in his journey, so as to recover himself before going indoors and meeting the eyes of Lucetta. He wished to consider his course in a case so serious.

When he was just on the point of driving off, Whittlebone arrived with a note, badly addressed, and bearing the word "immediate" upon the outside. On opening it he was surprised to see that it was unsigned. It contained a brief request that he would go to Weatherbury that evening about some business which he was considering there. Farfrae knew nothing that could make it pressing; but as he was bent upon going out, he yielded to the anonymous request, particularly as he had a call to make at Melstock which could be included in the same tour. Thereupon he told Whittlebone of his change of direction, in words which Henchard had overheard, and set out on his way. Farfrae had not directed his man to take the message indoors, and Whittlebone had not been supposed to do so on his own responsibility.

Now the anonymous letter was the well-intentioned but clumsy contrivance of Longways and others of Farfrae's men to get him out of the way for the evening, in order that the satirical mummery should fall flat, if it were attempted. By giving open information they would have brought down upon their heads the vengeance of those among their comrades who objected these boisterous old games, and therefore the plan of sending a letter recommended itself by its indirectness.

For poor Lucetta they took no positive measure, believing with the majority there was some truth in the scandal, which she would have to bear as she best might.

It was about eight o'clock, and Lucetta was sitting in the drawing-room alone. Night had set in for more than half an hour, but she had not had the candles lighted, for when Farfrae was away she preferred waiting for him by the firelight, and, if it were not too cold, keeping one of the window-casings a little way open, that the sound of his wheels might reach her ears early. She was leaning back in her chair, in a more hopeful mood than she had enjoyed since her marriage. The day had been such a success; and the temporary uneasiness which Henchard's show of discovery had brought to her disappeared with the quiet disappearance of Henchard himself under her husband's reproof. The floating evidences of her void marriage with him had been destroyed, and she really seemed to have no cause for fear.

The reverie in which these and other subjects mingled was disturbed by a hubbub in the distance, that increased moment by moment. It did not greatly surprise her, the afternoon having been given up to recreation by a majority of the population since the passage of the royal equipages. But her attention was at once riveted to the matter by the voice of a maid servant next door, who spoke from an upper window across the street to some other maid even more elevated than she.

"Which way be they going now?" inquired the first, with interest.

"I can't be sure for a moment," said the second, "because of the maiden's chimbley. Oh yes—I can see 'em. Well, I declare—I declare!"

"What, what?" from the first, more enthusiastically.

"They are coming up Corn Street after all! They sit back to back!"

"What—two of 'em—are there two figures?"

"Yes. Two images on a docker, back to back, their elbows tied to one another's. She's facing the head, and he's facing the tail."

"Is it meant for anybody particular?"

"Well—it may be. The man has got on a blue coat and kerseymere leggings; he has black whiskers and a reddish face. 'Tis a stuffed figure, with a mask."

The din was increasing now—then it lessened a little.

"There—I she'd so, after all!" cried the disappointed first maid.

"They have gone into a back street—that's all," said the one who occupied the enviable position in the attic. "There—now I have got my all endeavors nicely."

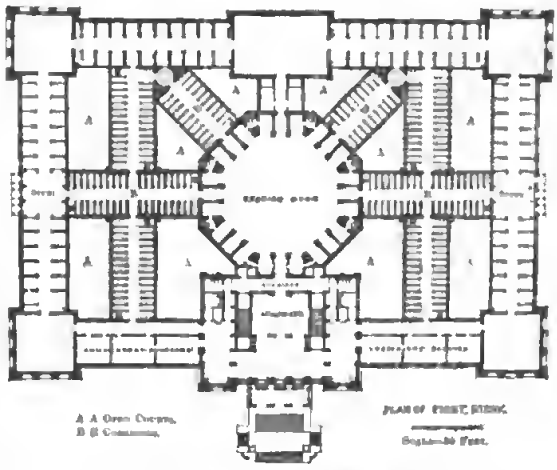
"What's the woman like? Just say, and I can tell in a moment if 'tis meant for one I've in mind."

"By—why—'tis dressed just as she was dressed when she sat in the front seat at the time the play-actors came to the Town hall."

Lucetta started to her feet, and almost at the instant the door of the room was quickly and softly opened. Elizabeth-Jane advanced into the firelight.

"I have come to see you," she said, breathlessly. "I did not stop to knock—forgive me. I see you have not shut your shutters, and the window is open."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]




## THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Few visitors to the Capitol at Washington fail to ask to be taken to the Library of Congress. Very few of the many thousands of mere sightseers who have entered the library during the last ten years, and not one of the large number of persons who have visited it as students or readers, have failed to notice that the section of the Capitol in which it is kept was entirely inadequate to hold the accumulation of books, newspapers, maps, and other valuable material. The utmost ingenuity on the part of the librarian in the employment of space was unequal at last to a task about as difficult as to make a pint pot hold a quart. Shelves became crowded, cases were top-loaded with volumes almost inaccessible for use, alcoves, passages etc., halls, the very entrance itself, became obstructed by huge stacks of volumes, piled up in such disorder as to be useless except as collectors of dust. To everybody out of Congress this sight has been humiliating. After thirteen years of effort on the part of a few Senators and Representatives who took the first step toward securing a new library building, stimulated and encouraged always by Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, a bill authorizing the purchase of a site and the construction of a separate building was passed by the House of Representatives on April 5, having already passed the Senate. To Senator MORRILL, of Vermont, and Representative OTHO R. SINGLETON, of Mississippi, venerable men both, the passage of the bill was cause for great rejoicing, for in the respective Houses to which they belong they have been from the first the steady champions of the measure. In March, 1873, Congress offered $5,000 for a plan for a new building, and constituted a commission, consisting of the late Senator HOWE, of Wisconsin, Senator MORRILL, of Vermont, and Librarian SPOFFORD, to invite competition among architects both at home and abroad, to select a site, and to superintend the work that was confidently expected to be started soon after. European and American architects to the number of twenty-eight submitted plans, and after two years of delay the prize of $1,000 for the best design was unanimously awarded to Mr. J. L. SMITHMEYER, of Washington.

In 1875 Senator HOWE proposed by bill to erect the building in Judiciary Square. In consequence of its distance from the Capitol that site proved unattractive, and a proposition made by the Joint Library Committee in June, 1876, to erect the library building in the Botanical Garden grounds was rejected for the reason that those grounds are almost literally floating gardens, but a few inches above the mean level of the Potomac, and affected by every extraordinary tide. In February, 1877, Senator MORRILL brought forward the proposition to put the new library upon one of two squares of ground immediately east of the Capitol and he has persistently adhered to his first opinion that the building should be built there, on high ground, about on the same level with the Capitol, and easily accessible to Congress. The bill was neglected in 1877, and in 1878, when brought forward again by Senator DAWES, of Massachusetts, it met the same fate. Despairing of success in the attempt to obtain approval for a new building, Senator HOWE in 1878 secured the passage of a bill calling for a commission to inquire into the possibility and expediency of enlarging the Capitol so as to furnish accommodation for the rapidly increasing library. Enlargement was pronounced impracticable, and a separate edifice recommended. Again Judiciary Square was suggested as a site, and $150,000 named in a bill as the amount to begin work with. The proposition came to naught. The next step accomplished was through the offices of Senator VOORHEES, of Indiana, in 1880, when a joint committee of three Senators and three Representatives selected an expert commission, consisting of EDWARD CLARK, architect of the Capitol, ALEXANDER R. LOTT, of Boston, and JOHN L. SMITHMEYER, of Washington, to examine and report. They reported that the needs of the library would best be met by the construction of a separate building, as it was impedimental, if not impracticable, to extend the Capitol.

The necessary changes to accommodate the vast accumulations of the library would impair the architectural design of the Capitol, as well as its convenience for legislative purposes. A majority of the joint committee again turned east and Judiciary Square. Senator MORRILL insisted upon the site east of the Capitol. The Senate agreed with him, and passed a bill naming the site he preferred. The House let the bill die without consideration. This record was substantially repeated in the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses. The Senate has steadily favored the bill, not more than seven votes having ever been cast against it in that body. The House of Representatives in the Forty-ninth Congress adopted the bill by suspending the rules to pass it—a method requiring a two-thirds vote. It got the two-thirds, and eleven votes to spare. The new building to be erected is to be 470 feet in length by 300 in depth, covering about 2½ acres of ground. It is to be of stone, iron, and concrete, and thoroughly fire-proof. According to the calculations of Mr. SMITHMEYER and the architect, it will furnish abundant accommodation for nearly 4,000,000 books. There will also be places for pamphlets and newspapers. In a gallery 350 feet long by 35 feet wide will be shown works of art. Maps, charts, the Washingtonian, the valuable TOWER collection, one stored in the crypt, and halls for copyright records, and the interesting accumulations under the copyright laws, will all be provided for in convenient rooms and galleries. There will be ample space for additions, for the last report of Librarian SPOFFORD shows that there were 565,134 books and 191,000 pamphlets in the library.

The bill just passed appropriates $500,000, and limits the cost of the site to $450,000. The entire cost of site and building is estimated at $2,525,000, of which $1,000,000 is to be asked for at the next session of Congress, and about $800,000 at the succeeding session, in 1887. The commission to select the site consists of the Secretary of the Interior, the Architect of the Capitol, and the Librarian of Congress. They have a choice to make between plots lying north and south of East Capitol Street, and will probably be governed in their selection by considerations of economy in price. Both plots are occupied in part by good buildings, which will be paid for and torn down. It is believed that the cost of the site will be much within the amount authorized to be expended in its purchase.

## THE NEW PRESIDENT OF VASSAR.

REV. JAMES MONROE TAYLOR, the President-elect of Vassar College, was born in Brooklyn, August 9, 1848. He entered the Freshman Class at the University of Rochester in 1864, where he took the first prize in mathematics at the end of the first year, as also the second prize for his Senior oration at Commencement. From the college he went to the Rochester Theological Seminary, where three years later he was graduated.

In 1871 he went to Europe, and spent a year in travel and study of theology, art, and history. Upon his return from abroad he was called to the Baptist church at South Norwalk, Connecticut. While there he developed solid administrative qualities, which not only kept his church into a notable compact and efficient body, but planted seed which grew in the hands of a successor into one of the most beautiful little churches in Connecticut. A well planned and useful Public Library has also been built by a society which grew up under his hand. Pronounced and outspoken in opinion on every subject, he yet became the most popular man, among all classes, that the town has ever known. After a pastorate of nine years he accepted a call to the Fourth Baptist Church of Providence, Rhode Island, of which he is now pastor.

President TAYLOR is a son of the late Rev. Dr. E. K. L. TAYLOR, who for twenty-five years was one of the leading Baptist pastors of Brooklyn. His son's, Dr. MARY TAYLOR BRESSLER, of this city, is the President of the Vassar Alumnæ Association. The college is fortunate in having for its President's wife also a "Vassar girl," Mrs. TAYLOR having been a special student at the college in 1869–70.

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THE NAVAL DRILL AT PENSACOLA—THE "TENNESSEE" ENTERING THE FIRING ARC.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT SHEPHEY, U.S.N.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

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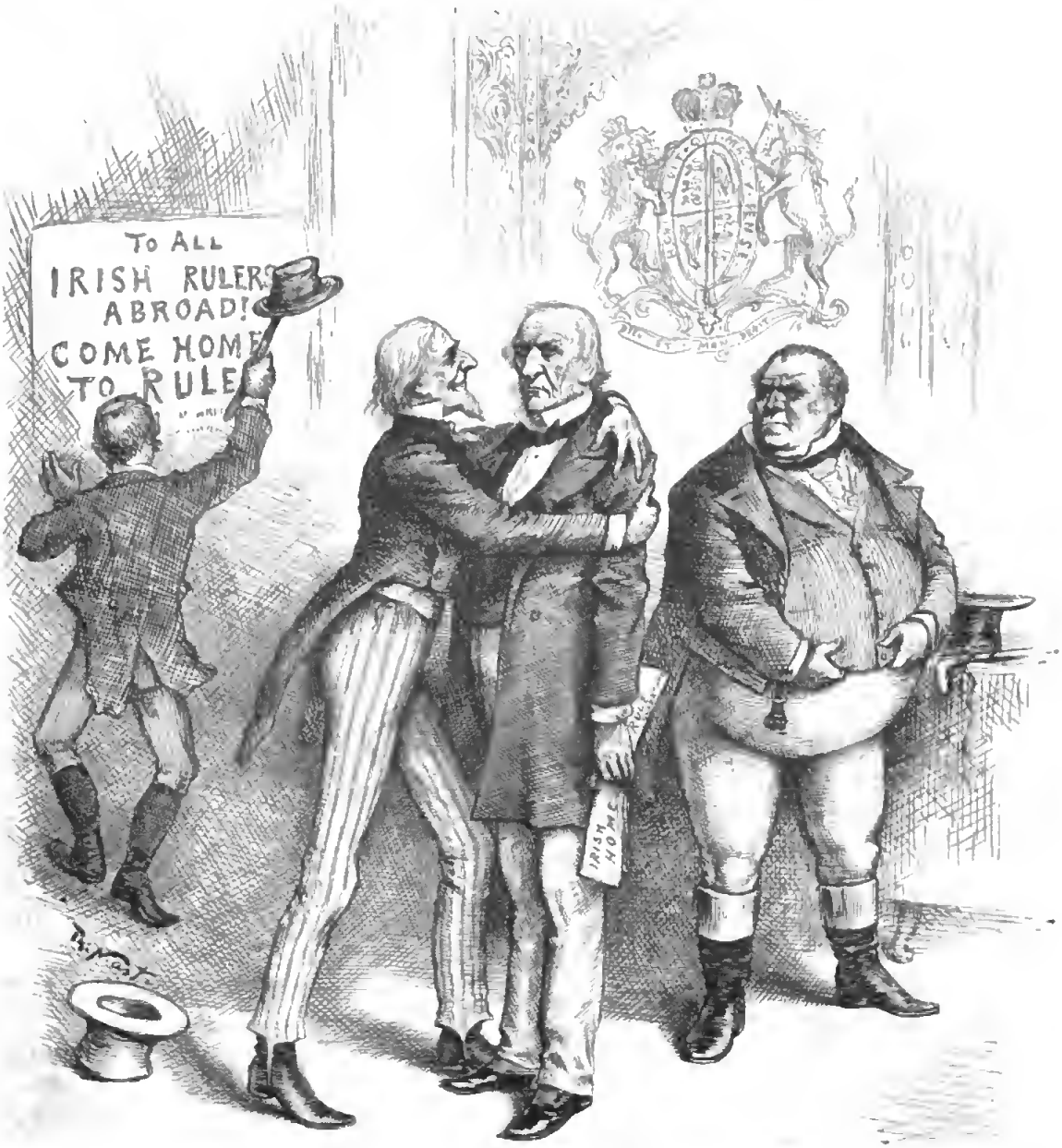
GERONIMO. NATCHEZ.
IN ORDER OF BATTLE

GERONIMO, HIS SON, AND TWO PICKED BRAVES. GERONIMO.

A CAPTIVE WHITE BOY IN AN APACHE CAMP.

GERONIMO. GERONIMO AND NATCHEZ.

THE HOSTILE APACHES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. S. FLY, TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA.—[SEE PAGE 264.]




## OUR GRATEFUL ENDORSEMENT.

U. S. "By giving the Irish their own country to rule, you emancipate the world in general, and the United States in particular."

year 1840 they set to work with that indomitable energy with which both were equally inspired to establish a society for the protection of life from fire, which, commencing modestly with one or two fire-escapes and conductors, grew under their careful and fostering hands to be one of the largest and most useful societies in the metropolis, until eventually they were instrumental in handing over to the Board of Works a well drilled and established brigade of over a hundred men and well-equipped machines. Whilst the younger SAUNDERS, who from childhood had been a confirmed invalid, attended to the financial and official department of their self imposed duties, the elder SAUNDERS may constantly have been seen at any hour of the night, and often in the small hours of the morning, going round to the different and distinct parts of the metropolis to see that the men were on duty and on the alert for fire calls. It may with truth be said that in this way hundreds of men, women, and children have owed their safety and their lives to his military midnight walks and untiring zeal. Mr Low's philanthropy was as unostentatious as it was modest. He did "good by stealth," and certainly would have "blushed to find it fame." In this modest way he was the means of establishing day and Sunday schools in his own neighborhood, and has always been an energetic teacher in his Sunday schools.

When Mr Low first established his circulating library in Lamb's Conduit Street the future all-absorbing Muse could scarcely have reached the dignity of long clothes; but before the middle of the century the course of the aristocracy and gentry of the surrounding squares was (like that of "empire") westward, the neighborhood decidedly went down. Mr Low sold his library, and established himself, in partnership with his son, in Fleet Street, in the year 1840. In 1852, the year in which the hero of Waterloo died, he removed to much larger premises in Ludgate Hill. In January, 1856, he was joined in partnership by Mr E. MAURICE, and twelve years afterward occurred the first great sorrow of his life, the death of his much-loved eldest son, SAUNDERS. At this period his second son, WILLIAM, and Mr S. W. SCARLE joined the firm. Then followed the death of his third son, WALTER, and then again, within three months of his golden wedding day, which was never to be reached, came the crowning sorrow of all, the death of her who had been his dearest partner for so many years. This event was followed, a few months later on, by the death of his second son, WILLIAM. These bereavements weighed heavily upon him, but he bore them with calm resignation.

The life and character of such a man as Mr SAUNDERS LOW are worthy at least of this brief and imperfect record, for he tried, most assiduously, to do good in his day and generation. E. M.

## OUR CAVALRY.

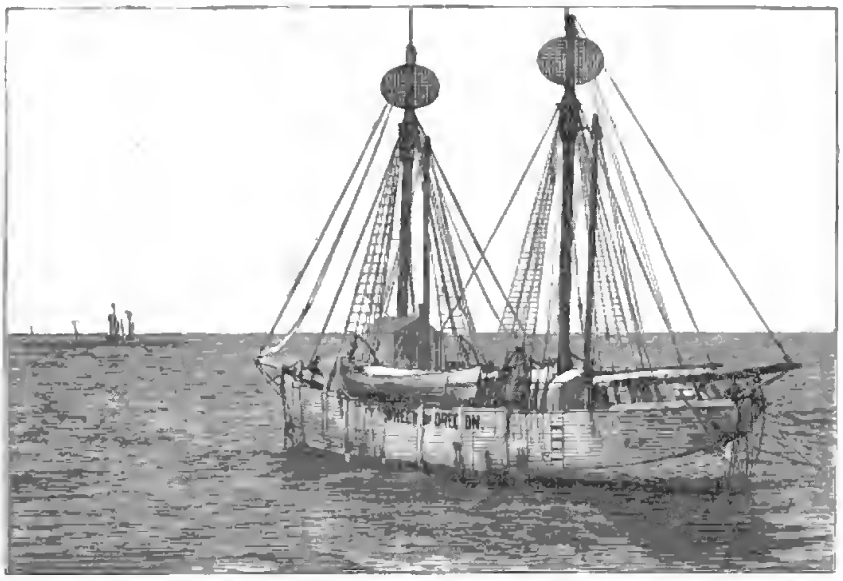
THE illustration entitled "The Fourth Trooper," on the opposite page, shows the nature of the duty imposed upon No. 4, or the fourth man in each set of fours, who holds his own horse and that of his three comrades, while the latter, dismounted, engage the enemy.

In an European army is the proportion of cavalry to other troops as great as in our own. In Austria it is perhaps higher than elsewhere, yet there, we believe, only about sixteen per cent. In Germany, France, and Russia the percentage is a little less, and in England it falls off a great deal. But in our establishment, out of forty regiments of the line, ten are cavalry; and even this does not tell the whole story, since our cavalry regiments contain twelve companies, and the infantry only ten. In short, out of a total of 1547 officers and 20,613 enlisted men in the line regiments, according to the last report of the Lieutenant-General, the cavalry alone contained 424 officers and 7135 men. The total enlisted force at that date, including detachments, was 21,705. Compared with the infantry the cavalry has sixty-five per cent. as many enlisted men—a proportion more than twice that known in the armies of any European army.

As the cavalry is an expensive arm to maintain, from the additional cost and keeping of a horse and the horse equipments for each man, it will be understood that this helps to make our service proportionally more expensive than any other, though a more important reason is that with us the rate of pay is much higher, and also the cost of supplies. But this great ratio of mounted troops, which may seem extraordinary at first, especially when the roughness of much of our country is contrasted with the cleared plains of Europe, becomes perfectly comprehensible when we reflect that the Indian warriors, with whom our army has chiefly to do its fighting in ordinary times, are mounted.

The present illustration will also suggest two other points, one of them being that, in the very nature of things, a great part of our cavalry fighting is done dismounted, the horse being chiefly useful as the transportation to take the soldier to the field where he is wanted. The other point is that a fourth of the effective cavalry force must be deducted from line-of-battle strength, through these duties of the fourth troopers, besides the other usual deductions for train guards and so on.

It is obvious, also, what an advantage in some respects the Indians have over their white pursuers. The former are as well mounted, perhaps better; they have several spare horses for each warrior, taken care of by the squaws and children, where the cavalry have none; they steal fresh horses as they go on. The soldiers and their horses are loaded down with many little things which the savage can do without, as his demands of food and clothing are at the minimum, and he can kill an extra horse or two for a good meal. It is only relentless energy that enables our cavalry to accomplish as much as they do in a wild and difficult country.




Mouth of the Oregon.

LIGHT-SHIP MOORED APRIL 10 TO MARK THE WRECK OF THE "OREGON."

## OUR FUTURE LIBRARY BUILDINGS.

THE most inconvenient libraries we read of were those of the Assyrians and the Hittites; but they were the most durable. They carved their books—their sermons, perhaps—in stone, or baked them as clay. The tiled accounts of the Assyrian cities and their annals are found heaped together in broken piles of brick. The historical carving on the walls of Nineveh's palaces are familiar to all. The poem of Pentaur on the Egyptian temple is the most remarkable and the longest piece of narrative sculpture. But the Egyptians had their libraries of papyri and probably linen cloths. The learning of the Egyptians could scarcely have been conveyed to Moses by these writings in stone. It was in that mysterious land that libraries first began, and in Egypt the library almost seems to its perfection. The Museum and the Brachium at Alexandria were the models of all the later collections of Greece and Rome.

Roman libraries have so utterly perished that we can scarcely form any conception of them. They were provided for with imperial magnificence, were hidden in the long porticoes of matchless architecture on the Campus Martius, and enclosed in the temples and forums. Cicero and Atticus lived surrounded by books. Yet every Roman library has perished but one. The rare, the unique Herculaneum collection of nearly eighteen hundred volumes is well known. It consists of rolls of papyrus parched and melted together. The process of unfolding the manuscripts has advanced slowly for a hundred years. More than five hundred volumes have been unrolled. They contain chiefly treatises of Epicurus and his followers. But these blackened and crumbling leaves carry us back at once into the Roman library. They were arranged in presses or shelves along the walls of the room where they were found. Some inkstands were found with them. It was from such rolls that Cicero gathered his lessons on philosophy, and Pliny his boundless learning.

When the Roman libraries disappeared forever, the Arabs of Bagdad and Cordova began their wonderful collections. They, too, used only rolls of linen, or papyrus, or, later, paper. But their libraries were filled with hundreds of thousands of books. They were supplied, no doubt, like the porticoes of Rome or the Museum at Alexandria, with every convenience the student could require. At Cordova were the books from which Arabye took its first lessons in arithmetic and astronomy, chemistry and the higher mathematics. Of all these vast collections only a few manuscripts remain. Condé, the historian of the Moors, laments the destruction of eight thousand volumes in a fire at the Escurial in 1671. *Perdida irreparable!*—"irreparable loss!"—he cries. The libraries of the East have passed away. The wild and fanciful Arabic race conferred upon barbarous Europe its gift of knowledge, and then itself sank again into utter barbarism.

Our modern libraries have never equalled in convenience and attention to the wants of the student the porticoes of Rome and the gardens and walks of Alexandria, nor the graceful arches of priceless marble, laid in orange groves, that sheltered the collections of Hakem II. at Cordova. It is scarcely a hundred years since we have had any complete libraries at all, and the wants of the students have seldom yet met with proper attention. Our American libraries are still comparatively small, and formed upon too moderate a scale to give satisfaction to the active student. He is still forced to go to Europe for his materials. London, Paris, Berlin, and even Rome and Naples have collections of books and manuscripts to which New York and Boston have nothing to compare, and which carefully provide for the convenience and ease of the student in his labors. It is the part of a free library to invite to study and contemplation.

The new library building, to be provided at Washington by the liberality of the nation, will no doubt be better suited to this end than those we yet have. The liberality of the Boston collections is well known, and they are generously thrown open to the student; the New York and other libraries are usually obliging. But we have as yet no convenient library building. The best model is that of the British Museum. Its reading room is of all the best planned and the most useful for practical research. It is a great circular domed chamber. In the midst of the circle are the librarians and the catalogues. Around them are the desks for students. Each one is given a separate desk, writing materials, and as many books as he may choose to call for. The attentive librarians supply all his wants. Nothing more can be desired, it would seem, and around the walls of the room are a great number of books that can be used without the librarians' aid. There is no finer sight in London than this vast room, filled with students, authors, and editors, almost the brain of the metropolis. The French national library has a similar reading room, but only four books are allowed at a time to each student. The Vatican has rare beauty in its central hall and avenues, but its collection is limited, its manuscripts alone unequalled.

In building our libraries of the future the plan of the British Museum may well be followed. In a small collection it is scarcely necessary; in a large one of one or two millions of volumes, like the British Museum or the French Bibliothèque, it is difficult to see how any better plan can be proposed. The comfortable desks, the lofty ceiling, the attentive librarians, the boundless indulgence in books, seem all that a student can require. Our new library at Washington will be one of the great libraries of the world. In American history it will be unrivalled. Students will come to it from Europe and perhaps Asia. It is for the future that we are to build.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.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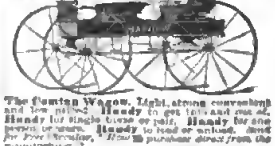

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Photographs of the Apache War.

The photographs of the Apache War, reproduced in this issue of *Harper's Weekly*, are from negatives taken by C. S. Fly, and are the only photographs ever taken of a hostile camp taken surrender. The list comprises the following views: No. 170, Captive White Boy, with Group of Hostiles in Geronimo's Camp; 171, Geronimo and Natchez, Mounted; 172, Group in Hostile Camp; 173, Geronimo's Camp; 174, Geronimo, Son, and Two Braves; 175, Gen. Crook, Staff, Interpreters, and Packers; 176, Conference between Gen. Crook and Geronimo; 177, Birds-eye View of Hostile Camp; 178, 179, 180, Geronimo and his Warriors; 181, Group of Hostiles. These numbers may be obtained at 50 cents each, or $4.00 per dozen, except Nos. 176, 178, and 180, which can be had at $1.00 each, or $9.00 per dozen. Address C. S. FLY, Photographer, Tombstone, Arizona Territory.



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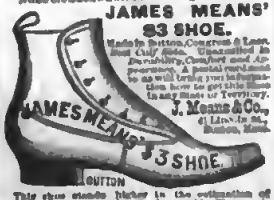


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## THE STRIKES.

THE extensive and prolonged strikes of the spring have had one beneficial result: they have drawn universal public attention to what is called the labor question, and have emphasized the impression of the changed conditions and relations to society of modern industry; of the wide organization and consequent power of the various branches of labor; of the enormous power and the great abuses of corporate wealth, and of the methods and purposes of those who seek its restraint and regulation. Besides all this, the result of the debate and of the strikes is to show a decided public conviction that while many of the demands of the labor associations are just and reasonable, yet that the associations are often not only wrong in the particular instance, but often assert a principle which is absolutely fatal to the common welfare. A strike of laborers for higher wages may be justifiable as an extreme course to secure their object. But if a strike, for instance, upon a railroad is effective, it is an immense public annoyance and disturbance. If, however, the wrong to the employés be evident, public sympathy sustains them and condemns the management of the road. Yet there is one fact which tells very strongly against the strikers. It is that when a large strike begins, the police are instantly ordered out in full force. This is because experience shows that a large strike threatens public order.

Now a remedy for the alleged wrongs of any body of citizens which is not derived from the law, but which is enforced by wide coöperation, and which endangers the public peace and paralyzes the industrial and business activity of a community, is practically a conspiracy against the public welfare. It is an assault upon the rights of the people, and the people have the right lawfully to protect themselves. The government in this country is not a power hostile to the great body of the people. It is the representative of the people—not of a class, nor of an interest, but of the whole body of citizens, rich and poor alike. The fact, therefore, that a large strike calls out the police shows that strikes are believed from experience to threaten violence, seizure of property, destruction of property, interference with the equal rights of citizens, and a general disturbance of the community. This is intolerable, because it destroys the conditions of orderly society. It is a course which scorns redress of grievances by the ordinary resort to law, and aims to carry its objects by terror. The consequence of this situation is that until the labor unions deprive strikes of this character they will not command public sympathy, and a strike will be regarded as an effort to secure an advantage to a few persons at the expense of the rights of the whole community. The number of those who are associated in labor unions is inconsiderable in comparison with the great mass of the people, and the peace and order and confidence which the action of this small minority disturbs are essential to the daily livelihood of all who live by wages, who are the great majority of the people.

A strike also will be publicly judged by the reasons alleged in justification. But such reasons as those which were originally given for the Third Avenue Railroad strike in New York are absurd. Some employés were said to have spoken ill of an association to which other employés belonged, and if the company would not dismiss them, the great body of employés would leave the roads unmanned. No such action could possibly command the sympathy of an American community, or of any lovers of fair play, and it covers all strikes with suspicion. The attempt of employés to dictate to employers whom they shall employ, and what wages they shall pay, is an attempt to take practical possession of other people's property, and to overthrow equal rights. It is wholly different from conditions lawfully imposed by a Legislature upon companies which it creates for the public benefit. A Legislature may rightfully fix the rate of fare, and require the observance of equal terms for freight shippers. This is done by the representatives of all the people, under the fundamental law, and for the benefit of all the people. But when a squad of people obstruct a street, and insult quiet people who wish to buy at a particular shop, and, in fact, conspire to destroy the business of the shop, as in the case of Mrs. GRAY, they are cowardly conspirators against private rights, who should be summarily dealt with. The labor unions say that they can have no confidence in appeals to law, because capital corrupts legislatures and courts. But the unions have a remedy. Mr POWDERLY says that there are half a million Knights of Labor. There are probably as many members of unions and associations. Let them nominate to Congress and the State Legislatures candidates who will favor the passage of laws to secure the objects that they seek. If these objects are not attainable by law, and can be secured only by violence and interference with private rights, they are objects which the American people will not tolerate. The press can do no better service than to tell this truth in a way which the members of unions who read the papers will understand. The real strength of the unions is in public sympathy, and to alienate that sympathy is to injure the legitimate cause of the unions.

## THE PRESIDENT'S CHOICE.

THE President is plainly told by leading organs of his party that he is ruining it. The Democratic feeling both in and out of Congress is unfriendly to him. The Republicans show him no sympathy and offer him no aid, and, intent upon playing a mere party game, sacrifice their own character as reformers. The New York *Herald*, speaking for a large body of voters which warmly supported Mr CLEVELAND'S election, pronounces him unable to comprehend his duties and responsibilities. Friends of reform, especially in Maryland and Indiana, are despondent, and ask in vain the explanation of frequent acts. Meanwhile no one ventures to question the sincerity of the President's convictions nor the purity of his purpose, and everybody acknowledges the extreme difficulty of his position. He is a Democrat, and strongly attached to his party. He feels doubtless the necessity of party support for any administration. He knows that he can have no Republican aid. He sees that the Democrats are sore and divided. He knows that the speeches of the Democratic VANCE and of the Republican INGALLS, ridiculing administrative reform, are the speeches most widely circulated as party documents by the respective parties. The situation is unquestionably clear to him; the opposition united, his own party hostile; the independent voters critical and doubtful.

The explanation of the situation we assume to be no less clear. It is due to the President's desire to adhere to reform without finally alienating his party. He doubtless holds that the country is but recently aroused to the necessity and value of reform, that reform can be accomplished only gradually, that to enforce it consistently would leave him without Congressional support for that or any other policy, that his party must be educated, and that reformers ought to be patient and considerate, allowing for errors, and not demanding that everything be done at once. But reformers, on the other hand, cannot agree that reform is to be advanced by plain violation of its principles, nor can they call deliberate disregard of facts, or refusal to investigate and inquire, inevitable errors. Reform certainly will not be promoted by the acquiescence of its friends in acts for which there is no reasonable excuse. Their silence in such a situation can be construed only as cowardice, as agreement, or as abandonment of their own cause. It is not a question of their confidence in the President's sincerity or purpose, but of approval of his course. They must be able to answer the inquiry whether this or that or the other frequently recurring act is consonant with reform. It is no reply to say that it is the utmost possible. It is no reply to say that the President was deceived. Who deceived him? And when the deceit was discovered, was the deceiver disciplined and the act revoked? If the Democratic party had sustained the reform policy of the President, the political situation would have been wholly different. But it has practically repudiated that policy, and it forces upon the President the alternative of adhering to it or of abandoning it. He may decide that it is premature, and that the ascendency of his party without reform is an object so desirable for the country that he would be politically justified in abandoning reform, as General GRANT abandoned it when a Republican Congress refused the appropriation. It is perfectly conceivable that the President, without renouncing his own convictions, might conclude that it is best for the country not now to enforce them.

On the other hand, he may decide that reform is more important than a party domination based upon patronage, and representing no policy whatever. He may decide to require, for instance, that post-office changes for party reasons, and at the solicitation of members of Congress, shall cease; that every Democratic as well as Republican offensive partisan shall be dismissed; that faithful, efficient, and generally satisfactory officers shall be reappointed at the end of their terms; and that the heads of departments shall be required to conform to a definite policy of reform, and to remember that mere change is not reform. The reform is essentially executive. The effectiveness of the reform law depends upon the Executive disposition. All that we have indicated could be done without reference to Congress, except for confirmations and for the annual appropriation. It would undoubtedly raise a tempest of party wrath, and prevent the President's renomination by his party. But it would be simply carrying out his own familiar principle that party exists for other ends than distributing patronage, and that the public business should be conducted upon business principles. It would establish the reform beyond question or peril, for when once fairly planted, no party could ever again disturb it, and the President's name would be historically associated with this great reform as that of LINCOLN is associated with emancipation.

## THE PANAMA CANAL.

THE report of Mr. BIGELOW to the Chamber of Commerce upon the Panama Canal is the first complete and satisfactory statement in regard to a great continental work in which this country has a profound interest. It is satisfactory, however, not in the sense of showing how soon and at what cost the canal will be probably completed, but because it describes clearly the conditions which make such a showing impossible. M. DE LESSEPS treats the enterprise in the large and picturesque manner of VICTOR HUGO in writing a romance. There is a fervor of enthusiastic confidence in his remarks which, if they do no more, convey the strongest impression of his own sincerity. Indeed, to the builder of the Suez Canal much trust in the apparently impossible must be permitted, and a certain lofty impatience with doubt and hesitation may be forgiven. But men and money are absolutely essential for the prosecution of the work, and it is not certain that admiration of the courageous faith of M. DE LESSEPS would rapidly fill the company's treasury and marshal the necessary laborers.

The important point in Mr BIGELOW'S interesting and instructive report is his expression of opinion that the canal will be probably completed, because so large a proportion of the cost has been already incurred that it is better policy to advance than to retreat, and he says that even if the company should abandon the work, the contractors would probably find it to be for their interest to continue and finish it. The canal is to be forty-six and a half miles long, and about one-fifth of the total excavation has been already made. The chief difficulties are the due control of the Chagres River, which is a wild torrent in the rainy season, the cut through the Andes at Calebra, the defence of the section toward Panama Bay from filling in by the ocean and the Rio Grande, and procuring adequate labor at practicable rates. This last is a most serious perplexity, and the inventive genius of M. DE LESSEPS seeks to compensate by machinery for the lack of proper laborers. At the close of the year, while about one-fifth of the work will have been done, half of the estimated cost will have been expended. This is not encouraging. But Mr. BIGELOW thinks that the same rate of cost will not continue, for a large proportion of the actual outlay is represented by the plant, which will not have to be renewed. Yet he agrees that nothing but a guess is possible as to the amount of work which is still to be done.

Mr. BIGELOW compares the two great enterprises of the Suez and the Panama canals, and frankly states the much greater perplexities and difficulties of the latter enterprise. But with every reservation he apparently inclines to the belief that the work will be accomplished, and his statement is so ample and evidently so impartial that he has done a most desirable public service in enabling everybody to see just what the situation is, and to decide for himself what is reasonably to be expected. The general impression plainly is that Mr. BIGELOW'S report will hardly stimulate investments in the canal shares, and M. DE LESSEPS'S sharp strictures upon the report seem to show that he is of that opinion.

## THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE scope of Mr. GLADSTONE'S land bill was evidently not fully comprehended by Parliament, even after his own statement, which is usually simple and luminous. But in his speech he "spake some certain truths" which England does not like to hear, but which cannot be forgotten in any intelligent consideration of the whole Irish question. Mr. GLADSTONE spoke of the hideous progeny of Irish poverty and English misrule. This is one of the most vital moral elements of the situation of which statesmanship must take account. It is said that Ireland has no actual grievances to day, and that greater concessions have been made to her than to any part of the empire. But why have concessions been made? Because of a phenomenal destitution and suffering, which certainly have

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not disappeared? They have produced a state of feeling which is a cardinal part of the situation. For it is the alienation of feeling, due to indescribable oppression and wrong, which is the critical element in the situation.

Mr. GLADSTONE's plan, in substance, is to raise a loan of one hundred and thirty millions sterling, to be called for at the rate of twenty millions a year, with which to buy the land from the great owners, and put the peasant in possession as proprietor, subject to a rent charge until the total payments equal the purchase-money. There is of course a great mass of details of method, which must be carefully studied in order to see how the plan is to be carried out. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN objected that it was a bill to relieve the landlords, not the tenants; that it would impose a heavy burden upon Great Britain; and that there was not adequate security provided for the loan. He said that Ireland would look upon the price as too high for landlords' rights, and as a bargain imposed by a foreign country. But he added that he was not an irreconcilable opponent of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy, and if the land proposals should be sufficiently modified, he would be very glad to be relieved of his attitude of opposition.

Mr. GLADSTONE's whole Irish plan is now developed. It proposes home rule, with absolute imperial sovereignty, and peasant ownership of the land. It thus aims to remove the two traditional grievances of Ireland, and to secure what PITT's Union has not secured, a friendly connection with England. It proceeds upon the view that the alternative is plain and inevitable: practical military rule at Ireland, or a British connection upon terms acceptable to Ireland. Both methods are tentative. The dogmatic assertion that nothing is wanted in Ireland but firm government is quite an theoretical a view as that nothing is so much wanted as home rule and land ownership under British supremacy. The "firm government" has been tried in every form, and the result is before us. It is not reasonable to suppose that its renewal could be a satisfactory settlement of the question. Indeed, the general plea of the opposition to Mr. GLADSTONE's plan, that the Irish are not fit to govern themselves, shows plainly the theory upon which "firm government" would proceed. Hatred, contempt, suspicion, injustice in every degree, have been tried as the keynote of British government in Ireland. Let confidence and conciliation now animate that government, and unless history is a blind guide, and human nature changed, the result will justify the experiment.

## "MASSACRES OF THE MOUNTAINS"

A book is just issued by the HARPERS which will be found exceedingly valuable and interesting by every one who wishes to know a chapter of American history in which for the first time the public is now seriously interested. Its rather startling title is *Massacres of the Mountains*, which is interpreted by the sub-title, *A History of the Indian Wars of the far West*. It is, in fact, the complete and detailed story of the extraordinary savage life of the frontier and of the various wars, of which there is no other connected record. It shows the practical and actual operation of our whole Indian system, and it is written evidently, not to support a theory or to advocate a policy, but to tell the truth.

The author, J. P. DUNN, Jun., endeavors to ascertain accurately the causes, occurrences, and results of the chief Indian troubles of late years. He marshals in a very graphic and picturesque manner a great mass of facts and details, which all lead irresistibly to certain conclusions. He holds that the Indians are essentially our wards, and whenever our conduct is such as our courts would not permit to a guardian, we are self-condemned. Mr. DUNN disposes of the absurd talk about the Indians as "fiend savages" and "Uncle Sam's pets" by showing the abominable cruelty of our conduct to and them. He declares that there is not a single instance of enforced removal which was not injurious to the Indians, and that the policy of concentration is a policy of folly. The falsity of the saying that "the best Indian is a dead Indian" he exposes by reference to facts. Indians differ as "a Broadway merchant" differs from "a Bowery rough." The "noble red man" of COOPER is not wholly mythical, and certain Indian heroes may be ranked with the most famous in Greek or Roman or modern story.

The Indian problem, Mr. DUNN says, is not solved. The solution will require years of patient effort, but humanity and charity will solve it. "Let us be honest and fair with the Indian, and temper our justice with religion and education." If the government and the people will sustain the noble efforts of the teacher and the missionary, by the end of the century the Indian will be almost lost in the American. It is a painfully interesting and even exciting book, and it appears at a most fortunate moment for its just effect upon public opinion.

## OPEN THE DOORS.

SENATOR INGALLS is reported as saying in Chicago that secret sessions of the Senate ought to continue, because there is often a volley of false and damaging charges against candidates invented to defeat their confirmation, whose publication would be of serious injury to innocent persons. Does the Senator suppose that such inventions are directed exclusively against candidates nominated to the Senate for confirmation? Has the Senator ever known a Presidential campaign, or any other excited election, in which the candidates were not subjected to such calumnies; or is he of opinion that they suffered from them seriously after election?

The way to stem the current of false charges against persons who are nominated to the Senate is to do two things: open the doors of the executive session, and open to the public the letters that contain the charges. Then it will be known who takes the responsibility of making them. The result will be that the cloud of false charges will disappear, because the names of those who prefer them will be made public, and every Senator who is disposed to confirm an improper nomination will be known. No better reason for secret sessions than that reported to have been urged by Mr. INGALLS has been offered, and that is really no reason whatever.

## THE ELECTORAL COUNT BILL.

THE Electoral Count Bill has been reported by the House committee with one excellent amendment. The act as it passed the Senate authorized the two Houses to count the return from a State even when there was but one, and that one regular. We had supposed that this power was conferred only in case of a contest which had not been settled in the State, so that two certificates of election were presented to Congress. But as it is now stated, the amendment is proper, and ought to pass all.

It is now almost May, and Congress met at the beginning of December. Its chief beneficent action thus far is the passage of the Presidential Succession Bill, and of the Electoral Count Bill in the Senate. If the last should be amended as now indicated, and passed, and if the Senate should resolve to open its doors, the advantages to good government and security from disturbance derived from such action alone would deserve public gratitude.

## GOVERNMENT BY "BOODLE."

THE spectacle of the character of the city government of New York as illustrated by the Aldermen cannot be offered to the world without comment, and no New-Yorker, no American, can read without shame the remarks of *Le Temps*, one of the chief French journals, as reported to the *Herald*:

"Several years have elapsed since a grand popular movement swept on the Augean stables, and transferred TWEED and his band from the Hôtel de Ville to the penitentiary. The metropolis of the Empire State has never ceased to grow bigger, richer, and greater. The political machine also has become bigger and richer, and now it has obtained such perfection that it crushes all competition of independent citizens acting upon their own free initiative. Personal and selfish factions openly fight for the plunder. Irving Hall and Tammany Hall—the two wings of the Democratic party—struggle with each other with ferocity, hatred, and family feud, while the Republican minority, also rotten and corrupt, takes one day one side, another day another side, selling itself to the highest bidder. Universal suffrage is nominally the supreme master of the entire municipal government, but in reality a slave to the wretched cliques and coteries."

The worst of it is that it is true. No man who knows the situation can deny it. And it is under the plea of supporting great principles of national policy that the intelligent citizens of New York are whipped in by the Democratic factions and the Republican traders to vote for the men whom they select, and who are selected for the purpose of securing the "swag" and dividing it. The citizens of Albany were lately subjected to vote against a candidate for Mayor of that city because he was a free-trader. So long as intelligent journals resort to such an absurd appeal to carry a city election, the shameful situation in New York will be not only perpetuated, but extended.

The consequences of turning municipal elections into mere party contests are illustrated in New York, and described by the Paris journal. The practical and real reasons of the folly of such a practice are pointed out with admirable force and clearness by Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER in a paper in the April issue of the Baltimore *Civil Service Reformer*.

## A LITTLE JUSTICE.

THE Foreign Committee of the House has unanimously reported in favor of an indemnity of about $150,000 to the Chinese victims of the Rock Spring riots. It may be assumed, therefore, that so much justice will be done. By a vote of seven to five, the latter all Republicans except Mr. BERGER, the chairman, additional restrictions for ten years upon Chinese immigration were also proposed. The Chinese government is understood not to object to the exclusion of coolies, but protests against a general exclusion as contravening treaty stipulations.

There is no reason, we suppose, to doubt that when the Chinese government is satisfied of our purpose to exclude all Chinese from the United States, it will institute reprisals of some kind. It would be certainly surprising if that government did not have the courage to repeat exactly against Americans the provisions of our laws against the Chinese.

## THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

THE Attorney-General's testimony does not seem to us to explain his action satisfactorily. The charge against him is a disregard of the proprieties of his official position, which necessarily impairs public confidence. When "five or six very inoffensive men," as he describes the organizers of the Pan-electric scheme to be, give a Senator of the United States a large amount of the stock of their venture, he is morally bound to ask why he has been selected as an associate, and, in the light of all experience, to suspect and strictly scrutinize every such overture.

The Attorney-General states that he opposed the application to the government to be made on behalf of the Pan-electric scheme. Then, when he declined to act, he had no excuse for not warning Mr. BEARDE, and requiring that under an circumstances should the Department of Justice move in the matter. If that was impossible, he should have relinquished at once all his interest. But if he decided to retain his interest, with equal promptness he should have resigned his office. Whenever a member of Congress or of the executive department enters into speculative ventures which may ask or which probably intend to ask in some way the action or aid of the government, he takes a responsibility of which he cannot divest himself. The moment that anything questionable appears, or his personal interest is seen not only to be involved in his official action, but to be affected by his mere official position, he must pay the penalty of loss of public confidence. This is probably the Pharisaic doctrine of political perfectibility. But it is also the common-sense of just such a situation as that in which the Attorney-General is placed.

It is unfortunate that the Attorney-General of the United States in such a position should have chosen to give his testimony before a committee of Congress in a tone which showed his singular unconsciousness of the gravity of the situation. His remarks that he had made little money at poker, and that he wished that the officers of "the impecunious gentlemen" had passed out better, were very far from facetious, and tended only to confirm the conviction that a public man of such extraordinary want of perception is wholly out of place in the cabinet.

## PERSONAL.

A WELL-KNOWN Boston architect says that he never makes two sketches of a proposed house for a client. "If I should make two," he adds, "it would run up my client, who would then want to see six or seven sketches. When an architect has arrived at a good solution of the problem before him, he should be able to present it absolutely in the first sketch."

—The singular popularity of the late Earl of Beaconsfield was shown again on the 19th of April, the fifth anniversary of his death, by the general wearing of the primrose on the part of the Conservatives, and the decoration with his favorite flower of his statue near the Houses of Parliament. In perhaps every town in England ladies carried bouquets of primroses and men wore button-holes.

—The memory of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK is still cherished by the inhabitants of Guilford, Connecticut, where the poet used to live, and where he is buried. One of them recalls the impression made on the venerable man as he passed along the principal street of the town with a large market basket on his arm. His later days were some what disturbed by poverty, and he often returned with only a few eggs. In the house where he dwelt with his sister there were at least a dozen pet cats, which were all brought to Mrs. HALLECK's bedside when she was dying, receiving one after another a sad farewell.

—In a shop window in Boston is a large photograph of Mr. GLADSTONE, to which is appended the following modest autographic note: "With Mr. W. E. Gladstone's compliments. If Mr. TOWLE chooses to be at the H. of Commons on Monday at 4 30 and to send his name in to Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. GLADSTONE might be able to get him a better place. 4. H. Terrace, July 11, 63."

—The occupant of a flat in an apartment house in this city wants to know if it is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that he should be outgeneraled four times, and lose the best part of four days, because an accident—which he did not witness—occurred in the elevator of the building where he resides.

—The most remarkable increase in the value of an old painting appears in the case of MILLET's "Angelus"—two French peasants bowing their heads in a potato field at the sound of the distant church-bell. MILLET sold it to a Paris art dealer for $100; the dealer sold it to M. WILSON, a Paris manufacturer, for $1,500; M. WILSON sold it to M. SECRETAN, another manufacturer, for $12,000; M. SECRETAN sold it to a Paris art dealer, but soon repented and bought it back for $40,000. He has since been offered $85,000 for it. The history of picture-selling has nothing to match this.

—"All is absurd in the history of art," said a dealer the other day. "MILLET lived only by loans. So did ROSA BONHEUR. So did JULES DUPRÉ, until ten years ago. Mr. Inn died in a hospital, leaving some paintings on paper because he was too poor to buy canvas. A portfolio of ten of those paintings sold for ten francs, all told. Recently one of the ten pictures fetched $800. The success of an artist is mostly a question of management. If two or three well known amateurs leave, the others will follow. They will not understand, but they will buy."

—An intimate friend of COROT, who was often a visitor in his studio at Villed'Avray, declares that the artist painted his best pictures in one day each. The same authority relates that he has seen ROUSSEAU, DIAZ, and JULES DUPRÉ begin and finish one of their most successful paintings within twelve hours.

—A distinguished foreign visitor at Mr. VANDERBILT's gallery was asked what struck him most. "The servant's bringing me a magnifying glass," he answered, "to look at the pictures with."

—Mrs. ANNA GERTRUDE WHITLOCK, author of an interesting and discriminating tribute entitled *George Eliot and her Heroines: A Study*, soon to be published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has been chosen as poet of the centennial anniversary of the city of Portland, Maine, which will take place on the Fourth of July next.

—A new author has arisen who attempts to prove that it is to VOLTAIRE that we owe the famous story of NEWTON and the falling apple. He claims that the story is not found in the *Life of Sir Isaac Newton* published in 1728, but that it first appears in the *Elements de la Philosophie de Newton*, by VOLTAIRE, who quotes NEWTON's niece as his authority. VOLTAIRE, however, does not say that NEWTON saw an apple fall, but "some fruit of a tree."

—Mrs. BESSIE FAWCETT, in order to illustrate what she describes as "the deplorable degree to which women let private selfishness pervert their ideas of public affairs," mentions that about the year 1878, when England seemed to be on the brink of war with Russia, she heard the wife of a Liberal member of Parliament say, "I would rather there were a war than a general election, because the excitement of an election always makes my husband ill."

—In the light of the present decline of Italian opera, the following cautious announcement in the London *Athenæum* is suggestive: "We learn that there is a likelihood of an Italian opera season under Mr. J. H. MAPLESON, who will arrive in London next week."

—Prince BISMARCK in the German Reichstag: "Germany has had fifteen years of peace, and her people are not yet content. Therefore I am in a hurry for reforms, so that if a war really breaks out, the Empire may be able to stand firm."

—Dr. LIVINGSTONE's great welcome on returning from the Panama Canal to Paris. Tumultuous cheers greeted him as he emerged from the railway carriage, and the drive to his new house in the Avenue Montaigne was through an enthusiastic cross-fire.

—Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE and Mr. THOMAS PARSONS LATHROP collaborated as follows in writing their new comedy, called *Tartan*, in which Madame MODJESKA expects to produce next autumn, and for which she has already made a substantial outlay in money. Mr. LATHROP suggested to Mr. HAWTHORNE that the latter's novel *Dolcino* contained some dramatic material which might form the basis of a play. Mr. HAWTHORNE sent him a copy of the novel. Mr. LATHROP proceeded to write out a play. When the work was finished, after the end of a month, he showed it to Mr. HAWTHORNE. The two authors inked the MS over, and Mr. HAWTHORNE entered into suggestions in the margin. He then went home and wrote out a drama of his own founded upon the same story. Mr. LATHROP, in turn, read this MS over carefully, and entered suggestions in the margin. The finished drama, as it now stands, contains the results of each author's labors, in about equal proportions. Madame MODJESKA will assume the part of the heroine—an English prima donna, who appears only in domestic life, and not professionally.

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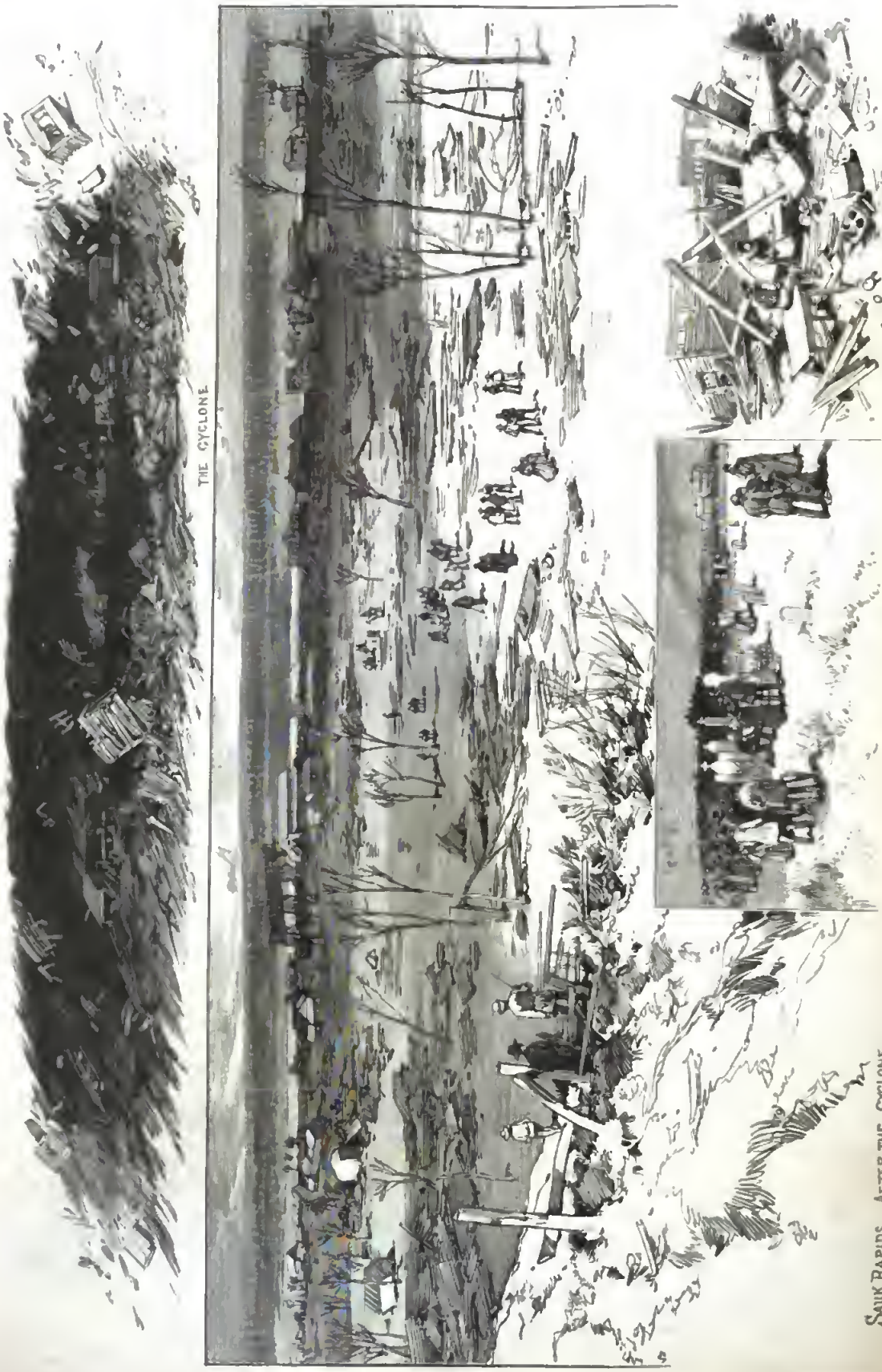


THE CYCLONE IN MINNESOTA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. A. ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

W. C. WHITTHORNE, SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

CHENG TSAO JU, THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 279.]

THE PROPOSED CAPITOL OF COLORADO.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

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"'COME IN, COME IN,' IMPLORED ELIZABETH, 'AND LET ME SHUT THE WINDOW!'"

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "THE HAND OF ELLIOTT," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.—(*Continued.*)

Without waiting for Lucetta's reply, she crossed quickly to the window and pulled one one of the shutters. Lucetta glided to her side. "Let it be—hush!" she said, peremptorily, in a dry voice, while she seized Elizabeth Jane by the hand and held on her finger. Their intercourse had been so low and hurried that not a word had been lost of the conversation without, which had thus proceeded:

"Her neck is uncovered, and her hair in bands, and her back comb in place; she's got on a pace silk, and white stockings, and colored shoes—"

Again Elizabeth Jane attempted to close the window, but Lucetta held her by main force.

"—And upon her white neck a gold necklace, and in the middle of it a thing like a watch."

"And ear-drops?"

"Ear-drops for all the world like the pendulum of the clock that shows his inside in Facey's window."

Lucetta turned to her companion. "'Tis me," she said, with a face pale as death. "A procession—a scandal—an effigy of me, and him!"

The look of Elizabeth betrayed that the latter knew it already.

"Let us shut it out," cried Elizabeth Jane, noting that the rigid wildness of Lucetta's features was growing yet more rigid and wild with the tearing of the noise and laughter. "Let us shut it out!"

"It is of no use!" she shrieked out. "He will see it, won't he? Donald will see it. He is just coming home—and it will break his heart—he will never love me any more—and oh, it will kill me—kill me!"

Elizabeth Jane was frantic now. "Oh! can't something be done to stop it?" she cried. "Is there nobody to do it—not one?"

She relinquished Lucetta's hands, and ran to the door. Lucetta herself, saying recklessly, "I will see it!" turned to the window, threw up the sash, and went out upon the balcony. Elizabeth immediately followed her, and put her arm round her as pull her in. Lucetta's eyes were straight upon the spectacle of the unmanly revel, now advancing rapidly. The numerous lights around the two effigies threw them up into bold distinctness. It was impossible to mistake the pair for other than the intended victims.

"Come in, come in," implored Elizabeth, "and let me shut the window!"

"She's me—she's me—even to the parasol—my green parasol!" cried Lucetta, with a wild laugh, as she stepped in. She stood motionless for one second, then fell heavily to the floor.

Almost at the instant of her fall the noise made of the abomination ceased. The cases of sarcastic laughter went off in ripples, and the tramping died out like the rustle of a spent wind. Elizabeth was only indirectly conscious of this; she had rung the bell, and was bending over Lucetta, who remained convulsed on the carpet in the paroxysms of an epileptic seizure. She rang again and again, in vain, the probability being that the servants had all run out of the house to see more of the Demonian Sabbath than they could see within.

At last Farfrae's man, who had been agape on the door-step, came up; then the cook. The shutters, hastily pushed to by Elizabeth, were quite closed, a light was obtained, Lucetta carried to her room, and the man sent off for a doctor. While Elizabeth was endeavoring for she recovered consciousness, but as soon as she remembered what had passed, she fit returned.

The doctor arrived with unhoped-for promptitude; he had been standing at his door, like others, wondering what the uproar means. As soon as he saw the unhappy sufferer, he said, in answer to Elizabeth's mute appeal, "This is serious."

"It is a fit," Elizabeth said.

"Yes. But a fit in the present state of her health means miscarriage. You must send at once for Mr Farfrae. Where is he?"

"He has driven into the country, sir," said the parlor-maid—"to some place on the Budmouth Road. He's likely to be back soon."

"Never mind, he must be sent for, in case he should not hurry."

The doctor returned to the bedside again. The man was despatched, and they soon heard him clattering out of the yard at the back.

Meanwhile Mr Benjamin Grower, that prominent burgess of whom mention has already been made, hearing the din of shavers, kits, crouds, hornstrums, serpents, ram's horns, and other historical kinds of music as he sat in chaces in the High Street, had put on his hat and gone out to learn the cause. He came to the corner above Farfrae's, and soon guessed the nature of the proceedings; for, being a native of the town, he had witnessed such rough jests before. His first move was to search hither and thither for the constables, there were two in the town, shrivelled men whom he ultimately found in lighting up an alley, yet more shrivelled than usual, having some not unfounded fears that they might be roughly handled if seen.

"What can we two poor lanterns do against such a multitude?" expostulated Stubbend, in answer to Mr Grower's chiding. "'Tis tempting Jews to commit fresh sins upon us, and that would be the death of the perpetrator, and we wouldn't be the cause of a fellow-creature's death, on no account, not we."

"Get some help, then. Here, I'll come with you. We'll see what a few words of authority can do. Quick, now; have ye got your staves?"

"We didn't want the folk to notice us as bailiffers, being so short-handed, sir, so we pocked our staves most staves up the water-pipe."

"Out with 'em, and come along, for Heaven's sake! Ah, here's Mr Bloxbody! that's lucky." (Bloxbody was the third of the three borough magistrates.)

"Well, what's the row?" said Bloxbody. "Got their masses, hey?"

"No. Now," said Grower to one of the constables, "you go with Mr Bloxbody round by the Old Walk, and come up the street; and I'll go with Stubbend straight forward. By this plan we shall have 'em between us. Get their names only: no attack or interruption."

Thus they started. But as Stubbend with Mr Grower advanced into Corn Street, whence the sounds had proceeded, they were surprised that no procession could be seen. They passed Farfrae's and looked to the end of the street. The lamp-flames waved, the Walk trees soughed, a few loungers stood among with their hands in their pockets. Everything was as usual.

"Have you seen a motley crowd, making a disturbance?" Grower said, magisterially, to one of these in a fustian jacket, who smoked a short pipe and wore straps round his knees.

"Beg your pardon, sir?" blandly said the person addressed, who was no other than Chad, of Peter's Finger. Mr Grower repeated the words.

Chad shook his head to the zero of child-like ignorance. "No; we hain't seen nothing; have we, Jo? And you was here alone I."

Joseph was quite as blank as the other in his reply.

"H'm—that's odd," said Mr Grower. "Ah—here's a respectable man coming that I know by sight. Have you," he inquired, addressing the nearing shape of Jopp—"have you seen any gang of fellows making a devil of a noise—skimmington riding, or something of the sort?"

"Oh no—nothing, sir," Jopp replied, as if butter would not melt in his mouth. "But I've not been far to-night, or perhaps—"

"Oh, 'twas here—just here," said the magistrate.

"Now I've noticed, come to think o' 't, that the wind in the Walk trees makes a peculiar pastoral-like murmur to-night, sir; more than common; so perhaps 'twas that?" Jopp suggested, as he rearranged his hand in his great-coat pocket (where it ingeniously supported a pair of kitchen tongs and a cow's-horn, thrust up under his waistcoat).

"No, no, no—d'ye think I'm a fool? Constable, come this way. They must have gone into the back street."

Neither in back street nor in front street, however, could the disturbers be perceived, and Bloxbody and the second constable, who came up at this time, brought similar intelligence. Sl figure, dinkier, lantern, hand, all had disappeared like the crew of Cosmus.

"Now," said Mr Grower, "there's only one thing more we can do. Get to half a dozen houses, and go in a body to Mixen Lane, and into Peter's Finger. I'm much mistaken if you don't find a clue to the perpetrators there."

The tired jointed executors of the law mustered assistance as soon as they could, and the whole party marched off to the lane of notoriety. It was no rapid matter to get there at night, not a lamp or glimmer of any sort offering itself to light the way, except an occasional gale radiance through some window-curtain, or through the chink of some door which could not be closed because of the smoky chimney within. At last they entered the inn boldly, by the till then bolted front door, after a prolonged knocking of boldness commensurate with the importance of their standing.

In the settles of the large room, gazed to the ceiling by cords as usual, for stability's sake, an ordinary group sat drinking and smoking with preternatural quietness of demeanor. The landlady looked mildly at the invaders, saying, in honest accents: "Good-evening, gentlemen; there's plenty of room. I hope there's nothing amiss?"

They looked round the room. "Surely," said Stubbend to one of the men, "I saw you by two in Corn Street—Mr Grower spoke to 'em."

The man, who was Chad, shook his head silently. "I've been here this last hour, hain't I, Nance?" he said to the woman who mechanically sipped her ale near him.

"Faith, that you have. I came in for my quiet supper-time half-pint, and you was here then, as was all the rest."

The other constable was facing the clock-case, where he saw reflected in the glass a quick motion by the landlady. Turning sharply he caught her closing the oven door.

"Something curious about that oven, ma'am?" he observed, advancing, opening it, and drawing out a tenbourine.

"Oh," she said, apologetically, "that's what we keep here to use when there's a little quiet dancing. You see, damp weather spoils it, so I put it there to keep it dry."

The constable nodded knowingly; but what he knew was nothing. Nobody could anything be elicited from this mute and inoffensive assembly. In a few minutes the investigators went out, and joining those of their auxiliaries who had been left at the door, they pursued their way elsewhere.

## CHAPTER XL.

Long before this time, Henchard, weary of his ruminations on the bridge, had repaired toward the town. When he stood at the bottom of the street a procession burst upon his view, in the act of turning out of an alley just above him. The lanterns, horns, and multitude startled him; he saw the mounted images, and knew what is all meant.

They crossed the way, entered another street, and disappeared. He turned back a few steps, and was lost in grave reflection. Finally wending his way homeward by the obscure river-side path. Unable to rest there, he went to his step-daughter's lodging, and was told that Elizabeth Jane had gone to Mrs Farfrae's. Like one acting in obedience to a charm, and with a nameless apprehension he followed in the same direction, in the hope of meeting her, the roisterers having vanished. Disappointed in this, he gave the gentlest of pulls on the door-bell and then learnt particulars of what had occurred, together with the doctor's imperative orders that Farfrae should be brought home, and how they had set out to meet him on the Budmouth Road.

"But he has gone to Mellstock and Weatherbury!" exclaimed Henchard, now unspeakably grieved. "Not Budmouth any at all!"

But, alas! for Henchard, he had lost his good name. They would not believe him, taking his words but as the frothy utterances of recklessness. Though Lucetta's life seemed at that moment to depend upon her husband's return (she being in great mental agony lest he should never know how little she was to blame for his past relations with Henchard), no messengers was despatched toward Weatherbury. Henchard, in a state of bitter anxiety and contrition, determined to seek Farfrae himself.

To this end he hastened down the town, ran along the eastern road over the moor, up the hill beyond, and then onward in the moderate darkness of this spring night till he had reached a second and a third hill about three miles distant. In a cutting on the summit of the last he listened. At first nothing to mind his own heavy breathing was to be heard but the slow wind making its moan among the masses of spruce and larch which clothed the heights on either hand; but presently there came the sound of light wheels clattering then bellowing against the newly stoned patches of road, accompanied by the distant glimmer of lights.

He knew it was Farfrae's gig, from an indescribable personality in its noise, the wheels having been his own till bought by the Scotchman at the sale of his effects. Henchard thereupon descended the hill on its further side, meeting the gig as its driver slackened speed at the foot of the incline.

It was a point in the highway at which the road to Mellstock branched off from the home-and direction. By diverging to that village, as he had intended to do, Farfrae might probably delay his return by a couple of hours. It soon appeared that his intention was to do so still, the light swerving toward the by-road. Farfrae's off gig-lamp flashed in Henchard's face. At the same time Farfrae discerned his late antagonist.

"Farfrae—Mr Farfrae!" cried the breathless Henchard, holding up his hand.

Farfrae allowed the horse an extra several steps into the branch lane before he pulled up. He then drew rein, and said "Yes?" over his shoulder, as one would to and a pronounced enemy.

"Come back to Casterbridge at once!" Henchard said. "There's something wrong at your house, requiring your return. I've run all the way here on purpose to tell 'ee."

Farfrae was silent, and at his silence Henchard's soul sank within him. Why had he not before this thought of what was only too obvious? He also, four hours earlier, had enticed Farfrae into a deadly wrestle, stood now in the darkness of late night-time on a lonely road, at a point where it plunged into a cutting through a wood, he invited the man, whom on the first occasion he had let off, to enter that wood when his purposed way was across an open upland, where there was at least a better opportunity of guarding himself from attack. Henchard could almost feel this view of things in course of passage through Farfrae's mind.

"I have to go to Mellstock," said Farfrae, coldly, as he loosened his rein to move on.

"But," implored Henchard, "the matter is more serious than your business at Mellstock. It is your wife. She is ill. I can tell you particulars as we go along."

The very agitation and hesitancy of Henchard increased Farfrae's suspicion that this was a ruse to decoy him into the wood, where might be effectually compassed what, from policy or wars of necro, Henchard had failed to do earlier in the day. He started the horse.

"I know what you think," deprecated Henchard, running after, almost bowed down with despair as he perceived the monstrous image of contemptuous distrust that he had measured in his former friend's eyes. "But I am not what you think!" he cried, hoarsely. "Believe me, Farfrae, I have come entirely on your own and your wife's account. She is in danger. I know no more; and they want you to come. Your man has gone the other way in a mistake. Oh, Farfrae, don't mistrust me—I am a wretched man, but my heart is true to you still!"

Farfrae, however, did distrust him utterly. He had left his wife not long ago in perfect health, and Henchard's treachery was more credible than his story. He had in his time heard bitter ironies from Henchard's lips, and there might be ironies now. He quickened the horse's pace, and had soon risen into the open country lying between there and Mellstock, Henchard's opinionate son after him lending yet more substance to his thoughts of evil purposes.

The gig and its driver loomed against the sky in Henchard's eyes; his exertions for Farfrae's good had been in vain. Over this repentant sinner, at least, there was to be no joy in heaven. He cursed himself like a less scrupulous Job, as a vehement man will do when he loses self-respect, the last mental prop under poverty. To this he had come after a time of emotional darkness, of which the adjoining woodland shade afforded inadequate illustration. Presently he began to walk back again along the way by which he had come. Farfrae should at all events have no reason for delay upon the road by seeing him there when he took his journey homeward later on.

Arriving at Casterbridge, Henchard went again to Farfrae's house to make inquiries. As soon as the door opened anxious faces confronted his from the staircase, hall, and landing; and they all said, in grievous disappointment, "Oh—it is not he!" The man, finding his mistake, had long since returned, and all hopes had been centred upon Henchard.

"But haven't you found him?" said the doctor.

"Yes.... I cannot tell 'ee!" Henchard replied, as he sank down on a chair within the entrance. "He can't be home for two hours."

"H'm," said the physician, returning upstairs.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1513.

"Has it she?" asked Benchard of Elizabeth Jane, who formed one of the group.

"In great danger. Her anxiety to see her husband makes her fearfully restless. Poor woman—I fear they have killed her!"

Benchard regarded the sympathetic speaker for a few minutes as if she struck him in a new light; then, without further remark went out of the door and onward to his lonely cottage. So much for man's rivalry, he thought. Death was to have the water, and Farfrae and himself the shells. But about Elizabeth Jane, in the midst of his gloom she seemed to him as a pin-point of light. He had liked the look of her face as she answered him from the stairs. There had been affection in it, and above all things what he desired now was affection from anything that was good and pure. She was not his own; yet, for the first time, he had a faint dream that he might get to like her as his own—if she would only continue to love him.

Jopp was just going to bed when Betchard got home. As the latter entered the door, Jopp said, "This is rather bad about Mrs. Farfrae's ill-none."

"Yes," said Benchard, shortly, though little dreaming of Jopp's complicity in the night's harlequinade, and raising his eyes just sufficiently to observe that Jopp's face was lined with anxiety.

"Somebody has called for you," continued Jopp, when Benchard was shutting himself into his own apartment. "A kind of traveller, or rum-captain of some sort."

"Eh!—who could he be?"

"He seemed a well-to-doing man—had gray hair and a broadish face; but he gave no name, and no message."

"Nor do I go him any attention." And saying this, Benchard closed his door.

The divergence to Mellstock delayed Farfrae's return very nearly the two hours of Benchard's estimate. Among the other urgent reasons for his presence had been the need of his authority to send to Budmouth for a second physician; and when at length Farfrae did come back, he was in a state bordering on distraction at his misconception of Benchard's motives.

A messenger was despatched to Budmouth, late as it had grown, the night wearing, and the other doctor came in the small hours. Lucetta had been much soothed by Donald's arrival; he seldom or never left her side; and when, immediately after his entry, she had tried to leap out to him the secret which so oppressed her, he checked her feeble words, lest talking should be dangerous, assuring her there was plenty of time to tell him everything.

Up to this time he knew nothing of the skimmington ride. The dangerous illness of Mrs Farfrae was soon rumored through the town, and an apprehensive guess having been given as to its cause by the protagonists in the asphalt, compassion and fear threw a dead silence over all particulars of their orgy; while those immediately around Lucetta would not venture to add to her husband's distress by alluding on the subject.

What, and how much, Farfrae's wife ultimately explained to him of her past entanglement with Benchard, when they were alone in the solitude of that sad night, cannot be told. That she informed him of the bare facts of her visit and marriage with the bankrupt merchant became plain from Farfrae's own statements. But in respect of her subsequent conduct—her motive in coming to Casterbridge to reunite herself with Benchard—her assumed justification in abandoning him when she discovered reasons for fearing him—his unconsequent passion for another man at first sight—her method of reconciling to her conscience a marriage with the second when she was in a measure the partner of the first, to what extent she spoke of these things remained Farfrae's secret alone.

Besides the watchman who called the hours and weather in Casterbridge that night, there walked a figure up and down Corn Street hardly less frequently. It was Benchard's, whose retiring to rest had proved itself a futility as soon as attempted; and he gave it up so go hither and thither, and make inquiries about the patient every now and then. He called at such on Farfrae's account as to Lucetta's, and on Elizabeth Jane's more than on either's. Since she be one of all other interests, his life revived centring on the personality of the step-daughter whose presence had recently he could not endure. To see her on each occasion of his inquiry at Lucetta's was a comfort to him.

The last of his calls was made about four o'clock in the morning, in the steely light of dawn. Lucifer was fading into day over Benchard Mow; the sparrows were just alighting into the street, and the hens had begun to cackle from the out-houses. When within a few yards of Farfrae's he saw the door gently opened, and a servant raise her hand to the knocker to mute the piece of cloth which had muffled it. He went across, the sparrows in his way scarcely flying up from the horse-droppings, so little did they believe in human aggression at so early a time.

"Why do you take off that?" said Benchard.

She turned in some surprise at his presence, and did not answer for an instant or two. Recognizing him, she said, "Because they may knock as loud as they will, she will never hear it any more."

## CHAPTER XLI.

Benchard went home. The morning having now fully broke, he lit his fire, and sat abstractedly beside it. He had not sat there long when a gentle footstep approached the house and uttered the passage, a finger tapping lightly at the door. Benchard's face brightened, for he knew the motions to be Elizabeth's. She came into his room, looking pale and sad.

"Have you heard?" she asked. "Mrs Farfrae? She is—dead! Yes, indeed, about an hour ago."

"I know it," said Benchard. "I have lot lately come in from there. It is no very good of you, Elizabeth, to come and tell me. You must be so tired out too, with sitting up. Now do you take here with me this morning. You can go and rest in the other room, and I will call 'ee when breakfast is ready."

To please him and herself—for his recent kindliness was stirring a surprised gratitude from the lonely girl—she did as he bade him and lay down on a seat of coarse which Benchard had signed up out of a settle in the adjoining room. She could hear him moving about in his preparations, but her mind ran more strongly on Lucetta, whose death in such lateness of life, and amid such cheerful hopes of maternity, was appalingly unexpected. Presently she fell asleep.

Meanwhile her step-father in the outer room had set the breakfast in readiness; but finding that she dozed he would not call her. He waited on, looking onto the fire and keeping the kettle boiling with homeopathic care, as if it were no house to have him on his hands. In truth, a great change had come over him with regard to her, and he was developing the dream of a future in her filial presence, as though that was alone could happiness be.

He was disturbed by another knock at the door, and rose to open it, rather deprecating a call from anybody just then. A sturdy knob came stood on the door step, with an alien, unfamiliar air about his figure and bearing—an air which might have been called colonial by people of cosmopolitan experience. It was the man who had asked the way at Peter's Finger. Benchard nodded, and hushed inquiry.

"Good morning, good-morning," said the stranger, with profuse courtesies. "Is it Mr. Benchard I am talking to?"

"Mr. name is Benchard."

"Then I caught to at loose—that's right. Morning's the time for business," says I. "I am I have a few words with 'ee?"

"By all means," Benchard answered, showing the way in.

"You may remember me?" said his visitor, seating himself.

Benchard observed him indifferently, and shook his head.

"Well—perhaps you may not. My name is Newson."

Benchard's face and eyes seemed to die. The other did not notice it. "I know the name well," Benchard said at last, looking on the floor.

"I make no doubt of that. Well, the fact is, I've been looking for 'ee this fortnight past. I went through Casterbridge on my way to Weydon Priors, and when I got there, they told me you had some years before been living at Casterbridge. Back came I again, and by long and by late I got here by coach ten minutes ago. 'Ah lives down he the mill,' says they. So here I am. Now—that transaction between us some twenty years agone—'tis that I've called about. 'Twas a curious business. I was younger then than I am now, and perhaps the loss said about it, in one sense, the better."

"Curious business? 'Twas worse than curious. I cannot even allow that I'm the man you met then. I was not in my senses, and a man's senses are himself."

"We were young and thoughtless," said Newson. "However, I've come to mend matters rather than open arguments. Poor Susan—hers was a strange experience."

"It was."

"She was a warm-hearted, honorable woman. She was not what they call shrewd or sharp at all—better she had been."

"She was not."

"As sure as all likelihood know, she was simple minded enough to think that the sale was binding. She was as guiltless o' wrong-doing in that particular as a saint in the clouds."

"I know it—I know it. I found it out directly," said Benchard, still with averted eyes. "There lay the sting n't to me. If she had known the truth, she would never been left me. Never! But how should she be expected to know? What advantages had she? None. She could write her own name, and no more."

"Well, it was not in my heart to undeceive her when the deed was done," said the seller of former days. "I thought—and there was not much vanity in thinking it—that she would be happier with me. She was fairly happy, and I never could have undeceived her till the day of her death. Your child died, she had another, and all went well. But a time came—mark me, a time always does come; a time came—it was some while after she and I and the child returned from America—when somebody she had can filed her history to told her my claim to her was a mockery, and made a jest of her belief in my right. After that she was never happy with me. She pined and pined, and wasted and sighed. She said she must leave me, and then came the question of our child. Then a man advised me what to do, and I did it, for I thought it was best. I left her at Falmouth, and went off to sea. When I got to the other side of the Atlantic there was a storm, and it got into the papers that a lot of us, including myself, had been washed overboard. I got ashore at Newfoundland, and then I asked myself what I should do. 'Since I'm here, here I'll bide,' I thought to myself; 'twill be most kindness to her, now she's took against me, to let her believe me lost, for,' I thought, 'while she supposes us both alive she'll be miserable; but if she thinks me dead, she'll go back to him, and the child will have a home.' I've never returned to this country till a month ago, and I found that, as I had supposed, she went to you, and my daughter with her. They told me in Falmouth that Susan was dead. But Elizabeth Jane—is here is she?"

"Dead likewise," said Benchard, doggedly "Sunrise you earned that too?"

The caller started up, and took an encrusted pace or two down the room. "Dead?" he said, in a low voice. "Then what's the use of my money to me?"

Benchard, without answering, shook his head, as if that were rather a question for Newson himself than for him.

"Where is she buried?" the traveller inquired.

"Beside her mother," said Benchard, in the same stolid tones.

"When did she die?"

"Two years ago next twenty fourth of March," replied the other without hesitation.

The caller continued standing. Benchard never looked up from the floor. At last Newson said: "My journey hither has been for nothing. I may as well go as I came. It has served me right. I'll trouble you no longer."

Benchard heard the retreating footsteps of Newson upon the sanded floor, the mechanical lifting of the latch, the slow opening and closing of the door that was natural to a balked or dejected man; but he did not turn his head. Newson's shadow passed the window. He was gone.

Then Benchard, scarcely believing the evidence of his senses, rose from his seat, amazed at what he had done. It had been the impulse of a moment. The regard he had lately acquired for Elizabeth, the new-sprung hope of his loneliness that she would be to him a daughter of whom he could feel so proud as of the actual daughter she still believed herself to be, had been stimulated by the unexpected coming of Newson to a greedy excitedness in relation to her, so that the sudden prospect of her loss had caused him to speak and act like a child, in pure mockery of consequences. He had expected questions to close in round him and entangle his lates again in five minutes; yet on questions had not come. But surely they would come. Newson's departure could be but momentary; he would learn all by inquiries on the town; and return to curse him, and carry his last treasure away.

He hastily put on his hat, and went out in the direction that Newson had taken. Newson's back was soon visible up the road. Benchard followed, and saw his visitor stop at the Golden Crown, where the morning coach which had brought him waited half an hour for another coach which crossed there. The coach Newson had come by was now about to move again. Newson mounted; his luggage was put in; and in a few minutes the vehicle disappeared with him.

He had not so much as crossed his head. It was an act of simple faith in Benchard's words—faith so simple as to be almost sublime. The young sailor who had taken Susan Benchard on the spur of the moment, and on the faith of a glance at her face, more than twenty years before, was still living and acting under the force of the grizzled traveller who had taken Benchard's words as trust so absolute as to shame him as in stood.

Was Elizabeth Jane to remain his he virtue of this hardy invention of a moment? "Perhaps not for long," said he. Newson might converse with his fellow travellers, some of whom might be Casterbridge people, and the trick would be discovered.

This probability threw Benchard into a defensive attitude, and instead of considering how best to right the wrong, and acquaint Elizabeth's father with the truth at once, he bethought himself of ways to keep the position he had accidentally won. Toward the young woman herself his affection grew more passionately strong with each new hazard to which his claim to her was exposed.

He watched the distant highway, expecting to see Newson return on foot, enlightened and indignant, to claim his child. But no figure appeared. Possibly he had spoken to nobody on the coach, but buried his grief in his own heart.

His grief!—what was it, after all, to that which he, Benchard, would feel at the loss of her? Newson's affection, cooled by years, could not equal his who had been constantly in her presence. And thus his jealous soul speciously argued to excuse the separation of father and child.

He returned to the house half expecting that she would have vanished. No; there she was, just coming out from the inner room, the marks of sleep upon her eyelids, and exhibiting a generally refreshed air.

"Oh, father," she said, smiling. "I had no sooner had down than I napped, though I did not mean to. And I had such a dream—not, as you might suppose, about poor Mrs. Farfrae, but another person. Now strange it is that we do not often dream of latest events, absorbing as they may be."

"What was your dream?" he asked, taking her hand with anxious proprietorship—an act which gave her a pleasant surprise.

"Oh, it was only a dream, and it is foolish to tell it," she said. He did not press the subject, and she remained in thought a long while.

They sat down to breakfast, and Elizabeth Jane's thoughts reverted to Lucetta. Their sadness added claims to a countenance whose beauty had ever lain in its meditative soberness.

"Father," she said, as soon as she recalled herself to the unspread meal, "it is so kind of you to get this nice breakfast with your own hands, and I idly asleep the while."

"I do it every day," he replied. "You have left me; everybody has left me; how shall I live but by my own hands?"

"You are very lonely, are you not?"

"Ay, child—to a degree that you know nothing of. It is my own fault. You are the only one who has been mine for me for weeks. And you will come no more."

"Why do you say that? Indeed I will, if you would like to see me."

Benchard signified dubiousness. Though he had so lately hoped that Elizabeth Jane might again live in his house as daughter, he would not ask her to do so now. Newson might return at one moment, and what Elizabeth would think of him for his deception it were best to bear apart from her.

When they had breakfasted, his step-daughter rose to depart, till the moment arrived at which Benchard was accustomed to go to his daily work. Then she arose, and with assurances of coming again soon, went up the hill in the morning sunlight.

"At the moments her heart is as warm toward me as mine is toward her; she would live with me here in this humble cottage for the asking! Yet before the evening probable he will have come, and then she will despise me."

This reflection, constantly repeated by Benchard to himself, accompanied him everywhere through the day. His mood was no longer that of the rebellious, cynical, reckless misanthropy, but the leaden gloom of one who has lost all that can make life interesting, or even endurable. There would remain nobody for him to be proud of, nobody to fortify him, for Elizabeth Jane would soon be but as a stranger and worse, Susan, Farfrae, Lucetta, Elizabeth—all had gone from him, one after one, either by his fault or by his misfortune.

To the east of Casterbridge lay moors and meadows, through which much water flowed. The wanderer in this direction, who should stand still for a few moments on a quiet night, might hear angular symphonies from those waters, as from a hamper's orchestra, all playing in their sundry tones, from near and far parts of the meadow. At a hole in a cotton weir there executed a recitative, where a tributary brook fell over a sham breast-work that trilled cheerily, while an arch they performed a metallic cymbalising; and at Duck-merford Hole they hissed. The spot at which their instrumentation rose loudest was a place called Two Hatches, whence during high springs there proceeded a very fugue of sounds.

The river here was deep and strong at all times, and the hatches on this account were raised and lowered by cogs and a winch. A path led from the second bridge over the highway (to after mentioned) to those hatches, crossing the stream at their head by a narrow plank bridge. But after nightfall human beings were seldom found going that way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.

Ma Chung Tung Ja, who will go to San Francisco about May 1, has taken up his quarters in a Washington hotel, thus vacating the Legation building, which has been swept and garnished in anticipation of the arrival of the new Minister, Ma Chung Yin Hoan (so an obliging secretary of the Embassy says the name should be spelled).

In spite of the obstacles thrown in his way by an official who thought more of pleasing the handiest than of complying with his instructions as to the reception of a friendly foreign diplomatist, this gentleman finally succeeded in leaving the steamer at San Francisco, and arrived at Chicago on April 20. He is accredited to Spain and Peru as well as to the United States, and will probably remain here some time before visiting the other two countries.

The new Minister's picture is given herewith. He is said to be a man of excellent presence and dignified appearance, thickset, and between forty-five and fifty years of age. He is a mandarin of the second class by brevet, thus ranking as did his predecessor on his first arrival here. Like him also he is a native of the province of Kwang-Tung (born at Fou-San), and won his position in the public service by brilliant success in competitive literary examinations. He has held four distinguished positions, having been Superintendent of Customs in Shan Tung, Superintendent of Circuit in Ngan-Hwei, Superintendent of Circuit in Chihli, and Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Tsung Li-Yamen, or Foreign Office, at Pekin. Having thus had large experience in matters with which foreigners are specially concerned, he would seem to be well fitted for the intricate and arduous duties which he must inevitably be called upon to perform while in this country. As the House Committee on Foreign Affairs has unanimously instructed its chairman to report a bill for the payment of indemnity for the Wyoming outrages, it is permitted to hope that the passage of this bill may come in time to serve as a friendly greeting to the incoming Minister, and to cheer the excellent Chuen Tsao Ju on his homeward voyage across the Pacific.

Chung Yin Hoan brings with him a staff of nineteen persons. Of these thirteen are regular members of the diplomatic service, three are students, and three military attachés. Included in this staff are two young men who formerly studied in this country, and who will act as translators.

We are so apt in America to take naval happenings and remarkable evidences of the world's progress as matters of course that we do not realize that the arrival of a Chinese Minister in the United States is really a very strange thing indeed. Less than thirty years ago Pekin was a mystical city even to foreign residents in China, and there were no more evidences of its existence than of that of the kingdom of Pastor John. Twenty years ago nothing was more unlikely than that an ambassador should be sent from the Middle Kingdom to the barbarous tribes by whom said Middle Kingdom was popularly supposed to be surrounded, and from whom tribute-bearers were said to come humbly to the feet of its rulers. Yet to-day the telegraph announces, quite as a matter of course, not only that a Chinese Minister has arrived, but also that he has brought several cases of champagne with him. Truly the world moves!

A. A. Hayes.

"THE STRIKE."—From the Painting by Robert

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THE NAVAL DRILL AT PENSACOLA—NIGHT ATTACK BY TORPEDO-BOATS UP

TENNESSEE."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON FROM SKETCHES BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

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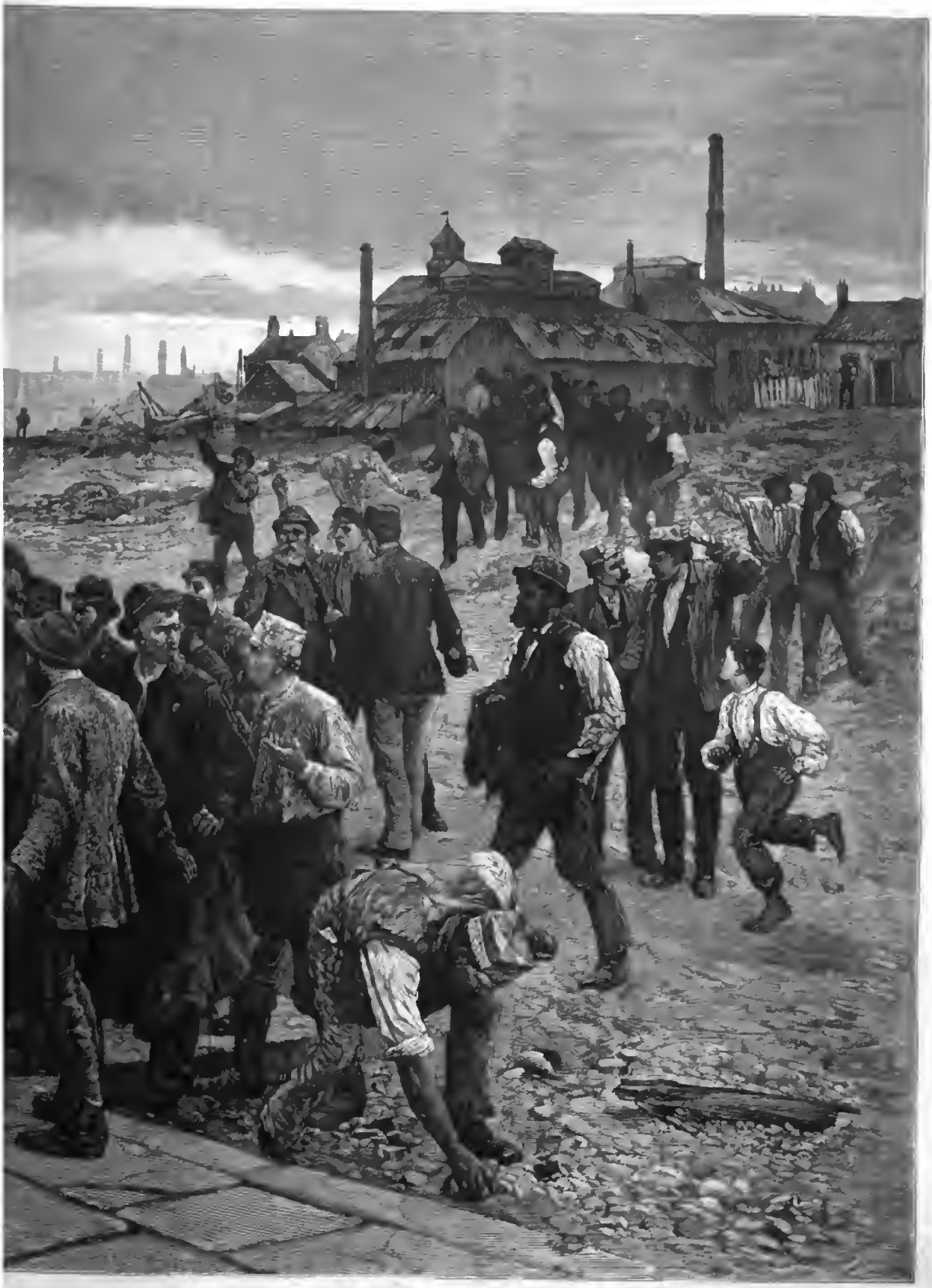

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE FLOODS IN MONTREAL.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from Sketches by James L. Wiseman.

## THE MONTREAL FLOODS.

Never, according to the testimony of an inhabitant of more than half a century, has Montreal been visited by such disastrous floods as those of this April. Fully one-half of the busy commercial capital of the Dominion was last week under water. For miles either way from the imposing Victoria Bridge there could be seen nothing but water, and the scene in and around Griffin Town is pitiable. The part of the city is comprised of working men's dwelling-houses and large factories. The former were floated up to the windows of the second floor. The foundation not only caused losses to the unfortunate occupiers of the lower tenements, through damage to furniture and clothes, but also further distress owing to the heads of the families being no work to do, the factories being temporarily closed. Some forty thousand hands were thrown out of work, a great portion being factory girls.

In Wellington Street, which is occupied by working men, the distress is greatest. Whole families are rendered destitute, many escaping barely with their lives, so sudden was the rush of the waters. Rafts, hastily constructed of the broken sidewalks, were pushed here and there bearing away families with what little property they had saved. Upward of ten thousand houses have had water in their front and back rooms up to the ceiling, and in nearly every instance the furniture and ornaments have been swallowed up by the mud-colored tide. In many houses, those living in the upper portions shared their rooms with other families, in some instances three households occupying two rooms. The priests and clergymen were rowed from door to door to seek out extreme cases for immediate assistance. The churches were all flooded, and mass was with difficulty said in the Catholic chapel near Kennedy Street. So far, but one death from drowning is known. The losses up to the present are incalculable, a million dollars being the lowest computation of the sum that represents the damage done to stock, engines, and private abodes.

## THE CYCLONE IN MINNESOTA.

It is impossible in words to describe the utter desolation which the recent cyclone has caused to the two towns of Sauk Rapids and St. Cloud. Seventy-five people were killed, and about one hundred and fifty more still lie in hospital. That much can be stated; but there are no phrases or figures which can picture the ruins that the tornado has left behind it.

The storm struck St. Cloud, travelling from the southwest—as it chances, the most fortunate point at which it could have come upon the city, for a large tract of land on that side has been withheld from the market to speculators, and was almost destitute of buildings, so that the main strength of the storm here was spent on open prairie. On either side of this open tract, however (the Rosenbaum estate), the land was sparsely dotted with residences, most of them of the poorer class. In all some sixty-five houses came within the circle over which the terrible funnel was working, and of these, except in the case of one large brick building, there is not so much as three feet of a foundation now standing. Walking through the ruins, it is hard to believe, so utter has been the demolition, that there could ever have been any entire houses standing here. For the most part there was a certain space between the several buildings, and when the cyclone struck them it had something of an area over which to strew the ruins of each. The beams have not collapsed; they are dashed across the ground as a man may flash a pack of cards across a table. There are no large ruins, nothing solid as majestic, no rugging piles of wreckage, save on the outskirts of the fatal swath, where only half the force was felt, but the remnants lie spread thinly over the land.

From among this wreckage thirteen dead bodies were drawn immediately after the disaster. Eleven more have since died, and not less than sixty are still in the doctors' hands.

But this was the smallest part of the damage. The Mississippi passes on the east side of St. Cloud, running due south. The cyclone struck the river, travelling northeast, and then swung up across due north. One mile further up the river, and on the opposite bank, stood Sauk Rapids. For one mile up-stream the storm proceeded. As soon as it arrived opposite the town it swung directly to the right, resuming its old course to the northeast, and plunged full into the centre of the village. Here there was no open tract on which it could spend its strength. Right into the broad side of the little town it burst its way, swinging as it went the last span from the railroad bridge across the stream, and snatching up the large Swanton flouring mill and the Northern Pacific depot, which stood between the river and the town.

It is not our own section of Sauk Rapids that has gone, it is not the north end or the south end, it is the whole town. At the lower extremity four or five houses still keep a foot-hold in the earth, though badly shattered and twisted from their right position. At the upper extremity still stand about twice the number—just enough to supply hospitals and dead houses and quarters for the relief committee. Between these two extremes once lay the town. Now there is nothing but a broad expanse of shattered lath and plaster, broken boards, and fragments of household goods. The desolation is complete. On all sides stretches the same sahara of dust and debris, all that is left of two hundred houses, so levelled that an iron safe suffices for a land mark and the largest continuous ruin in the whole surface is the brick vault of the county court-house, from over which the court house was smashed to be scattered piecemeal over twenty miles of prairie. Bundles of county records have been found on farms twenty-one miles away. Of those who were in Sauk Rapids when the storm came, thirty-nine people, men, women, and children, have already been buried. Some ten or twelve more will probably die, and another hundred will carry more and maimed limbs about with them to the end of their days.

From Sauk Rapids the storm again sweeps on its terrible march across the prairie. Your correspondent has followed on horseback the track that it has left over fourteen miles of farm and woodland. There was no difficulty in following it. It was like playing a gigantic game of hare and hounds, whereas the hares had scattered roofs of houses, trees, and beams instead of pieces of paper, and left a trail a quarter of a mile in which. For more than twenty miles the clearly defined path lies strewn with timber and household belongings as thickly as if scattered from a huge pepper-box—a fairly abundant top-dressing of wreckage for mile after mile of prairie.

Minneapolis, *April 20.*

## EDUCATING THE HORSE.

At Cosmopolitan Hall, in this city, on Monday of last week, Professor Dugan R. Gleason, who had just closed a successful engagement of the same sort in Boston, began a season of horse-breaking, or "horse education," as he terms it, which has attracted no little attention from the owners of horses and the public at large. As the earnest the Professor disclaimed the ability to tame a horse by any instantaneous magical process, or, indeed, to perform a single feat which could not be successfully accomplished by any person who would carefully follow the methods he has adopted. "I am no horse-tamer," said he, at the opening exhibition. "I came here to educate people how to educate their horses," and it appears to be the verdict of horse-owners in the city that he has imparted a great deal of very useful information on this subject.

It is the opinion of Professor Gleason that horses, like many children, are spoiled through the lack of a little wholesome discipline. Man is the natural master of the horse, and if he is firm and consistent in his treatment of the animal, practising no cruelty, but giving the horse to understand that he will tolerate no nonsense, things need never, according to Mr. Gleason, be any trouble. The method of Professor Gleason, although resembling that adopted by the once famous Rarey in many respects, differs from the latter in that it is based upon the theory that the horse has more intelligence than Rarey was willing to concede to him. It is not necessary, according to his theory, that a vicious horse should be made to fear man in order to prevent him from displaying his vicious traits; all that is needed is to teach the animal that the performance of any particular bad action on his part will get him into trouble, from which man alone can extricate him. To illustrate this idea: If you are troubled with a horse which has the reprehensible habit of jerking backward at his halter when frightened at any noise in the stable, or when approached from the front—a habit which continuously results in the breaking of halters and the injury of horses—you can speedily cure him of that fault by passing a rope around his body just back of the crotch, and then bringing it up between his fore-legs, through the ring in the halter, and attaching it to the ring on the manger to which the strap of the halter is fastened. When the horse, thus secured, starts suddenly backward, the rope tightens around his belly, and he stops and starts forward again. A trouble hitherto unknown to him has broken out in the rear, and as he cannot escape from the noise in front and the trouble behind at the same time, he does nothing, and stands still.

The same simple appliance may be used in dealing with a balky horse in a team. The end of the rope should then be fastened to the head harness of the horse which is not balky. When this horse starts forward, the rope tightens on the stomach of the other, and he promptly decides to go ahead. Illustrations of the efficiency of this contrivance were given by the Professor, who also exhibited a very simple plan for lifting the hind leg of an unruly horse which requires to be shod. Binding the animal's tail upward over a short stout piece of wood, he fastened a small rope around the doubled up tail above the piece of wood in such a manner that it could not slip. He then passed the end of the rope through a ring in a small strap which he had placed upon the ankle of the hind-leg needing to be shod. By pulling upon the rope the hind-foot was drawn upward toward the tail, and the animal was entirely powerless. Taking a kicking mustang which had never been driven, the Professor attached a rope to straps around the fetlock of each fore-foot, and then passed the rope through a ring on the under side of the girth, bringing it out from between the hind legs of the animal. He had meanwhile bridled the horse, and now undertook to drive him. Up went the mustang's hind-legs. At the same moment Mr. Gleason pulled sharply upon the rope, and down went the astonished brute on his knees. This was repeated a dozen times, after which the animal consented to be driven with great docility.

During the course of his engagement the Professor mastered a particularly vicious stallion which had recently killed his keeper in Montreal, and had been brought on from Canada expressly to be treated. During the first night of his handling of this horse the animal suddenly opened his huge mouth and made a grab at the trainer's chest, slightly lacerating the skin. The Professor, however, succeeded in subduing the beast so effectually that on the third evening the stallion would follow him around the ring like a lamb, and even consented to practice a number of tricks, which the Professor had taught him, for the amusement of the spectators. And this, as well

as all the other feats of the horse educator, was accomplished without his having found it necessary to strike the horse a single blow with the whip. By firing a pistol at the horse whenever the latter showed a disposition to attack him, and by astonishing him, without hurting him, in a number of other ways, the Professor succeeded in rendering the beast perfectly gentle and docile-like, so that neither the beating of drums nor the waving of umbrellas disturbed him in the least.

## A TORPEDO ATTACK AT NIGHT.

ONE of the most interesting of the exercises performed by the North Atlantic Squadron at Pensacola was the attack of torpedo-boats upon the flag-ship *Tennessee*.

In the orders of Secretary WHITNEY it was prescribed that torpedo night attacks should be made on the squadron by a fleet composed of two boats from each ship, carrying spar torpedoes containing a fuse only. Accordingly, on the 18th of April, a flotilla was organized, consisting of a steam launch and a row boat from each vessel, the whole under Lieutenant-Commander RAMSAY. Simultaneously all the ships made ready to receive attack. From the sides spars and booms were rigged out, and netting stretched around. The Hotchkiss and Gatling guns were so mounted as to secure a plunging fire against approaching boats.

At a fixed hour the torpedo flotilla resembled alongside the *Yantic*, and the *Tennessee* was named as the ship selected for attack. Guided by their officers, the boats approached her from different directions. The noise made by the high-pressure steam-launches gave a long warning, and while they were still at a great distance the flag-ship opened a sharp fire with blank cartridges from machine-guns as well as from musketoon rifles held by marksmen. From the yardarms and other points night signals illuminated the harbor. The boats, with their spar torpedoes projecting, continued their course to the *Tennessee*, each explodes its fuse at the most favorable moment on reaching the net-work of obstructions, while the flag-ship kept up her rattling fire, and even turned a hot-water hose upon her assailants. The exhibition was witnessed by a large crowd of visitors on excursion steamers.

Of course this torpedo attack represents only what is possible with the present appliances of our navy. Before another squadron drill is ordered it is to be hoped that our torpedo capabilities will be increased. The chance of doing much damage to a properly guarded and powerful iron-clad, even at anchor, with such devices as were employed at Pensacola, is small. But the case would be different with the torpedo-boats familiar in European waters, which dash at their victims with a speed of twenty knots an hour, or with the successful employment of a submarine gun like Ericsson's, which is designed to explode several hundred pounds of gun-cotton against the side of a vessel, not only beneath floating obstructions like the spars and booms that surrounded the *Tennessee*, but also below the armor belt which heavy iron-clads carry.

The boats at Pensacola were, as has been seen, extemporized affairs, having a low rate of speed, some even propelled by hand, and all armed with spar torpedoes. But a pending bill in Congress provides for the construction of several genuine torpedo-boats of modern design, and a torpedo cruiser having twenty-two knots of speed. It is surprising that with coast defence the most immediate problem for our navy, it should not possess a single modern torpedo-boat or automatic gun. Great Britain, up to the beginning of the present year, had built, or was building, 150 torpedo-boats; France, 102; Germany, 67; Russia, 128; Italy, 70; Austria, 38. Greece has recently added six new boats from the Vulcan Works at Stettin to its already large torpedo fleet. THORNYCROFT & Co. have completed the first of fifty new torpedo-boats for Great Britain, which developed a speed of twenty-one knots. Most nations have also self-moving torpedoes.

## THE COLORADO CAPITOL.

COLORADO, which was admitted to the Union in 1876, has set about securing for herself a State-house or Capitol building in the city of Denver, which shall be, as her people delight in saying, "Worthy of her dignity and proud distinction as a Centennial State." Though ridiculously rich and extremely young, Colorado has not, however, allowed herself to be led into wild architectural extravagances, but, on the contrary, has "counted the cost" with the utmost particularity, and claims to know exactly what she is about. As a compromise between the business members from the mining districts of the north, who thought a suitable building ought to cost about ten millions, more or less, and the southern members, whose income is largely derived from the "bounty" paid on hawks' beaks and wolves' scalps, and who were of the opinion that the State could worry along with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar edifice, the Legislature fixed the limit of cost at one million dollars, and appointed a Board of Commissioners to carry out the legislative will, stipulating that the building must be completed by the year 1890. The architects of the country were invited to compete for the job, and three money prizes of $1500, $1000, and $800 respectively were offered for the best three sets of plans, which plans should thus become the property of the State, and from one of which the Capitol should be erected, provided always that it could be done within the limits of one million dollars.

Twenty sets of plans were submitted in accordance with these provisions, and the prizes were awarded in the following order: the first prize to E. E. MYERS, of Detroit; the second to F. E. ROSENBERG, of Denver; and the third to H. B. SERLEY, also of Colorado. On April 1 the Capitol Commissioners awarded the contract for the erection of the building according to Mr MYERS's plans, somewhat modified to save expense, for $[illegible].

A picture of the Capitol, drawn from the plans of Mr MYERS, is printed in this issue. It will be the fourth State Capitol which Mr MYERS has erected, he having been the architect of the Michigan State house at Lansing, and of the State-houses at Austin, Texas, and at Boise City, Idaho. Mr MYERS's plans for the Colorado Capitol call for a building 295 feet long, 192 feet deep, and 326 feet high, which is to be constructed of smooth cut stone and is to be surrounded by a dome. The building will consist of a sub-basement, basement, and three floors. On the first floor will be placed the offices of the Governor, Attorney-General, Secretary of State, State Auditor, Treasurer, and minor State officials. The second and the greater part of the third story will be taken up by the two legislative chambers, the Supreme Court room, the law library, and committee rooms. The hall of the House of Representatives will be 62 feet long, 52 feet wide, and 40 feet high, and will occupy the west front. The Senate Chamber, on the south front, will be 66 feet wide, 66 feet long, and of the same height as the other chamber. The ceilings both of the House and Senate will be of dome form, handsomely coffered, and finished in rich stucco work. The rotunda of the building will have a diameter of 46 feet, and will be surrounded by three balconies, the upper one of which will be at a height of 100 feet above the level of the first floor. Capping the rotunda will be the handsome dome, set with stained glass windows.

One very noticeable and gratifying fact in connection with the proposed new Capitol is the way in which it has brought out the hitherto unsuspected presence of magnificent quarries of building stone in all sections of the State, sandstone, granite, gneiss, sandstone, and limestone having been sent in to the Commissioners from various points between Trinidad in the south and Fort Collins in the north, and from the mountains as far west as Gunnison.

## THE SEVENTH REGIMENT'S EXCURSION

THE Seventh Regiment returned late on Wednesday night of last week from a three day's trip to Washington. The visit was made by way of commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the regiment's advance to Washington and the seat of war in 1861. It was a memorable march, that of the Seventh down Broadway, twenty-five years ago. Four banner had been hired upon only six days before. The capital of the country was menaced by the enemy, and one in need of defenders. The regiment, as it moved down the great thoroughfare of this city, lacked but four men of its full complement of one thousand soldiers. The sidewalks of Broadway were choked with men, women, and children, who screamed farewells at the young soldiers, and from the house-tops came deafening cheers. It took the Seventh six days to reach Washington on that occasion, and from Annapolis to Annapolis Junction they had to rebuild the torn up railroad tracks. Their presence at Washington at that time was very grateful to the inhabitants, and as a correspondent of that date puts it, "Mr LINCOLN was the happiest-looking man in town when the regiment marched past him: he smiled all over, and gave in his countenance expression to the feeling of relief born in all by this wished for arrival."

Of the seven hundred and odd men who visited the capital in the beloved uniform of the Seventh last week, but eight had taken part in the memorable march of a quarter-century ago. The present commander of the regiment, Colonel EMMONS CLARK, was at that time the Captain of Company B.

The regiment on Monday afternoon, the 19th inst., passed in review before Mayor GRACE at the City Hall, and shortly after two o'clock took a special train for the capital, arriving in Washington just before nine o'clock that evening. They were received by the Washington Light-Infantry Corps and a committee of one hundred citizens, and marched triumphantly through Pennsylvania Avenue amid the applause of thousands of hospitable Washingtonians.

They were quartered as might be in the various leading hotels, and all night long the rooms of those favored hostelries resounded with the uproarious hilarity of the happy young soldiers, who the next morning amused themselves as they best saw fit among the sights of the capital, while the Colonel and his staff officers paid their respects to the President, a pleasant episode of that visit being the presentation by President CLEVELAND, on behalf of the regiment, of a diamond studded medal to Captain J. C. ADAMS, of Company H, in recognition of his twenty-five years of service in the regiment. Later in the day there was a parade of the Seventh past the White House grounds, where, from a flag covered stand, accompanied by General SHERIDAN and Senator EVARTS, the President reviewed the soldiers. The Washington Light-Infantry entertained the regiment at their armory during the evening, and the Seventh's fine band serenaded at the residences of Secretary WHITNEY, General SHERIDAN, and Senator EVARTS. At nine o'clock the following morning a steamer carried the soldier visitors down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, and with caps in hand the regiment marched slowly past the tomb of WASHINGTON, while the band played a solemn strain.

The return journey to New York was begun at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, and as the returning soldiers marched past the newspaper offices on Park Row late that evening, that thoroughfare was brilliant with colored lights and noisy with cheers of welcome.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A PARIS physician undertakes to apportion to travellers a certain narcotic of his invention in doses variable according to the length of time which may be at their disposal for sleep. He declares that it operates with great nicety, so that a person may calculate the duration of its influence almost to a minute. It is put up in neat phials, which are attractively but plainly labelled, so that one may have no reason for making a mistake. One has only to ask for a seven hour phial, or a three hour phial, or a phial good for eleven hours and a quarter, as his opportunities may warrant, and to see that the number on the label tallies with his desires. There might be cases, of course, in which a dose would fail to fit, but no French physician could be expected to anticipate these. Persons about to engage in winter travel in the Northwest might take a forty-days or a fifty-day dose, feeling sure that they were to be snowed in, and cause great inconvenience to others in case the train should go through on time. To be under the influence of an efficacious opiate when it is desirable to wake up is of course awkward, but it is the weakness of any human scheme that it may miscarry.

A newspaper despatch from Dakota says that during a recent storm there "hailstones fell a little more than half as large as an egg." This careful construction of this statement is calculated to win the confidence of anybody. "As large as an egg" would appear careless and be received with doubts, and "half as large as an egg" would not force belief; but one cannot help feeling that "a little more than half as large as an egg" was really the size of the hailstones which the despatch records.

King Theebaw had a gilded cannon, which stood under a gilded dome, and which, according to the story, he was accustomed to employ as an oracle. When about to engage in a war, the king, accompanied by a priest, would repair to the cannon, and the king would inquire of it whether he was to win or lose, while the priest would put a bottle of wine into the cannon's mouth. If the king was to be victor, the cannon would return the wine; if defeat lay in store for him, the wine would run out. When the British were coming, and King Theebaw consulted the cannon concerning his prospects, the wine fairly flew out of the bore. The priest explained that the cannon was bewitched and out of proper working order; but Theebaw was unnerved, and the result proved that the cannon had not made a mistake.

A German chemist has tested a bottle of 250-year-old wine from the Brown Rathskeller, and declared it unwholesome. This was as bold a thing to do in Germany as in England it would be to say that old cigars are not good, or in China that eggs are not improved by age.

Upward of 3300 students are attending the University of Berlin this winter, among them being 128 Americans.

The retail grocers' clerks, particularly those who are employed in the little shops well over on the east and west sides in this town, declare that they afford a case which should be backed into in this time of general agitation for shorter working hours. The small grocer's clerk complains that he gets up at four o'clock in the morning and goes to bed at ten at night. The shop closes at nine, but he must spend another hour tidying up. Sunday is nominally a holiday, but the shop is kept open until noon or later, and after it is closed he must spend an hour or two at proving the books, and by the time he is washed and dressed there is only a small part of the day left to him. These clerks recently formed a union, starting with one hundred members. They want the shops to close at seven in the evening instead of nine. Many of the employers are of the same mind, saying that they only remain open because their neighbors do, and that the day's business could just as well be done in two hours less time.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

*Another heart-rending consequence of a railroad strike.*

THE QUIET CITIZEN'S VIEW.

"If these fellows union for mischief, can policemen o'ought *club together* for order."

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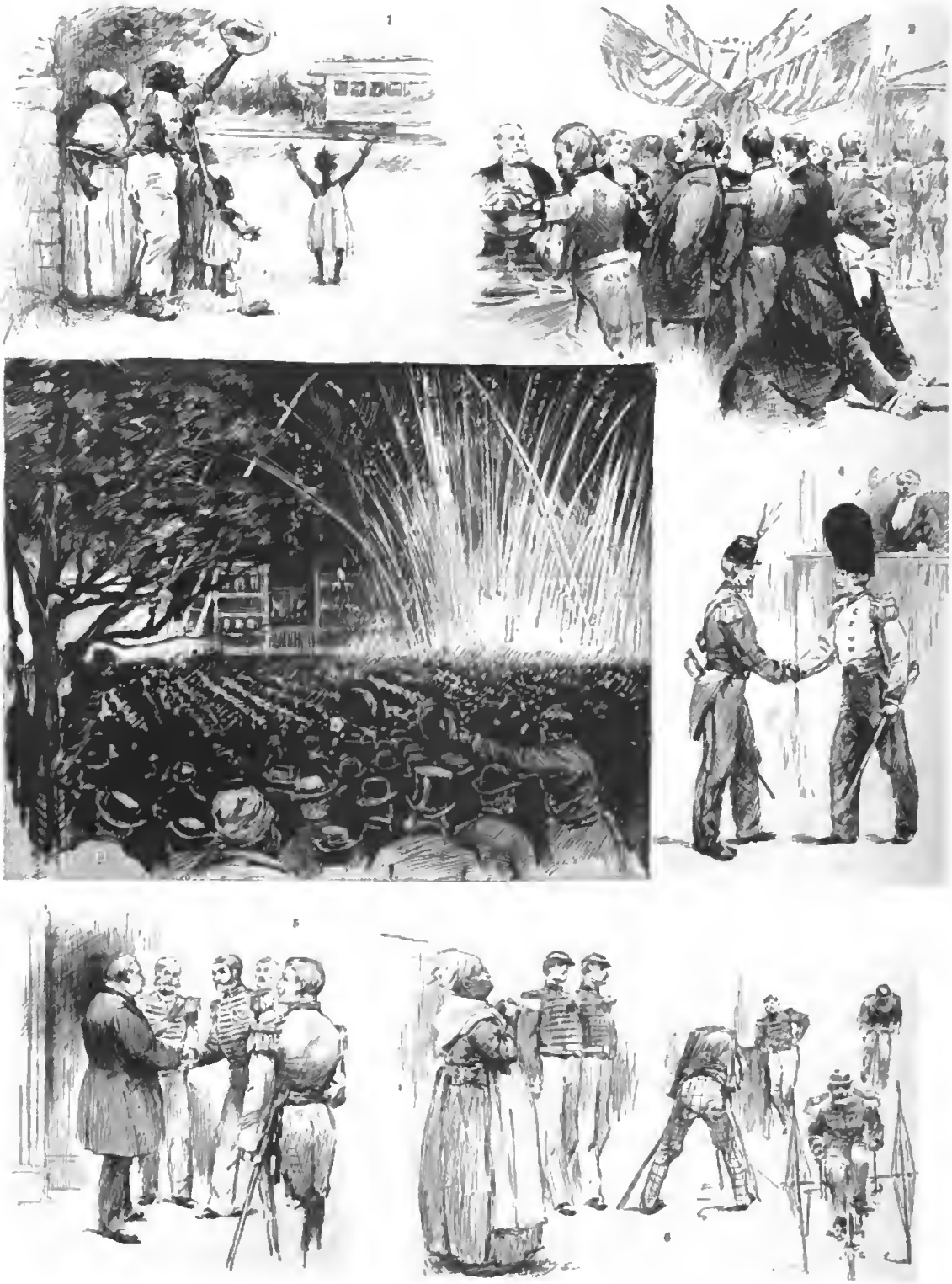

ANNIVERSARY EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT N. G. S. N. Y.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

1. Through Delaware. 2. The Banquet at the Light-Infantry Armory. 3. Passing up Pennsylvania Avenue. 4. The Officers' Greeting. 5. The President receiving the Officers. 6. Off Duty.

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## GENERAL A. H. TERRY.

THE officer whom President CLEVELAND commissioned on the 3d of March to fill the vacancy created by the death of Major General HANCOCK has long enjoyed the entire confidence and respect of the army. Born at Hartford, November 10, 1827, educated in the New Haven schools and at the Yale Law School, ALFRED HOWE TERRY, while practising law and serving as Clerk of the Superior and Supreme Courts of Connecticut, had also connected himself with the State Militia, and had been for seven years in command of the Second Regiment when that body was called into the field for three months under President LINCOLN's proclamation of April, 1861. With it he served at Bull Run, and then promptly reentered the service as Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, taking part in General THOMAS W. SHERMAN's expedition for the capture of Port Royal. Commended for energy in the siege of Fort Pulaski, he received command of this fort after its reduction, and was made Brigadier General of Volunteers, to date from April, 1862. During the two succeeding years he served in the operations around Charleston, commanding a division of the Tenth Corps, and being engaged on James Island, in siege operations against Forts Sumter, Wagner, and Gregg, and in demonstrating up Stono River during the descent on Morris Island. Thence, in 1864, he was transferred with his corps to Virginia, to the Army of the James, and was engaged at Chester Station, in the battle of Drury's Bluff, in actions at Bermuda Hundred, Deep Bottom, and Fussel's Mills, in the siege of Petersburg, and at Newmarket Heights, Newmarket Road, and Williamsburg Road.

But although he had creditably held temporary command of his corps from May to August, and again from October to November, 1864, his distinctive national fame was yet to be achieved. His opportunity came when, after the mortifying failure of the first attack on Fort Fisher, under General BUTLER, he was directed to renew the attempt to capture it with a force of 9000 men, aided by the fleet. He disembarked his troops, approached the works, and carried their successive lines by assault, losing 110 killed and 536 wounded, and capturing about 2000 prisoners, 169 heavy guns, and many small arms. For this fine exploit he received the high reward of a Brigadiership in the regular army, to date from January 15, 1865, when Fort Fisher was won. He was also made a Major General of Volunteers, and received a vote of thanks from Congress.

Shortly after, he obtained the full command of the Tenth Corps, and took part with it in the capture of Wilmington (for which he was made a brevet Major General in the regular army) and in the action at Northeast Creek. When the war closed he had charge for a time of the Department of Virginia, but for many years he has commanded the Department of Dakota, and ten years ago he took the field in the Sioux hostilities.

General TERRY has had in many respects a fortunate and enviable military career. Entering the war for the Union among the first, he was yet called upon for no exercise of supreme responsibility—serving, in fact, off the main lines of operations—until he had three years' experience. Then, ripened and instructed, he found his one grand opportunity for great fame almost at the very end of the war, and nobly rose to it.

Tall and soldierly in bearing, winning in presence and personal traits, of admirable discretion, thoroughly upright and conscientious in his performance of duty, favored by the advantages of coming of good Connecticut stock and of enjoying a good education, General TERRY has always been looked up to by brother officers with a degree of esteem in no respect diminished by the fact that his military education was not acquired at West Point, but that he had learned his profession in the stern school of war. His traits and temperament peculiarly fit him for the administrative duties of a department commander.

MAJOR GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY, U. S. A.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PALMQUIST & JUDGENS, ST PAUL, MINNESOTA.

AN EXHIBITION OF HORSE-TAMING IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

## SENATOR WHITTHORNE.

Mr. W. C. Whitthorne, who has been appointed to fill the unexpired term in the United States Senate of Mr. Jackson, whom the President has appointed Judge of the United States Circuit Court, has for thirty years been one of the most prominent men in public life in Tennessee. From 1844 to 1850 he was a member of the State Senate or Speaker of the lower branch of the Legislature, and during the war he was Adjutant-General of the State by appointment of his present colleague in the Senate, Mr. Hanna, who was then Governor. In 1870, as soon as his political disabilities were removed, he took his seat as a member of the Forty-second Congress, and his Congressional career continued without interruption for twelve years. It was as a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs that he did his most vigorous work. Since his retirement from Congress Mr. Whitthorne has taken a prominent and influential part in State politics. In the division of the Democratic party on the disposition to be made of the State debt, he took the opposite side to his predecessor, who is a "State credit" Democrat.

Senator Whitthorne is among the most vigorous and well-equipped of the men who have been prominent in Southern politics during the last twenty years. He is a successful lawyer and a forcible speaker. He is small in stature, and as energetic at sixty-one as when he canvassed Tennessee as the Electoral-at-large on the Buchanan Presidential ticket in 1860. The unexpired term for which he has been appointed will expire March 3, 1887.


HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

MAKES A COOLING DRINK.

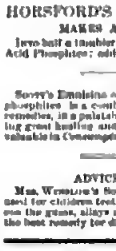
Invigorating a teaspoon of lime-water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.—[Adv.]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a combination of two most valuable remedies, in a palatable and easily digested form, having great healing and strengthening properties, and is invaluable in Consumption and wasting diseases.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]


## ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Perfect Hair

Indicates a natural and healthy condition of the scalp, and of the glands through which nourishment is obtained. When, in consequence of age and disease, the hair becomes weak, thin, and gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will strengthen it, restore its original color, promote its rapid and vigorous growth, and impart to it the lustre and freshness of youth.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time, and am convinced of its value. When I was 17 years of age my hair began to turn gray. I commenced using the Vigor, and was surprised at the good effects it produced. It not only restored the color to my hair, but so stimulated its growth that I have now more hair than ever before.—J. W. Edwards, Coldwater, Miss.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

If you are suffering from debility and loss of appetite, if your stomach is out of order, or your mind confused; take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine will restore physical force and elasticity to the system, more surely and speedily than any tonic yet discovered.

For six months I suffered from liver and stomach troubles. My food did not nourish me, and I became weak and very much emaciated. I took six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured.—Julius M. Palmer, Springfield, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive, free, a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Profitable work the workers absolutely sure. Terms sent free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.


## SCIENTIFIC TRUTH!

### REGARDING THE FUNCTIONS OF AN IMPORTANT ORGAN,

Of Which the Public Knows but Little, Worthy Careful Consideration.

*To the Editor of the Scientific American:*

*Will you permit me to make known to the public the facts we have learned, during the past 8 years, concerning disorders of the human Kidneys, and the organs which demand Kidneys as easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced except in favor of Truth. It is needless to say, no medical journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.*

*H. H. WARNER & CO.,*
*Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."*

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place it in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ, you say? But understand, the body of the average-size man contains *about ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sievers*, as they may be called, *many times a day*, as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in *three minutes*. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily, night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from 65 *gallons of blood each hour*, or about 49 barrels each day, or 9125 hogsheads a year? What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are?

We show this delicate organ upon lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis, or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and *right here is where the disease of the kidneys first begins.*

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants, or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood to the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked. These delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac, the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood-vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is *passing through this terrible, disgusting pus*, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment. Do you realize the importance, nay, the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect, when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have *pure blood and escape disease?* It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh, and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption, in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach, nervousness, insanity, paralysis, or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

*The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action.* It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker, until one day it *suddenly stops*, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high-sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, *for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part*, constantly adding fuel brought from these suppurating, pus-laden kidneys, which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefaction itself, and which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment *every* twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the tools which is constantly going on—a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "My kidneys are all right; I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease of so dual a character that the organs are rotten, and yet they have *never there had a pain nor an ache!*

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where *there are few nerves of feeling to convey the sensation of pain.* Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skilful physicians cannot detect it at times, *for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined* by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, we mutter where counted, to 90 per cent., as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition, and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

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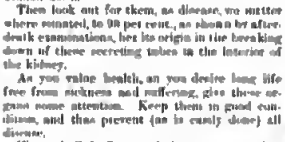


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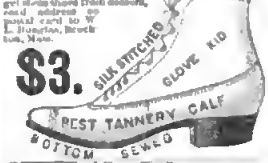


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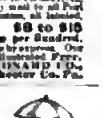

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NOTICE.—All persons claiming to be next of kin, according to the statutes for the distribution of intestates' estates, of Thomasin Copp, Spinster, or Jonas Copp, Retired Innkeeper (both formerly of the Westgate Inn, Launceston, Cornwall), but late and at the time of their respective deaths of the Duchy ——, Launceston, aforesaid, and both of whom died intestate, living at the time of their deaths, which happened on the 16th day of October, 1885, to be the legal personal representatives of such of the said next of kin as are now dead, are requested to send particulars of their claims in writing on or before the 30th day of September, 1886, to the undersigned, at our offices, Westgate Street, Launceston, after which date the estates will be distributed.

The said Thomasin Copp and Jonas Copp were the surviving children of John Copp and Ann Brooklin, who were married at Okehampton, in the County of Devon, in the year 1780.

Sally Copp, who left the County of Devonshire about the year 1840 for America, will hear something to her advantage on communicating with us, the undersigned.

Dated this Eighth day of April, 1886.

WHITE, DINGLEY, & WHITE, Launceston, Cornwall, England, Solicitors to the Administrators of the above-named Thomasin Copp and Jonas Copp.

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To wit: BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the 6th day of February, Anno Domini 1886, BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT, AUSTIN ABBOTT, LYMAN ABBOTT, and EDWARD ABBOTT, of the United States, have deposited in this office the titles of Books, the titles or descriptions of which are in the following words, to wit:

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1523.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

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SOME SETTERS AND POINTERS AT THE DOG SHOW.—DRAWN BY J. M. TRACY.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

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*The number for May 4 is more than usually attractive, especially in the richness of its illustrations. It opens with a picture entitled*

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"A LETTER FOR THE SQUIRE,"

*is the title of a charming illustration occupying a full page. Other articles and pictures are: "Uncle Harry's Rails," a practical article on the rudiments of the art of fencing, illustrated by* TRUESDELL; *"Parlor Pasteurs," by* GEORGE B. BARTLETT; *a story by* DAVID KER; *a poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER; *and a humorous illustration by* GRAY PARRIS.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1886.

## THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

HONEST and intelligent citizens who live by daily wages have learned a great many useful lessons from the present labor strikes and disturbances. First of all, they have learned that there is an American view of all these questions, and an American way of dealing with them. The sentiment of fair play and equal rights and personal liberty is supreme in this country, and the organization and procedure which are most objectionable in labor associations are due mainly to a leadership and control which are essentially foreign and not American. Nothing is more evident than the public sympathy and support which are given to what are seen to be the fair and reasonable demands of wage-earning workmen, and nothing is more certain than the summary public condemnation of the attempt of such workmen to injure each other, or in any way to interfere with the equal liberty of others. Railroad hands who strike and then hang about the road to obstruct its business, and by threats and terror or actual violence to prevent other men from taking the vacant places, are public enemies—enemies of public order, of the American principle, and of society itself—and the moment that they take this position they are wholly abandoned by public opinion. Senator HAWLEY spoke for every self respecting and honorable working-man in America when he said that if he were on a strike, and thieves and bullies undertook, under cover of the strike, to seize property or to oppress honest laborers, he would gladly volunteer to keep the peace. That is as good an expression of the true American feeling and position as the labor troubles of the spring have produced. It is not the American way to burn down the house in order to kill a rat or to roast a pig; nor is it the American way to upset society in order to secure a fair hearing and a just decision.

So with the boycott. It is, as we have heretofore shown, the destruction of individual freedom and the establishment of mob tyranny. It becomes also, at a very early moment, a conspiracy which is to be repressed by law. It is also unspeakably cowardly and mean, as in the case of Mrs. GRAY and Mr. LANDGRAF, whose business ruin was sought simply because they refused unjustly to coerce their employés, although such coercion and injustice are put forward as the justification of strikes. All this is evident, and no just complaint of ill treatment or of the injustice and oppression of capital can change the facts. The tyranny of capital is no reason for trying to ruin Mrs. GRAY because she will not tyrannize over her employés; and that JAY GOULD is a "fiend" may be a good reason for bringing him before the courts to prove his crimes, but it is not a reason for forcibly preventing an honest man from working for honest and satisfactory wages. The intelligent workman, to whom alone we are speaking, can see as clearly as we see that the attempt of A and B to prevent C from making his own bargains is simply to make C a slave. Now this is what every American instinctively perceives, and no warmth of appeal, based upon the suffering of the laboring man, blinds him to the plain fact. Another thing which the events of the spring have taught working men, as well as everybody else, is that the orders of certain leaders, even if implicitly obeyed, are obeyed ignorantly and under protest, and at a cost of enormous suffering to innocent families. The organization of the associations vests absolutely despotic power in a few absolutely irresponsible persons. The obedience demanded is as abject as that of the subjects of the King of Abyssinia or of any other despot. It is humiliating to think of American citizens stopping work and stopping the food of their families for reasons of which they know nothing, and at a mere sign from an overseer. No slave-driver upon a plantation ever exercised more cruel power than "a walking delegate."

Why should American workmen, because they choose to unite for their advantage, divest themselves of their minds and consciences and common sense? There is surely no better reason for intrusting despotic authority to an executive committee than for giving it to a President, or to Congress, or to a Legislature. Yet nothing is more jealously scrutinized by liberty loving men everywhere than a disposition to practise arbitrary authority, and nothing shows more clearly the largely un-American character of the management of the unions than their acquiescence in such authority. Let American citizens carry into labor associations fundamental American principles, and not cease to be American citizens and observant of those principles because they unite as working men for mutual protection. If the associations are not generally American, then the sooner they understand the American people the better. The American government is not the enemy of the people; it is their agent, and therefore it is simply stupid to "be agin the government," unless the majority is plainly oppressive, and even then the remedy is at the polls. The American people hate despotism of every kind and degree. They are for fair play and equal rights; and just so far as the labor associations prevent fair play and outrage equal rights they will be resolutely opposed by the great body of the people, and quite as much by those who understand the real situation of working men and the frequent injustice and tyranny of corporations, as by those who do not understand the one and who deny the other. The remedy for such differences as arise from questions of wages between employers and employés, and for other real differences, is found in arbitration. But the question of the right of A and B to say whom C shall employ, or with whom D shall contract for his own labor, can no more be a subject of arbitration than any other kind of slavery.

## AN OBNOXIOUS LAW.

A GREAT deal of the embarrassment of the President and much of the general distrust and ill feeling arising from appointments in the civil service would disappear if the four years' law were repealed. This law vacates at the end of four years the large part of the offices which require confirmation by the Senate, and upon which the great multitude of minor places in the service depend. The effect of the law is of course very prejudicial to the proper transaction of the public business. The expiration of the term creates a vacancy. There is no direct Executive act of removal, and the Executive feels always at liberty to regard it as virtually a new office to be filled. There is the usual enormous pressure and lying on all sides to secure the succession. If a party change of Administration has occurred in the mean while, the President is expected to give the office to one of his own party, and there is a tremendous contest among his party politicians to secure it for a mere partisan upon party grounds and for party ends. If the Administration is of the same party, there is a furious contest of party factions, and the incumbent, whatever his character and service, is declared to have had his chance and his share. Of course in this absurd scramble the public is entirely forgotten, and the public service disregarded. The appointment becomes a question solely of local politics, as in Brooklyn.

Now what do common sense and the principles and customs of all other business and the public interests require when a four years' term expires? They require that if the incumbent be an upright, efficient, satisfactory officer, who minds the public business and refuses to make his office a party agency—a proceeding which is justly obnoxious to half of the community, and a nuisance to the whole—he shall be reappointed. It was, indeed, the alleged object of the law not to create a vacancy for the sake of change, but to stimulate good service by the knowledge that the term would expire at a particular time, and that reappointment would depend upon the official record of service. This was the plausible plea. But the real reason was to make possible the abuse which sprang up in JACKSON's demoralizing administration to secure places for the personal parasites of politicians, and to use the public money to promote a party advantage by enabling the President to make appointments without incurring the odium of removal. President MONROE, who signed the law without comprehending its scope, and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who understood it perfectly, both renominated every officer whose term expired and whose official record was satisfactory. JEFFERSON and MADISON vehemently condemned the law. In 1826 the Senate committee reported that the law operated against its own intent, and turned out faithful officers instead of retaining them, and ten years later CALHOUN and WEBSTER united with JEFFERSON and MADISON in condemning it.

In the present state of public sentiment upon this subject, and the general intelligent conviction that the spoils system, if not arrested, will be fatal to our institutions, as already it interferes seriously with the proper and economical operation of the government, it is plain that if the President could make no change without a distinct removal, changes, under a President of reform principles, would be made only for legitimate cause. The course pursued in reappointing the New York postmaster would be the rule in every post office under similar conditions. Postmasters would be displaced, not because they held certain opinions, but because they were poor postmasters, or because they allowed those opinions to make them violent partisans. The plea that unless the whole body of officers are made the prey of a successful party, party cannot be effectively maintained, is false. Party is just as strong in England as it is here, but it does not control the civil service. Moreover, if a party can be effectively maintained only by distributing money in the form of salaries among an army of placemen, it is not a legitimate party; it is a conspiracy—"an organized appetite" for plunder. The situation in England is the standing refutation of the assertions of Messrs. VANCE and INGALLS and the other champions of party success by patronage and not by principle. A Democrat, echoing Senator INGALLS, said the other day that he didn't want Democratic success if he couldn't have a Democratic night-watchman put in the place of a Republican. But when he was asked upon what policy or measure the Democratic party and the Republican party differed as parties, he smiled and said that he thought Mr. RANDALL was sound upon protection. The Democratic party, by its members of Congress and its press, has been trying for a year to persuade the President to turn Republicans out, and the Republican party has been trying to keep them in. If the one were all turned out and the other all turned in, there would yet be no more a destructive party policy upon either side than there is now. The only result would be that the service would be filled with inexperienced men, and the public interests would be necessarily injured. If the object of a civil service be to give every citizen a chance to draw money from the public treasury, changes should be made every month, that all may take their turn. But if the object be an efficient transaction of the public business, what is needed is to secure the best officers, and to change them when they become negligent or inefficient.

## THE REELECTION OF SENATOR EDMUNDS.

THERE seems to be no doubt of opposition to the reelection of Senator EDMUNDS in Vermont, and ex-Governor SMITH, who is understood to be a candidate for the Senator's seat, is reported as saying that the Vermont Republicans have not forgotten nor forgiven Mr. EDMUNDS's conduct in 1884. That conduct certainly showed no ardor for the Republican candidate, but Mr. EDMUNDS voted for him, and in presiding at a Republican meeting during the campaign he expressed his strong conviction of the desirability of continued Republican ascendency. His real offence, therefore, is his opinion of Mr. BLAINE. If that opinion had led him to unite with the Independent Republicans in openly opposing Mr. BLAINE's election and supporting Mr. CLEVELAND's, probably Senator EDMUNDS himself would not expect to be reelected. But he may very naturally wish to know whether a Republican who supports a nomination ceases to be a Republican if he does not like the candidate. That is the real question involved in his reelection.

We regret the course which the Senator has pursued in raising a controversy with the President. But we happen to know that the view upon which it proceeded is not a new one with him. So far as his action may have been influenced by a desire to restore himself to party confidence, it was mistaken, because nothing can condone with the BLAINE Republicans the offence that he has committed. They are naturally glad to see that he shows himself to be more of a mere partisan than ever, because that secures his harmlessness in 1888, but they will not like him nor trust him any more than before, and they will gladly see him defeated for the Senate as an impressive warning of the consequence of not being the candidate for whom he votes. Mr. EDMUNDS probably remembers, as others remember, the attempt of Mr. BLAINE's next friend, Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, to show that if Mr. BLAINE was justly open to injurious suspicions of a certain kind, Mr. EDMUNDS was no less so. Nor have others forgotten Mr. EDMUNDS's conclusive treatment of that attempt.

It is, however, not Mr. EDMUNDS alone who is interested in the election in Vermont. The Republican party is quite as much interested. If it shall appear that the ablest Republican leader in the Senate, a profound constitutional lawyer, and a public man of the most valuable experience, is set aside, not because of any want of faith in Republican principles, not because of any "bolting" or Mugwumpery, but simply because he does not like a party candidate for whom, nevertheless, he votes, the Republican party will certainly not commend itself more closely to sensible citizens nor strengthen itself for future contests. Of personal character beyond reproach, of official service unspotted with any kind of suspicion, and of unquestioned and indisputable ability, Mr. EDMUNDS is certainly as good a representative of the party aims and

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spirit and tendency as can be found in the party. We do not believe his defeat to be probable. But should he be defeated, it would not be he who would suffer in public estimation.

## THE CASE OF JUDGE DONOHUE.

AN organization like the Bar Association in New York, if it has the courage of its convictions, is an exceedingly useful institution. Its list of members includes the most eminent lawyers in the city, and it is truly representative of the legal profession. The knowledge of the existence of such a body is in itself a conservative influence, because it reminds lawyers both at the bar and on the bench that misconduct of any kind is quite sure to be observed, and that the penalty will be probably exacted. The Association, indeed, has no other authority over lawyers and judges than that which springs from the moral weight of its declaration or action, but that is, of course, very great. Its acceptance, therefore, of the report of its committee that Judge DONOHUE's explanation of the charges made against him is not satisfactory, and its memorial to the Legislature asking for an investigation, are very significant. They should have had a greater influence with the Legislature than was indicated by the refusal of the Assembly to waive its regular order of business to take up the subject.

The Association unquestionably has done its duty. The argument that it was not constituted to impeach or try judges is idle. It was established to elevate and improve the administration of justice by the force of professional opinion, and it is morally bound to take just such action as it has taken whenever in its judgment the situation requires such action. If the sole initiative of inquiry into judicial offences were the individual action of lawyers practising at the bar, it is obvious that such offences would be flagrant and notorious before a movement would be made. Indeed, the perpetual danger of the Association is that the power of the judges to annoy lawyers may serve to paralyze prompt and vigorous action in regard to judicial misconduct. When a distinguished leader of the New York bar some years ago sent his wife at a public table to a notorious judge, he said, deprecatingly, to a friend, "You know a lawyer must be on good terms with every judge before whom he may appear."

By a vote of 198 to 128 the Association decided to send to the Legislature the report of its committee upon the insufficiency of Judge DONOHUE's reply, together with the reply itself. Every friend of Judge DONOHUE should now desire legislative investigation, and the Assemblymen who obstructed consideration of the case cannot be reckoned among his judicious friends. When the Bar Association by a very large majority agreed that his explanation was not satisfactory, the necessity of thorough and authoritative investigation became imperative. Should the judge be fully acquitted, he could not fairly complain of an action which would have given him the opportunity of silencing injurious rumors that otherwise would have continued to impair his judicial character. Both the public and the Association are to be congratulated upon the memorial: the public, that it is made aware of a vigilant professional observation of judicial conduct which otherwise would be virtually unscrutinized; the Association, that it has proved its usefulness by showing the possession of necessary courage. Had it abandoned its own investigation, or shrunk from enforcing the conclusions of its committee, it would have forfeited public confidence and respect, and might wisely have disbanded.

## "WOULD WE DO IT AGAIN?"

MR. EDWARD CARY, who was one of the Independent Republicans who supported Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, and who rendered most effective service to him during that campaign, contributes to the *Forum* for May a brief and important article, which is well worthy the attention of Republicans, Democrats, and Independents. Its suggestive title is, "Would we do it again?"—a question which is answered in a most vigorous and incisive manner. The grounds of the Independent Republican course are admirably stated, although Mr. CARY denies the right of any man to speak for the Independent voters as if they were an organized party. Mr. BLAINE's election, he says, would have strengthened immensely the evils of the spoils system; it would have initiated a "policy of adventure," as shown by his evident pursuit of a sensational course, his readiness to stimulate the passions of the war, his ludicrous leaning upon the currency question, his monstrous proposition to prevent a reform of the tariff by maintaining the internal revenue and distributing it among the States, his foreign policy of interference in South and Central America, and by his countenance of repudiation in Virginia. But more and worse than this, the conduct revealed by the MULLIGAN and other letters which Mr. BLAINE could not explain showed "a diseased appetite for gain" which should not distinguish the President of the United States. This point Mr. CARY puts in the most forcible manner.

Opposed to Mr. BLAINE was a candidate whose character and career were the assurance that, however much his party might wish him to abandon his convictions and his declared course, he would nevertheless adhere to them. He was far above the general level of his party, but it was more logical to suppose that he would act upon a plane higher than that of his party than that Mr. BLAINE would keep the level of the body of the Republican party. It was reasonable to expect that the Democrats who agreed with the President, together with the Independent voters, would enable him to make a far better President than Mr. BLAINE. Therefore "it was wiser and better to take the Democratic party at its best, to strengthen the forces in it that promised progress, to put it in power with the avowed pledge that it would sustain its President, than it was to aid in debauching the Republican party by committing it to the unspeakably base standard of BLAINE and Blameism." Mr. CARY's article concludes with a compact summary of the results of a year. The President "has committed some mistakes, and some serious faults." But "he has done better than most good men hoped, and infinitely better than those who thought to make a tool of him have wished." And Mr. CARY concludes: "With such result for what we have done, we should be fools and cowards if, under the same conditions, we should not do it again."

As it is the present purpose of Mr. BLAINE's friends to nominate him again in 1888, so clear and strong a statement as Mr. CARY's is of great significance. The reasons for opposing the election of Mr. BLAINE in 1888 would be precisely what they were in 1884. There could be no new or better defence made for him than was then made, and there could be no more reckless and savage denunciation of his Republican opponents in 1888 than there was in 1884, and of course it would be much less effective. The Democratic party, indeed, has not supported the President, and has not proved to be a party of reform. But if his support within his party has been less than some Independents hoped, very few Independent voters expected that the Democratic party would prove to be a party of reform, and for the very reason that the President has so largely justified the expectations of his Independent supporters, he will not be renominated by his party. But all this does not gain the Independent vote for Mr. BLAINE, and the changes of two years, the rise of new issues, the practical disappearance of the Southern question, the fact that the especial catastrophes anticipated from Democratic success have not occurred, and the undeniable truth, which is daily more evident, that the parties represent nothing but traditions, will greatly increase and not diminish the Independent vote.

Mr. CARY has given us a vivid and suggestive phrase, "the policy of adventure." That is a policy upon which the old Republican vote can never be united.

## THE SURVEYOR'S LITTLE GAME.

THE Surveyor of the Port of New York has recommended to the Secretary of the Treasury a change in the assistant weighership at the Custom-house. The full number of these officers is eighty in number, but for various reasons there are now only about sixty-four upon duty. They are appointed after a competitive examination, and a probation of six months to test their efficiency, and they receive $1250 a year. The Surveyor proposes to employ men at forty cents an hour, to be paid, when employed, at a rate which at full time would make about the present salary.

The object of this change is to evade the examination, and to secure eighty places as rewards for "heelers." The same object was attained by the Republicans, who employed "extra weighers," as we think they were called, who were paid thirty cents an hour when employed, and who were appointed without examination. The plan recommended by the Surveyor was abolished at the recommendation of the Jay Commission, because it was found to be grossly abused.

If the Surveyor had shown himself to be in the least interested in the reformed system, or desirous to carry out the President's principle of transacting the public business upon business principles, his recommendation might be treated as a serious, however mistaken, effort at economy and improvement of the service. But it is merely a rather ingenious device to elude the law and to provide a little more spoils for the district bosses. The Surveyor is not yet confirmed. He has been himself upon a long probation, which has tested his fidelity to the reformed system, and if any Senator is of the opinion that the Surveyor has proved his faith in reform by his works, he differs from the most careful local witnesses. We do not believe that his recommendation to evade the law will be approved by the Treasury Department.

## MR. BRIGHT AND MR. GLADSTONE.

THE declaration of Mr BRIGHT against the Irish policy of Mr. GLADSTONE shows how deep and significant is what he calls "the present sad division in the Liberal party." Undoubtedly of late years Mr BRIGHT has been less conspicuous and active in politics, and has not disputed the supremacy of Mr. GLADSTONE's leadership. But no man in England has done more in past years to stimulate and instruct the sentiment from which the present Liberal party sprang, and no Liberal has been a stronger party man.

The actual situation, the and division of which he speaks, will remind him forcibly of the essential nature of parties. They are made by great occasions. Mr GLADSTONE is the Liberal chief, and Mr. BRIGHT is a chief Liberal. But Mr. BRIGHT is more in sympathy with Lord SALISBURY, the Tory chief, upon the most momentous public question in England. The English party situation is not unlike our own. The party names do not describe differences of policy nor imply concert of conviction and action among those who bear them. In this country the paramount questions are administrative reform, the currency, and the tariff. But neither the word Republican nor Democrat defines a man's position upon any one of them. In England the absorbing question is the government of Ireland. But Lord SALISBURY, who warmly supports one policy, is a Liberal, and Lord HARTINGTON, who opposes it as fatal to the empire, is also a Liberal. The party names in both countries have ceased to describe a policy.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a letter to the London Times suggesting that the expressions of opinion upon the Irish question from America are not understood correctly in England, and are chiefly intended to affect the Irish vote in the United States. The Marquis clearly "sees the point." So far as such expressions favor some kind of home rule they express the general American sentiment. But their purpose is a fully domestic. The election of last showed a strong Irish vote for the Republicans, and the Republican leaders aim to retain it as a compensation for the loss of the Independent vote. This fact in itself shows again the essential change of the political situation. That situation is such that if President CLEVELAND should take upon this question of reform a position as positive and advanced as that of Mr GLADSTONE upon the government of Ireland, like Mr. GLADSTONE he would compel a reorganization of parties upon actual issues, and again give meaning to party names.

## PERSONAL.

SALVINI's virile Othello was probably never seen to such advantage as in connection with Edwin Booth's subtle and sinuous Iago. Mr Booth freely consented to be flung down and trodden upon after the Italian tragedian's well-known manner in one of the principal scenes; and Signor SALVINI reciprocated, in the interest of cooperation, by consenting to play the Ghost to the American tragedian's Hamlet. Many friends of dramatic art in this country have long wished to witness such an exhibition of self-sacrifice, and they believe that this notable example will bear excellent fruit. It has sometimes been said that a great stock company is an impossibility in the United States because star actors are so sensitive to the importance of preserving their self importance.

—The late Mr H H RICHARDSON, the architect, lived in a commodious but unpretentious cottage about a mile from the railway station in Brookline, near Boston, and much of his recent work was done in his best room on the second floor, while his eight or ten associates were carrying out his ideas in five or six rooms and corridors below. The visitor, who usually was conducted through these apartments on his way to the drawing-room, was much impressed by the apparent magnitude of the architect's business, as well as by the beauty and abundance of the hanging photographs of European and Asiatic edifices of note. Mr RICHARDSON had a tall and robust figure and a primely bearing. He was much liked by the younger architects of Boston, one of whom said, a few days ago, "None of us is jealous of RICHARDSON; he knows that he is a success, and he can afford to be generous." Although he sometimes designed private residences in later years, his preference was for orders for public buildings, "in consequence of which," he used to say, "we don't have to bend to the taste of ladies, you know."

—A distinguished physician criticizes a distinguished novelist for admiring "the delicate pink edge" of a young woman's eyelid. He declares that the phenomenon which pleases the novelist is symptomatic of scrofula, and therefore absolutely devoid of beauty to every intelligent soul.

—M the late Paris publisher M. HETZEL, his friend M LEMOINE makes editorial mention as follows to the *Journal des Débats*: "His gentle friend. Farewell, and Heaven be with thee. At another time I will try to speak of thy career. To-night I cannot. I am tired of bearing friends, and sick of surviving them."

—In the latest chapters of his autobiographic series, Mr MASON gives a hint to the figure-painters. The girls he admires have "oval faces, crystalline blonde, with straightish, at the utmost wavy (or, at length, curvilinear) hair, and a form elastic and fast firm", but his "hope with all girls" is to please them, and his "primary thought" how to serve and make them happy. If they could use him for a plank bridge over a stream, or set him up for a post to tie a young to, he would be charmed. He has intense delight in whatever beauty or grace they chance to have, and in most cases perceptive sympathy, heightened by faith in their right feeling. All this gives him "considerable power with girls," but at the same time prevents him from ever being in the least at ease with them.

—Mr Brander Edgar MOUNTGOMERY, well known as a dramatic critic, is associate editor of a new weekly journal, *The Theatre*, published in magazine form, and containing criticism and news, musical and dramatic. Mr MONTGOMERY understands his business, and his name is a guarantee of honesty of purpose.

—The painters of 2750 works have this year been refused admission to the Paris Salon.

—A citizen of unimpeachable morals called recently at a Broadway book-store to buy a book for his wife. He was shown a new edition of the Waverley Novels. "Waverley Novels! Waverley Novels!" he mused, dreamily. "Oh yes; they are the same as the *Waverley Magazine*, ain't they?"

—The pedestal of the monumental group in honor of Jean C. CALHOUN soon to be erected in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, will be thirty-three feet high, and thirty feet square at the base. The figures will be modelled in Rome by Mr RANSIER, the sculptor.

—Many of the younger painters of both sexes sent pictures to the Academy Exhibition the titles of which were written in French or with quotation marks. Such subjects as "A September Evening" appear as "Soir de Septembre"; and such subjects as "Moonlight on the River," as "Lady Dawn," were honored with quotation marks as the frames. The authorities of the Academy invariably send back the French titles, with a request to have them translated, while the quotation marks are eliminated on the spot.

—Miss VIRGINIA W JOHNSON, the well known novelist, who is sojourning in Florence, writes to a friend in this city an interesting private letter, from which we are permitted to make the following extract: "I wish you could look into the studio of the sculptor Mr. LARKIN MEAD, brother-in-law of Mr HOWELLS, and see his work, 'The Mississippi River,' a colossal form of outer god, surrounded by all the emblems of the majestic stream. I am confident you would be profoundly interested in the noble work, as I am, watching the head and limbs grow out of the Carrara block, from the crown of cotton to the alligator coiled beneath the feet. This is the most characteristically American work I have yet seen undertaken by a native American artist, and the largest ideal figure since MICHAEL ANGELO's gigantic shapes. The sculptor is a small and slender man. One is curiously reminded of humanity in watching the block take form beneath the blows of the chisel, realizing that we are all being thus fashioned by years and experience. In contrast with 'The Mississippi,' a small and delicate bust, called 'Venice,' is especially suggestive of the loveliness, in type, of the Adriatic city."

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"À L'ORGUE."—From the Painting by M. Lebolle.—[See Page 293.]

THE CANOE EXHIBITION.—Photographed by L. W. Seavey.—[See Page 299.]

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THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

BOYCOTTER. "*You must stop work, because I have a grievance against your employer, no matter whether you have any, or whether your family suffers meanwhile. I must show my power.*"

## "À L'ORGUE"

M. LEROLLE's own title for the picture of which an engraving is given in this issue may be best translated "In the Organ Loft." It was a piece of uncommon good fortune that it should be exhibited in America, and still better that a gentleman of liberal judgment and wise cultivation determined that it should remain here, and become a part of the first permanent public exhibition that we establish. Since its exhibition began in the collection of the French Impressionists in the Art Association Galleries in Madison Square it has been very generally remarked by visitors that LEROLLE at least was not an Impressionist. It is quite true that LEROLLE's picture does not belong with the pictures of the Impressionists who give character to this most fantastic, interesting, and instructive display of a modern French school, but he is nevertheless an "Impressionist," pure and simple, in the best sense of that misapplied and much misunderstood word; that is to say, he paints with directness and simplicity, and in achieving a few of the larger truths of color and form succeeds in stimulating the imagination to perceive all the rest. It was this quality of their work which made Impressionists of MONET, RENOIR, MANET, and DEGAS, and it is a fantastic and often grotesque misidence upon this quality, or an ostentatious affectation of it, that makes the works of the ultra-Impressionists so discordant and incomprehensible.

In LEROLLE's picture there are three manifest principles set forth with great force and cogency—composition, drawing, and color. The first is all simplicity and truthfulness, but not the expression of those traits which a photograph would reveal; the second is manifest in the wonderful correctness and rightful relation of all the details, the modelling and solidity of the figures, the unimpeachableness of the perspective; the last makes its impression because one is aware only that the truth has been told, and not that a scheme has been worked out as if a picture were a harmonious rug from Teheran. The combination is a perfect picture in its way, very beautiful, full of a charming sentiment, and intensely sympathetic.

The singer is not a type of beauty, and there is no consideration of æsthetic millinery in any part of the canvas. In the accessories there is no beauty or novelty of detail, no architecture, no ornate design anywhere, but only the plainest commonplace of wood and plaster. But it is all illuminated with a rare intelligence, and pervaded by that subtle gift of interpretation which makes us not merely to see things as they are, but to see them as they are seen of others that are more highly endowed.

The technique of the picture is most instructive. It is broad almost to coarseness, but it is a breadth that is magical in its significance when the subject is regarded from the point of view intended by the artist. For artists it is as interesting a picture as the most daily impressionistic canvas in the collection, and the details of the drawing and the complex considerations of perspective which it presents are problems of unfailing instruction and fascination.

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER XLI.—(*Continued.*)

Henchard, however, leaving the town by the east road, proceeded to the second or stone bridge, and thence struck into the path of solitude, following its course beside the stream till the dark shapes of the Ten Hatches cut the shoon thrown upon the river by the weak lustre that still lingered in the west. In a second or two he stood beside the weir hole where the water was at its deepest. He looked backward and forward, and no creature appeared in view. He then took off his hat and coat, and stood on the brink of the stream with his hands clasped in front of him.

While his eyes were bent on the water beneath, there slowly became visible a something floating in the circular pool formed by the wash of centuries—the pool he was intending to make his death-bed. At first it was indistinct, by reason of the shadow from the bush; but it emerged thence, and took shape, which was that of a human body lying stiff and stark upon the surface of the stream.

In the circular current imparted by the central flow the form was brought forward, till it passed under his eyes; and then he perceived with a sense of horror that it was *himself*. Not a man somewhat resembling him, but one in all respects his counterpart, his actual double, was floating as if dead in Ten Hatches Hole.

The sense of the supernatural was strong in this unhappy man, and he turned away as one sought have done in the actual presence of an appalling miracle. He covered his eyes, and bound his head. Without looking again into the stream, he took his coat and hat, and went slowly away.

Presently he found himself by the door of his own dwelling. To his surprise, Elizabeth Jane was standing there. She came forward, spoke, called him "father" just as before. Newson, then, had not yet returned.

"I thought you seemed very sad this morning," she said. "as I have come again to see you. Not that I am anything but sad myself. But everybody and everything seem against you; and I know you must be suffering."

Have this woman divined things? Yet she had not divined their whole enormity.

He said to her: "Are miracles still worked, do ye think, Elizabeth? I am not a read man. I don't know as much as I could wish. I have tried to peruse and learn all my life; but the more I try to know, the more ignorant I seem."

"I don't quite think there are any miracles nowadays," she said.

"No interference in the case of desperate intentions, for instance? Well, perhaps not, in a direct way. Perhaps not. But will you come and walk with me, and I will show ye what I mean."

She agreed willingly, and he took her over the highway, and by the lonely path to Ten Hatches. He walked restlessly, as if some haunting shade, unseen of her, hovered round him and troubled his glance. She would gladly have talked of Lucetta, but feared to disturb him. When they got near the weir he stood still, and asked her to go forward and look into the pool, and tell him what she saw.

She went, and soon returned to him. "Nothing," she said.

"Go again," said Henchard, "and look narrowly."

She proceeded to the river brink a second time. On her return, after some delay, she told him that she saw something floating there; but what it was she could not discern. It seemed to be a bundle of old clothes.

"Are they like mine?" asked Henchard.

"Well—they are. Dear me—I wonder If—Father, let us go away."

"Go and look once more; and then we will get home."

She went back, and he could see her stoop till her head was close to the margin of the pool. She started up, and hastened back to his side.

"Well," said Henchard; "what do you say now?"

"Let us go home."

"But tell me—do—what is it floating there?"

"The effigy," she answered, hastily. "They must have thrown it into the river, higher up amongst the willows, to get rid of it, in their alarm to discovery; and it must have floated down here."

"Ah—to be sure—the image o' me! But where is the other? Why that one only?.... That performance of theirs killed her, half saved me alive?"

Elizabeth Jane thought and thought of these words, "saved me alive," as they slowly retraced their way to the town; and at length guessed their meaning. "Father, I will not leave you alone like this!" she cried. "May I live with you, and tend upon you as I used to do? I do not mind your being poor. I would here agreed to come this morning, but you did not ask me."

"May you come to me?" he cried, bitterly. "Elizabeth, don't mock me! If you only would come!"

"I will," said she.

"How will you forgive all my roughness in former days? You cannot!"

"I have forgotten it. Talk of that no more."

Thus she assured him, and arranged their plans for reunion, and at length each went home. Then Henchard shaved for the first time during many days, and put on clean linen, and combed his hair, and was as a man resuscitated thenceforward.

The next morning the fact turned not to be as Elizabeth Jane had stated: the effigy was discovered by a crowherd, and that of Lucetta a little higher up in the same stream. But as little as possible was said of the matter, and the figures were privately destroyed.

Despite this natural solution of the mystery, Henchard no longer regarded it as an intervention that the figure should have been floating there. Elizabeth Jane heard him say: "Who is such a reprobate as I? And yet it seems that even I am in somebody's hand!"

## CHAPTER XLII.

But the emotional conviction that he was in somebody's hand began to die out of Henchard's breast as time slowly removed into distance the event which had given that feeling birth. The apparition of Newson haunted him. He would surely return.

Yet Newson did not arrive. Lucetta had been borne along the church-yard path; Casterbridge had for the last time turned its regard upon her, before proceeding to its work as if she had never lived. But Elizabeth Jane remained unshaken in the belief of her relationship to Henchard, and now shared his home. Perhaps, after all, Newson was gone forever.

In due time the hereafter Farfrae had learned the as least proximate cause of Lucetta's illness and death, and his first impulse was naturally enough to wreak vengeance in the name of the law upon the perpetrators of the mischief. He resolved to wait till the funeral was over ere he moved in the matter. The time having come, he reflected. Disastrous as the result had been, it was obviously in no way foreseen or intended by the thoughtless crew who arranged the mottey procession. The tempting prospect of putting to the blush people who stood to the head of affairs—that supreme and piquant enjoyment of those who writhe under the heel of the same—had alone animated them, so far as he could see; for he knew nothing of Jopp's incrimenate. Other considerations warm also troubled. Lucetta had confessed everything to him before her death, and it was not altogether desirable to make much ado about her history, alike for her sake, for Henchard's, and for his own. To regard the event as an untoward accident seemed to Farfrae truest consideration for the dead one's memory, as well as best philosophy.

Henchard and himself mutually forbore to meet. For Elizabeth Jane's sake the former had fettered his pride sufficiently to accept the small need business which some of the Town Council, headed by Farfrae, had purchased, to afford him a new opening. Had he been only personally concerned, Henchard, without doubt, would have declined nonetheless even remotely brought about by the man whom he had so fiercely assailed. But the sympathy of the girl seemed necessary to his very existence, and on her account pride itself wore the garments of humility.

Here they settled themselves; and each day of their lives Henchard anticipated her every wish with a watchfulness in which paternal regard was heightened by a burning, jealous dread of rivalry. Yet that Newson would ever now return to Casterbridge to claim her as a daughter there was little reason to suppose. He was a wanderer and a stranger, almost an alien; he had not seen his daughter for several years; his affection for her could not in the nature of things be hers; other interests would probably soon obscure his recollections of her, and prevent any such renewal of inquiry into the past as would lead to a discovery thite she was still a creature of the present. To satisfy his conscience somewhat, Henchard repeated to himself that the lie which had retained for him the coveted treasure had not been deliberately told to that end, but had come from him as the last defiant word of irony which took on thought of consequences. Furthermore, he pleaded within himself that on Newson could love her as he loved her, or would tend her to her life's extremity as he was prepared to do cheerfully.

Thus they lived on in the shop overlooking the church-yard, and nothing occurred to mark their days during the remainder of the year. Going out but seldom, and never on a market-day, they saw Donald Farfrae only at rarest intervals, and then mostly as a transitory object in the distance of the street. Yet he was pursuing his ordinary avocations, smiling mechanically to fellow-tradesmen, and arguing with bargainers—as hereafter man do after a while.

"Time, in his own gray style," thought Farfrae how to estimate his experience of Lucetta—all that it was, and all that it was not. There are men whose hearts insist upon a dogged fidelity to some image or cause, thrown by chance into their keeping, long after their judgment has pronounced it an rarity—even the reverse, indeed, and without them the head of the worthy is incomplete. But Farfrae was not of these. It was inevitable that the insight, brightness, and rapidity of his nature should take him out of the dead hinnk which he has thrown about him. He could not but perceive that by the death of Lucetta he had exchanged a lumbering misery for a simple sorrow. After that revelation of her history, which must have come sooner or later under any circumstances, it was hard to believe that life with her would have been productive of further happiness.

But as a memory, notwithstanding such conditions, Lucetta's image still lived on with him, her weaknesses provoking only the gentlest criticism, and her sufferings attenuating wrath to her concubinate to a momentary spark now and then.

By the end of a year Henchard's little retail seed and grain shop, not much larger than a cupboard, had developed its trade considerably, and the step-father and daughter enjoyed much serenity in the pleasant sunny corner in which it stood. The quiet bearing of one who brimmed with an inner activity characterized Elizabeth Jane to this period. She took long walks into the country two or three times a week, mostly in the direction of Budmouth. Sometimes it occurred to him that when she sat with him in the evening after these invigorating walks she was civil rather than affectionate; and he was troubled, one more bitter regret being added to those he had already experienced at having, by his severe censorship, frozen up his precious affection when originally offered.

She had her own way in everything now. In going and coming, in buying and selling, her word was law.

"You have got a new scuff, Elizabeth," he said to her one day, quite humble.

"Yes; I bought it," she said.

He looked as it again as it lay on a adjoining table. The fur was of a glossy brown, and, though he was no judge of such articles, he thought it seemed on unusually good one for her to possess.

"Rather costly, I suppose, my dear, was it not?" he hazarded.

"It was rather above my figure," she said, quietly. "But it is not about."

"Oh, no," said the nettled Ben, anxious not to pique her in the least.

Some little time after, when the year had advanced into another spring, he passed opposite her empty bedroom in passing it. He thought of the time when she had cleared out all his then large and handsome home in Corn Street, in consequence of his dislike and harshness, and he had looked into her chamber in just the same way. The present room was much humbler, but what struck him about it was the abundance of books lying everywhere. Their number and quality made the meagre furniture that supported them seem absurdly disproportionate. Some, indeed many, must have been recently purchased; and though he encouraged her so buy on reason, he had no notion that she indulged her innate passion so extensively in proportion to the narrowness of their income. For the first time he felt a little hurt by what he thought her extravagance, and resolved to say a word to her about it. But before he had found the courage to speak, an event happened which set his thoughts flying in quite another direction.

The busy time of the seed trade was over, and the quiet weeks that preceded the hay-making season had come—setting their special stamp upon Casterbridge by throwing the market with wind rakes, new wagons in yellow, green, and red, formidable scythes, and pitchforks of prong sufficient to shower up a small family. Henchard, contrary to his wont, went out one Saturday afternoon to the market-place, from a curious feeling that he would like to pass a few minutes on the spot of his former triumphs. Farfrae, to whom he was still a comparative stranger, stood a few steps below the Corn Exchange door—a usual position with him at this hour—and he appeared lost in thought about something he was looking at a little way off.

Henchard's eyes followed Farfrae's, and he saw that the object of his gaze was no sample-showing farmer, but his own step-daughter, who had just come out of a shop over the way. She, on her part, was quite unconscious of his intention, and in this was less fortunate than those young women whose very plumes, like those of June's bird, are set with Argus eyes whenever possible admirers are within ken.

Henchard went away, thinking that perhaps there was nothing significant after all to Farfrae's look to Elizabeth Jane to that juncture. Yet he could not forget that the Scotchman had once shown a tender interest in her, of a fleeting kind. Thereupon promptly came to the surface that idiosyncrasy of Henchard's which had ruled his courses from the beginning, and had mainly made him what he was. Instead of thinking that a union between his cherished step-daughter and the energetic, thriving Donald was a thing to be desired for her good and his own, he hated the very possibility.

Time had been when such instinctive opposition would have taken shape in action. But he was not now the Henchard of former days. He schooled himself to accept her will, in this as in other matters, as absolute and unquestionable. He dreaded lest an antagonistic word should lose for him such regard as he had regained from her by his devotion, feeling that to retain this undra companion was better than to incur her dislike by keeping her near.

But the mere thought of such separation fevered his spirit much, and in the evening he said, with the stillness of suspense, "Have you seen Mr. Farfrae to-day, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth Jane started at the question; and it was with some confusion that she replied, "No."

"Oh—that's right—that's right.... It was only that I saw him in the street when we both were there." He was wondering if her embarrassment justified him in a new suspicion—that the long walks which she had latterly been taking had anything to do with the young man. She did not enlighten him, and her silence should allow her to shape thoughts unfavorable to their present friendly relations, he diverted the discourse into another channel.

Henchard was, by original make, the last man to act stealthily for good or for evil. But the *solicitous tenor* of his love—the dependence upon Elizabeth's regard into which he had drained (or, in another sense, to which he had advanced)—denaturalized him. He would often weigh and consider for hours together the meaning of such and such a deed or phrase of hers, when a blunt setting question would formerly have been his first instinct. And now, uneasy at the thought of a passion for Farfrae which should entirely usurp her mild filial sympathy with himself, he observed her going and coming more narrowly.

There was nothing secret in Elizabeth Jane's movements beyond what habitual reserve indused; and it may at once be owned on her account that she was guilty of occasional conversations with Donald when they chanced to meet. Whatever the origin of her walks on the Budmouth Road, her return from those walks was often coincident with Farfrae's emergence from Corn Street for a twenty minutes' blow on that rather windy highway—just to winnow the seeds and chaff out of him before sitting down to tea, as he said. Henchard became aware of this by going to the King, and, screened by the enclosure, keeping his eye upon the road till he saw them meet. His face assumed an expression of extreme anguish.

"Oh! her, too, he means so rob me!" he whispered. "But he has the right. I do not wish to interfere."

The meeting, in truth, was of a very innocent kind, and matters were by no means so far advanced between the young people as Henchard's jealous grief inferred. Could he have heard such conversation as passed, he would have been enlightened thus much:

*He.*—"You like walking this way, Miss Henchard—and so do I not so?" (uttered in his undulatory accents, and with a Scotchman's pondering, world-not-realized gaze at her).

*She.*—"No, sir—not more than other ways."

*He.*—"But it's true that you often do walk here?"

*She.*—"Oh yes; I have chosen this road latterly. I have a reason for it."

*He.*—"And that may make a reason for others."

*She* (reddening).—"I don't know that, sir. My reason, however, is not what you may think."

*He.*—"Is it a secret?"

*She* (reluctantly).—"Yes."

*He* (with the pathos of one of his native ballads).—"Ah, I doubt there will be any good in secrets! A secret cast a deep shadow over my life. And well you know what it was."

Elizabeth Jane admitted that she did, but she refrained from confessing here; and thus talking they proceeded along the road together till they reached the town, and their paths diverged.

Henchard vowed that he would learn them to their own devices, put nothing in the way of their courses, whatever they might mean. If he were doomed to be bereft of her, so it must be. In the situation which their marriage would create he could see no *locus standi* for himself at all. Farfrae would never recognize him more than superciliously; his poverty insured that, no less than his past conduct. And so Elizabeth Jane would grow to be a stranger to him, and the end of his life would be friendless solitude.

With such a possibility impending he could not help watchfulness. Indeed, within certain lines, he had the right to keep an eye upon her as his charge. The meetings seemed to become matters of course with them on special days of the week.

Once he was standing behind a wall close to the place at which Farfrae encountered her, and he thought he heard the young man address her as "Dear Elizabeth Jane."

But when struck Elizabeth's step-father as odd was the fact that she never allowed Farfrae to intercept her on her outward journey, which she always performed alone.

The absorbing interest which the courtship—as it evidently now was—had for Henchard led him on to a further step. A quarter of a mile from the highway was a prehistoric earthen fort of huge dimensions and many ramparts, within on upon whose ambiguous a human being, as seen from the road, was but an insignificant speck. Hither Henchard resorted, glass in hand, and scanned the hedgeless Vale—for it was the original track laid out by the legions of the Empire—to a distance of two or three miles. His step-daughter had passed by on her walk some time before; and she presently emerged from a cutting in the hill, bound homeward.

Then a figure came from behind the Ring at the other edge of the landscape, and advanced to meet her half way. Applying his spy-glass, Farfrae was disclosed. They met, joined hands, and—Donald kissed her. Elizabeth Jane looking quickly round to assure herself that nobody was near.

When they were gone their way, Henchard came out from the fort, and mournfully followed them to Casterbridge. The chief looming trouble in this engagement had not decreased. Both Farfrae and Elizabeth Jane, unlike the rest of the people, supposed Elizabeth to be his actual daughter, from his own assertion while he himself had the same belief; and though Farfrae must have no lar forgiven him as to have no objection to own him as a father-in-law, intimate they could never be. Thus would the girl, who was his only friend, be withdrawn from him by degrees through her husband's influence, and learn to despise him.

Had she lost her heart to any other man in the world than the one he had rivalled, cursed, wrestled with for life, in days before his spirit was broken, Henchard would have said, "I am content." But content with the prospect as now depicted was hard to acquire.

There is an outer chamber of the brain in which thoughts unowned, unsolicited, and of noxious hued are sometimes allowed to wander for a moment prior to being sent off whence they came. One of these thoughts sailed into Henchard's ken now.

Suppose he were to communicate to Farfrae the fact that his betrothed was not the child of Michael Henchard at all—legally, nobody's child; how would that correct and leading newsmonger receive the information? He might possibly forsake Elizabeth Jane, and then she would be her step-mother's own again.

Henchard shuddered, and exclaimed, "God forbid such a thing! Why should I still be subject

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1518.

to these closures of the Devil, when I try so hard to keep him away!"

### CHAPTER XLIII.

What Henchard saw this early was, naturally enough, seen at a little later time by other people. That Mr Farfrae "walked with that repeatable Henchard's step-daughter, of all women," became a common topic in the town, the simple personal listing being used hereabout to signify a wooing; and the nineteen superior young ladies of Casterbridge, who had each looked upon herself as the only woman capable of making the merchant Counselman happy, indignantly left off going to the church Farfrae attended, left off common mannerisms, left off putting him in their prayers at night among their blood-relations, in short, reverted to their natural courses.

Perhaps the only inhabitants of the town to whom this hooning choice of the Scotchman's gave unmixed satisfaction were the members of the philosophic party, which included Longways, Christopher Coney, Billy Wills, Mr Benjamin, and the like. The King of Prussia lounging here, years before, the house in which they had witnessed the young man and woman's first humble appearance on the Casterbridge stage, thus took a kindly interest in their career, not unconnected, perhaps, with visions of festive treatment at their hands hereafter.

Not a hint of the matter was thrown out to her step-father by Elizabeth herself, as by Farfrae rather. Reasoning on the cause of their reticence, he concluded that, estimating him by his pace, the throbbing pair were afraid to broach the subject, and looked upon him as a lion in the path a lion they would be heartily glad to get out of the way. Emboldened as he was against society, this mouse slew of himself made deeper and deeper hold of Henchard, till the daily necessity of facing mankind, and of them particularly Elizabeth Jane, became more than he could endure. He determined to get out of the way of those who did not want him, and hide his head forever.

With this in view he took his measures; and one morning surprised the young woman whom he had looked upon as his all in the world by saying to her, as if he did not care about her more: "I am going to leave Casterbridge, Elizabeth Jane. The little shop can be managed by you alone as well as by us both; I don't care about shops, and streets, and folk—I would rather get into the country by myself out of sight, and follow my own ways, and leave you to yours."

"I am sorry you have decided on this," she said, with disciplined firmness. "For it is probable—possible—that I may marry Mr Farfrae some little time hence, and I should like you to stay and approve of the step at least."

"I approve of anything you choose to do, Jane," said Henchard, huskily. "But I wish to go away. My presence might make things awkward for Mr Farfrae, and—in short, it is best that I go."

Nothing that she could urge would induce him to reconsider his determination; and it must be confessed that there was a heaven of hell heartedness in his deprecations, which after events explained. "Then," she said at last, "your will not come to my wedding, and that is not as I should wish it to be."

"I don't want to see it—I don't want to see it!" he exclaimed; adding more softly, "But think of me sometimes in your future life—you'll do that, lady?—think of me when you are living as the wife of the richest, the foremost man in the town, and don't let my sins cause you to quite forget that though I loved 'ee late I loved 'ee well!"

She promised; and the same evening at dusk Henchard left the town, to whose development he had been one of the chief stimulants for many years.

During the day he had bought a new hat, hasted, cleaned up his old hay knife and wimble, set himself up in fresh leggings, knee-caps, and corduroys, and in other ways gone back to the working clothes of his young manhood, discarding forever the shabby-genteel suit of cloth and rusty silk hat that since his decline had characterized him in the Casterbridge streets as a man who had seen better days.

He went secretly and alone, on a scuff of the money who had known him being aware of his departure. Elizabeth Jane accompanied him as far as the second bridge on the highway, and parted from him with unfeigned regret—keeping him back a minute or two, as if she had something to explain, but finally letting him go without explaining it. She watched his form diminish across the moor, the yellow straw basket on his back nearing up and down with each tread, and the creases in his leggings coming and going alternately till she could no longer see them. Though she did not know it, Henchard formed at this moment much the same picture as he had presented when entering Casterbridge for the first time nearly a quarter of a century before, except, to be sure, that the serious addition to his years had considerably lessened the spring of his stride, and imparted to his shoulders, as weighted by the basket, a perceptible bend.

He went on till he came to the first mile-stone, which stood in the bank, half-way up a steep hill. He rested his basket on the top of the stone, placed his elbows on it, and gave way to a convulsive twitch, which was worse than a sob, because it was so hard and so dry.

"If I had only got her with me—if I only had!" he said. "Hard work would be nothing to me then! But that was not to be. I—Cain—go alone as I deserve—an outcast and a vagabond. But my punishment is not greater than I can bear!"

He sternly subdued his anguish, shouldered his basket, and went on.

Elizabeth Jane in the mean time had breathed him a sigh, and turned her face to Casterbridge. Before she had reached the first house she was met on her path by Donald Farfrae. This was evidently not their first meeting that day, they joined hands without ceremony, and Farfrae now-hands asked, "And is he gone—and did you tell him?" "I mean of the other matter—not of ours." "He is gone. But I did not tell him. I could not do it."

"Well, well, dearie, you may know best about that. But he'll hear of it if he does not go far." "He will go far, he's bent upon getting out of sight and mind."

She walked beside her lover, and when they reached the Town Pump turned with him into Corn Street instead of going straight on to her own door. At Farfrae's house they stopped and went in.

Farfrae flung open the door of the ground floor sitting-room, saying, "There he is waiting for you," and Elizabeth entered. In the arm-chair sat the broad faced genial man who had called on Henchard on a memorable morning between nine and ten years before this time, and whom the latter had seen mount the coach and depart within half an hour of his arrival. It was Richard Newson.

"At last I've saved 'ee the trouble to come and meet me—ha! ha?" said Newson. "The fact is that Mr Farfrae here, he said, 'Come up and stop with me for a day or two, Newson, and I'll bring her round.' 'Faith,' says I, 'so I will,' and here I am."

"Well, Henchard is gone," said Farfrae, shutting the door. "He has done it all voluntarily, and, as I gather from Elizabeth Jane, he has been very nice with her. I was got rather uneasy; but all is as it should be, and we will have no more difficulties at all."

"Now that's very much as I thought," said Newson, looking into the face of each by turns. "I said to myself, say, a hundred times, while I've been living on in my Bathsheba lodgings, and I said to Elizabeth—didn't I, Elizabeth?—at our meetings with her on the road—'Depend upon it, 'tis best that I should live on quiet like this till something turns up for the better. I now see yet was as these times a week,' says I, 'and we have these pleasant walks, and what can I wish for more? I should not be happier if I were residing with ye permanently; and Henchard, after all, has some legal claim upon us.' 'Twas very good of her," he added, turning and addressing Elizabeth in the third person, "to come out as regularly as she did. Whatever the weather, if she'd agreed to meet me, there she was upon the road without fail."

"And all the while I was supposed to be the culprit who dragged her out into the freezing and blowing," said Farfrae; "though knowing full well myself I was not—only meeting her on fine days back home. Well, Mr. Newson, I will be glad to see ye here every day now, since it can do no harm. And what I've been thinking is that the wedding may as well be kept up under my own roof, the house being large, and you being in lodgings yeresell—so that a good deal of trouble and expense would be saved 'ee—and 'tis a convenience when a couple's married not to has far to go to get home."

"With all my heart," said Mr Newson; "since, as ye say, it can do no harm, now poor Henchard's gone, though I wouldn't ha' done it otherwise, or put myself to his any at all; for I've always in our history been an intruder into his family quite as far as politeness can be expected to put up with. But what do the young woman say herself about it? Elizabeth, my child, come and hearken to what we be talking about, and not look staring out o' window as if ye didn't hear."

"Donald and you must settle it," murmured Elizabeth, still keeping up a scrutinizing gaze at some small object in the street, blushing very much nevertheless.

"Well, then," continued Newson, turning anew to Farfrae with a face expressing thorough entertain the subject, "that's how we'll have it. And Mr Farfrae, as you provide us hearth, and house room, and all that, I'll do my part in the drink-ables, and see to the rum and shrubbum—maybe a dozen jars will be sufficient, as many of the folk will be ladies, and perhaps they won't drink hard enough to make a high average in the reckoning. But you know best. I've provided for men and shipmates three enough, but I'm as ignorant as a child how many glasses of grog a woman is expected to consume at these ceremonies."

"Oh, none—we shan't want much of that—oh no," said Farfrae, shaking his head with respectable gravity. "Do put leave all to me."

When they had gone a little further in these particulars, Newson, leaning back in his chair, and smiling reflectively at the ceiling, said, "I've never told ye—or have I?—Mr Farfrae and Elizabeth, how Henchard got me off the scent that time."

They expressed their ignorance of what he allied to.

"Ah! I thought I hadn't. I resolved that I would not, I remember, not to hurt the man's feelings. But now he's gone, I can tell ye. Why, I came to Casterbridge nine or ten months before that day that I found ye out. I had been here to no before then. The first time I passed through the town on my way westward, not knowing Elizabeth lived here. Then, hearing at some place—I forget where—that a man of the name of Henchard had been Mayor here, I came back, and called at his house one morning. The joker! he said Elizabeth Jane had died years ago."

Elizabeth now gave earnest heed to his story. "Now it never crossed my mind that the man was selling me a packet," continued Newson. "And, if you'll believe me, I was that upset that I went back to the coach that had brought me, and took passage onward without lying in the town half an hour. Ha! ha! 'twas a good joke, and well carried out, and I give the man credit for't."

Elizabeth Jane was amazed at the intelligence. "A joke? Oh no. What a bad man!" she cried. "Then he kept you from me, father, all those months, when you might have been here?"

The father admitted that such was the case.

"He ought not to have done it," said Farfrae.

"I never heard of such a thing," said Elizabeth Jane. "That's enough. He's a bad man. I can forget him now."

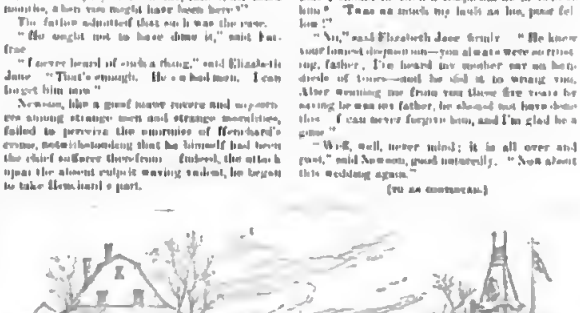
Newson, like a good nature reverse and sympathizes among strange men and strange manners, failed to perceive the enormity of Henchard's crime, notwithstanding that he himself had been the chief sufferer therefrom. Indeed, the attitude upon the absent culprit waving resident, he began to take Henchard's part.

"Well, 'twas not ten words that he said, after all," Newson pleaded. "And how could he know that I should be such a simpleton as to believe him? 'Twas as much my fault as his, poor fellow!"

"Ah," said Elizabeth Jane firmly. "He knew your honest simplicity—you always were so trusting, father. I've heard my mother say on hundreds of times—and he did it to wrong you. After wanting me from you three five years by saying he was not father, he should not have done this. I can never forgive him, and I'm glad he is gone."

"Well, well, never mind; it is all over and past," said Newson, good naturedly. "Now about this wedding again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



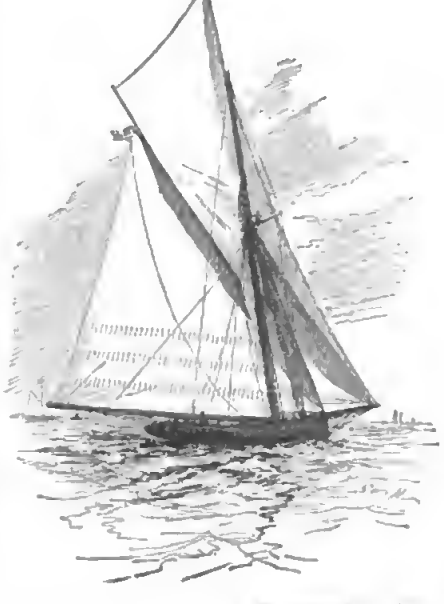
## THE "ATLANTIC."

Without doubt, the sloop yacht *Atlantic*, whose picture is here given, has attracted more attention than any yacht that has ever been built in this country. The pilgrims to this shrine have been as numerous that the gentleman who has a house of entertainment at the head of Fifty-fifth Street, Brooklyn—where those who contemplate visiting the new yacht leave the cars—says that his business has been doubled since her keel was laid. Of course of those who have visited her, who are, as think they are, experts in the designing of vessels, the prime object has been to find fault; and if the truth be told, they have found slight excuse for their critical acumen. Summed up, it may be said that the objections to the *Atlantic* are, first, as to her appearance; she is not, they say, handsome; she has too much sheer, does not look racht, resembles too much the oyster-boat or North River sloop. And as to performance, she is too much fined down forward; her hold too far aft; she will go by the head in launching, and will carry too much in a seaway; has no harpen to speak of, and will never be able to go to windward with the *Puritan* in a strong breeze. There is so much force in these objections to the *Atlantic* that, while it is certain that the gentlemen of the club after which she is named will have a very fast vessel, it is by no means certain, and hardly probable, that she will be the fastest of the four sloops which are to be presented this year to the committee of the New York Yacht Club, and from which they are to choose a champion yacht to sail against the British cutter *Galatea*, whose owner, Lieutenant Hesse, has challenged for the *America's* Cup. The New York Club, however, as the trustee of this international trophy, is in a far better position than it was last year when the owner of the cutter *Genesta* challenged for it. Then it had only the four sloops, *Mischief*, *Grace*, *Fanny*, and *Helgerd*, all of which were notoriously inferior to the *Genesta*, and there were building a racht in Boston that on one thought much of, and no enlarged *Mischief* at Wilmington, from whom all hoped much. Now the committee has four sloops, the slowest of which, all yachting men believe, will prove more than a match for the *Galatea*, and no one dreams that there is the least chance of her capturing the *America's* Cup in competition with the fastest.

The *Atlantic* is a wooden centre-board racht, built by Mr Jones Mum from a design by Captain Philip Ellsworth, the lines of which were given in this paper last year, when Commodore Bennett had resolved to build from them. She is being built now by some of the wealthy gentlemen of the Atlantic Yacht Club, *carte blanche* being given Mr Ellsworth as to cost. She is 95 feet 1 inch over all; 83 feet water line; extreme beam, 23 feet 2 inches; at water-line, 22 feet 8 inches; least freeboard, 3 feet 3 inches; draught, forward, 4 feet 5 inches; amidships, 8 feet 10 inches, aft, 8 feet 7 inches; displacement, 110 tons; outside ballast, 33 tons, inside ballast, 9 tons.

Her broadest part is 60 per cent. of her length. Her spars are: mast, 81 feet, with a diameter at the partners of 20 inches, and it is placed 30 feet from the stem. The boom is 76 feet, with a diameter of 10 inches; gaff, 48 feet, with 14 inches diameter. Topmast, 46 feet, with diameter above the cap of 11 inches. Bowsprit, extreme length, 54 feet, with 17 inches diameter outside of the knight heads. Spinnaker boom, 75 feet, with diameter of 12 inches.

Her fore-sail will come to the knight heads, and she will have Manila runners aloft to hold her mast, and with four shrouds on each side, ought to have her "stick" well secured. Her jib-stays, however, will be double, going in a light around her mast head, and coming down on each side through the bees of the bowsprit, so that she can sit all on the big jib as the double headsail. She will be sailed by Captain "Joe" Ellsworth, the brother of the designer, and by a crew of Bayonne yacht sailors who are used to each other and are experts, and in this lies her chief advantage. She has to compete with the *Puritan* and *Priscilla*—last year's successes—and with a new and enlarged *Puritan* now building at Boston, from a design by Mr Edward Burgess, for General Paine.



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TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.—H

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ARDSON, ARCHITECT.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

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## HAM FILSON'S DRESS SUIT.

### I.

A woman thrust her unembled head out of a second-story window. "Oh, Hank Smith! Hush! Oh, Hank Smith!"

"Hello, Mis' Cutler," the man called back from a pail he was freeing from a gate post.

"Our wood-house's jes' goin off. Won't you hetch her?"

The man rowed off, presently returning with the runaway wood-house fastened to the stern of his boat.

"Mis' Cutler," he shouted, "I got her. She was cavortin' down Second Street with Rache Thomas's chicken coop. I know'd it, because I help Rache get the chickens out; she's got 'em in an ol' trunk upstair."

"I'm sure I'm 'bleeged to you, Hank. I had her tied to the kitchen door, but the keeps gittin off. Give me the line."

"Mis' Cutler," said Hank, in a loud whisper, "the boats have been over to the mill-road, an' sich a sight of hair'n and bones ye never seed. They're takin' them to the school-house. The tackies have the 'lottin' of 'em. If I was in your place I'd be on hand."

"Ye don't say, Hank! Wait till I slch up a little, an' take me up."

"Nobody's dressin', Mis' Cutler. I want to wave sister Liza. Her an' the young uns are up to Mis' Jones George's. They're ten families thar livin' like fightin' cocks, walkin' on flowered carpets an' sittin' on stuffed chairs."

"Lookey hyur, Hank, I wouldn't be too free tellin'. In course I don' mind your sister Liza, bein' allays for my own fembly, as sisters should. But folks hedged at Mis' Jones George's, it stands to reason, ain't needin' like them prancers, you might say, in their own garret."

Mrs. Cutler while she was speaking climbed out of the window into the boat, and they rowed away over the back yard.

The recent habit of floods in the Ohio Valley had brought about a systematic organization. Millport was distracted. The committees of investigation, wearing badges, came and went, reporting to secretaries. Committees on distribution carried out their suggestions. Young boys, decorated with bits of ribbon, acted as messengers. The school rooms were resolved into offices. Young men with their coats off opened the barrels and boxes. Young women on their knees unpacked them and made note of their contents. There was much laughing and chaffing, and, I dare say, flirting.

"Girls! girls! look! what a beautiful box!" cried a young girl in an adoring attitude before a newly opened box. "Two, two, three—six flannel petticoats, three Cardigan jackets, flannel wrapper. Did you ever see anything so lovely? The last box I unpacked had in it a faded silk evening dress, and a pair of satin slippers."

"Slippers, Bessie? Where? Bah! those satin. I want carpet slippers—shovels."

Bessie took up a package tied up in layers of blue tissue-paper. Inside, neatly folded in the original creases, lay a man's dress suit. It was of the most approved fashion, silken bound, silken facings. Between the folds lay a card.

*Hamilton McK. Filson,*
*93 West 23d Street.*

"Here, Bessie, you're tired," said Colonel May, the president of the Relief Society. "Suppose, for a change, you go with me in the boat to take some things to Lewis Elwood's mother? They tell me she is down with pneumonia. Hello! me good woman. Nobody is allowed in here. Give me your name and address, and the committee shall visit you. Come, go."

It was Mrs. Samantha Cutler, who, against the rules, had invaded the depot of supplies. That Mrs. Samantha lacked in the eloquence of her clothing she was made up in the woe-begoneness of her countenance, which a few moments before was alive with curiosity.

"Bess' as we ain't 'cumbered nobody," said Mrs. Samantha moving slowly toward the door, impelled by the broad hand of Colonel May at her back, "an' livin', one might say, on the roof, an' all our out-houses gone off, an' 'lowin' we ain't had nothin' yit, an' nobody carin', an' on an' ol' father, ninety odd—"

Mrs. Samantha, thus talking, with her head turned backward, had her speech broken unawares by the front door step. The sudden movement released the colonel's hand and his responsibility, and Mrs. Samantha was with her usual sprightliness to a group disposed about the outer fence. Hank Smith leaned against a post, chewing tobacco, and sister Liza balanced herself on the fence, but with difficulty, owing to the children hanging on to her skirts.

"Hank! Hank!" said Mrs Samantha, breathless from running, "I've seed sich garments as 'd make your eyes water."

"Ye don't mean ye've been in, Mis' Cutler? It's agin the rules."

"Hang the rules! Thom things 'n ourn. But, Hank, leaune whisper to yer ear. They've gun a spoked-tail suit, the finest thing ye ever seed. If I was you I'd have it."

Sister Liza got off the fence, that she might hear better. "Do tell me, Samanth, what did ye see that would do for me? I heerd there was some stylish dresses. I'd like a mantilly, an' pumpes for Little Mandy."

"I didn' see any women's clothes 'ne much. But there's piles of blankets. If I was you I'd have a pair. An' don't you take them blue or gray ones. They can give them to the Airish or niggers."

Hank Smith had thus far let the women do the talking. Finally he straightened himself. "Mr' Cutler, did you get any like o' the girls o' them clothes?"

"No. Ye see, Hank, Colonel May edged me right out when he seed me lookin'. I tell ye that rants is heapin' full. Ye needn't tell me we're a-goin' to get 'em, neither. I seed Mis' Colonel May takin' off flowered comforts in her carriage. Mark my words, this winter 'll fin' 'em on her beds. Phily Mason tell me for a fac' that Mis' De Morton got a party dress fun Melton' out o' them boxes."

Again Hank spoke meditatively. "Did ye say, Mis' Cutler, that Bessie Dean had the 'lottin' of them garments?"

"Yes, an' there she comes, Hank. Her min'n kind o' runnin' on somebody fin 'em, an' if I was in your place I'd jes' hang round."

With this advice Hank hurried to the place, and began "to hang round."

Bessie Dean came down the walk with Colonel May, and Hank placed himself conspicuously in the path.

Colonel May stopped him on the back. "Hank, I'll give you a quarter to row or down to West Millport. You won't earn a quarter easier."

To Hank the pain of exerting himself was compensated for by the desired opportunity of placing his broad person in line with Miss Dean's eye. Otherwise the earning of a quarter Hank would have declined when things were going for nothing. They walked to the end of the block, where the water met them, and the jo-boat was ready. They were only seated when a small boy with a red ribbon came shouting for Colonel May.

"You're wanted. Committee. General Jackson," he shot out of his mouth like projectiles.

A young man came lazily sauntering down the street.

"Hello, Allen! Come, take my place; just in time."

Bessie turned her head. "Colonel, I can't go; I forgot something." She stood up.

But the colonel was off, and the young man called Allen, who jumped into the boat more eagerly than he walked, and sat down in the colonel's place, and "Good morning, Miss Dean. You'd better sit down." Bessie was still standing, waiting for somebody to give her a hand. Allen, taking an oar, pushed the boat slyly from the shore, and swaying it gently with his body, forced Bessie to sell-defence to sit down.

"There be Mrs Murtrord. I wonder if she wouldn't like the ride." He put up his hands, and called, trumpet fashion, "Go jaw-boating?"

A tall young woman came running down in answer. "Only ten glad. Good-morning, Bess. This is enough better than unpacking boxes."

As she talked Mrs Murtrord sat down by Bessie. Allen with a pair of oars faced them, and Hank rowed behind. Allen was satisfied with this arrangement, Mrs Murtrord no less. But Bessie sat silent, and apparently absorbed in everything rather than in her neighbors.

The boat approached the window of Mrs. Cutler's house, out of which an old man peered.

"How d'ye, Uncle Zeas?" Hank called.

"Hank, is that you? Where's Samanth? I'm mos' starved."

"Oh, give him something to eat. Dear sir, haven't you anything to eat?" the sympathetic committee women cried. "What distract are you in?"

"I'm not a-needin'. I'm older'n anybody. I've summered and wintered with floods. I can tell 'em all things. We've plenty to eat. I want my darter, Samanth Cutler, to come home; the rain's run all over the stove. She's up runnin' on the school-house fence. She'll never come home until somebody gives her a jacket or pumpin."

"Oh, it's clothing she needs. I'll write it down."

"No, she don't, neither. But I heard her say she'd like to have a feather fan." The old man stopped, and shut the window with a bang.

"What a dreadful old man!" Mrs. Murtrord exclaimed.

"I take off my hat to him," said Allen, gravely putting down his oars.

A skiff crowded past them, and moved into the window of a house.

"Howdy do?" they said to Hank.

"Howdy do?"

"How are you this morning?"

"How are you this morning?" Hank retorted. These greetings accomplished, they proceeded to let a cabinet organ that had been drawn up to the ceiling on pulleys down into the skiff. Rowing out again, they lifted it into the second-story window of the same house.

"I don't believe there's a piano left below Fourth Street," commented Mrs Murtrord. "Aunt Anna put hers on blocks; then they stood it on chairs. Lastly they put it on tables, and now it is paddling around, a free and independent piano."

"Duck your heads, girls! Look out for the telegraph wire! Here we are, Hank."

The boat drew up alongside an upper window. An old woman in a short gown and petticoat was at a table eating. As she saw the window darkened by the boat, she dropped her knife and ran to the bed. It was high from an accumulation of beds that had emigrated from below. But the old woman was short and fat, and in vain she tried to climb into the bed. She grasped wildly at the clothes, that, yielding, let her down again on the floor. One foot tried to reach the bed rail for vantage-ground, but failed.

"If you will only wait a moment, madame," said Allen, gravely. "Hank Smith will get in and boost you."

But the old woman seized a chair, and rolling in, drew the clothes over her, leaving her shoes and ankles uncovered.

"I've been looking for ye," she whispered, faintly. "I'm as n'mos' starved, an' got up to get a bite."

Allen walked over to the table and inspected the feast—remnants of bacon, molasses, and corn bread. "Pneumonia, I think, is her disease, Bessie?"

"I am glad you are better, Mrs. Elwood," said Bessie. "We've brought you down some things, and, if you like, I'll make you some nice arrowroot."

"Law-a-mazer!" said the old woman, sitting bolt upright. "If you'll bring me a bit of salt pork and some cabbage, I think I might git well. But if I die, I won't die on mousses."

"Mrs Elwood," said Allen, getting in the window, "don't you know you're in the hands of a committee that means you'm to eat nothing but arrow root? That's one of the rules. The best thing you can do is to get well and out of their clutches. I promise you, Mrs Elwood, you shall be to what you want. And what do you say, Mrs. Elwood, to some tobacco? Yes, I think I understand. You shall have it. Ladies, if you are ready, I think Mrs Elwood prefers to be alone. Mrs Murtrord, steady."

Alice gave a jump, with a little shriek. Allen turned, but Bessie had given her hand to Hank, and was in the boat. Allen shrugged his shoulders, and took up the oar.

"The old humbug!" said Alice. "Isn't it awful to see to what depths of deceit these old people will descend?"

"What can you expect when you offer them a premium on it?"

"And what did you do, Allen Taylor? Tobacco, indeed?"

"I fought the devil with his own weapons. I offered her a prize package of old Durham to return to her dirt and diet, and cease to relegate nice girls and innocent young men into her shanty by slandering sickness."

Hank, who had begun to be weary and discouraged, looked up with interest, and poked Allen in the back.

"say a word for me, won't you, cap?"

Allen gave him an answering nod.

"Don't you think, Alice, it would be a good thing to give them to Jesse Dash?" Bessie continued.

"The very thing! He could preach to them, and marry people, and burn people. How jolly!"

"I believe Mrs Murtrord would call war, pestilence, and famine jolly," said Allen; "but I can tell you that little nigger preacher couldn't keep in them. He'd slip through."

"I'm going to have them taken in," said Bessie, with dignity.

"Taken in! But you can't take in and let out and splice men's clothes. Nobody ever heard of such a thing."

"Then all I've got to say is, Mr Allen, if men can never a use make-over clothes, they've missed one of the great joys of life," chimed in Alice.

"Those too do have the advantage of us. But if my opinion is of any value, I will give it. I think these clothes ought to go to some young man."

"Are you speaking for yourself?"

"You haven't heard me—to some honest young fellow who's going to be married. Hank, here you a girl?" Allen asked, in a low tone, over his shoulder.

"No, cap."

"Then get one."

"I declare that isn't a bad idea, Bessie."

"I think my mind is quite made up," Bessie answered, with dignity.

Hank sighed, but Allen encouraged him with a wink.

The jo-boat landed, and the two girls started to the school-house.

"What's the matter between you and Allen Taylor, Bessie? Don't you speak?"

"Of course we speak, as you call it."

"Well, out of us, if I'm a judge. It isn't about Lulu George?"

"No," exclaimed Bessie, indignantly. "But what about Lulu George?" she asked, more mildly.

"He had her at Blind Tom's the other night."

"Do you think I am jealous, Alice Murtrord?"

"Well, then, what is it? You might tell me; I'm married."

The reason did not seem adequate, and Bessie was silent.

"I always told you everything. It can't be that old affair. Gracious goodness! haven't you got over that? Well, I never! If you were married, you'd get tired making a fuss about a little thing so long."

"Then you think it a little thing to come to one's house, and between girl's father and mother too, after having taken too much wine?"

"Why, what did he do, Bess?"

"He said, 'Mr. Dean, you have a very nice daughter. I've been telling my friends about her, and they said they'd like to see her. So we're here.'"

Mrs Murtrord shrieked with laughter. "What did your father say?"

"Afterward he said my 'friends were slightly exhilarated.'"

"That wasn't much. He's a man; he knows. You see, Bess," she said, taking Bessie's arm confidentially, "where men are concerned, you have to look at everything all around. It isn't like women, who have everything cut and dried for them."

"But you don't seem to see, Alice—perhaps it's because you're married—that I demand for my presence a little respect."

"That's a nasty little speech, Bessie Dean. But I am married, and I'll give you a little bit of advice. In this world you've got to take things by and large. Allen always did like you better than any other girl in town, and I've an idea you like Allen, so don't go and make yourself wretched for nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Well, a little thing, as things go," said Mrs. Murtrord, out of her larger experience.

Allen meanwhile stopped behind.

"Did you hear what I said, Hank?"

"Yes, cap."

"Well, heed it. Go courting, and I'll see you through."

"She seems mightily set."

"Miss Dean? Yes. But I'm setter."

### II.

Finally the water stopped rising, and its sub sidence was more rapid than its rise, and to the eye more terrible. The houses were left encrusted with yellow slime, and the town a mud hole. Men mounted the tallest houses and went out to seek their possessions. Four barns sat down on one lot like gossips swapping stories. A house went down the road and placed itself plumb on the foundations of another house. The smaller houses, as if to escape detection, turned upside down as they skipped beneath their owners' eyes, and now had under sand and drift piles. The chicken coops and pigsties were released from the back doors, where they had been tied like children to keep them from playing truants.

Whereas there had been no work, there was now more than could be done. But the crowds around the school house were greater, and scored four dollars a day offered for house-cleaners. The supplies still poured in, against the protests of the telegraph to stop supplies. It became necessary to protect the overworked committees, and sentinels armed with rifles paced between the school house and the murmuring crowd. Stories passed from lip to lip of stores secreted and carried away by the committees. "Aristocrats," "Blue-nosed Yankees," were the mildest epithets hurled at them as they passed. The sun at last came out on the steaming mud, and disease, physical as well as moral, threatened the new ill-fated place.

By this time the bonanza of Ham Filson's dress suit divided attention with the supplies. The contest was finally narrowed down to Hank Smith and Jesse Dash. The town was divided into two factions. Bessie was astonished to find herself at the head of one, while Allen secretly commanded the other. For reasons more than Hank's happiness, Allen was glad to interest himself in the matter, since he hoped to be able to bring some personal work to bear.

"Of course, Hank," Allen said, at a rendezvous appointed to ascertain the girth of the clothes—"of course I can't say they're for a worthy young man who is going to be married until I can produce the man, and particularly the girl. You see, these clothes are a sort of public bequest, and everybody has a right to know. Oh, Hank, you're too big!" Allen exclaimed, throwing down his tape measure.

"Cap, I'll buckle myself in."

"That won't do; you'll have to be pared down generally if you get into Squire Filson's clothes. You must take some reefs in your diet."

Hank departed, a sadder and wiser man, to find Mrs. Cutler and sister Liza, as usual, on the school-house fence. He laid the case before them, feeling singularly unable to steer himself through such complicated circumstances.

Mrs Cutler and sister Liza shook themselves like old war horses, having that love of match-making which comes with years, the last of the catching diseases.

"There's Jake Wilkins's Sam. She's a likely gal, Hank."

"Ones for all, Lizy, don't help me to red-haired gals."

"Thar's Almiry Dixon," suggested Mrs. Cutler.

"Her hair's black as a sloe. An' she's a good height to walk arm in arm."

"I ain't goin' to have any giantess either."

"Well, give us a notion of 'bout what 'd you like. Does your min' rest on looks or behavior?" urged sister Liza.

"As of I knew I'd come to you! That's jes' where I'm needin' help. An' it's got to be done to-day, or I'll be worn to a nindder with it on my mow."

"I'd gu me with a big lot of kin that 'll speak up for ye," said Mrs. Cutler, with forethought.

"Yes, an' eatin' ye out o' house an' home," commented sister Liza. "Look at me an' Jeems's folks. Now my word's for C'line Beasley, Hank. She's been disap'inted, an' would be easy to git."

"She a freckled. I don't hanker after her either."

"Lawsy, Hank, you're too all fired partikilar," said sister Liza, in a cutterly way. "When we've got to snatch a bean' from the burnin', as the Scripture say, we can't pick an' choose that a-way."

"Hank, I've the very girl for ye—Ginnie Troup. She's trim in walkin', an' can make a pone n' bread eke to mose."

"But, Hank, her and Sam Smithy's sweethearts. I'd bet her know that the garments is thrown in," added sister Liza.

Hank sniffed significantly. Although shy, his shyness did not result from any doubt as to his own personal advantages.

"If I was you, Hank, I'd go immejut. If you say, I'll tote off Sam Smithy."

Mrs. Cutler disappeared. Hank straightened himself, threw away his tobacco, and took a fresh piece. He started, and turned back.

"Lizy, you 'ain't n pocket-handkerchy, have you?"

"Laws, what a question!" his sister exclaimed. But Hank did not yet feel quite up to it. He came back again.

"Jes bol' my pocket-book, will ye, Lizy?"

"Jeems's Rivers, Hank! ye ain't goin' in swimmin', are ye?"

There seemed to be no reason for longer delay, so Hank plunged into the crowd.

Mrs. Cutler came back. "I had everything fixed for him handsome, but I 'ain't seen him."

Very soon they saw Hank coming across the grass hand in hand with C'line Beasley, and both grinning sheepishly.

"I've got her!" cried Hank.

"Ginnie Troup?" inquired Mrs. Cutler.

"No, C'line."

"I tol' him," said sister Liza, triumphantly, "Ginnie an' Sam Smithy's sweethearts. I was for you all the time, C'line. Says I, 'C'line's bin

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disapp'inted, an' she'll be easy to get.' Didn't I, Hank?"

Nothing could mar Hank's serenity. As for Cline, circumstances, however they might be, had made her easy to get, and being got was so evidently preferable to not being got, that even after Lisa's communication could not disappoint her.

Hank's case was now made out. The Benders, Cutters, and Smiths managed to get in a good deal of work. But the most effective influence was Cline herself, who went to house-cleaning with a zeal inspired by an impending trousseau, and thus won over Colonel May and Mr. Jonas George.

Meanwhile Jesse Dunk's canoe had not languished. Jesse had taken to holding evening meetings, and during the day his neck little presence was to be seen eloquently mute seated on a stump in the school-house yard, his legs wrapped in gray blankets. But Jesse's most powerful advocate was Aunt Ann, rake-maker on extraordinary to all the quality, and great on any unusual domestic occasion. At this time she was unusually active, and her privileged position always gained her a hearing. At this point she was working the most of it, and with Jesse Dunk merely in tow and a covered bowl in her hand, attempted to pass through the crowd to the school-house door.

"Clear the way, here! It 'pears like a mighty sight o' folks comb'rin these flags. Brer Dunk on' ave have a call in-side, an' I expec' I have to attemp on some an. Brer Dunk, keep a tight hol' on my frock."

Aunt Ann squared her elbows, and the crowd gave way before her powerful arms. The movement pushed the outer rows into the mud; and among those whose shoes were thus bespotted were Mrs. Cutler and sister Liza. These ladies, however, were as much incensed with Aunt Ann's manner as at their spotted shoes.

"It's a party time o' day if we're to be knocked into the mud by a brace o' niggers. Stan' over, Jake Brown."

The crowd moved, and Aunt Ann was pressed so closely that she raised her bowl, which contained pickled red cabbage—intended as a peace-offering to Mrs May—and the vinegar ran down the neck of Jake Brown. Naturally startled by the cold trickle, Jake threw up his hand, and unwittingly knocked the bowl out of Ann's hand. The red shreds fell in a shower. A dozen eyes smarted from the vinegar, and ten dozen hands struck out wildly.

The occasion only needed another grievance. Those on the outer edge were ignorant of the cause of the ole, but threw themselves into it. Some one cried, "The things are corn; le's take 'em." A rush was made on the building. Bessie Dean coming through the door, a burly fellow seized her. Allen, from within, saw her red and stumble. Dashing out, he lifted her by both arms, like a child, and carried her inside. Then he flung himself on the crowd which the sentinel was trying to beat back with his rifle. Hank ran from the side to Allen's help, and sister Liza, seeing him through a torn slit in her bonnet, shouted,

"Hank, Jo Dunk's a-goin' to get your clothes."

Ann, to whom the trembling Jesse was still clinging, was experiencing a sort of ecstasy—such as she sometimes enjoyed in the exercise of her religion. There was a wild light in her eye as she pummelled her way forward. "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!' O Moses an' the Red Sea! O Moses an' the Red Sea! Mis'n come a-dancin' a-cushin' a' the tumblers! O Moses an' the Red Sea!"

Colonel May, from the doorway, saw her. "Back, all of you. Aunt Ann, ain't you ashamed of yourself, leading a mob?"

The crowd shrank back except Aunt Ann and Mrs Cutler and sister Liza, who did not wish to lose the key of the situation, since they saw Hank as an ally of Allen Taylor.

"Lor' bless me, Colonel May! I was only comin' to bring Mis' Colonel May some o' my pickled cabbage, an' some yaw white trash done broke my bowl."

"Suppose the next time you take yourself to the house. Now clear the yard, everybody. Nothing more will be given out. We propose to issue labor tickets, and only those who will work will receive anything hereafter. Time is the last word. Now go."

Allen went into the house, and Bessie, still pale from fright, ran and grasped him by the hand.

"Allen!"

Allen gave a little cry. "By Jove! my thumb!" The blood came back into her face. She dropped his hand and turned away.

Allen caught her hand awkwardly with his left. "Bessie, forgive me."

"Oh, Allen, you are hurt!" She turned pale again as she saw his thumb hanging helpless.

"It's only out of place. I didn't even know it until you took it."

"Bessie," said Colonel May, advancing, "it's those clothes of Ham Filson that have made all this rackes. In the name of all the lovers of peace and concord, give them to somebody. Six deputations, white and black, have waited on me this morning. Flesh and blood can't stand it. No matter what happens, if anybody ever dares to send anything again to this town, I'll—" Words did not seem adequate to express his feelings, so the colonel walked away.

"Oh, Allen, forgive me!" said Bessie again, in turn.

"Bessie, I deserved it, you know. If women hold themselves less cheap, men would hold them dearer. But, Bessie, a kiss would have gone just as far."

"It wasn't only me, Allen," Bessie answered, trampling her grammar under her feet. "You were so silly before pa."

Allen lifted her hand to his lips. "If he doesn't think me wise now, I shall not respect his opinion."

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

## THE CANOE EXHIBITION.

NATURE has implanted in the average manly breast a certain love of adventurous recreation that prompts some men to bestride the unstable bicycle, others the horse, vain for safety, and leads others to follow the sea in all manner of pleasure-craft. There have been many bicycle meets and countless horse shows, but until Saturday, April 24, the world had never seen an exhibition of canoes, or, for that matter, an exhibition, properly so called, of any kind of pleasure-craft, afloat or ashore. The modern amateur has heretofore rather rejoiced in the enclosureness that surrounded his guild, but losing patience at last with the backwardness of the public at grasping the cooeying idea, the three clubs in the neighborhood of New York, under the lead of Commodore BOOLEN, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, determined to hold an exhibition, and the Commodore, who is likewise a teacher, offered his spacious school-rooms for the purpose. When the doors were opened, the public entered to find desks and forms banished, and the walls hell hidden by sails, flags, and tapering spars, while the floor space was occupied by elegant canoes, shining with varnish, glittering with polished brass and nickel plate, and filled with a thousand and one contrivances for convenience and comfort. The coming season promises to be very interesting and exciting. The New York Canoe Club, founded sixteen years ago by Mr WILLIAM L. ALDEN, opened a correspondence during the winter with leading English canoeists, and offered a challenge cup as an inducement. As a result, three of the best English sailors will bring over their canoes, and there will be a series of international races in New York waters. The cup was shown at the exhibition, with other cups and trophies belonging to clubs, notably a very handsome one belonging to the Brooklyn Club. The success of the exhibition was very flattering. The rooms, especially in the evening, when stereopticon views were given, were crowded to their utmost capacity, and the show was kept open until Monday night (Sunday excepted), so great was the interest aroused. It is a revelation to most people that a vessel exists that will carry her owner safely in almost any weather, and afford him good sleeping quarters, and can yet be carried by him in case of need. That craft similar in all essentials to those shown had voyaged northward from New York to Labrador, and southward to the Gulf of Mexico, had descended the St. Lawrence Rapids, and skirted the Great Lakes and all inland waters, was wellnigh incredible to the ladies and gentlemen of yachting proclivities who visited the Marvard Rooms on the days in question. The dark ends as the right of the picture on page 292 are bright red in color, and the device is a sea-horse, the "totem," or private signal, of the club. Other similar signals appear on some of the other sails. The rude "dog out" in the foreground is a veritable article of considerable antiquity, and elsewhere the Indian "birch" and the Esquimaux bareck are seen in contrast with the nice work of civilized builders.

## THE DOG SHOW.

THE entries for the New York Dog Show, held during four days of this week at Madison Square Garden, numbered upward of one thousand, and comprised nearly all the best dogs in the United States and Canada, and several from England. The exhibition included 44 mastiffs, 86 St. Bernards, 97 pointers, 102 English setters, 67 Irish setters, 78 spaniels, 100 collies, 90 fox terriers, and a large number of pugs, fox spaniels, Yorkshire terriers, and all the small fancy breeds.

The illustrations on the front page are likenesses of seven handsome dogs and famous prize-winners. Paul Gladstone, an English setter, owned by the Memphis and Avent Kennels of Memphis, Tennessee, is the winner of a dozen prizes, including the champion prizes at St. Louis in 1884, and at the World's Exposition in New Orleans in 1885, and the first prize at Philadelphia in 1885.

Rodbridge is another English setter, and is also owned by the Memphis and Avent Kennels. He won the all-age stakes at the Eastern Field Trials at High Point, North Carolina, and is said to be the fastest dog in the world.

Nora is a black and tan setter, owned by Mr. H. Clay Glover, of this city. She is the winner of the first prize at the Philadelphia Kennel Club's show in October, 1885, and of many other prizes.

Echo, Junior, is a red Irish setter, owned by Dr. WILLIAM JARVIS, of Claremont, New Hampshire. Echo was winner in the first puppy class at Boston in 1882, winner of the first prize at Ottawa in 1883, champion, special, and sweepstakes in New York in 1884, champion in Montreal the same year, champion and special in New York in 1885, and has won other prizes.

Tammany is a liver-and-white pointer, bred by the Westminster Kennel Club of Babylon, Long Island, and owned by Mr F. R. HITCHCOCK, of this city. Tammany won third prize at Philadelphia in 1885, and second at Newark and at Hartford this year. He is a very promising young dog, wonderfully well broken, stanch, with a fine nose, and grand style and action.

Graphic is a liver and white pointer, owned by the Graphic Kennels of Jersey City. His record in England, beginning in 1882 and extending over three years, is full and notable, and he has won a number of prizes here.

Bang Bang is a lemon-and-white pointer, owned by the Westminster Kennel Club. He was bred in England, and has won notable prizes there and in this country.

## THE STATUE OF SENATOR HILL.

THE public-spirited citizens of Atlanta are the first in the Southern States to pay the honor of a statue to the memory of one of their distinguished men who achieved his distinction in civil life, and the late Senator BENJAMIN H. HILL, who, of the "triumvirate of great Georgians," was the first to die, is the first to be so honored. A bronze statue of him was unveiled on May 1, in the presence of a large crowd of persons, the most of whom had enjoyed his personal acquaintance, and had added to their esteem of him as a public man their friendship as a neighbor. The statue is by the sculptor Mr. JOHN DOYLE, of New York. It stands on Peach tree Street, the most fashionable thoroughfare of the city, near the HILL residence, and not far from the Governor's Mansion. At the unveiling of the statue the most of Mr. HILL's surviving contemporaries of distinction in Georgia were present, as well as Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. The statue was bought by the subscriptions of Georgians, the most of them citizens of Atlanta. On the four sides of the pedestal are patriotic sentiments from Mr. HILL's famous speeches.

It has been the fortune of few men to win in civil life as nearly universal and such affectionate regard of their fellow-citizens as Senator HILL won. Of the three great Georgians of his generation—THOMAS, STEPHENS, and himself—he was the youngest and the shortest lived. His death occurred in 1882, Mr. STEPHENS a few years later, and General THOMAS survived them both. Mr. HILL had a stronger power than either of the others. As an orator he was not less forcible than General THOMAS in his best days, and he was a thoroughly grounded constitutional lawyer. In his Congressional career he did more conspicuous service than any of his associates in opposing such of the legislation of reconstruction; and he took a much broader view of these subjects than any other Southern Congressman of distinction. In the debate on the "Amnesty" bill in the House in 1876 he made one of the most famous speeches of that stirring time. "In the bosom of the country," he asked, "allows to be torn with the miserable sectional debate whenever a Presidential election is pending? The victory of the North was absolute, and God knows the subjugation of the South was complete. . . The Union never wronged us," he continued. "The Union has been an unmixed blessing to every section, to every State, and to every man of every color in America."

It is not without significance that the first Southern statesman to be so honored was the author of such a sentiment as this, and that his fame rests rather on service done to heal the wounds of the nation than in the effort to establish the right of secession.

## TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON, AND ITS ARCHITECT.

THE completion of Trinity Church, in Boston, in 1876, was the emphatic announcement to the American public of a new force in architecture. The architects were Messrs. GARDINER & RICHARDSON, of New York. The church, however, was too plainly individual to pass for the production of a firm, and it was very soon understood that the actual designer was Mr. HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1859, a graduate also in architecture of the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, and at that time a practitioner of some ten years' standing. At that time Mr. RICHARDSON had done little of importance, the principal buildings from his designs being the offices of the Boston and Albany road in Springfield, Massachusetts, and the court-house at the same place. The former was a correct and learned and academic essay in Renaissance architecture, which sufficed to give proof of the course of study the designer had taken. The latter was a spirited and picturesque work which would have passed for "Gothic," but which did not foretell either the full powers of the designer or the line upon which they were to be exercised. The only feature that would be recognized as characteristic by students of Mr. RICHARDSON's later work is the open arcade of the basement, a motive which he afterward developed more powerfully and effectively in the beautiful Oakes Ames Memorial Hall of North Easton.

The completion of Trinity Church secured Mr. RICHARDSON's professional future. Ten years interested interest this first brilliant success and his death, which occurred at his home in Brookline, Massachusetts, on Wednesday of last week. They were years of happy and prosperous work, clouded only by the consciousness of an incurable disease; but this consciousness seemed to impair neither his spirits nor his working power. His practice included all modes of buildings—churches, public buildings, stores, offices, city and country houses. Among them are the State Chamber, the Court of Appeals, and the western staircase, the latter now in course of erection, in the Capitol at Albany; the City Hall in the same city; several houses and a noteworthy warehouse in Boston; Sever Hall and Austin Hall at Cambridge, the county buildings at Pittsburgh, illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY for February 28, 1885, and now in progress, the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, begun within the last year; a very large warehouse for MARSHALL FIELD in Chicago, also now under construction; the large and costly dwellings of Colonel John HAY and Mr. HENRY ADAMS in Washington, the group of buildings at North Easton, Massachusetts, illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY for February 2, 1884, the most striking of which—the Oakes Ames Memorial Hall—has already been mentioned, and a series of village libraries in New England of which the most successful is the Crane Memorial Library at Quincy, illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 21, 1883.

While the works of which this is a very imperfect list are not of equal interest, there is not one which has not an interest by reason of the large, simple, and forceful conception the architect of ware took of his problem, and the strength and decisiveness with which he realized his conception. Perhaps, after all, the first of his brilliant successes, the church chosen for illustration in this issue, remains as complete a representation of his genius as any single building presents, and affords as complete a measure of the great loss which not only American architecture but modern architecture in general has suffered by the death of the architect in the prime of his powers. The nature in the subordination of the church on an accessory to the great, rich, and massive tower, which fills and satisfies the eye alike at a distance and near at hand. The great tower was suggested by the tower of Salamanca Cathedral, but the architect was not indebted to his mediæval predecessor for more than a suggestion, the tower of Trinity being a far more effective and artistic performance than its mediæval prototype. One of the chief charms of the actual building is its color, the walls being of light granite, with wrought work of dark brown stone, and the tower roofed with red tile. The chief shortcomings of the work, as first built, were effaced in the studies subsequently made by the architect for the treatment of the smaller towers, and for the addition of a triple portal, which is a version in rich Romanesque of the famous north porch of Chartres.

The photograph from which the portrait of Mr RICHARDSON has been engraved was taken by J. W. BLACK, of Boston.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A NEWSPAPER rebukes a correspondent who ventures to ask how late in the day it is proper to wear a dressing gown about the house. The newspaper says that it is never proper. No gentleman, it declares, permits his dressing gown to be seen outside of his bedchamber and dressing-room. Under no consideration would he presume to appear at the breakfast table with it in the presence of his wife and family. He would as soon, the newspaper avers, wear his slippers to the breakfast table, and that would be a breach of propriety almost too horrible to contemplate. It may be observed that the ordinary man is singularly impervious to this sort of rules and regulations for nice behavior. Either he has never heard of such rules or he does not care for them, choosing to live in impolite comfort, and performing his dressing gown and slippers to a sense of being absolutely correct, or it is possible that he regards them as humbug—that popular kind of humbug which gravely avers monstrous or impossible things. However that may be, he is most obstinate in his attachment to his slippers, and the chance that he will ever become gentle seems quite desperate. But the law is inexorable, and one must wear his boots to be a gentleman.

Paris is said to contain 47,500 empty flats. Each flat, if occupied, would contain at least four persons, and some 200,000 persons desiring dwellings are earnestly wanted by the landlords. The statistics which afford this information do not say whether the building of flats in Paris has been so astonishingly overdone, or whether 200,000 persons have left the city through fear of the cholera or for any other unusual or natural cause.

The will of a famous European dwarf, a woman, authorizes the expenditure of ten pounds sterling for the purchase of twenty dolls, and directs that these shall be dressed from the wardrobe of the testatrix, and presented to orphans.

Students in the Paris School of Chemistry cried out "Rough! rough!" while in the act of assailing an unpopular professor with a shower of eggs, potatoes, cheese, butter, onions, and other provender. There was something peculiarly unreasonable in calling upon the victim for resignation at such a moment.

The story is told that a little Rochester girl, drawing a picture of a cat and a dog upon her slate, was asked by her mother why she made the cat with six legs, whereupon she answered that she knew that a cat ought to have only four legs, but that she had given it six in order to enable it to run away from the dog, which was provided with only the usual number.

A shopkeeper in London, wishing people to hear his place is closed, caused a metal bar and some other innocent-looking apparatus to be set up outside his show-window, and connected it with an electric battery, so that anybody passing to look in, and resting his hand upon the bar, received a considerable shock. The contrivance did its notice, but its effect was not altogether desirable. People refused to trust themselves to the interior of a shop whose peculiarities, even upon the outside, were so marked, and a large and savage dog in the doorway would hardly have been more effectual in driving away trade.

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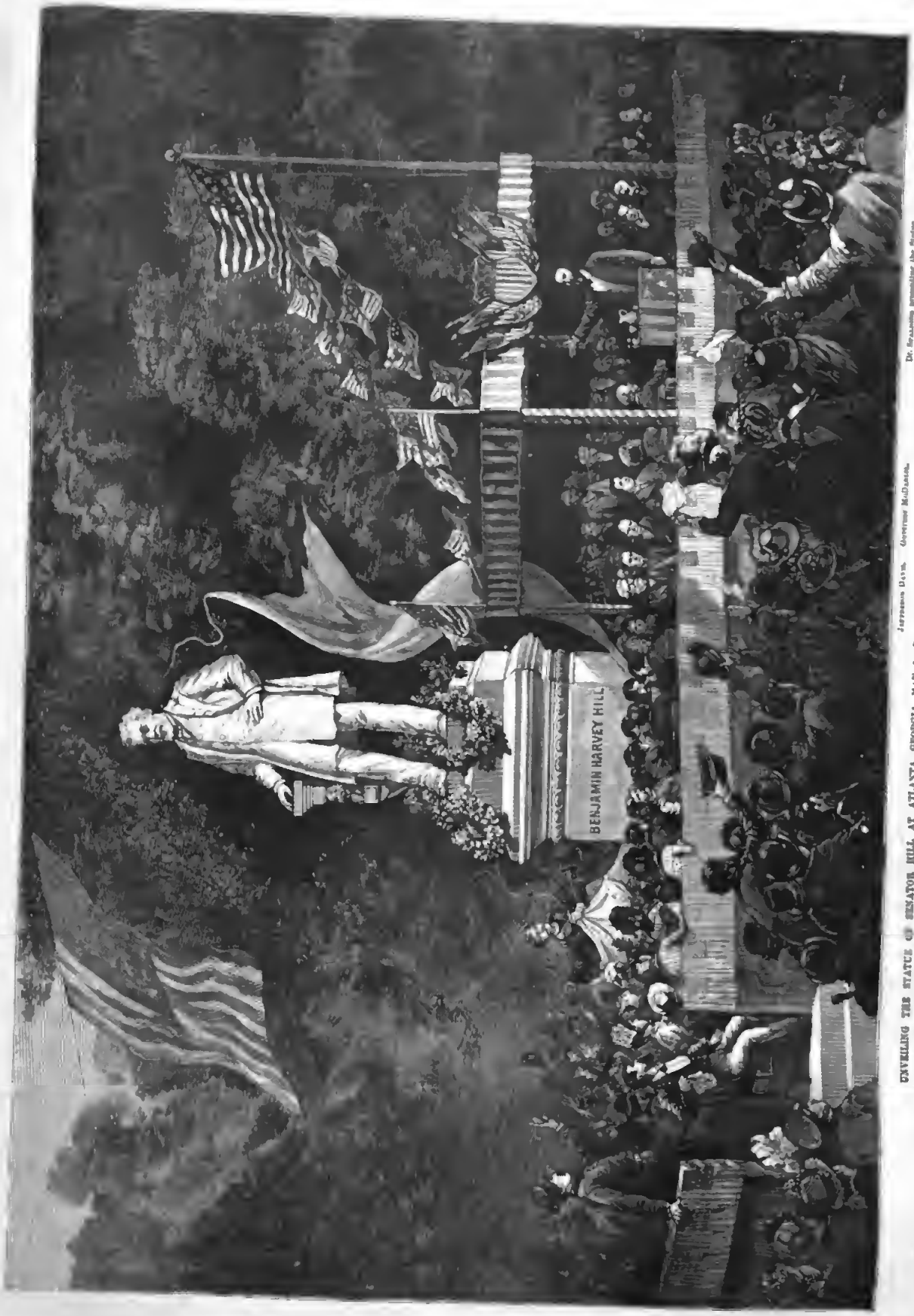
A DOUBLE PLAY—FIRST LEAGUE GAME, NEW YORK AGAINST BOSTON, APRIL 29.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 304.]




UNVEILING THE STATUE OF SENATOR HILL AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA, MAY 1.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM A SKETCH BY HORACE BRADLEY.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

Jefferson Davis. Governor McDaniel. Dr. Strickland presenting the Statue.

## THE BASE BALL SEASON.

That base-ball, commonly referred to as the "national game," has suffered no loss of popularity since the close of the last season is made manifest in more than one way. Nearly fifteen thousand people paid half a dollar each to see the opening game of the National League championship series at the Polo Grounds in this city on Thursday of last week, and were rewarded with a superb exhibition of the popular sport, eleven innings being required to decide the contest between the New Yorks and Bostons, the former club winning by a single run. On the same day the League championship race was opened at Washington with a game between the Washingtons and Philadelphias in the presence of five thousand people, and at St. Louis by the St. Louis and Detroit League nines before a similar number of spectators. The other two clubs of the National League, the Chicagoes and Kansas Citys, were prevented from play on the opening day by a rain-storm at Kansas City. Here, there were nearly twenty five thousand people engaged on one day in watching the exciting games of but one of the several professional base-ball associations of the country, and with two of the clubs of this association idle!

It is small wonder, in the presence of these facts, that prosperity marks nearly every branch of business connected with the national game, or that the manufacturers of balls, bats, uniforms, shoes, masks, catchers' gloves, chest pads, and other accoutrements boast of a larger trade than ever before. The fascination of the game has seized upon the American people, irrespective of age, sex, or other conditions. It would require a large volume to record merely the names of the uniformed base-ball clubs of the country which are to-day struggling for all sorts of local, State, inter State, and national championships. There are just five professional leagues or associations, however, whose games are of greater public interest than those of all other associations combined, excepting, of course, the Collegiate Base-ball Association, whose contests have a peculiar interest of their own.

First of all there is the National League—the parent body—which was established in 1876, and is the pet of the country to-day. This League consists of clubs accredited to the cities of New York, Chicago, Boston, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Washington, and Kansas City. The two last-mentioned clubs are new to the League this year, and are made up of the players of the defunct Providence and Buffalo clubs of last season (whose places in the League they have taken) and several young players who are as yet unknown to fame. Last year the Chicagoes won the championship, with New York a close second, and Philadelphia third. This year the critics of the game place the chances of the New Yorks at the head of the list.

Next in importance to the National League is the American Association, consisting of the Brooklyns, the Metropolitans of Staten Island, the Athletics of Philadelphia, the Baltimores, the Pittsburghs, the Louisvilles, the Cincinnatis, and a St. Louis nine. This association may be credited with the fact of having kept base-ball prominently before the public during the winter through its attempt to expel the Metropolitan Club, which attempt brought the national game prominently before the courts, the verdict being in favor of the Metropolitan nine. The franchise of the Metropolitans has since last season been purchased by Mr Erastus Wiman, of Staten Island, and all the home games of this club will be played on new grounds at that place during the present season, which began about three weeks ago.

The Eastern League is composed of clubs from Newark, New Jersey, Long Island City, Hartford, Bridgeport, and Meriden, Connecticut. There promises to be a great race between the Newarks and Hartfords, both of which are exceptionally strong clubs. The Southern League has representative nines at Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Chattanooga, Macon, Memphis, Nashville, and Savannah. Many famous players are connected with this association, which began the season's play three weeks ago, the Augusta Club taking the lead at the start, with Macon a good second in the race. The International League is composed of teams accredited to Buffalo, Rochester, Oswego, Syracuse Utica, and Binghamton, in New York State, and Toronto and Hamilton, Ontario.

The personnel of the different clubs is mainly the same as last year. In Detroit's club, however, a marked change has been made by the addition of the "big four"—Richardson, Rowe, Wheat, and Bradykill of last year's Buffalo League Club. Boston is strengthened by the services of Radbourn and Daly of the old Providence Club. Philadelphia has been improved, as has also St. Louis. In the American Association, St. Louis has been weakened at second base by Barkley's release, and Pittsburgh strengthened by obtaining that player, although it cost $2,000 to secure him through a court of law. Baltimore takes Scott, formerly of Pittsburgh, for first base. Brooklyn got Beard from Washington and Tools from Pittsburgh. The Metropolitans got a dozen new players.

There have been many changes in playing and scoring rules since last season. Now the pitcher is allowed a space seven by four feet instead of six by three, the batsman may stand within six inches of the home plate instead of twelve, and stolen bases are scored, and players thus get credit officially for clever base-running. The championship season of all leagues lasts about six months. The only exception to the rule is in the College Association, of which Columbia, Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Amherst, and Brown are members. Harvard won the championship last year, and will probably do so again. Yale may secure the trophy, but it is more likely to fall to Princeton than to Yale if a catcher can be secured to hold Burkam's delivery. The college championship season opened May 1, although before that date several exhibition or practice games were played on the Polo Grounds by Columbia, Yale, and Princeton, these clubs having for their opponents in each case the famous New York League professional nine. The batting and fielding of the young collegians in these games must have shown to any intelligent observer that the standard of proficiency in the national game among the students of the leading colleges is astonishingly high at the present time.


## LETTER FROM JAMES ROBINSON,

ATHLETIC TRAINER AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Princeton N. J., Jan 22, 1881.

I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, &c. Shortly after entering upon my profession in this country I discovered such a remedy in Allcock's Porous Plasters. I tried Benson's Capcine and other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating.

Allcock's Porous Plasters give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. I have cured scores of students and friends of sore throats and colds by the application of these plasters on the throat and chest. I had a pupil who contracted a severe cold which settled on his kidneys. I placed two plasters over the kidneys, and the result was that in six hours he was entirely well. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back, and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In "sprint" and "distance" races and jumping the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected.

I have used Allcock's Plasters successfully in walking matches, when the legs became tired and swollen with over-exertion, by covering the important muscles with them.

It is my unreserved opinion—an opinion formed after considerable experience—that Allcock's Porous Plasters are a most efficacious and valuable remedy.
—[Adv.] JAMES ROBINSON.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN SEASICKNESS

E. S. Pusey, Wellington, O., says: "While crossing Lake Erie, I took it to a one passenger who were seasick, and it gave immediate relief."—[Adv.]

PROF DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You Are demonstrated that a Pearson's pure soap may be made, *I, therefore cordially recommend it to ladies and to the community to spread the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"

Cash S. Rossing "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a little preparation of glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[Adv.]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is more nutritious and strengthening than any other combined or single remedy. The medical profession universally prescribe it in Consumption and all wasting conditions, with splendid results.—[Adv.]

Ancostura Bitters do not only distinguish themselves by their purity and aromatic value above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[Adv.]

ECZEMA AND SALT-RHEUM.

We cure nothing else. Sample treatment free. A Positive Cure. Send for Sample. Address U. W. Flower & Co., Druggists, Highland Falls, N. Y.—[Adv.]

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. Hiscox, 853 Broad, N. Y.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

## WHAT WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES, AND WHY.

CONGESTION OF THE KIDNEYS, BACKACHE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER, ETC.

Catarrh of the Bladder, Gravel, Stone, Dropsy, Enlarged Prostate Gland, General Debility, Bright's Disease.

Why? Because it is the *only remedy known that has power to expel the uric acid and urea*, of which there are some 800 grains secreted each day as the result of muscular action, and unfitted, if retained in the blood, *to kill six men*. It is the direct cause of all the above diseases, as well as of Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Apoplexy, Paralysis, Insanity, and Death.

This great specific relieves the kidneys of too much blood, frees them from all irritants, restores them to healthy action by its certain and soothing power.

It cures also Jaundice, enlargement of the Liver, Abscess and Catarrh of the Bile Ducts, Biliousness, Headache, Furred Tongue, Sleeplessness, Languor, Debility, Constipation, Gall Stones, and every indescribed symptom which results from liver complaint.

Why? Because it has a *specific and positive action* on the liver as well as on the kidneys, increasing the secretion and flow of bile, regulates its elaborating function, removes unhealthful formations, and, in a word, restores it to natural activity, without which health is an impossibility.

Why? All these troubles, as is well known by every physician of education, *arise from congestion* and impaired kidney action, causing stagnation of the blood vessels and breaking down, and this is the beginning and the direct cause of all the ailments from which women suffer, and must as surely follow as night does the day.

Why Warner's Safe Cure is acknowledged by thousands of our best medical men to be *the only true blood purifier* is because it acts upon scientific principles, striking at the very root of the disorder by its action on the kidneys and liver. *For if these organs were kept in health, all the morbid matter so deadly poisonous if retained in the body, is passed out.* On the contrary, if they are deranged, the acids are taken up by the blood, decomposing it and *carrying death* to the most remote part of the body.

Why 95 per cent of all diseases which afflict humanity arise from impaired kidneys is shown by medical authorities. Warner's Safe Cure, by its *direct action*, positively restores them to health and full working capacity, *nature curing all the other diseases herself when the cause is removed*, and we guarantee that Warner's Safe Cure is a positive preventive if taken in time.

As you value health take it to *avoid sickness*, as it will at all times and under all circumstances keep all the vital functions up to par.

We also *Guarantee a Cure* and beneficial effect for each of the foregoing diseases, also that every case of Liver and Kidney trouble can be cured where degeneration has Not taken place, and even then Benefit will Surely be derived. In every instance it has established its claim.

As a Blood Purifier, particularly in the Spring, it is unequalled, for *you cannot have pure blood when the kidneys or liver are out of order.*

*Look to your condition at once. Do not put your treatment for a day too late.* The doctors cannot compare records with us. Give yourself thorough constitutional treatment with Warner's Safe Cure, and there are yet many years of life and health assured you!

## A Creaking Hinge

is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

### Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. It tals, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Fream, Independence, Va.

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

VIEW ALBUMS, Lawrence Kansas, Colorado. List free. A. Wittemann, 25 Park Place N. Y.

## LEA & PERRINS'

## SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RABBITS, &c.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at Worcester, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine,

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Universally esteemed for nearly 100 years. Prevents hair falling off or turning grey, cleanses it from scurf or dandruff, and makes it beautifully soft, pliable, and glossy. It contains no lead nor mineral ingredients, and can also be had in a golden colour for fair haired children or persons. Ask for ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, of 20 Hatton Garden, London. Sold by Druggists.

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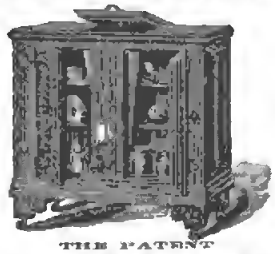

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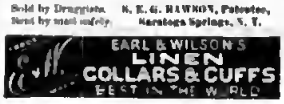

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1534.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.

## THE CHICAGO POLICE AND ANARCHISTS.

THE heroic fidelity and bravery of the police of Chicago in the late street battle with brutal ruffians, all of whom seem to have been foreigners, are worthy of all praise, and contrast strangely with the extraordinary incompetency of the other municipal and State authorities. The bloody storm was plainly gathering for several days. It was not a movement of working-men, nor a question of the rights of labor. It was an outburst of anarchy; the deliberate crime of men who openly advocate massacre and the overthrow of intelligent and orderly society. There had been addresses and newspapers articles, all the work of foreigners, confessedly to stimulate a rush to riot and slaughter. But, so far as appears, the Governor of Illinois and the Mayor of Chicago did not know what every newspaper in the country announced every morning for some days, nor anticipate what every sensible man in the Union expected.

At such times, when a murderous assault is made upon the rights of good citizens, and the foundations of civilization itself are attacked, the most complete and summary methods of repression are the plainest duty. They alone are merciful, and any kind of hesitation or tampering with the evident onslaught of anarchy is treachery to the commonwealth. Known readiness and preparation and evident determination to maintain the common rights of the people against mobs and riots would have made bloodshed unnecessary in Chicago the other day. The conduct of public authorities must be determined by the actual situation. Nothing is more universally known than the character and spirit of a large element of the population in Chicago, and nothing could have been more certain than serious disturbance unless ample preparation and indomitable determination to keep order were known to the anarchists.

No American citizen, whatever his occupation or his fortune, can look upon such riots and massacre as those in Chicago without knowing that their evil results fall most heavily upon the poorest and most dependent. The bitter suffering of innocent and helpless families is inflicted by the laziest and most worthless men in the name of honest labor. Such events tend to the monstrous injustice of confusing labor organizations with wanton crime and inhumanity. Nobody was so much interested to stop the Ku-Klux as intelligent citizens of the Southern States. Nobody is so much concerned to repress anarchists as working-men. Meanwhile the police of Chicago have shown, what the police of New York showed in the draft riots of 1863, of what brave and noble stuff the police force of the country is composed. Throughout the excitement of this spring their conduct has merited the highest admiration, and those who were murdered in Chicago fell in the discharge of the most patriotic and humane duty.

## THE BLAIR BILL.

THE Blair educational bill has passed the Senate, but its prospects in the House are not promising. The question has been more generally and warmly discussed in the press than in Congress, and there is an impression that the favorable vote in the Senate was largely perfunctory. As the bill proposed relief for illiteracy, which exists in great part among the colored people, many of the Republican Senators were undoubtedly unwilling to vote against it. Several of them, however, vigorously opposed it both by speech and vote. The weight of objection was practical. The constitutional argument seemed to be less heeded than the proof, which was largely furnished by the *Evening Post*, that much of the illiteracy, which seems very startling in the statistics, is among the adults, and cannot be remedied, while the rate of school attendance in the Southern States is not exceedingly disproportioned to that of other parts of the country. The Southern States do not seem to be unwilling to provide proper school facilities, and among the most intelligent citizens of those States there is a strong conviction that national aid would demoralize local effort.

In a recent article in the *Congregationalist*, ex-Governor CHAMBERLAIN, of South Carolina, who has contributed much valuable information to the discussion, shows that in 1860 there were in the old Slave States 4,715,395 persons above ten who could not write. This is an appalling number. But 2,961,371, or almost two-thirds of these, were above twenty one, and probably half of those between ten and twenty-one had never been to school, as a school system was not generally established until they were too old to attend. "Three-fourths, if not four-fifths, of the vast total of Southern illiteracy in 1860 has therefore no relevancy to the issue whether in 1886 Congress should vote $77,000,000 to aid schools in the States during the next eight years." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN summarizes the latest reports from Southern school superintendents, and shows that the percentage of children of school age enrolled in eight of the old sixteen Slave States, including South Carolina and Mississippi, equals or exceeds that of Maine; in four of the other eight it comes within five per cent. of it; while in eight Southern States the school year exceeds Maine's old record, and in only three of the other eight falls below seventy-five days. These are the facts in detail which dispose of general pleas based upon the aggregate illiteracy of the Southern community. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN asserts that Southern States generally raise as much money for public education by tax as Northern States. But in the Northern States the State tax is but a small part of the total fund.

This last fact is to be carefully considered as bearing upon the policy of national aid. Mayor COURTENAY, of Charleston, one of the best of witnesses upon such a subject, stated a year or two ago, if we remember correctly, that in many Southern communities the fair limit of local taxation for educational purposes had been reached. On the other hand, Superintendent PALMER, of Alabama, demonstrates that Alabama is capable of paying the tax, and the Newberry *Observer*, in South Carolina, says that the plea of poverty is shameful, and that the State is quite able to decline the aid offered by the BLAIR bill. This is the view strongly urged also by some of the Southern Senators, and which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says would be affirmed by intelligent opinion in every Southern State. Leaving aside for the present the constitutional argument, the result of the debate thus far is plain. It has shown that there is both the disposition and the ability in the illiterate States themselves to deal successfully with the question, and that the possible advantages to be derived from the national grant are greatly outweighed by the mischievous effects of causing the States to depend upon the national government for the discharge of one of the primary duties of an American State, the local support of schools. The folly of giving national aid for such a purpose to Ohio or New York is obvious, but that is provided by the bill. The debate in the Senate disclosed no strong desire among Southern members for the proposed aid, and the defeat of the measure could not be interpreted as an act unfriendly to the illiterate States, nor is there any intimation that it would be so regarded. Certainly the necessity or good policy of the grant has not yet been demonstrated.

## THE LABOR AGITATION.

THE strike in the Southwest ended in peace at the same time that the strikes in Chicago ended in riot and bloodshed. It is now clear that the striking of large bodies of men and the enforcement of a boycott threaten such disturbance of public order that the authorities may properly prepare themselves to keep the peace by all necessary means whenever such movements upon a great scale begin. The vital point in all the recent labor movements, which has been apparently overlooked by the most intelligent laborers, is that many of them deal with the most complex and difficult problems, which are not to be solved in any summary way. Thus the demand for a working day of eight hours is not only a demand for less work, but for diminished production, and for all that results from it. How many of those who demand the eight hours have thought of this, or understand what it means? A uniform working day of eight hours in every pursuit and by every person is impossible. Congress, which upon such subjects seldom acts wisely, because it acts, not with regard to sound principles and to the general welfare, but with reference to the advantage of a party, passed an eight-hours law. But it amounted merely to an act favoring a small class at the expense of the whole community.

This would be in effect the result of a successful strike at any point for less hours and for more wages. It would merely produce competition with other points where more hours were devoted to production, the result of which would be such a disturbance both of trade and industry at the eight-hours point that workmen would be thrown out of employment, and the business itself would be driven elsewhere. An eight-hours movement, or any other similar movement, to be really successful, must be universal in every branch of industry. But that is not conceivable. There would be always men enough willing to work nine or ten hours for the wages demanded for eight hours, and those who were themselves proprietors—and this is an immense working and producing force—would always work as they chose. Such strikes, involving skilled labor, may always produce great mischief. But it is merely a mischief of delay, and it is therefore only temporary. The present situation has shown plainly that there are two very different kinds of so-called labor movements. There are those which seek redress for real grievances, when the demand for redress is so reasonable that it commands general sympathy and support, and there are those which spring from certain social theories, and seek the violent overthrow of the existing social order. These last are mainly led by foreigners who scarcely speak our language, and who have no knowledge of the country nor comprehension of American institutions.

No intelligent American, whatever his occupation, can suppose that men like MOST and SPIES and PARSONS, who live in laziness by inciting to crime, can be of any use in settling any serious question whatever, or that the rioters in Chicago were honest friends of labor or of laboring-men. Such crimes as those in Chicago are fatal to the cause of labor, because they raise one question only, that of keeping the peace, and cover with prejudice and suspicion the cause in whose name public order is disturbed. Miscreants like the anarchist editors and leaders, who inflict every kind of suffering upon the innocent and helpless, and who strike at the equal rights of every honest man in the community, are the worst of public enemies, and should be so treated.

## LOOKING INTO THE DEPARTMENTS.

WE learn with pleasure that Mr. COX, the chairman of the House Committee upon Reform in the Civil Service, has not proposed that all employés in the public service shall be examined to determine their fitness to hold their places. Whatever may be Mr. COX's opinion of the propriety of such a course, he has not yet proposed it, and very probably he holds that it is a subject for executive rather than legislative initiation. The true view is that if incompetent employés are retained, it is the fault of the superior officer, because the power of removal is unrestricted, and as it is a breach of public trust to retain an incompetent employé to be paid by the public money, the officer who is guilty of the offence should be removed, and a successor appointed who could be trusted to secure the efficiency of the office by discharging the inefficient subordinate.

Mr. COX's committee has unanimously reported a bill for the appointment of a commission of five persons, three not in the public service, and two detailed from the service, and three of the five only of the same political party, to report to the President upon the proper classification, compensation, and number of employés in each department at Washington. The classification is not to include officers confirmed by the Senate, nor laborers, who are excluded from the present classified service under the reform act. This is an admirable proposition. There are now about eight thousand such employés, and there are unquestionably very great abuses arising from the present indefinite classification, or want of classification, and from the intrigues and importunity of members of Congress. Mr. GRAVES, the head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, whose report to Mr. SHERMAN when Secretary of the Treasury exposed some of the flagrant abuses in that bureau, has, we believe, made two or three hundred removals, and scarcely a dozen appointments, during the year that he has had charge of the office. Light is a powerful purgative, and what the departmental service requires is abundant light and order, and a firm and intelligent and honest control like that of Mr. GRAVES.

The advantages of all possible publicity and accurate knowledge in regard to the organization of the civil service are conspicuous. The classification proposed by the bill of Mr. COX would be most useful to members of Congress by making intelligible the details of appropriations for the service, which are now to most members hopelessly obscure. But the great result of such investigation, if searching and honest, will be the abolition of that system of mere personal favoritism which fills the service with incompetent and indolent employés who are kept in place by members of Congress and influential politicians. The strongest argument for a change in the heads of bureaus and offices is their indisposition to dismiss subordinates with whom they have been long associated. A truthful representation of the actual situation in the Washington departments would be felt beneficially throughout the service in better discipline and greater efficiency. The demand for it is another auspicious sign of the extension of the spirit of reform.

## A GREAT ABUSE.

SENATOR HAMPTON'S bill prohibiting the interference of Senators and Representatives in appointments is very timely and necessary. It declares recommending or soliciting appointments by any Senator or Representative to be a misdemeanor punishable by fine, and that all information from a Senator or Representative desired by the Executive shall be asked in writing, and the answer in writing shall be filed in the proper department or bureau. The necessity

of emancipating the executive officers of the government from the annoying importunity of the members of Congress needs no demonstration. Proper attention to the business of the whole people is prevented by the pertinacity of members of Congress in personally urging and reurging at length the appointment of some individual constituent. Every such constituent has an undoubted right to seek to enter the public service. But he has no right to seek such entrance in a way which obstructs the public business. No single citizen can assume that his personal interests take precedence of those of the country. The impertinent pressure of members of Congress upon executive officers is the great pest and nuisance of administration, and it should be peremptorily prohibited.

When the executive officer in any branch of the government wishes for information that he supposes a Senator or Representative can furnish him, he will apply to him. But a Senator who, without such invitation, solicits and urges a nomination which he is to confirm, commits an outrageous offence, because his action plainly opens the way for bargain and corrupt intrigue. When GEORGE CABOT, in the first Senate, asked President WASHINGTON that the name of a certain person might be placed upon the list of those to be considered for a consulship, he explained the reasons of his request, and apologized for the liberty that he took. Senator EDMUNDS evidently thought the message of President CLEVELAND in regard to private papers an uncalled-for interference of the Executive with legislative action, and suggested CHARLES the First. But it has been long the practice of Senators to badger and torment the Executive upon express constitutional executive functions, and if unsuccessful to appeal personally to other Senators to aid them by refusing to confirm a nomination which was not the one they had urged upon the President. Nothing could be more indecent and debasing, and it is the misfortune of the situation that the natural remedy, which is a prohibitory law, depends upon the will of Senators themselves.

It is the present practice also to allow the Representative to select all the postmasters in his district. His word is generally conclusive. This is a practice which invests the member of the Legislature with executive powers which are expressly withheld by the Constitution, and confuses functions which were jealously separated by the founders of the government. It gives him a large bribery fund drawn from the public treasury to control the political action of his district, and demoralizes the service by teaching the officer to feel that his place depends upon the favor of one man, and not upon good service to the people. The plea that a man selected by a community as its representative may be trusted to express its will upon the subject is disposed of by the fact that he is elected to discharge a specific legislative duty which is carefully separated from executive functions. The same constituency which selects him as a legislative agent has already, in voting for Presidential electors, selected an executive agent, and his interference with the Executive action is a gross offence. Senator HAMPTON'S bill is timely and excellent, and ought to become a law.

## THE MORAL OF A LATE EVENT.

OUR national pride, which is sometimes the butt of good natured satire even from ourselves, has often the highest reason. The Democratic party, to which the chief of secession belonged, has returned to power in the national administration. Confederate generals and soldiers and civilians of every degree sit in the Cabinet and the Senate and the House, and fill minor posts of administration. Confederate and Union officers write in the same magazine, and tell alternately upon the same lecture platform the story of the same battle of the war, and JEFFERSON DAVIS, amid the tumultuous acclamations of those who sustained the lost cause which he represents, passes from city to city in the limits of the Confederacy and extols fervently the doctrine of secession, as an old Tory in the administration of JEFFERSON might have defended the right of Parliament to tax the colonies and to quarter troops upon the colonists, while the united country smiles, and the leading press in the Northern and Southern States comments quietly upon the natural feeling of old associates toward a defeated chief, and General GORDON, who accompanies him, and who fought with him gallantly and with strong conviction, says, "The war is at an end, and the Southern people are glad of it, and glad that it ended as it did."

A people in full national vigor, of whom such things are true, twenty years after such a war as ours, is a people which may well be proud, because such things show no decline nor retrogression. The Union is a thousandfold more secure, and liberty is surer and more general, than ever. While Davis repeats the old doctrine of secession, and the crowds that listen cheer, and his old comrades share in the administration of the government, nobody feels the government to be any the less firm, or hears in those cheers the cry of another conflict. Nothing, indeed, shows more strikingly the actual situation than the ludicrous failure of the demonstration of some gentlemen at Albany against "the treasonable utterances" of "the archfiend" DAVIS. The worthy gentlemen supposed that all Buncombe would turn out. But nothing could have been more insignificant and unimpressive than their demonstration. Nobody cared for it as an expression of patriotism, and everybody laughed at it as a partisan trick.

"No," said an extreme machine Republican the other day, "I give it up. The bloody shirt will not wave." That is the cause of pride. If it meant that there was indifference to the rights or the welfare of the colored citizens anywhere, it would not be a cause of pride, but a sign of shame and cowardice. If it meant forgetfulness of the great support and the prolonged heroism and sacrifice of the war, it would be a disgrace. If it meant any abatement of the happy result in any degree, it would be a mortification. But the situation shows the universal consciousness that the epoch of the war and of its antecedent debate is definitely closed, and that our politics can turn no longer upon issues and passions that are felt to be finally composed. JEFFERSON DAVIS has rendered an excellent service to the country by impressing this fact upon every mind. "Rebel brigadier" is no more a word to conjure with than was "the Corsican" after BONAPARTE was at St. Helena.

## A BROAD HINT TO THE LOBBY.

A VERY excellent little resolution was adopted by the House a few days since at the instance of Mr. VOORHEES, the Delegate from Washington Territory. The resolution provided for an inquiry whether any ex-member of the House who under the rules is entitled to the floor is interested as agent or attorney for any railroad or other corporation in any claim or bill pending before Congress. The committee of inquiry is to report the result with such recommendations as may be necessary.

There is much complaint in Washington Territory that the great corporations, aided by land grants and favorable legislation, and practically exempt from taxation, exercise a very great power in a very oppressive manner. The charge is certainly not improbable, and an inquiry is very proper. Mr. VOORHEES had mentioned in his resolutions the name of a particular person. But while stating that he has appeared before a committee as a corporation advocate, he disclaimed personal knowledge of any specific act of the ex-member to influence members upon the floor, and he withdrew his name from the resolution before it passed.

But the ways of an ex-member of Congress who is a lobbyist are doubtless the ways of all other lobbyists. They are in Washington to ply their trade. A good tradesman improves every opportunity, and the freedom of the floor is an immense opportunity. Rule 34 of the House, indeed, excludes lobbying ex-members. But rules are sometimes disregarded, and the circumstances justify the inquiry whether this one may not have been forgotten. Eternal vigilance is the price of legislative relief from the lobby.

## THE EXECUTIVE AND THE APPROPRIATION BILLS.

THE refusal of Executive discretion to veto any item in an appropriation bill is a direct encouragement of jobbery. The great log-rolling bill in Congress is the River and Harbor Bill, in which members vote for grants to their several districts, and make a common interest of an enormous appropriation. To compel the Executive to choose between approval of proper aid and disapproval of a mere job is a public outrage.

No grant of money from the national Treasury for a good purpose should depend upon a similar grant for a bad purpose, and to say that to give the Executive discretion in approving appropriations is to give him power to annul legislation is absurd. The Constitution gives him the veto power, and although the constitutional veto applies to whole acts, an appropriation bill is simply an aggregation of single acts united for convenience. The attempt to compel the Executive to sign all an item is a virtual attack upon his constitutional authority.

The expression of the intelligent press upon the subject has been so decided that Congress should not hesitate to give the President the same discretion in regard to items in an appropriation bill which is given to the Governors of many States in the Union.

## THE LITTLE PARTY GAME.

SOME time since the Democratic Governor HILL, of New York, nominated to the Republican Senate certain persons for Health Officer and Quarantine Commissioners in place of those whose terms expired two or three years ago, and who are merely holding over. The persons were selected from both parties, and they were of such undeniably fitting character, and were so universally approved by the public opinion of the State, that there could be no legitimate reason for rejecting them.

Two months have passed, the session is approaching its end, and the Governor, in a message admirable in tone, at once firm and respectful, has reminded the Senate of the facts, pointing out the mischievous consequences of such disregard of the action of a coordinate branch of the government upon a subject in which the Executive and the Legislature are constitutionally associated, and courteously suggesting that the nominations be confirmed or rejected. It is a proper rebuke, and it ought to induce the Senate to act. Meanwhile the reason of the delay is well known. It is the fear of some mischief which Mr. PLATT, one of the Commissioners who holds over, may do to the Republican party or to some Republican candidate if he should be displaced by the confirmation of a successor.

Mr PLATT may be remembered as one of the State as the colleague of a brief term who resigned with Mr. CONKLING. In New York politics he was a Republican Statesman of the Stalwarts and the administration of Mr. ARTHUR, when he diverged and appeared in the Chicago Convention of 1884 as a strong opponent of Mr. ARTHUR and a warm advocate of Mr. BLAINE—a fact which was duly emphasized in the Convention by Mr. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND. Whether the interests of the Republican party require the retention of Mr. PLATT and of the Quarantine officers' salary as a basis of party assessment is not evident. But the supposed importance of Mr PLATT to some body or something is very silent. The situation has given the Governor another opportunity, of which he has skillfully availed himself, to appear to great advantage in contrast with the Senate. It is a further confirmation of what we said some time ago, that the Governor's conduct during the session will prove to have been of much more service to the Democratic party than that of the Senate to the Republican party.

## PERSONAL.

SOME friends of the late Mr H H RICHARDSON, who was visiting them in this city, proposed an excursion to a photographer's gallery. On reaching the place he was greeted by a request from the ladies of his party to have his picture taken in costume, and in a few minutes, greatly to his surprise, they had robed him as a monk, with the traditional rope around his waist, and the traditional cowl on his head. In spite of his full beard, the architect presented a very conventual aspect, and the portrait they taken is greatly prized by the few who have copies of it.

—Dr HENRY B. MILLARD, of this city, has been appointed the American delegate to the International Congress of Hydrology and Climatology, to be held from the 1st to the 8th of October at Biarritz.

—Some of our readers will remember the popularity of the "Panorama of the Holy Land," a series of paintings exhibited thirty or more years ago by Mr. John HOWARD. A recent writer has asserted that the series was painted by Mr John EVERS, but the fact is that the designer and principal painter was Mr HOWARD himself, who was one of the most successful pioneers of American panoramas, and justice to whom demands this correction.

—Mr FRANCIS LATHROP has finished an orbs for St. George's Church, in Flushing, Long Island, in the shape of a multiform window of stained glass, showing the figures of Piety and Purity. The principal colors are opalescent—silver, green, and saffron—and above the head of each figure is a nimbus of zigzag rays. The work has received warm praise from artists who have seen it, and enhances Mr LATHROP's reputation.

—One of President GARFIELD'S cabinet officers, who took the most active part in the prosecution of the Star Route ring, declared at the time to a friend that the evidence in his possession would never lead a Washington jury to convict the thieves. One-half of the population of the national capital consists, he said, of persons dependent upon contractors and the second half of persons dependent upon the first half.

—Mr. ARTHUR CARNEGIE a few years ago discovered that he believed in he unusual artistic talents in a clerk of a business house in this city. He sent him to Europe to study art, and paid the bills. The young man's first work of importance is a portrait of Mr CARNEGIE'S mother, which now hangs at a room in the Windsor Hotel, and is said to be very promising. Mr CARNEGIE'S interest in him is unabated.

—The $2000 prize of the Second Annual Prize Fund Exhibition of the American Art Galleries were awarded to Messrs F D MILLET, C F UNDERWOOD, CLIFFORD THAYER, and E. E. SIMMONS, in the order mentioned. Messrs MILLET and UNDERWOOD are well known already, Mr SIMMONS is a Bostonian, a pupil of BOUGUEREAU and LEFEBVRE; Mr THAYER is a Philadelphian, a pupil of GERÔME.

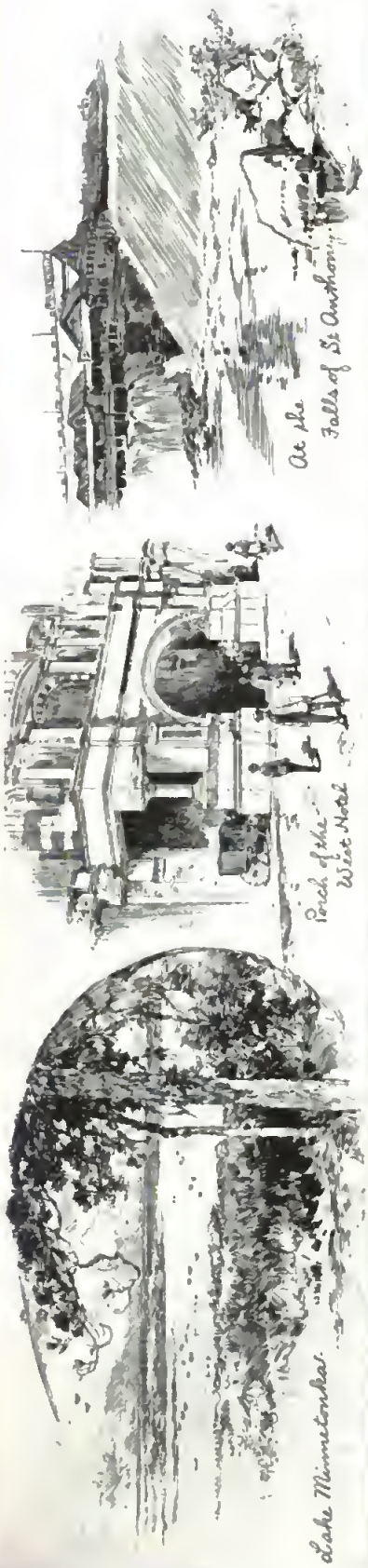
—Ten years ago a Knickerbocker lad of thirteen had a disagreement with his young step-mother, and ran away from home. He was not heard of until last week, when his father unexpectedly met him at the hospital. "There's a pluck for you," said the old man, admiringly, while recounting the circumstances to a friend. "He never let us know a word, although he is a telegraph operator."

—A successful surgeon, who once served eighteen months on the staff of a down-town hospital, relates that, as usual, he received no salary, and was summoned an average of eight times every night by the ambulance call. One of the governors of the hospital took up the ambulance book one day to examine the list of entries, and was much displeased to find that in the description of the patients the abbreviation "ast." was used, thus, "John JONES, ast. 47." "What does 'ast.' mean?" he asked. "It means 'aged,'" replied the young member of the staff. "Then why not write 'aged?'" demanded the governor, with petulance. "Because it has four letters, while 'ast.' has only three," replied the doctor. The petty economy that a governor of a hospital can inflict upon one of its surgeons ere, he says, innumerable; but the experience obtained through a course of professional service in such an institution is valuable enough to cause them to be ignored.

—The Rev PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Trinity Church, Boston, who has been nominated as Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, is an unusually large man, physically and intellectually. For some years he has enjoyed the reputation of being the leader of the Broad-Church in America. He speaks in public at the rate of two hundred words a minute. He has a wide acquaintance with leaders in Church and State in this country and abroad. His parishioners do not believe that he can be induced to leave Boston.

—M THEODORE DURET, who eight years ago wrote the interesting little pamphlet in praise of the Impressionist painters, three hundred of whose examples have been on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, is a manufacturer of cognac. Ten years of his life were spent in Japan, and he has an extensive private collection of art works. Copious extracts from his pamphlet were translated for the American catalogue of the Impressionist pictures.

—There died last week in this city, at the age of forty-four, a business man whose last hours displayed a fortitude and a tenderness that literature might preserve. While superintending the removal of some machinery he was thrown under the wheels of a freight car, and had the flesh almost entirely stripped from one of his legs. While waiting for a surgeon, he continued to give his orders in his men, and wrote a telegraphic message to his wife to meet him on the arrival of a certain train. "I have met with an accident," it read, "but I write this with my own hand." On arriving at the Grand Central Depot he was borne on a stretcher through the waiting room. As soon as he saw his wife in the crowd he waved his hand to reassure her, saying, gayly, with a smile, "Here I am, ANNIE." When told that the limb must be amputated, "All right," he replied, "only leave enough for me to ride horseback with." The announcement, a few hours later, that he would not survive the operation was received with perfect calmness. "It's odd," he observed, dryly, "that after dodging bullets for four years in the war, and after facing danger for twelve years in and around mines, I should at last be killed by a freight car." The next morning he was dead, having retained his consciousness and calmness to the end.



MANITOBA RAILWAY BRIDGE.

SKETCHES FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[See Page 312.]

THE LATE BISHOP ROBERTSON, OF MISSOURI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FARRINGER.

FRANK BROWN, POSTMASTER OF BALTIMORE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FAIS.

JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, POSTMASTER OF BROOKLYN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER & CO., BROOKLYN.

## THE LATE BISHOP ROBERTSON.

THE work done by the late Right Reverend CHARLES FRANCIS ROBERTSON, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, in the extension and the firmer establishment of the Church in that diocese, will give his name a permanent place in the history of the Church in America. He was born in New York city, March 2, 1833, and died in St. Louis, May 1, 1886. After a brief mercantile apprenticeship he determined to enter the ministry, and at the age of twenty went to Yale College. There he was graduated in 1859, and four years later he finished the course at the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. He immediately took charge of the parish of Malone, New York, where he remained for six years, until 1868. In that year he accepted a call to the parish of Batavia, but he had been at his new home only a few days when the Diocesan Convention of Missouri elected him its Bishop. He was then but thirty-three years of age. Youthful and robust, and as energetic as he was strong, he went to this Western diocese just when Missouri was recovering from the effects, and had by no means recovered from the feelings, of the war. There were then but five parishes in St. Louis, and the whole diocese included but twenty clergymen. Nine new parishes were organized in St. Louis alone before he died, and the number of clergymen in the diocese had increased to sixty-two. He found nearly all the churches in debt, but poverty and ill management were the least difficult, certainly the least delicate, difficulties of his task. An eminently practical man, he went about the work of building up the diocese with such vigor that the growth of the Church has been perhaps as largely the result of his personal energy as of the growth of the State and the prosperity of the people.

Nor was it only in clerical work that he made a place for himself in the history of Missouri. He took an active interest in every cause that made for the public weal. He was an energetic friend—it might almost be said agitator—of temperance. He was one of the most accomplished and useful members of the Missouri Historical Society, and he found recreation for many years in investigating obscure questions in American history.

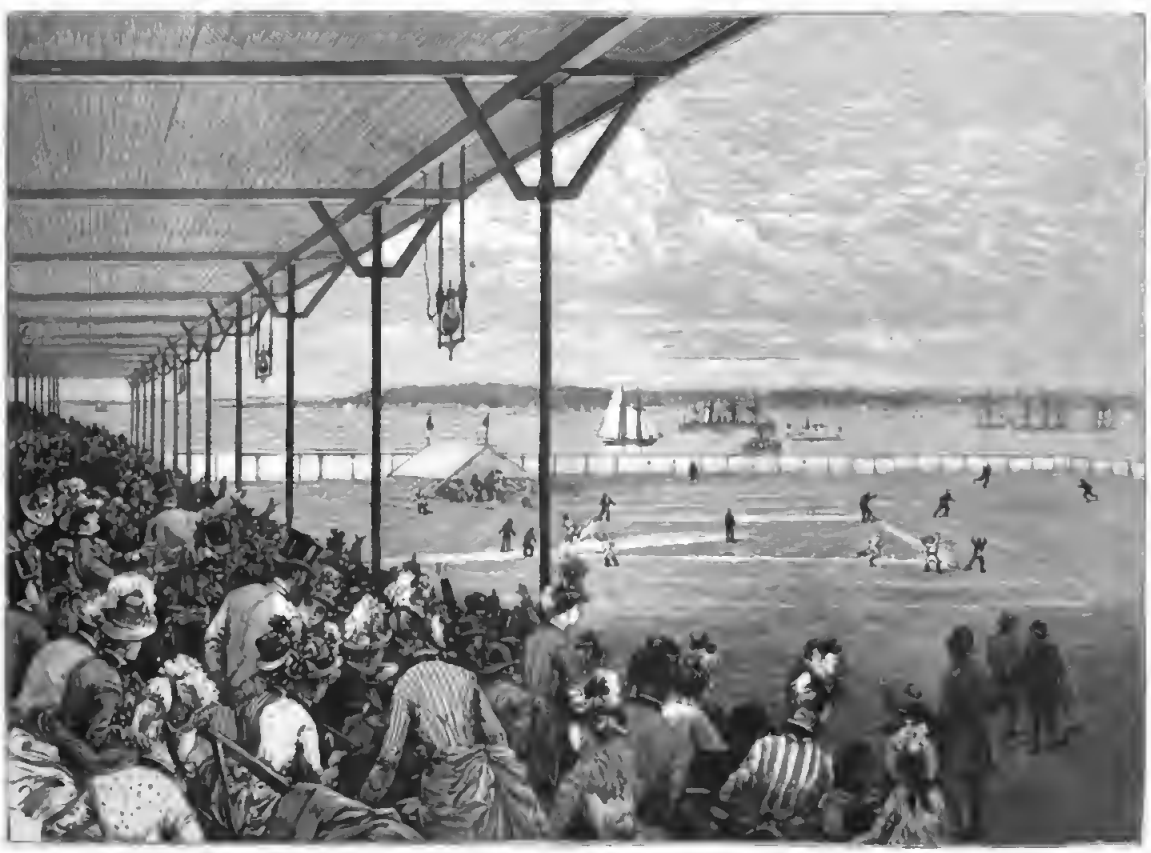
## MR. FRANK BROWN.

THE people of Baltimore, and the politicians as well, were astonished at the resignation of Mr I PARKER VRAZEY, who was appointed Postmaster a year ago, and on the same day that Mr VRAZEY's resignation was sent, the President, acting on his recommendation, appointed Mr FRANK BROWN as his successor. Though a somewhat prominent character in Democratic politics in Maryland, Mr. BROWN has never held any public position except membership in the Legislature. He is a farmer, whose birthplace and country home is in Carroll County. He is a man of wealth who for many years has given much time and money to further agricultural plans, and he has for several terms been President of the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association. He is a prominent member also of the Maryland Jockey Club. Mr. BROWN's political activity has shown itself in work for his party rather than for himself. During the last State campaign he was Treasurer of the Democratic Campaign Committee, and many of his friends insisted on his becoming a candidate for State Treasurer. He is now in his fortieth year, and he is regarded in Maryland as a man of political ambition, with the chances to win that youth and wealth, party loyalty and social distinction, give. His appointment is satisfactory to the Maryland Democrats from a party point of view, but it is not regarded as a favor to any particular leader.

## MR. JOSEPH C. HENDRIX.

Mr. JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, whom President CLEVELAND has appointed Postmaster at Brooklyn, was born in Missouri. He came to New York State first as a student at Cornell University. He went from college immediately into journalism, and he soon became a reporter of Brooklyn news for the New York *Sun*. It was thus that he became a citizen of Brooklyn, and made a large acquaintance there. In 1883 he was elected chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, which was intrusted with the organization of the Democratic party in Kings County, and in the same year he was the Democratic candidate for Mayor against Mr SETH LOW.

Mr HENDRIX is held in high esteem by men of all parties, and the news of his appointment was received with general satisfaction. "My selection by the President," he said, "was a surprise to me. I made no application for the appointment, nor did I work for it in any way." His partisan service and loyalty have been such that the Brooklyn Democrats can make no complaint that the President has disregarded party claims, but Mr HENDRIX was not one of the several candidates for the place in whose behalf a sort of campaign was conducted at Washington.



THE NEW GROUNDS OF THE METROPOLITAN BASE-BALL CLUB ON STATEN ISLAND.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 311.]

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# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Meanwhile the man of their talk had pursued his solitary way outward till westward sunset took him, and he looked about for a place of rest. His heart was so concentrated at parting from the girl that he could not face on him, so even a hedge-fold of the most humble kind; and entering it field, he lay down under a wheat rick, feeling as want of food. The very freshness of his soul caused him to sleep profoundly.

The bright autumn sun shining into his eyes across the stubble awoke him the next morning early. He opened his basket and ate for his breakfast what he had packed for his supper, and in doing so overhauled the remainder of his kit. Although everything he brought necessitated carriage at his own back, he had secreted among his tools a few of Elizabeth Jane's cast-off belongings, in the shape of gloves, shoes, a scrap of her handkerchief, and the like, and in his pocket he carried a coil of her hair. Having looked at these things, he closed them up again and went on ward.

During five consecutive days Henchard's rush basket rode along upon his shoulder between the high way hedges, the new yellow of the rushes catching the eye of an occasional field-laborer as he glanced over the quickset, together with the wayfarer's hat and head and down-turned face, over which the twig shadows moved in motion procession. It was because apparent that the direction of his journey was Weydon Priors, which he reached on the afternoon of the sixth day.

The renowned hill, whereon the annual fair had been held for so many generations, was now bare of human beings, and almost of sight beside. A few sheep grazed thereabout, but these ran off when Henchard halted upon the summit. He deposited his basket upon the turf, and looked about with sad curiosity, till he discovered the road by which his wife and himself had entered on the upland so memorable to both, two or three and twenty years before.

"Yes, we came up that way," he said, after ascertaining his bearings. "She was carrying the baby, and I was reading a ballad sheet. Then we crossed about here—she so sad and weary, and I speaking to her hardly at all, because of my cursed pride, and mortification at being poor. Then we saw the tent—that must have stood more this way." He walked to another spot; it was not really where the tent had stood, but it seemed so to him. "Here we went in, and here we sat down. I faced this way. Then I drank, and committed my crime. It must have been just on that very place that she was standing when she said her last words to me before going off with him. I can hear their sound now, and the sound of her sobs: 'Oh, Mike, I've lived with thee all this while, and had nothing but temper. Now I'm no more to 'ee—I'll try my luck elsewhere.'"

He experienced not only the bitterness of a man who finds, on looking back upon an ambitious course, that what he has sacrificed in sentiment was worth as much as what he had gained in substance, but the superadded bitterness of seeing his very reversation undified. He had been sorry for all this long ago; but his attempts to replace ambition by love had been as fully foiled as his ambition itself. His wronged wife had foiled them by a fraud as grandly simple as to be almost a virtue.

It was an odd sequence that out of all the wrenching of social law came that flower of Nature, Elizabeth. Part of his wish to wash his hands of life arose from his perceptions of such contrasts inconsistencies—of Nature's jaunty readiness to support had social principles.

He intended to go on from this place—visited as an act of penance—into another part of the country altogether. But he could not help thinking of Elizabeth, and the quarter of the horizon in which she lay. Out of this it happened that the centrifugal tendency imparted by weariness of the world was counteracted by the centripetal influence of his love for his step-daughter. As a consequence, instead of following a straight course yet further away from Casterbridge in his search for employment, Henchard gradually, almost unconsciously, deflected from that right line of his first intention, till, by degrees, his path, like that of the Canadian woodsman, became part of a circle, of which Casterbridge formed the long-distant centre. In ascending any particular hill he ascertained the bearings as nearly as he could by means of the sun, moon, or stars, and settled in his mind the exact direction in which Casterbridge and Elizabeth Jane lay. Sneering at himself for his weakness, he yet every hour—nay, every few minutes—conjectured her actions for the time being—her sitting down and rising up, her goings and comings, till thought of Farfrae's counter-influence would pass like a cold blast over a pool, and efface her image. And then he would say of himself, "Oh, you fool! All this about a daughter who is no daughter of thine?"

At length he obtained employment at his old occupation of hay-trusser, work of that sort being in demand at this autumn time. The scene of his hiring was a pastoral farm near the old western highway, whose course was the channel of all such communications as passed between the busy nations of naveby and the remote Wessex boroughs. He had chosen the neighborhood of this artery from a sense that situated here, though at a distance of fifty miles, he was virtually nearer to her whose welfare was as dear than he would be at a needless spot only half as remote.

And thus Henchard found himself again on the precise standing which he had occupied five and twenty years before. Externally there was nothing to hinder his making another start on the upward slope, and by his own lights achieving higher things than his soul in its half formed state had been able to accomplish. But the ingenious machinery contrived by the gods for reducing human possibilities of amelioration to a minimum—which arranges that wisdom to do should come *post passum* with the departure of zest for doing—stood in the way of all that. He had no wish to make an arena a second time of a world that had become a mere painted scene to him.

Very often, as his hay knife crunched down among the sweet-smelling grassy stems, he would survey mankind, and say to himself, "Here and everywhere are folk dying before their time like frosted leaves, though wanted by the world, the country, and their own families as badly as can be, while I, an outcast and an encumbrance, wanted by nobody, live on, and can't die if I try."

He often kept an eager ear upon the conversation of those who passed along the road, not from a general curiosity by any means, but in the hope that among these travellers to and from Casterbridge some would assume or later speak of that place. The distance, however, was too great to lend much probability to his desire, and the highest result of his attention to way side words was that he did, indeed, hear the name of "Casterbridge" uttered one day by the driver of a road wagon. Henchard ran to the gate of the field he worked in, and hailed the speaker, who was a stranger.

"Yes, I've come from there, mister," he said, in answer to Henchard's inquiry. "I trade up and down, you know, though what with this traveling without horses, that's getting so common, my work will soon be done."

"Anything casting in the old place, may I ask?"

"All the same as usual."

"I've heard that Mr. Farfrae, the late Mayor, is thinking of getting married. Now is that true or not?"

"I couldn't say for the life o' me. Oh ess; I should think not."

"But, yes, John," you forget," said a woman inside the wagon cleft. "What were those packages we took there at the beginning of the week? Surely they said a wedding was coming off soon—on Martin's Day"

The man declared he remembered nothing about it, and the wagon went on jingling over the hill.

Henchard was convinced that the woman's memory served her well. The date was an extremely probable one, there being no reason for delay on either side. He might, for that matter, write and inquire of Elizabeth, but his instinct for sequestration had made the course difficult. Yet before he left her she had said that for him to be absent from her wedding was not as she wished it to be.

The remembrance would continually revive in him now that it was not Elizabeth and Farfrae who had driven him away from them, but his own haughty sense that his presence was no longer desired. What if he had been mistaken in his views?—if there had been no necessity that his own absolute separation from her should be involved in the incident of her marriage?

He proceeded to draw a picture of the alternative—himself living like a forlorn lion about back rooms of a house in which his step-daughter was mistress: an embarrassed man, tenderly smiled on by Elizabeth, and good naturedly tolerated by her husband. It was terrible to his pride to descend so low; and yet, for the girl's sake, he might put up with anything; even from Farfrae; even snubbings and masterful tongue-scourgings. The privilege of being in the house she occupied would almost outweigh the personal humiliation.

But how to initiate this reversal of all his former resolves, without causing husband and wife to despise him for his inconsistency, was a question which made him frenzied and broad.

He eat and cut his trusses two days more, and then he concluded his hesitancies by a sudden impassioned resolve to go to the wedding festivity. Neither writing nor message would be expected from him. She had regretted his determination to be absent—his unexpected presence would fill the little unsatisfied corner that was left probably have place in her just heart without him.

To intrude as little of his personality as possible upon a gay event with which that personality could show nothing in keeping, he decided not to make his appearance till evening, when stiffness would have wore off, and the question who was or was not present had become a matter of indifference.

Not wishing to be in Casterbridge an hour earlier then the time planned, he started on foot two mornings before St. Martin's-tide, allowing himself about sixteen miles to perform for each of the three days' journey, reckoning the wedding day as one. There was only one town of any importance along his course, and there he stopped on the second night, not only to rest, but to prepare himself for the next evening.

Having no clothes but the working suit he stood in—now stained and distorted by their two months of hard usage—he entered a shop and made some purchases which should put him, externally at any rate, a little in harmony with the prevailing tone of the morrow. A rough yet respectable coat and hat, a new shirt and neck-cloth, were the chief of these; and having satisfied himself that in appearance at least he would not now offend her, he proceeded to the more interesting particular of buying her some present.

What should that present be? He walked up and down the street, regarding dubiously the display in the shop-windows from a gloomy sense that what he might most like to give his would be beyond his miserable pocket. A caged goldfinch met his eye, the cage was a plain and small one, the shop humble, and he concluded that he could afford the modest sum asked—afford it so not, he would have it somehow. A sheet of newspaper was tied round the bird's wire prison, and with the wrapped up cage in his hand Henchard sought a lodging for the night.

Next day he set out upon the last stage, and was soon within the district a much had been his trading ground in bygone years. Part of the distance he travelled by carrier, seating himself in the darkest corner of the back of that trader's van; and at the other passengers, mainly women going short journeys, mounted and alighted in front of Henchard, they talked over much local news, not the least portion of this being the wedding then in course of celebration at the town they were nearing. It appeared that the town band had been hired, and lest their convivial instincts should get the better of their skill, the further step had been taken of engaging the string band from Budmouth, so that there would be a reserve to fall back upon in case of need.

He heard, however, but few particulars beyond those known to him already, the incident of deepest interest in the rule being the soft goading of the Casterbridge bells, which reached the travellers' ears while the van passed on the top of a hill to have the drag lowered. The time was just after twelve o'clock.

These notes were a signal that all had gone well; that there had been no slip 'twixt cup and lip in this case; that Elizabeth Jane and Donald Farfrae were now and wife.

Henchard did not care to ride any further with his chattering companions after hearing this sound. Indeed, it quite unmanned him; and not wishing to arrive in Casterbridge till evening, he alighted here with his bundle and bird-cage, and was soon left as a lonely figure on the broad white highway.

It was the hill on which he had waited to meet Farfrae, nearly two years earlier, to tell him of the serious illness of his wife Lucetta. The place was unchanged; the same beeches sighed the same notes; but Farfrae had another wife, and, as Henchard knew, a better one. He only hoped that Elizabeth Jane had obtained a better home than had been here at the *former* time.

He passed the remainder of the day in a curious high-strung condition, unable to do much but think of the approaching meeting with her and to fly satirize himself for his emotions thereon, as a famous shorn. Such an interview on Casterbridge customs as a flitting of bridegroom and bride from the town immediately after the ceremony was not likely; but if it should have taken place, he would wait till their return. To assure himself on this point, he asked a market-man when near the town if the newly married couple had gone away, and was promptly informed that they had not, they were at that hour, according to all accounts, entertaining a houseful of guests on their home in Corn Street.

Henchard dusted his boots, washed his hands at the river side, and proceeded up the town. He need have made an inquiry beforehand, for, on drawing near Farfrae's residence, it was plain to the least observant that festivity prevailed within, and that Donald himself thered it, his voice being distinctly audible in the street, giving strong expression to wrong of his native country. Idlers were standing on the pavement in front; and, wishing to escape the notice of these, Henchard passed quickly on to the door.

It was wide open; the hall was lighted extravagantly, and people were going up and down the stairs. His courage failed him; to enter, footsore, laden, and poorly dressed, into the midst of such resplendency was to bring needless humiliation upon her he loved, if not to court rebuke from her husband. Accordingly he went round into the back street that he knew so well, entered the garden, and came quietly into the house through the kitchen, temporarily depositing the bird and cage under a bush outside to lessen the unhandiness of his arrival.

Solitude and sadness had so conditioned Henchard that he saw a feared circumstance he would formerly have scorned, and he began to wish that he had not taken upon himself to arrive at such a junctures. However, his progress was made unexpectedly easy by his discovering alone in the kitchen an elderly woman who seemed to be acting as provisional house-keeper during the convulsions from which Farfrae's establishment was just then suffering. She was one of those people whom nothing surprises, and though to her a total stranger, his request must have seemed odd, she willingly volunteered to go up and inform the master and mistress of the house that he had come.

On second thoughts she said that he had better not wait in the kitchen, but come up into the little back parlor, which was empty. He thereupon followed her thither, and she left him. Just as the pot across the landing to the door of the best parlor, a dance was struck up, and she returned to say that she would wait till that was over before announcing him—Mr and Mrs. Farfrae having both joined in the figure.

The door of the front room had been taken off its hinges to give more space, and that of the room Henchard sat in being ajar, he could see fractional parts of the dancers whenever their gyrations brought them near the doorway, chiefly in the shape of the skirts of dresses and streaming coils of hair, together with about three fifths of the band in profile, including the restless shoulder of a fiddler's elbow and the tip of the bassoon bow.

The gayety jarred upon Henchard's spirits; and he could not quite understand why Farfrae, a much-sobered man and a widower, who had had his trials, should have cared for it all, notwithstanding the fact that he was quite a young man still, and quickly kindled to enthusiasm by dance and song. That the sober Elizabeth, who had long ago appraised life at a moderate value, and who knew, in spite of her maidenhood, that marriage was, as a rule, no dancing matter, should have had not for this revelry surprised him still more. However, young people could not quite be old people, he concluded, and custom was omnipotent.

With the progress of the dance the performers spread out somewhat, and then for the first time he caught a glimpse of the once-despised daughter who had mastered his soul made his heart ache. She was in a dress of white silk or satin—he was not near enough to say which—snowy white, without a tinge of milk or cream; and the expression of her face was one of nervous pleasure rather than of gayety. Presently Farfrae came round, his exuberant movement making him conspicuous in a moment. The pair were not dancing together, but Henchard could discern that whenever the interchanges of the figure made them the partners of a moment their emotions breathed a much subtler essence than at other times.

By degrees Henchard became aware that the measure was trod by some one who out-Farfrae'd Farfrae in solitary intensiveness. This was strange, and it was stranger to find that the eclipsing personage was Elizabeth Jane's partner.

The first time that Henchard saw him he was sweeping gracefully round, his head quivering and bow down, his legs in the form of an X, and his back toward the door. The next time he came round in the other direction, his white waistcoat preceding his face, and his face preceding his white waistcoat. That face—Henchard lived a lifetime the moment that he saw it—that face was Newson's!

Henchard pushed to the door, and for some seconds made no other movement. He rose to his feet, and stood in dark despair, obscured by "the shade from his own soul upthrown."

He was no longer the man to stand these revenges unmoved. His agitation was great, and he would fain have been gone; but before he could leave the dance had ended, the house-keeper had informed Elizabeth Jane of the stranger who awaited her, and she entered the room immediately.

"Oh—it is—Mr Henchard?" she said, starting coldly back

"What, Elizabeth," he cried, as he seized her hand—"what do you say? *Mr* Henchard? Don't, don't scourge me like that; call me worthless old Henchard—anything—but don't be so cold as this! Oh, my maid, I see you have another—a real father in my place; you know all, but don't give all your heart to him. Cannot you save a little room for me?"

She flushed up, and pulled her hand away. "I could have loved you always—I would have gladly," said she. "But how can I when I know you have deceived me so—bitterly deceived me? You persuaded me that my father was not my father, allowed me to live on in ignorance of the truth for years, and then, when he came to see me, cruelly sent him away with an account of my death. Oh, how can I do anything but hate a man who has served me like that!"

Henchard's lips half parted to begin an explanation, but he shut them up like a vice, and uttered not a sound. How should he, there and then, set before her with any effect the palliatives of his great faults—that he had himself been deceived in her identity, till informed by her mother's letter that his own child had died, that, in the second occasion, his lie had been the last desperate throw of a gamester who loved her affection better than his own honor? Among the many hindrances to such a pleading not the least was this—that he did not sufficiently value himself to lessen his sufferings by any active means.

Waiting, therefore, his privilege of self defence, he regarded only her discomposure. "Don't distress yourself on my account," he said, with proud self-mastery. "I would not wish it—at such a time, too, as this! I have done wrong in coming to 'ee. I see my error; but it is only for once, so forgive it. I'll never, never trouble 'ee again, Elizabeth Jane—no, not to my dying day. Good-night. Good-by!"

Thus Henchard went out from her rooms, and she saw him no more.

## CHAPTER XLV.

It was about a month after the day which closed as in the last chapter. Elizabeth Jane had grown accustomed to the novelty of her situation, and the only difference between Donald's movements now and formerly was that he bustled in-doors rather more quickly after business hours than he had been in the habit of doing for some time.

Newson had maid in Casterbridge three days after the wedding party (whose gayety, as might have been surmised, was of his making rather than of the married couple's), and was feared at and honored as became the returned Crusoe of the hour. But whether or not because Casterbridge was difficult to excite by dramatic returns and disappearances, through having been for centuries an ocean town, in which sensational exits from the world, antipodean absences, and such like, were half yearly occurrences, the inhabitants did not altogether lose their equanimity on his account. On the fourth morning he was discovered discomposedly climbing a hill, in his eearing to get a glimpse of the sea from somewhere or other.

The contiguity of salt-water proved to be such a necessity of his existence that he preferred Budmouth as a place of residence, notwithstanding the anxiety of his daughter in the other town. Thither he went, and settled in lodgings in a

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green-shuttered cottage which had a bow window, jutting out sufficiently to afford glimpses of a vertical strip of blue sea to any one opening the sash and leaning forward far enough to look through a narrow lane of tall intervening houses.

Elizabeth Jane was standing in the middle of her upstairs parlor, critically surveying some rearrangement of articles, with her head to one side, when the house-maid came in with the announcement, "Oh, please, ma'am, we know now how that bird-cage came there."

In exploring her new domain during the first week of residence—gazing with critical satisfaction on this cheerful room and that, penetrating cautiously into dark cellars, sniffing with gourmet by treed into the garden, now leaf strewn by the autumn winds, and thus, like a true field-marshal, estimating the capabilities of the site whereon she was about to open her house-keeping campaign—Mrs. Elizabeth Farfrae had discovered, to a secretest corner, a new bird-cage threaded in cobwebs, and at the bottom of the cage a little ball of feathers—the dead body of a goldfinch. Nobody could tell her how the cage and bird had come there; though that the poor little songster had been starved to death was evident. The sadness of the incident made an impression on her. She had not been able to forget it for days, despite Farfrae's tender banter; and now, when the matter had been nearly forgotten, it was again revived.

"Oh, please, ma'am, we know how that bird-cage came there. That farmer's man that called on the evening of the wedding—he was seen with it in his hand as he came up street; and 'tis thought that he put it down while he came in with his message, and then went away, forgetting where he had left it."

This was enough to set Elizabeth thinking, and in thinking the seized hold of the idea, at once feminine bound, that the caged bird had been brought by Henchard for her as a wedding gift and token of repentance. He had not expressed to her any regrets to excuse for what he had done in the past, but it was a part of his nature to extenuate nothing, and lay on as one of his own worst accusers. She went out, looked at the cage, buried the bird, and from that hour her heart softened toward the self-alienated man.

When her husband came in she told him her solution of the bird-cage mystery, and begged Farfrae to help her in finding out, as soon as possible, whether Henchard had banished himself, that she might make her peace with him.

Although Farfrae had swore as passionately liked Henchard as Henchard had liked him, he had, on the other hand, never as passionately hated in the same direction as his former friend had done; and he was therefore not the least indisposed to assist Elizabeth Jane in her laudable plan.

But it was by no means easy to set about discovering Henchard. He had apparently sunk into the earth on leaving Mr. and Mrs. Farfrae's open front door. Elizabeth Jane remembered what he had once attempted, and trembled.

But Henchard had become a changed man since then—as far, that is, as change of emotional tone can justify such a radical phrase—and she needed not to fear. In a few days Farfrae's inquiries elicited that Henchard had been seen by one who knew him walking steadily along the highway eastward at twelve o'clock at night—in other words, retracing his steps on the road by which he had come.

This was enough, and the next morning Farfrae might have been discovered driving his gig out of Casterbridge in that direction, Elizabeth Jane sitting beside him, wrapped in a thick flat fur—the victorious of the period—her complexion somewhat richer then formerly, and an incipient maternal dignity, which the serene Minerva even of one "whose gestures beamed with mind" made easy, settling on her face. Having herself arrived at a promising haven from, at least, the grosser troubles of her life, she was anxious to find Henchard, and do something for him before he should sink into that lower stage of existence which was only too possible to him now.

After driving along the highway for a few miles they made further inquiries, and learned of a roadmender, who had been working thereabouts for weeks, that he had observed such a man to the time mentioned; he had left the Melchester coach-road by a forking highway which crossed Egdon Heath. Into this road they turned the horse's head, and soon were bowling across that ancient country whose surface had never been stirred as a finger's depth, save by the scratchings of rabbits, since brushed by the feet of the earliest tribes. The tumult these had left behind, dun and thagged with heather, jutted roundly into the sky from the hill above, as though they were the full breasts of Diana Multimammia supinely extended there.

They searched Egdon, but found no Henchard. Farfrae drove onward, and by the afternoon reached the neighborhood of some woodland to the east, the first outpost of which, in the form of a blasted clump of firs on the summit of a hill, they soon passed under. That the road they were following had, up to this point, been Henchard's track on foot they were pretty certain, but the ramifications which one began to reveal themselves in the route made further progress in the right direction a matter of pure guess-work, and Donald strongly advised his wife to give up the search in person, and trust to other means for obtaining news of her step-father. They were now a score of miles at least from home, but, by resting the horse for a couple of hours at a village they had just traversed, it would be possible to get back to Casterbridge that same day, while to go much further afield would reduce them to the necessity of camping out for the night. She pondered the position, and agreed with him.

As accordingly drew rein, but before reversing their direction paused a moment, and looked vaguely around upon the wide country which the elevated position disclosed. While they hesitated, a solitary human form came from under the clump of trees, and crossed ahead of them. The person was some laborer, his gait was shambling, his regard fixed in front of him as absolutely as if he wore blinkers, and in his hand he carried a few sticks. Having crossed the road he disappeared into a cavine, where a cottage revealed itself, which he entered.

"If it were not so far away from Casterbridge I should say that must be poor Whittle. The just like him," observed Elizabeth Jane.

"And it was he Whittle, for he's never been to the yard there three weeks, going away without saying any word at all; and I owing him for two days' work, without knowing who to pay it to."

The possibility led them to alight, and at least make an inquiry at the cottage. Farfrae hitched the reins to the gate-post, and they approached what was of humble dwellings surely the humblest. The walls, built of kneaded clay originally faced with a trowel, had been worn by years of rain-washings to a lumpy crumbling surface, channelled and sunken from its plane, its gray crests held together here and there by a leafy strap of ivy, which could scarcely find substance enough for the purpose. Leaves from the fence had been blown into the corners of the doorway, and lay there undisturbed. The door was ajar; Farfrae knocked; and he also stood before them was Whittle, as they had conjectured.

His face showed marks of deep sadness, his eyes lighting up them with an unfocused gaze; and he still held in his hand the few sticks he had been out to gather. As soon as he recognized them he started.

"What, Abel Whittle; and is it that ye are here?" said Farfrae.

"Ay, yes, sir. You see, he was kind like to mother when she was here below, though 'a was rough to me."

"Who are you talking of?"

"Oh, sir—Mr Henchard! Didn't ye know it? He's just gone—about half an hour ago, by the east; for I've got on watch to my name."

"Not—dead?" faltered Elizabeth Jane.

"Yes, ma'am, he's gone. He was kind like to mother when she was here below, sending her the best ship-coal, and hardly any ashes from it to all; and tatties, and such like, that were very needful to her. So I need him go down street on the night of your worshipful's wedding to the lady at yer side, and I thought he looked low and faltering. And I followed on over the road, and he turned and saw me, and said, 'You go back!' But I followed, and he turned again, and said, 'Do you hear, sir? Go back.' But I saw that he was low, and I followed on still. Then 'a said, 'Whittle, what do ye follow me for, when I've told ye to go back all these times?' And I said, 'Because, sir, I see things be bad with ye, and ye seer kind like to mother if ye were rough to me, and I could fain be kind like to you.' Then he walked on, and I followed, and he never complained at me any more. We walked on like that all night; and in the blue o' the morning, when 'twas hardly day, I looked ahead o' me, and I seed that he wambled, and could hardly drag along. By that time we had got past here, but I had seen that this house was empty as I went by, and I got him to come back; and I took down the hearth from the windows, and helped him inside. Then I went on further, and some neighborly woodmen lent me a bed, and a chair, and a few other traps, and we brought 'em here, and made him as comfortable to we could. But he didn't gain strength, for you see, ma'am, he couldn't eat—no, an appetite at all—and he got weaker; and to-day he died. One of the neighbors have gone to get a man to measure him."

"Dear me—and is it so?" said Farfrae.

As for Elizabeth, she said nothing.

"Upon the head of his bed he placed a piece of paper, with some writing upon it," continued Abel Whittle. "But not being a man of letters, I can't read writing, so I don't know what it is. I can get it and show ye."

They stood in silence while he went into the cottage, returning in a moment with a crumpled scrap of paper. On it there was penciled as follows:

"MICHAEL HENCHARD'S WILL.

"That Elizabeth Jane Farfrae be not told of my death, or made to grieve on account of me.

"& that I be not buryd in consecrated ground.

"& that no sexton be asked to toll the bell.

"& that nobody is wished to see my dead body.

"& that no mourners walk behind me at my funeral.

"& that no flowrs be planted on my grave

"& that no man remember me.

"To this I put my name.

"MICHAEL HENCHARD."

"What are we to do?" said Donald, when he had handed the paper to her.

She could not answer distinctly "Oh, Donald," she said at last. "What bitterness lies there! I would not have minded so much if it had not been for that last parting! But there's no altering—so it must be."

What Henchard had written in the anguish of his dying was respected to the letter by Elizabeth Jane, though less from a sense of the sacredness of last words, so much, than from her independent knowledge that the man who wrote them meant what he said. She knew the directions to be a piece of the same stuff that his whole life was made of, and hence were not to be tampered with to give herself a moralful pleasure, or her husband credit for large-heartedness.

All was over at last, even her regrets for having misunderstood him on his final visit, though these were deep and sharp for a good while. From this time forward Elizabeth Jane found herself in a latitude of calm weather, kindly and grateful in itself, and doubly so after the Capharnaum in which some of her preceding years had been spent. As the lively and sparkling emotions of her early married life colored into an equable serenity, the inner movements of her nature found scope in discovering to the narrowest ones around her the secret (as she had learnt it) of making poverty endurable, which she deemed to consist in the enlarging enlargement by a species of microscopic treatment, even to the magnitude of positive pleasure, those minute facts of satisfaction that offer themselves to everybody not in positive pain; which, thus handled, have much of the same inspiriting effect upon life as wider interests severally embraced.

Her tending had a reflex action upon herself, insomuch that she thought she could perceive no great personal difference between being respected in the nether parts of Casterbridge and glorified at the uppermost end of the social world.

Her position was, indeed, to a marked degree one that, in the common phrase, afforded much to be thankful for. That she was not demonstratively thankful was no fault of hers. Her experience had been of a kind to teach her, rightly or wrongly, that the doubtful honor of a hard transit through a sorry world hardly called for effusiveness, even when the path was suddenly irradiated at some half-way point by daffodils rich as here. But her strong sense that neither she nor any human being deserved less than was given, did not blind her to the fact that there were others receiving less who had deserved much more. And in being forced to class herself among the fortunate she did not cease to wonder at the persistence of the unfortunate, when the one to whom such unbroken tranquillity had been accorded in the adult stage was she whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain.

THE END.

## MINNEAPOLIS.

SEVERAL the city now, it is hard to believe that thirty years ago Minneapolis did not exist, and that the ground on which it stands was part of a military reservation. The old pioneers—Colonel John H. STEVENS—who built the first cabin on the west side of the Falls of St. Anthony, where the greater part of the city now lies, still live, stout and vigorous, as the editor of a Minneapolis agricultural newspaper. It was a year from the time that he built that cabin before the adventurous STEVENS had any neighbors but red ones—Sioux and Chippewas. In the quarter of a century which has passed since then a city of 130,000 inhabitants has sprouted out of the prairie, and land which he took up for nothing an acre is now worth a thousand dollars the front foot.

Minneapolis, then, has some right to be proud of herself and her record. Nor, to tell the truth, does the fall to exercise her right. She is proud of both. Just now she is perhaps unusually demonstrative in her pride, for with the beginning of the new year there was a colossal totting up of the city's accounts for the past twelve-month. For a space the city was dissolved with a plague of statistics, and the results of those statistics Minneapolitans have hardly finished gloating over yet.

According to the State census of July last, the city had then a population of 129,200. Her city property is valued at $77,468,267, and $1,532,000 were spent last year in public improvements. During the twelve months 3370 new buildings were erected in the city, at a total cost of $9,715,000, and her manufacturing establishments produced goods to the value of $54,060,700; her wholesale trade for the year was estimated at sixty-one millions, and her jobbers' sales at one hundred and thirty-seven millions. But it is the contemplation of her flourishing industry that has done most to blight the young modesty of Minneapolis. The local papers—of which there are three dailies, the *Tribune*, *Journal*, and *Gazette*—delight to abandon themselves to arithmetical orgies, wild debauches of statistics, wherein, by column after column of figures, they prove things regarding the city's wheat and flour trade which appall and shock a non-resident. Her wheat receipts last year amounted to over thirty-two millions of bushels (against twenty-five millions received in New York and nineteen millions in Chicago), of which she shipped again nearly five million bushels, and made 5,100,962 barrels of flour out of (presumably) the rest. Those are but grains of sand from the Sahara of figures with which the city has been laid waste.

But apart from these statistics (which are the curse of every "growing city"), Minneapolis has many of the elements which go to make up a charming place of residence, with the broad Mississippi winding through the level town site to where it slips clamorously over the falls, with all its parks and boulevards, with its wide streets and avenues, almost all of which are bordered with trees, till in summer time the whole city is half smothered in their greenery, and, above all, with Minnehaha Falls, and those charming Minnesota lakes lying as close at hand. Minnetonka is only nine miles out—and a lovely sheet of water is Minnetonka—while two smaller lakes, Harriet and Calhoun, are actually included within the city limits.

Of course the city still bears plentiful traces of its youth. It has not yet all escaped from the unlovely tadpole stage. The municipal government is kept desperately busy struggling to make public improvements keep pace with the rapid growth in size and population, and there still remains abundance of work for the city government to do. But for the most part the streets in the centre of the city, to the main business portion, are singularly imposing. The small unsightly frame houses, relics of the village epoch, have almost disappeared, and in their place have arisen rows of fine buildings which would look conspicuous enough even in New York.

Prominent, perhaps chief, among these is the West Hotel, a splendid structure of red pressed brick and white marble, with some exceptionally pleasing architectural lots in it, as the accompanying cut of the main entrance will show. The cost of the great hostelry is reported to have been a million and a half—an estimate which does not seem extravagant. This red pressed brick is the favorite material for business blocks in Minneapolis, and on Nicollet and Hennepin avenues (many opulent old names are nicely preserved in the local nomenclature) stand several such blocks, are architecturally admirable—the Masonic Temple Block, for instance, the Sofie, Lindsey-Stokes, Academy of Music, and syndicate blocks, and the new Loan and Trust Company's building. But the two structures which have the most individuality, and which (though little prized by Minneapolitans) most delight a visitor, are an immense old market-house, which some have been able to hardly from some ancient Spanish town, and the Suspension Bridge across the Mississippi. This latter was lately placed under sentence of death, and it seems yet uncertain whether the sentence has been revoked or not. It is far from being straightly, with its bold rough stone towers and graceful span, but the citizens, or part of them—and that part controlling the City Council—took it into their heads that they needed a broader passageway across the river. So arrangements were consummated for the building of a spacious eighty-foot wide, four-hundred-thousand-dollar, stone arch bridge in the place of the present structure, which would then have to be pulled down, and (the indignity of it!) sold—as cables at least—for wire fencing. When the city had grown older and wiser it would regret the lost suspension-bridge.

## BASE BALL ON STATEN ISLAND.

THE people of New York city are not in the least danger of suffering, during the coming summer, from a dearth of base-ball. In fact, there is an embarrassment of that pastime, and the youth who undertakes to view the professional exhibitions will be daily torn by conflicting desires, one drawing him to the League game in Harlem and another to the Association game twelve miles away. A picture is given in this issue of the new base-ball field of the Metropolitan Club on Staten Island. The grounds were formally opened on the 22d of last month by a game between the Metropolitans and the Athletics of Philadelphia, both nines being, as is generally well known, members of the American Association. There was a large number of spectators present, and the new grounds were by most people pronounced a success, the only fault being that the enclosed space is not sufficiently large to permit of really heavy batting without danger of the ball's going over the fence. As far as the accessibility of the new grounds to the business centre of New York is concerned, they have an advantage over the Polo Grounds at One-hundred and tenth Street, for they lie directly at the St. George ferry landing on Staten Island (the nearest point to New York), and are reached after a sail of only twenty minutes from the Battery.

Since the close of last year's base-ball season the Metropolitan Club has become the property of a stock association, known as the Staten Island Amusement Company. The franchise was purchased by Mr. ERASTUS WIMAN, who was afterward compelled to defend the valuation of his property in the courts, an attempt having been made by certain other clubs of the American Association to expel the Metropolitans from that association. In that attempt they were quite properly defeated, and the Metropolitan club, having been strengthened and improved so far as possible by its managers, has entered into the race for the Association championship with all its rights and privileges intact. It remains to be said, however, that the Metropolitans have started the season in a way that gives much promise of success. They have been repeatedly and hardly beaten by clubs which were supposed to be their inferiors. The nine is well organized, however, and under the care of Mr. James M. GIFFORD, who has been engaged as "team manager," they may pull up and take a prominent place in the race before the season is ended. It is certainly too early at this date to venture into any predictions concerning the general result.

The American Association consists, besides the Metropolitans, of the Brooklyns, the Athletics of Philadelphia, the Baltimores, the Pittsburghs, the Louisvilles, the Cincinnatis, and a St. Louis nine. All the home games of the "Mets" with the nines just mentioned will be played at the new grounds on Staten Island. Whatever else may be said of these grounds, they furnish a most charming site for an open-air contest of any description, and make an attractive place of resort on a hot day, independent of the quality of any game that is to take place there. The Amusement Company has proceeded, apparently without regard to cost, in the erection of a handsome and convenient building for the spectators, which has two enormous galleries shaded by roof from the sun and commanding a view not only of the ball field, but of the beautiful harbor beyond. In the space behind and below the galleries are spacious dining-rooms, where hot meals and refreshments of all kinds are served. In addition to the ball games, and during the absence of the home nine on its Western tour, an interesting series of lacrosse matches is to take place on these new Staten Island grounds, and a number of strong Canadian lacrosse clubs have signified their intention of participating in the tournament.

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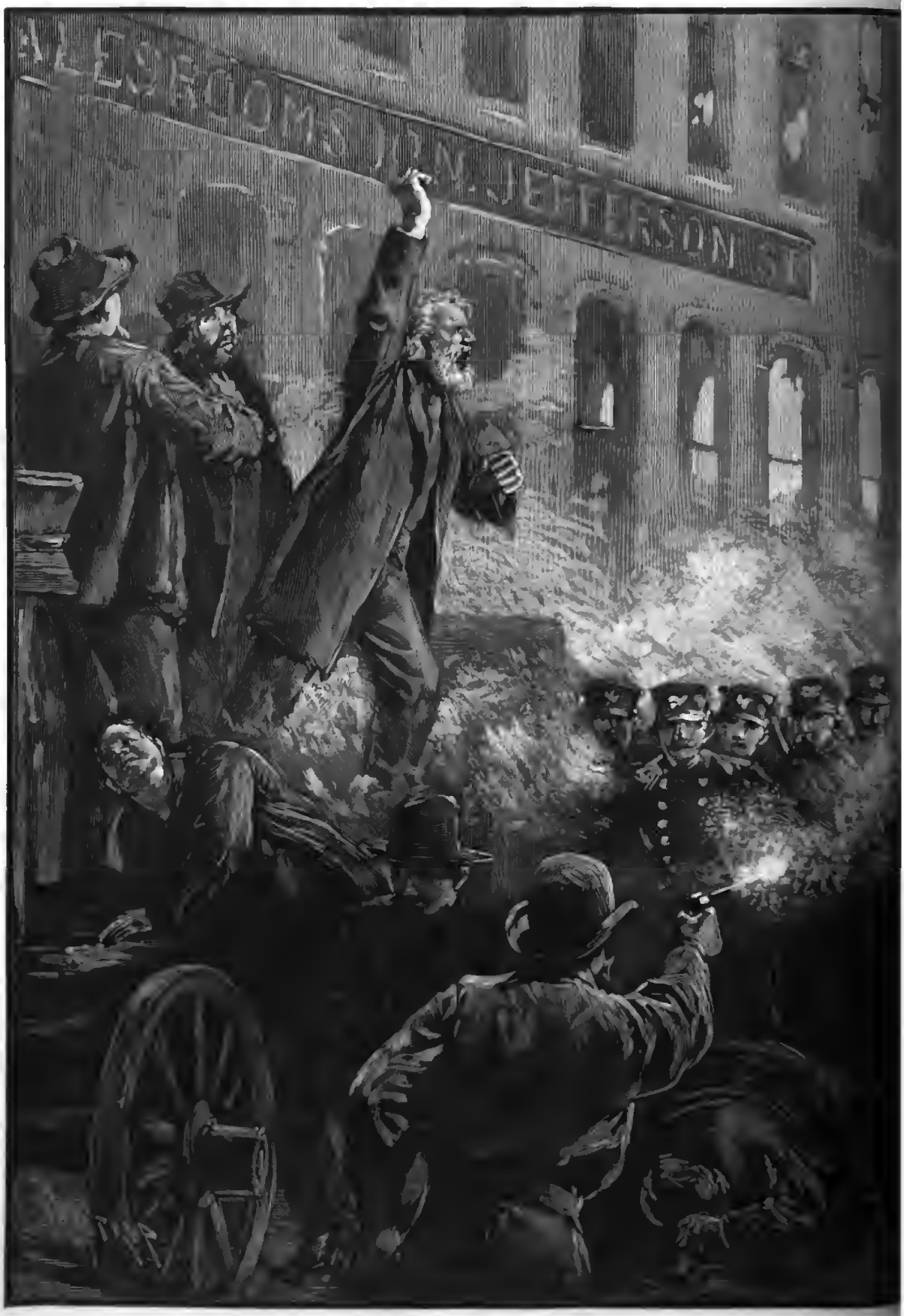


THE ANARCHIST RIOT IN CHICAGO—A DYNAMITE BOMB EXPLODING AMONG TH

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY H. JEANNERET.—[SEE PAGE 315.]

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## PRISCILLA.

PRISCILLA's beauty was of that shadowy and spiritual kind that it took a good while to find out that she was a beauty at all. Certainly Priscilla's sisters, the Misses Mildmay, had sublime faith in Priscilla's charms; but the poor girl herself had spent so much of her twenty-one years of life trying to conform to the standard of behavior inculcated in the Misses Mildmay's boarding and day school for young ladies and little girls that it had robbed her of that delicious and ingenuous easiness which is the glorious inheritance of pretty young things of her gender. The Misses Mildmay lived in an imposing four-story brick mansion in a street of the eternal respectability; there was not a suspicion of the shop in the stately front door, and the heavily draped windows bore no advertising sign. The tall man servant who opened the door was loftily oblivious to the pupils who sneaked in by the garden way. The Misses Mildmay had made money in their mood—and it was all for Priscilla. Had this youngest birdling in the dovecot been like her elder sisters, nothing could have been better contrived than the scheme of happiness proposed to her. But unfortunately Priscilla was no more a Mildmay than she was a Montmorency or a Cassé. It is true that she conformed outwardly to the Mildmay model, but nature's original Priscilla was a merry, fiery young creature with peachy cheeks and a persuasive smile and a good appetite. All these things, however, were kept in abeyance—particularly her color and her appetite. Had that disguised fustanna been cut up into juicy chops for Priscilla's breakfast, and that mahogany door been made into rich soups for Priscilla's dinner, she could no doubt have lost some of that pretty pallor, that pathetic look out of her dark eyes; but the income of the Misses Mildmay did not admit of the footman and the mahogany door and the juicy chops and rich soups too, so they skimped in the dinners, skimped on the amusements, skimped on all those vanities that had seem had any charms for them, but which Mother Nature, who is obstinate as well as perverse, had meant for the younger sister.

The Mildmay religious was necessarily of a well-bred and repressive type, but Priscilla was given to getting up early and walking long distances to early services, and coming back pale and breathless, as if she had passed through some exciting experience. And instead of reading the books of devotion proposed by her sisters, she had a way of devouring *Thomas à Kempis* as if it contained all there was of truth. When the elder Miss Mildmay hinted to old Dr Sunbury that Priscilla's piety was not exactly of a quiet, well-governed kind, he smiled latinly.

"Don't trouble about the child. On rainy Sundays I find myself watching her face while they are singing the first hymn. It makes me forget the dampness, coldness. I'm susceptible to weather influences, and on those occasions Priscilla's face helps me."

One afternoon Dr Sunbury, walking down the quiet streets of West Harrowby—it was half town, half village—met Priscilla hurrying along. She stopped suddenly when she saw him, and blushed guiltily all over her face and neck, while her pretty eyes sought the ground. "Come, come," said the old doctor, good humoredly; "you've been going to hear that military parson again."

Although Priscilla seemed embarrassed, she had not walked and talked with Dr Sunbury all these years without knowing him, as she was not very much frightened after all. "Yes, I have, Dr Sunbury," she said, saucily.

"It's the old story. Even if a man has once been a soldier, he's enslaved—" Dr. Sunbury stopped.

"But I do feel," said Priscilla, in a distressed voice, "as if it were a kind of—ingratitude—forgetfulness, to leave St. John's."

"Why?" asked Dr Sunbury, walking soberly along, with his hands behind his back.

"You know," answered Priscilla, reproachfully.

"No, I don't," said Dr. Sunbury. "I always thought myself a liberal man. I see no reason why you should think me inhuman. Mr Thorburn is an eloquent preacher. I am told that he has reformed that colony of trick-makers on the edge of the town so that they have ceased to be the terror of their neighbors, and come to church in such crowds that the more respectable part of the congregation complain they are crowded out by them. Why should not the young and enthusiastic go to hear him?"

Priscilla sighed.

Priscilla took Dr. Sunbury's advice, and on week-days and Sunday afternoons forsook the comfortable cushioned pews of St. John's for St. Philip's here and somewhat cheerless interior Mr Thorburn, and his hearers too, would probably have been surprised to know that Dr Sunbury had sailed him eloquent. He had been a soldier many more years than he had been a clergyman, and as a trim military mustache and a quick military walk and something suggestive of a sword in the way he carried his clerical cane still clung to him, so did a certain authoritative manner of speaking—a plain, soldier-like blunt-ness of speech, far removed from conventional pulpit eloquence. "Now, brethren," he would say, very much in the tone of "Attention!"

The tea tables of West Harrowby did not see Mr Thorburn often. Once a month he dined with Dr Sunbury, and occasionally Dr Sunbury walked over to his brother clergyman's modest lodgings in East Harrowby and smoked a pipe of peace with him. Everybody knew Mr Thorburn's history. He had met with the most awful of domestic calamities—the wife whom he loved had lost her mind. Clearly society could give Mr Thorburn no pleasure.

Priscilla's face had not escaped Mr. Thorburn. He had keen eyes, and he saw everything. He saw Priscilla with wonder. Women, as a rule, did not flock to his church. They said they liked his sermons cold. Men, and some of them none of the best, chiefly made up his audience. It was not hard anywhere to observe Priscilla's snow-drop face in her little black bonnet, with her eager, beseeching eyes. After a while Mr. Thorburn began to feel their mesmeric influence, as Dr Sunbury had done ever since she was fifteen. He began to watch for her, to preach at her, to feel that she understood him—a very comfortable thing for a public speaker. Of course he knew who Miss Priscilla Mildmay was—"Very alive, but not the equal of the elder Misses Mildmay," he usually heard—and sometimes they had met at Dr Sunbury's. As Mr Thorburn was naturally a silent man, and Priscilla lacked courage in a drawing room, they scarcely exchanged half a dozen words. It came about, though, as these things will, that in the course of his parish work he came upon Priscilla—Priscilla teaching a class of ragged boys their lessons, after having taught the most stylish young ladies in West Harrowby the most elegant branches of a polite education. Some way, all the restraint they had felt in Dr. Sunbury's drawing room melted away in the little bare school room. There Priscilla reigned supreme, calmly confident under Mr Thorburn's searching gaze. She had a peculiar knack of teaching. Her gentle, "Now, please, boys," had the same effect on Mr Thorburn's stern, "Sir, you fellows, behave yourselves." Mr Thorburn watched with admiration the tact with which she managed her noisy, but unruly crowd.

Of course all this teaching did not go on with the unqualified approbation of the Misses Mildmay. Priscilla showed a phenomenal determination about it, and being upheld by Dr. Sunbury, who in some way always encouraged her vagaries, the Misses Mildmay, although they might look coldly on it, could not forbid it.

It did not take much to violently excite West Harrowby; and therefore when the Harrowby *Union Palladium* published one morning, with a big display head that covered half the first page of the paper, the burning of the Northern Lunatic Asylum, a certain circumstance connected therewith gave West Harrowby something to talk about for a week. Five inmates of the female ward were missing. When the roll was called among them, Mrs. Eleanor Thorburn and five bodies charred beyond recognition were found in the ruins of the building. Some days after that a notice appeared in the obituary column of the *Union-Palladium*: "Suddenly, on the 12th of February, Mrs. Eleanor Thorburn, wife of the Reverend Edmund Thorburn, of East Harrowby." That was all.

Nobody—not the most censorious—could accuse Mr Thorburn of not paying scrupulous respect to his wife's memory. Yet it made but little outward difference to his life. For two or three Sundays he was absent from his pulpit, and when he reappeared he wore a band of crape upon his hat.

So things went on until nearly two years had slipped past. One spring afternoon Dr Sunbury, with his particular chum and crony Dr Forman, the great light of the medical profession in and about Harrowby, was enjoying a quiet saunter through the familiar shady strut. They had wrestled in argument so often, and practised in company so much, that Dr. Sunbury had become a pretty good doctor of medicine, and Dr. Forman was no mean proficient in theology. Right in the midst of a friendly dance wrangle on the subject of ecclesiastical history, Dr. Forman suddenly remarked, "That's going to be a match."

As Dr Sunbury glanced up he saw Mr Thorburn, as he met Priscilla Mildmay, stop, smile, speak a few words, and, lifting his hat, go upon his way.

"Bless my soul!" almost shouted Dr. Sunbury, stopping short and gazing at Dr. Forman's immovable face.

"Why not?" said the physician, tartly. "I see them together half a dozen times a week."

Dr Sunbury was at heart an inveterate match-maker, as all truly benevolent old persons are apt to be, and as soon as he allowed his imagination to feast upon the idea of a match between Thorburn and Priscilla, its manifest fitness impressed itself as upon him that he would fain have got out a license, gone to them, and commanded them to stand up and be married immediately. He did, however, firmly resolve to give Thorburn a hint, but giving Thorburn hints was always a matter of more or less difficulty with everybody. At last, however, the opportunity came, and Dr. Sunbury seized it courageously. He had been spending the evening with Mr Thorburn as his lodgings, and the other clergyman happening to mention, as Dr Sunbury was taking his leave, that he thought of getting lodgings elsewhere, Dr Sunbury remarked quite casualty that he "had heard something regarding Mr. Thurburn and Miss Priscilla Mildmay which perhaps accounted for the proposed change." They were standing at Mr Thorburn's door, and by the bright moonlight Dr Sunbury saw the dark flush which overspread Mr. Thorburn's somewhat sad-looking face.

"I—I assure you—" he began; and then, after a pause, "I am too old."

"Nonsense!" replied Dr Sunbury. "Priscilla is nearly twenty four" (ah! doctor, you know she was only twenty-three month before last), "and you are—let me see—thirty-seven."

"Thirty-nine," commentatously said Mr Thorburn.

"Well, thirty-nine. You are enough man of the world to see that age interposes no obstacle in the case. However, I shall say no more. Good night."

"If I hadn't been going just then, I don't think I could have said it," confidentially remarked Dr. Sunbury to Dr Forman.

The little seed that Dr Sunbury had planted in Mr Thorburn's mind grew, and waxed to be a great tree. Not all the time he looked upon it as impossible. Priscilla was but a child, and he was a man grown old in sorrow, in suffering, and labor. No, it could never be. And leaving comes to the conclusion that he was in no danger whatever, Mr. Thorburn faced just as such pronunciamentos humans always do—most Priscilla under the most adverse circumstances, running home from a shower, and in a manner the most unexpected to himself proposed to her just as they came in front of the West Harrowby savings-bank, which was also the post-office and the principal apothecary's shop. Priscilla's behavior was of a piece with his own. The idea had never been presented to her mind before, and it was a matter that required the utmost circumspection in deciding, and yet by the time she reached her own door she had accepted Mr Thorburn, the rain meanwhile from his umbrella trickling in little rivers down her back. There was neither time nor opportunity for love-making to the midst of a pouring shower upon the pavement in front of the Mildmay mansion, so Mr Thorburn could only take her little cold hand and say, "God bless you, God bless you, my Priscilla!"

In due course of time the wedding—a very quiet one—came off, and Mr and Mrs Thorburn were settled in a modest rectory in East Harrowby. The Misses Mildmay had consented—indeed, urged—that Mr Thorburn should retain his living in the more fashionable precincts of West Harrowby, but Mr Thorburn demurred, on the ground of its being a clergyman's duty to live in his parish.

They were so happy in the day was long. Priscilla, under the new influences of happiness and good roast beef and a daily pint of porter, grew rosy, and blossomed out into a regular beauty, and Mr Thorburn's face lost that painful expression it had been wont to wear when he strode through the streets on his parish work. And time went by so fast—so fast; that had been married nearly three years, when they felt as if their honey-moon was just beginning.

It was getting toward dusk one misty November afternoon when Priscilla went trapping past Dr Forman's house, which stood on the opposite side of the street. The moisture from the overhanging branches of the elm-trees was dripping upon her, and her boots were quite soaked through. Across the way the doctor was just stepping out of his buggy, and she stopped and debated whether she should not go over and ask him to drive her a quarter of a mile further down the road to St. Philip's rectory. As she stood hesitating, a woman approached him out of the mist, and spoke.

"May I inquire," she said, "the way to the house of the Reverend Mr Thorburn?"

She was perhaps forty, and had once been pretty. Even now a certain pathetic charm attached to her, and the voice and accent were of that cultivated kind that established her title to be called a lady, in spite of the extreme plainness of her attire.

"Yes," said Priscilla, with ready politeness; "just down the road, the first house to the left. You will have to wait an hour or two, perhaps, though, for Mr Thorburn. He is seldom to be before half past six. I see Mrs. Thorburn, you see," she said, smiling.

The stranger looked at her for a moment with a kind of wide-eyed horror, and throwing up her arms in the air, fell prone on the ground as if she had received a pistol-shot through the heart.

Priscilla had never been brought face to face with any startling emergencies during her quiet life. She stood for a moment frozen with terror, and then ran like a deer across to where Dr. Forman stood giving some directions to his man.

"Oh, doctor, come! run as fast as you can." She pointed to the prostrate figure lying in the muddy road. Dr. Forman gave one glance, and started at a smart pace. Priscilla keeping up with him, and telling him breathlessly what had occurred. The doctor bent down, turned the unfortunate woman over on her face, and said two words, "Dead faint."

"Can't I do something?" said Priscilla, hovering near.

"Yes. Go and tell Sam to come here at once, and then go home yourself. You'll have another tomb of rheumatism if you go out in this weather. I shall speak to Thorburn about it."

The doctor was a man of authority; so Priscilla, after sending him over, and returning only to be sharply ordered about her business, went home. Mr Thorburn was later than usual that night. A strike was threatened among the brick makers, and they had said they would treat with him and with no one else. Next morning he was off bright and early, Priscilla making no mention of her aching joints. Before night the doctor's promised touch of rheumatism had set in. Priscilla made light of it, but agreed to send for Dr Forman, and having two good servants, insisted that Thorburn should attend to the business of averting the strike. Instead of coming himself, young Dr. Curtis, Dr Forman's assistant, came. Dr Forman had a very ill patient. Mrs Thorburn inquired eagerly about the woman who had dropped in the street. Dr Curtis had heard Dr. Forman say something about it, but supposed it was all right, as he had heard nothing further on the subject. Mrs Thorburn would be all right too if she would stay in the house in bad weather, and take care of herself.

The incident made no very particular impression on Priscilla. But on the night after it had happened, Dr Sunbury got a very pressing message from Dr Forman. He went at once to the doctor's house, picking his way through the dark November night, and Dr Forman opened the door himself, and led the way into his little back office, where he told his visitor of the patient he had found in the street, and who at that moment lay upstairs in the doctor's spare bedroom, with the doctor's house-keeper in attendance on her.

"And—she—is—" Dr. Forman hesitated. "She is—the first wife of Mr Thorburn."

Dr. Sunbury rose from his chair and sat down again. He raised his hand as if in denunciation, "Mr died—"

"Wait. He is as guiltless as you are." Dr. Forman paused a minute or two, and then took up the thread of his discourse where he had left off describing his sending Priscilla Thorburn home. "I brought her, with my man's help, into the house, and had her put in bed. It was plainly nothing but a faint, but she went from one fainting spell into another, and when I had finally brought her round, the fainting spell changed into convulsions. For hours I am bed with her. At last I stopped them, and got her under the influence of an opiate. I was tired myself, and went to bed to get a few hours' sleep, leaving word for Curtis to be called. In the middle of the night I was waked by Jane standing by my bedside, looking frightened out of her wits 'Do, pray, Dr Forman, come to Dr strange lady.' When I got to the room she was lying in the bed, weak, but perfectly conscious. She intimated to me that she wished to say something to me privately. Of course I tried to induce her to put it off, but she was determined. So I sent Jane out of the room. Then she said, 'Doctor, I am the first wife of Edmund Thorburn.' I was incredulous, and thought her crazy, the more so that the next thing she told me was that she had been for the last six years in a lunatic asylum. But when she told me her story I saw that she was at that moment as sane as I was. It is an interesting case," said the doctor, suddenly falling into his professional tone. "No family taint—violent fever, followed by more violent insanity, and likely to result in a cure." After a moment he continued: "She, of course, remembered nothing of her first attack. She called it insanity; nothing insane in her way of speaking of it, using just the same terms you or I would, without evasion, and supposes now that from certain faint recollections her cure had begun about the time of the asylum fire. She remembers something of the scene, and the next thing finding herself alone, long and half clad in a railway train. She remembers nothing more until she became an inmate of the Central Lunatic Asylum. There were no means of identifying her for a long time. She had been supplied with clothes by charitable people on the train. No inquiries were made about her, which she could not understand until I told her of her supposed death. She was called Mrs. March, because it was in the month of March that she was brought to the asylum. Her recovery was gradual, but it is a common experience with such persons that their own names and individuality is the last for the restored mind to grasp. About six months ago she became perfectly herself. She felt an entirely sane and rational doubt of herself, until time had tested it; but about a month ago she gave such information of herself as led to a letter being written to Brightwood, where Thorburn had a church at the time of her illness. Thorburn was not there, but an answer was received saying he was at East Harrowby. They wrote again. That letter could never have been delivered, and, after waiting four weeks for an answer, Mrs. Thorburn persuaded the superintendent to allow her to come here with an attendant to find her friends. The attendant found some acquaintances, and began to gossip with them. Mrs. Thorburn tells me that she felt shame and horror at returning to her husband's house accompanied by a keeper; so she slipped off, and met Priscilla. You know the rest."

Dr Sunbury sat looking like a man paralyzed. "Well?"

"You must send Thorburn here to-night."

Dr Sunbury rose and walked restlessly about the little office.

"To-night," repeated Dr Forman; "but I don't think she'll last beyond to-morrow."

"Why, what's the matter with her?" asked Dr. Sunbury, pausing in his troubled walk.

"Nothing but death," answered Dr. Forman. "Still can do nothing for that woman. She ought to have rallied from the fainting spells; instead, she went off into convulsions. She ought to have rallied from the convulsions; instead, she is sinking as fast as any mortal I ever saw. Poor thing, as pretty, as gentle!"

It was arranged that Mr. Thorburn was to be sent for; and to Dr. Sunbury was left the dreadful task of telling him the truth.

An hour after that, Dr. Sunbury, thinking miserably of poor Priscilla and the unhappy creature upstairs, heard the wheels of Dr. Forman's buggy grinding on the gravel outside, and Mr Thorburn's quick, saddlerly step as he entered the house. Dr Sunbury met him with a sinking heart, and a cold tremor that shook him like an aspen.

"I came at once, as you see, my friend," began Thorburn, cheerily. And then looking closer at Dr Sunbury's white face, said, "Why, what is the matter?"

Dr Sunbury, without a word, led him back into the little office, and carefully closed the door. "Thorburn," he said, "I believe you to be a man and a Christian. Call up, therefore, all your manhood, and all your dependence on God, to bear what I have to tell you."

Mr Thorburn's dark skin grew a shade darker as these words, but he made no reply, only looking Dr. Sunbury full in the eye.

"Priscilla told you, perhaps—of a woman fainting—in the road—Tuesday afternoon," Dr Sunbury got his words out in gasps.

"Yes yes."

"She is now in this house. Thorburn, she is—she who was supposed dead."

Mr Thorburn took in as quickly what had been told him as his dying wife had done. He rose from his chair, the strong man reeled and fell, with a deep groan, and his arms outstretched

over the doctor's study table. Dr. Sunbury made no offer of consolation. He covered his face with his hands and wept.

After a pause, Thorburn said: "We must do what is right? Mr. poor Priscilla?"

"Will you not see—" said Dr. Sunbury, after a short silence, pointing overhead, where the dying Mrs. Thorburn lay.

"Now? Not yet, not yet. Give me a moment."

"But she is dying; she has not long that she can wait for you."

Thorburn rose at once. "Tell me how it was, before I see her," he asked.

In a few words Dr. Sunbury told him.

Just then Dr. Forman appeared. "You had best go now," he said to Thorburn.

Dr. Sunbury took Mr. Thorburn's arm and led him upstairs. Dr. Forman preceded them. As they reached the door, Thorburn caught Dr. Forman's wrist, as if to ask for a moment's grace, but it was too late, the door was open, and Dr. Forman had beckoned to the nurse to leave the bedside. Thorburn closed the door after him, and walking to the bed, found himself alone with the woman that to him had risen from the dead.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" was all that Thorburn could say.

"Forgive you?" asked the wife, in her old sweet voice. "Why should I not forgive you? Only, you must pay me. Think! six years of agony, to return and find— I thought until now that it was easier to die than live," she continued, feebly. "It would save so much misery if death should free you from me."

"Eleanor! Eleanor!"

Down-stairs Dr. Sunbury and Dr. Forman conversed in whispers, Dr. Forman holding his watch in his hand. On the stroke of the half hour he went upstairs. As he entered the room he saw Thorburn half leaning on the bed, while Mrs. Thorburn's head rested on his breast. The doctor took one keen look at his patient, and suddenly whipping out his lancet, called, loudly,

"Jane! Jane! come at once. I want to give Mrs. Thorburn a hypodermic of brandy."

Dr. Sunbury heard the call, and came too. He obeyed a look from the doctor, and taking Thorburn by the arm, almost dragged him from the room. Jane came with the brandy, with salts, with the doctor's electrical applances; but it was too late. Mrs. Thorburn breathed no hour or two longer, and then, without a word, a look, or a sigh, stopped breathing.

"It is all over," said Dr. Forman, going out on the landing to speak to Dr. Sunbury.

Dr. Forman was too important a personage to be closely questioned about anything he did not choose to be communicative about; so both East and West Harrowby had to be satisfied with the information that Mrs. March, a stranger in Harrowby, had been taken suddenly ill before Dr. Forman's door, had died in Dr. Forman's house, and her body had been sent to her friends. The day after the funeral Mr. Thorburn, Priscilla, Dr. Sunbury, and Dr. Forman stood in Dr. Sunbury's library. It did not look like a wedding party. Priscilla's face was pale, and she trembled when Thorburn touched her hand. If—if he should have any regrets. Dr. Sunbury had the license in his pocket, and performed the ceremony. They were all uncomfortable in the sense of having something to conceal. Priscilla had been wild with distress, and strangely enough had pleaded for delay; but this Mr. Thorburn had sternly refused.

"Our happiness is at an end forever," said Priscilla, bitterly, when she gave in.

"So be it," replied Thorburn; "but nevertheless shall we comply immediately with God's law and the law of the land."

Priscilla was each. Their first analloyed happiness was at an end, but something better, stronger, deeper, followed. It was impossible that two souls so well fitted for each other could be long unhappy from any cause that was not wrong-doing. So it fell out that before another year passed Priscilla was surprised to find out how happy she had become. Indeed, from its very beginning, the love of Priscilla and Thorburn had been full of surprises; but the worst was the last. "Some time or other," said Priscilla in her philosophy, "one must pay the penalty of being too happy."

STREET.

## OUR CHINESE NEIGHBORS.

CHINESE exclusiveness—a Chinese policy—was once almost a by-word; like many other Chinese productions and ideas for long hurtful, it has been imitated in America and Australia. Chinese are driven from San Francisco, and massacred in Washington Territory. They are suffering from unjust and illegal discriminations under both the English and American governments. Chinese merchants of high standing complain that they have difficulty in entering American harbors, and that our national prejudices place an unnatural limit upon the course of trade. Their protest is well founded. The civilized races of the West now practice the policy once held peculiar to China or Japan.

Yet the Chinese writers deny that in the earlier period of their history they were ever opposed to free intercourse with other nations. With the Arabs and the Hindoos they long held an extensive trade. It was only, they assert, when the Portuguese and the Dutch visited their coast as robbers and pirates that the imperial government closed its ports to the ships of the West. The lawless cruelty of the first foreigners who penetrated the Eastern seas was certainly a sufficient excuse for Chinese retaliation and contempt. But with the Arabs and the Hindoos it was different. The first account we have of China is that of an Arab traveller in the ninth century. Ibn Wahab, or whatever was the traveller's name, found the Chinese in a high state of civilization. Their cities were populous, their harbors crowded with ships. Commerce was active, the people prosperous. Their wares rich coverings of silk, every one learned to read and write, and schools abounded; they drank the infusion of leaves called Techa, and lived in health and ease. Their officials were chosen for their intelligence and worth, their judges were noted for their integrity.

A thousand years ago the Chinese our traveller describes almost as the Chinese of our own day. The potter produced his rare porcelain, transparent as glass. The farmer cultivated his mulberry trees, his tea-plant, and his rice. The Chinese artists filled the countless schools. The Chinese painters excelled in that fine technique that marks the painters of modern Paris. Politeness was a national trait. The boatmen were passed with extreme security. The sick poor were aided from the public dispensary. The aged were pensioned. The Chinese, said the Arab, are generally flourishing, of good height, fair complexion, their hair blacker than that of any other people. The women, he adds, wear it curled. Marco Polo and all later travellers confirm the story of the Mohammedan.

The early Chinese showed nothing of that hostility to strangers that has marked their later policy. All sects and creeds flourished under the liberal emperors. Christians (chiefly Nestorians), Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucians were mingled together in the Chinese cities. Good roads, canals, and bridges abounded in Europe all was savage waste when our record begins. China was the land of toleration and philosophy, poetry and art, when our ancestors were rude barbarians. Captain Gill, in his recent travels, relates that in the interior of the empire he found in some districts a generous welcome and a happy and prosperous people. The hostility to foreigners was strongest near the coast.

Seated on the opposite shores of the Pacific, America and China would seem natural friends and allies. The immense empire, just awakening to the value of Western progress, will afford the most extensive market for American trade. American railroads, steamers, and telegraphs should give life to its hundreds of millions of people. American farming implements—ploughs, reapers, mowers—might be spread over its immense territory. Its teas and silks should be paid for with American goods. England and Germany are already reaching forward toward that extensive traffic which China offers to the future, while we are driving it from us. The Chinese adopted their exclusive policy only to shut out Western pirates and robbers. They may be won by justice and conciliation.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## ANARCHIST RIOTS IN THE WEST.

ALTHOUGH the statute-book of perhaps all the States in the Union contain laws against seditious meetings, and even against seditious publications, the anarchists in America have been allowed to proclaim their doctrine by speeches and in print until they have at last carried it into action. As many as 20,000 men were idle in Chicago on May 3 because of the agitation for the eight-hour rule, and the anarchists, who have been bolder in that city than in any other, took this general unrest as the occasion to use dynamite as a social force for the first time in the United States. On the evening of May 4 a meeting of the most turbulent element was called, by means of an incendiary handbill, at a point in Desplaines Street, to listen to speeches about the strikers and a fight that had taken place between the police and a company of strikers. The speakers were AUGUST SPIES, the editor of the daily anarchist paper the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and his fellows, SAM FIELDEN and A. R. PARSONS, the most notorious preachers of the doctrine of destruction. When PARSONS had brought the crowd to desperation, and exclaimed, "To arms! to arms!" the force of one hundred and fifty policemen who were in readiness at a neighboring station was ordered out to disperse the excited crowd. When they reached the edge of the crowd, FIELDEN, who was the most incendiary of all the orators, was raising the excitement to a still higher pitch. The officer in command of the police advanced to the wagon which was used as a rostrum, and commanded the crowd to disperse.

He had hardly given the command when a sputtering fuse was seen flying through the air toward the policemen. It was a dynamite bomb, which was well aimed, and fell directly in the middle of the street between two double columns of the police. It exploded as soon as it struck the ground. The policemen were for a moment thrown into confusion. The orator closed his harangue abruptly, and the crowd assembled in a menacing attitude before the body of police. The bomb had killed and wounded twenty-nine men, and the anarchists in front and on either side opened fire directly on the policemen that had escaped the bomb. The men quickly recovered themselves, and returned the fire until the crowd fled. In the flight many persons were knocked down and trampled on. Then the work of taking away the bodies of the killed and of removing the wounded was begun. Two officers and one citizen were already dead; six other policemen were fatally wounded; twenty-six more received wounds which for the time disabled them; eight citizens were mortally hurt, and ten disabled. It is believed that a number of anarchists were killed or seriously wounded, who were removed by their comrades or the crowd ran away. On the next day there were sixty-four patients in the county hospital who were injured by the bomb or in the battle that followed its explosion.

The day after the explosion AUGUST SPIES, his associate editor SCHWAB, FIELDEN, and CHRIS SNYER who were in his employ, were arrested in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office, and all who were employed on the paper, including twenty five printers, are temporarily taken into custody. In a cupboard in the office four or five pounds of dynamite were found, of such strength that when it was exploded at the lake front it shook the ground several hundred yards away. In SPIES's editorial desk there were two bombs with fuses attached. These men have been imprisoned without privilege of bail, and they will be tried in successions for the crime. The giving of advice to resort to violence comes within the meaning of the statute which describes an accessory to a murder. The discovery of explosives in SPIES's desk and office and at the residence of PARSONS, the editor of the *Alarm*, an anarchist paper printed in the English language, together with proof that inflammatory circulars were printed in SPIES's office, and other circumstantial evidence, are thought to be sufficient to cause the conviction of all these notorious leaders.

AUGUST SPIES is a German who went to Chicago in his youth. After he became interested in the cause of anarchy he soon became conspicuous in the society in which JOHN MOST, the agitator, moved. Eight years ago he obtained editorial control of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and he made it the mouth-piece of the most numerous and most dangerous company of socialistic foreigners that has infested any American city. He was made the more desperate by the killing of his brother two years ago by a policeman while resisting arrest. He then swore revenge on the police. CHRIS SPIES, a younger brother, now imprisoned with him, was employed as a printer in the *Zeitung* office. MICHAEL SCHWAB, assistant editor to AUGUST SPIES, is the most notorious of the whole company. He too is a German by birth. PARSONS, the only American among them, ended the officers. He is an adventurer who went from Texas to Chicago, and has as additional claim to distinction in that he has for wife a realistic who is no less vigorous an agitator and public speaker than he is himself. FIELDEN, an English anarchist, has been an active organizer of socialistic clubs among English-speaking converts to the doctrine.

Within a day after the battle $28,000 had been given by citizens of Chicago, and several checks of $500 each had been sent from New York, for the benefit of the wounded policemen and of the families of those who were killed.

This violence in Chicago was followed on the next day by a battle in Milwaukee between a mob of Polish strikers and the militia. The mills, which these socialists had threatened to storm, were guarded by four companies of militia. The mob, early in the day on May 5, marched with a red flag to and the mills, uttering threats to demolish them. The commanding officer ordered them to retire, but they continued to advance, and the militia fired into the crowd with deadly aim. The flag-bearer was struck by several bullets and mortally wounded; five others were killed, and an unknown number injured. Governor RUSK, of Wisconsin, also, by-the-way, entered the war as a volunteer, and was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallantry, not only used the militia in this prompt fashion, but he gave the answer to a Polish Alderman of Milwaukee who protested against the killing of his countrymen by the soldiers: "You go back," said he, "and tell your countrymen that we shall insist upon their remaining quietly at home, or going to work; and that I will stop their assembling in crowds for purposes of riot, if I have to call every able-bodied man in the State into military service to do it."

No bloodshed in twenty years, except that which was caused by the railroad strike in 1877, has created such general excitement as these battles in Chicago and Milwaukee, but the vigorous dealing with these anarchists by the police and the militia, as well as the punishment that awaits their lawless by the slower process of trial for inciting riot, is the most discouraging reception that their doctrine, when put in practice, has received in any country in the world. These outbreaks have given new vitality to the sections of the penal code of every State prohibiting seditious speech.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

EIGHTY-FIVE per cent. of the Harvard students use the library now, it is said, whereas only fifty-seven per cent. used it ten years ago. The fact is regarded at the college with satisfaction. Of course what a student ought to do depends a good deal on what he has in mind to accomplish, and some critics say that the best education is this, and others that it is that. There are few, however, to deny that a very good way to acquire learning is to read books, and hence most people will regard the increased use of the library at Harvard as a good sign. And, besides, the habit has a university air about it.

It costs about one thousand dollars, according to the Yale *News*, to fit out the Freshman crew and send them to New London. The outfit costs six hundred and fifty dollars, and lasts the young men for the four years of their course.

It is said that the people of the United States use 150,000,000 steel pens annually. When one reflects how impossible it would be to persuade that anything like such a vast number of encomia are used by the people of the United States every year, one gathers some idea of the depth of the truth of the famous observation that, as between the two instruments, the pen is the mightier.

It is reported that the foot of a policeman in St. Paul is fitted by a shoe eighteen inches long and six inches across the sole, and the story having reached the St. Louis newspapers, they are laughing at the policeman, and declaring that he is a girl from Chicago. It is interesting to note that the humor in regard to the Chicago girl's feet is still alert after all these years of tireless activity.

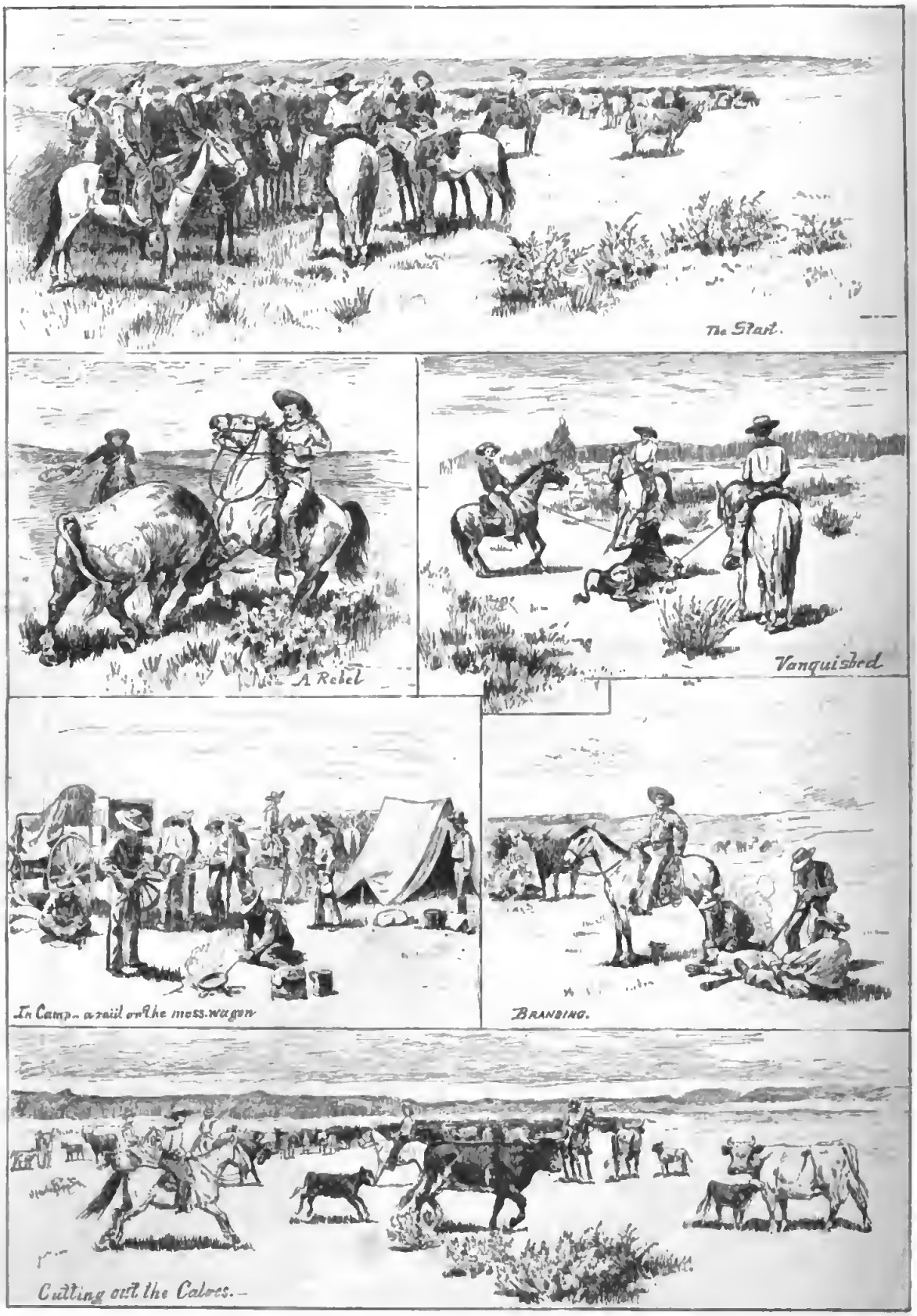
An inventor, it is said, has produced a match which "will light never and never again." This might be an exceedingly disagreeable sort of match to have in one's waistcoat pocket in case it should get started up. Still, the primitive flint and steel were on this principle, and they were accounted remarkably safe.

The telegraph brings news of a large fish which recently sacrificed its life in preventing the sinking of a ship at sea. The ship struck on a shoal, and the water poured into her in such quantities that the pumps were powerless to cope with it. Suddenly the influx stopped, and the ship was pumped dry, and ran into Calliao, where a diver found the fish in question wedged into a large hole. The ship was docked and the fish promptly extricated, but life had been long extinct.

Imitation butter must be put up in elliptical tubs in Denmark. This is a singular sort of rule, and one which would probably not commend itself very highly to manufacturers of this kind of butter here. Butter itself having been imitated, it seems logical enough to imitate butter tubs also, and all the little checks and papers and schemes of packing which set off butter so well. Besides, imitation butter, which is so perfect in all its details that it cannot be told from real butter, can be sold much more profitably than it could if it were packed in a tub whose peculiar shape would amount to an open avowal of the imitation. But there are some deeply rooted notions in Denmark, and one of them is that imitation ought not to be carried too far.

A WARNING IN TIME.

UNCLE SAM. "Once in a large country, but there is room in it for only one flag."




A SPRING "ROUND UP" IN MONTANA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOFFMAN, MILES CITY, MONTANA.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

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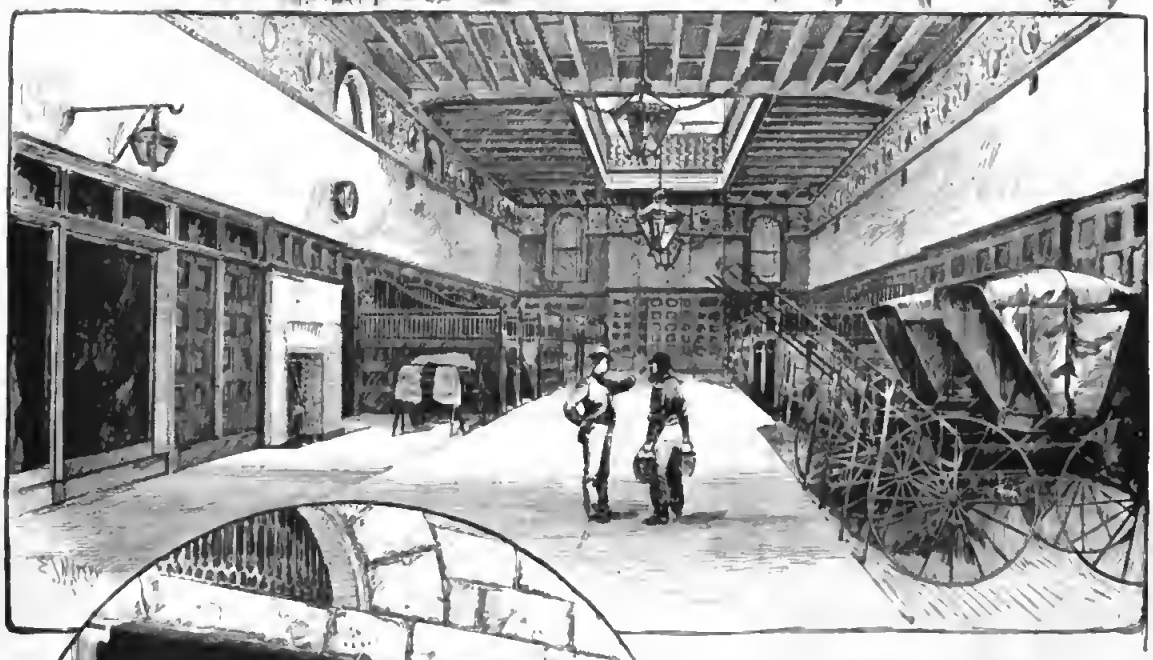

A PRIVATE STABLE IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BIDWELL.

## TROTTERS IN NEW YORK.

"THE fast trotters of New York and their homes" would furnish the title for what might be made an exceedingly interesting book, and the volume would grow to liberal proportions were the author to treat the subject with anything like thoroughness. It is a picture of one of these fast trotters, together with views of his luxurious surroundings, that adorns this page. The stable is that of Mr FRANK WOOD, and is one of the handsomest "homes of the horse" that can be seen in the United States. It was completed three years ago, and has been visited since then by thousands of people from all parts of the country. The ceiling is of polished oak, and the floor is carpeted with heavy matting.

For forty-five years Mr FRANK WOOD has been "driving on the road." He is perhaps the most typical member of a class of gentlemen in New York who hold all pleasures of life in less esteem than an afternoon's airing on the road behind their own speedy horses. His stable is on Fifty-sixth Street, near Seventh Avenue, and his home being in another part of the city, Mr WOOD has had the front portion of the second story of the stable handsomely furnished for his own use. It contains a suite of three beautifully appointed apartments, one of which is shown in the accompanying illustration.

Although there is no stable in New York which is so completely elegant as this, there are many in which the average horse would, perhaps, feel ill at ease, and not quite certain but that he had stepped by mistake into some place in which he did not belong. The private stable of Mr BONNER, with such priceless inmates as Dexter (the hero of a day gone by), Rarus, and Maud S., is not far distant from the stable of Mr WOOD. Then there are the stables of the VANDERBILTS, and the stable of Mr WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, which are well worth visiting, not only because of the quality of the horses they shelter, but also because of the perfect and surprisingly elegant arrangement of the stables themselves.

"The road," as it is referred to by the gentlemen who drive at present, generally means St. Nicholas Avenue, which has succeeded Seventh Avenue as a speeding ground, although there is, of course, a great deal of driving on the Boulevard and in the direction of Riverside Park. And what a world of fast horses and noted men have moved at lightning pace over these smooth thoroughfares! Commodore VANDERBILT and WILLIAM H after him are inseparably associated with a retrospective view, Mr WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, years ago, driving the famous team Small Hopes and Lady Mac, which did their mile in 2.23, and later on Aldine and Maud S., which did a mile in 2.18½. But

there is no necessity for looking backward in search of the glory of "the road." There is a more general driving of fast trotters in New York to-day than ever before. One of them (and one of the most famous) died the other day; but the death of Maney Cook, even though he had a record of 2.13¼, and although he has to be so doubly severely felt by Mr Inman Conyngham, who owned and drove him, still scarcely he realized in the presence of the many of trotters that are left behind him "on the road" to-day. Mr Wenk, from the splendid stable which has been spoken of above, drives a pair that have a record of 2.16¾. These are Edward and Dick Salvaler, and a handsome team they make in harness. Mr Robert Bonner and Mr David Bonner, with a practically exhaustless stable to draw from, are almost daily on the road behind very fast animals. Mr John Rockefeller, of Standard Oil fame and fortune, drives Midnight, with a record of 2.18, and Mr William Rockefeller holds the lines to Independence, Magic, Clown, or any one of half a dozen animals that are able to make their mile in less than 2.20.

These are only a few of the fortunate drivers of famous trotters that may be seen almost any fine afternoon jogging through the Park on their way to St. Nicholas Avenue.

## THE POWDER RIVER ROUND-UP

A new-comer who engages in cattle-growing in the far West, after first selecting a range, either buys a herd that is already somewhere in the vicinity of the range he is to occupy, and drives them thither, or else buys "in the States" a number of cows, calves, and bulls, ships them out by rail, brands them, turns them upon his range, and simply waits for them to breed and grow. In either case little attention is paid to them, after the first few days or weeks, either than to send herdsps over the range occasionally to keep track of them and see that they are not straying too far away. They are not considered to have strayed, however, until they go fifty miles from the ranch. When found at such distances they are generally driven back toward head quarters. But in some cases they are scarcely seen by the owner, or any one representing him, more than twice a year, that is, at the times of the semi-annual round-ups. Under ordinary circumstances, cattle never go to such distances from home as to require heading and turning. Generally speaking, it is only when the feed has been eaten down closely, as in case of deep snows, or when stampeded by storms, prairie fires, or wild beasts, that it becomes necessary to look after and restrain them.

The interests of cattle men in general are so closely linked, and there is such urgent need of a concert of action among them, that in all Western cattle-growing districts they have organized into local or general associations, in which the most perfect harmony and good-fellowship exists, and in which the interests of every individual member are closely guarded and fostered by the organization as a whole. These associations meet in the spring and fall of each year and fix the dates for holding the round-ups, usually prescribing the general boundaries in which each local cattle shall work. The spring round-up, which is the one now under consideration, is held in the latter part of April or early part of May in Wyoming and Montana, and earlier or later in other States and Territories, according to the nature of the climate, weather, etc. A round-up district is usually limited to the valley of some large stream, or its boundaries are designated by other prominent and well known landmarks. The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association last season designated the 7th of May as the date for beginning the Powder River round up this year. The Powder River rises in the Big Horn Mountains, in northern Wyoming, and flows northeast through Montana to the Yellowstone, into which it empties its wealth of crystal and just east of Miles City. From the mouth of the stream to the foot-hills of the mountain range in which it has its source, and in fact almost to the snowy peaks themselves, there is not a well worn a-gon road, along which heavy freighting teams ply their way, along which sprightly spans of race-horses, attached to buck-boards as even to more pretentious carriages, fly almost with the speed of the wind, and along which the now prominent character of the country, the "cow boy," dashes to and fro on his spirited mustang, performing the various duties of his vocation.

From ten to fifteen miles, or even more, each way from the ranch, are chosen by each owner or company as a range, though an effort is made usually to keep the stock within these boundaries. They are allowed the freedom of the hills and table-lands in every direction, the foreman merely being required to know about where to find them when wanted, and to prevent them from going west of the Tongue and north of the Yellowstone rivers or south into Wyoming.

Persons who have only seen the great plains late in summer or in the autumn after the grass has dried up and the foliage along the streams has faded, or in midsummer when burned in snow, can have little idea of the beauty of such a valley as that of the Powder River in the early spring, when the earth is carpeted with verdure, the river-banks lined with newly clothed trees and shrubs, and the meadows blooming with flowers, the beauty and brilliance of which cannot be excelled anywhere. The winter snows have disappeared, the spring rains have come and gone, leaving the earth fresh and moist; the climate is mild and delightful. Under all these charming conditions we cannot but enjoy the scene as we mount our spirited broncho and ride out to the place of rendezvous, which has been appointed near the mouth of the river, and where the chase are already gathering.

Temporary camps have been established by those who have arrived in advance of us, around which groups of cow-boys are lounging. A band of horses and ponies which they have liberated is grazing on the river-bank, and several small bands of cattle may be seen in various directions, most of them at considerable distances away; for they are wild, and avoid the presence of human beings. A cloud of dust is faintly visible on top of the divide nearly three miles to the east; and on taking it a few minutes with our glasses, we see that it is being raised by a jolly band of five cow-boys, who are riding like mad, each heading four or five horses. Looking away to the north, we see a mess wagon, or "chuck outfit," approaching, drawn by four horses, and well laden with supplies. Behind this, two riders are driving one band of loose horses. And similar small detachments continue to arrive from every direction all the forenoon, until, when all the ranches along the river have furnished their quota, the force numbers one hundred and thirty five men and about twelve hundred horses. Most of the latter are saddle animals, while a few are reserved for team-work. Each rider has his "string" of horses, numbering from five to seven, and changes three two or three times a day, riding one horse twenty to forty miles while sixty to seventy-five miles is an average day's work for a man. The reserve herd is placed in charge of a herder, or "wrangler," who is required to keep them under perfect control, and produce such of them as are wanted on short notice, the rides being frequently used in taking them out of the herd.

The foreman has arrived, and takes charge of the entire outfit, placing it on a thoroughly effective and working basis for the morrow. Accordingly at half past three in the morning the men are called. They are one of these blankets and dressed in a jiffy. Each catches and saddles his horse, breakfast is hastily eaten, and at the first break of day they ride out by twos or fours in every direction. These men present a decidedly picturesque, not to say brigandish, appearance as they dash across the prairie, with their red, blue, and gray flanned shirts, canvas trousers, leather chaparejos, broad sombreros, colored silk handkerchiefs knotted around their necks, well-filled cartridge belts, from which hang their six-shooters, their high-topped cowhide boots and large Mexican spurs.

Most of those Western cattle are as wild as the native buffalo, having never been subjected to the dominion of man, and rarely have they even caught sight of him. At the first approach of the cavalcade, therefore, many of them sniff the air excitedly, elevate their heads and tails, and run like deer, but by hard riding and skilful handling they are soon turned and herded. It is their supreme delight to find on "alecky" young steer that concludes not to be rounded up. Such a "critter" is a bit of the true spirit of life to them then early in the day, when both men and horses are fresh, vigorous, and eager for the sport, and no sooner has the belligerent shaken his head and turned tail to his pursuers than two, three, or perhaps half a dozen "cayuses" are headed for him.

Our riders scour the country far and near, "gathering beef" from east, west, north, and south. Every hoof found, regardless of the brand he bears, or whether he bears any, is picked up by this living cyclone and carried along. At frequent intervals the herds already gathered are driven into the branding pens and corralled, the or more irons for each owner are kept hot, and when a roper has thrown an animal, he calls for the iron wanted, and, setting his foot upon the victim's neck, places the red hot device on its ribs and throws his weight upon it, burning a deep, indelible trade-mark, which even he who runs may read. Its ears, dewlap, or the loose skin on the jaw are then slit, and it is turned loose again.

The fall round-up differs from the spring in that its object is to gather in and cut out the fat steers, and drive them to the railroad stations for shipment to Eastern markets. The work, being almost entirely on adult animals, is even more laborious and hazardous than that of the spring, where the majority actually handled are calves.

Stray cattle, either calves or adults, bearing no brand, and found alone or herded with others already branded, but whose parentage cannot be definitely determined, are called "Mavericks," and in some districts are sold at auction and the proceeds given to the school fund. In others they become the property of the man or company upon whose range they are found. This privilege, however, is seriously abused by dishonest ranchmen and cattle thieves, who infest every Western cattle growing district. These men ride out over the ranges at times when they are not likely to be observed, carrying their branding irons along, and rope and brand every animal they can find that does not already bear a brand. In some cases these are allowed to remain where found for the time being, but are usually driven on to the range claimed by the pirate who does the work. In other instances these men first drive the unbranded stock on to their own ranges, and then, under cover of the Maverick law, openly claim and brand it as their own. Many large herds have been accumulated almost wholly by this system of thievery, and there are wealthy cattle-men in the West today who never bought or honestly owned a dozen head of the thousands that bear their brand. A certain cow boy, when asked by an Eastern man what constituted a Maverick, replied: "It's a calf that you find and get your brand on before the owner finds it and gets his on."

But it is risky business, this cattle stealing, and many a man who has been caught at it has been left on the prairies to feed for the coyotes, or has ornamented the nearest cottonwood-tree until the magpies and butcher-birds have polished his bones.


WHEN NEEDED,

Everybody should use Ayer's popular and reliable family medicines and toilet requisites, all of which they locally guarantee to give entire satisfaction or they return your money.

Messrs. William R. Ayer & Son have honestly earned and fully deserve the preference and patronage of the people over all other druggists and manufacturers of medicine. Show your appreciation of their unsleeping efforts of the last five years in which the people are wholly indebted for the present low prices of drugs, medicines, and all articles usually obtained of the druggist by giving their goods a trial when opportunity offers, especially as by so doing you benefit yourself both in the quality of the article and in the price.

Do not forget that it was Messrs. Ayer & Son who so completely defeated (in fact, annihilated) the "Compound Ring" and the "Druggists Union," a combination of the manufacturers of "Patent Nostrums" and the wholesale and retail druggists of this and other large cities, formed for the purpose of perpetuating the extortionate prices for drugs and medicines which raised until Ayers compelled reduction.

Refuse to patronize the druggists and manufacturers who are concerned in that infamous combination (or ring). Messrs Ayer & Son also to give their customers every advantage, therefore they only sell their goods directly to the consumer, thereby saving to their customers all the intermediate profits of the jobber, wholesaler, and retailer. The largest wholesale house in the country cannot buy a package cheaper, on gross of Ayer's preparations (except their American Face Powder, Cream of Roses, and Liquid Rouge, which were put on the market about ten years ago, and cannot now be withdrawn) one cent lower than the customer who buys a single package for his own use. We believe Messrs. Ayer & Son are the only druggists or manufacturers who are willing to so restrict themselves for the benefit of their customers.

Anything in their line they will deliver to any city address C.O.D., and to any address in the United States on receipt of price by postal note, order, or in-cent stamps. All orders by mail receive prompt and careful attention from their mail order department. Send for their Illustrated Catalogue and price list. In conclusion we would state that Messrs. William R. Ayer & Son have been established at No. 144 Sixth Avenue, New York, for over forty years, and may be implicitly relied on in every way as the best and most reasonable druggists in the United States.

It certainly is a great satisfaction to patronize a drug store like Ayer's, where you can implicitly rely on everything being of the best and purest, and therefore upon the representations of the salesmen; and at the same time feel assured that you are buying at the lowest possible prices consistent with the best.—[Adv.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from prolonged illness and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."—[Adv.]

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by physicians all over the world. It is a remarkable remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, and wasting diseases, and very palatable.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO BUTHERS.

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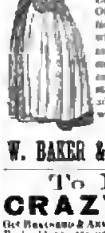

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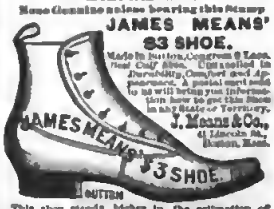


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## THE PRESIDENT AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

THERE has been a great deal of talk in many Republican journals intended to convey the impression that the Independent voters who supported the President in 1884 have lost confidence in his purpose and his courage. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We do not know a single Independent journal, except the New York *Herald*, which shows any distrust of the President, or questions the great service that he has rendered to reform under circumstances of unprecedented difficulty, or whose differences of opinion or doubts of the expediency of certain acts have not been expressed in the strongest tone of friendly regard and good understanding. The general course of the President, indeed, has been heartily approved, not only by independent voters, but by great multitudes of Republicans. The consciousness that there is a man of the utmost integrity and independence in the Chief Executive office, who is essentially and in the best sense conservative and patriotic, is practically universal, and the President is unquestionably very much stronger in the popular confidence than when he was elected. His so-called concessions to the Independents or Mugwumps, which have so greatly exasperated the Democratic politicians, are in no sense whatever concessions. They are simply acts done in conformity to his own principles, always openly declared, and not only perfectly well known when he was nominated, but determining his nomination. It was because of these principles that he was selected by his party for the purpose of attracting the voters who would not support Mr. BLAINE, and in the hope that the Democratic bosses could prevent his active fidelity to his own views. These bosses and their organs, not the President, have invited the contest by trying to force him to break faith with the country and with himself.

His adhesion to his own convictions, we repeat, is not a concession to the Mugwumps, nor to any other body of voters. Concession implies bargain. Concessions in administration are made for the purpose of securing support. But such concessions have not been made by the President, nor have they been asked by Independent voters. Such voters have watched his course with the utmost interest and sympathy, and they have been fully aware of the immense practical difficulties of his position. They have seen a Chief Executive jealously opposed at every point by the Republican party, without a strong supporter either among Democratic Senators or Representatives, or among the chief Democratic leaders out of Congress, and with a large part of the press of his party discrediting and obstructing his course in every way. There is, indeed, the regulation party courtesy toward the official head of the party. But as yet there is no evidence of an earnest and effective Democratic support of the distinctive reform policy of the Democratic President which secured his nomination and election, and the disregard of the principles and methods of reform among Democratic office-holders is notorious. In this tremendous stress of weather, if the President yields a point now and again, his action is perfectly intelligible. It is with him a question of expediency—a question upon which there may be decided and honest differences of opinion. The Independent and reform voters see a manly struggle waged for their principles. They comprehend it fully. They distrust neither the President's convictions, nor his purpose, nor his steadfastness. But they do not, of course, commend what is plainly indefensible upon principles of reform, nor do they by silence, or by noting only what is well done, authorize the conclusion that they have lost the courage of their own convictions, and accept without comment violations of their declared principles.

But they differ, when they differ, as friends and colaborers bent upon a common purpose. They differ, in such cases, without distrust, and with entire consciousness that it is difference upon points of expediency and not of principle. They acknowledge, with the utmost pleasure and pride, that the President whom they helped to elect has done and is doing very much more for civil service reform, and under very much more difficult conditions, than any other President. They aid him in his contest in every practical way. They treat him with his own candor and directness. In a word, they are openly faithful to their own view, without unreasonable anticipations of his conformity to it, and with complete confidence that he will equally expect nothing unreasonable of them. This is the attitude that Independent voters have always held toward the President. They foresaw the inevitable contest in his party. In that contest lay the danger for reform. It was not that the President would renounce his views or abandon his course, but that his honest estimate of the necessity of yielding for the sake of holding his party might differ from what seemed to them expedient for the common cause of reform. The peril of such a course always is that it really satisfies neither side, and with the most upright purpose tends to isolate the man who takes it. Meanwhile they rejoice heartily in the good work that he is doing, convinced that it is very much greater than it would have been under the administration of his competitor in 1884.

## THE LABOR QUESTION.

A CROWD of mere mad destructives and assassins like the anarchists cannot be said to have any purpose except general confusion and crime. Practically they are pests of society, to be disposed of in the most summary manner. But that is not all. Like the Fifth Monarchy men in England, they are signs of a situation. Like the sudden appearance of the notorious criminal class upon the Paris boulevards, they reveal the fact of serious disturbance. The pretext of the anarchists is the wrongs of labor, and their actual appearance is always simultaneous with some demand or demonstration of laboring-men. Nothing could be more prompt and decisive than the condemnation by the representatives of the labor movements of the massacre in Chicago, and their repudiation of all sympathy with mere social disorganizers is complete. The circular of Mr POWDERLY is so temperate and wise that the fact of his high official position in one of the chief labor organizations is a matter of congratulation. It is grossly unjust to assume that there is no reason for any demand of labor because of the anarchist outbreaks, or to insist that labor organizations shall say and do nothing because miscreants will take advantage both of their words and acts to precipitate a public calamity. The anarchist element in society is not new. It has existed under every social form. But the progress of invention has made it more noxious by giving it greater means of inflicting injury.

The question of labor, as it is called, which is simply the question of an equitable division of the fruits of production among producers, is, of course, one of the most important and vital of all questions. It becomes more urgent just in the degree that the diffusion of education and political power becomes more universal. It is not to be disposed of by any mere formula, and its proper treatment requires the utmost good sense, broad intelligence, and humanity. It is, in fact, the question which will test the essential character of our civilization. Obedience to laws made by the representatives of the whole community is a fundamental condition of real social prosperity. But the condition implies that the laws are in fact the expression of the free-will of the community. If they are not, if they are suspected to be the result of bribery or coercion, the actual authority of law at once declines, and obedience to it begins to be relaxed. Yet with this decline society itself is imperiled, and hence the vital necessity of honesty, morality, and purity in politics—virtues which are the scorn of practical politicians, and which party spirit despises, but which are the chief aim of good citizens, and which are absolutely indispensable to continuous public welfare. When capital, therefore, which represents one of the elements of production, is able and disposed first to buy legislation, and then to buy the interpretation of laws by the courts, it becomes the enemy of society, disturbing the very foundation of all harmonious social understanding, and threatening violent revolution. The "railroad lobby" in our Legislatures and in Congress is spoken of lightly. But it is really the vehicle of organized corruption of the government, and it is a great public danger. So the power of a huge combination of capital to regulate the supply of coal so as vastly to enhance the profits of capital, not only without proportionate advantage to labor, but with immense disadvantage by raising the price of coal to the consumer, is a palpable wrong to the common interest which is wholly unjustifiable, and a wrong which falls most heavily upon those who are least able to bear it.

Undoubtedly, in the case of difference between the elements of production, which, as Mr. BOWKER shows in his capital little book, are really four—land, labor, capital, and brains—labor is at a disadvantage, and deserves especial sympathy and toleration. This is not only the dictate of justice but of common-sense. Impatience with labor unions and associations and movements is not only useless, but it is unworthy of men of good sense and patriotism. A strike is a very crude and often an exceedingly unjust method of seeking redress, whether there be a real grievance or not. But the folly and the evil consequences of a strike must not be accepted as proof that the situation is precisely what it should be, and that there is no grievance whatever. The maintenance of harmonious relations among all the elements of production is the triumph of civilization. That is really the chief interest of everybody, and for the obvious reason that a serious disturbance of those relations threatens every social interest. The discord of these relations was the constant threat of the system of slavery in this country. It was a monstrous wrong to one of the human elements of production, and its continuance depended upon brute force. Now a state of society which depends immediately upon the military power is not a truly civilized state, and the result in this country showed that slavery was a mere root of loss and evil and suffering. It was not even for the interest of the slave-holder. These are all very simple truths. But they are emphasized by all the events of the spring. It would be a great misfortune if the outbreak of anarchists in Chicago should lead to the conclusion that such crimes are the logical result of all labor movements, and that every demand for fair consideration of the "labor question" is an incitement to reckless massacre. Such a conclusion is an easy subterfuge for those who deny that there is any question, or who do not care to investigate it. But all good citizens will take a truer view, and agree that the maintenance of peace through justice is the highest aim that can engage every patriotic and thoughtful American.

## POLITICS AND PLUNDER.

As there is no great question of public policy upon which the parties in this country are now divided, and which can serve as a rallying cry at an election, the parties will be judged by their general conduct wherever they have the responsibility of administration. Tried by this standard the Republican Legislature of New York has greatly injured the prospects of the Republican party. Its course has certainly not been such as to induce any man to support Republican candidates as for that reason more likely to secure good government than their opponents. The Republicans have had complete control of both Houses, and after a singularly barren session the account is not one of which any Republican who honestly believes the party to be necessarily and always better than the Democratic party can be proud. The Republican majority has refused for a mere party intrigue to discharge its duty of confirming or rejecting nominations which were confessedly irreproachable. It has left the great question of prison labor unsettled, entailing a serious expense upon the State to maintain prisoners in idleness. It has omitted to provide for a census, and it has defeated the bills for reform in the municipal administration of New York, which all good citizens desire; while it has passed the Aqueduct bill, which is a monstrous job; and it passed to a third reading the BRUNS bill, which provided a city ring that recalled the TWEED ring, and promised the same kind of plunder of the city treasury. The result of this action was such an uproar of public condemnation that the Assembly reversed its action, but not until its disposition had been plainly revealed.

These are things which will not be forgotten in the canvass of next autumn. A party which makes itself responsible for such offences cannot assume to be especially the party of principle and good government. A party whose legislative majority is controlled by a lobby of notorious political jobbers, who appear personally in the Chamber and supervise legislative action, cannot appeal to honest voters as worthy of support because of its profession of tender interest in the colored voters of Mississippi. The citizens of New York who desire justice and equal rights in Mississippi will seek some other method of showing their interest than by supporting Assemblymen who vote for jobbery and plunder in New York, and those who seek reform in the civil service will hardly vote for Senators who refuse to act upon admirable nominations in order to retain officers of their own party who are holding over for two or three years, and whose successors could not be assessed for the party. The pecuniary or political interests of individual Republican politicians may have been advanced by the evident disposition and action of the Legislature; but it has not secured the advantage of the party. It is precisely the spirit shown by the majority of the New York Legislature which Independent Republicans believed would be the spirit of a BLAINE administration, and which influenced many votes in 1884.

The main Republican argument against the Inde-

pendents or Mugwumps was not so much that Mr BLAINE was a fit candidate, as that the Republican party was infinitely more trustworthy than the Democratic. This was a strong appeal, and undoubtedly it withheld many votes from Mr CLEVELAND and gave them to Mr. BLAINE. After defeat this was the appeal which Republicans should have sought to justify by their action. But they have utterly disdained such a course, so far as New York is concerned, and New York is the important State. Not only have not the dire consequences appeared that were to flow from the election of Mr CLEVELAND, but the action of the Democratic majority in Congress, although practically resultless, has not directly promoted jobs and corruption, like that of the Republican majority in New York. It is a common remark of extreme Republican partisans in Congress and in the press that the party was never so strong, that it has cast out the Mugwump vipers, and has nothing before it but union, harmony, enthusiasm, and victory. We venture to doubt it. We doubt whether there are not more Republicans who voted for Mr. BLAINE who are now friendly to Mr. CLEVELAND than Republicans who voted for Mr CLEVELAND who are now disposed to support Mr. BLAINE. We doubt whether the whole Irish BLAINE vote of 1884 could be held for Mr BLAINE again. We doubt whether the Stalwart mind is more friendly to the BLAINE candidacy than it was in 1884. We doubt whether the course of the Republican party since its defeat has renewed confidence in it, and we doubt whether the Independent vote in 1888 will not be largely increased over that of 1884. Republicans make a serious mistake who think that it is enough to say that the Democratic party is as bad as the Republican, and that nothing is to be gained by a change. That is not an argument which will commend either party to the support of intelligent voters, and merely shows how meaningless party names have become.

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND IRELAND

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech upon moving the second reading of his Irish bill was a general reply to the chief objections that have been urged against it, and a strong statement of the reasons for which it ought to be adopted. The chief objection, repeated in various forms by all the opponents of the bill, is that it is the beginning of a dissolution of the empire. This is the cry by which its adversaries hope to defeat it. To this assertion Mr. GLADSTONE offers a peremptory denial, and alleges that the natural effect of the bill will be to cement the union. It is the imperial union which the present situation constantly threatens, yet it is the remedy for this danger, not the danger itself, which the opponents of the bill decry. Besides this undoubted truth, Mr. GLADSTONE said that Mr. PARNELL, the representative of the Irish demand and feeling, had declared that what he sought under the name of home rule was simple autonomy for Ireland. This statement was received with derision, and this derision expresses undoubtedly the English feeling against the bill.

It is evident from the speeches of the opposition that it regards the Irish movement as a conspiracy for separation from England, with an ultimate view of vengeance for the long woes of Ireland by a foreign alliance against the oppressor. It follows that the word of no Irish leader upon the subject can be taken. It is assumed to be deceptive unless it frankly declares this purpose. This creates what the French call an impossible situation. According to this view the English Prime Minister is endeavoring to destroy the empire under the plea of strengthening it, or he is the blind dupe of his own fatuity and of traitorous schemers craftier than himself. But if this be the actual belief of his adversaries, why do they not answer his direct challenge for an alternative policy? If, as is alleged by some of them, Ireland at the present time has no more reason to complain of the imperial government than Kent or Yorkshire, if there be perfect equality of rights, representation, and laws, why not declare that the sole necessity of the situation is the maintenance of the existing government?

Or if, as the caucus of Liberals at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's declared, some kind of autonomy for Ireland is necessary, why do they not state what kind it shall be? When two men agree that a certain thing ought to be done at once, and one proposes a definite way of doing it, the other cannot be permitted merely to say that he prefers some other way, but doesn't know what. The theory that Mr PARNELL and the other leaders are liars, and mean something wholly different from what they say, puts an end to serious discussion of Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme or of any other. It remands the British Parliament to the duty of defending the country against a dangerous treasonable conspiracy; and as the theory necessarily implies that Ireland is a nest of traitors, the defeat of the bill, if it should occur, should be followed by an armed investment of the country. It is plain that defeat is apprehended by many friends of the bill, and in the event of its passage Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL openly threatens civil war in Ulster, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN justifies it. Mr. GLADSTONE evidently feels the force of the objection to the exclusion of an Irish representation from the Imperial Parliament, but his suggestion of Irish attendance upon special occasions, or of the formation of a commission by each Parliament to treat of imperial interests, is vague and unsatisfactory. He is, however, a statesman of infinite resource, and he will undoubtedly make every concession which is compatible with the essential purpose of his scheme. No Parliamentary debate of this generation has been more important than that which has now opened.

## A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.

IN *Economics for the People* Mr. R. R. BOWKER, one of the most thorough and accurate students of economical questions, and a man of intelligent independence in political action, has prepared a very valuable and timely manual upon a subject of especial interest and attention at the present moment. His little treatise touches every point of current economical inquiry with a fulness and precision of information and a luminousness of statement which make it interesting for every reader.

The questions which it considers are those upon which every American must now be informed; and as the great multitude of readers are too busy to pursue prolonged investigations, a clear and trustworthy explanation like this, which is not superficial nor hasty nor plausible, but based upon ample and familiar knowledge of the subject, is invaluable. Mr. BOWKER, as is known, is a free-trader, but there is no partisan unfairness in his presentation of the substance and argument of both sides of that controversy.

Mr. BOWKER's book is an admirable illustration, as he is himself an admirable representative, of the new political epoch in this country. He is one of a great body of young Americans who have the highest sense of the duty of citizenship, and who will mould and guide the political action of the future. They understand perfectly the value of organization, and they comprehend as clearly the patriotic necessity of political independence.

## NATIONAL GOOD FEELING.

A REPUBLICAN EX-Confederate in Florida, in a letter to the WEEKLY, disclaims any sympathy with the proposed monument to the Confederacy at Montgomery, and says that he speaks for a great majority of ex-Confederate soldiers. He encloses an editorial article from an Alabama journal from which we extract the following passages:

"If such be the purpose of the builders of this monument pile, we beg to say that there are few to contribute to the cost of its erection. It is not generally supposed that tears were shed when the Confederacy collapsed. In fact, the sore nakedness of the crushing of the hollow shell convinced the world that the hearts of the people were not within it. Otherwise they would have done as GEORGE WASHINGTON proposed: 'If beaten everywhere, I will retire with the faithful soldiers I lead, into the mountains and swamps and wage a perpetual, if only a partisan, warfare for liberty, and I will triumph at last.'

"There surely was no such feeling in purpose illustrated when JEFFERSON DAVIS fled from Richmond. On the contrary, when he surrendered, every musket dropped from the nerveless grasp of every Confederate hero. Forgetting the very flag he had followed, he adopted at once that of the Union. He confessed his error, and has grown in this as he fighting for the impossible Confederacy. In honor of these Confederate soldiers we would uplift the proudest shaft that ever kissed the clouds, but not one great mound the people gave in commemorate the deeds or purposes, or life or death, of that hollow mockery of the Union of our fathers. ALEXANDER H STEPHENS said of it that 'its corner stone was human slavery.'

"LEE and JACKSON and their followers, the soldiers of Alabama, deserve the proudest possible monuments ever reared by human hands; but as could uplift none in attestation of love for that creation of politicians denominated the Confederacy, serving only to recall desolate, dreary days of wretched, haggard want and vice and crime and bloody deeds, of devilish hate and penury and nakedness that dug countless graves."

This is much more significant than the speeches of DAVIS, or the enthusiasm which greeted him. These words from Alabama confirm others which come from a son of Tennessee slave-holders:

"Fold up the bloody shirt! We are as loyal as our glorious Union as Honest WASHINGTON or DANIEL WEBSTER. The war is over. Let us do what is right now, and let us all do right by each other."

That this is also the feeling of this part of the country is shown by the total failure of the attempt "to fire the Northern heart" by pointing to the reception of JEFFERSON DAVIS in Georgia. National good feeling is reciprocal in every part of the Union.

## THE AUTOCRAT ABROAD.

THE reception of Dr. HOLMES at Liverpool and the greeting of the English press show how cordial is his welcome in England. With Dr HOLMES and Mr. LOWELL as unofficial visitors, and Mr PHELPS as Minister, we cannot complain of the representation of the United States in England this year. English hospitality has been always less effusive than ours, and it has been reserved for Americans of eminence. But it is never less sincere and agreeable than ours toward Englishmen, and it is all the pleasanter because it is more discriminating.

As England salutes with respect and honor Americans who have added lustre to the literature of the common language, it is impossible not to recall with a sense of humor SYDNEY SMITH's famous question of seventy years ago, Who reads an American book? It was an American book that opened his remarkable career in England to Mr. LOWELL. It is an American book that drawn England to the coast to welcome the Autocrat, and they were American books which secured for PRESCOTT and BANCROFT and MOTLEY and LONGFELLOW the English honors which they received.

BYRON might well have felt that he was famous when his poems were read in the wilds of Niagara, and SCOTT when he was universally known in America, and THACKERAY when the American sailor read *Pendennis* at the north pole. But no Englishman in America can understand the feeling of an American author who, in the land of CHAUCER and SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, is welcomed by their countrymen, and, in his due degree, is admitted as another.

## SHARP WORDS IN SEASON.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's veto messages upon certain pension bills are very characteristic documents. They directly and forcibly condemn the practice of reversing in the House the decisions of the Pension Bureau, and contain a plain statement of the facts in regard to some two hundred and forty pension bills presented to him on the same day. Within the time allowed by law for their examination he found that it would be impossible for him properly to examine them. A cursory glance seemed to show that many ought probably to be disapproved. But as he could not satisfy himself, he had no alternative but to allow them to become operative without his approval. He points out the carelessness of the officers of the House in providing to put the name of ANDREW HILL on the pension roll when the record of the Pension Bureau shows that it is ARTHUR, and in another bill that it provides for a loss for two months of the increase of pension intended. The messages show the care with which the President attends to his duty, and his resolutness to repress the carelessness of Congress without regard for its mere party effect. He is evidently of opinion that public office is a public trust.

## PERSONAL.

MR. DANIEL HUNTINGTON's declaration that he will not again be a candidate for the presidency of the National Academy was made to the Academicians with much feeling and force. He will not resede from it. Under his administration the institution has become free from debt, and has purchased a valuable piece of real estate.

—The foreign announcement that the late Lord DUFFERIN paid $10,000 each for three Sèvres porcelains does not startle Americans, who have set the precedent of paying $18,000 for a Chinese vase.

—An American novelist, who dislikes to see ink marks on his fingers, warns his literary friends that the only possible means of escape thereof is to use a very similar substitute.

—Mr BENTON FITZ has been cataloguing his valuable library, and finds that he has about six thousand volumes, the most valuable being the 42 vermum Bible, the first book ever printed. Only one other copy of it can be found in this country—that in the Lenox Library. A copy sold recently in England brought $20,000; but Mr. Fitz takes pride in the fact that his copy is as rich and a half taller and so much wider than the English specimen. His collection abounds in first editions, especially of Pliny, Cornelius Nepos, the Iliad, the Odyssey, St Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, the Odes of Horace, and four of Cicero's works, one of them the first classic ever printed. He has gathered most of it within the last six or eight years, and principally at the sales of the Sunderland, Beckford, Hamilton and Syston Park collections in London. Chances for adding rare books are extremely rare, but he proposes to make the most of them when they occur. Some of his curiosities have been features of the recent exhibition of bookbindings at the Grolier Club.

—Mr D WILLIS JAMES, one of the directors and principal benefactors of the Union Theological Seminary, presented to that institution, on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary, an oil portrait of its President, Dr ROSWELL D HITCHCOCK, painted by Mr W. J. HOW. President HITCHCOCK appears in the gown that he wore when receiving the degree of Doctor in Divinity from the University of Edinburgh.

—Colonel DAVID B. SICKLES, formerly representative of the United States at the court of Siam, is lecturing in New York and its vicinity upon "Siam and the Siamese." He gives a graphic account of the manners and customs of this far-off land, where the white elephant is supposed to be little less than a divinity, and the king is honoured whenever his household includes fewer than two hundred wives.

—A brother of a successful young woman physician was asked after her health. "She is only fairly well," he replied. "Her sympathy for her patients and her sense of responsibility wear on her. Male physicians, I believe, are not troubled by either. What they have treated is one thing dismiss it from their attention."

—The friends of Mr BARTLEY CAMPBELL, the playwright, whose professional career until lately was brilliant, have been compelled to ask that he be put under restraint, owing to unsoundness of mind. All his successes were results of honest work and of a talent for dramatic situations. He has given pleasure to a larger number of people than any other American playwright.

—At a very successful fancy-dress reception given by Mr GEORGE H BOURNE in London, a well-known American dressed that appeared as Perry. He was dressed in a perfectly white swallow-tail coat, and perfectly white waistcoat, trousers, socks, and shoes.

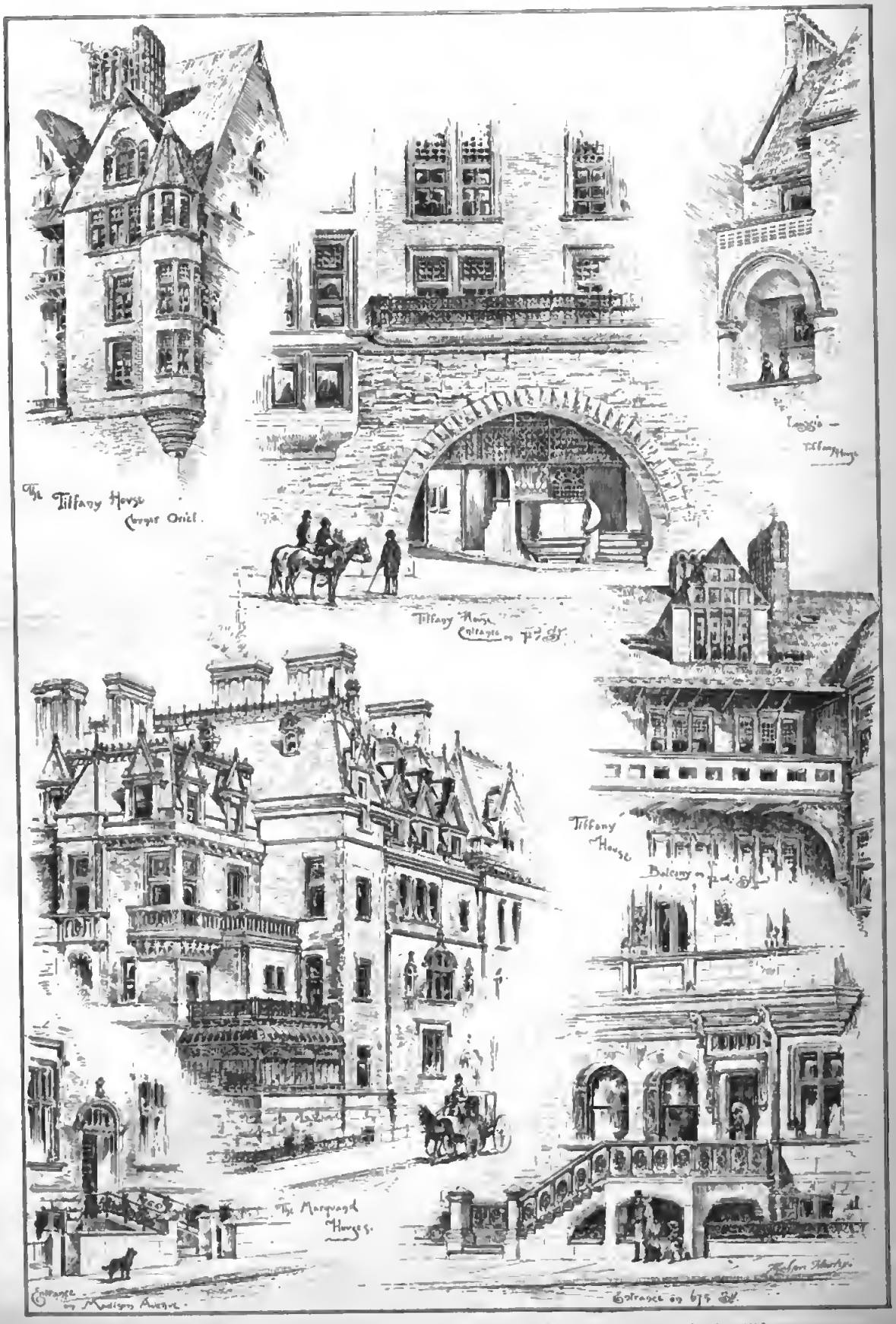
—Mr HENRY WATTERSON had time to show himself in excellent physical condition, after his long and serious illness, to many friends in that city, before his departure for the Alps. As usual, he caused pleasure wherever he appeared, and no passenger on board the *Normandie* received a more sincere bon voyage.

—Boston has gained a true work of art in the bronze statue of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, by OLIN R. WARNER, which was shipped from that city a few days ago. The work weighs about three thousand pounds, and represents Mr GARRISON in colossal form, seated in an arm-chair. As a revelation of character it has many solid and noble qualities, and it deals with the commonplaceness of modern costume in a classic spirit. Its vigor reminds one of the French artist's remark that sculpture is the art of a young man.

—The three latest Academicians, elected last week, are Mr ARTHUR QUARTLEY, Mr J ALDEN WEIR, and Mr. C. Y TURNER, and the three latest associates, Mr J CARROLL BECKWITH, Mr HAMILTON HAMILTON, and Mr JOSEPH LEMAN. These men are, without exception, painters of sterling merit, and their election is creditable to the judgment and of the Academy.

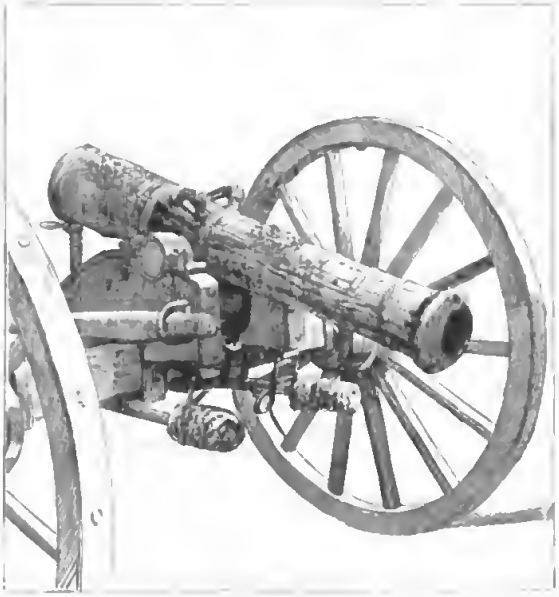
—Mr JAMES F SUTTON, president of the American Art Association, desires it to be understood that his institution is in no sense a rival to the Academy. He expresses a willingness to contribute to the funds of the Academy, if need be. His enterprise, particularly his scheme of $2000 prizes, has stimulated American artists. His idea is that public picture galleries should be arranged to look like private ones.

—FRANZ LISZT, as described by one of his young lady enthusiasts: He is the most interesting and striking-looking man imaginable—tall and slight, with deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-gray hair, which he wears parted in the middle. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelian expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease. His hands are very narrow, with long and slender fingers. LISZT looks as if he had been through everything, and has a face veined with experience.




NEW YORK ARCHITECTURE—THE TIFFANY AND MARQUAND HOUSES.—DRAWN BY HOBMOR HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

PARADE REST.



ONE OF THE WASHINGTON GUNS.

HON. JOHN E. WARD.

CAPTAIN JOHN F. WHEATON.

THE PRIZE DRILL.

ARMORY OF THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY.

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER AND LOUIS JOSTES FROM SKETCHES BY HORACE BRADLEY.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

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# CYNIC FORTUNE:

## A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Author of "Time Tries Stories," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

I

"Good-night, good by: bon voyage!"

"Good-by; and thank you a thousand times. How many fellows are there in the world, Kenyon, who would travel a thousand miles, or three thousand, to give an old chum the pleasure of dining with him?"

"I came to get the pleasure, not to give it."

"Well, it's like you, either way. The best-hearted fellow in the world. Good-by!"

The farewells were spoken in the vestibule of the Hôtel des Postes, and the speakers were English: the one broad-shouldered, brown-bearded, bright-eyed, and florid of complexion; the other lean, pale, and meager.

The hall porter, standing with an air of absolute unconsciousness of anybody's presence, in readiness to open the door, threw back the portal as the florid man shook his friend by the hand for the last time, and let in a gust of biting air and a cloud of melting snow-flakes.

"What a night!" said the host. "You are not going on walk, Kenyon?"

"There is no such thing as a fiacre abroad on such a night at such an hour as this," replied the other, "but I know my way. Good night; good-by!"

The door closed behind the stalwart, well-clad figure, and Robert Kenyon, bending his head to the storm, rammed his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and strode along with a mind full of pleasant fancies. He was Paris-bred, and knew his way well enough; but, though Paris bred, this was his first visit to the old city for more than twenty years, and his mind, not unnaturally, was busy with memories of his student days.

He hummed laughingly, as he went along, a couplet of Barbier, which he set to an improvised tune of his own:

"Le garçon poitrin, bien frais et dans son gaîne
Chantant, a plein gosier, les belles après-boire.

And, ah! the jolly days," said he—"the merry, merry days, when we were young!"

Suddenly stepping short in his walk, and speaking aloud, with the oddest and abruptest emphasis, he said, "Confound the fellow! what right has he to intrude his ugly image on one's mind?" and so walked on again.

The snow was falling heavily, and was melting as it fell. The hall, gained houses, built from roof to basement, seemed to soak the night with their own darkness, and from every roof and window-sill, and spout and gargoyle, the melting snow dripped incessantly.

"Confound the fellow!" said Kenyon, as he walked along. "I was out of tune with the night until his memory came to me, and he puts me in tune with it. A dismal tune it is, too."

Except for the constant dripping of the melting snow, and the sound of his own footsteps, the night was noiseless. A score of cards near the street gas lamps were invisible, lost in the drifting fall of fresh snow, which blackened as it touched the pavement.

Kenyon, muttering, with occasional ejaculations of discontent against himself, against the object of his thoughts, and against the weather, walked on until he came to a spot where the road divided. On the left there lay a handsome, spacious street, and on the right a mere lane, leading, as he knew, to a congeries of dirty and intricate by-ways.

"Now in my student days," said he, pausing, "it might have been a dangerous business to take the shorter and diretter way alone, and at this time of night. But nowadays old Nap has worked such wonders, and the new gendarmerie are such clever fellows, the place ought to be safe enough. I think I know the road, and it will save me at least a mile. Here goes!" He marched on sturdily and in silence, absorbed in his own thoughts, but in the course of some twenty minutes pulled up short beneath a projecting gas lamp and looked about him somewhat doubtfully.

"By memory," he said, half laughingly, "is less trustworthy than I fancied it. I don't know this quarter certainly, and there is not a soul of whom I can ask the way. When could I have gone wrong? I fancy I should have had straight along Pewter Pot Street, and if that be so, I stand too much to the right. Well, then, the next turn to the left will do it."

He took the next turning to the left, and found himself in a street where the odor of decomposed vegetable matter rose heavily to his nostrils, unencountered by the falling snow. The filthy road was illuminated by one solitary blotch of yellow light. This light gleamed dimly through the greasy panes of a purlieu, and from within came a sound of voices.

"Help at last," said Kenyon, gaily to himself, as he pushed open a door which shrieked upon its hinges.

Half a dozen people—dull-eyed, vacuous, drunken—bleared at him sullenly as he entered. A woman, with a red handkerchief bound in slovenly picturesqueness about her head, sat behind a little counter, amidst a disorderly array of bottles and dirty glasses.

Kenyon approached and asked his way.

"Monsieur will take something to drink?" said the woman.

"But yes, if madame wishes it," said Kenyon. "Give me a small glass of cognac."

He drew from his left hand a tarred glove, and the eyes of one Gustave Peltzer, a personage well known to the police of Paris, lost their vacuous and sullen glare, and all on a sudden sparkled brightly, as though they reflected the glitter of the valuable diamond which shone on Kenyon's hand.

The visitor, in set at his pocket, unbuttoned the heavy overcoat he wore, and Gustave Peltzer's eyes sparkled again to see the heavy gold chain which swung across his waistcoat.

Kenyon laid down a five-franc piece upon the wooden counter. The woman took it, and threw it into a drawer. "We have no little money here to-night, monsieur."

At this Kenyon quietly relinquished his coat and drew on his glove, basked cubalo round him, and, for the first time, appreciated the chances of the situation. "Good madame," he responded, cheerfully enough, "be so kind as to direct me."

The woman looked from one to another of her customers before responding. She met one pair of eyes alone, the eyes of Gustave Peltzer, still glistening with the light of Kenyon's diamond in them. The other men were sunk in a drunken stupidity, and had no answer to give to her inquiring look.

"Will madame be so good as to direct me?" said Kenyon, once more naming his destination.

"But willingly," said the woman in the red head-dress. "Lowering the door, you turn to the left, you take the first street to the left, the first to the left again, and you are on the Boulevard."

Kenyon, with a casual "Thank you," touched his glass with his lips, went in on the counter, half raised his hat, and left the place.

"That is a strange age to the Boulevard, madame," said Gustave Peltzer.

"Why," responded madame, "if it gives a pour and honest man an opportunity—"

Gustave Peltzer rose without so much as a hinting at the intuitive, and leaving the house, followed in the footsteps of Robert Kenyon.

The snow, which had fallen persistently for an hour or two, had just begun to take a gray and feathery hold upon the greasy pavement. The dripping from the low eaves of the houses still continued, but had a dragging and relenting sound. A footstep on the flag stones left a black oval smear; and Gustave Peltzer, with a ragged overcoat drawn tight about him, and his hat pressed low upon his brows, could not only hear the footsteps of the man before him, but could trace them as he walked.

The footsteps before him went on, with a something firm and resolute in their sound, which daunted the skulking rascal in the rear. Gustave was a jail bird, and ill nourished. He contrasted mentally the want of width and weight in his own starved frame with the broad shoulders, florid features, and deep chest of the man who wore the diamond and the watch chain. The contrast was unpleasing. But Gustave proposed in balance it, musing in his right-hand pocket a brass weapon of wholesome beauty, topped with lead. He had a lurking way with him, which would have betrayed him to a member of the protective force if any counter to the word. His sly step was thievish—*sneaking souffrelin*—and his eyes shot from side to side as though he mistrusted the darkness, as, perhaps, he did.

The leader, following the directions of the woman of the restaurant, took the first turning to the left, and the first turning to the left again. He walked on, now humming a fragment of an air, now silent, until he found further progress arrested by a blank brick wall. At this he turned and looked about him, with an ejaculation of momentary ill humor. A score of yards away a shrieking figure shuffled toward him.

"My friend," he said, in his cheery English voice, "can you direct me to the Boulevard des Italiens?"

Gustave Peltzer shuffled sideways into a little alley which lay to his left.

"Hollo, there!" cried Kenyon. "Do you hear? You, there! Do you hear?"

Peltzer shuffled back from the alley into the shabby street, and approached cautiously. "Monsieur," he said, "did me the honor to address me?"

"I asked the way to the Boulevard des Italiens," said Kenyon.

"Ah!" returned Peltzer. "Well monsieur pardonnât that I show him the way? In these hard times a poor man is glad to earn a sou or two."

"Certainly," said Kenyon. "Show the way."

"Will monsieur follow me?" said Peltzer, and the Englishman assenting by a mere nod and murmur, he shuffled on before.

Half-way down the street he crossed, maneuvering so as to fall behind. At the moment when he felt himself hidden from his unknown companion's eye, he whipped his brutal weapon from his pocket and struck a desperate blow with it.

Kenyon's fall upon into the roadway, and Kenyon himself turned upon his assailant. But the blow was repeated, and repeated so swiftly and with such force that he fell to the ground, with his arms thrown out crosswise, and lay there still as a stone.

The footed knelt above him with a feverish, trembling haste, dragged the glove from the impassive left hand, and was fumbling for the diamond ring, when the sudden crash of a door thrown open brought him to his feet, and the sight of a figure standing in the doorway sent him flying as hard as his shaking legs could carry him.

The unintentional rescuer seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance, and raced after the flying figure; but Peltzer turned and twisted with so much dexterity that the pursuer lost him, and stood breathing hard in the roadway. In some half minute he became aware that the pursued had doubled back upon his own course, and had returned almost to the street from which he started. He might, indeed, have returned to the street itself, for the low-browed alley to which he had taken refuge when the rescuer last caught sight of him led back to it. The non-comer took that course, glancing suspiciously into all nooks and corners, but finding nothing to give sign of the fugitive's whereabouts. This fact of itself was, perhaps, proof of some preoccupation, for at his feet the signs lay plain for any man to read. Even in that dim light he could have tracked the flying footsteps by the marks they left upon the pavement; but he never so much as thought of this.

Once in the alley, a single turn led him to the street he had originally quitted, and there a mere score of footsteps brought him to Kenyon's side. As he stood and looked down upon the prostrate figure, he saw the white left hand lying helpless on the dark cloth of the overcoat, nearer to Peltzer's hands had left it, and on one of the fingers of the limp the glimmer of a ring. He looked up and down the street, glanced swiftly and nervously at doors and windows, and then, stooping, took the helpless hand within his own, and examined the ring more closely. Then, with a new nervous look upon him, he set his arms about the prostrate man, and by a great effort lifted him and staggered with him through the open doorway.

He walked mechanically under his heavy burden along a narrow passage, and at the end of it came ponderously in contact with a door which, being ill secured, yielded to the double weight and opened on a squalid room, lit by the flame of a single candle. A mean bed occupied one corner of this apartment, and upon it the rescuer laid the rescued. Then he looked about him, repressing his own labored breath, and listening, less with the air of a man who had just prevented robbery than with the air of a man who meditated it.

Except for a sigh or two from Kenyon's lips, the rise of his own heart, and now and then the asthmatic wheeze of his own breathing, he heard nothing; but his face was full of guilt and fear. Suddenly he started, and with steps as mean and treacherous as those of the thief he had lately scored, he traversed the narrow passage and came upon the street. There he looked about his the fallen bat, and having found it, reentered the house, lightly and noiselessly closed the door behind him, and returned to the chamber.

II

The room was large and bare, with plastered walls and an unarpeted floor. It was furnished with a couple of rush-bottomed chairs, and a large unclothed wooden table, fixed to the wall by iron clamps, and supported at the outer edge by iron rods. The table was strewn with a heterogeneous assortment of books and manuscripts, bottles of glass and stone, iron and copper tubes, glittering implements of bizarre and bloodthirsty appearance, an electric machine, balls of silken twine, and a miniature furnace with a crucible and glass retorts. Above the table was a plank of rough deal, serving as a shelf, and supporting a large jar of spirits of wine, in which grinned a dreadful something like a miniature monkey, blackened by the action of the spirit, and hideous to behold. The air was heavy with an odor which was at once acrid and greasy, like that of a dissecting room.

The rescuer took the candle from the littered table, and laid to the bedside, and looked at the injured man. At the first glance he started, and dropping upon his knees, set his face close to the other's, and peered at him eagerly for a minute or so. Then, rising slowly, with a bewildered air, he replaced the candle upon the table, seated himself mechanically, and, with his hands upon his knees, stared straight before him. In a while he again took up the candle, approached the bed, and peered at the unconscious face with short-sighted eyes. Then, again, he set down the candle and resumed his seat.

"There was he," he said, speaking in English, in a mumbling voice—"there may be stranger things than this, but of all the strange things I have ever known to happen, this is the strangest. I should know him amongst a million."

Kenyon moaned, and stirred upon the bed, and the rescuer, rising hastily, but with an exaggerated caution, stepped on tiptoe to the table, and pushing about with his hands amongst the litter of papers and miscellaneous articles which covered it, found, after a minute's searching, a pair of tinted glasses. These he polished nervously with the skirt of his coat, and then set them astride his nose. He disordered his already tangled hair, and pulled it low about his forehead, and then, standing with an air of irresolution and bewilderment in the middle of the room, looked furtively over his glasses at Kenyon, who moved and moaned again. Whilst he still stood there, Kenyon opened his eyes, and struggled, with a wild look, into a half reclining posture.

"What's all this? Where am I?"

"Plait-el, monsieur," said the other, in a shaky voice.

Kenyon turned his face toward him, and dropped back upon the pillow.

"Monsieur is English?" said the rescuer. "Unhappily I do not speak that language, though I read it. Monsieur said—"

"I beg your pardon," said the Englishman, speaking, this time, in the language of his companion, "I forgot I was in Paris. I remember now—I was attacked in the street—I was struck from behind."

"Yes. I came up just as you fell, or he would have gone hard with you. The man who attacked you saved himself, and I brought you in here. It is nothing serious, I fancy, but you must rest a little. But I have not yet had time to see if you are injured. Permit me, sir. I am a doctor of medicine."

"So am I," said Kenyon. "I am not much hurt, I fancy."

The rescuer passed a hand, which felt trained and skilful, about Kenyon's head.

"There is a little bleeding here," he said; "it will be well to stanch it. A cold-water compress will serve."

He turned over the contents of a tattered basket which lay in one corner of the room, and having found a piece of linen there, tore it into strips, soaked the strips in water, and bound up the wound.

"It is little," he said. "It was the fall rather than the blow which stunned you, and yet the blow was a shrewd one. There is a lump as large as an egg here."

"You are very good," said Kenyon, feebly; "and I scarcely know how to thank you." His French was fluent and correct, some English in rhythm than in accent. "But it is late, and I deprive you of your bed."

He made a motion as if to rise, but his companion's hand restrained him.

"You are not well enough to move yet. Repose a little."

The slight exertion Kenyon had made had turned his face pale, and had made his breath more irregular.

"I keep late hours always," said the rescuer, "and should not go to bed yet if I were alone. Rest a little; and then, if I can find a fiacre, you shall go home. I am afraid you will not be strong enough to walk to-night."

"You are very good," said the patient again. "I am ashamed to give you so much trouble. Did you see the man who struck me?"

"Yes. I pursued him; but he was too nimble, and I lost him. It is a bad neighborhood, and I was alone and unarmed."

"The neighborhood used to be bad enough," said Kenyon, "in my student days, when I lived here years ago; but I had thought that it was safer now."

"Your student days!" said the rescuer, drawing his chair a little nearer. "Forgive me if I am in error, but I fancy that I have the pleasure to know you. I do not recall your name, but were you not under Pouf, at the Hôtel Dieu, from '57 to '60?"

"Yes," said Kenyon, turning his eyes upon him. "I was there. My name is Kenyon—Robert Kenyon."

"Ah!" said the other, quickly, "the English man! I remember now. I should have known before. I was there in the same years. You may not remember me. I was of another clique than yours. My name is Auguste Moreau. Your cousin," he added, "was a close comrade of mine."

Kenyon's eye travelled over the sordid litter of the room, and then returned to his companion. The rescuer continued. "Ah! you note the place. I have fallen upon evil times, Monsieur Kenyon, but your cousin and I are still close friends."

"Oh!" said Kenyon, struggling up again; "he is alive yet, is he?"

"You did not know that?" asked the other, in a voice of surprise.

"Know it?" said Kenyon. "No; I neither knew it nor cared to know it."

"I can understand that," said Auguste Moreau. "But he is poorer and in greater misery than even you would wish him to be, though all he has told me were true ten times over."

"Told you?" said Kenyon, falling back again. "What has he told you?" His voice trailed off as he spoke, and fell into such a tender indistinctness, that his companion rose, and, before replying, sought and found a blue phial amongst the littered contents of the table, and pouring out a carefully measured quantity into a glass, held it to the wounded man's lips, and beneath him to drink.

Kenyon obeyed, and a moment later a faint flush of color touched his cheek.

"What has he told you?" he repeated then.

"He told me," said the other, "years ago, and has told me a thousand times since, that he wronged you greatly. He says you loved a young girl, you and he, and that she liked you the better of the two. It was before you came to Paris, and you, though you were cousins, barely knew each other. He invented, in his jealousy, a lying story about you. The story was believed for a time, and he had hope of being accepted by the girl, but he was discovered and disgraced. It cost him all his fortune, for his father cast him off. He has been bitterly repentant ever since."

"Naturally," said Kenyon, "he has been bitterly repentant ever since."

"Ah! sir," said Moreau, eagerly and quickly, "it is not only that he has lost his fortune; he repents the act itself."

"A scoundrel always repents the act itself," said Kenyon, "when the act itself fails, and has been punished."

"He has suffered," said Moreau—"he has suffered bitterly and profoundly. He lives in a misery as complete as this." He waved his hand to indicate the squalid room.

"I am not sorry to hear it," said Kenyon.

"Sir," said Moreau, "I am a believer in a Divine Providence. Why is it that you are struck down by a strange hand in a foreign city at my door? Why is it that at the moment when you are struck I open my door, by pure chance, to look upon the night, and am so able to save you from further violence? Why is it that, after all this lapse of years, I am able to recognize your face? This in the hand of God, Monsieur Kenyon. But for this you would not have known that your unhappy cousin lived; but for this you would never have known that he lives in misery."

"Providence," said Kenyon, feebly, but chuckling, in spite of feebleness, as he spoke, "might have brought a less disagreeable fact in mind in a less disagreeable manner."

"You will not refuse him your forgiveness now?" said Moreau—"you will not refuse him your assistance?"

"Zounks!" said Kenyon. "The blackguard was my cousin, though we were pretty nearly strangers. I hardly knew him. It is a hundred to one that, if I met him in the street to-morrow,

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I should not know him now. He behaved like a rascal, not once, or twice, or thrice, but always, and consistently. I have neither pity nor help for him."

"Sir," said Morcan, "when last I saw him, and he spoke of you, he shed tears. Should I tell him of your refusal of forgiveness, he would break his heart. He blessed God that his own wicked designs were frustrated. He is conscious of the wrong he did you. He repents sincerely. Believe me, Monsieur Kenyon, he is a man with a conscience."

"I remember," said Kenyon, "that he always kept a conscience."

Morcan was silent for the space of some three or four minutes. "Let me tell him, at least," he said then, "that you forgive him. I do not think he will trouble you for more than that."

"My good sir," said Kenyon, "it would be easy to say that I forgive him; but I am in the habit of saying what I mean, and I could never mean it."

"The word would cost you little," said Morcan.

"Monsieur Morcan," said Kenyon, "I am infinitely obliged to you. Do you think you could add to all your other kindnesses by finding you a carriage?"

"You are not fit to move yet," said Morcan. "If your friends are in anxiety concerning you, I can find you a messenger, late as it is. In the mean time, are you far better rest."

Kenyon tried to rise, but his head seemed made of lead, and he fell back and lay still, groaning with impatience. "I have no friends in Paris," he said, a minute later. "There is nobody to be anyone for me here."

"That is well," said Morcan. "In an hour or two you will be better. Try to sleep." He drew himself away quietly, and taking a seat at the table, with his back turned to his patient, began to arrange the scattered manuscripts there.

"You meet my cousin Gabriel sometimes, you say?" said Kenyon.

"Often," said Morcan, dryly.

"You may tell the rascal this," said Kenyon, half groaning "the share of the money that would have been his, if he had not behaved as he did, may be his still. It is not much, whatever he may say; but whatever it is, he can have it on one condition. Tell him to write to my lawyer, giving his address. The money shall be sent to him on one condition." He paused there.

"What condition?"

"That he makes no approach to me. Tell him that if he writes, he must make that a distinct promise, and he shall have the money."

"I will tell him," said Morcan. His fingers toyed with a little morocco case, which fell open as he played with it. A hypodermic syringe dropped from the case, and he tried for point upon his finger. "You have no other message for him?"

Kenyon made no answer; but after a while, groping with feeble hands, he managed to unfasten his overcoat, and to draw a pocket-book from his breast pocket. Opening this, he found a bundle of bank notes, and selecting from the rest one for a hundred francs, he dropped it on the bed, and restoring the others to their place and the book to his pocket, spoke again.

Morcan's ears had been attentive to the rustle of the crisp bank paper.

"Will you permit me, Monsieur Morcan," said Kenyon, "to make you my almoner? There is much poverty in this neighborhood, doubtless, and you, as a medical man, are sure to be in close contact with it."

He searched blindly for the note, and finding it, raised it as much as two, and Morcan accepted it.

"I thank you, sir," he said, and with that resumed his seat.

Then there was silence for a long time—a silence so profound that the dripping of the melting snow without was clearly audible. Morcan's own breathing seemed exaggeratedly noisy to him. The breathing of the man upon the bed seemed loud and stertorous; and, for some reason, the reader's nerves were so perturbed that every now and then he started at the fancy of a third breathing, which seemed, when it touched his ears at all, to be low and smothered and irregular. He listened hard, until the constant drip, drip, dripping of the melting snow and his patient's breathing were mingled with a sound like that of a murmuring tide; but even through this there broke, as seemed to break, the real or imaginary sound of the muffled and irregular breathing of some third person near at hand. He sat for an hour like a statue, and then, turning slowly, looked toward the bed. The candle was waning fast by this time, and a great red wick toppled sideways. The room was almost dark. He snuffed the light, and taking the needle in his hand, stole stealthily, step by step, across the room, and peered once more into Kenyon's face. The wounded man was sleeping, and sleeping so soundly that even when Morcan lowered the candle to within an inch or two of his beard his eyelids did not even flicker. His breathing had settled to the steady pulse of sleep; but his inert form was no stiller than that of the waking man beside him. Suddenly, with a movement almost as noiseless as it was rapid, Morcan turned and crossed the chamber. He took from the shelf above the table a small stone bottle thickly smeared at the mouth with yellow wax. He broke the wax away, and having removed the cork, he took the hypodermic syringe from its case, delicately inserted the point of the instrument into the bottle, and then glided like a shadow to the bed, and bent over the sleeping figure. With a touch so light as air he turned down the collar of the overcoat and bared the neck, and with one rapid motion of the thumb he shot the contents of the syringe into the selected vein. The color in the sleeper's face flickered out, a momentary convulsiveness agitated the skin, and one quivering breath passed his lips.

That breath was Robert Kenyon's last.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE PROPOSED PARIS TOWER.

In the plans of M. EIFFEL, a civil engineer of France, are carried out, the Exhibition of 1889 in Paris will possess at least one very remarkable and interesting feature. A picture is here shown of the structure which, with the approval of the Minister of Commerce and the assistance of the French government, is to be erected at the entrance to the Exhibition grounds. It is at present doubtful whether this official sanction can be obtained. The enormous height of the tower is well shown by the comparison in the accompanying illustration with the Washington Monument, the loftiest structure on this continent. The Paris tower, if built, is to be 300 metres, or about 984 feet, in height. It is to be constructed entirely of iron, and is designed to be left as a permanent attraction of the French capital. On the summit of the lower or main arch is to be a spacious restaurant or café, where visitors en route in elevators to the dizzy pinnacle, nearly a thousand feet above the streets, may pause to refresh themselves as they by no means inconsiderable altitude of 228 feet. On the summit of the tower or monument will be a broad terrace illuminated by powerful electric lights—a point of vantage, it is argued, which will prove not only attractive to idle visitors, but useful as well for scientific and astronomical experiments. The cost of the structure is estimated at from $1,000,000 to $1,100,000, one-half of which amount M. EIFFEL guarantees to raise, upon condition that the state will make up the remainder, and will allow him such pecuniary profits as the enterprise may afford during the continuance of the Exhibition.

## MOUNTED SWORD CONTESTS.

THE contests between horsemen armed with broadswords, which have become so popular in San Francisco, originated in Louisville, Kentucky, six years ago, when DUELAR C. ROSS, the well known athlete, met Colonel LEWIS, a Texas ranger, and defeated him. Ross deserves the credit for having introduced this peculiar gladiatorial combat on the Pacific coast, the first contest having occurred in San Francisco on February 23, 1883. Since then meetings have taken place nearly every week between amateur swordsmen, Ross being the chief gladiator, and victorious in all his contests with a single exception.

The attraction of this sport lies in the unexpected. No two sword contests are alike in their features, and the endless variety of position which the horsemen assume serve these exhibitions from the monotony which so frequently marks contests in wrestling or sparring. The men are mounted on

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TOWER AT PARIS.—FROM THE ENGINEER'S DRAWING.

...pril 19 and 26, in the arena ...a Francisco, and from which ... Mr. TUCKNOTT's pictures on ... were made. Telegraph Hill is ... with a turreted structure which ...ves as an observatory and a temple ...ctacles. At the lower corner on arena, ...out forty feet in fifty, has been graded off and ...ered to, and here, on this sightly commanding ...ver-looking the beautiful bay, with its famous ...tranco, and the mountains which seem to hold it in their keeping, the gladiators meet. There are always several thousand spectators, who on ...longer climb up the steep slope of the hill, but are drawn up by a cable road, one section of which has a grade on steep as the roof of a house. When the appointed hour arrives the contestants appear, Ross dressed in a suit of close-fitting Scotch goods not unlike a bathing costume, while WALSH wears an ordinary business suit. The horses are champing their bits, and evidently eager to begin the fray. The chimney-looking cuirass, which weighs about ten pounds, is buckled on, the head-stall is adjusted, the horses' accoutrements are inspected, and the men then mount for the contest. Ross is a tall, red-bonded Saxon-man, a quarter of an inch over six feet in height, and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. He has a handsome face, and the muscles of his huge arm stand out under the closely fitting shirt. With great recklessness he wears no wristlet on his bridle-arm and no gauntlet on that hand, trusting to his experience with the sword to ward off any blows. His sword arm is guarded only by a leather wristlet, the hand being bare. The ugly armor leans its clumsiness on his superb figure, and he wears it without constraint. He sits his horse like a Centaur, and every movement is full of grace and conscious power. WALSH is over at a glance to be overmatched in height and reach of arm. He is a short man, standing only five feet six and a half inches in height, but he has great breadth of chest and powerful arms. When mounted he seems shorter than when on foot, and the armor, which fits Ross and makes him look like a Crusader, converts WALSH into a Sancho Panza, a mere caricature of chivalry.

At the end of the twenty-eighth bout in the first of the two contests mentioned the score stood 14 to 14. Upon the concluding bout depended the fate of the championship belt, which Ross had held against all competitors. In this bout WALSH broke down Ross's guard by a lightning like stroke, and dealt him a blow on the breastplate, but the Scotchman refused to recognize his defeat, and made a vicious lunge with his sword. To avoid this, WALSH darted through the entrance to the arena; but he was not swift enough to escape his pursuer, who inflicted a gash on his shoulder, and himself received a cut on the side, the slim steel giving way before the savage backsword blow of WALSH. The excited swordsmen were separated, and the match was awarded to WALSH.

The contest which occurred in the following week was short but brilliant. From the outset the bouts were fought with savage energy. Ross was more than usually reckless, and on the sixth bout received a severe cut on the forefinger of his right hand. This injury affected his temper, which was not improved by the representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who forced him to discard the spurs with which he was prodding his horse. The match ended abruptly to the nineteenth round, when Ross dealt WALSH an heavy blow on the right arm that the muscles were rendered powerless, and he was unable to lift his sword.

Although the element of danger is largely eliminated by the armor, still these sword contests are attended with no small risk. Admiral SEYMOUR, who commanded the British fleet at the bombardment of Alexandria, was present at several of these contests when he was in San Francisco recently. He enjoyed the swordsmanship, but he declared that in real actions he had never seen rougher work done, and he thought the contests should be prohibited. The history of sword contests in San Francisco shows several serious accidents. On April 12, 1883, in a fight between Ross and Captain E. W. JENNINGS, an English officer, the latter's helmet slipped forward, and he received at the same time a blow on the back of the head which laid open the skull with a ghastly cut four inches long. Ross saw the helmet slip too late to avoid the blow, but he held his hand to weaken the stroke, or JENNINGS could certainly have lost his head. As it was, the injured man lay in a critical condition for two weeks, but finally recovered. When he was fully restored to health, JENNINGS plucky met Ross again in the arena, and was a second time disabled, by a blow which fell upon his wrist. In a singular match on December 28, 1884, between Ross mounted, and Major FARRAGUT on foot, armed with musket and bayonet, Ross in the ninth bout delivered a powerful blow which fell on the musket barrel, and the sword, gliding down, shattered the bones of the index-finger of FARRAGUT's left hand. Other minor accidents have occurred, and it is seldom that a match ends without one or both the contestants receiving painful cuts.

Ross received the training which makes him so dangerous a rival in the Royal Scots Greys, one of the British heavy cavalry regiments, to which he served five years. He has fought all comers in San Francisco for nearly twelve months, and the list of those he has vanquished ranges from an impostor of Australian police to an ambitious Italian female peddler who had fought under GARIBALDI. Sergeant WALSH, the only man who has proved to be a match for the Scotchman, learned swordsmanship in the rebellion, serving in the Eighth Missouri Mounted Infantry, and afterward with SHERMAN in the Atlanta campaign. He has a record of eleven successful sword contests in the city of Mexico.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Edward Eastman Sarony.

THE GLASS-BLOWERS OF MURANO.—C. F. Ulrich.

THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 330.]

[illegible] P. Gravure.

Miller.

AN ART ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 300.]

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FORTUNE:

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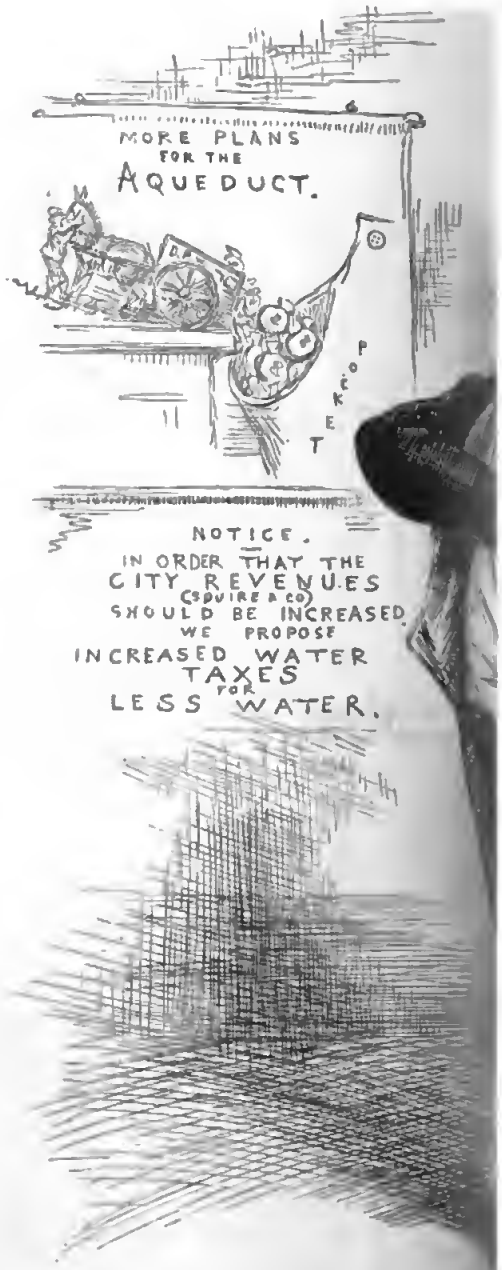


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N ART ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 330.]

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THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 330.]

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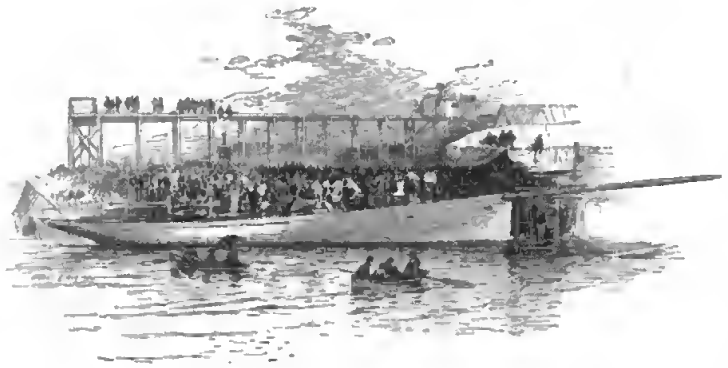

THE SLOOP YACHT "MAYFLOWER."—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. STEBBINS, BOSTON.

## THE "MAYFLOWER."

GENERAL CERRATO J. PAINE, well known as one of the most skilful and intelligent of the members of the Eastern Yacht Club, and who has been very successful in his experiments upon the schooner yacht *Halcyon*, gradually improving her until he made her one of the fastest light-weather yachts afloat, was one of the syndicate of gentlemen who united to build the sloop *Puritan* last year, and he sailed her during the whole season.

As a result of that experience he came to the conclusion that she could be improved upon, and early in February last he gave to Mr. ROW and BIRNES, the designer of the *Puritan*, an order for a new sloop similar to the *Puritan*, but a little larger, and which should entirely in her model the changes which the experience of General PAINE has led him to believe will be improvements. To Messrs. GEORGE LAWLEY & SON, of Boston, who built the *Puritan*, was given the contract to build him, and the result is seen in the picture which is given above.

She is rigged the *Mayflower*, and her dimensions are: Length over all, 100 feet, at water line, 85 feet, extreme beam, 23 feet 6 inches; at water-line, 22 feet, depth from keel to top of beam, 12 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 8 feet 10 inches; draught at stern-post, 9 feet; amidships, 8 feet 2 inches, four feet aft of the stem, 4 feet; with centreboard down, 18 feet, keel freeboard, 5 feet 2 inches, overhang forward, 5 inches; aft, 14 feet 9 inches; displacement, 100 tons, outside load, 57 tons; inside ballast, 11 tons. Her centreboard is of yellow pine, with a lower course of oak, and is 21 feet long, 10 feet deep, and 4 inches thick; it is shod with iron, and has 3000 pounds of lead run into the top of it to make it sink readily. Her mast is of Oregon pine, 80 feet long, 20 inches diameter; the topmast is of spruce, 48 feet long, 11 inches diameter; bowsprit, 60 feet long, 24 inches diameter.

All the material used in her construction is of the very best, and she is built strongly in order to stand the great strain to which she is likely to be subjected when racing in a seaway. Her principal point of difference from the *Puritan* is beyond, being much finer than that yacht, and those who have seen her that say that while in running and reaching, or even in weather work when the water is smooth, she may be able to give the *Puritan* her time—between three and four minutes over a forty-mile course—in weather such as was encountered during the race for the GORDON cups last summer the *Puritan's* sister bow will be an advantage, and she will most likely beat the new sloop even sailing, or without allowance.

There can be no doubt, however, but that in the *Puritan*, *Priscilla*, *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic* the committee of the New York Yacht Club will have four very fast yachts to choose from, and of a speed so nearly equal that the office of deciding which is the best will be a delicate one.

## A TRUE STORY.

"THE fiction of the present day lacks the essence of romance; it is all hard fact; there is plenty of clever character-drawing, bold and striking, but there is no soft, vague background of poetic shadow in which fancied natures delight."

The speaker was a man of middle age with whom I had been conversing on the shady piazza of a country tavern. He was known throughout the region as a scholarly person of somewhat unreliable habits, who boarded either at the aforesaid tavern or at the houses of some of the farming folk where he occasionally gave lessons. It was rumored that he was under some social banishment, and that he was closely related to a certain city millionaire, but of that I knew nothing, and cared less. All that I did know was that he was familiar with all the ins and outs of the woods, that he was a successful angler and a pleasant companion, eager to read all the magazines and newspapers I had with me, and to criticise them freely, which of course interested me as an occasional contributor thereof. He had just finished reading what I considered a typical New England story, full of odd humor and provincial peculiarities, and as he handed the book to me made the above remark.

I suggested that the romance of our day consisted in the wonderful performances of electricity and steam, far outrivalling the deeds of the past, with even supernatural accessories; but he shook his head as if I had not caught his meaning.

"That is just where the trouble lies: the age is materialistic; so is its literature. How else do you account for the success of Zola and his tribe? I remember, when a boy, hearing my mother talk of the furor occasioned by *Waverley*—the mystery of its authorship, the profound secrecy Scott maintained. Imagine how absurd a man would be considered who should act thus nowadays. But how much more absurd, if he should undertake to depict the joys and sorrows of a chivalric time—'le beau dame sans merci' or trouvère the days of a troubadour."

"I am not so sure."

"But I am. I speak somewhat from experience. I have written for this and that periodical; the higher its level, the more prosaic its demands. 'Reply from life,' they tell me; 'paint from nature,' forgetting with what different eyes we look on nature; how our own habit of mind colors all we see. Shall I tell you a story? Not to illustrate my theory exactly, but because I am in the mood, you are lazy, and there is nothing else to do just now."

I gladly acquiesced.

"My mother was a remarkable woman—everybody's mother is that, you know; she had a clear head, a retentive memory, and a wide experience. She was the daughter of a New London shipping merchant, who came, when she was quite young, to live in New York, that his children might have the advantages not procurable in a provincial town. But New York itself was not much more than that when compared with European cities. Still, it did have several good schools, King's College, and, I believe, some rather endowed institutions. My grandfather had made money, and he was desirous that his children should not only be well educated, but should advance socially.

"There was then considerable aristocratic feeling prevailing against people in trade, but my grandfather 'seized the bull by the horns,' took a house in Pine Street, furnished it according to the taste of the day, sent his children to school and dancing school (the latter was taught by a French refugee of good birth), patronized the theatre and the School of Fine Arts, and entertained the notabilities who came to this Western wild in search of health or wealth, or both. He succeeded admirably, was considered public-spirited and generous, and made many friends. My mother, his eldest daughter, at eighteen left school with a certificate declaring her scholarly attainments, as well as her proficiency in all the more practical requirements of the time. She was also an elegant dancer, and was considered one of the best three dancers in the city. The other two were a Miss Van Cott and a Miss ——; but I had better not give the other one's name. I will call her Vanessa, though Lucretia would be more apropos. These girls—Lily Van Cott, Vanessa, and my mother—were constant companions. They were very beautiful. My mother and Vanessa was superb, her figure commanding, and her manners very imposing. Lily, though charming, had not so much *bel esprit*. She was of a more timid nature, and it was no matter of surprise that she did not attract as much attention as Vanessa, nor that Vanessa, notwithstanding her many admirers, should marry first. Her choice was considered excellent—a young man of good family, of wealth, and of ambitious character.

"Lily shortly after married her cousin, and my mother was bridesmaid to both. She delighted to describe the wedding feasts and the beautiful apparel of the brides, from the wine and the wedding-cake to the satin and pearls. But such descriptions can hardly compare with the luxury of the present day. However, I always listened with boyish pleasure to all the details, for it was not until a much later date that I heard the whole of the story, so that portion of it which was unfitted for childish ears.

"The winter succeeding these marriages was an unusually gay one. Many foreigners were in town, and among them a famous singer—a Signor Bolacca, as some said, name. Everybody raved about his exquisite voice, and he was invited everywhere; in fact, the whole town was at his feet. Yan may be sure this pleased his serene Highness, but the two brides were his especial favorites. Perhaps he thought himself safer in paying attention to married women than to maidens. It was noticed, however, that, contrary to the usual custom, Vanessa did not seem to stand first in favor, but that Lily's quieter beauty had precedence. This was the more remarkable because all visitors from foreign lands had agreed in pronouncing Vanessa's style unapproachable except in court circles.

"Now I have my own way of telling stories, and you must pardon the interruption, but I wish to remark that I am coming to the part of my tale which, when I have presented it in literary form, is always objected to as 'sensational.' I have therefore striven to no purpose when I have essayed a section it. To resume.

"You would not suppose that two lovely young women, secure in the affection of their husbands, and enjoying the respectful admiration of all their friends, could possibly be affected by the passing favor of a foreign adventurer; for on all these professional singers were looked upon, no matter how greatly they were courted or how highly their attainments were valued. But it became evident to all that Vanessa was furiously jealous of Lily Van Cott. Search as you may for hidden springs of action, I am convinced that vanity is as powerful a lever among us as love or hate or revenge.

"Signor Bolacca was a guest at my grandfather's house, and to his honor a ball was to be given. The tickets had been out for days—they did not use cards so commonly as now—and my mother had written invitations to her particular friends, and received their replies. Vanessa's note was on her writing-desk, when a delicate little package was brought in addressed to Signor Bolacca. As he was in constant receipt of pretty trifles from his many admirers, my mother ordered the servant to take it to his room, merely remarking that the address resembled that of the note lying before her.

"The ball was to take place that night, and my mother was just putting the finishing touches to her toilet, when she heard a little tumult in the house, but thought nothing of it. I should been told you that my grandmother's death had placed her at the head of affairs. She went on, therefore, arranging her dress, when a pale-faced servant rushed in and begged her to come to the foreign gentleman's room and see what was the matter. My mother hesitated, and asked where her father was, and why he had not been appealed to; but the servant was in great agitation and alarm that she was obliged to yield to her entreaties.

"The room was a spacious one—the guest-chamber—and lighted by sconces. In the middle of it, and on a cumbered bed, lay Signor Bolacca in full dress, but ghastly pale and suffering; the servants were all about him, endeavoring to relieve him, and frightened half out of their wits. A faint odor of coffee pervaded the atmosphere. My mother opened the windows, applied restoratives, and had the satisfaction of seeing the gentleman revive, but was interrupted in her administrations by a messenger and a note imploring her as some instantly as her friend and neighbor Lily Van Cott. Imagine what a predicament for her so to be! Dressed for a ball, the whole house lighted and decorated, the person for whom the entertainment was in honor ill on her hands, and another friend beseeching her presence as if her life depended on it.

"And, indeed, her life was in danger, as my mother soon discovered from the messenger. Quickly giving her orders, and summoning a physician, my mother threw a cloak around her and hurried to her friend. The same night met her eyes. Lovely Lily Van Cott in all the bravery of ball attire was stretched motionless and speechless on her bed, and the same odor of coffee filled the atmosphere.

"Her husband was frantic, her attendants helpless. My mother's suspicions were now fully aroused; but she maintained her coolness and composure, and calmly administered stimulants. She had the satisfaction of seeing her friend rally, and able to explain that she had been taken ill after drinking a cup of coffee; and as the physician had arrived, my mother hastened home.

"She was just in time to receive her guests—a throng of whom were pouring into the drawing-room. My grandfather was very much annoyed and surprised at her absence, and still more disconcerted that the chief guest of the evening was unable to appear.

"My mother was equal to the occasion, but watched long in vain for the arrival of Vanessa. Would she come, or would she stay away? Had the courage to invoke the shades of darkness in dealing those deathly blows, and yet the cowardice to dread the result? Evidently to stay away would provoke comment, and that was something not to be desired. She came—late in the evening when many had left—so her customary brilliancy of dress and manner; but my mother noticed that she was fretfully restless and impatient; that in spite of her clever talk and easy grace her color came and went like flashing lightning, and that she avoided her, and was in haste to depart. Perhaps her own suspicions colored her criticism; for she has told me that Vanessa had for her the fascination of a basilisk, and that she could not keep her eyes off of her. My mother, too, had a quick wit. She had made some inquiries, and found that the package addressed to Signor Bolacca in Vanessa's handwriting contained coffee, that it had been sent as if by an anonymous admirer, begging the signore to accept it as something especially rare and delicious.

"This the signore had done, and one of the servants had prepared it according to his directions in a little French tin, which he always carried in his travelling case, and served it in a cup of the willow pattern Indian china, which was the common breakfast service. The signore had drank it, leaving only a drop or two in the cup, which my mother saved. The package, too, was laid aside, and the paper on which was the superscription. A similar package had been left at Mrs. Van Cott's without any address, and Lily's servants had used it as a matter of course, supposing it came in the customary way from the grocer, but the curious fact that the servants were all English people, and cared only for tea, saved them from drinking it. Mr. Van Cott, too, had dined early, having business in Connecticut, so that Lily was really the only sufferer.

"Both packages were examined by a chemist, and found to contain a large quantity of arsenic—as much, indeed, that it had overshot the mark, and not done its insidious but more deadly work.

"And now you will expect to hear some startling details, but I have none to give you. The victims of the atrocious attempt both recovered. Signor Bolacca left the country—with what impression of its women I leave you to imagine. The physicians, a lawyer or two, my mother, and a few others knew enough to convince them who was the culprit, but no legal steps were taken, no accusation made.

"Vanessa's husband became a distinguished man, known all over the country for his scientific attainments and the great attractiveness of his kindly character. Vanessa herself continued to be a leader in society, and was the mother of several children. She died prematurely—how, when, or where I never heard, more than just the fact I have related.

"Of course you are disappointed. I would like to be able to give a different termination to my tale, but then it would not be truth, and I am not a Hawthorne. But can you not imagine for yourself the fearful condition of that woman's mind? It was no impulse of outraged love that impelled the deed. It was jealousy, revenge, and wounded vanity. Had the killed her victims there could have been no more murder in her heart than was there already. That she did not was due to the abundance of failure, not to her intention. And how cool the most have been, and how disappointed!—but no, let us believe that the tidal wave of repentance and sorrow had set in by the time she knew her plot had failed, and that for the rest of her life she made atonement in a thousand deeds of charity and bitter tears and prayers for forgiveness. There are tragic elements, you see, beneath these quite commonplace lives of ours."

I acquiesced in silence, and my raconteur lit a fresh cigar.

## THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION

THERE is matter for serious consideration in the general character and quality of the exhibition of pictures which has been called forth by the Prize Fund of the American Art Association. The most obvious inference that it conveys is that American artists are very susceptible to the stimulation which the assured rewards of such a competition afford. It is shown that the offer of a comparatively moderate amount of money and a number of gold medals to be distributed by the suffrages of artists has been sufficient not merely to discredit and depreciate the annual display of the National Academy, but to bring together a collection of pictures far surpassing in merit and importance any previous exhibition of the work of American artists.

Many of the pictures in the Art Association Gallerie would undoubtedly have been sent to the Academy had their not been drawn away from it by the competition, but there is internal evidence that the general weight and importance of the exhibition are directly attributable to the prizes. The National Academy, if sufficiently national in character and administration, should naturally command such an exhibition every year, just as the Salon annually comprehends everything that is new and noteworthy in French art. And the National Academy will undoubtedly do so eventually, but the fact that it does not at present do so simply enforces and emphasizes the charges of mismanagement and selfishness that are reiterated against it every spring. It is to be hoped that a change in its policy is impending. It is a source of no little regret to every one interested in our artistic progress that the institution which of all others is intended to promote it should so lamentably fail of its purpose.

The exhibition at the Association gallerie is so brilliant and hopeful a showing of American art as one would wish as one, and in the general sense of distinct and unmistakable progress that it conveys it is nothing short of surprising. It is fine in all its features except sculpture, and in that regard an effort will probably be made to do better next year by offering a special award for it. The committee of award confined itself the year to the consideration of the figure subjects, and we give engravings of the pictures they selected.

Mr. HILLEY's "At the Inn" is the best example of this rapidly rising artist that has been exhibited in New York, and discloses an aspect of his work which has been more familiar in the London exhibitions than here, only one of a like qual ity having so far been shown here—that of the "Cosy Corner" in the late Academy exhibition. Mr. HILLEY is strongest when he treats these themes. He is more nearly in relation with his subject, and he paints it with less consideration of manner and method, and more concern for literal truth, than when he is dealing with classical and purely decorative compositions, such as we

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have been made familiar with in recent exhibitions. Many of the latter are very beautiful and technically full of interest, but in such pictures as "At the Inn" there is a much profounder significance and a much more charming sentiment. It is the brightest and pleasantest picture of the year, after Mr. ABBEY's "Old Song" in the Water-color Exhibition.

Mr. C. F. UTHER received and deserved a prize for his "Glass Flowers of Murano." It is a brilliant piece of work, and shows an ease and freedom of execution that his pictures have heretofore lacked. His "Lace-Makers" in the same gallery has the same commendable qualities, and is in every respect a very charming picture.

Mr. GRAYSON and Mr. SQUIRES are the two other fortunate exhibitors. Both contribute large studies of the class brought into vogue by JULES BASTIEN, and adapted to a special and individual scheme of color by HERBERT LEADER. Mr. GRAYSON's "Midsummer Dream" is a bold and vigorous painted study of a peasant girl resting upon a barrow in a cabbage field. Mr. SQUIRES's "Mother and Child" is a more ambitious subject, and is drawn with a great deal of power. It depicts a peasant woman who has fallen wearily asleep while peeling potatoes by the side of a child's bed. There is real feeling in the picture, and rare skill in the execution, which is marked by the utmost simplicity and sincerity.

Among the other figure subjects in the exhibition that will repay attentive study are: Mr. CARL MARR's "Gossip" (No. 163), an excellent piece of work from every point of view, fine in color and in drawing, and a most skilful presentment of a very difficult problem of light and shade; Miss ROSINA EMMET's fine "Twilight" (No. 95), a very graceful and purely classical figure; Mr. B. W. CLAPSADDLE's "Suspected Conspiracy" (No. 54), a capitally painted and admirably characterized study of three peasants, with a delightful expression of humor to give force and cogency to its moral; and the two fine military subjects of Messrs. TEGGE and GAUL. Mr. GAUL's picture is the best military picture that has been painted by an American. It has the inspiration of the facts, and it has to do with the actualities of the real thing.

Among the landscapes are some pictures of rare beauty and merit. Perhaps the most powerful and striking of all is one by an artist who is new to our exhibitions—"A Spur of Mount Adams," by HAROLD B. WARREN. This is a very fine achievement, large in style, imaginative in treatment, and admirable in the splendid strength of its masses and the depth and harmony of its color.

## THE SOUTHERN METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE Southern Methodist General Conference, which met early this month in Richmond, represents a very prosperous Church. The opening address of the bishops reports an increase of members, during four years, from 800,717 to 926,994, making the present aggregate nearly one million of communicants. These members are almost exclusively whites, the colored members of the Southern Methodist Church having been set off as a separate body shortly after the war. There are forty Annual Conferences under the jurisdiction of the General Conference, containing nearly 4300 ministers. As is well known, all the pastors are itinerants, and receive their churches for limited terms at the hands of the bishops.

The offering by one of the delegates of a series of resolutions which propose the taking of measures for the securing of union with the Northern Methodist Church has awakened wide-spread interest. The subject is by no means new. As far back as 1869 proposals of reunion were made to the bishops of the Southern Methodist Church by the Northern Methodist bishops. These were kindly received, but as the churches had not yet established fraternal relations, little could be done. There were unadjusted questions of church property which troubled both sides. Beyond this, there was an obstacle apparently more formidable to be overcome. The Southern Methodist Church had, since the separation in 1844, been always spoken of by Northern Methodists as a secession, and this imputation had been resented in the South. The legitimate origin of their Church, by virtue of the Plan of Separation mutually agreed upon in 1844, has been a tender point with Southern Methodists. A joint commission selected with full powers settled the points of difference in May, 1876, the recognition claimed by the Southern Church was fully accorded, and cordial relations were established. From that time the desire for union, or rather reunion, has found frequent expression.

No doctrinal differences are in the way of reunion, both Churches hold steadfastly also to JOHN WESLEY's system of itinerancy, and both have lay delegates in the General Conferences. The Southern bishops have a suspensive veto upon General Conference action; this can be exercised only on the ground of the unconstitutionality of a proposed measure, and can be overcome by a succeeding General Conference. Both Churches are in the Southern field, and their rivalry in small villages is irritating, and at times disastrous in both. It is not strange, therefore, that the expediency of ending such rivalries by union has occurred to many thoughtful men on each side. It is obvious that a good understanding should be reached, and rules of comity established, and the common work for the welfare of men prosecuted in the friendliest spirit.

A more serious impediment to reunion is thought to be the unwieldy size of the united body. It will contain nearly three millions of communicants, and would be supervised by a General Conference which could not easily determine the many questions requiring its authority for settlement. Organic changes of polity would seem to be requisite for the purposes of satisfactory government. The effect of such a reunion would be most wholesome for the country.

## THE VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT AT ROME.

EARLY in the present year the Italian government began the work of preparing the site of the great national monument to VICTOR EMMANUEL. Every one knows the eastern summit of the Capitoline Hill, crowned with the Convent and Church of Ara Cœli. It is here that a monument which will be visible from every part of Rome is to rise. Hitherto the dome of St. Peter's has been the one object which, seen from across the Campagna, marks the site of Rome. It will not be long before the traveller, as he catches his first glimpse of the great monument of Christian Rome, will also see, gleaming under the sunshine, the white marble of the monument that symbolizes the birth of free and united Italy. While the Franciscan convent of Ara Cœli and a number of other buildings are to be demolished in order to make way for the Victor Emmanuel Monument, lovers of old Rome will be glad to know that the church of Ara Cœli is to be spared.

The design for the monument which was adopted was selected from a number which were submitted at a competition open to all Italian artists. It is the work of a young civil engineer, Signor SACCONI, and the accompanying illustration, taken from a photograph of the model, will give a fair idea of its general plan and proportions.

The two groups of statuary at the foot of the grand staircase, which are designed to symbolize Thought and Action, are to be replaced by four statues, two of a high, representing CAVOUR and MAZZINI, will personify Thought, while the other two, representing Action, will be statues of GARIBALDI and LA MARMORA. In a little chapel on the first platform or landing is to be placed a statue of Rome in gilded bronze. On the parapet in front of the landing are to be two allegorical groups, representing respectively the Defence of Rome in 1849, and the Liberation of Rome in 1870.

On the next great landing is to be placed the equestrian statue of VICTOR EMMANUEL, and four allegorical figures personifying the four great epochs of the Italian revolution—1849, 1859, 1860, and 1870. Still higher will be placed eight statues of the leading men who cooperated with VICTOR EMMANUEL in the work of Italian liberation, and above each column in the attic of the temple which forms the chief part of the monument are to be allegorical statues of the chief Italian cities.

While the monument itself is to be the work of Signor SACCONI, the various statues are to be executed by those sculptors whose models may be accepted after a competitive exhibition. What ever fault may be found with the details of the monument, the conception is certainly fresh and striking, and the monument can hardly fail to be an imposing one.

## THE CHATHAM ARTILLERY OF SAVANNAH.

ON May 4 the Chatham Artillery of Savannah, Georgia, which is the oldest military company in the Southern States, celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of its organization. Besides such usual features of a celebration like this as a parade and drilling for a prize and the entertainment of visiting companies, tablets were placed on the monument to the Revolutionary hero General NATHANIEL GREENE, and the interesting and honorable history of this old artillery company was reviewed by the same orator, the Hon. JOHN E. WARD, who delivered the oration at its semi-centennial celebration; and an interesting career it is that the company has had.

"The artillery corps," says its historian and the historian of Georgia, "was the child of that heroic age" of the American Revolution. It did its first field service in 1776 in humiliating a camp of freebooters on Bear Creek, in Georgia, under the command of Captain EDWARD LLOYD, who had lost an arm during the British siege of Savannah. From that time until now it has volunteered for service in every war that the United States has been engaged in—in the late war, on the Confederate side. It fired the funeral salute when General GREENE was buried; it fired a salute in honor of General WASHINGTON when he visited Savannah, and so pleased him that he complimented the battery by presenting to it two bronze six-pounders which had been surrendered by CORNWALLIS at Yorktown. These "Washington guns" have been kept all these years. During the late war they were buried under the armory to prevent their capture by the Federal troops. In the war of 1812 the company fortified and guarded Savannah. In 1824 it took prominent part in paying honor to General LAFAYETTE when he laid the corner-stone of the monuments to GREENE and PULASKI, in 1835 and in 1837, when there was trouble with the Indians in Florida, and again when war was declared with Mexico, it volunteered for active service, but was not called into the field, and it entered the Confederate service and saw four years of war, and was among the last troops of the Confederacy to surrender, being a part of General JOHNSTON's army.

Captain JOHN F. WHELAN, the present commander, was promoted to the captaincy in 1863, while the company was in the Confederate service. The Hon. JOHN E. WARD, the semi-centennial and the centennial orator, whose horse is now in New York, years ago was commander of the company. He was formerly a prominent lawyer in Savannah.

Although the event celebrated was the one-hundredth anniversary of the Chatham Artillery, the review of this company's history and the unveiling of the tablets on the GREENE monument were by no means the only features of the celebration. Colonel C. C. JONES, the historian of Georgia, delivered a historical oration on General GREENE, about whom Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS also made a short address; there were drills for prizes, in which military companies from five States, "the blue and the gray" took part, the Montgomery Greys taking first prize. The other military companies of Savannah—the Savannah Volunteer Guards, the German Volunteers, the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, the Republican Blues, the Georgia Hussars, and the Irish Jasper Greens—entertained the visiting companies, and for three days there was military pomp by day and revelry by night in the Southern city.

## JOHANN MOST.

JOHANN MOST, of this city, who was ignominiously dragged from under a bed, where he was in hiding, on Tuesday of last week, and placed in the Tombs Prison on the charge of having incited to riot, is a German by birth, and is forty years of age. In early life he learned a trade, but being gifted with a certain fluency of speech, soon deserted labor for politics, and six years ago was elected a member of the German Reichstag by the Socialistic party. While in the German parliament he endeavored to distinguish himself by eccentric extravagances, but was speedily expelled from that body. He then removed to London, and established the *Freiheit* (Freedom) newspaper, which was smuggled in large quantities into Germany, and distributed in Socialistic quarters. Most's article rejoicing over the assassination of the Czar of Russia in March, 1881, caused his arrest by the English government, although England had theretofore been regarded as a safe field for free speech by Continental assassins. The prompt arrest of Most was said to have been due to the direct interference of BISMARCK. Most was defended by the late A. M. SCHLATER, in spite of whose eloquence he was found guilty of a crime, and was sentenced in May, 1881, to six months at hard labor. At the expiration of this term of imprisonment he came to the United States, and won distinction in Socialistic and Communistic circles of this city by a series of violent harangues directed at the English government particularly, and all forms of government incidentally. On the 23d of April last Most advocated the practices of murder and arson before a large audience in Germania Hall, and it is for this offence that he is now under indictment. He was released on bail May 14.

## NEW YORK HOUSES.

THE group of "VANDERBILT houses" on Fifth Avenue was supposed, when the houses were completed four years ago, to touch the high water mark of luxury in the domestic architecture of New York. So, indeed, it did. Nothing more lavishly expensive has been built since. Unfortunately, the most luxurious of the VANDERBILT houses—the brown-stone mansions built for Mr. W. H. VANDERBILT—were not the most commended while, nor commendable at all, from a strictly architectural point of view. On page 324 are given illustrations of two more recent examples of house-building in New York, the "TIFFANY house," at the corner of Madison Avenue and Seventy-second Street, and the three "MARQUAND houses," at the corner of the same avenue and Sixty-seventh Street.

In their diverse ways these structures are extremely interesting by reason of their architecture, as well as "unpaning" from the more commonest characteristic of evident costliness. The "TIFFANY house," as it is generally called, although, in fact, the pile includes, or seems to include, a subordinate dwelling at the north end, occupies four or possibly five city lots, 100 by 60 or 100 by 125 feet. It is rectangular in plan, the variations that prevent it from becoming monotonous and box-like being recesses and projections beginning above the basement story, and thus are severally roofed, giving animation and variety in the sky line. The central part of the main front on Seventy-second Street is recessed above the basement, and the flanking divisions are crowned with gables intersecting the numerous main roof. Under the eaves of this a balcony spans the recess where the third story. Other features of this front that relieve it of heaviness are a corbelled oriel at the corner, running through the three stories above the basement, and an open loggia of a single heavy round arch at the opposite end. It is upon the avenue front that the size of the great roof is most apparent, inasmuch as nearly the whole of this wall is covered with an enormous gable pierced with one great window in the centre. Much of the charm of the building comes from the skill with which the architects, Messrs. McKIM, MEAD, & WHITE, have chosen its materials. The basement is built of rough faced blue-stone used in large blocks. The superstructure is of a tawny brick, between brown and yellow, learned from a clay found, we believe, at Perth Amboy, and the terra cotta, which is employed in pieces of unusual size, is of the same clay. The roof is covered with a very dark, almost black, corrugated tiling.

The MARQUAND houses, of which Mr. R. M. HUNT is the architect, are designed in the French Renaissance, or rather in the transition from French Gothic to French Renaissance, the classic elements being more apparent in the principal house at the corner, and the mediæval in the smaller houses on the avenue. The materials are red brick and light sandstone. The effect of the southern front is very conspicuous, and that of the avenue front very piquant and picturesque. The detail is everywhere expressive and full of spirit. One of the most admirable points of design is the manner in which the slope of the hall is recognized in the treatment of the avenue fronts, so as to individualize the houses without impairing the unity of the group.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A new game-law in Ohio allows the shooting of ducks only on the last four days of the week. Nimrods may molest a duck on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday in that State. There is an law in Kentucky forbidding the shooting of ducks on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. If there were, and if the beneficiaries of the law understood it, Kentucky and Ohio would be a great place for ducks, which, by spending part of the week in one of these States and part in another, might mock at sportsmen, and live to a ripe old age.

Seven Arabians are said to be among the pupils now in Paris waiting to be inoculated by M. Pasteur. They take the sunlight, and the build logs of Paris cast too much shade to suit them. The other day they placed a ladder against a wall of their hotel, and mounting to a height where the sunlight could fall upon them, looked in it with satisfaction. If there had been high buildings in the desert, and they had been up a ladder when the dog came by, they would not have been obliged to journey to Paris and sit waiting upon a ladder in that inclement town.

There are to be summer courses on two branches of learning at Cornell University this year. Professor J. H. Comstock conducts a course in entomology and general invertebrate zoology, beginning on June 21, and continuing ten weeks; and Mr. F. H. Morgan will direct a summer school of chemistry, which will open on July 6, and last nine weeks. The school of chemistry will afford three courses, namely, elementary chemistry, qualitative analysis, and quantitative analysis. Persons who are not regular students of the University may have the benefit of this extra instruction upon payment of a small sum.

An East Indian newspaper says that the greatest tea-drinkers in the world are the inhabitants of the Australian colonies and New Zealand, who consume upward of seven pounds per head yearly. The people of Great Britain, who come next in the list, consume something less than five pounds per head; in the United States the consumption is one and a third pounds, and in Russia only a little more than three-fifths of a pound. Russia gets the name of being a great tea-drinking nation from the habits of some of her provinces, in which the consumption is enormous. Belgium, Sweden, Hungary, and Spain consume less tea than the other nations of Europe, but as a nation on the Continent except Holland does the consumption exceed one pound per head. Now foundland and Canada beat the United States at tea-drinking.

THAT'S SO.

PATRICK HEAN, the President of the Irish National League, has sent a despatch to Mr. PARNELL saying that "not a single Gaelicman was among the Anarchists at Chicago, while some of those who fell defending public order were of our nationality."

PROPOSED MONUMENT AT ROME TO KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ARCHITECT'S MODEL.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE SOUTHERN METHODIST CHURCH AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPARD.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

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BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

EMPLOYER. "If you don't go to work, I must fill your place."
ANARCHIST. "If you go to work, I'll make it hot for you."

MAURICE B. FLYNN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLL.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

JOHANN MOST.
PHOTOGRAPHED MAY 19 FOR THE BOURNE GALLERY.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

## MAURICE B. FLYNN.

Mr. Maurice Bossette Flynn, whose portrait is published in this issue, is a shining example of the possibilities afforded in this city for the accumulation of great wealth in a short period of time. Mr. Flynn will not be forty years of age until two years from the 3d of November next. He certainly inherited no fortune being one of six children born to Patrick and Mary Flynn in the little village of Malden, Columbia County, in this State, and when at the age of seventeen he arrived in New York his cash capital consisted of thirty-seven dollars. These facts make the statement that his fortune is estimated at from a million to a million and a half of dollars one of considerable interest. With the exception of a "year's schooling" at a Catholic school in Troy, such education as young Flynn had at the time of his arrival in New York had been picked up by his own unaided efforts.

Upon his arrival in New York he took the first employment he could find, which proved to be in a small grocery in Williamsburg. He subsequently became "time-keeper" at the Novelty Iron-Works, and then learning that the firm of Guy C. Hoyenkamp & Son, iron manufacturers, were in need of a book-keeper, he boldly applied for the situation, and although he knew scarcely anything of the requirements of the position, succeeded in obtaining and holding the place at a salary of eight dollars a week. Within a very short time his salary had been nearly doubled. His executive ability was speedily recognized, and when, in 1867, the junior member of the firm died, the sole management of the details of the business was intrusted to young Flynn. Two years later he was given a small interest in the firm, and on the 1st of May, 1870, was admitted to the firm as an equal partner.

During all these years he had been assiduous in his studies. He lived in Brooklyn, but regularly for several years attended the night school at Cooper Union, and being quick to learn, rapidly acquired a fair knowledge of the French, German, and Spanish languages, which he has since mastered, besides devoting himself to the study of mechanical drawing and elocution. In 1873, Mr. Flynn, three days before election, declared himself to be a candidate for the Assembly on the Democratic side of politics, and was elected to represent the thirteenth and fourteenth wards of Brooklyn, defeating the regular Democratic nominee by a large plurality. At the conclusion of his term he was reelected.

In the mean time the business of his firm was prospering, and he was coming to be looked upon as one of the leading contractors of New York. Changing his residence from Brooklyn to this city, he began to put his hand largely into New York politics. He was one of the committee of one hundred organizers of the County Democracy, and in 1882 was made chairman of the Fourteenth District Assembly General Committee. In the autumn of the year just mentioned Mr. Flynn was married to a daughter of Tuscarora Moss, the treasurer of Wallack's Theatre. The nomination by Mayor Edson of Mr. Robert M. Sweny for Commissioner of Public Works was at the time attributed to Mr. Flynn's influence, and as the iron manufacturing firm to which Mr. Flynn belonged was, and still is, largely interested in contracts for public work in New York, his interest in the appointment has been ascribed to purely business motives. His confidence in Mr. Sweny is said by those who know him best to have been sadly shaken by the latter's alliance with the Tammany and Republican politicians, who initiated and engineered the Ruger scheme at Albany, and a rupture between them is said to be imminent, as Commissioner Sweny is not inclined to take Mr. Flynn's advice and follow the example of Allan Campbell in the management of the Department of Public Works. It is, at any rate, the fact that before Mr. Flynn began to engage at all in politics the firm with which he was connected had many contracts with the various city departments of New York and Brooklyn, and the magnitude of these contracts has not materially increased since he began to become, what he now is, a great political power in the city of New York. Last year Mr. Flynn went abroad, and carried, among other letters of introduction, one from President Cleveland to President Grévy of France.

## ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

On the last day of December, 1884, Mayor Edson surprised the politicians and the people of New York generally by nominating, for the important office of Commissioner of Public Works, Mr. Rollin M. Squire, who had been a resident of the annexed district of this city for a year or two before that date, but who was still regarded by those who knew him as more of a Bostonian than a New-Yorker. A portrait of Mr. Squire is published in this issue. He has been the Commissioner of Public Works for nearly a year and a half, and has apparently no reason to complain of the notion which led him to change his place of residence from Boston to this city, although a bill conferring imperial and larger powers upon the office which he fills was overwhelmingly defeated in the Legislature last week. Mr. Squire is forty-eight years of age, and was born at Springfield, Vermont. He attended school at Chester, in that State, and it was during these school-boy days that Mayor Edson, who was able to give him no decided a lift in after-life, first met him. His father, Mr. James C. Squire, was in those days known as a shining light in Spiritualistic circles in Boston, and being a man of considerable property, was able to support his son in comparative idleness. Young Mr. Squire paid less attention to the practice of the law than to the cultivation of the talents of a "medium," and being facile with his pen, succeeded in attaining prominence as an antagonist and expounder of his father's faith. He contributed poems to the *Banner of Light* and at the height of his literary and Spiritualistic fame went to Europe. Specimens of his poetry were affixed by Mr. Squire to the front of the City Hall last summer, when that building was draped in mourning for the funeral of General Grant, and remained there until the Mayor peremptorily ordered their removal. After several years spent abroad Mr. Squire returned to Boston, and ultimately became the law partner of W. A. Simmons. He has been connected with mining schemes in the West, and has had in many respects an adventurous and not at all times successful career.


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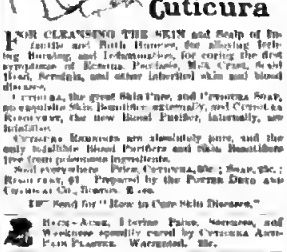


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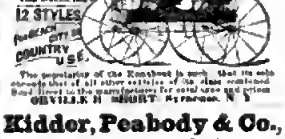


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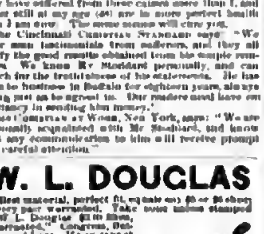


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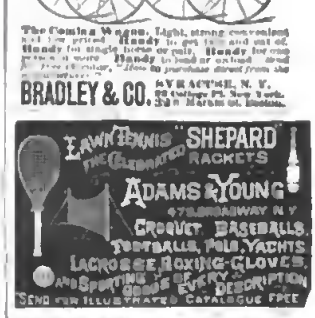


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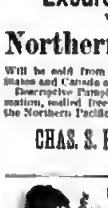


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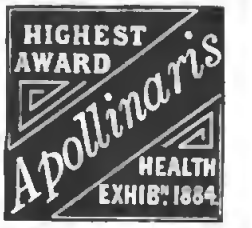


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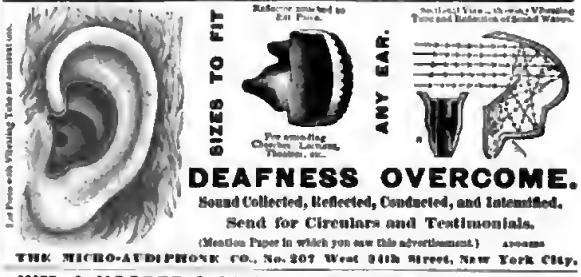


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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1536.

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*Thus, Lawn-Tennis and Cricket will be treated by* HON. ARD A. TAYLOR, *winner of the All comers' Prize at the National Tournament in 1884, and late Captain of the Harvard University Cricket Club; the rowing and sailing of open boats, by* LIEUTENANT W. H. BEAN, U. S. N.; *Archery, by* MATHEW THOMPSON, *author of "The Bachelory of Archery"; Canoeing, by* KIRK MUNROE, *Commodore of the New York Canoe Club; Croquet, by* C. H. BOSWORTH, *the croquet champion; Swimming, by* PROFESSOR SACHSTEDER *of the New York Athletic Club; and other games and sports by thoroughly experienced hands.*

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886

## THE FISHERY QUESTION.

THE seizure of the fishing schooners by the Canadian authorities reopens an old dispute between the United States and Great Britain. The contention about the fisheries began in 1814, and in the second volume of his history Mr. BLAINE gives a lucid account of it, and states the American case. The difference was adjusted temporarily by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and by the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington in 1871. But these agreements are no longer operative, and the treaty of 1818 remains as the only specific arrangement upon the subject. This treaty was negotiated by ALBERT GALLATIN and RICHARD RUSH, and it contains a practical surrender of what were regarded for more than a quarter of a century after the Revolution as our undoubted rights. It permits American vessels to enter Canadian waters for certain purposes, and no other, and among the purposes mentioned the buying of bait is not included. Last year, when the arrangement of the Treaty of Washington expired, a diplomatic understanding was reached extending the existing arrangement until the close of the fishing season, and the President in his annual Message to Congress proposed an International Commission to take up the whole subject and settle conclusively the long and vexatious dispute. The Senate, probably upon the theory that the case was perfectly plain, and that there ought not to be any dispute, rejected the recommendation. But the conviction of one party in a quarrel that his right is indisputable is not apt to have great weight with the other, and the result is that two American schooners have been seized in Canadian waters, and a Canadian fleet is said to be in preparation to patrol the coast, and the Senate has adopted a resolution authorizing the President to retaliate by treating Canadian vessels in our ports precisely as ours are treated in Canadian ports.

Here is the old dispute revived, and as far from final settlement as ever. There is no doubt that the only specific agreement between the countries is the treaty of 1818, and that that treaty does not admit American vessels to buy bait. Our reply is that the treaty has been practically superseded by commercial arrangements and legislation. CALEB CUSHING contended that England had totally misinterpreted the treaty to our disadvantage. Senator EVARTS, whose view upon such a subject is worthy of careful consideration, holds that the fishery rights are regulated by treaty, but that transactions like the purchase of bait are determined by legislation or special convention. But this view does not dispose of the assertion that the treaty of 1818 is a special convention prohibiting the purchase of bait. Meanwhile, nothing is clear but the seizure of the vessels. Whether they are seized as engaged in violation of treaty stipulations or of the customs laws does not appear. There is a great deal of warm assertion and defiance and reproach. But it is evident that the dispute remains, not indeed with Canada, which is not a principal, but with Great Britain. Our case must be submitted to the Foreign Office unless we propose to stop with simple retaliation. But retaliation would not adjust the difference.

There is no reason to doubt the friendly disposition of the British government in the matter, nor that there will be a satisfactory issue of the affair so far as international relations are concerned. But the situation is a complete justification of the President's course in recommending a Commission definitely to conclude the whole question. In this country we are very firmly of opinion that commercial legislation has already settled it. But the actual situation shows that it has not settled it. American vessels are seized, and the Senate retaliates. If upon consideration the British government agrees that our view is correct, and that the point in controversy has been determined by legislation, and that damages are due to the seized vessels, the trouble will be for the time pacified. But the question of the proper interpretation of the treaty of 1818 is still open. The question of the fisheries in the large sense still remains, and good understanding and good policy require that it should be thoroughly treated and satisfactorily settled by agents specially empowered for that purpose.

## THE PRESIDENT'S VETOES.

THE President's vetoes are public services which the country will appreciate. The pension vetoes and the message upon the proposal to make Springfield in Massachusetts, an inland city of 40,000 inhabitants, a port of entry show a careful regard for the details of legislation and for the public welfare, which are characteristic of their author. He does not approve laws because a majority of his party friends in Congress may have voted for them, nor tolerate raids upon the Treasury because both parties, for political objects, may have supported them. It is not surprising that the vetoes are exciting great attention in Congress. They are exciting no less attention and great approbation in the country at large.

The President's personal qualities are a force in the present political situation much too important to be overlooked by any sagacious politician. If they do not secure the hearty admiration of the leaders and organs of his party, they command the confidence of good citizens in all parties, and that is the ultimate controlling power in politics. The real leader is the man who apprehends correctly that sentiment, and acts accordingly. It is undoubtedly an immense advantage for the Democratic party that, returning to power, after a quarter of a century, amid general distrust and apprehension, it has brought into the Presidency a man so plainly bent upon honest government and so strong and courageous as Mr. CLEVELAND, under whose administration that distrust and vague apprehension of calamities, of tampering with the finances, of favoring Confederate objects, of repealing good laws, have disappeared.

This is an immense advantage for the President's party, because it deprives the Republicans of that appeal to fear which was one of the most persuasive arguments in '84, and it relieves vested interests of the apprehension that they would be imperiled by Democratic success. This last is a change which will be probably apparent in the contributions to the Republican party treasury. The good impression made upon the country by the President is not weakened by the fact that he is not acceptable to the trading politicians and bosses of his party, and to the Democratic press which "follows for the reward." On the contrary, this strengthens him so that despite the perfunctory Republican opposition, and the sincere Democratic dislike, and the occasional independent amazement and protest, he is doubtless stronger in popular sympathy and support than when he was elected. Every veto which, like his recent vetoes, is plainly in the interest of the public and not of a party, will deepen and extend this confidence, while old and exhausted party cries and little captious "digs" at his course will avail nothing against the effect of his sturdy integrity and obvious honest purpose.

## A QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

MR. POWDERLY'S letter upon the boycott suggests the question, which is not a new one, whether those who insist most vehemently upon protection for American labor have not shown their hostility to it by promoting the immigration of foreign laborers, who recruit the ranks of anarchists and the dangerous classes. The association and united action of laborers are as legitimate and lawful as those of capitalists. When there has been serious hostility, which ought not to exist, between the two producing forces, capital and labor, it is historically certainly not due to labor. To make such association and union the reason for refusing employment is a boycott, and it is boycotting quite as menacing to the common welfare as boycotting by laboring men. We have already expressed our opinion of the boycott as an unjustifiable coercion of lawful individual liberty, and it is quite as unjustifiable when imposed by capital as by labor. Among all men the greed of wealth is unsparingly selfish. Unlimited power tends always to abuse, and to suppose that the peculiar power of the great wage-payer over the wage-earner is not often and pitilessly abused is to forget human nature and history.

To resent the organization of American labor for perfectly legitimate purposes by bringing into the country hordes of ignorant foreigners of the most debased kind, who understand neither our language nor our institutions, and who add nothing to the country except hopeless ignorance, pauperism, and crime, is a very grave offence against the commonwealth. The importation of the cleanest, most orderly, most peaceful, most inoffensive laborers in the world, the Chinese, has been prohibited by law. The real ground of the exclusion is that they gradually supplant American labor, which cannot thrive as Americans should thrive, upon wages by which the Chinese prosper. As was said recently, and with great felicity and insight, by an observer of the situation in California, "It is the virtues, not the vices, of the Chinese that threaten us." But if it be wise to exclude from our shores the best and most inoffensive laborers in the world, whose virtues are to be feared, why is it not a monstrous wrong to bring in the most degraded and dangerous laborers, whose vices menace peace and order?

To maintain a practical boycott against American workmen by a resort to such importation is as serious a blunder, to say no more, as any that the workmen have committed. Committees of associations of Knights of Labor have authorized most wrongful and mistaken measures. But to judge the whole body, with all its principles and purposes and influence, by such excesses, to disregard entirely its official declarations, and the orderly, intelligent, and admirable conduct of much of its membership, is as foolish as to judge a Church by the follies of some of its parishes, or a political party by the extravagances of a faction. Bishop HENRY C. POTTER, of New York, has done a great and a truly Christian service in reminding the members of his communion of the duties of the more favored and prosperous classes in society, and of the spirit which should govern all human relations. No man knows more than he or more familiarly the condition, the needs, and the feelings of the extremes of society. No man's voice and hand have been readier to plead the cause and to aid the efforts of the poor and struggling and unfortunate. His words are well worth heeding, for they remind us that it is not by jealousy and suspicion and the inexorable demand of the pound of flesh, but by friendly frankness and consultation and concession and consciousness of a common interest and welfare, that the most vital social questions of the time are to be satisfactorily adjusted. The boycott, whether by capital or labor, is not peace, but war, and the chief questions of to-day are not questions which war can settle.

## REACTION.

IT will be unfortunate, from every point of view except that of reaction, if the TOURJÉE bill should become a law in Massachusetts. There is little doubt of its passage by the Legislature, for it was ordered to a third reading in the House by a vote of more than two to one. The bill exempts veterans of the army and navy from the examination which is now necessary to ascertain proper fitness for the public service. Practically it annuls the civil service law, and restricts appointments to the class which is exempted from competition. Many veterans, who are best authorized to speak for soldiers and sailors, have strongly declared that they do not desire such a law. But the great vote in its favor in the House, and the conceded probability of the acquiescence of the Senate, show unquestionably a feeling upon the part of the members that their action will be approved. The bill is, of course, a party measure. It is intended to propitiate "the soldier vote," and the politicians of both parties are naturally in favor of it.

But such a serious step as the practical repeal and discredit of the reform law under the pretence of patriotic regard for the soldiers of the Union, like the reckless legislation for pensions in Congress, which the President has wisely rebuked, should call a halt, that the people may consider whether the just obligation of the country to the soldiers and sailors of the Union shall be farther used by demagogues as a cover for indefensible measures. When the Society of the Cincinnati was formed, after the Revolution, it was decried as an aristocratic organization full of danger to republican institutions. But its members and its character both forbade such a conclusion. The association of Union veterans, however, is so vast, so extended, and so thoroughly organized, and it already takes such part in political action, and so naturally provides for its continuance by the descendants of veterans, that it is evidently a force which may even now determine elections. To oppose the demands of "the soldier vote" is already thought to be fatal to the political aspirant. But the question recurs, ought patriotic citizens to show their grateful appreciation of the services of veterans by modifications which amount practically to repeal of laws carefully designed to promote the general welfare, and which are acknowledged to be effective to that end? There is no reason to doubt, because experience has proved, that soldiers can pass the moderate examinations for appointment in the civil service as well as other applicants. But to exempt them from examination altogether will prevent the most competent applicants from offering themselves for examination when they know not only that any veteran will be preferred without an examination, but that the appointing officer will take the veteran for the same reason that the legislator exempts him. The Massachusetts Legislature is Republican. The Republican

party claims to be the party of civil service reform. But there is not an intelligent Republican who does not understand such a bill, and know that it is necessarily fatal to the reformed system, and intended to be fatal by its projectors. Possibly the Republican Governor can save the reform bill by a veto. But nothing can save the Republican Legislature from the discredit of having attempted the practical overthrow of the reformed system.

Meanwhile Mr RANDALL, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives at Washington, has struck a similar reactionary blow at the national reform law. He proposes that the Commission shall certify to the appointing officer the whole eligible list, instead of the four names which stand highest, which is the present rule This would abolish the competitive test, and open the free play of favoritism and partisan preference which it is the object of competition to prevent. The result would be that any applicant who could succeed in passing the moderate examination would be presented for appointment instead of those only who pass highest This is the old system of pass examinations which was found to be totally ineffective in preventing the abuses of patronage. Mr. RANDALL's committee propose also to annul the limitation of age for the examinations, and to withhold the money appropriated until the change is made. This action is unmistakable. It shows the kind of support which the Democratic party in the House gives the Democratic President in his most important policy; and it shows the want of sympathy with reform among the Democratic party leaders, as the action of the Massachusetts Legislature discloses the same feeling among Republican politicians in that State It is not upon party leaders on either side that the President can rely. His real support is among the people who do not seek office nor run a party machine, but who desire with him to see the business service of the government cease to be the plunder of partisans. In the confidence of this constituency in both parties the President is strong. In the contest that he is waging he stands for the people as against the politicians, or men who make a trade of politics, and although it seems to be a paradox, it is none the less true, that the more unbending his course, the more indispensable he becomes to his party.

## THE JAEHNE CONVICTION.

THE trial of the late Alderman JAEHNE for bribery has ended in his conviction. Judge BARRETT very properly told the jury that they were not to be praised for doing their duty in rendering the verdict which they thought just. But there has been a universal and most merited expression of public approval of the course of Judge BARRETT himself in preventing the proceedings upon the part of the jury at such trials which have greatly and properly discredited the New York bar. Judge BARRETT would not permit stump-speeches and harangues to buncombe, and insisted that the counsel should confine themselves to the case.

It is, however, mortifying that there should have been a general expectation that the case against JAEHNE would fail, and that it was necessary to seclude the jury in order to prevent them from "being bribed to acquit the bribed," as an English journal puts it. It was undoubtedly necessary, and this fact shows how low "the great Anglo-Saxon monument of liberty, the trial by jury," has fallen. Such a fact shows the incomparable value of a thoroughly upright magistrate like Judge BARRETT. Such a judge, and not the jury, is the bulwark of liberty.

JAEHNE's counsel have made every desperate effort to secure a new trial, and undoubtedly every step to the full execution of the legal penalty will be contested. But by the demonstration that a bribed New York Alderman can actually be lodged in Sing Sing, something has been done to make municipal bribery and mercenary political jobbery a little more difficult. The political jobbery of the Tammany-Republican ring in the Legislature and the press can be reached at the polls.

## THE CONTEST IN ENGLAND.

EVENTS move rapidly in England, and the GLADSTONE ministry may have resigned before this paper is issued. Mr GLADSTONE's refusal to modify his Irish bill to please Mr. CHAMBERLAIN completed the separation from him of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his friends, and after a day or two the conviction in England was universal that the bill would be defeated. The three London Sunday correspondents of the *Herald*, JUSTIN MCCARTHY, JAMES O'KELLY, and the Conservative who signs his letters "A Member of Parliament," all agreed that from the different points of view the prospect was very doubtful.

In case of defeat, unless the majority is too significant, and that is improbable, Parliament probably will be dissolved, and Mr. GLADSTONE will appeal to the country. The first result of a successful appeal would be the political disappearance of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He would have led an abortive revolt against the wishes of the Liberal party. The second result would be the passage of the bill substantially in its present form, and the third would be serious trouble in Ulster, if not in England.

The misfortune of the situation, if a dissolution should follow the failure of the second reading of the bill, is this, that the question submitted to the people would not be simply home rule, but the particular form of home rule provided by the bill. It seems now to be clear that if Mr. GLADSTONE had proposed to the House simply a declaration in favor of home rule, it would have passed, and the principle being thus conceded, the details could have been arranged. But as Mr GLADSTONE himself said in his manifesto that the question for the second reading was simply the principle of home rule, the same ground may be taken by his supporters at the polls. The weight of English opinion against the GLADSTONE bill is very remarkable Almost all the more distinguished names in the country, including LECKY, who more than any English historian has exposed the wrongs of Ireland, and HERBERT SPENCER, are arrayed against it. In the present aspect of the controversy Mr. GLADSTONE seems to be more than ever "the people's WILLIAM," and it would be a very striking fact if the great middle class which is held to be the citadel of distinctive English character and conviction should prove to be friendly to Irish home rule.

## ONE LITTLE JOB.

THE city reform laws of 1884 were intended to prevent any control by the Aldermen of the Mayor's appointments, among which the Excise Commissioners were meant to be included. By an oversight, however, they seemed to have been excluded, and the Senate remedied the defect of the bill. It then went to the Assembly, in which the Tammany-Republicans meant to defeat it for the benefit of the liquor interest. The New York *Tribune* suggested that the appointment should be given to the judges of the higher courts, which was a proposition to disagree with the Senate, and which aided the Tammany-Republican scheme by securing delay for the benefit of the opponents of the Senate bill.

This proposition was acted in the Assembly by the Tammany-Republicans as evidence that Republican sentiment in the city was opposed to the bill. They then proposed that the appointment should be given to the President of the Board of Aldermen. Upon this the *Tribune* continued the exercises by suggesting that it should be vested in the Board of Apportionment. The Mayor, who of course should appoint the Excise Commissioners, had already nominated three unexceptionable persons. It was a procedure in accordance with the intention of the reform bill which the Senate had ratified. The defeat of that intention by depriving the Mayor of the power of appointment would be a victory for the liquor interest. Why was it desirable to annul so much of the reform legislation of 1884 as could propitiate that interest?

The answer is given in the following telegram, which is published by the *Evening Post*, which italicizes a part of it:

"ALBANY, *May 19.*

"*To the Tribune, New York city:*

"The Excise Bill will probably pass the Assembly to-morrow morning. Three commissioners will be appointed under it, one a Republican, and not a black Republican. The bill will materially help the Republican party, *giving Republican saloon-keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled*, and will prevent the use of the Department age not so politically.

"SHARPER SNOOK."

## "DEAD."

THE New York *Herald* is of opinion that civil service reform is dead because neither party supports it. But the antislavery agitation was not dead in 1852 because the Whigs left it severely alone, and the Democrats were guided by the slave power, and FRANKLIN PIERCE was elected President by a great majority. The next year the Whig party vanished, and in 1856 the antislavery sentiment had formed a new party and cast 1,300,000 votes, and in 1860 elected its President.

The antislavery movement was not dead because the politicians did not support it. It was living because the people were awakening to its importance. The popular feeling which compelled the Republicans and Democrats in Congress to pass the reform bill in 1883 is now very much more general and active and informed. Reform was constantly declared to be dead during the HAYES administration. But its chief work has been done since that time, and it has life enough to survive all the death bulletins of politicians, and will see them all claiming to have been original reformers.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

AT a late meeting of the Central Labor Union of Buffalo, Mr. FREDERICK SCHNELL offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That this Central Labor Union, speaking in the name of the organized working-men of Buffalo, do strongly condemn and denounce the tactics of the Chicago anarchists, who have by their un American views and devilish malicious acts caused the death and injury of many officers of the law and law-abiding citizens; and

"*Resolved*, That it is the unanimous view of the members of the organizations represented in the Buffalo Central Labor Union that in the settlement of labor disputes calm discussion is better than dynamite, and laws for the benefit of the toiler can be obtained only through the ballot, and not by the bullet; and

"*Resolved*, That the carrying of red flags in labor parades indicates the presence of outlaws opposed to the interests of the toiler, and such displays of ignorance regarding our institutions and defiance of the constituted authorities should be suppressed by the police."

This is undoubtedly the view of the great multitude of intelligent American citizens, and the resolutions were strongly advocated in the Union before they were adopted.

A letter from Mr. SCHNELL was read resigning his membership of the Union because its constitution forbids the membership of an office-holder, and he had been appointed upon the local Civil Service Commission. In the letter Mr. SCHNELL said:

"I believe in civil service reform because it means better and more economical government, national, State, or municipal; it means removing the offices beyond the reach of the politicians, who have been too long allowed to pay their political debts to their henchmen with places in the public service, regardless in many instances of the qualification of the person appointed. Under civil service rules legislators can better attend to their duties as law-makers, not being obliged to waste so much of their time in place-hunting for their 'constituents,' and the heads of departments can put in their time attending to business, instead of having a large part of it taken up in listening to appeals for positions. Civil service reform tends to give us a government based on business principles, and nobody is more interested in an honest and economical administration of public affairs than the working men, because they earn and contribute in various ways the money with which public officers are paid. It will give any intelligent and industrious person an opportunity to enter the public service by simply studying the duties of the desired position, and entering the competitive examination, where the poorest is on an equality with the richest, and the best man wins."

This is the truth in a nutshell, and it could not be better said. After the letter had been read, it was urged that such an office was not contemplated as a possibility, and that Mr SCHNELL's appointment showed that the Commission was not made up in the interest of any class, and that there would be no favoritism or trickery. The Union refused, by a unanimous vote, to accept the resignation. The proceedings are very significant, because they prove that working-men prefer "the aristocracy" of honest equal rights in the public service offered by the reform, to the aristocracy of a service filled by political jobbery.

## PERSONAL.

CHANG, the Chinese giant, may be seen occasionally on the streets, dressed in a business suit of black. He speaks several languages fluently, and is much esteemed personally. His prospective bride in Ohio is said to admire him chiefly for his domestic virtues. He is a much larger man than Colonel GOSHEN, the "Arabian giant," whom Mr BARNUM has exhibited, off and on, ever since the days of his Ann Street museum, and who lives on a farm in New Jersey. The Colonel prides himself on his symmetry, and holds that bigger giants than he are mere monstrosities, and, as such, possessed of no legitimate human interest. His own development, he insists, has been entirely normal.

—A distinguished citizen has an interesting boy of four years who likes to amuse himself with needle-work, but last Sunday the child's nurse objected to his practice of that innocuous avocation on the ground that no work should be done on the Sabbath The difference was settled satisfactorily to both parties, however, by allowing the boy to sew with a thread the end of which had not been knotted. "It is not work," explained the nurse, "if you only draw the thread through the cloth."

—Professor WILHARTH's pupils of the National Academy of Design presented him with a handsome table at the close of the season President DANIEL HUNTINGTON, on the spokesman of the occasion, assured the professor that the significance of the gift was not that he should be had an the table, but rather that, as a disciplinarian, he should be the custodian of the tables of the law.

—The recipients of the gold medals at the second Prize Fund Exhibition are querying what to do with them. Not long ago an American honor man sold his medal, after taking a plaster cast of it. The man, he observed, will preserve the honor, and the cash will serve the hour. Mr. L. E. MYERS, the pedestrian, upon becoming a professional has converted his amateur trophies from medals into cash at the United States assay office, receiving for the gold in them $104.

—A financial reporter on the staff of a New York daily journal got into the councils of a ring of speculators, and cleared $120,000 in a single transaction. In another transaction a few days afterward he lost every cent of it.

—The Queen of England went recently from Windsor Castle to Liverpool, a journey of five hours, which she preferred to make at night in a sleeping car. On arriving at her destination early in the morning she found three royal carriages awaiting her, each horsed by four boys, the grooms wearing Ascot liveries of scarlet and gold Fifty thousand school-children in mass sang "God save the Queen"

—"It is with feelings of deep pride," said Prince ALBERT VICTOR, at the opening of the Edinburgh International Exhibition, "that I remember that these international exhibitions owe their origin to my revered grandfather, the lamented Prince Consort." The silver spade which he used when planting a Scotch elm in the grounds of the Exhibition was inscribed with the words, "Be ye stickin' in a tree; 'twill be growing when yer sleeping"

—Mr. STEDMAN has sufficiently recovered from his attack of gout to be present at the annual Commencement of the Pastors' College on the 6th of May. He expressed a growing fondness for old things, for old times, for old books which smuggled about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, for things, in a word, which commended themselves as having some standing in society through not having been born yesterday. If he ever took to drinking poison, he believed that he should choose old wines. But as it was, he did not go in that direction.

—The *London Academy*: "Dr. CHARLES C. ABBOTT deserves to be well known to all lovers of nature on this side of the Atlantic. His *Upland and Meadow* is the most delightful book of its kind which America has given to us, and it closely approaches WHITE's *Selborne*. Not only is the author a keen and close observer, an accurate and patient listener, a master of charming contrasts in his pursuits of nature, but he has good spirits, good humor, good temper, and a good heart. We do not read many pages until we get as much interested in his own nature as in his observations of nature."

—The widow of the French battle painter M. DE NEUVILLE, whom, it will be remembered, he married on his death bed, obtains more than $60,000 from the sale of the pictures and sketches left in his studio. The marriage ceremony was delayed ten years, owing to the objections of DE NEUVILLE's mother, to whom he was deeply attached.

—Modern duelling, usually ridiculous because not dangerous, still survives in the environs of Paris. M ROCHEFORT at a recent encounter had the choice of weapons, and chose pistols, because he was "too nervous to be a good swordsman." His adversary escaped unhurt after four shots at a distance of ninety feet. So did M ROCHEFORT.

—A very rich man, the Marchese FAGGIOLI, died recently at Foggia, in southern Italy, leaving many jewels and securities. During the contest of his will the house was left in charge of the police; but when the heirs returned, after their disputes were settled, they discovered that all the valuables were gone. Not a jewel, not a bond, remained. They have begun suit against the police of Foggia.

—The etiquette of the Austrian court is that the sovereign shall not attend the funeral of a subject; but as a special mark of respect to the memory of Dr. PALLER, Minister of Justice, the Austrian Emperor was present at his obsequies

—Fourteen thousand persons paid for admission last year to SHAKESPEARE's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, besides the crowds of sight-seers on bank holidays. The trustees expended about $9600, and now have $12,500 invested in consols.

—Her Majesty's contributions to the Liverpool Exhibition were the carriage in which the Prince of Wales rides in shooting parties, a phaeton with ivory mountings, a dresky, two sledges, an ambulance wagon, a post-chaise, and the little chaises used by the Prince of Wales and his sister, the Crown Princess of Germany, when they were children. President CLEVELAND's contributions to the private museum of the Sultan of Turkey are photographs of scenery in the United States, portraits of Indian chiefs, and copies of the latest census reports.

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## ARTHUR QUARTLEY

THE late Mr ARTHUR QUARTLEY was born in Paris, of English parents, May 24, 1839. He soon was taken to England, and at the age of thirteen bound himself in New York. He was thirty four years old before becoming a professional artist. He never studied in an art school nor under a master, and his first use of the brush was as a sign painter and house-decorator in New York and Baltimore.

Of the manner in which he painted his "Close of a Stormy Day," which was hung in the Academy Exhibition of 1877, he once said: "Having been kept by a storm for three days in a house on the shore, at sunset there was a glorious break-up, and I went out to see it. It was too grand, too awe-inspiring, too rapidly changing, for me to attempt to make a sketch of it then. In the morning, after dreaming over the scene, I made a colored drawing of it—a delightful way of doing, your mind is not confused by the changes that so swiftly succeed one another. After I had begun to paint the picture it seemed a total failure. For months it stood upon the easel. I tried a dozen times to get at it, but could not reach the subtlety and true significance. There are perhaps fifty or sixty days' work on the canvas, but it doesn't follow that four or five days would not have made a better picture. It is very strange how sometimes every touch seems to tell, and at other times how no touch seems to produce anything."

Mr QUARTLEY was elected an Academician a few days before his death, and he had for several years been a member of the Society of American Artists. He was one of the founders of the Tile Club, and his social gifts were many. His last works were an unconventional interpretation of the gladness and mystery of the sea, and, in their fulness of vibrating light and ambient air, allied him with the school of the future.

## PRESIDENT TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

On the 20th of May the corporation of Yale College unanimously elected, on the first formal ballot, Professor TIMOTHY DWIGHT, of the Theological School, as President of the College, in place of Dr NOAH PORTER, who had resigned about six months before. The gratifying harmony shown in this choice, especially considering the wide differences of opinion that had been developed among graduates in public discussion upon the future policy of the College, is not only a marked compliment to the incoming President, but a happy omen for Yale. Those, too, who had sought in the retirement of the greatly esteemed and respected ex-President an opportunity for cutting loose from the custom which selects the President of the College from among Congregational clergymen will nevertheless be glad to see that in the overrulling of their bias so excellent a representative of the traditional class of Yale College governors has been chosen.

Dr DWIGHT is a grandson of the Dr TIMOTHY DWIGHT who was President of Yale from 1795 to 1817, his own father being JAMES DWIGHT, a merchant there at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1828, he entered Yale at the age of seventeen, and graduated with high rank in 1849. Two years later he became a tutor in the College while pursuing his theological studies in the seminary. In 1855 he resigned his tutorship, and the next spring went to Europe, where he studied at Bonn and Berlin, returning to this country in 1858. He was then made Buckingham Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological School, and has so continued until now. He was also a member of the American Committee for the Revision of the English Version of the Bible.

Coming of good Connecticut stock, thoroughly identified with Yale through ancestral ties and through his own life from boyhood, an experienced and very popular instructor, a careful student of the theory and practice of education, especially during the modern discussions as to means and methods, a man of sound and varied learning, and holding an entirely adequate social prominence, President DWIGHT sets out on his new course with the happiest auspices, and with the prospect of making his administration, both for the financial and the educational interests of Yale, one of the most prosperous and useful in her history. That his selection is a conservative triumph there is no doubt, but it is quite possible that the progressive school will find less reason to fear dragging lock than they had anticipated when the choice was still in doubt. Certainly he has long been recognized as one of the most prominent representatives of the University, and the very fact that he was chosen without any opposition will inspire confidence, as it is also a source of universal congratulation.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., PRESIDENT-ELECT OF YALE COLLEGE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAGE.

## THE CANADIAN CARDINAL.

THE first official announcement of the elevation of Archbishop TASCHEREAU of Quebec to the Cardinalate was received by the people of the Dominion on the 10th of May, and greeted with manifestations of pleasure, especially in view of the long and distinguished service and the admirable personal qualities of the new Cardinal. The Catholics of Quebec proceeded at once to decorate their dwellings, to unfurl their flags, and to hold commemorative services in their churches; and their brethren in other cities displayed equal enthusiasm in doing honor to Dr TASCHEREAU. When the Pontifical Zouaves called upon him and presented an address of congratulation the occasion became one of general festivity, and the streets were illuminated by a grand pyrotechnic display. The news of this cordial and unique reception was telegraphed throughout the United States, and soon found its way to the chambers of the Vatican.

It is announced that when the Cardinal's barrets shall have arrived from Rome, on or about the 10th of June, many of the congratulatory festivities will be repeated. Meanwhile his Eminence has signalized his accession to office by an act in the interest of the public morals. He has caused to be issued a circular letter whose object it is to promulgate a recent decree of the Pope forbidding the use of spirituous and fermented liquors at bazars. The promptness with which the Cardinal has taken this important step is considered to be an earnest of his intentions in the cause of temperance, especially as he has already spoken upon the subject with characteristic energy and wisdom. But he advances still further by prohibiting the holding of bazars on Sundays. This latter act is the more noteworthy because Quebec is perhaps the city on this continent, north of Mexico, in which Protestant ways of thinking have made the least inroad upon the habits of Roman Catholic countries.

THE LATE ARTHUR QUARTLEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC.

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SAN JUAN, HEAD CHIEF GORGONIO, MEDICINE-MAN NANYZILI, HEAD WAR CHIEF

THE MESCALERO APACHES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. FRANK RANDALL.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

THE PROPOSED NEW CAPITOL OF GEORGIA.—DRAWN BY HUDSON HAWLEY FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS.—[SEE PAGE 347.]

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## YOUTH AND AGE

Long ago, long ago, in the valley of woe
The white snow were silver, the sunshine was gold;
Long ago, long ago, every dew-drop glow
Was the parent of diamonds of value untold.

Long ago, long ago, every flower-cup bow
Lavished gift from the grass like a star from the sky;
Long ago, long ago, every streamlet allow
In a volume of glittering crystal wind by.

Now the silvery mist is water, I wis,
To which the grand power is climb upward is given;
The sunshine of gold is a wave of light rolled
Up the earth through the open portal of heaven.

The dew to the grass now mineth, alas!
In my aloved eyes like or angel's tear;
And the deep waters roll, the type of a cold,
Night on to the sea of eternity near.

The flowers in the grass, they must die, and they pass
From life unto life as to us it is given;
For the mist and the dew, stream, flower, and light too,
Like souls not sent down but to climb back to heaven.

## TO ARLINGTON.

To get to Arlington, one must go through Georgetown. This is a melancholy necessity, since Georgetown is not attractive, architectural. It is otherwise, save to one street, which in an sedulously shunned by the drivers of the capital as if it were "an thoroughfare." With the exception of this ancient "Road Street," which runs along the brow of the height, and is dignified by some very stately and interesting old mansions, Georgetown is undeniably shabby and odorously dirty. It is populous, sloppy, and given to cheap boarding-houses.

Going over the "Aqueduct" bridge to Virginia, whereupon is situated a flagrant abuse in the shape of a toll-man, we get a receding glimpse of Georgetown, crowned by the massive gray pile of the Jesuit College, and climbing down in a picturesque hurry to the edge of the broad Potomac. At a point a little above the bridge three small shrub-laden hummocks dot the surface of the stream, called, to lugubrious commemoration of a drowning accident, the "Three Sisters." Below it the river sweeps around the beautiful island of Analostan, on the seventy broad acres of which General JOHN MASON and his heirs lived as royally for fifty years. And beyond, the bright river and the moving waste and Washington.

Virginia! Past innumerable fat old aunties counting minus on back door-steps, past numberless ragged plots in the last stages of negro agriculture. Then Fort Myer, the signal station, with its pacing sentry and lounging officers, and beautiful vine-green rustic bridge, and then—Arlington.

There is a great silence, except for the birds. The turf is very green, and the shrubs are all in flower. There are waving boughs and trembling shadows and great patches of sunlight, and terrifying away in inferior parallels the plain white head-stones of sixteen thousand soldiers' graves. Near and far, far and near, stretch the rank and file of the sleeping army. The air is full of a disembodied grief—a grief that sobs and sighs no longer, but sleeps in the sunlight, is distilled in the dew, and broods everywhere with the peace of a benediction.

They have painted the old house yellow lately—not a screaming yellow, but a soft, unobtrusive tint that is very consistent with its age. As everybody knows, it was built in 1803 by GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS, in the flush of his majority and the joy of receiving his inheritance, the beautiful Arlington estate, left him by his father, JOHN PARKE CUSTIS, WASHINGTON'S step-son. His fond bachelor magnificence are behind the eight colossal pillars which form its portico, for a year or two, and then brought to rule it Miss MARY LEE FITZHUGH. But one of the hard daughters born to this couple survived infancy, MARY RANDOLPH CUSTIS, who became the wife of General LEE. Very amiable was the house-keeping and very happy the family life at Arlington under the joint dominion of Mrs. Lee and her mother. Negroes bore in slavery on the old estate still tell of their extraordinary well-being "befo' the wah." A remarkable hunting scene in distemper forms a sort of a frieze above the doors at the end of the main hallway. The dogs are the leanest and longest, the flying rabbit is the most apoplectic, the dying agonies of the maltreated tiger the most harrowingly realistic, in the whole range of post-Raphaelite art. This is the proud handiwork of General LEE's father-in-law. The old gentleman was fond of the chase, and believed himself immensely clever at depicting it. He died in 1857, four years after his wife, and the estate descended to the LEES, in whose possession it remained until its confiscation in 1861. The property being entailed, the government legalized the seizure by levying taxes on it, and on those were not paid, laying it at a tax sale for $26,000.

The cemetery was established the year of the sale, 1864. Some years after, GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS LEE, the heir to the estate of Mrs. Lee's death, brought suit for its recovery, claiming the tax sale invalid, since a tender of the tax might have been made but for the demand that it be made in person. The court decided in his favor, and a compromise was effected by which Mr. LEE resigned all claim upon ARLINGTON for the sum of $150,000.

The ivy-grown servants' quarters to the rear of the house are almost as they were left. A number of the old dependents are still retained to keep the place in order. One tall mulatto hound over his trowel responds with quick intelligence to our queries.

"What I know 'bout dis yere place? Wahl, dar's not much I don' know, I reckon. He'n an' raised on it. My mother she died two months back. She was ole Miss Custis's maid, an' ers father was Mas'r Custis's body servant." A quarter-dollar renders him our willing and loquacious cicerone.

"Membeeah Mas'r Custis? 'Deed I do, sahsy. An' a fine-apparin' ole gen'leman he was. Right tall an' stoutish, an' mighty fine-mannered, an' kind to his slaves when he was ole, but dey do say he war 'ciliated to be rude to 'em as his young days. Been to see his grave?"

We follow him over the damp sward to a distant secluded southerly part of the grounds. Here, on the spot he loved and selected, under a spreading oak at least two centuries old, stands a monument to GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS, and near it a similar one to MARY his wife. They are stained and defaced, these pathetic old memorials; there is not even a railing around the graves; the grass is rank and moist; lilies of the valley grow in unkempt luxuriance about the stones, keeping a faithful memory that wears a sense of rebel kinship cannot crush.

The well beloved and adopted son of GEORGE WASHINGTON, the noble hearted and most patriotic Virginian, the builder of the mansion whose portals the people delight to enter, the father-in-law of the man whose name is sacred to one-half the nation and respected by the whole of it, has in an unhonored corner of the domain that once was his, neglected, almost unknown.

## LAMBS IN SPRING.

"Spring lamb" is a phrase that belongs to the butcher's redundant vocabulary, for all lambs are spring lambs, inasmuch as they are all born in the spring. Most of them, too, are born in May. Thus, then, is the most important month of the year to the sheepfold.

The urban, at least the traditional, conception of the shepherd, which makes him a person of much leisure, even if he no longer turn it to the study of astronomy, is an excellent conception of what the shepherd is not. In May he is simply a sheep nurse. The pasture where lambs are born, or where they play when very young, must be as level as possible, for in their infancy if they fall into the slightest unevenness of the ground, and happen to be out of sight of a nose for a few hours, they die before they are rescued. If before a lamb impresses its identity on its mother it happens to run out of sight for a few hours, or is handled too much, it often happens that she will never recognize it, one lamb being distinguishable from another lamb of the same size only by scent. Yet the female of no animal is more affectionate than the ewe. Those who know the sheep in literature will recall the story of the Eurick Shepherd, how for two weeks a ewe never quitted the spot where its dead lamb lay; "and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a fine kindly and heart-piercing bleate, till at length every remnant of her offspring vanished, mixing with the soil, or wafted away by the winds."

Exceedingly delicate as lambs are in their infancy, they grow so rapidly that before they are a month old the chief duty of the shepherd and his dog becomes the duty of the chase. To bring them to the fold at night is no difficult a task or it is troublesome. The lamb born to May does not live in danger of death at the butcher's hands, of course, or even as much as suggest that sense, till many months, if not many years, later. But its clipping becomes a subject of about political controversy even before it grows, the tariff on wool being one of the more important items in the whole schedule of customs duties.

## THE CAPITOL OF GEORGIA.

In this number of the WEEKLY we present an illustration of the new State Capitol of Georgia, in the city of Atlanta. The old seat of government was at Milledgeville; but the rapid growth of Atlanta, with its convenience of location and accessibility, caused the change to that city. The Legislature was at first convened in the City Hall, but a building originally designed for an opera-house was completed as a legislative edifice, and at first rented and then bought by the State as a Capitol. That building consisted of four stories, surmounted by a Mansard roof, which above was a cupola which, from its commanding position, gave an extensive view of the surrounding country. The whole building was a square structure, having no pretensions to beauty or imposing effect.

The new Capitol will cost about a million dollars, and is expected to furnish ample accommodation for all the State business properly belonging to it. Its general style and the character of its ornamentation are clearly presented in the accompanying illustration. The growth of Atlanta as handsome buildings since the war is no less remarkable than that of Richmond, and there is a like growth in its business enterprises. Its population is now more than 40,000. Its cotton factories and iron works seem to have a great future. As a railroad centre it is one of the most important in the South. Some of its newspapers have become known throughout the country for their vigor and enterprise. The streets containing the dwellings look fresh and new, and the great blocks of business buildings, banks, theatres, and hotels also indicate a city alsoing at extensive growth. It affords in many respects a marked contrast with cities like Savannah, as it has for the most part a Northern look, modern, devoted to trade, and quite broken away from any spell of lethargy and romance. Cotton pours into the city from all sides in the seasons, and, in fine, Atlanta has a prosperous commercial outlook.

The new Capitol building will also be fixed, perhaps, from the unsavory recollections connected with the scandals of reconstruction days, ancient by the old edifice, but it will scarcely add to the sense of modernness in the architecture of the city. As will be seen, it is of the conventional type of "State-house," with a portico and a dome, and is scarcely distinguishable at a glance from the proposed Capitol of Colorado, illustrated in the WEEKLY of Mar. 1. Both the conventional type, originally suggested by the Capitol at Washington, the State-houses only of New York and of Connecticut have very notorably departed.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Two spinster ladies, sisters, were walking in the south of England upon a bit of railroad track that had been long unused. The rails were decorated with rust, and a number of them had fallen away from the rotted sleepers, leaving wide gaps here and there. In the circumstances it is not surprising that the ladies should have been startled at the notable of an approaching train. They stepped aside. The rumble grew into a roar and clangor, and the train thundered by. A striking peculiarity of it was that it was invisible. It did not affect any ocular evidences. No dust flew from the rusted rails, they did not fiercely throb and quiver as rails are accustomed to do under the tremendous impact of a flying train. As for the yawning gaps, they were apparently of no consequence, for the roar duly softened into a rumble, and this gradually died away and lost itself in the distance, showing that the train did not jump the track. The ladies were constrained to believe that it was a phantom train. At first they were at a loss to understand its meaning, but not long afterward it transpired that a very dear aunt of theirs, travelling by coal in Scotland, had, upon the same day and at the same hour, for some night and inadequate reason, received a considerable freight, and the supernatural manifestations were undoubtedly intended to prepare the ladies for the news of the unfortunate occurrence.

The Cock Tavern in London (its interior, that is) has been carted away carefully in pieces to South Kensington, where it will be set up again with its carved floor, old partitions, Dr Johnson's snuff-box, the historical pewters, and the famous copper kettle with the brass top at the bottom, all just as they were before, the London *World* says. Its new customers will be served by waitresses in seventeenth-century costumes.

If one may believe the signs, there is excellent shooting and fishing hereabouts just at present. A mill at Newburgh has been stopped three times since the opening of spring by the clogging of the water-wheel with eels, and a Sound steamer reports that on a recent trip her paddle boxes became so choked up with broad-bill ducks that the paddles were unable to turn round.

The attention of a policeman of Leith was attracted one night recently by a slimble brook of port-wine which flowed from the gate of a large warehouse into a neighboring sewer. Making sure that it was good wine and worth saving, the policeman aroused the warehouse manager, and it was found that a large vat had burst its hoops, permitting twelve hundred gallons of wine to run out upon the floor, which was flooded to the depth of several inches. Assistance was called in, and some two hundred gallons were ladled up and saved, but nine thousand gallons ran away. It did not all get into the sewer, however. A great crowd gathered at the brook; some knelt down and drank of it, and others brought pitchers and pails, to which they carried quantities away for more deliberate consumption. The influence of the brook was such finally that the crowd grew uproarious, and the police were obliged to drive them back and restrain them until the revelet had expended itself.

In the State of Maryland people are not crowded very closely together. Even in the city of Baltimore families are separated from one another, so that one family can make considerable noise without another family being disturbed by it. In a community that is given to the making of "Maryland biscuits" this is a beneficent circumstance. To make Maryland biscuits it is necessary to pound the dough vigorously and with a persistence that may endure for two hours or for half a day, according to the strength or the leisure of the person engaged. The pounding is done in order to bring the dough to a very light and flaky condition. It is done with a heavy mallet. In Maryland an annoyance is associated with the preparation of these biscuits. The pounding is done on the ground-floor, and the vibration is awakened up by the earth. The sound is not annoying, because every one who is likely to be within hearing of it knows that he is to have some of the biscuits, which are very markably good. In New York, however, the conditions are different, and in flat-houses especially the making of Maryland biscuits is a most violent proceeding. A group of ordinary flat houses covering an entire block may be shaken throughout by a single individual making Maryland biscuits in one of its apartments. It should be said in justice to the flats of the city that it is sure that Maryland biscuits are made in them. Where they are made, the operation is regarded with the utmost horror by all for whom the biscuits are not intended. There is no rule against their manufacture at present, but if it should become at all common, it is probable that the making of Maryland biscuits would be forbidden, as the splitting of kindling wood is forbidden, in flats, on the ground that it rocks the house and annoys the surrounding tenants.

It cost $4200 to produce the Greek play at Philadelphia. The boldness which prompted people to have a Greek play so far from Boston is not to end with the Philadelphia enterprise, it seems. They are going to try to have one shortly in London.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says that the Northern manner of speech has the upper hand at present, that it is gradually permeating every town and corner of the South, and that the rising generation in Atlanta and the rising generation in Boston speak alike. Nevertheless, the phrase "Oh, do dun't" is still common in Charleston, and it is doubtful if the Southern people will ever be able to pronounce the Ohio "o." The Ohio "i" is difficult to any person who has not been born to it, and it is hard to see how it could ever be accomplished by people who are accustomed to slight even an ordinary "e" that they say "dow" and "flour" and words of that sort without making any use of it at all. It is to be hoped that they will not try. Ohio has room enough for her peculiar "r" within her own borders, and the Eastern manner of speech, as well, has an business trying to drive out the flowing and musical cadences of the South, the loss of which would be a pity indeed.

Australian fresh fruits and vegetables will be packed in ice chambers or fresh meat is packed, and sent fortnightly to the Indo-Colonial Exhibition in London. Apples, pears, grapes, oranges, lemons, and pomegranates sent from Adelaide are reported to have arrived in England in good condition.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that a large ball on the thumb as an artist's hand indicates love of color and gifts of expression by means of color alone, though in a bad hand it promises a leaning to all sorts of self indulgence. With musicians the large thumb ball shows love of melody, the *Gazette* says, and with school-teachers the love of children. It also stands for philanthropy sometimes, the English journal avers, and it is likewise the mark of a greedy man, as well as of persons who have fine palates without being gluttons. It is seldom that a newspaper of discernment, and as well informed as the *Pall Mall Gazette* usually is, is betrayed into making such an astonishing series of mistakes statements as this brief enumeration contains. The true meaning of a large thumb ball upon the hand of an artist almost invariably is that his oldest child is cross-eyed and that he owes his butcher, although it may in rare cases indicate merely that the roof leaks, and in a bad hand it never signifies anything except a strong love of bric-à-brac and a very delicate consideration for the feelings of the aged. With musicians it means nothing unless occasionally a physical injury, while among school-teachers it is absolutely unknown. The true indication of philanthropy is three-cornered thumb balls of medium size, and these solely. Greed is marked by the use of thumbs, as in the case of Jack Horner, and not by thumb balls, and the dimpled or withered thumb is or overly the sign of a nice palate or it is of insufficient nourishment or pulmonary trouble in its advanced forms. It would be interesting to be made acquainted with the source from which the *Pall Mall Gazette* derives its information.

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THE SOCIETY OF ST TAMMANY.—[See Page 346.]

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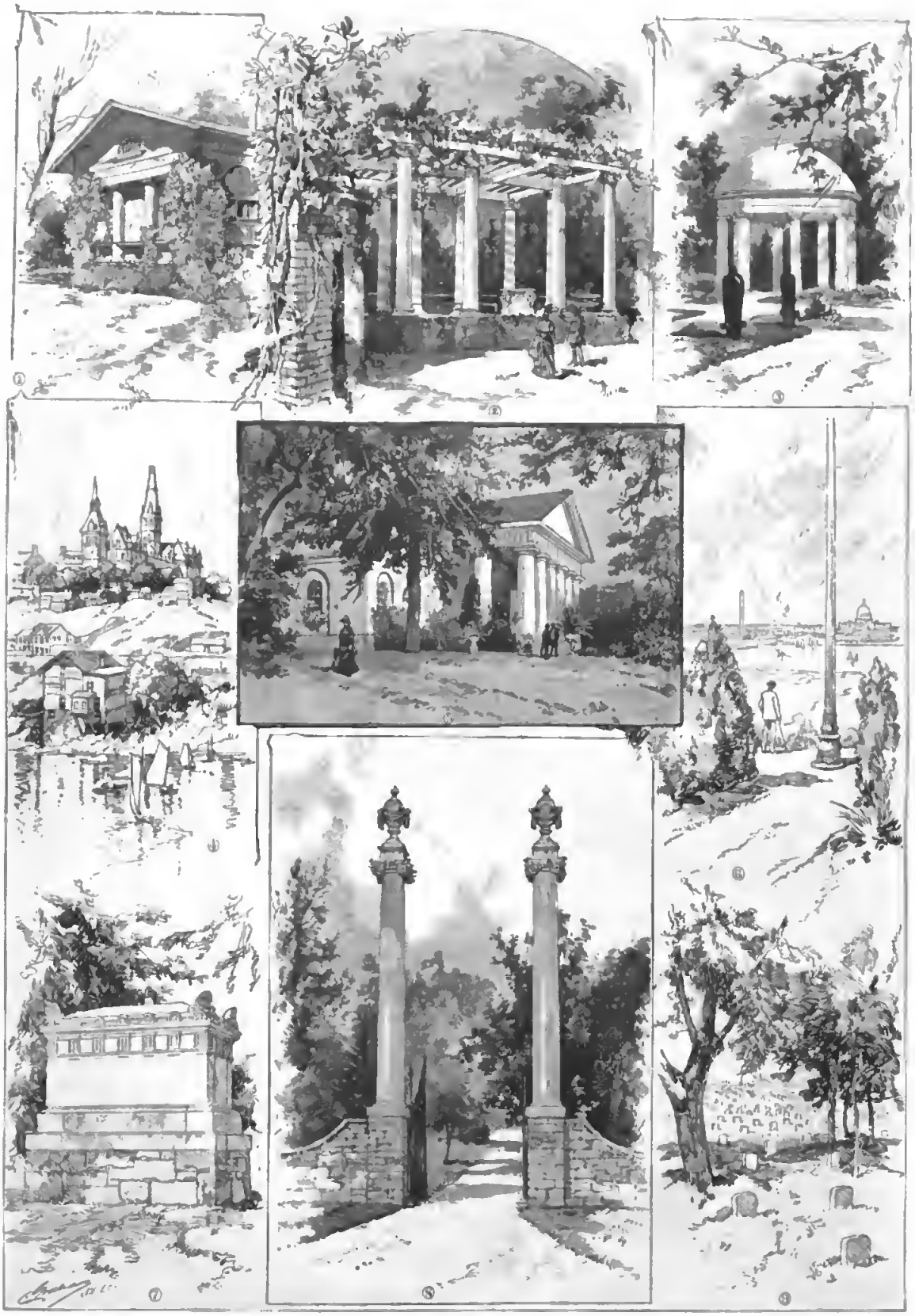

ARLINGTON.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 347.]

1. A Picturesque Shed. 2. Memorial Arbor. 3. Memorial Temple. 4. Georgetown College. 5. Arlington, the Home of Robert E. Lee. 6. View from Arlington. 7. The Tomb of 2000 unknown Soldiers. 8. One of the Gates. 9. The Soldiers' Graves.

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## NONA'S OBEDIENCE.

A LOVELY afternoon in the spring, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the ladies made a kind of gala day even on Broadway. Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual uptown stroll, have a comfortable dinner at the Westminster, and a little flirtation with Jessie Malin afterward, or to cross the river and take a train for his brother's lovely place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right-hand glove, that the cherries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air and country milk.

But he knew of a fat better reason yet, if he would have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's remarkable access of fraternal affection, and little Nona Zabriska herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of cherries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon the country proved to be finally the more powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety they were taken off again, that the wearer might clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of heart in eyes could desire to see.

What Philip said to Nona, and what Nona said to Philip, the cherry-trees and the evening star probably know; but it was very delightful, and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any cherries to all, and presently there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, which ended in a bottle of champagne and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "strawberries" now when his friends called him about his sudden passion for the country, and the strawberry encore did just as well as the cherries.

But as the weather grew hotter, the subject of summer resorts became uppermost. Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginian springs, and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them.

To tell the truth, he did wish she was a little more stylish, and would put up her curls, and abandon aprons, and dress like Jessie Malin did. That would perfectly satisfy him, he thought. Yes, Nona Zabriska dressed like Jessie Malin would have him nothing to desire.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have orders easily acquire. A little present from Tiffany's, and a modest check "just for spending money," made his sister Cecilia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecilia," he said. "All she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you desire, Philip, why do you not marry Jessie Malin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because, Cecile, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, fresh, loving heart."

"It seems to me—" But here Cecilia stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be "throwing words away."

The next difficulty was to make Nona delicately understand his wishes, and induce her to accept the invitation sent her by his mother and sister. He approached the subject under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her so close to his heart that he had no fear of not securing attention if argument or supplication became necessary.

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecile. I am sure it will do you good." And then he stopped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I go to please you, Philip. I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh! but I don't mean about your health, Nona. You little witch! who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well? I mean about dress and deportment, and those kind of things."

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low, grieved voice. "I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; and upon the whole I am glad you have never understood me yet. You see, when we are married we shall live in the city, and we must dress and behave as city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country, will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses, and your frank, familiar ways, all so perfectly charming just here, would occasion remarks and unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as fashionable and as stylish as—as—well, as Jessie Malin."

"Ah! she is your ideal, is she?"

Much more to the same purpose, mingled with kisses and compliments, was said, but nothing to it deceived the wounded woman's heart. For Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood not only what had been said, but also all that had been left to be inferred.

It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged that once a month he was to pay a few days' visit to the springs, and in the intervals he refreshed and comforted by regular and plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually afterward, until several days passed without any token of Nona's faith and memory. Still, he did not feel much troubled. He thought that he quite understood Nona's reasons, and at any rate he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hays in his own proper person could not fail to make.

This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs and found Nona not driving with Jack Christie—a young man whom he particularly disliked for his presumptuous manners. He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain—first, that her interest was "pretended," and second, that Jack's conversation was "foolish."

Then he felt unreasonably sad, as he very well knew, unreasonably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly and nonchalantly extended the tips of her gloved fingers to him, drawling out the while a pretty little assurance of being "so glad to see Mr Hays," with the information that "Cecile had been suspecting him since the early morning train."

"Cecile!" he said, reproachfully. "And you too, Nona?"

"Oh dear me, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half hour he tried to assume his rights as her betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them, and so, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change! I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose you are the cause. Do you know that she is called *the belle?* Jack Christie and Ed Forsyth and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are. Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, as it is, you know. Very first families, and all that kind of thing, you know. Upon my word, brother, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter. Mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all. Very far from it. That night at the hop Nona looked lovely and grand enough for a queen, her golden hair arranged in some picturesque style, which Jack Christie audibly declared to be "just the thing," yards of satin and lace making a train of glory behind her, and gold and jewels flashing from her head, her throat, and her wrists.

All in vain, however, Philip pleaded for a dance. Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast, and she reminded him rather maliciously of the necessity of conforming to the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York, and see Nona no more until she returned to her country home.

He bade his mother and Cecile good-by, and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity and many kind wishes for his pleasant journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, the ladies did not expect to see him again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors Nona turned a moment, and a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough; but in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder. He turned rapidly, all the great passion, which had grown to deeper intensity in his suffering, bursting out in one imploring whisper of "Nona!"

"Philip!"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl that he had never prized enough till he believed her gone forever. The tangled curls, the short dresses, even the little ruffled apron, never more looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona turning fashionable, and she to this day, when Philip is in the "opposition," reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long-run he would not like his own way *if he got it*, and so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he can do.


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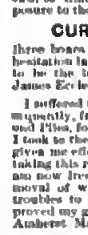
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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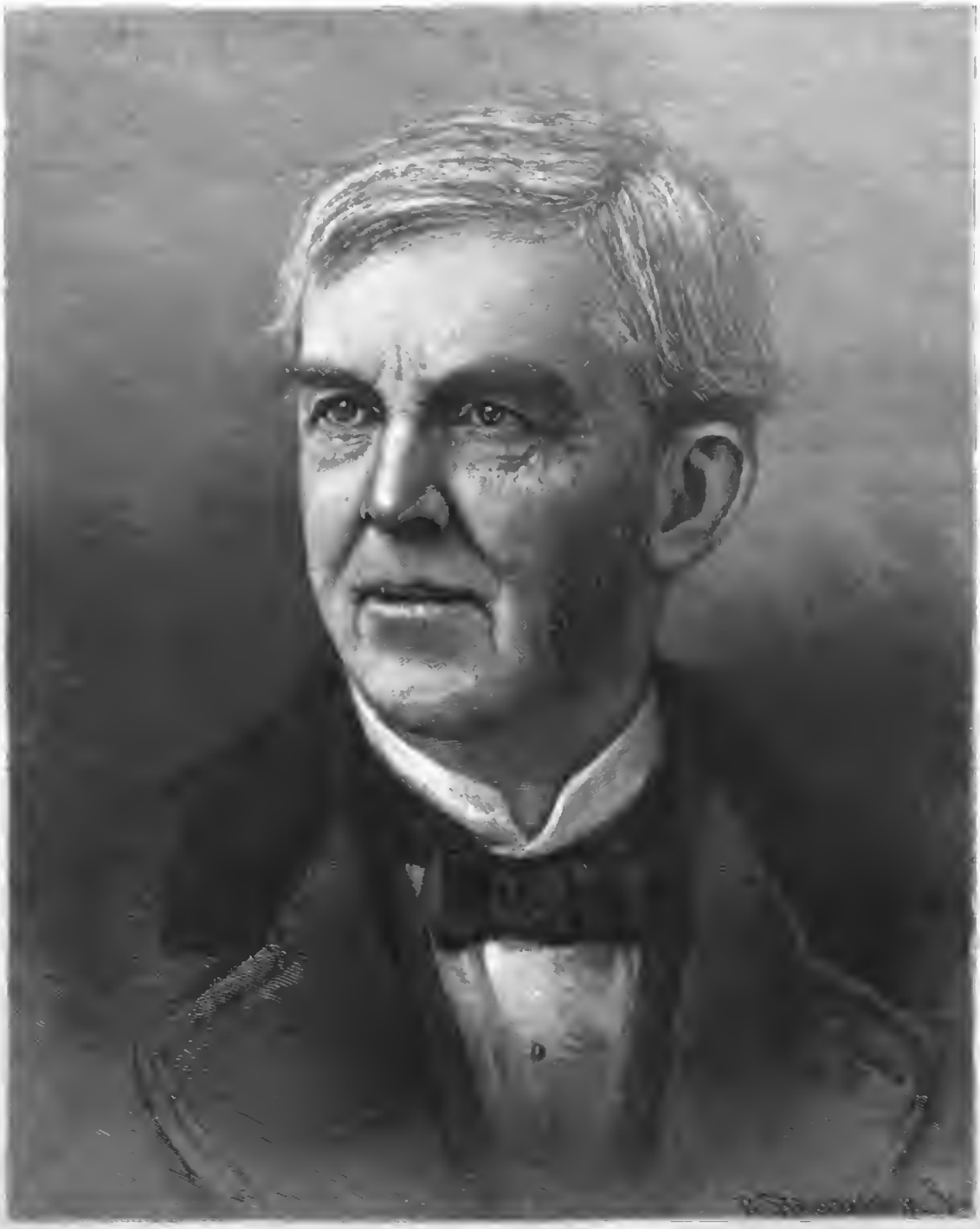

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1886.

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## DECORATION DAY.

DECORATION DAY this year had a peculiar interest, not only because time enough has now elapsed since the Democratic inauguration to see what perils to the Union are likely to result from the election of Mr. CLEVELAND, but because of the recent Confederate demonstration in honor of JEFFERSON DAVIS. To these two causes of special interest this year must be added that of the honors paid to the memory of the chief soldier of the war, who has now joined his departed comrades. The observance of the day was very general, and there is no sign of declining interest in its celebration. Its natural tendency is to become almost as much a day of remembrance of the patriotic valor of the soldiers as of the occasion from which the war sprung, and there has been evident for some years a disposition, natural to brave men who have honestly fought each other in the field, to recognize the heroism and the sincerity of the soldiers in gray. This was prefigured long since in Judge FINCH'S tender and familiar poem "The Blue and the Gray."

It is therefore very unfortunate that some ex-Confederates should have projected a monument to commemorate the Confederacy. That it is not a project acceptable to many of the former men in gray, and is indeed heartily rejected and repudiated by them, is plain from the extract from an ex-Confederate paper in Alabama that we published the other day, and which we received from an ex-Confederate soldier who cordially approved its views. No sensible man expects those who supported the Confederacy in pursuance of their life-long convictions, and the cherished tradition of their States in regard to the nature of our constitutional national Union, to agree that the Southern theory of the government was utterly false and hateful merely because it could not be successfully maintained by arms. But that is very different from the position that the dissolution of the Confederacy was a lamentable catastrophe to the Southern States. A monument to the valor of Southern soldiers would be a simple tribute to unquestioned heroism. But a monument to the Confederacy merely recalls a government whose cornerstone, as one of its chief builders declared, was human slavery, and that certainly is not something worthy of proud commemoration. If it were supposed that any such scheme commanded general sympathy and support in the Southern States, the distrust on the part of the rest of the Union would be universal and justifiable. It would of itself conclude all serious political controversy in the other States in a determination that the government in no event should be controlled by those who sincerely and strongly regretted that it had not been overthrown.

Happily there is no evidence whatever of any general countenance of the project, or of the existence of any such feeling except among a small class which may be called the Jacobites. The sentiment expressed by the Alabama journal and by our correspondents in Florida and Tennessee is doubtless that of the great multitude both of ex-Confederate soldiers and citizens. This shows that the situation foretold in the earliest observances of Decoration Day has been now reached. The strain of the best speeches at the first Decoration Day celebrations was one of confidence that the result of the war would be seen at last to be a common blessing, and that the triumph of the Union was not a sectional victory, but a happy consummation for all Americans. That is what this Decoration Day has seen, and nothing shows it more clearly than that a conspicuous ex-Confederate general, about to appeal to the voters of his State as a candidate for office, said, on taking part in the tributes to JEFFERSON DAVIS, "We are glad that the war is ended, and that it ended as it did."

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THERE are a great many people in the country who think that prohibition should be made a national issue at the polls. There are many more who hold that the greatest practicable limitation of dram-selling, by a high tax, or local option, or a high license, is indispensable to the public welfare. These altogether are a very large and intelligent and conscientious body of voters. They have been generally friendly to the Republican party. They have seen that the legislation favorable to temperance has been obtained by Republican votes, but they see also that the liquor interest has gradually acquired a strong hold of the Republican primaries and caucuses. While these voters have generally, but more and more reluctantly, been content to be put off by Republican excuses and delays on the ground that nothing is to be hoped from Democrats, they are coming to doubt the Republican party, as the antislavery men doubted the Whig party, and very many temperance men who have been always "regular Republicans" are resolved not to march to the polls any longer with what they call "the rumsties," nor to vote for candidates whom the rummies nominate. HORACE GREELEY, who founded the *Tribune*, used to describe the grog-shops, now called saloons, as the nurseries of Democracy. But when Mr. BURCHARD alliteratively declared rum, Romanism, and rebellion to be the great adversaries of the Republican party, he was reviled and ridiculed and cursed as compassing the defeat of the party by outraging its friends. Moreover, although the New York Republican Convention demanded that a prohibitory amendment should be submitted to the popular vote, the New York Republican Legislature has refused to authorize its submission. All this shows a singular change in the situation from the time of Mr. GREELEY, who was himself an ardent temperance man. Does the change show progress in the party? Does any old-fashioned Republican who holds, as we hold, that the strength of Republicanism lay in the intelligence and patriotism and moral character of its membership, think that the fierce objurgations directed at Mr. BURCHARD show an elevation or depression of the tone of the party?

The organ of the Prohibitionists is the *Voice*, published in New York. The *Voice* republishes the notorious telegram of Mr. SHERIDAN SHOOK to the *Tribune*:

"ALBANY, May 18

"*To the 'Tribune,' New York city:*

"The excise bill will probably pass the Assembly in morning. Three Commissioners will be appointed under it, one a Republican, and not a GRAY Republican. The bill will materially help the Republican party, *giving Republican saloon keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled*, and will prevent the use of the Department against us politically.

"SHERIDAN SHOOK."

The object of the bill was to baffle the purpose of the city reform bills of two years ago by taking the appointment of Excise Commissioners from the Mayor in order to conciliate the liquor interest—an object which the Republican *Tribune* favored by suggesting other appointing officers, while its confederates were arranging to give the appointment to the President of the Board of Aldermen, which they succeeded in doing. The *Voice* of prohibition sentiments does not fail to observe all this, and asking what the telegram of Mr. SHOOK to the *Tribune* means, it answers:

"That means that the Republican party is rooting deeper and deeper in the mire to get the slum vote of New York city. It means a contest between the two great (we mean big) parties of the nation, not to expose a cause, not to vindicate a principle, not to serve the country, but to truckle lower and lower to the gutter-snipes and rounders and hackers—the crush of civilization."

Is this an untrue statement of recent acts and tendencies in the party? There are thousands and thousands of Republicans everywhere in the country who have seen what the *Voice* has seen and strongly describes. They have read in the *Tribune* on the day after the passage of the excise bill that JOHN J. O'BRIEN, ROBERT G. MCCORD, SHERIDAN SHOOK, JOHN JACOBUS, "were among the prominent Republicans" who listened to the debate in the Senate. They knew that it was to please such prominent Republicans that the bill was passed. One of its objects was to attach them to the present Republican machine in the State, and Republicans may well ask themselves whether all this is an illustration of the way in which the Republican party hopes to renew its power and restore its ascendency.

The temperance men, as we understand them, do not ask the Republican party to become a Prohibition party. They ask that the party shall abandon the effort, of which the New York excise bill is an illustration, to compete with the Democratic party for the support of the liquor interest. They ask that the moral weight of the party be thrown against dram-selling, and all that springs from it. They ask that honest and intelligent Republicans who see that the saloons furnish the audiences for anarchist orators, and anarchist rioters to destroy lawful order, and are the steady reserve and support of crime and oppressive taxation, shall insist that the declared policy of the party shall be such as will exclude the liquor influences from the party councils. They hold that the withdrawal of the liquor vote will be less injurious to the party than the attempt to conciliate and retain it, and they do not hesitate to say that if the plan of the present Republican machine in New York is to conciliate both the liquor interest and the city managers of the old Stalwart machine in order to promote the nomination and election of Mr. BLAINE, the temperance vote by thousands will be lost to the Republican party. If they are told that the temperance bark is always worse than the temperance bite, and that most of the temperance voters will fall into line as usual, their reply is that the expectation is natural, but that the sentiment has grown and is growing with great rapidity, and that NEAL DOW, a life-long and devoted Republican, who has now left the party upon this issue, is but a type of an immense number of temperance Republicans whose eyes are opened by such acts as the excise bill and such messages as Mr. SHOOK'S. When so stanch a Republican and temperance man as the Rev. Dr. CUYLER says that he is waiting to see whether the party has been taught by adversity; when Republican Rhode Island votes for prohibition, and Democratic rural districts in Kentucky and Southern Democratic States do the same; when Republican committees in New Jersey declare that the party should show itself unconditionally hostile to the organized liquor interest—is it not evident that the Republican machine in New York misconceives the situation, and that the return of the Republican party to the confidence of the country does not lie through the saloon?

## THE IRISH BILL AND AMERICAN SECESSION.

SOME very intelligent Englishmen, who are familiar with this country and with our war for the Union, express amazement that Americans who opposed the secession of the Southern States should think an Irish Parliament desirable for England. But the cases are so wholly and essentially different that it is difficult to understand how sensible men should find any kind of resemblance between them. The Southern States of the Union proposed to withdraw entirely from the Union, and establish a wholly separate and foreign government, and to do this in defiance of the authority of the government of the United States. It was as if Cumberland and Northumberland and Durham and Lancaster and Yorkshire were to insist upon establishing a foreign government in England despite Parliament and the crown. Is there any resemblance in these situations? Can the utmost ingenuity torture them into any likeness? The government of Great Britain, by its constitutional agents, the Ministry, and by the will of Parliament, proposes to give a separate legislature to Ireland, with no sovereign powers of government whatever, and for the purpose of strengthening the Union and the existing Imperial supremacy. The man who says that this is a proposition like that of secession in the United States plays with words.

The reply of such a man is that an Irish legislature is substantial separation, and that the most earnest advocates of it, from Mr PARNELL to the worst dynamiter, openly profess and desire independence. They add that the legislature is but the first step, and that when that is once organized it will proceed to assert a practical independence of the empire and complete the imperial disruption. But this is a charge of entire want of honesty and good faith against the chief Irish leaders, and either of total want of sagacity or of honor and loyalty against the English statesmen who support the measure. Is JOHN MORLEY less acquainted with the situation or less likely to measure the possible consequences of the movement than Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL? Is Mr. GLADSTONE less sincere and devoted an Englishman or a less sagacious statesman than Lord SALISBURY? Is Lord SPENCER a less trusty counsellor for England than Lord HARTINGTON? And was there ever a great and radical measure like the Irish bill proposed that there was not the same outcry of betrayal and disaster? Lord SHELBURNE said that the acknowledgment of American independence was the setting of the sun of Britain, Lord ST. VINCENT said that West Indian emancipation was the fall of the British constitution, and the reformation of the penal laws was decried as a blaze at British glory. If PARNELL and DAVITT and JUSTIN MCCARTHY do not speak for Ireland, who does? And if the word of such representatives is not to be taken, and the English Ministry and the Liberal party are to be regarded as mere dupes of clever knaves, then the only sensible policy for England is that which is hinted by Lord SALISBURY, a government of repression in Ireland.

To assume that the proposition to establish a local legislature of limited powers in Ireland is like the plan of the Confederate States to dissolve the Union and establish a new and independent government is to show how bewildered and frenzied the discussion has become. It is true that a colonial or provincial legislature, such as the bill proposes, if its constituents were not represented in the Imperial Parliament, might declare its independence and resist the Imperial

authority. Then indeed the situation would begin to resemble that of 1861 in the United States. But there is no valid reason to anticipate such action, for the result of it would be a foregone conclusion. It would be the total subjugation and practical absorption of the island. The possibility of such an attempt, under all the circumstances, cannot be urged as an argument against a policy of conciliation and concession, which, as history shows, is in the actual situation of Ireland the wisest and most truly conservative policy. No great measure of state policy can be adopted without risk. The extension of the suffrage under the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws were viewed with the sincerest alarm. The precise consequences were of course incalculable. But they were measures based upon great principles of public action, approved by reason and experience, and no sensible Englishman now regrets them. It is upon such principles that the Irish policy of Mr. GLADSTONE seems to most Americans to rest. The details of method may be wisely amended. But the essential substance of the proposition certainly appears to American observers to be sound and wise, and when it is alleged to be identical with the proposition of JEFFERSON DAVIS in this country, it is time that the absolute difference between them should be pointed out.

## PENSIONS AND POLITICS.

THE BLAIR pension bill gives Senator BLAIR another title to the name of the most reckless squanderer of the public money. The bill pensions every soldier who served in the army for three months, and who is now disabled and dependent upon his own labor for support, as well as the dependent parents of soldiers who died in the service from disability contracted in the service. The three months' soldier may have emerged from the service perfectly well, and have been disabled since the war by causes in no way connected with military service. But the fact that his name was borne on the rolls of the army for three months, and that he is now unable to earn his living, is to secure him a pension. Having received a bounty for entering the service, he is now to receive a bounty for having entered it. Senator TELLER said, frankly, "This is a bounty which we propose to give to show our appreciation of their patriotic service." Nobody could say how much money the bill would probably take from the Treasury. Mr BLAIR seemed to be entirely indifferent to that subject. His theory, he said, was that "these men, to be provided for by somebody, should be provided for by sixty million people, instead of by their comparatively few associates in the communities in which they live."

Congress undoubtedly has the power to give a pension of a hundred dollars a month to everybody who served for a month in the army. Indeed, a proposition to pension everybody who served for a certain time has been already made, although not at the rate we mention. But should Congress undertake to pass such a bill as we suppose, there would be such an uproar in the country that it would promptly recede. Would the uproar mean that the American people are ungrateful, and coldly neglect those citizens who imperiled their lives for the Union? Let the existing pension rolls and appropriations and the consciousness of every honorable veteran answer. What, then, would it mean? It would mean only that there is a reasonable limit to the taxation which ought to be laid upon the industry of the country, for it is industry and the working man who pays the taxes, and that that reasonable limit has been reached. More than sixty-five millions of dollars were paid for pensions during the last year, and since the establishment of the government nearly $900,000,000 have been paid in pensions. That amount is not a monument of national ingratitude or neglect of the soldiers. At present those who were disabled in the service are properly pensioned, and the families of those who were killed. The laws give veterans also a preference in appointments in the civil service. The fact of service in the Union army gives also a preference in private employment. This is certainly a reasonable limit of consideration. To go farther is to enter upon a boundless expenditure. If a soldier who served for three months, and received his bounty, and was discharged perfectly sound and well, should be supported by the Treasury because he is now, and perhaps through evil courses, disabled and unable to support himself, and the reason is national gratitude, it may be argued as forcibly that if he is to be supported, he should be supported comfortably, and that a niggardly stipend is unworthy a grateful nation of sixty millions of people.

The truth is, as the soldiers undoubtedly know, that all this increase and extension of pension beyond a fair and reasonable sum is less gratitude than politics. There is a great deal of political posing as the soldiers' friend, and the military organizations are the skeletons of very powerful and extensive political forces. It is to be hoped that the House will arrest the BLAIR pension bill, and that it will insist that the tax payers shall know what sum it proposes to add to the taxes. The President's veto remains if the House should fail. The bill opens the way to laying intolerable burdens upon the country under the plea of national gratitude. The next step would inevitably follow, and a general pension bill would be urged upon the same grounds as the BLAIR bill. Those who oppose such enormous taxation need not be troubled by the taunt that they are no friends of the soldier. They can point to the actual yearly expenditure, and to the fact that the pension laws cover all cases for which just pensions should be paid. Those who oppose subsidies are reproached with indifference or hostility to certain American interests. It is impossible to oppose any kind of raid upon the Treasury without a charge of hostility to the beneficiary. But that is not a very important consideration. The duty of Congress is to see that no wild raids are made upon the Treasury, and the duty of the press is to expose these plainly to public attention.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE American figure of the hour in London is OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and no distinguished author could more happily justify his reputation by his social tact and charm. Dr. HOLMES is so bright and ready, his conversation is so sparkling, his memory so serviceable, and his sympathy so sensitive, that he is sure to "spread his conquests farther," and the Autocrat will show himself to be the worthy compeer of IRVING, EVERETT, BANCROFT, PRESCOTT, HAWTHORNE, MOTLEY, EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, and LOWELL, who have been his predecessors in England as representative Americans.

HOLMES's characteristics as an author are of a kind which is most agreeable to the English mind. There is a clear daylight, a freedom from mental or spiritual obscurity, such as made MACAULAY's writings so popular, in all HOLMES's verse and prose. His wit is so crisp, his humor so human, his sentiment so obvious and tender, that it hits the mark at once, and with a keen sense of delight on the part of the observer. His "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was the most popular serial work among all intelligent and cultivated readers that was ever published in this country, and his "Metrical Essay" was the most noted occasional poem at a college anniversary. They are both singularly illustrative of his graceful and versatile literary ability and character, and the "Autocrat" will certainly be one of the enduring works in American literature, with the "Last Leaf" and some of the other lyrics.

The Autocrat himself is seventy-six years old. But time has touched him very lightly. He has still the boy-like aspect of the portrait which is printed upon another page, and he doubtless enjoys with all a boy's freshness of feeling the social homage which is paid to him this year in London, and which his countrymen know to be well deserved by the kindly writer who has touched so nearly the heart of the English-speaking world.

## JOURNALISM.

WE have seen only very imperfect reports of the recent lectures of Mr. CHARLES E. FITCH, at Cornell University, upon journalism. But what we have seen seems to show that they comprise the most thorough and scientific treatment that the subject has yet received. It is a question of great interest, because the great journals in this country are becoming more and more powerful. As they cease to depend upon party or official favor, and their proprietors and editors seek to gratify no personal ambition, it is obvious that there is no stronger public influence in the community.

Mr. FITCH is an experienced and accomplished journalist, with a high ideal of the character and importance of journalism, and his suggestions must have been peculiarly valuable in a college community, because young men in this country, as they graduate, turn more and more to journalism as an occupation. It is called a profession, but hardly legitimately. There is no special and technical knowledge which must be mastered. A great journal is largely a business enterprise, and its editorial conduct demands a certain general intelligence and sagacity and literary ability, with a slight technical training, which is soon attained.

A distinctive "newspaper man," like the late SAMUEL BOWLES, or GREELEY, or RAYMOND, or BENNETT, is born, not made. He is composed of invincible industry, constant enterprise and shrewdness, dominant common-sense, an intuitive perception of the average public taste and interest, and an unshrinking deference to it and gratification of it, and a quick apprehension of the moods and drift of public opinion. But the typical "newspaper man" is not necessarily the man who has the highest conception of the function of a journal, or who gives to a paper the highest influence. The phrase describes the ability to make a newspaper pecuniarily successful rather than that which gives it weight and leadership. We should think that the lectures of Mr. FITCH would make an exceedingly interesting book for the newspaper fraternity, and for all to whom the making of a newspaper is a fascinating mystery.

## SHAKESPEARIAN LITERATURE.

THERE have been three recent additions to Shakespearian literature in this country which are well worthy of attention. Mr. HORACE HOWARD FURNESS has issued another volume of his *Magnum Opus*, the Variorum Shakespeare—a work of astonishing labor, and a great honor to American scholarship. It will be, when completed, the most elaborate, complete, and thorough Shakespeare, presenting all readings and explanations which are of any importance. It is certainly a work "which no gentleman's library should be without."

Mrs. CAROLINE HEALEY DALL's *What we really know about Shakespeare* is what the author is pleased to call a manufactured hand-book, but it is really a very clear and convenient summary of our information about the man and poet. Mrs. DALL does not think that a careful collation of all the facts justifies Mr. GRANT WHITE's rather depreciatory picture of SHAKESPEARE's personality, and her neatly printed book is one of interest and value to the student of the facts.

*Hamlet's Note-Book*, a very handsome thin volume, by WILLIAM D. O'CONNOR, is a remarkable contribution to the anti-Shakespearian view. Mr. O'CONNOR holds that we really know little of the man and poet SHAKESPEARE, because there is really little to know except that he was an actor whose name served the purposes of Lord BACON. In other words, the volume is a very ingenious and brilliant contribution to the Baconian view of SHAKESPEARE. It was designed as a reply to RICHARD GRANT WHITE's article upon the *Promus* of BACON, in which he paid his respects to the Baconians with a rapier. The reply had been accepted by a leading magazine, but pending its publication Mr WHITE died, and Mr O'CONNOR withdrew his article. But as the posthumous volume of Mr. WHITE's essays contains his structures upon the *Promus*, Mr. O'CONNOR has naturally printed his reply. He is admirably equipped to cope even with so doughty a knight as Mr. WHITE, and the little volume into which his article is expanded will serve as an admirable introduction to the controversy which began long ago in *Putnam's Monthly*, when Miss DELIA BACON raised the question whether SHAKESPEARE wrote Shakespeare.

## PERSONAL.

AN athletic clergyman speaks of the late Rev. Dr E. S. KING, the Congregationalist divine, as, almost to the last weeks of his life, an enthusiastic boxer, who believed that the use of the gloves was a better exercise even than fencing. His habit was to give his strength freely in the sport, and on one occasion his friend saw him laughing with the blood streaming down his face.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at a meeting of the bishops of the Church of England when the Dean of Lincoln presented a petition setting forth that excess in mourning attire, funeral paraphernalia, and floral decorations was no real indication of affection or respect, and urging that burials should be conducted in the simplest possible form, at specially perishable coffins, in earth sufficient and suitable for the resolution of the body into its ultimate elements, "with only such accessories as are in accordance with the Christian principles of faith, hope, and love."

—The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland announces that though he and his wife, Lady ABERDEEN, went to the Green Isle by an means in a state of mind the reverse of hopeful, they never could have expected to receive such constant and increasing marks of kindness as have been shown them.

—"He brought to the administration of justice," said one judge of another, who had just died, "a life experience, great learning, and a clear sense of doing justice toward his fellow men."

—RUBINSTEIN, though in delicate health, gave three charity concerts during his recent visit to Paris, and distributed ₣9000 in cash in various benevolent associations and needy sufferers. He was so impressed by M PASTEUR's success that he sent him a check for $400.

—Mr MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER protests, in the preface to his autobiography, that he is a modest man; that praise, if consciously undeserved, only depresses him; that one of his universally recognized defects is a dislike to any assumption of dignity; and that if he is not true, simple, and sincere, he is worse than he hopes he is.

—Speaking in the Rev. C. A. BARTOL's pulpit in the old West Church, Boston, FREDERICK DOUGLASS expressed his joy that the time had come when he who represented the negro, the Indian, and the Chinaman could shake hands in fellowship with every inhabitant of the land.

—While opening the annual art exhibition in Berlin, the Emperor WILLIAM recalled the fact that FREDERICK the Great was the father of German art exhibitions, and that although many changes had occurred since his day, it was men from the north—WINTERHALTER, THORWALDSEN, CANOVA, and SCHINKEL—who proclaimed to Europe a message from Greece.

—Miss KATE SHOEMAKER, the first woman ever admitted to practice in the courts of New York State, is the sister of Judge SHOEMAKER, of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and of Governor SHOEMAKER, of California, and the sister-in-law of ex-Senator WILLIAMS, of Buffalo. She is only thirty-three, and has had a long public career as an advocate of woman suffrage. Her presence is prepossessing, and her social gifts are rare. She has been studying for three years in a lawyer's office.

—The two hundred and thirty-second anniversary of an organization known as the Sons of the Clergy was held a few days ago in London, and after a full choral service, in which three hundred voices participated, the Very Rev JOHN GORE, D D, preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "Woman, why weepest thou?"

—In view of the large number of criminal cases in which lawyers plead for their clients alcoholic dementia, the French government has instructed all the prefects in France to report on the effects of drunkenness in inciting to crime; and the French War Minister has instituted an inquiry into the action of liquor in reducing the height of young men, and debilitating them so as to render them unfit for military service.

—A school for the education of boys in the evangelical faith of the Church of England was recently opened at Cheltenham, England, in memory of the late Dean COOK, of Carlisle.

—The late historian VON RANKE was an intimate and warm personal friend of GEORGE BANCROFT, and used to speak of him as Americans as "your great countryman." At ninety years of age he worked uninterruptedly from 10 A.M. till 3 P.M., and from 7 P.M. till 8 A.M., daily, and walked two hours. He never smoked, and was never troubled with sleeplessness.

—The Gaelic Society of New York celebrated THOMAS MOORE's birthday by listening to an address on his genius, by singing some of his songs, and by decorating his bust in the Central Park.

—Mr EDMUND GOSSE is to deliver a course of six lectures at Cambridge University on the "English Drama at the end of the Seventeenth Century."

—ELLIOTT, the portrait painter, used to say, half waggishly, of his brother artist the late JAMES TISSOTIN, whenever the latter was criticised in his bearing, "Oh, JAMES is all right; he paints for the people." Mr TISSOTIN very seldom sent his works to the public exhibitions, but not long ago he had accumulated about $50,000 from their sale.

—"I may commit many follies in my life," wrote Lord BEACONSFIELD, when a young man, "but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guarantee of infidelity."

—Mr WILLIAM H BRAUN, having been asked by the executive committee of the Inter-State Exhibition which will be opened next September in Chicago, to select one hundred representative oil-paintings from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, has been giving his personal attention to the matter with such success that more than half as many more pictures are now awaiting shipment, many of them novel in motive and brilliant in technique. He will propose that next year the committee reserve four large galleries, one for our Academic art, another for our water-colors, a third for etchings, and a fourth for the work of the young progressives of the Society of American Artists.

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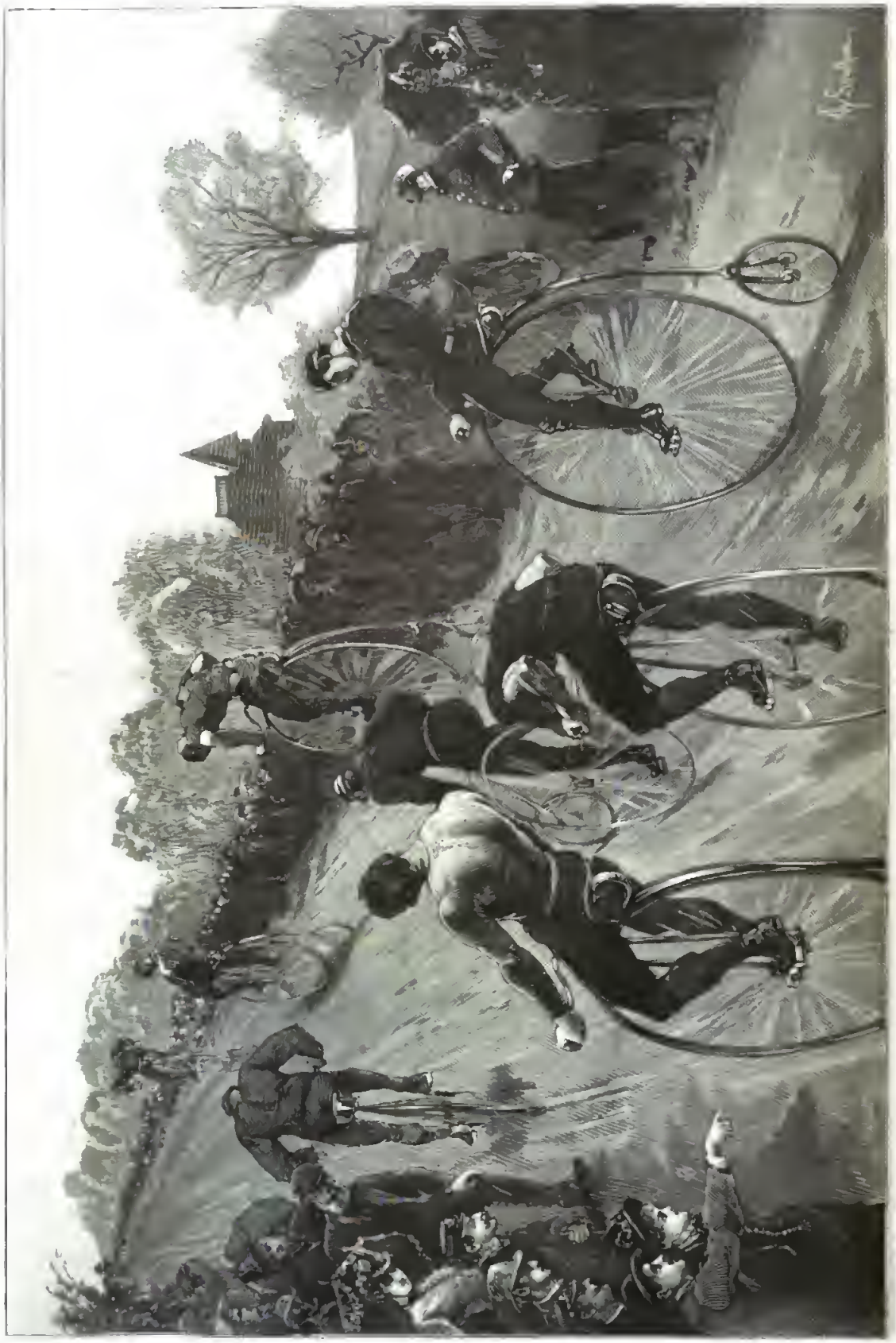

ANNUAL MEET OF THE WHEELMEN AT BOSTON—CLIMBING COREY HILL.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

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LEOPOLD VON RANKE.—[See Page 362.]

## DECORATION DAY.

Flowers for the feet of Peace,
Sweet rose and lily white,
As she recreads the road,
The blood-red road of fight;
The waving corn and wheat
For the long hot lanes of war;
For bastions fringed with flame,
The light of Freedom's star.

Flowers for the resting brave!
So every grave shall be
An altar fresh and green
Sacred to Liberty,
An altar green and sweet
For the true heart beneath—
For each the rose of love,
For each the laurel wreath.

Peace, peace, and sweetest fame
O'er all the land to-day!
No anger and no blame
Between the Blue and Gray
To you, heroic dead,
Resting in dreamless calm,
We bring the rose of love,
The victor's stainless palm.

BISHOP JOSEPH J. KEY.
Photographed by Davis, Richmond, Virginia.—[See Page 362.]

DECORATION DAY—THE VETERAN'S RIGHT ARM.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.

BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX
Photographed by Davis.—[See Page 362.]

BISHOP C. B. GALLOWAY.
Photographed by Davis.—[See Page 362.]

BISHOP W. W. DUNCAN.
Photographed by Davis.—[See Page 362.]

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# CYNIC FORTUNE:*

## A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "First Person Singular," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

### VI.

"Let's have a look at it," said the Major. "I'm not much of a dab at letters myself, but two heads are better than one, and we may find out what's the matter with it. What's it all about, to begin with?"

"Oh," said the Major's companion, with a half-disdainful, half apologetic growl, "it's a yarn."

"Chuck it over," said the Major. "Let's have a look at it."

His companion hurled a bulky package of manuscript at him. The Major caught it dexterously, opened it without comment, as if this violent way of handling things were commonplace in his experience, and began to read aloud:

"'The Strand is the rendezvous of the unsuccessful of all grades in London—the intellectual and social Rag-fair of the metropolis. Its story flags are beaten daily by many thousands of hopeless feet; it is the saddest, the gayest, the richest, the poorest, of London thoroughfares; the avenue of fame to the happy few; the vestibule of the great temple of forgetfulness to many more. Of what hopes and despairs, what triumphs and failures, unknown ambitions, wild aspirings, vain regrets, its stones are eloquent to those who tread them! Here, with head erect and smiling eyes, walks Success, the envy and admiration of the crowd whose name is Failure. He emerged from their ranks only the other day, and may fall into their company again to-morrow. The test of Opportunity touched him, in this crowded street, and found him of the pure metal, or, at least, as well plated that he needs the searching acid of Success to prove him pinchbeck. The unsuccessful mark him as he goes; and to some his fame is a medal, and to others a poison.'"

The Major read with an action so tragic, and an interpretation so gratuitously vile, that the author hissed him, and having violent hands upon him, dragged him and the manuscript apart.

"It's bad enough, Heaven knows," said he; "but it's not a thousandth part as bad as you make it."

"I don't know," said the Major, assuming a critical air; "it seems to be the very kind of 'tommy rot' one sees in print, as a general rule. I think you do it very like the rest of 'em, Dick; and upon my word, it seems to me to be a great injustice that you shouldn't be printed."

The Major, to aspect, mingled the cherubic and the military. He was a man of tenderly rounded outline, like an unusually well-grown baby. The upper part of his bald forehead was milky white. Below, beginning at the line clearly defined by the fit of his forage-cap, his skin was of a rich brown. His nose wore a warmer tint, and his expression was benevolently militant. But his his mustache, which was of uncommon proportions, and his eye-glass, he would have looked altogether mild and unassuming. His manner was languid, and he spoke with a drawl which had been fashionable in his youth, but was a bit the out of date in these days. He was wonderfully shabby, and obviously a gentleman.

His companion was a young fellow of some five-and-twenty, with a face of honesty, candor, pluck, and good-temper. He was, if anything, a trifle shabbier than the Major, and just as obviously a gentleman.

The room they occupied was at the top of a house in Great Russell Street. The uncurtained windows were gray with years of fog and rain and London smoke, and there was no piece of furniture in the room which had not been in the wars and come home wounded. It was sipping weather, in early spring, but the grate was fireless.

"Major," said the younger man, throwing himself upon a sofa, and folding his arms behind his head, "I'm deuced hungry."

Then for a while there was silence. The room grew darker and darker.

"Two days without grub or bacey!" said the young man on the couch. "How long is it going to last? How long will it take to finish off two tolerably strong and healthy men?"

"Don't know," said the Major, in his placid drawl; "can't guess."

"We shall know," said Dick, "if this kind of thing goes on much longer."

The Major said nothing. Perhaps his young companion's attempt to be gay and courageous, and bright, and high-spirited depressed him in the circumstances. The silence lasted so long that at last Dick fulfilled his threat, and went to sleep. The Major, rising on tiptoe, walked stealthily into the next room, and came back with a counterpane, which he wrapped about the figure of his friend. The gas lamps glittered brightly in the street below, and the Major stared at them roundeyed vacantly through the dirty window pane.

He had met this grim spectre of Poverty before, and knew him, and despised him. He had been poor in many places. He had lived in Paris on a daily ration of radishes and petite-pains; in Berlin on his butter-bread and glass of lager; and in other cities, where upon occasion even these modest extas were not forth-coming—as here, and now, in London. He had snuffed his granitic nose at and drunk his muddy water on the battle-field, with dead friends and comrades lying round him, and the lines of the enemy's camp-fires ringing the bases of the frozen hills. He had had his days of prosperity too. He had started life at seventeen with a commission in a cavalry regiment, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, the sixth of which had vanished from human knowledge before he had attained his majority. He had exchanged for active service abroad, and lived contentedly on his pay, winning golden opinions from his men, until the death of a relative had put him in possession of a second fortune, which had gone like its predecessor, its last shilling spent as gayly as the first.

His whole life had been spent alternately in Sparta and in Capua, and he took the rough and the smooth with an unfailing tranquil philosophy which no reverse of fortune could long ruffle or disturb. He was a man of many and varied accomplishments; but, unfortunately, these were not of a marketable sort. He was the equal of any man in England at ordering a dinner, composing a salad, or brewing a bowl of punch. In his wanderings about London he talked with the turbaned Turk as turbaned Hindoo, and even surprised the almond-eyed wanderer from far Cathay with discourse in the mandarin dialect of his own tongue. His favorite pousmanda was Soha, and he was believed of the French blanchisseuses because of the sweetness and purity of his argot.

His expectations from remaining relatives were large, but vague.

He was a loyal and lovable fellow, who had done much good to many people in his time, and harm to nobody, but he was one of those who can only sail straight when under orders, and the Major's craft was perpetually in danger of shipwreck because he carried no feminine captain aboard. A good wife would have been the making of him. But, unfortunately for himself, he was one of nature's bachelors. He was of a temperament so hopeful that the future was always bright, however grim the present might be, and it was characteristic of him that he pitied his companion, whilst his own condition seemed to him to have a touch of comedy, and even of farce, in it.

The room was altogether dark when, after a preliminary roll and tumble, Douglas woke, and becoming aware of his alum's presence by some unnamable sixth sense—for it was too dark to see by this time—demanded,

"That you, Major?"

"Yes."

"Been out?"

"No."

"This is getting serious," said the younger man. "What's to be done?"

"There's one expedient," said the Major, "which may be tried to-morrow. Up till now, when we have felt ourselves in want of exercise, we have taken our walks abroad together. That fact has appeared to necessitate the possession of two coats. For people in our position the ownership of two coats is an extravagance which ought to be cut down. We must part with one of them."

Douglas laughed in answer rather dolefully, and went stumbling about the dark room in search for his hat.

"Let's take our final promenade together now, Major," he said. "For my own part, I shall feel brighter in the streets than I do here."

"Step lightly as you go down-stairs," replied the Major. "Mrs. McElhran is inclined to be tempestuous."

They stole down stairs in terror stricken silence. The only living thing that had ever frightened the Major was a landlady in poor lodgings. They came into the gas-lit streets in safety, and strolled along, side by side, leisurely enough, for a while.

"I begin to repent," said Dick, more for the sake of saying something than because anything seemed very much worth saying—"I begin to repent the vote of that last twopence for tobacco. It's all gone, and a bun would have done us much more good. It's a mysterious arrangement," he added, "that a man's appetite should go on increasing just the same whether he has anything to eat or not. Appetite ought to be proportioned to income."

"In which case we should have no appetite at all."

They had crossed the sullen adverse tides of traffic which roll down Oxford Street and Holborn, and had passed through High Street and along Endell Street, where the mean shops were nearly all closed, though here and there a yet unshuttered window checkered the wet pavement with a square patch of light. There was nobody in the purlieus of Covent Garden when they came to it, except an occasional policeman, and those mysterious purposeless loungers who seem to pass their whole existence at its corners in waiting for the job that never comes. The façade of the Lyceum was ablaze with light, and the lines of Waterloo Bridge stood out clear against the opposing darkness of the night in lines of flickering fire.

These was light and life and motion to the strand, toward which their feet had naturally tended. Presently the young man took fire at it, and began to talk.

"This," said he, "is the nursery and the sepulchre of Hope, the father-land of parvenus, the foster-mother of genius."

"That," said the Major, "is a fragment of the rejected scrip."

"I never came here," answered Douglas, "but the street gets hold of me. There's not a note in all the billiste gamut of human emotion which is soundless here. One of these days some Shakespeare Wagner will get an epic opera out of it."

"The style," said the Major, "is more conversational and less strained, but this, again, is a modified excerpt from the rejected scrip."

The young man walked on, dreaming with his eyes open, with a vague reminiscence of power smelling within him. All avenues seemed closed—even the road which led to the necessary daily bread. He was hungry and shabby, and yet he began to dream of an open road, found somewhere, or forced open somehow, which should lead to fame and fortune, that he trod the pavement like a conqueror. The Major's arm, passed through his, guided him hither and thither, or arrested him here and there. The elder man was, by nature and experience, more phlegmatic; but he saw into his friend's mood, and was half unconsciously amused by it.

He stepped now and then, as men in his position will. You may see the broken, hungry, valiant gentleman at any hour of any day in London, looking at unattainable things to eat, reading from the top line to the bottom the announcements of cheer he cannot hope to see; inspecting jewelry he cannot hope to buy; filling his pockets with fairy bank notes which are only valuable at the Exchange of Fancy, and will pay for Barmecide dinners only.

Douglas walked on in his cloud land, and by and by, when they had cleared the narrow Strand, passed Trafalgar Square, and got into the quiet of Whitehall, he began to scorn to himself, after a fashion the Major knew of old. The phlegmatic, sweet-tempered campaigner grinned to himself as Dick muttered his verses under his breath, and stepped or went in by fits and starts, unconscious of the goading new which led him.

This mood failed the youngster after a while, and by the time the Major had guided him into St. James's Park he was once more despondent. They lingered here for an hour or two, and then retraced their steps. When they got back into the neighborhood of the theatres, the crowd upon the pavement thickened, and the hoarse roar which swells the voice of the Strand to more than its mid-day volume told that the play houses were emptying. They jostled their way through the noisy and good-humored crowd, until they reached the entrance to the Gaiety Theatre, and there stopped perforce, wedged into the front row of the mob of loots and loungers who watched the audacious stream out upon the pavement and disperse. Pretty women, mill prettier with the after-light of laughter on their faces, tripped past, under the escort of an enviable young men, got up for conquest.

Douglas stood and glowered at it all, not unnaturally perhaps. He felt himself lost in the shabby, undistinguished crowd, and envied those who had music and laughter and the society of beautiful and accomplished women. He had had them all, and lost them, by no fault of his own, and it was pardonable in the lad that he should be a little bitter over it. He might never reach them again, as (with a flash of the mood which had taken hold of him twenty three hours earlier) he might grasp them again—all he had lost, and more. Then came despondency anew. Years of solitude and labor would leave him with chilled blood and blunted appetite; envied, perhaps, by the young, whom very envy would be excitable to him. And even this was a dream unlikely of fulfilment.

His mournful meditations met a sudden momentary check. From under the portal of the theatre came a child-woman of seventeen or so. He had never thought himself particularly impressionable, but this girl's face seemed to him so beautiful that he had no sooner set eyes upon it than he forgot everything but admiration. He was not the only one in the little crowd about the theatre who was struck by this charming vision—a fact amply evidenced by the hum of admiration which rose at its appearance. The young man was weak in matters of millinery, and had little attention to spare to the details of the lady's dress; but he had a vague impression of a cloud of diaphanous white, lit by touches here and there of brighter color, and of the sheen and glimmer of jewels, as she passed lightly before him. She was accompanied by a tall and personable young man of the starchest species—a young man with a face of vacuous good-humor, tortured for the moment from its customary expression of amiable nothingness into one of feeble ferocity by the effort he made to fix a refractory eye glass. "It was raining slightly; and the footman, who had slipped down from the carriage which waited the lady and her escort, was impeded by the crowd. Douglas was almost within an arm's length of the carriage door, and a single step brought its handle within his grasp. He opened the door, and drew back, suddenly abashed at himself.

Had he been dressed like a gentleman, he could have ventured a stranger so small a service without embarrassment; but he remembered his shabbiness so suddenly and so vividly that he could have been well content if the pavement beneath him had opened and let him through into subterranean London. The young man who accompanied the pretty girl had conquered the refractory eye-glass, and without turning to look at the person who had done this small service, he thrust a gloved thumb and forefinger into a pocket and tossed half a crown toward him. Dick Douglas took one fiery step forward, with all the blood of all the Douglases flowing against the insult; but the Major, who had been a noted wicket keeper in his day, caught the coin, upon it, pouched it, dragged his young companion backward from the crowd, and crossed the highway.

"Confound his impudence!" said Douglas.

"Bless his extravagant good-nature!" said the Major. But Dick was in a great state of anger and humiliation.

The philosophic Major hustled him rapidly along, recrossed the road, dived into one of the northern by streets, sought and found a ham and beef shop, then a baker's, then a tobacconist's, and marched the offended Douglas home. When nearly there, he rolled as a small huckster's shop and bought a candle.

"And now," said he, with an air of victory, "the arrangements for the banquet are completed."

"I'm not going to eat bread that's bought with money that was thrown at me as though I were a dog," said the young fellow, hotly.

"Ain't you?" said the Major. "I am. It's your half-crown, Dick, as it was before I spent it, but I make no bones about quartering myself upon my friends."

"Did you see the fellow?" Douglas asked.

"Yes," said the Major. "I saw him. What about him?"

"I didn't know him," said the other, "until he threw that confounded coin at me. I knew him then, though."

"Oh!" said the Major. "Who was he?"

"We were at Eton together," answered Dick, "and at Trinity Hall together afterward. His name's Bagleigh—Lord Bagleigh. He's the greatest ass that nature ever lent a skin to."

"With the sole and solitary exception," returned the Major, with his mouth full—for by this time they had silently cracked the landlady, and the Major was busy with the banquet—"with the solitary exception of the man who won't eat, though he's hungry, when he has grub honestly earned by the sweat of his own brow before him."

"I suppose," said Dick, "I should be an ass not to take it, since it's here?"

To this the Major said nothing. They made a temperate feast, remembering the morrow, and thus they sat down to a pipe, with the water-bottle between them, and smoked and tippled until the church clock sounded one.

### VII.

Immediately below the two chambers occupied by the impecunious Major and his companion dwelt Mr. Cyrus Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan, though thirteen years older than when first introduced to these pages, still wore the same disarming smile of propitiatory impertinence, and betrayed his increased age only by a shining baldness, which, in rare moments of gravity, gave him an almost venerable aspect.

Douglas and the Major were at breakfast somewhere about the hour of noon. They found it consumed to lie long in bed, even when they had provisions; and when they had not, it was the least unendurable method of passing away time which they had yet discovered. Neither was an idle man by nature. They had drifted into idle ways by stress of idleness. Having nothing to do had taught them to do nothing.

The manuscript returned to Douglas the night before still lay upon the table, half unfolded, in its brown paper wrappings. A newspaper was spread over a portion of the table, by way of cloth, and on this was placed the remnant of last night's provisions. The two men ate slowly and gravely, as if resolved to make the meal as lengthy an affair as possible. Each alike was taciturn. The beginning of the day was, as a general thing, the most melancholy part of it. Toward evening they became inured, as it were, to themselves; and sometimes, at night-time, could face their own desperate circumstances with a courage which had grown almost flippant in its carelessness by force of its employment throughout the day.

While they thus sat at mournful lunch together, the door opened without preliminary or warning, and Mr. Sullivan, carrying a pewter pot in one hand and a bone root pipe in the other, shouldered his way into the apartment, nodded, smiled, sipped his beer, and bestowed himself gingerly in a ramshackle old chair, which stood for extra valets in a corner. "Morning, Majah," said Mr. Sullivan, with a military salute. "Good morning to one forensic young friend, also."

They both said "Good morning," cheerfully enough, and brightened visibly at their visitor's advent.

"There's corn in Egypt," said the visitor, nodding toward the breakfast table. "Gentlemen, I'll bet you drinks round that I spot the founder of the feast."

"You'll bet what?" asked the Major.

"I'll bet you anything you choose to name," said Mr. Sullivan, "that I identify at the first shot the Peer of the Realm to whose generosity I am indebted for the spectacle which is now presented to my view."

Dick glanced at the intruder almost savagely, but said nothing.

"The spectacle?" said the Major, questioningly.

"Adversity Lightened," responded Mr. Sullivan; "or, The Breakfast Bestowed. Perhaps," he added, dropping into a conversational tone, "you didn't know the cove. He was a noble lord. His name was Bagleigh."

"There's a little enigma in this, Mr. Sullivan," said the Major, with an air of gravity.

"I was present, gentlemen," returned Mr. Sullivan, wagging his head with an indescribable air of shame and self approval, "at the scene. I was a witness of the noble activity and the natural indignation of our young forensic friend."

At this Douglas colored to the roots of his blond hair, and pulled at his mustache. Even the Major was disconcerted for a moment, and the bronze of his complexion was redder by a tone or two than ordinary.

"Scrumptious little party he had with him," said Mr Sullivan, noting the signs of the confusion he had created, and anxious to change the theme. "She was lovely as a child; and now that she is approaching womanhood, she lads fair, in my humble judgment, to knock anything in petticoats in London."

"She was lovely as a child, was she?" said the Major. He knew where Mr Sullivan's conversational strength and weakness lay, and was not displeased at times to draw him into a manifestation of it.

"She was an enchanting little fairy," said the visitor; "a little wilful—for everybody spoiled her—but delightful. I do not think"—with an air of sincerity and conviction which persuaded his listeners that he was lying—"I do not think I ever saw as charming a child. It's thirteen years ago since I prophesied to myself that she

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would grow up to be one of the most beautiful women anywhere; and I ask you, gentlemen, both, if she does not justify my prophecy?"

"Amply," said the Major. "Who is she?"

In his mood of listless security, the Major would sooner have heard Mr Sullivan romance than not.

"She is the daughter," said the visitor, lightly, "of a dear old friend of mine, who came to a melancholy end in Paris thirteen years ago last winter. He was somewhat older than myself, but we were the closest and dearest chums. Poor Bob!"

Mr. Sullivan sighed, took a puff at his pipe, and then smoked for a moment or two with an air of contemplative sadness.

The Major began to be interested and amused, because, to his mind, Mr Sullivan was engaged, in this moment of apparent abstraction, in concocting an apt continuation for a story so romantically begun.

"You?" he said, encouragingly. "What was the melancholy end he came to?"

"He disappeared mysteriously," said Mr Sullivan. "He went over to Paris thirteen years ago last winter for the express purpose of meeting an old chum, who bore the identical name of that great house of which our forensic young friend is not the least distinguished member. I allude," he added, with an air of almost superfluous candor, "to the name of Douglas."

The Major laughed. He was adapting Mr. Sullivan's narrative and the manner of it to his own preconceived idea. Mr Sullivan generally invented what he had to say, and the Major felicitated himself upon his present penetration as he watched, or supposed himself to watch, the workings of the narrator's mind.

"Dick," he said, humouring his own fancy and Mr Sullivan at the same time, "isn't it odd that Sullivan should have been there last night, and should have recognized a young lady who has an romantic history behind her?"

"Yes," said Douglas, ungraciously; "very odd indeed."

He had less liking than the Major for Mr Sullivan's society. The visitor's mendacity sometimes disgusted him. The Major was by nature a philosopher, and he experience over-hardened. If a man chose to be a liar, he defended himself by a chronic unbelief of him, and was otherwise unmoved by the contemplation of the vice.

"Not at all odd," said Mr Sullivan, and continued his narrative. "Mr Robert Kenyon—for that was the name of the unfortunate gentleman whose career reached so melancholy a close—"

"What!" said Douglas, breaking in suddenly. "Was that young lady Robert Kenyon's daughter?"

"The daughter of Robert Kenyon," said Mr. Sullivan, "and the niece of Mr Gabriel Kenyon, of the Lodge, Perry Haughton."

"By George!" said Douglas, staring at the Major, "that's a strange thing, if it's true. My father was the last man in the world, so far as anybody ever knew, who saw Robert Kenyon alive."

"Seems to be something in it," said the Major, giving voice to his own inward sentiment. "I thought, of course," he added, with an explanatory air, to Sullivan, "that you were bouncing."

"I?" asked the visitor, with a look of injury. "No, no, sir. You are joking. Don't make that sort of statement even in jest. It wounds me, Major Morton. The one thing I can't endure is to be doubted. Even a pretence of it disturbs me."

"I beg your pardon," said the Major, solemnly. "Proceed."

"Mr Gabriel Kenyon, as I happen to know," said Sullivan, with something of an air of mystery and importance, "was resident in Paris at the time of his cousin's death. He was there under circumstances of considerable poverty and hardship—a fact in no way discreditable to him, gentlemen." Mr Sullivan, as he said this, waved a courteous hand, to indicate the condition of the table, the appearance of his hosts, and the furniture of the apartment. "The best of men," he continued, "have their times of adversity. I myself have not always rolled in wealth. Mr. Kenyon, as I said—the present Mr Kenyon—was in poverty in Paris. He left Paris at about the date of his cousin's mysterious death there, for the purpose of visiting him in England. His probable idea was to solicit relief from his wealthy relative. He never had occasion to ask it. The wealthy relative had disappeared. His cousin went over to Paris, and instituted a search for him. He established his identity with that of a gentleman who was found in a mean house in a low quarter of the city, stripped of all his valuables, and dead from some unknown cause. He returned to England; he inherited the estates of his late cousin, which were entailed, and he adopted, and has reared with the tenderest care and affection, the young lady whom we saw last night. Lord Bagleigh is, I understand, a suitor for her hand. He is Mr Kenyon's nearest neighbor in the county, and is universally disrespected because he is an ass."

"I remember something of all this," said the Major, "in the newspapers, about a dozen years ago."

"It was not from the newspapers," said Mr Sullivan, with a manner almost stately, "that I gained my information. Poor Bob Kenyon was my dearest friend, and I knew his cousin in his poverty. I was myself a resident in Paris at the same time with him, and was able to be of some occasional assistance to him. Now that I come to remember it, we travelled at that very time I spoke of from Paris to London together, and, by the purest chance, I happened to accompany him as far as Perry Haughton. I regret to say—though rather for his sake than my own—that our intimacy has of late years fallen into desuetude. He seemed to resent so strongly the applications I made to him for a return—or, I should prefer to say, a recognition—of the services I was long ago enabled to render him that I forsook his society."

"How did you come to know Lord Bagleigh?" Douglas asked.

"He and my younger brother were companions at school and college," responded Sullivan.

There were moments when the Major could not resist the temptation to entrap Mr Sullivan, and at this statement he broke out with, "Why, you told us yesterday that you were the sole survivor of your race, and had never had a brother."

Mr Sullivan was not shocked.

"I did," he said, with a voice of melancholy. "I have made a practice of saying so, and of trying to think so. The line traced upon my kindred during many years, and I have been compelled to cast him off."

He went into a long and entertaining history of this newly invented younger brother, and interspersed it with some reminiscences of his early days in the society of Lord Bagleigh and other titled people, and at length witheld

"It's likely to be true enough," said Douglas, alluding to Mr Sullivan's identification of the young lady they had seen on the previous night. "Lord Bagleigh is their nearest neighbor, as the fellow said, and she is just as likely to be Miss Kenyon as to be anybody else."

"Scarcely," said the Major, "since Sullivan says she is."

"I don't know," returned Douglas, meditatively. "She has a resemblance to her father, whom I can just remember. There was something in her face last night which reminded me of somebody. It came back to me with a hint of childhood, and I've been puzzled about it, more or less, ever since. The fellow's right, you may depend upon it."

"Like enough," said the Major; and there the conversation languished.

They passed an hour or two in dreary quiet, sometimes looking out of window at the surging crowd beneath, every man of which had business of his own, however hopeless and impracticable, whilst they had none, and saw no way of finding one. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when, to the huge surprise of both, the shutterly servant of the house knocked at the door, and presented a letter addressed to Richard Douglas, Esquire. The envelop bore an office stamp, setting forth the name and address of a firm of solicitors in Chancery Lane.

"Some more of the poor old Guy'nor's liabilities, I suppose," said Douglas, mournfully, as he tore the envelop open.

The Major lounged uninteresting on the sofa, and watched his young comrade languidly on his road. Suddenly the young man made an ejaculation, and began to caper, and to flourish the letter overhead. Then, just as suddenly, he uprooted himself, and stared at the Major with a face of consternation.

"What's the matter?" asked the old campaigner.

"You won't believe it!" cried Douglas—"you can't believe it—I can hardly believe it myself—but I am actually and positively asked by a firm of solicitors to undertake the conduct of a case which comes on for trial on the sixth of next month, and am informed that the necessary documents will be forwarded to me immediately on my acceptance of the brief. Look at it! See if it isn't true!"

He tossed the letter toward the Major, who picked it up from the floor and glanced over it.

"It looks real enough," he said.

"What on earth am I to do?" Douglas demanded, with a rueful grin. "I haven't a suit of clothes fit to go in; even the wig and gown are up the spout together. What's to be done? And how in the name of all that's mysterious and wonderful did the people ever come to hear of me? It isn't as if I were in chambers."

"Dick," said the Major, seriously, almost pathetically, "you mustn't miss a chance like this. You shall have the uniform, my boy, and you shall be able to call in respectable guise upon the solicitors, if that should be necessary. Leave it all to me."

The younger man asked for explanations, which the elder cuddly declined to give. But the Major had persuaded himself to do for his young companion's sake what he would never have done for his own, and he made a pilgrimage that evening to the West End, where, after an interview with a certain wealthy relative, he secured a sum of ten pounds upon his note of hand, and returning, placed the money upon the table.

"You've got some chance, my lad," he said, kindly, and a little sadly, "take it. Whether it's a big chance or a little one doesn't matter much, it's a start, anyhow."

On the strength of the promised brief, Dick consented to borrow the money from his friend, and next day they were both respectably habited, and breakfasted and dined decently, if frugally.

As a matter of course, Dick took the proffered brief, and studied it with great eagerness, but it brought his studies to a momentary stand-still when he discovered that his client was no other than Gabriel Kenyon, of the Lodge, Perry Haughton.

## VIII

Mr Sullivan awoke one morning about this time of year, and swore. Having performed his orisons, he arose, and proceeded to the making of his toilet. It was his forty-second birthday, and he felt vaguely sentimental; and the whisks with which he accompanied the inking of his flaxen cuffs and the chalking of his solitary paper collar was full of a regretful melancholy.

He took stock of his features in the little triangle of cracked looking glass affixed to the wall, and marked the ravages which time had worked in the countenance he remembered, regretfully, to have been once upon a time so blank and smooth. He shook his head sadly at the reflection, as if he charged it with making matters worse than they really were.

"William," he said, "you cannot be falling into the vice and vulgar. Forty two is an absurd age for a man of your pleasure to become bald."

He sighed, and, sitting upon the bed, examined his boots with a painful interest. They were gray, and frayed at the toes, and there were signs of approaching dissolution between the upper leathers and the soles. Every article of his limited wardrobe was marked by similar tokens of ravage and decay. On days dim they passed muster tolerably well. But the sun of early spring, which burnishes the rim of the dove, and sheds such tender tints on budding leaf and flower, is a foe to the impecunious man who would fain appear respectable and until the dawning of this lovely morning Mr Sullivan had never guessed how nearly he approached to the apocalypse of shabbiness.

He assumed each article of attire with a shiver of reluctant resignation, and surveyed their combined effect upon his person with something approaching despair. He shrugged his shoulders coldly, put on his hat, and, opening his bedroom door, stepped cautiously on the landing, and listened. A distant clattering of crockery proceeding from the basement, betrayed the whereabouts of his landlady, and descending with mincing footsteps, he reached and opened the front door, and strolled out with a gentlemanly *abandon* upon the street.

When he came to the corner, his face, which the successful running of the dunning him had made wreathed with smiles, assumed an expression of profound melancholy, which deepened as he entered the door of a low-browed little shop, in whose windows were displayed a few boxes of spotty-complexioned cigars and an assortment of pipes in wood and cheap meerschaum. At the receipt of custom, perched behind the counter on a tall stool, sat a stout young lady of some forty summers.

"Good morning, Mr Sullivan," said the stout young lady.

Mr Sullivan silently pressed the extended hand, and deepened his already doleful expression.

"How is Mrs Sullivan this morning?"

He shook his head, and produced a voluminous handkerchief from his pocket.

"Dear, dear, so bad as that?"

"Her last words to me this morning," he replied, "would have melted a heart of stone, Miss Wicks."

He mopped his eyes, and ruffled behind the handkerchief. Miss Wicks slid a coin across the counter. Mr. Sullivan conveyed it to his pocket with apparent unconsciousness, and continued.

"'Cyrus,' she said, 'I'm afraid that I have not been the wife to you that I should have been.' 'Matilda,' I said, 'have I ever reproached you?' 'Never,' she said; 'but I can but be conscious of my failings as the wife of such a man.' 'Matilda,' I said—"

But here Mr Sullivan's recollections became too harrowing, and he sobbed. Miss Wicks's hand slid an ounce of tobacco across the counter. He absorbed it, and gently pressed her fingers.

"Angel!" murmured Mr Sullivan.

Miss Wicks blushed, and lowered her eyes, and her visitor seized the opportunity to relieve his over-burdened feelings by a oath, addressed to a non-existent third person. "Why did we meet—too late?"

The blush deepened, Miss Wicks's fingers faintly returned his pressure, and her head drooped lower under Mr Sullivan's melancholy gaze. He dropped her hand, and with a deep sigh left the shop.

"Poor dear man!" said Miss Wicks, gazing, with moistened eyes, after his retreating figure.

"Been old girl!" said Mr Sullivan, climbing the hall crown gaily against his latch key. "Cyrus, you might do worse than kill off the non-existent Mrs. Sullivan, and take on the solid reality."

He paused, absorbed in cogitations in which Miss Wicks had no place.

"Where shall I go? There's Smith's, in Holborn. As good a chop, bread, and potatoes as one to be got for a shilling in London. But they charge an extra penny for the Worcester sauce, and they won't let you smoke. There's Piggin's, in Greek Street. That's the crib. The gastic alone is worth double the money."

He strode on briskly until he reached his goal, and pushing open a swing door, held apart by a leather strap, entered a long low room, containing a double range of little tables, with a central gangway leading between them to a counter at the farther end. The walls were of canvas, rudely frescoed with distemper paintings from classic fable, and the plastered ceiling bore the semblance of a crowd of dropsical Cupids sporting about a blowzy Venus. There were some score of people, principally men, of a pronounceably foreign aspect, scattered at the various sloppy little tables of imitation marble, sipping coffee and liqueurs, smoking cigarettes, and chattering volubly, each to his own satisfaction, though little to the benefit of his neighbors, for everybody talked and nobody listened.

Nodding cheerfully in answer to the war of polyglot greetings with which he was received, the new-comer selected his table, and beckoned himself to a study of the fly-blown carte offered to him by an ear-ringed and mustached freebooter, girt with an apron of dubious tint, who officiated as waiter. Mr Sullivan selected his viands with a judgment which at once secured the respect of his fellow-carvers, who assailed him with advice and criticism of the various dishes inscribed, and reserved to him a portion of Miss Wicks's donation for ulterior purposes.

Breakfast despatched, and lubricated by a cup of coffee and a cigarette, Mr Sullivan took his leave of the company, and made for the British Museum library, where he was a constant and well known visitor. After a short search among some scholion-visited tributes on the right of the reader's entrance, he secured a tome of imposing weight, and bearing it to his seat, read and wrote for two hours with great assiduity. After re-reading and correcting his manuscript, he restored the volume to its shelf, and quitting the Museum, walked in the direction of the Strand. He entered a tall and narrow house in the neighborhood of St Clement Danes, and mounted with as lights of state until he came upon a door bearing the inscription, "The Cherubim, Published Weekly, Price 1d." He knock was answered by a voice bidding him to enter, and obeying, he found himself in the presence of a tall man seated at a desk, and writing as if for dear life. He did not look up on Mr Sullivan's entrance, but drew his pen across the paper at a furious rate.

"How beautiful is editorial industry!" said Sullivan.

The editor of the *Cherubim* looked up, and recognized his visitor.

"What can I do for you?" asked the editor.

"A little contribution," said Mr Sullivan, producing his manuscript.

"Your little contributions have not given satisfaction of late," returned the editor. "You don't seem to have caught our tone. Levity is not a desirable ingredient in an evangelical paper, and we object to quotations from Byron."

"It was only 'Childe Harold,'" pleaded Mr Sullivan.

"A profane poem, sir," said the editor, sternly. "His Lordship objected strongly."

He took the MS. and twisted the leaves, reading a sentence here and there. "As Byron here, I hope?"

"Not a line," said William. "Two quotations from Dr Watts, and one from Keble."

"That's better. How much does it make?"

"Five columns."

"Call it three," said the editor. "Of course you want payment in advance?"

Mr Sullivan smiled, as mingled depression and anticipation. The editor produced thirty shillings from a cash box, and threw them across the desk toward him.

Mr Sullivan spent the day in wandering from tavern to tavern, and in the evening repaired anew to Piaggi's restaurant. Save for a *partie carrée* of gamer exiles playing dominoes at the farther extremity of the room, the place was empty as he took his seat. A dish of watery soup was the first item of his repast, and whilst imbibing it he trifled with the carte, sensitive lating appetite by perusing the whole list of dishes, and weighing their respective merits one against the other. A slice of salami, highly flavored, and of appetizing proportions, though doubtful wholesomeness, followed the soup, and was duly succeeded by a dish of spaghetti, a preparation of macaroni flavored with tomato, in great demand among the Italians of the quarter on a cheap and nutritious article of diet.

He completed his beatitude by ordering a cup of coffee and brandy and a cigar; and leaning back on his seat, lit, sipped and smoked with the calm of a man who has dined, and in supercilious to fate. He grew so drowsy with contentment that presently he began to nod. And then a singular thing happened. He was in the waiting room of the Station du Nord, Paris, on a bitter frosty morning, and Gustave Peltzer's hand was on his shoulder, and Gustave Peltzer's voice was in his ears.

"There is money enough to pay you."

He heard the words distinctly and they startled him on that he awoke. He had made that dream journey from London to Paris in pretty quick time, for the cigar between his lips was still alight. He took a sip at his hard coffee, to pull himself together, and in the act of doing so perceived a customer who had entered during his doze, and taken a seat opposite to him.

The day was dying fast outside, and the restaurant was thick with shadows, save at the upper end, where the dominos players had lit the jet of gas above them; and all that Sullivan could see of his neighbor was that he was an elderly man, with a ragged gray beard, and that he sat in an attitude of great weariness, his elbows on the table, and his head supported in his hands.

"George!" cried the new-comer, and Sullivan started with a surprise so strong it thrilled him with an actual spasm of pain.

"Peltzer!" he said aloud.

The man opposite started to his feet with a gesture of unmistakable terror, and sent his right hand into his breast. A burst of laughter from the other end of the room had half drowned Sullivan's exclamation, and none but he and the new-comer were aware of it. He crossed the room.

"Don't you know me, man?" Peltzer stood with his hand still hidden, breathing stertorously. "It's our late to frighten each other," said Sullivan. "You scared me the last time we met; and now we're quits."

The other hand left his bosom and gripped Sullivan's shoulder with tremulous force.

"To commence," he said, "do not call me by that name. Do I know you?" His eyes searched Sullivan's face. "Yes! I know you. We have met before." The hand tightened with a sudden grip. "Can I speak your name?"

"Tonjours Sullivan," said Cyrus.

"Yes followed him—the man I pointed out?"

"Yes."

"You know his name?"

"Yes."

"Is he alive still?"

"I saw him less than a week ago."

"Tell me," said Peltzer, touching at him eagerly, "is he well-to-do?"

"He is more than well to-do," said Sullivan. "He is rich."

Peltzer settled back into his seat with a deep breath, and smiled horribly at his old acquaintance.

"At last!" he said, "at last!—oh, at last!"

(to be continued.)

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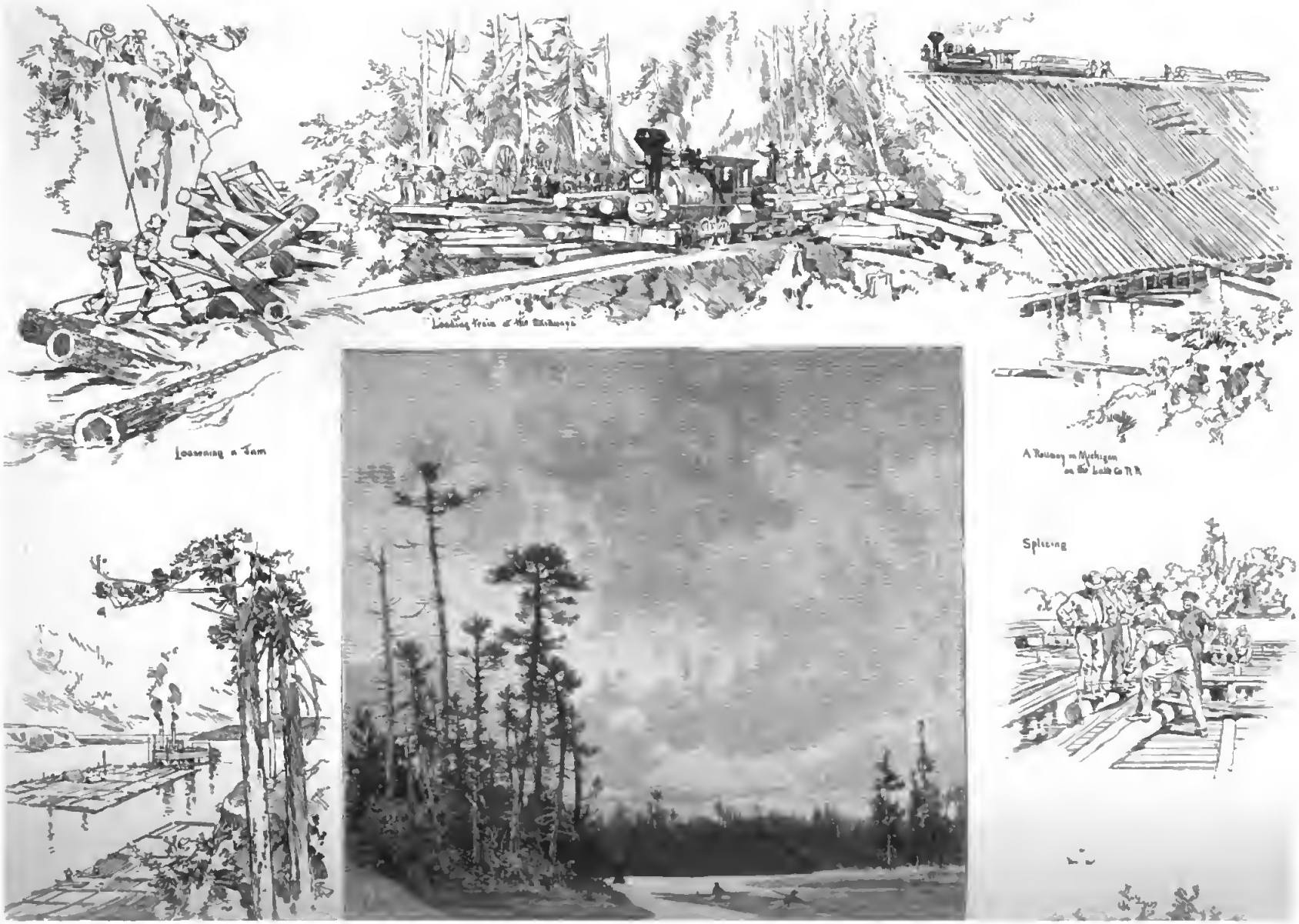


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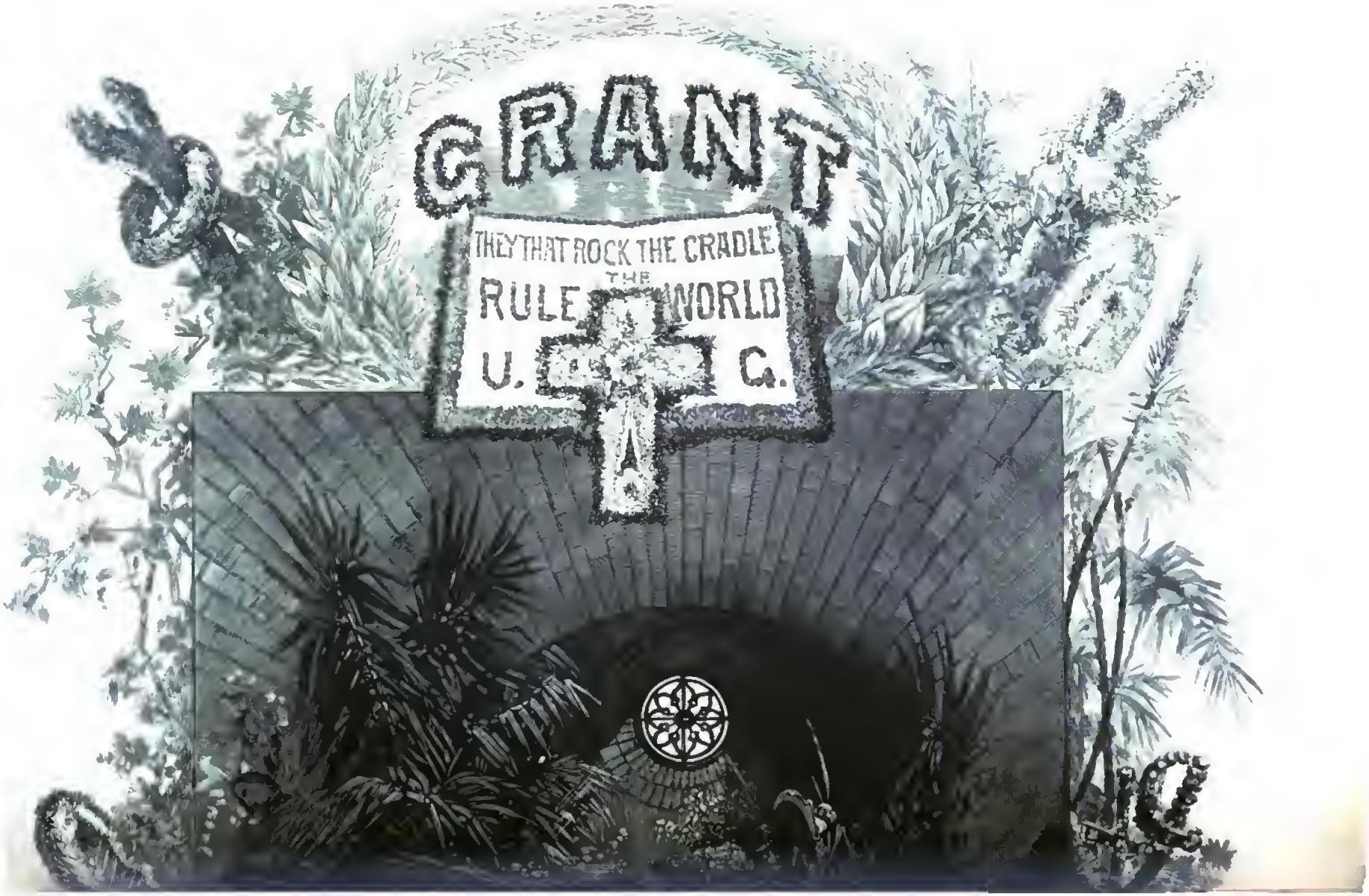


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DECORATION DAY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

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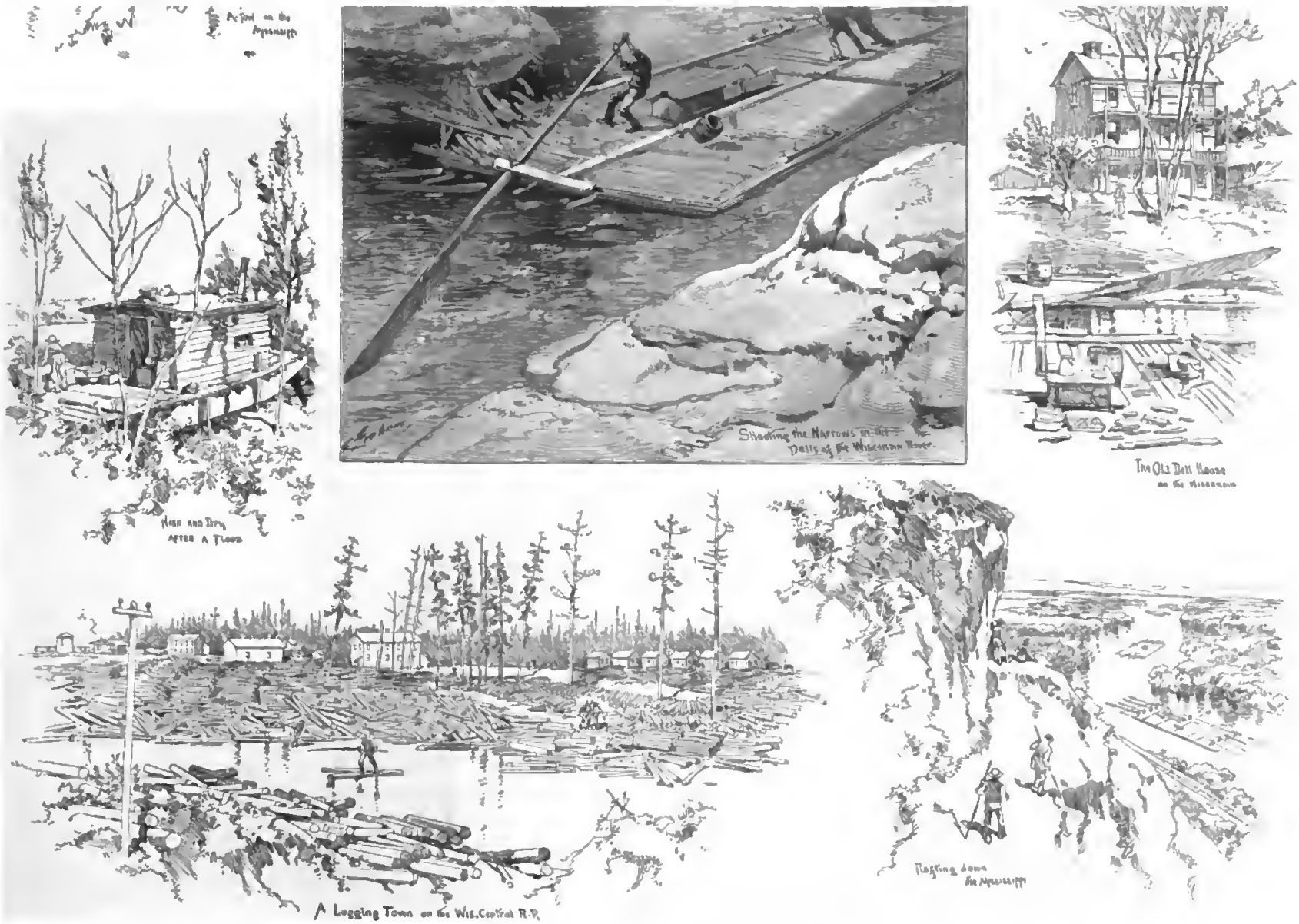


RAFTING LOGS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 362.]

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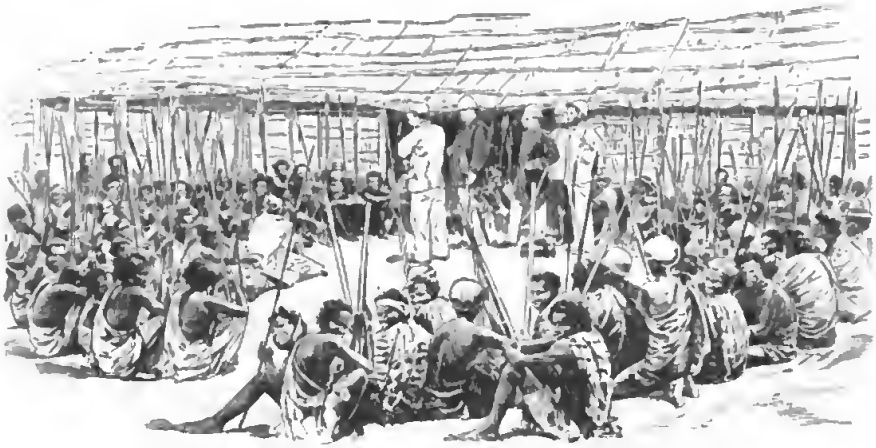

NAVAL OFFICERS AT THE TRADING STATION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SURGEON S. H. GRIFFITH, U.S.N.

## AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

Two pictures are shown on this page of scenes connected with a recent international episode which, although duly reported to the Navy Department at Washington, has not received much prominence at the hands of the press: the loss of the American bark *Surprise* on the coast of Africa last winter, and the subsequent pillage by the natives of her small boats, is the affair referred to. In March the United States man-of-war *Lancaster* was ordered to proceed from Cape Town to Nos Veh Harbor to investigate this act of piracy on the part of the subjects of King LAMAMBIRA, and on the morning of March 16 she dropped anchor at Tulleur. There is a wide-awake little newspaper published semi-monthly on board the *Lancaster*, and it is from the files of this paper, *The Lancaster Print*, that the following particulars are obtained, the illustrations being from photographs taken by the surgeon of the ship.

The acts of piracy which led to the visit of the war ship *Lancaster* may be briefly described as follows: The bark *Surprise* having struck on a reef near Nos Veh, was deserted by her crew, the captain taking command of one of the small boats, and the mate of the other. The two boats were speedily surrounded by a flotilla of canoes full of naked savages of the Sakalava tribe, who, while not attempting to do bodily harm to the white sailors, proceeded to plunder them most ruthlessly of all the valuables they had carried away with them from the wrecked vessel. The captain of the *Surprise*, describing the attack, says: "They jumped into my boat, sinking her to the thwarts, and taking everything out of her, even taking an old coat and shawl off of my daughter's back." It was for the purpose of demanding indemnity for this outrage that the *Lancaster* sailed to Tulleur. In one of the accompanying illustrations Captain E. E. PORTER, of the *Lancaster*, and a few of his aids are shown surrounded by the Sakalavas. The photograph was taken by Surgeon GRIFFITH at the moment when Captain Porter made his demand upon the natives that they should pay a tax or indemnity, amounting to five tons of orchilla weed, for the robbery of the crew of the bark *Surprise*. It is an interesting picture, but it could scarcely have been an interesting moment for the American naval officer and his little group of aids, inasmuch as the natives who surrounded them like a wall were armed with spears and flint-lock muskets, which at one word from their chieftain—a minor king named NAME PIKE—they would have used upon the practically defenceless whites. *The Lancaster Print* says that the parley lasted for several hours, the upshot being that the local chieftains consented to send a messenger to King LAMAMBIRA approving that monarch of the American officer's demands. The second illustration shows the arrival on board the *Lancaster* of the delegation of Tulleur chiefs to whom had been intrusted the delivery of King LAMAMBIRA'S answer. This occurred on March 22. *The Lancaster Print*, in reporting the scene, says: "As they filed over the gangway, seven in all, it was easy to see that they were suspicious of foul play. The marines around the engine-room hatch, waiting for 'quarters,' were especially an object of suspicion. Lieutenant PORTER received them with courtesy, and their message, which began with something that sounded like Bikl gikl kikl golly-gosh mungo-ki speech, was interpreted to be to the effect that King LAMAMBIRA saw on proof that his people had robbed the boats of the *Surprise*. He had tried to get the white traders of Mumbo, who had bought the pillaged stuff, to tell of whom they had bought it, but they had refused, therefore the king had decided that he would not pay the demand." In spite of this evasive message, the delegation, it seems, was treated with great courtesy on board the *Lancaster*, and consented to have their photographs taken. They were then favored with an exhibition of the working of the Gatling gun and revolting cannon, after being duly impressed with which instruments of warfare they volunteered to make another appeal to the king. Captain PORTER seeing that his demand for the five tons of orchilla-weed would remain open for sixty days.

SAKALAVA CHIEFS ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "LANCASTER."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SURGEON S. H. GRIFFITH, U.S.N.

## RAFTING ON THE WISCONSIN.

If you look at a forestry map of Wisconsin you will see that a strip of the peculiar shade of yellow which indicates territory stripped of its marketable trees lies along either side of all the rivers. The raftsman's greatest day is gone, then—the day, at least, when he was the most important person, as he yet thinks he is, whom the log encounters from the woodman to the carpenter. Rafting, like everything else, has been changed somewhat by the railroad, and many of the old river "driver's" adventures with his logs in shooting rapids and going down swift and narrow streams are denied to his successor. Great mills have been built in the Wisconsin forests, and fewer logs every year are transported a great distance. Yet in the last census year ($12,000,000) worth of round timber was sent by rafts down the rivers of Wisconsin to mills in Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri. Ten billion feet of pine lumber alone were standing in 1880 in the valley of the Wisconsin River, to say nothing of the valleys of the other rivers, or of other species of marketable trees; and the State is, next to Michigan and Pennsylvania, yet the greatest lumber-producing State in the Union.

Rafting is by no means the mere binding together of logs and the easy floating down stream on them that the picture of a raft in a mild current indicates. The logs are thrown into the stream above rapids and narrows, and the raft often has to be made over many times. The simple splicing and fastening of them together, which make the voyage down a steady current easy enough, are at best a trifling protection against the forming of a "jam," where the stream runs rapidly through a narrow or crooked channel. Then one log wrenched out of position may obstruct all the rest, and the raft become a wreck. To loosen a jam has sometimes proved to be the work of a whole week, and men have had to be swung over it to find the "key log," and to cut it from a tree or a cliff above. And when the jam is loosened, the raft must be rebuilt, wherever and whenever its material can be got together again. If there be a freshet when the logs get loose, or if a jam has undammed the water that when it is loosened the stream is swollen at any angle the river makes, half the raft or all is likely to be driven and left high and dry on land. In the upper waters the raftsman has to make his way sometimes on his raft, sometimes by boat, and sometimes by land, to keep his cargo together. The men whom this traffic has trained to be amphibious have acquired a degree of skill in the management of logs that gives warrant for their feeling of contempt for mere river pilots as boat captains on the lower waters.

When the raft has been built for the last time, and only the broad river lies before it, it is equipped with a rudder, the raftsmen make their home on it for days or even weeks, they stretch their tent and go comfortably on, using long poles when necessary to an auxiliary either to the rudder or to the current. Saw-mills on the down the Mississippi as St. Louis are yet supplied with logs from the high waters of the Wisconsin River. When the river broadens sufficiently, a number of smaller rafts are joined together into one large one, and when it reaches the point where a tug-boat can be employed with advantage, the consolidated raft in a forest about several hundred yards in length.

## LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

One of the world's greatest scholars has just passed away. Little is known of the early life of RANKE. He was born in humble station in the village of Unstrut, in Thuringia, December 21, 1795, studied diligently at the University of Leipsic, and at the age of twenty-three became a teacher in the Gymnasium of the quaint old city of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in the Prussian province of Brandenburg. Here he devoted himself to the study of history, and in 1824 published two remarkable books: a *Criticism of Modern Historians*, in which was explained the system of historical investigation and composition to which he always afterward adhered, and a *History of the Romanic and the German Peoples from 1494 to 1535*, in which his system was practically illustrated. It was immediately seen that a new and important power had appeared in historical literature. RANKE'S method was simple. It consisted essentially in regarding history as a science, to be pursued solely for the purpose of ascertaining and teaching truth. No preconceived theories, no desire to inculcate particular lessons in morals or politics, no consideration of ambition on the writer or of entertainment for the reader, must be allowed to interfere with the work; but every record must be regarded as a witness whose testimony is to be sifted with regard to the writer's state of mind and opportunities for knowledge, and carefully compared with all other sources of information. The *History* showed what could be done by the faithful applications of these principles, while the *Criticisms* exposed the deviations from them of which historians of repute had been guilty, and the consequent failure to depict events with truth.

The government of Prussia at once summoned RANKE to Berlin, made him Professor in the University, and commissioned him for five years to prosecute researches in the original archives of the principal cities of Italy. The first-fruits of this tour were published in 1827, in the early volumes of the *History of the Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*. The continuation of this work embraced the famous *History of the Popes*, published in 1836, which first made RANKE known in England and throughout the world to the highest authority upon the history of modern Europe. In 1840 MACAULAY introduced Mrs. AUSTIN'S admirable translation of this book to the British public in a brilliant essay, saying: "It is indeed the work of a mind fitted both for minute researches and for large speculations. It is written also in an admirable spirit, equally remote from levity and bigotry, serious and earnest, yet tolerant and impartial. It is therefore with the greatest pleasure that we now see this book take its place among English classics."

For sixty-two years after his first great success RANKE continued his diligent researches and publications, varied only by his instructions in the University, where, though his manner as a lecturer was dull and unattractive, his intellectual vigor, vast knowledge, and simple love of truth inspired thousands with enthusiasm for historical studies. It is hard to say whether it was to his published writings, or to the personal stimulus given through his pupils to the prosecution of his great science, that he rendered the greatest service to mankind. His life was exceptionally prosperous and happy. He retained the favor alike of the government and of the intellectual society of Europe to the end, and in 1866 was ennobled by the King of Prussia, so that he has since been properly known as VON RANKE. The second edition of his collected works, published in 1873, fills forty-six large octavos; and in the ninth decade of his life he undertook the composition of a general or *Universal History*, of which six volumes were finished, and large collections made for the remaining three, at the time of his death.

## THE NEW SOUTHERN METHODIST BISHOPS.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church South, at its recent General Conference at Richmond, Virginia, elected to the episcopacy the Rev. Drs. E. R. HENDRIX, of Missouri, CHARLES B. GALLOWAY, of Mississippi, WILLIAM WALLACE DUNCAN, of South Carolina, and JOSEPH J. KEY, of Georgia.

Bishop HENDRIX was born at Fayette, Missouri, May 17, 1847, where his father resided as Treasurer of Central College, the Methodist institution of learning of which the Bishop has been President since 1877. He was graduated successively at Central College, at Wesleyan University, and at Union Theological Seminary in New York. In

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1849 he became a member of the Missouri Conference. After seven years' service in the itinerant ministry he accompanied the late Bishop MARTIN on a missionary tour around the world. On his return he was elected to the Presidency of Central College. He has been distinguished as a preacher, as a teacher, and as an author, his volume of travels *Around the World* having gone through several editions.

Bishop GALLOWAY, a native of Mississippi, is in his thirty-seventh year. He was educated at the University of his native State, and from the time of his graduation till 1867 he was in the itinerant service of his Church in Mississippi, where he soon became one of the most popular and powerful preachers in his Conference. He resumed at his post during the epidemic of yellow fever in 1879, and suffered a severe attack of the disease. Four years ago he was elected editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*. He has for many years been an energetic and active advocate of prohibition.

Bishop DUBOSE, like Bishop HENDRIX, was born at a Methodist institution of learning, and was a teacher at a Methodist college at the time of his election. He was born at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, in 1839, and was graduated at Wofford College, South Carolina, of whose faculty his father was a member. In 1859 he returned to Virginia, and was one of the most beloved preachers in the State, until 1875, when he was elected a member of the faculty of his *alma mater*. Since then he has resided in South Carolina. He was a member of the Ecumenical Conference held several years ago in London. Bishop DUBOSE, himself a preacher of more than usual eloquence, is a brother of the late Rev. James A. DUBOSE, who was perhaps the most eloquent preacher in the Southern Church.

Bishop KEY likewise comes of a family famous for its preachers. His grandfather and his father filled Methodist pulpits in Georgia, the latter having served for more than fifty years in the itinerancy. The newly elected Bishop was born in 1829, was graduated at Emory College, Georgia, in 1848, and began his ministry in 1849. He has for thirty-seven years been entirely engaged in the work of his Church.

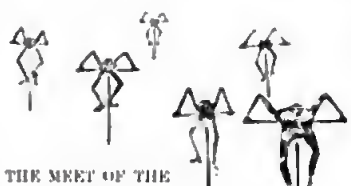
## THE SPRINGFIELD CELEBRATION.

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts, one of the fairest of towns, celebrated her 250th anniversary on the 25th and 26th of May. She seriously doubted the expediency of the sort of celebration that she carried out. It is all very well and natural enough for some of the municipal young things of the West to plume themselves and go through their paces at the gobly age of fifty, or maybe seventy-five, but what were people to expect of a town that is venerable in the land, and that moves with the decorum of an age that compasses a quarter of a thousand years? They could scarcely think that she would fling up her heels like a colt in the sunshine. They could not imagine that a community whose most extravagant fun had been successively the horse show and the cattle show at Hampden Park, together with the amazing good stewed oysters which old Mr. COXLEY was accustomed to provide, at twenty-five cents a dish, as those sterling entertainments, would go rollicking about, slapping everybody on the back, and jubilantly exclaiming, "Look at me!" as the Western towns do.

Yet indeed is the staid city that WILLIAM PYNCHON founded removed from a spirit of that sort, and anybody who is familiar with her would as soon expect to see Blake's Woods marching over to Boston Pond as to see her do anything that could be called harum-scarum. In deference to the prevailing fashion she consented to a parade and a measure of gunpowder and fireworks, but it was against her sober, sensible grain, and she was not backward in letting it be known that her own solid judgment was in favor of celebrating by some durable sign, such as the enlargement of the hospital, or the quickening of the City Library Museum. In the circumstances, it is greatly to the credit of Springfield that her celebration should have been the handsome and satisfying spectacle it was. She had triumphal arches in her streets, and her houses were profusely decorated. Her procession of trades and industries and historical objects was notable. In the line were represented such incidents and objects as the purchase of Springfield lands by WILLIAM PYNCHON from the Indians, a model of the first house in Springfield, a model of the old Indian fort, of the burning of Springfield in 1675, of the first church built in Springfield in 1645, the steam-boat *Agawam*, in which CHARLES DICKENS travelled from Springfield to Hartford, and about which he wrote in his *American Notes*, and of the first train on the Western Railroad.

Literary exercises were held in the City Hall on the first day. Mr WILLIAM L. SMITH made the opening address. The prayer was made by the venerable Dr. BUCKINGHAM, and addresses followed from Mayor MOTLEY, Governor ROBINSON, and others. Singing of notable merit was rendered from time to time by the Orpheus Club—a local organization that is known throughout New England. Judge HENRY MORRIS, whose figure is as familiar in Springfield as are the great Court Square elm-trees whose shadows of an afternoon fall upon the windows of his ancient law office, delivered the historical address—a searching and comprehensive paper; and Judge WILLIAM S. SHEPLEY recited "The Pilgrimage," an original ode, which is marked by fresh and sprightly thought and facile diction. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. JOHN W. HAMMOND, of Longmeadow.

In the evening there was a host of speakers at the famous Massasoit House, among them GEORGE M. STEARNS, President PILSBURY, of the State Senate, SAMUEL BOWLES, DAVID A. WELLS, and Senator DAWES.



## THE MEET OF THE WHEELMEN.

On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week there was gathered together in Boston the largest assemblage of wheelmen ever seen in the United States. The occasion was the seventh annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen, and as Boston is indisputably the home and headcentre of cycling in America, it is not to be wondered at that a meeting of their national organization held in that city should be unusually large and enthusiastic.

The growth and prosperity of this association, formed solely in the interests of a healthful recreation, is remarkable, if not unprecedented, in this country. Founded in 1880 by a few wheelmen from New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities, who met for the purpose on Decoration Day of that year in Newport, Rhode Island, it now numbers nearly ten thousand members, representing every State and Territory in the Union, and its influence is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the time of its formation there were but a few hundred bicycle riders in the country, and they were everywhere subject to the petty persecutions of village, town, and city authorities, who either forbade them to ride within corporation limits, or so restricted their movements that to walk and trundle a bicycle was often more satisfactory and enjoyable than to attempt to ride a bicycle and conform to the local ordinances regulating such a proceeding. In those earlier days wheelmen were also greatly persecuted by drivers of fast horses, proprietors of turnpikes, employers of transportation companies, and swarms of young rascals who in both city and country devoted themselves with enthusiasm to the rare sport of stoning and otherwise annoying the rider of the new fangled machine. In consequence of this state of affairs the first few years of the League's existence were devoted by its members to the asserting and defending of their rights. In State after State they met their opponents in courts of justice, and proved that their right to the use of the public highway was equal to that of those who sought to drive them from it. In the same manner they taught reckless or malevolent drivers that bicycles might not be run into and smashed, as their riders injured, with impunity; and the small boy was made to feel that the stoning of a bicycler was apt to be followed by a retribution as swift and sure as though the vehicle were a coach a-la outriders.

Slowly but surely the influence of the League began to be felt; its several demands for justice were granted, and to-day, owing to its efforts, the rights of a wheelman are as fully conceded as are those of the equestrian or the driver of horses. As opposition to their existence began to disappear, American wheelmen, through their League, took measures to enlarge their sphere of action and improve their condition in many ways. They visited the several transportation companies, and secured from them a uniform tariff for the carriage of bicycles. They inspected the public highways, and finding them sadly deficient in sign posts or other guides by which a stranger might find his way, they provided them in such quantities that to-day there is hardly a ridable cross road in the United States that is not marked by a post and guide-board bearing the broad arrow of the L. A. W. "League badge," charging a moderate and uniform rate to the wheelman, may now be found in nearly every city, town, or village through which he is at all likely to pass. Better than all this, the League members are everywhere serving the general public as well as themselves by striving with all their might to improve the condition of American roads, and redeem them from the well-merited reproach of being among the worst of those in use by civilized nations.

Having thus by years of incessant hard work overcome most of the obstacles to its progress and development, and being fairly launched on its career of usefulness, the League of American Wheelmen is now in a condition for the most thorough enjoyment of its annual meets, parades, banquets, and balls, as was proved at their recent reunion in Boston.

This meet extended over three days, and attracted about two thousand wheelmen to the city. Between twelve and fifteen hundred of these participated in the parade of the League on Saturday morning, and witnessed the League races, let amateurs only, at the Union Grounds, the same afternoon.

One of the most interesting events of the meet was the Curey Hill climbing contest, held on Thursday morning, and from the many events crowded into the three days' programme our artist has selected this contest for illustration as being the most unique and most typical of the possibilities of the cycle. Curey Hill is in Brookline, about three miles from the State House in Boston. The length of its ascent is 2200 feet (nearly half a mile), and its height is 199 feet, making an average rise of one foot in 11.11, while at one point the rise is one in 7.85 feet. The best record for the climbing of this hill, which for many years was deemed inaccessible to a bicycle, was made in October last by C. E. WHITTEN, of Lowell, Massachusetts, on a 51-inch Columbia Roadster. His time was 3 minutes 54½ seconds. Curey Hill is as famous among the wheelmen of America as Reigate is among those of England, and he who can successfully propel a bicycle or tricycle up its steep archway from base to crest at once takes rank among the foremost of his fellows, and is honored accordingly. On Thursday Mr. THEODORE K. WYMAN, of Smithville, New Jersey, forced his wheel up the hill in 3 minutes 16¾ seconds, and thus won the first prize for bicycles.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"A woman's daughter caged in the woods for ten years like a wild beast" is the heading of a news paragraph in a Western paper. It is perhaps unnecessary to point out that the heading is unsatisfactory, because the wants does not seem to be accounted. A wild beast is not caged in the woods for ten years. A Southern paper is minutely of the incongruity, and in copying the paragraph extends the head-line so that it seems reasonable (but still somewhat peculiarly) made. "A farmer's daughter caged in the woods for ten years, like a wild beast is caged in the circus."

When a fire was started one day recently in a stove in California that had not been used in two years, a swarm of bees issued from the chimney, and two hundred pounds of melted honey ran down into the fireplace.

The Siamese Giant has died in England. He was thirty-six years of age, and weighed 340 pounds. Between performances, on an exhibition tour, he fell asleep in his chair, and never awoke. Notwithstanding his vast person, there was no room for his heart to work in.

It is said that the ostrich farmers of Cape Town are going back to their original pursuit of sheep-raising. The business of ostrich farming amounts to a craze, and the feather market has overstocked. Fifty dollars will now buy a pound of ostrich feathers that once brought five times that amount.

The different fortunes which may attend man working with equal zeal at the same occupation is illustrated in two items of news culled from a Massachusetts and from a Texas newspaper. The Massachusetts item says that a Rockshire man has accumulated several thousand dollars within a few years by giving his faithful attention, early and late, to the running of a hand-saw. The Texas item says: "Mr Frederick Nestle, a most industrious and respected citizen, was caught yesterday afternoon by his hand saw, and lost the first, second, and third fingers of his right hand."

In the province of Limburg a manufacturer of cheese, who was also a widower and the father of a fair young daughter, had in his employ a handsome and modest clerk whom he highly esteemed. After a time it became apparent to the manufacturer that the daughter, notwithstanding she was a most desirable match, and was courted by the important bachelors of the entire neighborhood, had fixed her affections upon the humble clerk, and, singularly enough, the father was delighted by this fact. But he perceived that the clerk was by far too modest and too well aware of the difference in their stations in life ever to dream of asking for the hand of the heiress, and it was for this reason that, in the goodness of his heart, he determined to tell the clerk of the glittering possibilities that awaited him, and to wish him joy. To his overwhelming astonishment, however, no sooner had he begun this interesting confidence than the clerk fell upon his knees, and with protestations and tears declared that he was himself a woman, who had assumed man's attire for the sake of the superior advantages which is offered to one called upon to earn a livelihood. Of course there was no help for the cheese manufacturer's daughter, and she was obliged to conquer her disappointment as she best could. The unhappiness of the clerk, however, was susceptible of modification. The manufacturer, it has been said, was a widower; he could wed the clerk; and he did. The bells rang gaily at the wedding, and the neighbors facetiously declared that it was an ill wind which blew good to nobody.

Herr Ludera is said to be the name of a German who has patented an arrangement by which the stove-pipe hat of ordinary wear is made to act as a photographic camera operated by the instantaneous process. A man bonneted with this camera, when he finds himself face to face with anything that interests him, needs but to pull a string, and may then walk away with a durable impression of the matter that excited his interest snugly stowed away in his hat. The detective can accumulate a rogues' gallery with the smallest trouble; a man in the act of being run over by a cab can faithfully record the operation; a soldier can fix up a counterfeit of the cannon ball that is about to take off his legs. If William Patterson had had such a hat he could have seized the lineaments of the man who struck him, and there would be one less mystery to puzzle this burdened world.

The *Pennsylvanian* warns the Freshmen base-ball nine against the custom, started by '76, of not boating suits. Experience goes to show that a club in uniform places better than a club in its every-day clothes, other things being equal. It is reasonable to think that sunset suits breed a measure of enthusiasm, and that a sluggish player will go through his paces better in becoming knickerbockers than in trousers reaching to the heel. Many a man has first felt like shouting upon finding himself in pumps and silk hose.

A new press in Norfolk squeezes cotton so tight, it is said, that nearly fifty per cent more of cotton than is usual can be got into a given space, and still another press is building in that city that promises to squeeze the material even tighter. Doctors disagree, the Atlanta *Constitution* says, as to the effect of an extreme degree of squeezing upon the cotton fibre. Tests made at the Atlanta Exposition showed that cotton free of seed or leaves could not be hurt by pressure, and it was declared that the hardest kind of pressure even improved the fibre if the cotton was free of foreign matter. But said would certainly cut the fibre.

A newspaper paragraph says that "some parts of Georgia are so infested by deer and wild turkeys that the people have to drive them out of their fields to protect their crops." To sportsmen in thickly settled communities—Massachusetts, for instance—this statement of the condition of game in Georgia must afford a spiritual vision. Massachusetts is the land where people cease to speak of going "hunting" instead of going "shooting," because the sport there really was hunting, with little finding, and consequently in the shooting, to reward it. The old commonwealth has became measurably restocked under the game laws of recent years, but the term "hunting" still holds good, even when you are only going after meadow larks.

The gold and silver plate belonging to one English nobleman is said to weigh eight tons. For the information of the inquisitive it may be stated that all of it is never put upon the table at once, and that it is a source of regular income to the London safe-deposit companies. The entire household goods and farm implements of a citizen of Clay County, Georgia, who changed his residence recently, weighed only one thousand pounds—one sixteenth as much as the English nobleman's gold and silver plate. Having only a two-horse wagon and a single steer as a means of conveyance, and not wishing to make the journey twice, the Georgian hitched himself alongside the steer and did his part in pulling the load over seventeen miles of road. Probably the English nobleman would not be able to perform a task like that; it is tolerably certain that he has on pressing need to.

THE HARDEST BLOW YET TO THE ANARCHISTS.

Deprived of a privilege of which they were never known to avail themselves

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OUR STANDARD (GAUGE) ADOPTED ALL OVER THE UNION.

## THE STANDARD GAUGE.

THE reduction from broad to standard gauge on the lines of the railways of the South was very generally completed on the 1st of June. Just why the railroads in the South were constructed upon an unusual gauge in the first place nobody seems to know, although it has frequently been declared that the idea in many instances was to delay travel from standard gauge roads at the initial points of the Southern roads, and so to help along the hotels. Whatever the motive that led to the adoption of a different gauge in the South from that of the railroads North and West, the difference has for a long time been recognized as causing great embarrassment in the handling of freight between the North and the South, it having been necessary to establish "car hoists" at the several points of connection of standard and broad gauge roads, at these places substituting broad gauge for standard gauge trucks underneath the cars.

With the exception of the Illinois Central road, which runs from Chicago to New Orleans, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Mobile and Ohio road (which adopted the standard gauge last fall), all the leading railroads of the South were, prior to the 26th of May last, of five feet gauge. The question of reducing them to conformity with the standard gauge had been agitated for several years, but nothing in this direction was accomplished until about two months ago, when a convention of railroad officials was held at Atlanta, and the matter was taken up in earnest. There were present at that convention representatives of the Louisville and Nashville road, the Richmond and Danville system, the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia, the Central of Georgia, the Alabama Great Southern, the Georgia Railroad, and several other minor lines.

It was decided by that convention to adopt the gauge of the Pennsylvania road, which is four feet nine inches, because it was urged that the Southern traffic was greater from the Pennsylvania than from any other Northern line. It is a fact that may not be generally known that the gauge of the Pennsylvania Railroad is half an inch wider than what is termed "standard gauge," all the other roads of the North and West being of a gauge of four feet eight and a half inches. This variance of half an inch makes no difference, however, in the movement of the rolling stock of other roads over the Pennsylvania line. The 26th of May was fixed by the convention as the date upon which the change of gauge should begin to be made on the Southern lines, and it was agreed by the representatives of the several roads that the work should be completed on the 1st day of June. Within the last four days of the month just past over nine thousand miles of track in the Southern States was shifted from the broad to the standard gauge, thousands of workmen having been employed in making the change. But, after all, the feat was a less difficult one than would commonly be imagined. The track-men who made the change moved forward in two divisions. In the first place, spikes were driven into the ties just three inches from the inside of the rail which was to be shifted. This formed the gauge line, and was done in advance of any movement of the rail. As many spikes as could safely be pulled from the rail were also taken out before the shifting began. Then, when everything was in readiness, the forward brigade moved along quickly, pulling the remaining spikes, and the brigade which followed pushed the track inward to the line of half-driven spikes, and securely bolted it down. The track was unbroken, and was moved in to the new gauge in sections of several hundred feet at a time.

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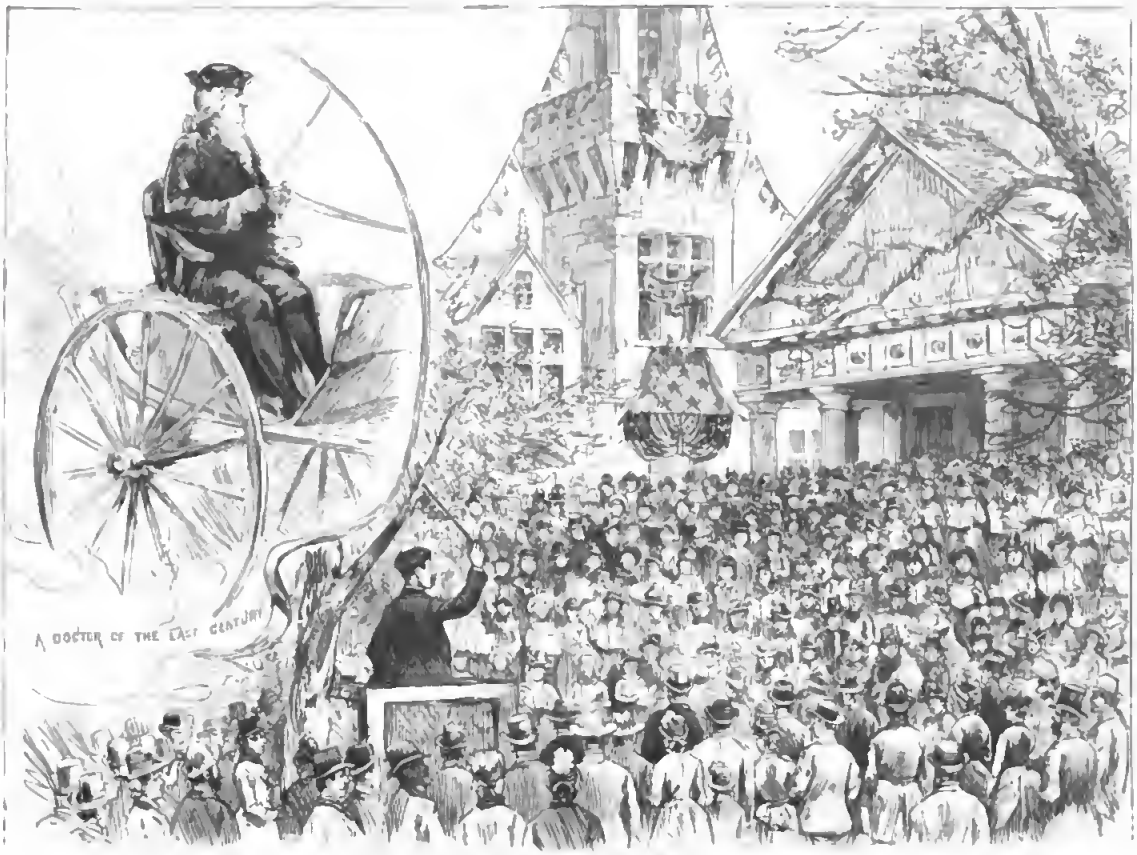


THE CHILDREN'S OPEN-AIR CONCERT.

THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION.
CELEBRATING THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

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## A WATER-NYMPH.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

I seen a water-nymph; not one who sports in lake or river,
With sea-green glance and siren tones, and form of shy delivers,
My nymph dwells on the north, and sun and frigid gentlem give her
Gold for her hair, blue for her eyes, and march of grace and brightness.

Her laugh is music, and her voice the sweetest voice that ever
Sang simple songs with many a quaint and birdlike quiver (shiver);
And her love step, when to and from the well she trips, was never
Excelled, not even in the dance, by any other sweeter.

And as—the chariot every day that's sunny—she is splashing
Among the mirror waves, the trees reflects her smiling glances,
And into sliding bubbles breaks, with fairy wonders flashing,
And to her slender fingers clings, or round them wends and dances.

Her arms would make a sculptor wild when, holding them above her,
She hangs upon the lines the clothes just wrung from clothes-a-peer;
And I, who am a lazed city maid, confess with pride I love her,
My pretty auth-born water-nymph, my washer-woman's daughter.

## THE CHANCES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE recent Registrar's report in England, and those of our own cities, enable us to calculate the chances of life and death. We can watch from afar the fate of generations. As in Addison's vision, we see the tiny barks set sail from the safe haven of infancy, and glide swiftly onward along life's stream. Many sink almost at once; some disappear farther on; the ranks thin as the little vessels along; and the dim ocean at last receives them all. Dr. Farr ten years ago traced out the fate of a million of infants who began their careers together, since then the learned statistician has himself joined the innumerable company whose destiny he had foretold. But his death has not prevented the progress of the series, and the careful record preserved in England of marriages, deaths, and births is worthy of study and imitation. Nowhere is so accurate a register exhibited of life and death.

Of the million of infants setting out on the voyage of life, Dr. Farr found (1875) that a fourth part would die before they were five years old; a seventh, between five and ten years; a lower proportion between ten and fifteen. From fifteen to twenty there was an increase in the death rate; at from forty-five to fifty five the million who began life together is reduced to one-half; only 621,115 attained the midway path—*not means old*—at possible existence. At the age of fifty-three the number of men and women who survived was equal, from above this age woman's life was apparently the more secure. From forty-five to seventy-five the decrease was equal, yet of the million of infants, 164,124 reached the age of seventy-five. At eighty-five, only 38,563 are left; and only 220 completed their cycle of a hundred years.

It was Dr. Farr's consolatory conclusion that the improvements of science had lengthened life. More persons now reach the middle age at least than in the past; and the recent Registrar's report has served to confirm his calculations. The male death rate has fallen 4.24 per cent. in England in the last ten years, and the female 6.02. Life is more secure and comfortable than it was. The chance of living has been enlarged, and to women more than men has come the scientific amelioration of their lot. By-the-by, who has succeeded Dr. Farr, gives in his report (1885) many interesting facts. In slums that "the mean lifetime of males is by the new life tables 41.24 years"; in the old it was only 29.91. But one-half of the million of males live until their forty-seventh year, and one-half the females until their fifty-second year. After sixty-five it is found that the death rate has increased. Men and women after that age are not so likely to survive in England as in the past decade. But this possible comes from the greater number of imperfect lives that have been preserved.

There has evidently been a remarkable prolongation of life, and this has come, we are told, from the use of sanitary measures and the spread of useful knowledge. Men are learning to take better care of their families and themselves. Science has lost all its aid. Fevers have become less fatal, disease seems to be under control. Of the various occupations, the clergyman's is the healthiest; he usually lives to an advanced age, the school-master is less fortunate. The laborer on the farm is long-lived; the miner in Cornwall does young. The crowded quarters of the city are not always the most unhealthy; but confined air and impure water, uncleanliness and vice, often fill them with diseases. Manufactures are dangerous; employers are not careful of the health of their workmen. Innkeepers and brewers do not live long, nor butchers. But diseases can usually be traced to self-indulgence, improvidence, and want of sanitary intelligence. We are assured that education has already helped to prolong life.

Unfortunately we have no means of comparing the sanitary condition of New York with that of the cities of England and of Europe. We have no reports that can vie with theirs in accuracy and completeness. Births and marriages with to have never been carefully registered, and the various details of the foreign records we have not yet procured. It is a branch of knowledge the most useful of all. The care of health should be the supreme aim of governments and people. The preservation of life is far more important than the costly follies in which so much of our public money is expended. Here in the New World science should be encouraged to devote its highest powers to this great end, and the example of Europe and America shows how much it can do to soften and adorn the path of life.

In history there is a plain advance in health. Seventy years was the limit of ancient life. But only to selected lives. War, pestilence, and famine swept off the laborer and the poor. The Greek thinkers and authors often lived to extreme old age, and were weary of it. But the slaves, the captives, and the beggars died, and were thrown into pits. At Rome we have a succession of fatal plagues. Asiatic towered the Eternal City with funeral sorrow. It was only the philosophers and the stoics who escaped the vices and miseries of the age. In the cities of the Middle Ages all was pestilential and full of ignorance; their narrow, unpaved streets nourished plague. As late as the close of the seventeenth century one may find in Evelyn's or Pepys's diary proofs of a fatal sanitary ignorance. London teemed with pestilence and fever. In Paris life hung by the slightest thread. It is only in the present century that knowledge has advanced and men have discovered of how much use they can be to each other, and how much evil. History has taught its highest lesson, that nations, communities, and individuals are one. They carry in their hands the welfare of the whole race, the destinies of life and death. It is in its humane and sanitary measures, possibly, that the future will be most active.

DEGREE LAWRENCE.

## WHENCE CAME THE COMETS?

In a recent article under the above title Mr Richard A. Proctor attributes the existence of comets to the explosion of volcanic matter from the earth and other planets. After adducing arguments in confirmation of this theory, he says:

The stars, like the giant planets, should have their part to play in the world of comet expulsion. Of course an orb like our sun, the one star we are able to examine, will require much greater energy to expel from its interior a flight of bodies than would a planet even of the giant type. Our sun, for example, would have to impart a velocity of 382 miles per second to a body ejected from its interior that that body should pass away from his control forever. But the sun possesses the required power. His mass, and therefore his might, exceeds that of the earth more than 330,000 times, that even of Jupiter 1049 times.

We have no means of ascertaining by its orbital motion a star expelled comet or meteor flight. Yet we need not seek for bodies to tell us of an explosion upon an upper sun. The stars are not in their sun like state. They must therefore be doing such work now, if there is any truth in the theory to which we have been led. Now there is one of the stars which is near enough to be sufficiently whether it really possesses and uses such explosive power—our own sun. His answer is unmistakable. In 1872, and at sundry times since, he has been caught in the act of ejecting bodies, probably liquid or solid, through the hydrogen atmosphere around his globe, with velocities so great that the matter thus expelled from his interior can never return to him—the velocities ranging to 450 miles per second at the least. What he is doing now he has doubtless done for millions, nay, for tens of millions, of years in the past. What he has thus done, his fellow suns, the stars, thousands (if not millions) of millions in number, have doubtless done also. Uncounted billions, then, of ejected meteor flights or comets must be traveling through interstellar spaces, visiting system after system, flitting from sun to sun, in periods to be measured by millions of years.

The answer, then, to the question, Whence came the comets? would appear to be:

1. Comets which visit our system from without were expelled millions of years ago from the interior of suns.

2. Comets which belong to our system were mostly expelled from the interior of a giant planet in the sun-like state, but a small proportion may have been expelled from without.

3. The comets of whose past existence meteor streams tell us were for the most part expelled from our earth herself when she was in the sun-like state, but some of the more important were expelled from the giant planets, and a few may have been expelled from suns.


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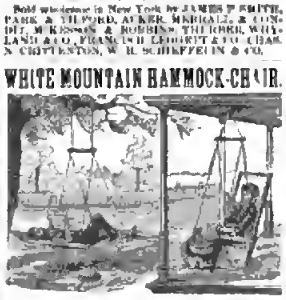

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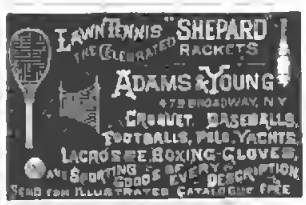


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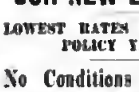


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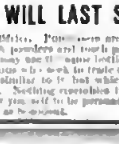

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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*The next number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *to be published June 16, will be of remarkable literary and artistic interest. It will contain a full page portrait of* MR. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, *accompanying a critical essay by* MR. HENRY JAMES.

*An additional attraction of the same number will be a new poem by* MR. BRET HARTE, *"Artemis in Sierra," with illustrations.*

## THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE nomination of General FISK by the Prohibition party in New Jersey as its candidate for Governor is very significant. The Republican Conference at Trenton had just declared that the Republican party must repel the influence of the saloon in the management of the party and in the nomination of candidates. The object was to prove to the temperance voters that they might hope more from Republican than from Democratic success. The New York *Tribune* promptly recurred to this appeal, and regretted the action of the Prohibitionists as sure to make drinking freer than ever, and in fact to promote instead of preventing intemperance. Apart from the drollery of such an appeal in a journal which had just aided the passage of the excise bill in the liquor interest, it is obvious that it is merely the argument of the old Whigs to the antislavery men, that the Democrats were more pro-slavery than the Whigs. This was an excellent and effective argument until it became clear that the Whig party was no barrier to slavery aggression. When that fact appeared plainly, the antislavery voters in New York supported their own candidate, and although the Democrats succeeded in the immediate election, the result was the dissolution of the Whig party, the defeat of the Democratic party for a quarter of a century, and the abolition of slavery.

The action of the Republican Legislature of New York in refusing to submit the temperance amendment which the Republican Convention had promised to favor; the defeat of the local option bill by a Republican Legislature in New Jersey; the conduct of the Republican Legislature in Rhode Island in regard to the chief officer for the enforcement of the prohibitory law; the passage by the Republican Legislators in New York of the excise bill passed by the liquor interest, with the notorious message of Mr. SHOOK, a chief Republican manager, to the *Tribune*:—

"ALBANY, *May 12.*

"*To the 'Tribune,' New York city:*

"The excise bill will probably pass the Assembly to-morrow morning. Three Commissioners will be appointed under it, one a Republican, and not a GRACE Republican. The bill will materially help the Republican party, *giving Republican saloon-keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled*, and will prevent the use of the Department against us politically.

"SHERMAN SHOOK"—

with the evidently increasing influence of the saloon in the management of Republican politics—are bringing the earnest temperance voters in the Republican party to the position of the antislavery Whigs forty years ago. They feel that when a great party is content to appeal for support on the ground that it is not quite as bad as the other party, the time has arrived to seek the ends in which they are most interested by other means. What we may describe as the Whig argument is worse than useless; it is a mere stupid attempt at boodwinking, if the party cannot show by its action that while it cannot do all that the temperance voters desire, it is steadily going forward. But the temperance complaint of the Republican party is that it is steadily going backward. The recent action of the party seems to sustain this view, and when such Republicans as those whose letters are printed in the *Voice*, Republicans quite as earnest and disinterested as Mr. SHOOK, or Mr. O'BRIEN, or Mr. BOLIN, or any member of the New York or National Republican committees, are willing to say either that they condemn or are losing or have lost hope of the party as a promoter of temperance, it may be safely assumed that they have a large following.

The recent party action, as the telegram of Mr. SHOOK shows, has been taken in the interest of BLAINE Republicans, and undoubtedly to promote the nomination of Mr. BLAINE in 1888. It recalls his "dodging" of the question at the polls in 1884. He decided not to vote upon it because he said that he was a representative of national issues, and would not thrust a State issue into a national campaign. This showed plainly enough his willingness to risk alienating the temperance rather than the liquor vote. The general result of the election in 1884 and the course of events since that election have evidently persuaded the managers of the BLAINE canvass in New York that their true policy is to exchange the Mugwump, the Stalwart, and the temperance vote for such part of the liquor and Democratic vote as they can retain and gain. It is a natural result within the party of the dominance of the forces which secured the nomination of Mr. BLAINE in 1884. A correspondent in Nebraska writes that three-fourths of the Republicans in the Northwest are BLAINE men, and will demand his nomination in '88. He adds sarcastically that he is amazed to find how large a part of the party have gone wrong. But our correspondent will remember that a Whig could have used precisely the same sarcasm to an antislavery man in 1844. Nevertheless the Whig position was fatal to the party, although the great body of Whigs sustained it. Upon a general calculation of probabilities, if the Republican party, with the enormous advantages of the success and general distrust of the Democratic party, and with the support of capital due to that distrust, with the prestige of unbroken victory for a quarter of a century, with the virtually complete control of the patronage, and the recollection of the war, could not succeed with Mr. BLAINE in 1884, is it likely that with the total disappearance of that mistrust, with the fidelity of the President to the convictions and the course which secured his election, with the evidence that no great national interest has been endangered by Republican defeat, with the conviction that long party possession of power is not desirable and with the evident desire of Republican managers to seek the alliance of the liquor interest and of the least intelligent Democrats—with all this, is it likely that it will be easier to elect Mr. BLAINE in 1888? If for various reasons there were many independent Republicans in 1884, is it not probable that, if the same issue should be joined under the changed circumstances, there would be many more in 1888?

## THE SENATORIAL NEGATIVE.

THE *Herald* recently published a long interview with Governor HILL, of New York, in which he criticised freely the conduct of the Legislature, and denounced very strongly the confirming power of the Senate. Governor HILL, who is a Democrat, said that he hoped the abolition of that power would be made the policy of his party, and that he would have the power of appointment and removal confided to the Executive without restriction. The immediate occasion of his remarks upon the subject was the refusal of the Republican Senate of New York to confirm his nominations of unexceptionable persons to succeed certain officers whose terms have long since expired, and who are merely holding over. There is no doubt that the action of the Senate defeats the constitutional purpose in giving to it the confirming power. That purpose is not to enable a Senate to retain its partisans in office, but to take care that only fit and proper persons are nominated for office. If a Senate can properly refuse to consent to the appointment of Quarantine Commissioners merely because of a difference of political views with the Executive, it may refuse to confirm members of the President's Cabinet for the same reason. In such refusal, however, it would transcend no law or express provision, and this was one of the reasons of the opposition to the Senatorial negative when it was first proposed.

The strong support of the proposed negative lay in the feeling of jealousy of the "one man power" which the conduct of the British King had produced in the American mind. But JOHN ADAMS, who had the most truly constructive genius of all our early statesmen, was very strongly opposed to the confirming power of the Senate. In the summer of 1789 he had a very interesting correspondence upon the subject with ROGER SHERMAN. His chief objections were that it would lessen the responsibility of the Executive; that it would confuse the executive and legislative branches of the government, and prevent the latter from being a check upon the former; that it would lead to the greatest corruption by arousing ambition which would seek to gratify itself by building up a following in the several States; that it would beget contentions between the Executive and the Senate, without any compensating advantage; that it would produce party conflicts in the Senate itself, waged by intrigue and corruption; that it would weaken the Executive by dividing the attachment of his subordinates, and lead the President's "own officers" to hold out against him by seeking the favor of the Senate.

ROGER SHERMAN thought that the evils anticipated by Mr. ADAMS were not likely to arise. But experience has justified Mr. ADAMS's foresight. SHERMAN admitted that it would lessen the President's responsibility, but he thought that he would still have enough. He said that the Senators would inform the President who in their several States were best qualified for office. He thought that the Senators would be the citizens of the States most eminent for wisdom and probity, who would be

"superior to faction, intrigue, or low artifice to obtain appointments for themselves or their friends, and any attempt of that kind would destroy their reputation with a free and enlightened people, and so frustrate the end they would have in view. Their being candidates for reelection will probably be one of the most powerful motives (next to that of their virtue) to fidelity in office, and by that means alone would they hope for success."

It is true, he said, that they have friends and kindred to provide for;

"but when we consider their character and situation, will they not be diffident of nominating a friend or relative who may wish for an office, and be well qualified for it, lest it should be suspected to proceed from partiality?"

Read in the light of experience, these views of ROGER SHERMAN have all the amiable innocence of what Mr. JOHN F. SMYTH would call Sunday-school statesmanship. JOHN ADAMS was a wiser man. His sagacity forecast the fact. Indeed, one of the worst results of the Senatorial veto has been the temptation to confirm unfit persons in order to discredit the President and his party. The usual argument for Senatorial confirmation now is that the number of offices vacated every four years is so enormous that it is impossible for the President to ascertain the facts in regard to applicants, and the Senators are supposed to have means of local and personal information in regard to their own States. This, however, might be at the service of the Executive without giving the Senate a veto. The repeal of the four years law would release the President from the larger part of the present pressure for appointment; and if the conduct of the New York Senate in regard to the nominations upon which it refused to act because of party considerations should become a settled abuse, the question which Governor HILL suggests would become of great importance.

## MESSRS. HOLMAN AND RANDALL AS REFORMERS.

MR. HOLMAN, of Indiana, is a Representative in Congress whose name is often mentioned in the newspapers as objecting to various public measures, and especially to appropriations. Effective and strongly urged objection to extravagance in public expenditure is an excellent public service. But Mr. HOLMAN'S service consists chiefly in the objection. His latest effort of this kind is objecting to the rule of the civil service law which requires that selections from those who prove their fitness by examination shall be made according to their standing. Mr. HOLMAN prefers that the selection should be made for partisan reasons, and Mr. RANDALL is of the same opinion. In other words, these gentlemen, knowing that the object of the examination is to baffle personal and political favoritism in appointments, propose to restore that favoritism as a means of carrying out the purpose of the bill. "I may not be a wise man," said one of the contestants in a debate, to his opponent, "but I am not a —— fool." The public may not be deeply versed in the rules which the President has approved for carrying the reform law into effect, but it knows the purpose of the law, and it knows also the purpose of Messrs. HOLMAN and RANDALL. It is to nullify the law, and to nullify it under the old trick of pretending to amend it.

Mr. HOLMAN is reported to have said in an interview

"The civil service law, I think, will be changed under the proposition proposed to the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Bill which has been reported to the House. If so, it will be following out what was contemplated in the law when it passed, and will be instrumental *in equalizing the various offices between the two parties*, and not give it all to the Republicans who are claiming them."

Mr. HOLMAN was a member of the House when the bill was passed, and he knew of course that the intention of the law was wholly to disregard party and party sympathy in the range of appointments to which it applied, and that it contemplated equalization in no other sense than the assumption that when such appointments were entirely freed from partisan manipulation, persons of all party views would be admitted to the service. His proposition is to open the whole eligible list and select Democrats because they are Democrats. His assumption is that the Democratic appointing officer, when he had "equalized" his appointments in this way, would continue to select alternately from the two parties. He assumes that the Democratic Surveyor in New York, for instance, when the Democratic half of his list of appointments was full, would pass by the Democrats whom he might select and select a Republican. If that is supposed in the House of Representatives, we venture to say that it is not believed in the New York Custom house.

The change proposed by Messrs. HOLMAN and RANDALL is a virtual repeal or nullification of the reform law. It is an indirect method of restoring the spoils system in that small part of the service from which the law now excludes it. It is an attempt to "head off" the President's policy and to fill the service with

Democratic partisans. It is also legislation introduced into an appropriation bill and a project to overrule the Executive discretion. The plea is that the operation of the law is to retain some Republican subordinate officers. The reply is that the object of the law is to retain all subordinate officers who are honest and capable, and who do not politically abuse their trusts. If, as a matter of policy, it should be thought best to entertain the consideration of party in regard to such places, the object could be achieved in filling the places which ought to be vacated. But it should be understood that it is "the medicine of the Constitution," not its daily fare. To introduce party and political considerations at all is to tamper with the essential principles of reform, which is that proved merit and not party views shall determine appointment. Messrs. HOLMAN and RANDALL, in the sneaking attack upon the reformed system, undoubtedly represent the feeling of a great body of Democrats as of Republicans. But the law was passed in deference, not to the wishes of party bosses and politicians, but to a strong public sentiment, and that sentiment is stronger and more emphatic than ever before—so strong and so emphatic, indeed, that the sole chance of Democratic success in '88 depends upon the action of the Democratic President, who is a sincere and courageous reformer.

## MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND.

THE simplicity of the President's wedding was characteristic. It was impossible that such an event should not create general interest, and it called a momentary truce to partisan hostility. The expression of sincere good-will was universal, and the White House under its young mistress will now be the scene of charming festivities.

Jenkins has had what he would call "a glorious time" in the anticipation of this event. On the morning of the wedding, although he announced that he was not invited, yet he declared that he should give the fullest details of the ceremony, and thus kindly assured us in advance that his story would be a work of imagination. He was ready at one door with carriages to pursue the President and his wife by whatever route they might choose to go. But the President and his wife left by another door, and poor Jenkins was eluded, or "left," and his ready carriages were in vain.

There is no doubt that the country heartily congratulates the President and his wife.

## A MUGWUMP'S VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT.

ONE of the most independent of Mugwumps in the campaign of 1884 was Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT, son of EDWARD EVERETT, and Principal of the Adams Academy at Quincy, Massachusetts. Dr. EVERETT was one of the most popular, eloquent, and effective of the Mugwump orators upon the stump. He said frankly that he belonged to no party, unless he should be considered a survival of the old Whigs, and that he was not an Independent Republican, as many other Mugwumps were, but an Independent pure and simple.

He has lately written a letter, at the request of the Springfield *Republican*, in which he states his views of Mr. CLEVELAND's administration, and the grounds of his earnest support of it. It is a very independent and forcible letter, and presents the case in the clearest and most ardent manner. Dr. EVERETT says that he supported Mr. CLEVELAND because he had shown that he understood the business of governing, of which business Mr. BLAINE, as Secretary of State, "had made a mess"; and he thinks that Mr. CLEVELAND's recommendations to Congress have been sagacious and comprehensive, and disclose a national policy which would secure the success of any party.

In regard to the great task of appointment to office, Dr. EVERETT writes energetically and in some detail. He points out the actual circumstances, the necessity of the President's taking advice, and the want of any proper provision for furnishing advice, and holds that the true wonder is that in spite of the enormous difficulties of his situation he has done as well and has made as few objectionable appointments. He reproaches reformers and Independents for holding aloof and requiring the President, unaided, to make no mistakes, when, with all the assistance possible, mistakes are inevitable. Dr. EVERETT states the case as every Independent supporter of the President feels it to be. We do not know one person who might be accepted as a spokesman of the Independent sentiment whose view does not in general coincide with that of Dr. EVERETT, although many would criticise some things more sharply. But there are thousands of citizens who did not vote for Mr. CLEVELAND who would cordially agree that Dr. EVERETT's view of the President's course as cautious, courageous, judicious, and patriotic is wholly true.

## THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

THE copyright bill of Senator CHACE has been reported to the Senate, but its present passage by Congress is hardly probable. It differs from the HAWLEY bill as originally drawn in prevailing for manufacture in this country, and in prohibiting the entrance of the foreign printed book. The report says truly, "The time will come when our people will look back upon our failure to recognize the right of the foreign author very much as we view the action of our English ancestors in regard to privacy and privateering." There is evidently, however, some difference of opinion as to what that right really is.

In a letter to the *Tribune*, which had criticised some provisions of his bill, Senator CHACE asserts copyright to be a special privilege or monopoly, and not a common-law right. This is true so far as this, that legislation in England and in this country has practically annulled the original right at common law, and many of the best friends of the author's right have urged that it is better to waive the question of such right pending the discussion of a proposition to give the foreign author the benefit of a recognition of a limited term of copyright. This is the view taken by Professor HUXLEY before the English Commission, and it does not compromise in the least the claim of absolute right.

Senator CHACE is aware, of course, that the act of Anne was not designed to abolish, but to protect, the author's right. Subsequent action in Parliament and our own legislation, indeed, have proceeded upon the theory that copyright is not a right at common law, but a specific grant for the benefit of the state. The Constitution of the United States recognizes no abstract right in the author, and expressly gives him a limited copyright, not because it is his, and should be secured to him, of right, but "to promote the progress of science and useful arts." The constitutional argument for international copyright is that it will promote the progress of science and the useful arts in the United States. If its opponents can show that it will not do that, they will have a standing in the Constitution. But the strength of the demand lies in the consciousness of the citizen that the measure is essentially just.

## CITY CELEBRATIONS.

THE city of Springfield, Massachusetts, has just celebrated the two-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement, and Providence, Rhode Island, will celebrate a similar anniversary on the 27th of June. The story of both cities is full of interest as characteristic not only of Puritan pluck, but of Puritan capacity. The Puritans were most effective builders of states, and ROGER WILLIAMS, although called an Anabaptist, was essentially a Puritan.

In Springfield the historical address was delivered by Judge HENRY MORRIS, the son of Judge OLIVER B. MORRIS, who delivered the address fifty years ago. It was properly devoted to the circumstances of the settlement and to the character of its leader rather than to a history of the town for two centuries and a half, which would have been impracticable within reasonable limits. It is interesting to observe that the founder of Springfield, WILLIAM PYNCHON, like the founder of Providence, was an exile for opinion's sake. "Mr. PYNCHON," says Judge MORRIS, "had come to New England to avoid persecution. He now left it to escape from intolerance." He was plainly a leader of men, and the memorial poem, by Judge WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, admirably described him and his influence, and alluded very felicitously to his descendant of the same name, the marshal of the celebration, as his ancestor had been marshal of the settlement.

These celebrations illustrate the spirit of local pride and reverence for local leaders which has always characterized New England, and to which Governor SEYMOUR, of New York, attributed much of the influence and ascendency of New England. But a community which can recur to such ancestors as WILLIAM PYNCHON and ROGER WILLIAMS is naturally proud, and it is a happy community so long as its conduct proves its consciousness that *noblesse oblige*.

## JOHN KELLY.

JOHN KELLY was a very conspicuous political figure in the politics of New York. He was distinctively a working politician, as distinguished from a statesman or true party leader. He ruled by clever management and plank, not by any power in the advocacy of great principles. He was the captain of a party faction, and the chief manager of a party machine which had been totally discredited by his predecessor, and in nothing was his skill shown more conspicuously than in the partial extrication of Tammany Hall as a political force from the mire in which TWEED had submerged it.

A certain ignorant clannishness in his followers was also an element to be considered in estimating Mr. KELLY's career. They obeyed him blindly, and under such circumstances it must be regarded as a good fortune that his objects were not dangerous to the commonwealth, like TWEED's. He liked the consciousness of power, but it is the universal tribute to his memory that he was personally honest. The hostile attitude that he often held toward the general action of his party in the State displayed at once his courage, his skill, and his importance. He was the chief of the forces which are most hostile to political progress and reform. But he had no desire of office, and consequently he could not be "disciplined" by defeat, while the politician who could command fifty thousand votes could not be disdained nor neglected.

Mr. KELLY was a Democrat who led a campaign against the candidate of his party for the Governorship of the State, and by diverting seventy thousand votes, succeeded in defeating him and electing his opponent. But he did not lose standing as a Democrat. He opposed the nomination of Mr. TILDEN and of Mr. CLEVELAND for the Presidency as he had opposed the election of Mr. ROBINSON for the Governorship. His reason in every case was supposed to be the same—the maintenance of his personal authority. Mr. KELLY was unobtrusive, charitable, and beloved in all private relations, and the city will be fortunate if Tammany Hall should now fall under the control of a man like him, and not like his predecessor.

## AMERICA AND IRELAND.

Mr. BLAINE's speech at Portland upon the Irish question breathes the old-fashioned spirit of hostility to England, and its tone shows that he has not forgotten the Irish vote which supported him in 1884, and which undoubtedly he hopes to retain in 1888. Yet in expressing sympathy with Mr. GLADSTONE's effort to settle the old difficulty in a manner which he does not believe threatens the unity of the empire, and which aims at peace by justice, Mr. BLAINE is in entire accord with the general and intelligent sentiment of this country.

That sentiment is not due to any American desire to see England humiliated or weakened, but to see the traditional wrong of Ireland redressed. In the progress of liberty and civilization the English-speaking race is now substantially allied, and while the exigencies of domestic American politics may seem to require in every discussion a tone of irritation and hostility toward the elder branch of the race which is entirely unworthy of a patriotic American statesman, no lover of liberty would wish to see England seriously crippled by any other Continental power.

The wrongs of Ireland are denied by eminent Englishmen, and the assertion is strongly made that there are no Irish grievances to be redressed. Lord SALISBURY, speaking for the Tories, presents the practical alternative of Irish emigration or coercion. But that does not satisfy Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is not, as he says, hostile to home rule of some kind. And the Conservative "Member of Parliament" who writes a Sunday letter to the *Herald*, and who has anticipated Mr. GLADSTONE's defeat, says that "amid the wreck of parties and the downfall of statesmen Ireland will get redress of her just and pressing grievances." This is a strong statement that there are Irish wrongs, and then however successive the Irish demands, there is reason for Irish agitation. This is unquestionably the American view.

## PERSONAL.

Mr. CHARLES D. KEEP, who rented GRANT's cottage at Elberon last year for $2200, offered $2000 for it this year, but was refused. The cottage still be occupied by Mrs. GRANT and Colonel and Mrs. FREDERICK D. GRANT. It is an unpretentious structure, two stories high, covered with plaster, showing beam-work, and painted a light drab color. W. S. WARNER's cottage is the next but one to the north, and Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS's cottage is the next to the south. Not far away are the cottages of the late Commodore GARMANE and the late Moses TAYLOR. The interior is simply furnished, most of its bric-à-brac being souvenirs of the General's foreign travel.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE, now living at Northampton, Massachusetts, sends his children to the public school, although there are many excellent private schools in the town. The literary attractions of Northampton will soon be greatly increased by the erection of the large public library founded by the late Judge FORBES, who endowed it with $20,000 a year. The site is opposite Smith College, and the work of erection will be begun immediately.

—Judge FORBES who has lately died at the age of eighty-six, was a highly respected bachelor. DANIEL WEBSTER often consulted with him on legal matters. His hobby was clocks, of which he had a large number. When the Northampton Bank was robbed he lost more than three hundred thousand dollars in bonds. On being told of the fact, he replied, "I don't care a f'ontinental; they are all registered." He his advice the bank immediately notified the Treasury Department at Washington, and suffered no loss from the theft of its bonds.

—Mr. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS is much more interested in his new vocation as a publisher than in his old one as an author. He tells his brother authors that they are "only creatures of the publishers, anyhow."

—A young farmer who owns a tract of meadow land near the foot of Mount Holyoke complains that he has lost money steadily on account of the competition with the West in the raising of tobacco and broom corn. Tobacco, a few years ago, he could sell for twenty-seven cents a pound, but the crops of the last three years are now stored in his barn, and although he has offered to sell them for ten cents a pound, only five cents has been bid. One result of this state of things is that meadow-land along the Connecticut near Mount Holyoke has been recently disposed of by auction at seventy-five dollars an acre.

—The Sunday edition of the New York *World* having reached the circulation of 250,000 copies, many merchants, lawyers, newspaper men, and other citizens assembled in the offices of that journal on Saturday evening, May 29, to commemorate the event, in response to an invitation from Mr. G. W. YEARNS, the business manager. One of the speakers referred to Mr. JOSEPH PULITZER as a man who had "come from the far West to establish a new era in New York journalism."

—At a memorial service over the grave of HORACE GREELEY in Greenwood Cemetery on Decoration Day the following sentiment, written by the Hon. CHARLES A. DANA, was read: "To HORACE GREELEY, who during a laborious life constantly employed his mind and his pen to promote the welfare of the masses of men, and to increase liberty and happiness among them, the tribute of our grateful memories should always be paid. The apostle of equal rights, equal opportunities, and so equal future for all the sons of man, his best monument will always be found in their appreciation and their gratitude."

—Professor JOHN F. WEIR, who presides over the Yale School of Fine Arts, has had a very successful year, the institution having given instruction to one hundred and thirty-five students during the last twelve months. Their favorite means of expression is water-colors, and their next favorite, crayons. An exhibition of nearly seven hundred drawings and paintings was made of the works of the pupils. Professor WEIR's personal force was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the handsome endowment of the school.

—One of the most popular clergymen in this city is Monsignor QUINN, who is now enjoying a trip to Europe after many years of faithful service. His brother clergy of the diocese presented him with a purse containing five thousand dollars, and gave him a farewell banquet at the parochial residence of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He had already received a large sum of money from the wealthy Catholic laymen of the city, who desired that he should travel with "the ease and comfort befitting his years and dignity."

—The young ladies of Smith College, Northampton, are compelled to carry small umbrellas in order to save themselves from the inch-worms that infest the beautiful and magnificent elms of that town, and that have already destroyed more than half their foliage.

—The illness of M. CABANEL will cause much regret wherever his works are known. He has been a successful painter for more than a generation, and is represented in most of the leading private galleries in this country. His principal pictorial design is the story of St. Louis, on the walls of the Pantheon in Paris, and perhaps his best known single figure is the "Birth of Venus," which represents the goddess rising from the foam. M. CABANEL has acquired riches as well as fame, and occupies a handsome house, No. 14 Rue de Vigny, with his mother.

—The inscription on the bronze memorial tablet erected in All-Souls Church to the memory of its former pastor, the Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, reads: "HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWS, born in Boston, January 11, 1814; died in New York, January 30, 1882. Forty-three years minister of this church, to which he gave the name All-Souls. A preacher strong, fervent, uplifting, a courageous thinker, a persuasive orator. A patriot loving freedom, indignant at wrong, a life-long philanthropist; president of the United States Sanitary Commission, 1861–1878. An ardent, generous friend, joyous with the joyful, tender with the sorrowful. A devout Christian, trusting in God, and hoping all things of men." The sculptor is Mr. AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, and the figure is life-size and standing.

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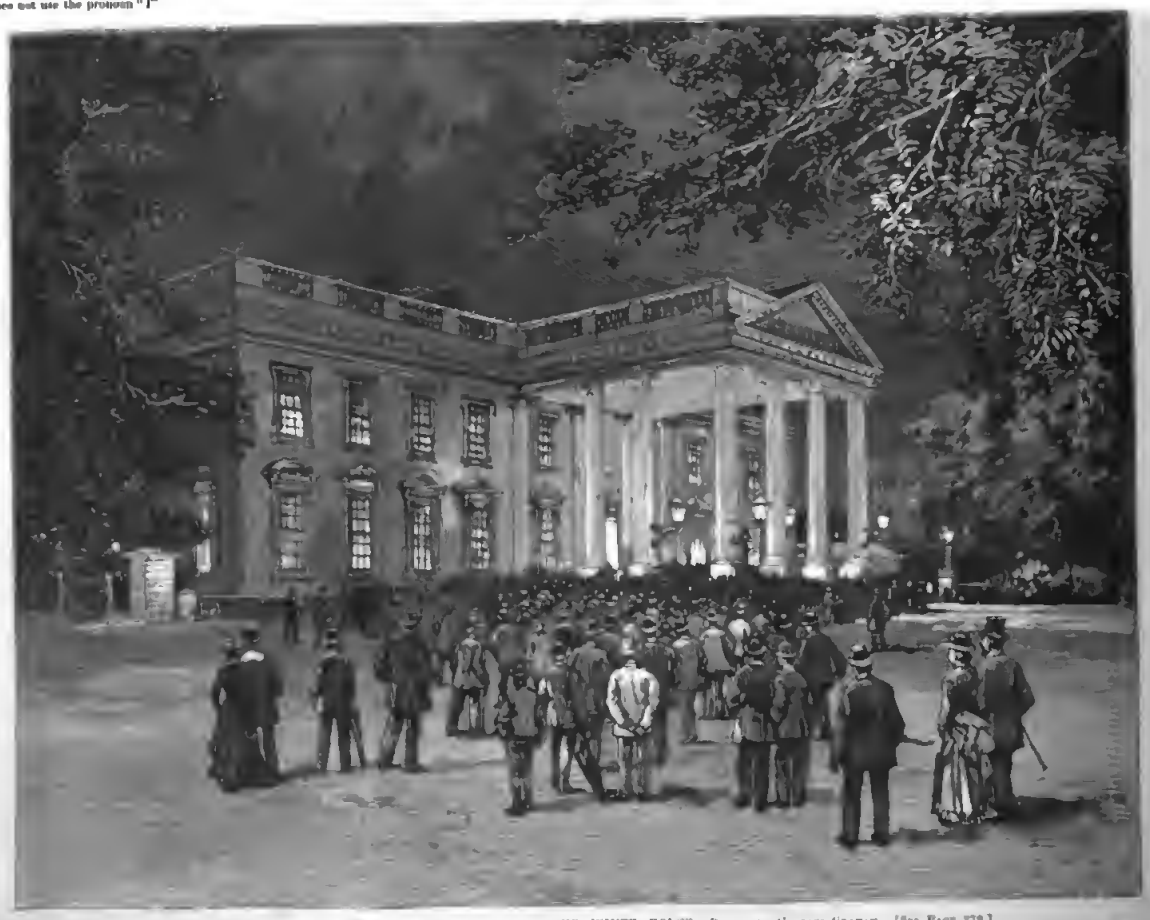
## MISS CLEVELAND.

Miss Cleveland will always have a place in the White House, although she has surrendered the title of lady of the White House to her young sister-in-law. No more pertinent illustration of the saving power of common sense was ever offered than an observation of Miss Cleveland's course since she entered the White House. Her previous life of hard work, of study, of self-sacrifice, had shut out from her much of that union of all gentle conditions called society. She had well sustained the dignity of labor, and she was to prove equally well her fitness for the dignity of leisure. On the 4th of March, 1885, she entered the White House as its mistress, with all of the duties but none of the privileges of the President's wife, for official etiquette in Washington marks out a strange and subtle difference between the wife of the President and any other lady, no matter how near a relative, whom he calls upon to preside at the White House. Thrown suddenly into a society of which its elements are constantly changing, but its customs are immovable, Miss Cleveland instantly adapted herself to a form of life of which she could not have had an inkling until she was required to take the first place in it. Knowing that etiquette is merely common sense applied to small things, she quickly mastered the science of official etiquette, and it can be justly said that during the whole time she was mistress of the White House she did not transgress in one single particular the law of propriety or the law of kindness. Mentally she was very well equipped for the difficulties of her place; she speaks well and to the point; and she has the ability as well as the good-will to meet people on their own ground. She does not use the pronoun "I" much. Her manner is admirable. She is perfectly dignified, but not in the least assuming, and is easy without being familiar. She dresses very handsomely, and everything she wears has an air of solid elegance—her lace is real lace, her velvet is real velvet. Like an economical woman, she avoids cheap imitations. Handsome trailing gowns are very becoming to her, and while she is always refined and pleasing in her appearance, she is not handsome until she is dressed for the evening. Her prematurely gray hair is dressed on the top of her head, and adds to her height; she moves well, and, as Miss Jane Austen would say, "She is a lady with a presence, my dear." The life of Miss Cleveland as a student, teacher, and lecturer had naturally prepared people to expect in her department, when she became what the society reporters call "the first lady of the land," some trace of the primness and self-assertion of what everybody recognizes as the "school-mistress" manner. This supposition was naturally strengthened in the minds of those who did not know Miss Cleveland by the appearance of her ambitious volume of essays. But nothing could be more unfounded than this supposition. Her literary tastes were made subservient to the duty she felt she owed the President when she was the Lady of the White House, and she gave up, when necessary, her books and studies to perform promptly, gracefully, and good humoredly all that was required of her. The general opinion of Washington society is perfectly reliable regarding the inmates of the White House. Presidents and their families are always with them, and no woman who has ever presided at the White House has been more admired and respected than Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

MISS CLEVELAND.



THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING—THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 378.]

MRS. MANNING.

MRS. ENDICOTT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MRS. WHITNEY.

MRS. VILAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING—THE LADIES OF THE CABINET.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

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# CYNIC FORTUNE:*

## A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "First Person Singular," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

### IX.

Gabriel Kenyon had reigned at Perry Haughton in growing peace and prosperity for now some thirteen years. In his inward dealings with Divine Providence he had sometimes carried much weight with him. He had been able to palliate his own crime, to pity, to understand, to sympathize with the infatuation which had hurried him to it, to make generous allowance for all the circumstances which had seemed to push him toward it and to make it easy.

In a way which at first had seemed both strange and terrible to him he had begun to love the child of the man he had dispossessed of life. If any real twinge of remorse had touched him, it was at the unconscious fashing of the child. At first she had been a constant accusing terror to him. And in spite of all this, he had grown more and more to twine his life with hers, and to centre upon her all his hopes of peace and happiness in the future.

In the course of years, after his own monotonous manner, he construed this fact also into a token of peace and pardon.

Somehow the child had never been brought to love him in return. She was tractable, she was amiable, the old obedience to the most gently expressed desire, the submitted placidly to the endearments he lavished upon her, but she initiated no endearments of her own, and seemed more pleased to be alone than in his society. He bore this cross of sorrow with a meek resignation, which to his own eyes made it more than worth while to endure it. It was well, it was just and fitting that he should suffer. He knew it; he allowed it. Providence was just; and however a man might be hurried into crime, Providence had its rights against the criminal, and would, of course, enforce them. It was right, and in the natural order of things.

He was loved, and he was chastened.

There was nothing which did not serve to confirm him in the justice of his own apprehension of the workings of that puppet Providence whose strings he pulled so sedulously.

He was morbidly anxious—though it is hardly worth while to say so, for by this time there was hardly a normal inch left in the man anywhere—he was morbidly anxious to fulfil to the letter any indications he discovered of his cousin Robert's desire in any direction. There was a distinct chance binding him to this in that declaration of amity between himself and Providence which had been drawn up by his own conscience and signed by the puppet. And when one day he came upon a mass of long-forgotten papers, most of them in Robert Kenyon's handwriting, he laid them by scrupulously for careful reading, and day after day worked his way through them. He liked the task the better because it pained him.

Most of these faded, yellow old papers were letters from Robert to his wife, and the wife seemed to have treasured every scrap of writing which came to her from the beloved hand. Little notes, written early in their acquaintance, responding, perhaps, to an invitation to luncheon, or to a water party, or a picnic in the woods, were treasured along with a formal offer of marriage, and the passionate protestations of eternal faith which followed later. Then there were letters in view of the approaching marriage, in which the writer abused, with great heartiness, all lawyers and all men of business for inventing such sordid things as marriage settlements. And then came the last letter before the wedding, from whose yellow and dog-eared pages the dead man's voice seemed to speak as clear and loud that the good Gabriel, prosecuted as he was, took fright at it, and for a while did not dare to resume his reading.

But remembering, or his shrewd anxiety to serve his own turn well, that what most hurt him was most profitable on him, he began again, and got just such an after-glow of security from his fear and anguish at one gets after one's tossing tub in cold weather.

There was a gap of three or four years in the letters, and Clara Kenyon wrote from Edinburgh, whither he had gone on business. He had met, as he wrote, her old friend and school companion Richard Douglas.

"You have heard me speak of him," he said, "a thousand times. The poor fellow has had the most desperate ill fortune, but though he is as weak as a cat he has the courage of a bull-dog, and with the little bit he has left to him he is going out into the West Indies, coffee-planting, with a fine-a-wat mania of his, who seems to have had a hard fight for it, and not so far to have made much progress. Poor Douglas has not only lost his fortune but his wife. He has one son, a bright and pretty little fellow, whom he leaves behind. Douglas asked me to keep an eye upon the boy, and I made him a solemn promise that, in case he should come to grief, the child should be looked to."

Now this to a man with a conscience such as was the intimate treasure of Gabriel Kenyon was neither more nor less than a distinct charge upon him. He folded up the letters, locked them in his safe, and rang his study bell, requesting the man who answered it to summon the ancient Partridge.

Partridge, who was very bald by this time, very wrinkled, very feeble on his pins, appeared in answer to the summons.

"Sit down, Partridge," said Kenyon who was delightfully considerate to everybody. The old man obeyed. "I have been looking," said Mr Gabriel, posing his hands wedge-like, and speaking with his eyes upon the carpet—"I have been looking through some family documents, in which I find mention of an old friend of the late Mr. Kenyon—a Mr Douglas. Did you know him, Partridge?"

"Yes, sir," said Partridge; "very well indeed, sir. When Mr. Kenyon disappeared, sir, that was the Mr. Douglas he went to meet in Paris."

"I had supposed so," said Mr Gabriel—"I had supposed so. Do you know if he had a son?"

"Yes, sir," said Partridge; "the boy was here pretty often in Mr. Robert Kenyon's time."

"Oh!" said Mr Gabriel. "Oha! And do you happen to know, Partridge, if Mr Douglas is still living?"

"Why, no, sir," retorted Partridge; "he died out in the East Indies more than five years ago."

"Tut, tut!" said Gabriel, in a tone of commiseration. "And the boy—do you know anything of the boy?"

"He was down here, sir," returned Partridge, "about five years back."

"Down here!" said Mr Gabriel, starting, and staring a little.

"When I say down here, sir, I mean down at the Vicarage. Him and the Vicar's son was as college together. He only stopped a day or two, and then they went off to Norway together. I believe it was while he was away there the news of his father's death came."

"Indeed, indeed!" said Gabriel, in the same tone of tender commiseration. "And do you happen to know, Partridge, if Mr Douglas's affairs were flourishing?"

"Well, sir," said Partridge, "I never thought they was, sir; but it wasn't my place to ask, and I don't remember that I heard the subject mentioned."

"Do you think," asked Gabriel, "that young Mr. Powerscourt is likely to know young Mr Douglas's whereabouts now?"

"Well, I should say so, sir," said Partridge. "They seemed to be uncommon good friends when they was here together."

"Thank you, Partridge," said Mr Gabriel, with an almost humble suavity, "thank you. That is all."

A little later he walked into the hall, received from the hands of a polished servitor his hat and gloves and ivory headed cane, and set out for the Vicarage.

There young Mr Powerscourt was able to tell him something of what he desired to know. Young Douglas had inherited one to nothing, had studied for the Bar, and had been called, was a very clever, bright, and capable fellow indeed, and probably had hard work to make both ends meet. Mr. Gabriel's informant had not seen his chum for a twelvemonth, but had his address—such and such a number in Great Russell Street.

He wrote at once to his solicitors in town, indicating his desire that Mr Richard Douglas should be intrusted with the conduct of a small suit then pending—a case of little importance, and one which he could well afford to lose. As it happened, Mr Douglas turned out to be a young man of considerable sagacity and force. He carried the case through triumphantly, and so pleased Mr Kenyon's solicitors by his modesty and his good access and frank bearing that, by and-by, other briefs found their way to him, and he became the envy of many dusty juniors, his seniors, who had never yet been intrusted with a brief in the course of their lives.

Two or three months later came an for leaving another suit of Gabriel Kenyon's—a case of much importance, and one which he could not well afford to lose. His lawyer, in spite of his high opinion of Mr. Douglas's talents, would fain have instructed an older and more experienced counsel, but Mr Kenyon, pushed thereto by the dictates of Providence, insisted, and young Mr Douglas was retained. He conducted the case with a display of the same acumen, the same grasp, the same self-contained modesty as before, and won it. In fine, young Mr Douglas's fortune was made if he chose to go on making it, and Mr Gabriel Kenyon had had another stone upon the cairn which held the troubled spirit of his cousin down.

It need hardly be said that young Mr Douglas left his garret near the sky, and sought lime elevated but more comfortable quarters elsewhere. It need hardly be said, either, that the faithful companion of his arctic exile from society, the Major, accompanied him.

Mr Kenyon met the young barrister in court, and afterward paid him more than one visit in his chambers. He related, with only the suppressions which seemed necessary, the manner in which he had become aware of the barrister's existence.

"And you see, Mr. Douglas," said he, in conclusion, "I am the sole inheritor of my cousin's wealth, or rather, I should say, the sole trustee—for what are any of us but trustees in anything?—and it seemed my duty, as it was my pleasure, and in this case my extreme good fortune, to let low out the expressions of his will. Your father and my poor cousin, Mr Douglas, were friends. They were of a like age, and no doubt had common interests in common. An old man like myself can scarcely ask a young fellow like you for companionship; but I shall be glad if you will give me something of your society, and if you will let me be on friendly as we can."

Young Dick Douglas had not altogether liked Mr Gabriel Kenyon, though, not being as yet given himself much to the analysis of his own impressions, he had scarcely asked why he disliked him. But at this address the young fellow's heart quite melted, and he was sincerely moved. He felt a swift and sudden conviction, which shook his slight mistrust to its foundations and brought it down for good and all. He was certain, as only an enthusiastic and loyal-hearted youngster can be, that Gabriel Kenyon was a man with tender susceptibilities, great generosity of nature, and a large and lofty sense of his own personal responsibility.

He received Gabriel's approaches to friendship with an actual fervor, and he swore to the Major that night that Gabriel Kenyon was the sort of man who gave one faith at large in human nature.

Kenyon appointed a time for his visit, and at the beginning of the Long Vacation Douglas left the dusty purlieus of the courts and his choky chambers for the free air and green landscapes of Perry Haughton.

### X.

Gustave Peltzer insisted so strongly on being taken home by Mr. Sullivan, that Cyrus, who was always of a rather yielding turn of mind than otherwise, assented, albeit with much unwillingness. Even in the beginning of their acquaintance, when some one or other of Monsieur Peltzer's nefarious occupations had prospered, when he had worn something of the air of a dandy—or, at the worst, of a successful swell-mobsman—and had gone habited in clean linen, Cyrus had found his companionship scarcely desirable. But Mr Sullivan was one of those people who take their acquaintances as they take their circumstances, with little effort to change them for the better. If Fate sent broken victuals and unsavory companions, the broken victuals were better than none at all to him; and the companions, however unsavory, an improvement upon solitude. He had not pith enough in him to entertain a really active dislike for anything or anybody; and so, though he demurred at first, he yielded to Monsieur Peltzer's importunate solicitations, and took him home.

"Where have you been all this time?" Sullivan asked him that evening.

"Been?" said the other, stretching out a pair of haggard and shaking hands. "I have been in frost and rain and snow. I have been in chains. I have been under the whip. I have been tattered black by abominable suns. I have been at the galleys."

This was a little startling for Mr Sullivan, and he liked his companion less and less. If he had an ambition, it was to seem unmoved and immovable, and at home in the presence of all men. So he made a rather ineffectual grimace, and asked, as casually as he could,

"What was it for?"

"It was a conspiracy," said Peltzer. "I was charged with a burglary, of which I was as innocent as the child unborn."

"Sans doute?" said Cyrus.

"But I am not here," Monsieur Peltzer continued, pulling hungrily at his ragged beard first with one hand and then with the other—"I am not here on talk of that. Let us speak of the man you followed. Tell me his name. Tell me where he lives."

"I don't see why I should," said Mr Sullivan, thoughtfully. Peltzer's hungry hands ceased to tear at his beard, and knitted themselves together, and his face assumed an expression so pleasing that Sullivan involuntarily drew back his chair a yard. "Look here," he said, defensively; "business is business. What do you want to know for?"

"If that man is still alive, he is rich."

"Oh, he's got lots of money," returned Sullivan.

"If," said Peltzer, "he is as rich as Croesus he has not a penny in the world that he would not give to me with great willingness if he knew what I could tell him."

"Oh," said Sullivan, and sat silent for a while, Peltzer darkling at him with a wicked grin, and tugging with both hands at his gray beard anew.

"What could you tell him?" he asked, after this pause.

"That is my affair," Peltzer answered.

"M—m," said Mr Sullivan, lighting his pipe, and doing his best to seem at ease. "I hope you won't think me impolite, my friend, but I do not think you are likely to be liked as much as all that."

"Not liked?" said Peltzer. "Very well. That is probable enough. Suppose we say feared? Tell me where he lives, and what he calls himself."

Mr. Sullivan, though by no means a man of conspicuous virtue, and by no means choice in the selection of his friends, had not yet allied himself practically with the criminal classes. The force of his mistaking for Monsieur Peltzer began almost to surprise him.

"What do you think his fortune may be worth?" asked Peltzer.

"I don't know," said Sullivan. "He may be worth ten thousand a year."

"Ten thousand a year," cried Peltzer, and you call that wealth!"

"I don't mean francs, said Sullivan, feel pounds sterling."

At this the other's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hungry hands together.

"Ah!" said he, "a quarter of a million per annum! That's something! Divide it, call it a hundred and twenty thousand. Not for one, not on a mere beautiful down, and then all over but to be paid regularly year to year as long as he lives! Call it a hundred and twenty thousand!" he muttered to himself, after this jocose outburst. "Call it a hundred and twenty thousand!"

"Yes," said Cyrus, tentatively, and having as yet no great faith in the realization of Peltzer's vision, "call it sixty thousand francs a year apiece."

The ugly gleam of triumph on the rogue's face clouded suddenly, and for a moment he passed with both hands at his beard, and looked fiercely at Sullivan. Then he forced a smile, which was even less prepossessing than his scowl had been.

"Let us call it sixty thousand francs a year apiece," he answered.

Monsieur Peltzer's manner did much more than his words to awaken Mr Sullivan's belief in him. And Cyrus argued that had the prey been altogether shadowy this wild beast of the galleys could not have looked so disposed to tear the man who tried to take a half of it away from him.

"I begin to see your little game," he said. "You want hush-money."

"You shall have half," snarled Peltzer. "You shall be rich for life. You shall drink of the oil and eat of the fat forever."

This greasy prospect presented an great attractions to the feeble Cyrus, but he revealed the nature and address of Gabriel Kenyon, Justice of the Peace, and what not, of the Lodge, Perry Haughton; and Peltzer wrote them down.

"And now," said Peltzer, "I must have clothes to go in. A man in his position will not look twice at one who looks as I do. You must find me clothes."

Cyrus began to go in fear of this terrible companion, and wished with all his soul that he had chosen that evening to dine anywhere else than at Piggie's, or that he had not been so eager to claim an undesirable old acquaintance. But, in brief, he found that until Monsieur Peltzer's desire should be accomplished, Monsieur Peltzer was quartered upon him, and was utterly impervious to any kind or his part of desire for solitude.

Monsieur Peltzer's personal habits were of the most disagreeable kind. He ate like a famished dog, tearing his food with animal zeal. When he slept he was to the habit of waking up with yells of rage or terror. When he drank, he preferred the cheapest and coarsest kind of brandy, and took a great deal more of it than was good for him. At such times he would become horribly affectionate, and would claw and paw his little comrade all over with oaths of endearment, breathing neat brandy like an alcoholized furnace. Every day he clamorously demanded money for drink, and would pay no heed to Sullivan's urging that if money were to be found to give him that impossible appearance of respectability he craved, it must be found shilling by shilling, and hoarded carefully.

At length Cyrus bestowed a whole five shillings upon this Frankenstein monster; and whilst he was abroad dissipating in the lowest haunts of Soho, the little man packed up his few traps and fled. He regarded Monsieur Peltzer to the light of a dreadful warning, and began to reform his ways. He left many of the more objectionable of his old companions, and, in fear of meeting Peltzer, he avoided many of his old haunts. He began even to take a curatory interest in the sermons which he stole from the old divines on the shelves of the British Museum, and sold to the editor of the *Cherubim* as novelties in the way of theological dissertation.

He had so far reformed that in the course of a month or two he was the proud possessor of no less a sum than six pounds sterling, all honestly saved out of the result of doubtfully honest labor. And so curiously do things arrive in this world that this poor little spark of morality served to furnish the wolf with the nucleus of war; for being one night in Oxford Street, he turned and recognized Peltzer, who hailed him with a banter so violent and threatening that, to get rid of him, Cyrus parted on the spot with two-thirds of his belongings.

Peltzer pouched the money and disappeared, ridiculously radiant, and Mr Sullivan paced the streets for an hour or two, filled with serious thoughts as to the advisability of beginning his worldly career anew as a farm laborer in New Zealand.

This encounter happened in the month of August, some two months after the date of Gabriel Kenyon's invitation to Douglas.

And now, after something of a surfeit of villany, let us try our fortunes with youth and innocence.

### XI.

Youth is always impressionable; but when a man happens not only to be young, but to have a little of the poetic faculty of imagination, he stands as therein disadvantage—perhaps at double advantage. But the answer to that problem depends entirely upon one's way of looking at things. When Douglas's knowledge of the existence of Miss Kenyon was little more than twelve hours old he had been able to identify her as the daughter of his father's dearest friend. That a young man should have seen a young lady, that he should have been favorably impressed with her personal appearance, and that he should, within a dozen hours, have discovered her identity, were facts in themselves by no means remarkable or peculiar, and yet to Douglas they contrived to appear so.

Perry Haughton was no longer connected with the outer world merely by its coaching roads. It had arrived in these days a railway station, and the route from town was direct and rapid. As he drew near the termination of his journey, the young fellow was conscious of no amazing nervous flutter. He was not concentrated to the loss of his self possession, and the present rent of his sensations both surprised and annoyed him. His anger at it helped him for a while, and when he alighted from the train and found himself accosted by a middle-aged and eminently respectable groom, he was in full possession of himself again. The groom was charged to say that Mr Kenyon himself would have been at the station, but had been suddenly called away from home, though he would very probably have returned by the time the lodge was reached.

The visitor's traps were got into the dog-cart, and the visitor was bowled rapidly away toward the house. And now, in his intense disgust and self-disapproval, he found his gathered forces all newly routed.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1536.

There is, probably, no condition of feeling to which men may not become more or less inured. A man habitually shy grows used to himself, and is conscious, in the midst of his most painful sense, of a certain sense of unusual. But when a man habitually self-possessed grows shy, he has not even the sustaining sense of habit to console him.

The visitor was already in a state of mind almost pitiable in its nervousness when a quite terrible fancy flashed upon him. Suppose that he should be recognized as the recipient of Bagleigh's insolent bounty!

Kenyon came out into the hall to meet him, and saved him from the dreadful ordeal of encountering the lady without preparation. Ionbrel's manner was worthy of the popular conception of him. It was subdued and gentle, almost to a fault. He had always stepped a little in his walk, and now his shoulders were so bowed as to express humility and deprecation. The tone of his voice seemed to say that if you chose to treat him ill, he was ready to accept me as a part of the great universal lesson of chastisement. Thus, with all this gentleness and humility of his, he contrived to be so keen a hand at a bargain as he was, surprised a good many people. He seemed formed to yield, and yielded less often than might have been expected of him.

The personality of the young lady, who as we was careless to Douglas's mind, tinged Gladiel. He was uncle to a duchess, and, apart from this, he was the only man who had reached out a helping hand in a time of genuine trouble. That smooth and broadly opened pathway to success, which seemed to lie before the young barrister now, would have been very hard to arrive at without his helping hand. Jack shook the helping hand with great heartiness, and no almost kind reverence. As such fancies to those for which Mr Kenyon's eyes and mouth sought have been responsible under different circumstances enabled him. He saw only a gentle-mannered, sad-voiced, generous creature, who was quite to an angel.

He and by came the introduction to the angel herself.

"My niece, Helen," said Kenyon; and Dick, rising, bowed and muttered unintelligibly. When he was shown to his own room a few minutes later, and was left alone, he could not tell whether niece Helen were or were not the girl he had seen outside the theatre.

His unreasonable perturbation ashamed him, and he fought against it, applying to himself many unflattering epithets. He was just so stupid and so little self-possessed as luncheon, discovering only that the girl was delightfully frank and fresh and young-womanly. If he had not once been able to dispossess himself of the absurd idea that he was there expressly to fall in love, he felt that he might have acquitted himself better.

But perhaps his shyness may have been of some service to him after all. He was so evidently ill at ease that the girl had a little pity to begin with. He did nothing gauche or actually stupid, and he was obviously a gentleman, though an unusually timid one, she thought. She want of nerve gave the girl plenty of opportunity to examine him, and of this privilege she innocently availed herself. What she saw, she liked, and the liking was none the less dangerous because it was an entirely innocent and unconscious.

There were not many young men intimated to the Lodge at Perry Haughton, and it was rather a gloomy conservatory for so fresh and bright a flower to bloom in. She had never felt it to be so. But then youth has its own resources, and makes its own sunlit atmosphere in quarters which one might suppose to be sickly and sunless.

Shortly after luncheon, and just when Douglas was beginning to recover himself the trio became a quartette. Lord Bagleigh was announced, and entered, beaming fiercely behind his eye-glass. He recognized his old school fellow and college companion languidly, and having ventured to say that it was deuced warm, fell into restless silence, and glowered at the new comer.

Douglas had been accustomed to employ his Lordship as a stepping-block, and felt so much inclined to renew the experiment now that he was only able to restrain himself by the most heroic effort. Kenyon proposed to show his guest the grounds, and for a few minutes Dick and his old school-fellow were left alone together.

His Lordship arose, adjusted his shirt cuffs with an air which his companion felt to be offensive, and opened the conversation.

"I say, look here," he began, "didn't know you knew anybody down here."

"No?" said Douglas.

"No," said his Lordship.

"That is your form you know," said Douglas.

"What is my form?" demanded his Lordship, aggressively.

"Not knowing things," said Douglas. "That was always your strong point."

His Lordship turned this over for a while, and finding no immediate response for it, sat in silence for a minute or two.

"When did you get here?" he asked, after a pause, with a manner seen markedly aggressive than before.

"This morning," said Douglas.

"Going to stay long?" Bagleigh asked him.

"Probably a month or so," responded Douglas.

"Deuced inconvenient?" said his Lordship. "Nice neighbourhood, and all that sort of thing."

"You think my presence likely to detract from its charms?" asked Douglas.

"That's just where it is," replied his Lordship, who knew how to be candid upon occasion.

"The fact is," said the young barrister, "that you and I don't suit each other Bagleigh."

"By gad, we don't," the young nobleman answered, with emphasis.

"You see," pursued Douglas, suavely, "you are bound in one—that, having accepted an invitation to stay here, I must abide by it. I am chained here by all the laws of politeness. Now you are not. The world is wide. The season is over as at its height. No doubt your fascinating manners and brilliant conversation are missed in many places. You have dozens elsewhere, Bagleigh."

"Bigger gets worse," said my Lord, as if addressing himself to some invisible third person, "since was a deuced unpleasant fellow, and gets worse instead of better. Look here," he added, turning round with heightened inquiry, "do you mean to stop here all the time?"

"I suppose so," answered Douglas.

"Damn inconvenient," said Bagleigh, with an air of disgusted fatigue.

"Do you mean to stay here all the time?" asked the barrister.

"Yes," responded his Lordship: "make a point of calling constantly."

"Cheerful prospect," said Douglas.

"Isn't it, by gad?" his Lordship assented.

Kenyon's return put an end to this exchange of civilities. The host was very smooth and courteous with the young nobleman, but Bagleigh, who had enormously but little to say for himself, was so wrathful at Douglas's presence that he was at more than usual disadvantage. The owner at this time was getting ready for an election fight, and his Lordship was usually so keen set as anybody to talk about the electoral chances. He did not talk or think very brilliantly, but was quite persuaded that the country would go to the dogs unless his noble father's nominee were carried, and was paternally anxious to escape so dreadful a consummation. To-day, however, though Kenyon had a great deal of more or less important to say to great him, Bagleigh's interest was divided, and at times he answered altogether at random.

Kenyon's political talk detained him, and he was compelled to see the new arrival place himself at Miss Kenyon's side without making even the feebleest effort to frustrate him.

She was neither more nor less over frank, but mingled a delightful candor with a reticence equally delightful to the young man's mind. She had very fine expressive gray eyes and a way of using them which a coquette would have rated, and have cursed in vain, because with this young person those alluring were natural, and no more to be helped than breathing. They expressed everything she thought, and perhaps, since her companion was the older, the stranger, and the more experienced of the two, they may have expressed even more than she thought. For a young man in love translates quite naturally into the mind of a girl his own best and noblest intention. In such case the girl's province is unconsciously to inspire the fancies, and the young man's province is to believe that the fancies are consciously inspired. Douglas had no more reflection notions about falling in love. He and the girl were almost intimate in an hour or two; and the idea of falling in love was a thousand miles away from him, because he had actually begun to do it.

## XII.

There was not much pride about the Major, and when the wealthy relative of whom he tormented Douglas's sake proposed to supply him with an income of a hundred pounds per annum until such time as the Major's next expected ship should come in, he took the ten ten magnificent allowance comfortable and with no self upbraidings.

He stood in Douglas's chambers, and led his own queer life with perfect satisfaction. If he had been a novelist or an artist, his knowledge of the Soho quarter might have been invaluable to him, but he was a man who found no uses for anything, and was quite contented to enjoy his own discoveries without imparting them in any other form to other people.

There was a certain burly, black-eyed, red-cheeked Parisienne in the Major's favorite dishes, which regarded him with mingled veneration and affection. She was by profession a washer-woman, and, by gift of Nature and dint of practice, a perfect mistress of the great art of slang. In Paris, among her sisters, she had been known, admired and dreaded; but transported to London, and compelled thereby to wield a foreign language, she had found her native deftness and long practice of small avail to her. The Major had one day dropped in at her establishment to inquire after some missing articles of linen. Finding her but poorly acquainted with English, he had made his demands in her own tongue, and on half an hour the two were comrades. The *Manchoness* had found her master, but the Major had found an opponent worthy of his steel, and in each other's society the pair were happy.

From that day forward the Major was in the habit of calling upon Madame Dumoury and chatting over the events of the day.

In her weather the attractions of the *Manchoness* were less pronounced than in cold, but the Major's native sense of courtesy compelled him to make his visits as rare in summer than in winter.

He called upon a certain bracing August day, took his seat upon the customary table, lit his customary cigarette, and sat for some ten minutes in a target. He was preparing to become marmoreal in his turn, when the arrival of a client checked him for a moment.

No sooner had the client spoken than the Major turned his head toward him, and shipped lightly from the table. The new comer turned also, and revealed the familiar features of Mr Cyrus Sullivan. His face, which was clouded by an unusual look of worry and sadness, cleared for a moment as he shook hands, but the cloud came back again. There was no reason why Mr Sullivan's presence should interfere with the amusements of the hour, and the Major, taking advantage of the pause occasioned by his entrance discharged his gathered shafts of repartee. The running cannon chirruped in chorus, and Mr Sullivan offered a tolerably smile, which faded as quickly as its forerunner. Even in the midst of the prosecuration caused by the sallies of the *Manchoness*, and the necessity for responding to them, the Major entered that Sullivan was unlike the Sullivan of old days. The cold mixture of insolence and appeal for remuneration which had been used to characterize him had altogether disappeared, and in its place was an air of settled sadness and something which looked like bewilderment.

The Major regarded him more attentively, and at last Sullivan, seeming as a sudden to pluck up resolution, advanced and touched him, with an air of apology, on the shoulder.

"If you could spare me ten minutes of your time, Major Morton," he said, with a manner of unusual solemnity, "I should be obliged by your advice."

"In what way," asked the Major, "can I be of service to you?"

The Major made his adieu, manifestly to the disappointment of the ladies, and followed Sullivan into the street.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you here," Sullivan answered. "Wait till we get into my room."

The Major walked on in silence, and in the course of a minute or two found himself seated alone with Sullivan. The little man was profoundly dejected. He pulled his knuckles nervously with a doubtful handkerchief, which he afterward rolled into a ball, and rubbing the palms of his hands with this, he glanced twice or thrice at the Major before he began his statement.

"Look here," he said, suddenly, "I will begin at the beginning."

"As a general rule," responded the Major, "it's a good place to begin at."

"I was in Paris thirteen years ago," said Mr Sullivan, "and there I knew a blackguard by the name of Peltzer. I have always been a great deal too careless about the kind of men I have known," pursued the poor Cyrus, wagging his head sorrowfully, "but if I had guessed what the fellow was, I wouldn't have known him to all."

"What was he?" asked the Major.

"Well," said Sullivan mournfully, "he wasn't anything a man ought to be, and he was about everything a man might not to be. He had been a pickpocket, he had been a card sharper, and I have found out that, once I saw him for the last time in Paris, he has had twelve years for burglary."

"Nice man," said the Major, almost warmly.

"You'd say so, if you saw him," answered Cyrus. "I met him in London a little while back, and I was foolish enough to speak to him. He came and planted himself on me, and made me keep him until I ran away. Last night he met me in the street, and made me split my little savings with him."

"Why did you do it?" asked the Major.

"I could not help it," the little man was vexed. "But I haven't told my story yet. When I was born in Paris, thirteen years ago last winter, I was coming home to London, and he was at the railway station. He pointed out a man there who was also going to London, and he asked me to watch him, and to tell him where the fellow went. I asked him why."

"Naturally," said the Major, with an encouraging nod, for Sullivan was evidently in need of encouragement, and told his story haltingly.

"He said that by watching this man, and by finding out who he was and where he went to, it was likely that we might make a great deal of money. I did not know how that was to be done, but I followed the man.

"He came, in the first place, to a house close by here. He was very poorly dressed at that time; but he went out at night and bought decent clothes. Next morning he went down to a little country place, which I won't mention just yet, and there he called straight into a very big property. I sent the news of what I had learned to Peltzer, but the letter came back. He had gone to the galleys. When I met him here a month or two ago, and was such a fool as to speak to him, almost the first thing he asked me was if I knew anything about the man he had set me to watch. I told him 'Yes'; and the beggar laid hold of me as if he wanted to eat me. He asked if he was rich, and I told him 'Yes' again; and then he told that there was nothing this man had that he would not post with, to the last penny, if he knew what Peltzer had to tell him."

"Um!" said the Major. His earlier knowledge of Mr Sullivan was not altogether without weight. He was generally disposed to skepticism in regard to anything Cyrus might say; but, on the whole, he inclined to a moderate belief in him at present. "Did he tell you what his hold on the man was?"

"It came out at last," said Cyrus, "that he was going to charge the man with murder."

It was at this point that the Major became really convinced of his companion's veracity. The harmless Cyrus was unaccustomed to deal with problems so momentous as that which now oppressed him, and it weighed him down altogether. He had forgotten even to embellish his story with invention.

"He came to me last night," he continued, "and made me split my savings with him. He got the money out of me in order to go down there and denounce the man, and try, of course, to blood him. He said as were to go shares in what he got; but of course I should never see a penny if I wanted it, and I couldn't touch it if he offered it."

"Well," said the Major, "it's a queer story. What do you want to ask my advice about?"

Sullivan, nothing to verbal response, arose, and turned his back upon his companion. He drew from an inner breast pocket a letter, from which he removed the envelop, and laying this upon the table with the superscription downward, set his hand upon it and held out the letter to the Major.

"Read that," he said, with a face and voice expressive of something like desperation.

The Major leaned back in his chair, threw one leg over the other, and read, murmuringly:

"Sir,—I am informed that a very horrible danger overhangs an English gentleman of high position and unblemished reputation who, thirteen years ago, lived in Paris the name of Augustus Morton. If that gentleman is known to you or is of the utmost moment that he should at once be informed of the danger which threatens him, I shall be happy to give any particulars also in my required at my hands. If there is no truth in the position and appalling statements which have reached me, I can, at least, have done no harm by forwarding this letter.

"Your obedient servant,

"CYRUS SULLIVAN."

"Well," said the Major, "what is the object of this letter?"

Sullivan sat silent.

"Do you want to black mail the man on your own account?" asked the Major, sardonically.

"No," said Cyrus. But the denial sounded undetermined.

"What is your object in sending the letter?" demanded Morton.

Cyrus glanced at him with a look half doubt, half guilt, and all appeal.

"I don't know," he answered, faltering. "Perhaps," he added, in an apologetic manner, "there might be something in it."

"What does that mean?" asked the Major.

"Why, you know," said Mr Sullivan, vaguely and guilty, "he's a very wealthy man."

"And that means," said Morton, "that you do want to black-mail the man on your own account."

"No, it doesn't," Cyrus protested, "but we might feel grateful for it"—he paused and tried hard, searching for a fit expression—"he might feel grateful for a tip."

"And so," said the Major, "for a pecuniary consideration you are willing to become an accessory after the fact to murder."

He took up his hat, fixed it deliberately, and moved toward the door, the poor Cyrus sitting quite crushed and forlorn, with bent head and dejected countenance.

"I am not quite certain," said the Major, pausing at the door, and turning, "that a good citizen would not feel it his duty to take this story of yours to the authorities. But I do not profess to be a model citizen myself. I am a man of conventional timidity and slyness, and I hate a row."

"For Heaven's sake," groaned Cyrus, "don't split on me, Major Morton. I see now what I ought to have done, but I can't do it. I wouldn't have the man's life upon my hands, sir, for all the gold in the cellars of the Bank of England. If I did a thing like that, I don't believe I should ever go to sleep again. But if you split, I am ruined. It would all get into the papers, and I should lose the only truth I have."

"Every citizen," said the Major, "owes a debt to the commonwealth. If you are really aware of the fact that a murder has been committed, and that the murderer has gone undiscovered, and lived in prosperity and general esteem for thirteen years, it is your plain duty to lay what you know before the authorities. If I believed you, it would be my plain duty to lay the matter before them. But, you see, I do not believe you, and I won't believe you. You may understand that, if you like, as expressing no doubt of your veracity."

Cyrus, sitting at the table during the Major's address, moved necessarily with the letter, turning it this and that, until, with a little gesture of despair, he threw it from him as Morton spoke his final words, and the letter fell, superscription upward, on the table. It was addressed in a very legible and clerk like hand, and the writing was rather unusually large. The letter lay within a yard of Morton's nose, and before he knew it he had read the address. Sullivan looked up at him swiftly, and laid a rapid hand upon the letter. But the motion was merely instinctive, for his glance, rapid and furtive as it was, had told him clearly that the address had been read. There was silence for the space of a full minute, and then the Major spoke.

"In that the man," he asked, "to whom the letter is addressed?"

"Yes," said Cyrus.

Then there was silence for another minute or thereabouts.

"Are you going to send that letter?" Morton asked.

"I don't know," said Sullivan, miserably.

"Well," said the Major, with the air of a man who has made up his mind, "I won't have art or part in the matter."

And with that he left the room, walked downstairs and into the street. Arrived there, he paused, and drawing a letter from his pocket, read it with an air of profound chagrin. It came from Dick Douglas, who had now been a visitor at Mr Kenyon's house for some six weeks, and it sang Helen, Helen, and nothing but Helen, from beginning to end. Douglas, in his letters, which had been very regular indeed, had clung to this theme with remarkable tenacity. He had scarcely ever carried from it, and he all bachelor chum had known for what now seemed a long time that the young fellow was falling more and more and more in love with his host's niece. And now this horrible charge hung over the host himself.

The Major was shaken out of his ordinary equanimity, and he acted with less than his common coolness. He dived into a hotel, consulted a time-table, and then rushed off to the nearest telegraph office, and wired to Douglas, "Meet me, railway station, Perry Haughton, six thirty." Then he hurried away to Dick's chambers, packed a meagre portmanteau, carried it to the railway station, and in due time was whirled away into the country.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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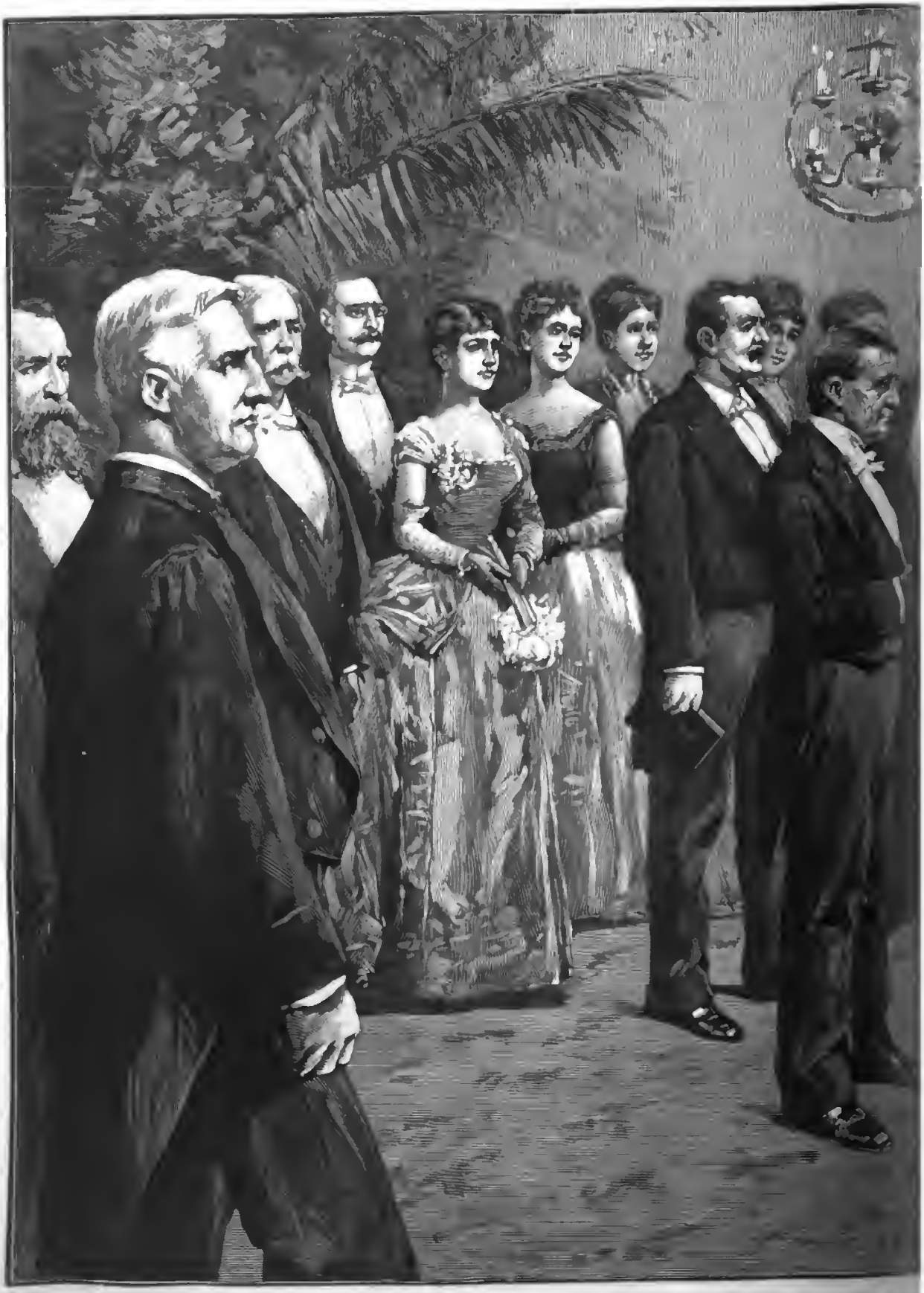

THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDIN

. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

## JUNE

O month of verdant beauty,
Of strawberries and leaves,
Of sentiment and roses,
Of balmy moonlight eves,
Of bobolinks and rosy haze,
Of carelessness and easy ways;

Of maidens in white muslin
Without a chaperon,
Of row boats on the water
When two are all alone,
Of laughter low and light guitars
That tinkle underneath the stars.

O month of college festals,
High speech and cooing dove,
Blue ribbon and the classics,
Young orators in love,
While all the world as youthful seems
As do their sweetly flowing themes;

Of innocent flirtations,
While dress-makers engage
The minds of mothers watchful
And dragons wise and sage,
Ere yet the season at the Springs
Or by the shore its madness brings

Ere yet do morning rambles
Begin to be a bore,
And doubts creep in, and moonlight
Is prosier than before,
And roses fall, and plans are waged,
And chestnut maidens get engaged.

O couldst thou stay forever
And weave thy simple arts,
There were no withered leaves then,
Nor many withered hearts.
Love loves to bath in thy green way,
But shuns Dame Fashion's holiday.

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

## THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING.

THE marriage of GROVER CLEVELAND, President of the United States, to Miss FRANCES FOLSOM took place on Wednesday, June 2, in the White House, at a few minutes after seven o'clock in the evening. The bride was the daughter of Mr. OSCAR FOLSOM, of Buffalo, who was killed in 1875 by being thrown from a carriage. Mr. CLEVELAND and Colonel FOLSOM were partners in law practice, and the man who was to become President became first the guardian of the child to be, eleven years later, was destined to share with him the highest honors in the land. Always interested in his charge as a bright, merry child, apt pupil at school, and unaffectedly winning manhood at college, his interest deepened as she budded into womanhood. Two years ago it was noticed by his sisters and other relatives that Mr. CLEVELAND's admiration for Miss FOLSOM was becoming a more ardent sentiment than that of a guardian for a ward. The discovery was hailed with great joy, but it was hope a secret in the family. A year ago, in the spring of 1885, soon after Mr. CLEVELAND became President, Miss FOLSOM was a guest of Miss CLEVELAND at the White House. During that visit the important question was asked, and the engagement was made. Again, in the fall of the year, Miss FOLSOM and her mother made a visit to the White House, and at that time the time of the wedding was fixed. It was to be in June following, but no date was named. Not until the return of Miss FOLSOM from Europe, on May 27, was it decided that the ceremony should take place on the following Wednesday. Miss FOLSOM and her mother and cousin, Mr. BENJAMIN FOLSOM, arrived in Washington early on the wedding day, and went to the White House, being received at the station by Miss CLEVELAND, and greeted on arriving in front of the Executive Mansion by Mr. CLEVELAND, Mrs. HOYT, his sister, Mr. and Mrs. ROLLINS, relatives of the bride, and Miss NELSON, an intimate friend of Miss CLEVELAND. According to the desire of both Mr. CLEVELAND and Miss FOLSOM that the ceremony should be private and not ostentatious, the adornment of the building for the wedding was less elaborate than it has been on many other occasions.

The East Room was decorated with groups of palms, ferns, azaleas, and hydrangeas set in the window spaces, and one graceful little forest of graceful palms, the tallest almost touching the ceiling, was arranged at the east side of the apartment, opposite the door leading into the private corridor. Four columns that support the ceiling were trimmed with garlands of roses, and reliefway between floor and ceiling, on each pillar, was hung a large floral shield, reproducing the national colors in field and stripes. Choice cut flowers were heaped upon the four large mantels, orchids, lilies, and roses predominating. From the crystal chandeliers depended festoons of smilax, and in the fireplaces was an abundance of foliage plants. There were few decorations in the Green Room and the Red Room. The Blue Room, in which the ceremony took place, was the principal concern of the White House florist, who arranged the decorations. The purpose was to transform it as completely as possible into a floral bower. At the south side a stately grove of tall tropical plants concealed the window the feathery tops of the tallest palms touching the ceiling. The main entrance to the room was flanked on either side by a group of flowering plants. Over the door was a floral scroll of red, white, and blue bore the motto "E Pluribus Unum," troops of plants, including begonias and hydrangeas in bloom, stood at each side of the room near the centre, and the fireplace glowed with a representation in flowers of a blazing fire. Upon the east mantel there was a solid bank of pansies in different colors, with the letters "June 2, 1886," in white pansies across its length. Upon the mantel facing the one was a bank of roses, dark red ones at the centre, and graded to the lightest pressable hues at the edges, with the monogram "C. F." interwoven in roses and white roses. Baskets of roses were suspended from the mirrors. The corridor was decorated with tall plants.

Into the Blue Room, a few moments before seven o'clock, were ushered the small party of relatives, intimate friends, and guests who had been summoned. As they entered they were received by Miss CLEVELAND and Mrs. HOYT, sisters of the President. The company included, in addition to the sisters of the groom, Mrs. FOLSOM, mother of the bride; the Rev. WILLIAM N. CLEVELAND, the President's brother, Thomas F. HAYARD, Secretary of State; DANIEL MANNING, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mrs. MANNING; WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, Secretary of War, and Mrs. ENDICOTT; WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. WHITNEY, WILLIAM F. VILAS, Postmaster-General, and Mrs. VILAS, L. Q. C. LAMAR, Secretary of the Interior, DANIEL S. LAMONT, Private Secretary to the President, and Mrs. LAMONT; BENJAMIN FOLSOM, of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. ROGERS, of Seneca Falls, New York, Mrs. CADMAN and little Miss CADMAN, and Miss HUDDLESTON, of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. HARMON, of Boston, relatives of the bride, Miss NELSON, of New York; Mr. WILSON S. BISSELL, of Buffalo, a former law partner of the President; and the Rev. Dr. SUDDERLAND and Mrs. SUDDERLAND. The cabinet group would have been complete with Attorney General GARLAND, but he had sent a simple note of excuse, and did not appear. The Marine Band, in its scarlet and gold uniform, began playing MENDELSSOHN'S Wedding March a few moments before seven, and the bride and groom entered the Blue Room arm in arm. The bride wore an elaborate dress of white satin, with orange blossoms and veil falling over a long train.

She wore no jewels except her engagement ring of sapphires and diamonds, and did not carry a bouquet. The groom wore the conventional evening dress, a turned-down collar and white bow tie, and white vests. The conversation in the Blue Room stopped as they entered, and the occupants of the parlors fell back in a semicircle, formed with Mrs. FOLSOM and Secretary RAYARD on the left of the bride, Mrs. HOYT beyond, and Mr. and Mrs. WHITNEY, Mr. and Mrs. ENDICOTT, Miss CLEVELAND, Mr. LAMAR, Mr. and Mrs. MANNING, Mr. and Mrs. VILAS, distributed in the order described from left to right, and with Colonel LAMONT and Mrs. LAMONT at the end of the semicircle, and nearest the President's right hand. The President and Miss FOLSOM advanced to the centre of the room, standing under the chandelier. The Rev. Dr. SUDDERLAND and the Rev. Mr. CLEVELAND occupied places in advance of the semicircle. As the bride and groom reached their places, the music of the Wedding March ceased, the Rev. Dr. SUDDERLAND advanced a step nearer, and the service proceeded. At the same moment a salute of twenty-one guns began at the Arsenal, and all the church bells were rung. The bride and groom both responded to the questions of the minister with clear voices, a ring was produced by the groom and put upon the bride's finger, the brother of the groom invoked the Divine blessing upon the union, and the service was over. The President did not salute the bride with a kiss. After receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the President and his wife led the way to the prettily decorated private dining room, where an elegant collation was served to groups of three and four at small side tables. The bride cut the wedding-cake, the company drank her health, and bride and groom withdrew, to reappear shortly in travelling costume. Just before nine o'clock the good-byes were said from the south porch, and the bridal coach drove off amid a shower of old shoes and rice.

A special train of two cars awaited them at a suburban spot, and at 9 10 started for Deer Park, Maryland. The President had engaged a cottage, the property of the hotel company, and he and his wife, with valet and maid, reached the cottage about sunrise on Thursday, in a drizzling rain.

The gifts to the couple included brooches from Mr. and Mrs. WHITNEY and Mr. and Mrs. VILAS, four silver candlesticks from Mr. and Mrs. ENDICOTT, a gold smelling bottle set with diamonds from Mr. LAMAR, a diamond pendant from Mr. BISSELL, and a number of others whose givers were not made known. One of the official acts of the President on his wedding day was the pardon of R. F. HOSLOW, sentenced three years ago to imprisonment for five years in the Concord (New Hampshire) Penitentiary for a defalcation while receiving teller of the National Bank of the Republic of Washington.

While Mr. CLEVELAND was the first President to be married in the White House, it has been the scene of several weddings. Representative Jesse G. JACKSON and Miss TODD were married there in MADISON'S time; Miss TODD was related to the President. The first East Room wedding was that of WILLIAM WALLER, of Virginia, and ELIZABETH TYLER, the daughter of President TYLER. John QUINCY ADAMS, Jun., and Miss JOHNSON were married in the White House during the term of the groom's father, and in JACKSON'S term Mr. POLK, of Tennessee, was married to Miss KNOX, the President's niece, and M. PAQUENET, afterward French Minister, was united to Miss LEWIS, of Nashville. In MONROE'S time SAMUEL GOUVERNEUR, Private Secretary to the President, was married to MARTHA MONROE. In 1874, during GRANT'S term, his daughter NELLIE and Mr. SARTORIS were married in the East Room, and in President HAYES'S term the East Room was the scene of the wedding of General RUSSELL HASTINGS and Miss PLATT. All of these weddings were private, as was that of President CLEVELAND, but all of the previous weddings have lacked the significance of the event of June 2, 1886, and none of them was attended by the cabinet officers and their wives.

## WHY MISS FORTUNE STAID IN THE CITY.

IT was a hot day in May—one of those early hot days that are so exhausting—and Miss Fortune Wayland, tired with that provoking kind of shopping that consists in "matching things," turned into a fashionable ladies' restaurant for rest and refreshment. She was a calm, equable girl, not readily irritated, but it was a trifle annoying to have her quiet interrupted by the rustling, laughing, and chattering of the very two girls whose company at that hour she would most of all have deprecated.

For she was dusty and heated, and not in her freshest toilet, and Ida Vincent and Kate Cruse had just stepped from their carriage in all the lustre and freshness of elegant spring costumes. They, of course, could afford to be pleasant; it was a much harder thing for Fortune to smile and say: "Is it really you? I am glad to see you."

They sat down together, and began to eat ices, and discuss toilets and summer plans. "We were going to Europe," said Ida, with a charming freshness, "but some one is going to the Branch, and of course we follow in his wake. Mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him."

"I know whom you mean, Ida; there is really no need for you to affect secrecy. It is Ray Symington. My mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him also."

"And pray who is Ray Symington?"

"As if you did not know, Fortune! Why, your father is his lawyer. He has been back for a month, and was at the Nobles' and the Hillsgrs' and—"

"Now I know whom you mean," said Fortune. "He used to come a great deal to our house before he went abroad. That is six years ago; I was only a school-girl then, but from what I remember of Ray Symington I think he will never fall in love with any woman except one made to order. However, he does not concern me; I have fringes on my mind at present. So I will say good by, girls."

"Was a quarter of an hour, and we will take you as far as Aithin's."

"Thanks; I cannot wait; I am to meet mamma and Gertrude at Madame Decimer's. Adieu."

Fortune was walking down Broadway again, and this time without the least sense of heat or fatigue. She was calling to remembrance some autumn days six years ago, when she had first seen Ray Symington. What a happy September and October it had been! She had come into town early in order to enter school at the commencement of the session, and had been alone with her father. During those days Ray had been much with them, and she had sat listening happily to his travels by land and sea, and heard him discuss with Mr. Wayland scientific subjects in which both of them were interested. How often she had brought them tea or coffee while they sat talking, and what pleasant words and looks he had given her!

Nay, there had been something more than this. One night when Mr. Wayland had been called out on business, and they two sat alone by the little open fire that the chill October night made necessary, Ray had held her hand and said, surrowfully, "Fortune, will you forget me when I go over the sea, and never remember the pleasant nights on these here land together?"

"If they were pleasant, why do you go away?" she asked, softly.

"You almost tempt me to ask to stay; but you are so young it would be unfair. I am an old man, child, travelled and disillusioned; it would be unfair. You must see the world first, Fortune; and then—and then I'll you remember me, ah, how happy I shall be! Give me the rose at your belt, dear child. Perhaps you will think of me till it withers."

"I shall never forget you."

But Ray either misinterpreted the young, inexperienced heart, or he feared to trust the future with it. He only kissed the rose, and kissed the hand that gave it, and so an hour there was an end of Fortune's young romance.

Perhaps just in this very hour her good fate had turned toward her, for what she had failed to find and failed to do all morning now came easily to her hand, and even such strange as finding the exact trimming wanted may show that the contrary wind has changed and a favoring gale sprung up. She was not conscious of reasoning in this way, but she *felt* a change, and under its influence looked so bright and happy that, when she met her mother and sister at Madame Decimer's, Mrs. Wayland chose to feel irritated at it.

"You are so contradictious, Fortune!" she said. "Here you are, looking as fresh and happy as possible, while poor Gertrude and I are worried to death. It is too aggravating!"

"What is the matter, mamma?"

"Your father is so provoking! He came home early to-day, just because he knew we had an appointment with modiste, and he talked such nonsense about not being able to afford this and that that it really took all interest out of our spring costumes. Besides, he actually wanted me to stay at home this summer, and send you and Gertrude with your aunt Lucy—and it's Gertrude's first season! He never has a particle of consideration."

"Mamma, I do not care about going away. I have had six seasons, and, as you say, done nothing with them. Spend what money you have on Gerty."

"But what will people say?"

"Never mind people. Papa is far from well—say that I am staying to take care of him. I am sure some one ought to do it, especially as he cannot possibly leave the city."

Fortune was quite recounted to the lot she had proposed for herself when the saw how happy the plan made her father.

"I have not forgot, Fortune," he said, "what a splendid little house-keeper you made six years ago."

So Mrs. Wayland and her younger daughter went to the Branch, and Fortune and her father lived together in a regular quiet fashion that was the greatest luxury to the overworked lawyer. Twice Mr Symington had called before the ladies left, and both times Fortune missed him. The call seemed to have made little impression on the family. Mrs Wayland said he had aged a great deal, and Gertrude said he was ugly and cross and old; and there Fortune's romance ended.

"He asked after you, Fortune," said Gertrude, carelessly, as she was examining her new riding hat, "and mamma told him you were absorbed in toilets at present. So he said, 'Pray do not disturb the young lady; I dare say she has forgotten me.'"

In about two weeks Gertrude's letters began to name Mr Symington very frequently. He and his cousin, Colonel Hill, had called on them, and Gertrude thought both gentlemen "very nice." Pretty soon every letter was full of the two names. They were the key note to which all Gertrude's life seemed to be set, and Fortune noticed that Ray Symington was the prevailing refrain.

Even Mr. Wayland began to speculate on the probabilities of an intimate acquaintance. "I do not think it would do, Fortune," he said one evening, after he had read and re-read a letter from his wife. "Gerty and Symington I mean. She is so fond of society, and he never cared for it. It would not do; all the money in the world would not make them happy. Mr Symington see—"

"*Here*, my dear old friend. The servant told me where you were, and I took the liberty of coming without announcement—handy I used to do."

He had taken Fortune's hand, and stood looking in her face. Then he drew a chair between father and daughter, and sat down. He had come on business, he said, but it would keep till next day; there was plenty else to talk about, and it must have been very interesting matter, for the three sat together chatting happily until the church clocks time striking midnight all around.

It was about the alteration of some property that Mr Symington had returned. There were dwelling houses to be turned into stores, and he had decided to stay in the city until the architect had finished the plans. It was very hot weather, and the architect could not be hurried, and Ray was in no mood to hurry him. So the days came and went in a slow, dreamy monotony that every one seemed perfectly happy with.

Ray generally strolled in to Mr Wayland's as they were taking breakfast, and Fortune gave him a cup of coffee. He sipped it, and talked over the news in the morning papers. Then the two gentlemen went down town together, and Fortune took her sewing into the coolest room, and found her days thus thoughtfully pleasant enough company until afternoon. Before dinner she went with her father to drive in the Park, and they generally met Ray before they returned home. Sometimes he rode home at their side, sometimes he gave his horse to his servant, and took a seat beside Fortune in Mr Wayland's carriage. When he did so he stayed to dinner, and when he stayed to dinner he staid until midnight.

They did not even talk together, he had fallen into the habit of asking her assent to any of his opinions by a look, which she generally answered by a bright, intelligent little nod of acquiescence; and when he had received this he went on with his argument.

But perhaps this silent understanding of each other was more dangerous than words; at any rate, Fortune felt it to be so. She could not disguise from herself that Ray Symington usurped more exclusively than ever all her thoughts and hopes, and yet she was forced to admit that he seemed unconscious of his power over her. She noticed that Gertrude had never named him since he left the Branch, and she wondered what this apparent indifference could mean. It must be one of two things—either Gertrude cared nothing at all for him, or she cared a great deal.

One morning, as she was handing Ray a cup of coffee, he had a number of letters in his hand, and in his effort to relieve her speedily he let them drop. They scattered sufficiently to allow her to see that two of them were directed by Gertrude. There was no mistaking her small, running, insignificant writing.

After this discovery she withdrew more and more from the conversation of the gentlemen, and the bright, intelligent looks with which she had used to answer Ray's inquiring glances were more and more at fault. He saw and felt the change, but failed to draw the proper inference.

Things had indeed come to a position in which it seemed to Fortune folly to nurse longer a sentiment which it was evident Ray had not the slightest desire to reciprocate. She would at once give up everything that encouraged so hopeless a love. Letters to destroy she had none, and as for tokens or souvenirs, she had only that one earnest breath of a dead world to give up. It was not a pretty ornament, and she had never worn it, but Ray had told her that it was very precious to him, and valued above gold and silver. Yet he had made no inquiries about its welfare, and no remark about her not wearing it. If he valued it so much, he should have it back; it was the only link between them, and it should be broken at once.

She walked to her desk and took it out of the little box in which it had lain for years. She laid it in her palm, and it seemed to glow and burn and reflect a thousand lights. It was lovely. It was very dear to her. She kissed it with passionate fervor. She threw herself on the sofa and sapt some very bitter tears for the death of a dream so tender and so lovely, and

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the felt that all of the sweetness and dew of her youth went with it.

But as she lay weeping, Ray stepped quietly up to her side. He took her in his arms, and tenderly kissed away the sad, large tears. "Darling," he said, "I have seen all. You have kept my token; you were weeping over it. You love me, Fortune—you love me. Oh, beloved, do not now deny it!"

"How dare I love you, Ray?"

"How dare you not to love me? Have I not carried your image in my heart for six years? I won't have my token back, and I won't leave you until you say that you will be my wife. Think of it a moment."

"It is enough, Ray. I have thought only of you for six years."

"Then, my sweet Fortune, let us be married to-morrow—to-day. Why should we delay longer?"

"One thing, Ray, I must ask you. I saw two letters from Gertrude among the papers you dropped one morning?"

"Gertrude has written me in all six letters."

"Oh!"

"About my cousin Hill. Hill loves her desperately, and Gertrude has been teasing him to the point of distraction. I have written and given her some good advice; she heeded it."

There are no advocates like lovers. They speak with the tongues of men and angels, and Ray won his case—in a manner. There was a hurried visit of Mrs. Wayland and Miss Gertrude to New York, and the next day all the fashionable world knew that Ray Symington had been married in the most unfashionable weather and in the most unfashionable manner to Miss Fortune Wayland.

## THE HOTEL PIAZZA.

It was only a wee little corner
Of the hotel piazza, you know,
But many a scheme of young Cupid's
Found there ample leisure to grow.
'Twould only hold two, I remember,
Just room for one jolly young pair,
With only the vines and the moonbeams
The joys of "flirtation" to share.

Oh, Jack, it was truly delicious
Some warm little soft hand to hold!
There's nothing just like a snug corner
To make a man earnest and bold.
I could bring out the sweetest of blushes
On cheeks that were fair as the snow,
And somehow my own heart would tremble
At tones that were silvery and low.

And sometimes 'twas Katie the merry,
And sometimes 'twas Jessie the fair,
And sometimes sweet Annie the gentle,
With whom that wee corner I'd there.
'Twas strange how those girls could bewitch me
Till I fancied each heart was my own,
But between Kate and Jessie and Annie
I fell to the ground all alone.

So beware of those wee little corners
On hotel piazzas, you know,
Where the moonbeams can peep through the vine leaves
Like arrows from Cupid's drawn bow
'Tis awfully jolly—I know it—
To risk a flirtation out there,
But it somehow brings grief to a fellow
Which none of the maidens will share.

M. D. BRIDE.

## EDUCATING VOTERS.

In the very serious dangers that surround our city our first duty is reform. It is of all things most necessary that we should have officials worthy of confidence and respect. The kind of officials we require may be best pointed out in negatives. They should not be habitual office-seekers, our persons eager to force themselves into power. They should not make use of their offices to plunder the community either directly or through their friends. They should have had no close associations with the men who have heretofore robbed the city. They should be honest men. Evil communications have been the chief source of our city's misfortunes, and many respectable reputations have perished amidst the influences of corrupt associations. Our city rulers should be men of cultivation and intelligence. They should at least have sufficient moral refinement to know that it is wrong to take bribes, to trade in offices, to give offices to worthless friends, to make money from public contracts, to belong to disreputable political associations and clubs, to associate with well-known political thieves, and sell themselves for votes or money.

Reform must begin with the voters. Our citizens are the authors of their own misfortunes. It is certain that a large majority among us are desirous of choosing good rulers. They have no desire to see the criminal classes occupying all the public offices. They have some interest in saving the public money from thieves, in the health of the city, in pure water and fresh air, and the protection of their families and themselves from the corrupt examples of their rulers. What father but wishes his sons to be honest men, his daughters to live honorable lives, his home to be secure from the thief and the assassin? Yet what home is safe among us with officials in league with burglars, and courts and judges controlled by the criminals they are meant to condemn? What fearful examples of successful villany have been held up before the eyes of our young men and women? What a strange history is that of the city of New York for more than thirty years!

To reform our voting class is evidently the only path to improvement—to make every voter intelligent and willing to fulfil his duty to the community. There are several ways suggested for doing this. One is the absolute form of a property qualification. But it has been found that political virtue does not follow money, and that small constituencies are often the most open to corruption. Another plan is cumulative voting—a real advance upon unobstructed suffrage. The native American requires a long education for the foreign voter and his exclusion from office. The recent annals of our city show that such a restriction would at least have saved us from many evils. Thus was the policy of Athens and of Rome. It is the one we practice toward the Chinese and the native tribes of the forest. In some states reading and writing are made the qualification of the voter, in others, a poll tax.

But the true test of the right to vote is knowledge. It is because he comes from a land of brutal ignorance that the Pole or the Bohemian prepares his dynamite, and the Irish savage falls into the hands of his false guides, that our foreign population has so often covered our cities with bloodshed, and yielded only to the terrors of the law; and it is the ignorant voters of our city who have so often held it upon to plunder and to crime. An easy remedy would be to require every voter to be educated at some public school, and in every public school to require some political training. The new generation would in this way learn that it has duties to fulfil toward the state. Each succeeding generation would become more prudent and careful of its own interests and those of others. Honesty is the result of education—its enforcement, of law. The French have recently introduced a manual of morals into their public schools; the English board schools teach even the elements of good manners. An educational test for every voter would soon enforce an improvement in all our methods of education.

In our common-school system we possess the key to our future national progress. It may be made to mould and guide an honest and united nation. The details of an educational test for voting may be varied, but the principle is admitted in every modern constitution. Knowledge is allowed to be the source of all good government. The rule of uneducated foreigners in New York by its singular disasters has only proved the principle anew.

EDWIN LAWRANCE.

## MR. CLEVELAND'S COTTAGE.

President Cleveland has become a real estate owner. Just about the time Miss Folsom arrived in New York on her return from Europe he completed the purchase of a house and tract of about thirty acres of land on the Tenallytown Road, one and a half miles north of Georgetown, and about three miles away from the White House. Last summer, when he was invited by the manager or superintendent of the Soldiers' Home cottage to occupy that house, he declined, having a strong conviction against the propriety of using a building maintained by the contributions of the army. The White House becomes a monotonous residence for one who is confined to its four walls and the almost constant visits of place-hunters and anxious officers. To find a place not too remote from the Executive Mansion, and in the country, the President drove about on a prospecting tour, and a modest little gray stone house on high ground, from the front of which an extensive view of the hills of Virginia, the Potomac River, and the capital was obtainable, arrested his attention. After some negotiations it was purchased for him at a cost of $21,500, and the deed was registered in his name. It is a place with a long but not important history in the office of the Recorder of Deeds. It has been variously named "Pretty Prospect," "Rosalia," and "Forest Hill," but the latter designation is the one by which it is to be known. The house is constructed of rubble, square, and with a slightly pitched roof, and with an extension kitchen, with servants' rooms above. On the parlor floor are parlor, library, dining-room, pantry, and kitchen. There are five chambers, moderately spacious, well lighted and ventilated, on the second floor. The piazza on the south side, fronting the road, commands the best view, and was an attractive feature to the President when he first saw the place. Near by is "Woodley," formerly the home of Philip Barton Key, and not far away is the country place of Secretary Whitney, which has been known as "Grassland." Madame Iturbide, who married Count Iturbide, formerly Mexican Minister, has a place in the neighborhood. The country near by is not altogether attractive to the Northern eye, accustomed to more fertile farms, greener fields, and more luxuriant trees, but for the purposes of the President the place is admirable. It is not his intention to occupy it as a permanent residence, even for the summer, unless it should happen to prove attractive to Mrs. Cleveland. He contemplated only the occasional resort to it in extremely hot weather, when the temperature is always higher in the city than is in outside the line of asphalted pavements, and when he feels compelled to apply himself to tasks that ought not to be interrupted by casual visitors. On such days as those he had in mind, when the city is sweltering, and work in the White House is out of the question, he believes that he can go to the broad hall at "Forest Hill," and, seated at a table over which the unobstructed breeze has full play, devote himself uninterruptedly to a good deal of serious business, which would be difficult to expedite in the White House, open as it is from morning until night to every person who chooses to call.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Too interesting information is brought to us from Rome that the Capitoline wolf is dead. It seems that for centuries a live wolf has been kept in the garden of the Capitol in commemoration of the great assistance that a wolf once rendered to the infants Romulus and Remus. The memorial wolf, of course, has frequently died before, but on each fatal occasion he has been promptly replaced. It is timely, however, that the one whose death is now reported will be notable as the last of his long line. Of recent years people have complained bitterly of the howling of the wolf at night, and it is reported that the Roman municipality have decided to do without a live specimen hereafter. If there is any moral to this bit of history, it must be that it is well to keep quiet when you are in the enjoyment of a sinecure.

A Chicago woman writes that she saw something in Boston recently which in Chicago would be simply impossible. An audience coming out from a reading by a Harvard professor found itself confronted by a brisk rain. Most of those who were without umbrellas lingered in the vestibule of the hall where the reading had been given, but one lady, who had a new and remarkably pretty bonnet, and no umbrella for its shelter, was not at all deterred by the storm. Stepping from the vestibule into a music store which opened into it, she obtained a sheet of ordinary brown wrapping paper, which she deftly formed into an ample, old-fashioned "shaker," and putting it on over the bonnet which she wished to protect, trotted forth into the shower and down the street, wreathed in smiles, and with a mind utterly at peace.

A little girl in Iowa, is it said, is obliged to hold a book or a newspaper upside down when she reads. She is troubled with a peculiar ocular perversity which inverts everything. The most ordinary matters and occurrences seem to her extraordinary phenomena. Persons who are sitting down appear to her as be sitting up, and people are constantly living up and falling up, according to her observations. While writing herself and with the experience a continual surprise that the contents of the bowl do not drop out. Why the river does not tumble down upon people crossing a bridge is something that she does not understand. The Sun on the ceiling she considers the most remarkable of created things.

A medical paper says that if tobacco is wet with the juice of the water-cress the nicotine will be neutralized, and the smoker may indulge himself to the top of his bent without ill effects. This discovery will be hailed with joy by some, while others will view it with alarm. The owners of tobacco who object to it on the ground of good taste will hardly be pleased to learn that it may readily be shorn of a sting which has always been rather potent in deterring beginners, and which has even kept most devotees within bounds. A great many who have refrained from its use because they considered it deleterious will hardly continue to reject it merely because it "makes a chimney of the nose." The uncircumcised youth who wishes to smoke will of course be overjoyed at the possibility of doing so without fear of the awful consequence which has hitherto been associated with a beginning of the practice. The discovery will be a severe blow to the industry of making sweet-fern cigars.

A Nevada paper says that the tires on wagon wheels are rounded off by a stony road, worn flat by clay, and hollowed out by sand, and that in the Honey Lake Valley tires are worn in grooves, or fluted, by the peculiar metabolism of soil; when you drive north and south the grooves run round the tire, but when you drive east and west they run crosswise, making a rugged wheel. It is the statement concerning the tires in Honey Lake Valley that casts doubt upon the Nevada paper's entire collection of remarks.

A young man in Dakota shot himself in the breast with a revolver which he had just bought. Failing to produce any marked effect, he took the weapon back to the tradesman who had sold it to him, declared it was worthless and demanded and obtained the money he had paid for it. Then It afterward he was obliged to take to his bed and he died next day of his wound, without repairing the wrong which in his impatience he had done to the merchant whose pistol he had employed.

"Nearly every town and even village in Switzerland has its daily newspaper," a correspondent observes. Whether all of these newspapers, amounting to upward of four hundred, have a decent circulation, he does not say. In the old towns of Europe people have a great habit of borrowing newspapers, and one copy goes a long way. Besides, the habit of having a town-crier with orders not notices of meetings and entertainments, of articles lost and found, of sheriffs' sales, and of all sorts of other things, must seem to newspaper owners who have space for advertising purposes a somewhat onerous custom to get along with. American communities have the reputation of being generous to newspapers, but to an American editor a daily paper in an old country village would suggest itself as a frightful venture.

SHERIDAN SHOOK THE FOUNDATION OF THE TOWER OF STRENGTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING—THE DEPARTURE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

## JOHN KELLY.

Mr. John Kelly, who died in this city on the 1st of June, at the age of sixty four, was one of the most noted and experienced of local political leaders, and had in his day enjoyed the possession and the fruits of power of a most curious degree and kind. He was best known, in the last fifteen years, as the successor of "Boss" Tweed in the leadership of Tammany Hall, but he was a noted and almost a famous leader in the field of national politics at a period "before the war," and when great events were taking place, the details of which are now almost forgotten. Mr Kelly began life as a newsboy and an employé in the *Herald* office, and had a meagre education in one of the public schools and in the parish school of St. Patrick's. In early manhood, however, he learned the trade of a grate-setter and soapstone mason, and for many years had a shop, with his brother Hugh, in Elizabeth Street, near Broome. He very soon took an active part in the politics of the Fourteenth Ward, where success in those days had to be got and held literally by force, and his political battles involved many a hard-fought bout at fisticuffs, in which his strength, courage, and skill usually gave him the victory. His first appearance as a candidate was for the office of Assessor of the Ward, and his second, for the office of Assistant Alderman, in both cases against the faction of "Hunt" Walsh, the champion of the violent Irish element. In both cases he was defeated, but he had established his reputation as a bold leader and a hard fighter, and when in 1854 Walsh secured the nomination for Congress, John Kelly, to the amazement of the leaders, who then included the afterward famous Peter B. Sweeny, entered the field against him, and was elected by the aid of the Native-American vote. He had already been chosen Alderman (in 1853) by the same aid, and had won the epithet of the "Irish Know-Nothing." In Washington, where Mr Kelly spent four years, being again elected in 1858, he soon proved his entire lack of sympathy with the Know-Nothing party, and became the most outspoken defender of the Roman Catholic Church and its followers. At that time he was the only member of the Church in the House. He was courted by President Pierce and Mr Marcy, and in the National Convention of the Democratic party in 1856 he used all his influence for the renomination of Pierce. His after-relations with Mr Buchanan were not pleasant, and he soon tired of Congressional life, especially as he lost control of the Federal patronage which he had been allowed to use under Pierce.

He came back to New York, and sought and won the place of Sheriff, which was then, as it has been since, very profitable, and he held it until 1861, gaining here a good part of the fortune which he ultimately acquired. During the next ten years he was necessarily brought into close relations with Tweed and the Ring, who then controlled Tammany Hall. But the Hall was by no means the compact machine it afterward became, and though Kelly was twice nominated for Sheriff and elected, it was only by his own strength and skill. Tweed and his men always distrusted and, as much as they dared, fought him. He was so entirely free from any complicity in their plans that, in 1868, he was induced by Messrs Tilden, O'Conor, and Hewitt to contest the election of Oakey Hall as Mayor. He was forced by broken

JOHN KELLY.—Photographed by J. G. Dimmers, New York.

"FOREST HILL," THE PRESIDENT'S SUBURBAN COTTAGE.—[See Page 379.]

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health to withdraw before the election. Hall's election was the final step in the scheme that led to the tremendous robberies of the Ring.

For most of the next three years Mr Kelly was abroad, seeking to recruit his shattered strength, in which he succeeded, and to gain health for his two daughters, in which he failed, one of them dying abroad, and the other being only temporarily benefited. He returned home in 1871, and immediately took a commanding position in the reorganized Tammany Hall. From that time dates his most conspicuous part in the politics of the city and the State. He took hold of Tammany with a firm grip, and was soon acknowledged as the "Boss" in a way that Tweed had never dared to pretend to be. My means of his noted Committee of Discipline, which was wholly in his own hands, he shut out from the Hall every man who would not blindly follow his orders. His first campaign, however, against the nomination of Mr Matsmetter for the Comptroller of Tammany, was a failure. But it was made the occasion for still further consolidating Tammany Hall, and it was followed by success in pushing Mr Tilden on Governor and Mr Wickham as Mayor, and it was from the latter he obtained the nomination as Comptroller, which place he held until 1880. But from this time on his career was one of failure in all his larger enterprises. In 1878 Edward George was elected Mayor against his active and desperate opposition. In 1879 Kelly defeated Mr Robinson for Governor by a "bolt" from the State Convention, and by running for Governor himself lost that was a negative and barren victory. In 1880 he won one of somewhat similar character in defeating the nomination of Mr Tilden to the Presidency, and in 1884 he failed to prevent the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. His activity was thenceforth confined to the manipulation of local offices.

Mr Kelly was twice married, the second time to a niece of Cardinal McCloskey. He was devoted to his family, and a man of temperate habits. He enjoyed the reputation of honesty in his personal affairs.

## THE OLD MOHAMMEDAN'S CURSE.

Two canoes are paddling on the broad Ganges River. Two friends laughing as they race down stream with the current. The river is in flood.

"Look out ahead!" rings a clear voice. "We can't manage that current. We must turn into those trees."

"All right," comes the answer; "hard a-port it is;" and obeying at once the guiding paddle, the first canoe swerves toward the bank in a wide, graceful sweep, and then, driven with a dozen hard strokes shoots astern like a dolphin across the current and beyond it, and glides into the stillness under the shadows of the trees.

At the sudden, silent approach of the canoe a hundred crocodiles, lying only half submerged, are startled into motion, and plunge terrified out of sight, with a prodigious whisking and splashing of tails. The intruder, resting on his paddle, laughs at the commotion, and turns to speak to his friend, who he thinks is following behind. He was not there!

Two days later, dragging the inundated banks, the body was found, fast grappled in the branches of a fallen tree that was lying partially under the water with its boughs up stream. Diving, no doubt, to escape the crocodiles on the surface, he had been sucked down by a swift undercurrent, and swept into the entangling branches of the tree; and there they found his body.

The story was this, and however inaccurate in details, the leading facts are exact. A, B, and C, three friends, and all very fond of sport, had agreed to build themselves a shooting-box in the district where they used to go after large game, and having obtained the permission of government to appropriate the site which they had selected, they sent their workmen out, and the house rapidly grew up. They took it in turn to ride over to the place to see how the work was getting on, and each came back with the same story of an old Mohammedan who was annoying the workmen with dreadful threats and curses, saying that the house was the burial-place of his ancestors. Batch by batch the Mohammedans among the coolies threw up the job, and eventually only Hindoos were left, who thought a Mohammedan's curse rather a bleeding than otherwise.

Inquiry through the magistrate proved that the old man was considered by his neighbors to be crazy, and careful search among the village papers failed to show that he had ever before pretended to any claim on the soil. So the three friends, having thoroughly satisfied the law and themselves that they were doing the old man no wrong, finished their little shooting-box, and one evening at the beginning of the hot weather, went over with a party of friends and took jovial possession. Never was a merrier evening spent. Spirits were high, the prospects of the next day's sport glorious, and the champagne abundant. And the merry dinner over, the whole party were sitting or lying in the veranda smoking their cigars. Conversation was gradually and drowsily dropping off, the stillness of the country, lying so silent and so fast asleep under the vivid moonlight, was itself enough to make them drowsy.

All of a sudden the dogs lying under their masters' chairs growled. A stranger's step was on the gravel. And there, out in the moonlight, holding an armful of lance, and with a human skull in his right hand, stood the old Mohammedan. Deathless of the greeting dogs, the gray-beard began with a suddenness and vehemence that fairly startled all his hearers, and silenced the dogs: "The curse of Allah be on you, you three that built this house! On the bones of our forefathers I curse you, you three! Before the year is over you shall all die, and the house you have built shall go with you!"

He said much more, but these words, repeated again and again, resounded distinctly in the memories of his hearers, and then, flinging down his bundle of lance on to the veranda with a clatter he turned, and in full sight of the astonished party, walked up to the edge of the river bank. The house was built close to the river on a fairly steep bank, and over it.

Several of the party rushed after him, the dogs all joining heartily in what they thought was a chase; but neither up the bank nor down it could man or dog find a trace of the old Mohammedan.

Talking and laughing over "the lunatic's" spiritedness performance, they went to bed, and the splendid sport enjoyed three all through the hot weather made "the old prophet" a matter of jest.

Two months later C died very suddenly. There was cholera in the station, and poor C, attacked at night, was dead the next afternoon. But his, alas! was no unusual case, and in the many deaths that happened "poor C" was never thought of in connection with the curse.

A few more weeks passed. B was riding home from dinner. His horse knew every foot of the mountainous road between the mess-house and the bungalow. Yet it came back to the stable that night riderless, and the servants, going out with lanterns, found their master dead. He had evidently been thrown, and died almost instantaneously from a fracture of the skull.

During the same rainy season the Ganges was in flood, and how A, the last of the three friends, died, I have already told you. And the house that they built was washed away by the same flood. The same undercurrent that had drowned the strong swimmer scooped out the soft clay bank, and the building crumbled down into the river where the old Mohammedan had disappeared.

I do not ask you, reader, to do more than I can do myself. I do not ask you to believe that the curse had any influence, for I do not believe it myself. I merely tell the story of a curious coincidence.

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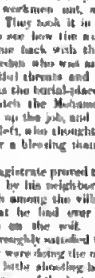

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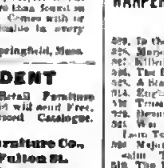

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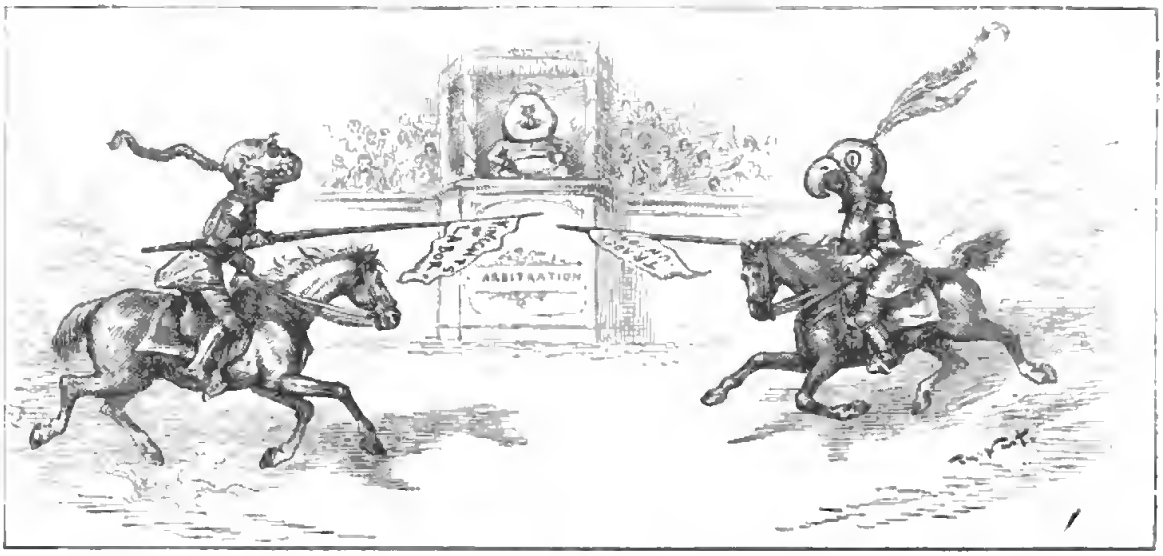


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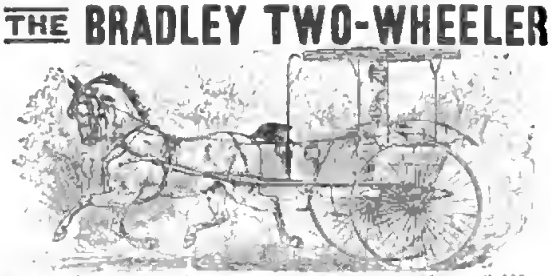

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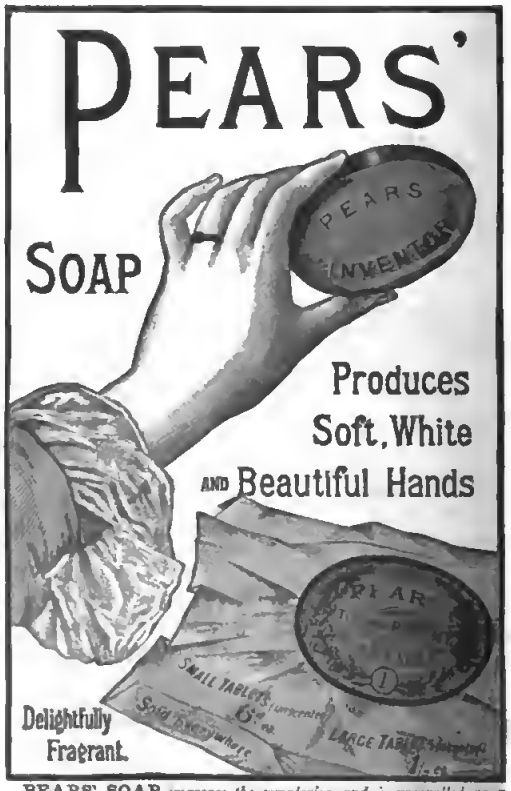


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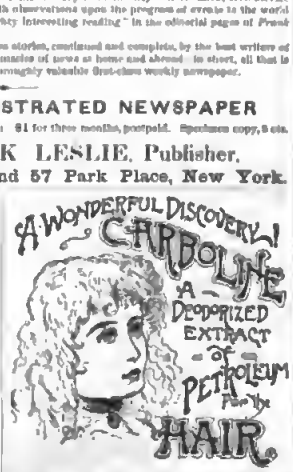


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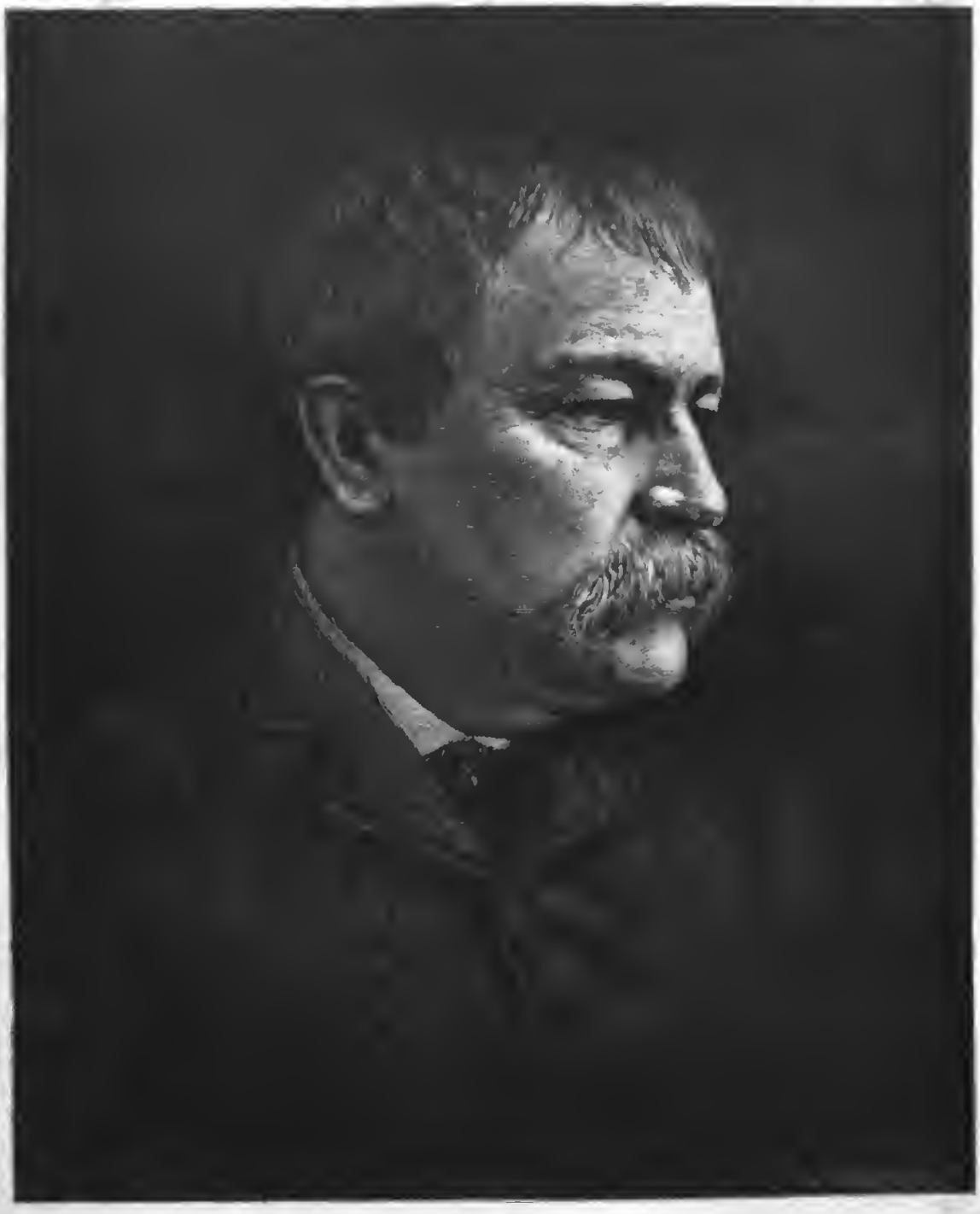

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.—[SEE ARTICLE BY HENRY JAMES ON PAGE 394.]

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## THE LAST STREET RAILROAD STRIKE.

THE mischief which men who live by daily wages do to their own cause by such a performance as the last strike of a day upon the city railroads is incalculable. It was as despotic a freak as any act of the King of Siam, and tends to array the sympathy of the most intelligent citizens against all "labor movements." It cannot be excused as the act of a committee which was not approved by the great body of the railroad employés. It was the act of a committee which the employés had authorized to take such action, and to which they had engaged to submit. They claim to know their own interests, but why should sensible men make such an engagement, since they have constantly seen the authority wantonly abused? Why should honest workmen put their own livelihood and the bread and butter of their wives and children at the mercy of the whims of men whom they have learned that they cannot trust? That there is a deep question which concerns everybody in the relations of capital and labor is unquestionable, and it is agreed by all intelligent thinkers that it can no more be settled by brute force now than at any former time. For if there be no other way to settle the equitable distribution of the fruits of production among the producers than brute force, society will lapse into barbarism.

The alleged objects of the strike of the 5th of June were two. The first was to show the thorough organization and power of associated labor. It was asserted to be designed to prove that hundreds of railroad employés would stop work, forfeit their places, and stare starvation in the face when they are entirely contented and discharging an honorable duty honorably, and without the knowledge of any cause whatever for striking. But if this were the intention of the strike, all that was shown by it was the abject slavery of a large body of American citizens. Organization for absolutely blind obedience is the organization of a despotism. It is one of the most dangerous evils possible in a free commonwealth, and it is never proposed for a purpose that will bear the light. It is, indeed, unworthy the name association, which imports equality and intelligence and deliberation. It is substantially conspiracy. It is a plot in the dark, and the man who thus surrenders his will in absolute blindness and ignorance is a mere tool and self abused slave. To prove this could only result in diminishing respect and sympathy for all associated labor. The second object is said to have been to compel a railroad company to take back employés whom it had dismissed. Now we do not say that a body of employés may not rightfully refuse to work for an employer who has grossly and cruelly wronged a fellow-employé. But they must be sure of the facts, and they have no right to compel any other employé to join them, and they are bound to consider the rights of the public. These things being assured, their refusal may be manly and honorable and altogether justifiable. This, however, was not such a case. The employés were dismissed because they had refused to work unless the company would dismiss perfectly honest and satisfactory workmen. No honorable company and no honorable man would yield to such a demand. In this matter the company was not at fault. It had done no wrong to any employé; on the contrary, it was a case where employés had wronged their fellow-employés, and to refuse to work unless the wrong-doers were taken back was to aid and defend the worst kind of tyranny.

Intelligent working men must be indignant with such acts upon the part of their associates. But they must not be content with indignation. They must stop such gross wrongs to employés and to the community. They do immense injury to the cause in which all thoughtful citizens are interested. Nobody believes that the great body of American citizens who live by work and wages are unintelligent and destructive, and that they do not thoroughly understand and detest such criminals as MOST and SPIES. No sensible man supposes that there is no reason for labor organization, nor that combinations of capital are not often guilty of great and dangerous wrongs and injustice. If the boycott is an outrage, so is the black list. If a strike is often causeless, an incentive to disorder, a serious wrong to the community and to honest and independent citizens, so is the legislative lobbying and corruption of great corporations a crime against society itself, because it tends to justify unlawful action and disorder. But experience shows that the dangerous tendency of all labor organization is its invasion of individual independence. The loss of that liberty is fatal to every interest in the State. The crime of corporation bribery in Legislatures and courts is that it destroys that independence, and causes betrayal of a trust for the common welfare. The danger is akin to that of party spirit, which sacrifices an end to a means. It corrodes the very fibre of manhood. WASHINGTON was not less a patriot because he was called a rebel and a traitor, and an honest man is not less worthy of respect and confidence, but may deserve them all the more, because he is called a scab. There is no legitimate object that any man or any body of men may desire in this country which requires for its attainment the destruction of that individual liberty or fair play which is the very soul of American institutions. This is a truth which all associations, whether of labor or of capital, cannot safely forget.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT.

MR. GLADSTONE'S defeat was anticipated, but it is a defeat which marks a triumph. The bill is refused, but the principle of Irish home rule has been adopted by the Prime Minister of England, the greatest of living English statesmen, and by a large part of the dominant party in England, and in a vote of 652 of the 670 members of Parliament the majority against the bill was but 30. After the vote was announced, Mr. GLADSTONE, "wearing a haggard look," says the report, left the House. The "haggard" look, however, we may believe, was due not to defeat so much as to the regretful consciousness that he was too old to lead, with the fire and endurance of youth, a popular contest before the country which should end in returning him to power and in securing the peaceful settlement of the Irish question. Indeed, when the issue is submitted to the people at the polls, the greatest disadvantage of his measure will be the absence, except at a few points, of the chief whose great distinction in history will be that he sought to strengthen union by conciliation. In one view the friends of the GLADSTONE scheme will not regret present Parliamentary defeat. The Parliament to which the question was submitted was not elected upon the Irish issue. The Irish vote at the elections, indeed, was cast against the Liberals, and it was by no means generally understood that upon returning to power Mr. GLADSTONE would offer an Irish scheme so acceptable to the Irish party. No one who wishes that in so important a measure Parliamentary action shall truly represent the national will can regret a dissolution and a direct appeal to the country.

The most interesting and significant part of the closing debate, excepting the eloquent appeal of the old Prime Minister at the close of his speech, was the speech of Mr. PARNELL. It was a remarkable speech in itself, and its tone and manner, as compared with those of the other great Irish leaders in a great Irish crisis, were extraordinary. It was a marvel of moderation, persuasiveness, and sagacity. It was free from extravagance of every kind, and wholly wanting in the passionate rhetoric which distinguishes such speeches from all other Irish orators. It was equally notable for the plain and direct way in which it met the vital question which was in every mind, and it well merited the praise of Mr. GLADSTONE that it was "a masterly exposition." We have said heretofore that the charge against Mr. PARNELL and his associates that they are really seeking independence, and that they regard the GLADSTONE bill as the first step toward imperial disruption, implied that they were mere conspirators, and Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters mere dupes. Mr. PARNELL'S remarks upon this point, therefore, are especially significant:

"In accepting the bill we accept honorable obligations, and we pledge ourselves for the Irish people as far as we can pledge ourselves [derisive cheering and laughter] that the powers given shall not be abused [Parnellite cheers], to devote all the energy, ability, and influence we may have with our people to prevent them from abusing the powers intrusted to them [cheers]; that if abuses do take place, the Imperial Parliament may intervene in cases of grave emergency. You have the power, the authority, and the force, and if abuses are perpetrated, you have the remedy in your own hands. In a case of this kind you would have just the same authority you would have whether this bill had been brought forward or not, and this we recognize. I said this on the introduction of the bill. I said we could accept it as a final settlement, and that I believed the Irish people would do so. I will say no more upon this point, but my words have been singularly justified. [Parnellite cheers.]"

If in saying such things Mr. PARNELL is to be regarded as a false-hearted knave, those who think so should seek to put Ireland at once under the Cromwellian hand.

It is useless to regret what might have been. Yet it is evident that if Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposition had been received in a generous and humane spirit, if Parliament had shown frankly that it would now try the only policy in Ireland which has not been tried, the policy of friendly confidence which has worked wonders in political settlement—always reserving the power, as it has the right, to prevent any dismemberment of the empire—there is no doubt that the result would have been most extraordinary and most happy. The wrongs of five hundred years, which cannot be denied, and which have been constantly refreshed by slow, hesitating, grudging reparation, would have been lost in the grateful acknowledgment of cordial confidence, and the establishment of the Irish Parliament would have strengthened the union by arousing the gratitude of Irishmen. If, indeed, Parliament in treating the Irish question had acted in the spirit of Sir ROBERT PEEL when he moved the repeal of the corn-laws, it might have said proudly and truly what he said. Sir ROBERT frankly acknowledged that he had been always wrong upon the question, and in closing his last speech in favor of the measure he described the results that had attended the mere prospect of repeal: "Where there was dissatisfaction, I see contentment; where there was turbulence, I see there is peace; where there was disloyalty, I see there is loyalty. I see a disposition to confide in you, and not to agitate questions that are the foundations of your institutions." When the appeal is made to England upon the great question of to-day, let us hope that the result may enable GLADSTONE to repeat with equal truth the words of Sir ROBERT PEEL.

## THE RANDALL HOLMAN SCHEME.

IN a series of letters to the New York *Times* Mr. DORMAN B. EATON has relentlessly and conclusively exposed the purpose, the ignorance, and the folly of the RANDALL-HOLMAN assault upon the civil service law. The President has made and promulgated under the law certain rules regarding selections for appointment in the civil service, and Mr. RANDALL proposes to stop the salary of the Civil Service Commission if these rules are not changed so as to prevent their accomplishing their object. But it is not the Commission, it is the President, who makes the rules. Why, then, do not Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN make the payment of the President's salary contingent upon his obedience to their proposition? We have already shown that their measure would annul the reform bill, and practically restore the mercenary and dangerous system which it is the object of the law to abolish. But it would do more. It would set the precedent of introducing radical legislation into appropriation bills, and effecting the practical repeal of laws under the pretence of enforcing them. Mr. EATON pursues this view into detail, and shows that the precedent would make the payment of all salaries for existing offices dependent upon changes forced upon the laws in money bills. It is a good illustration of the wisdom of Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN that, under their proposition, the salaries of collectors and postmasters could be made dependent upon the condition of allowing members of Congress to appoint their clerks.

Mr. EATON shows also how grossly ignorant Mr. RANDALL and Mr. HOLMAN prove themselves to be of the actual operation of the law that they would tinker. They would confuse hopelessly all proceedings under the rules. The demonstration of their ignorance is relentless and complete, and leaves the gentlemen in the most ludicrous light. Their motives are left high and dry in full view. They mean not only to undo such reform as has been accomplished in the service, but to baffle the President's efforts, and to achieve what every venal politician in every party ardently desires. Their petty pretence of economy Mr. EATON lays bare remorselessly. Double the clerical force of the Commission would be unequal to the increased work which they propose, while the result of opening the whole eligible list would be to demoralize the service to the utmost. The scheme is a practical declaration that those who are most nearly incompetent, if they can get political influence enough, may be preferred to those who have shown the highest qualifications for the duty for which the people pay the salary. There is no man so stupid that he cannot see that this is a project to reward incompetence at the public expense.

But the great object of this attempt of Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN to nullify the reform law is to coerce the President by convincing him that his party does not and will not support his reform policy, and that he must abandon it. It is but another form of the immense and angry pressure which has been brought to bear upon him, and which is very much more powerful than is generally supposed. When General GRANT was warned that if he undertook seriously to enforce reform he would encounter a formidable pressure, he smiled and said that he was used to it. So he had been used to it, but not to this kind of pressure, and when it came, even General GRANT yielded. We do not believe that Mr. CLEVE-

LAND will yield. He has, what General GRANT had not, the support of a great and enlightened public opinion, and of a law passed by both parties in Congress, not willingly, but in obedience to that opinion. The evil design of the RANDALL-HOLMAN clause will be frustrated, we hope, in the House. If not, it will hardly be sustained by the Senate, although Senators like Mr. INGALLS, of Kansas, would wish to support it. But should it pass Congress, the President's veto, we believe, would arrest it even if it should delay the whole bill. The President has been sometimes deceived, and his deliberate judgment has sometimes seemed to us at fault. But this is a matter upon which he cannot be deceived. He understands, we are sure, the significance of the effort, and if the opportunity should be offered him, the country would undoubtedly see that he understands it.

## PROMPT ACTION WANTED.

THERE is no legislation which is more urgently necessary than that for the Indians, and there is none which is in greater peril of total neglect, for the reason that Indians have no votes. Congressional action is generally a game of party seesaw, and if no party advantage can be seen to depend upon prompt consideration of a bill, however carefully matured in committee, it has very small chance of attention in the House. The 27th and 29th of May were assigned by the House for the bills reported by the Committee on Indian Affairs. They were to be treated in the following order: the bill for the allotment of land in severalty and the extension of law over the Indians; the Sioux bill; the ALLEN bill for right of way for railroads through Indian reservations; and the bill for the relief of the Mission Indians in California. Excepting the ALLEN bill, these bills had been fully considered in the Senate during the last session. They had passed again this session, and after careful examination and slight amendment by the House committee they had been reported. They are all of the highest importance in the settlement of the Indian question. Petitions from all sides, and signed by multitudes of citizens deeply interested in the subject, have been presented. The day of hope for the Indians seemed to have dawned, and the subject had been so thoroughly considered that the two days were thought ample for the proper disposition of the bills.

Suddenly the question of the oleomargarine tax was sprung upon the House. The agricultural interest, the butter market, hay-seed votes, at once engrossed the attention of the members, and the Indians, who have no votes, and long-delayed justice, and despised rights, and honorable claims, were swept aside, and the House slipped into a long debate upon oleomargarine, and decided to tax one business to help another. The Committee on Indian Affairs have been put off with a vague promise of a day for considering these bills, and we trust that it may dawn before this article is published. But it is not to be expected. It is late in the session. The heat is increasing. The desire of members to look after their fences is very active, and the appropriation bills are late. The chances are against the Indian bills. They will be plunged into the general scramble at the end of the session, and the feeling that the Indian has waited a great many years, and may as well wait a little longer, will probably condemn him to further injustice, and the national character to deeper reproach.

The most intelligent friends of the Indian measures think that a single day of attention to them would suffice for their passage, and they would establish in law the cardinal conditions of Indian civilization. The House, however, cannot neglect them upon the ground that the Indians have no friends, although they have no votes. They have, on the contrary, a great body of friends. There is a powerful public opinion favorable to the settlement of the Indian question by promoting the civilization of the Indians. There are multitudes of persons actively engaged in the work of aiding them, and after many years the one great public question which seemed to interest nobody interests multitudes. The abuses to which the Indians are exposed, the wrongs which they suffer, and which are generally the occasion of the Indian outbreaks and wars, are to be arrested only by such measures as these bills provide. Delay and postponement will necessarily result in the prolongation of the evil system. There must be members of the House who understand this, who appreciate the great outrage of a delay which means the perpetuation of injustice, and who are willing to do something for the true honor of the national name. If we commend GLADSTONE for aiding Ireland to obtain what he believes to be only just and reasonable redress for grievances, why should not such members earn commendation for themselves by refusing to connive longer at gross injustice to the Indians?

## BOGIES AND BUGABOOS.

THE letter of Secretary MANNING resigning his office, and that of the President asking him to leave the question of his continuance open until October, hardly justify the dismal apprehension and assertion of the campaign of '84 that the election of Mr. CLEVELAND portended national disaster. The earnest and honest and even pathetic appeal to the Mugwumps was the question whether, concerning everything that was alleged by them against the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE, his election was not infinitely to be preferred to the untold and incalculable disasters of Mr CLEVELAND's success, which would, first of all, paralyze industry, ruin business, and plunge us into financial chaos.

The papers which made this appeal must sarcastically, and which sneered at Mr MANNING upon his appointment as merely a local boss, the head of the Democratic machine in New York, now admit his great services, and concede that his resignation would be a public misfortune. They insist, however, that his party should furnish no sound and competent successor. But this is only the refrain of '84. Mr. REED, of Maine, is reported to have said in the Republican Convention which very properly renominated him for Congress that the Secretary of the Treasury has done well enough, because he has done what his Republican predecessors did, and that, he implied, was not to have been expected. Then the anticipation of disaster in the event of Mr CLEVELAND's success was mistaken, and the argument that Democrats cannot be trusted to administer the government properly is disproved.

That disproof is of the greatest advantage to the country, because politics are simply revolutionary when it is held that the opposing party is inimical to the government itself. The disproof has been furnished before. Judge KELLEY in the House of Representatives, after an eloquent and generous defence of Secretary STANTON, recently read a letter of the Secretary's not before published. It shows the man of whom the New York *Tribune* eagerly says:

"STANTON was a patriot of so firm and indomitable a character that his purity and single-mindedness humiliated and humiliated the crowd of greedy egotists who pushed to the doors of the Treasury, and the same qualities even obscured the greatness of all but the greatest of his contemporaries. When the names of LINCOLN and GRANT have been written, there is no other that deserves to be linked with that of STANTON. He was a Heaven-sent minister, if ever there was one. Cannon, the organizer of battles, was less to France in the crisis of the Revolution than our War Secretary was to the salvation of the Union. So just, so pure, so incorruptible, so patriotic was he that it seems almost a work of supererogation to attempt the defence of his memory against the base aspersions of the Confederate brigadier who 'with his darkness durst affront this light.'"

This praise is not too glowing for Mr. STANTON. If his Republican predecessor sturdily defended the Treasury against thieves and schemers and contractors, not less did he, although he was a Democrat. Doubtless the Democratic Secretary fulfilled his tremendous trust as honestly, as effectively, and as patriotically as his Republican predecessor could have done had he held the Secretaryship through the war. Mr STANTON showed what many Republicans forget, that a Democrat could be a patriot, for Mr. STANTON was none the less a Democrat because he was a member of a Republican cabinet. In the same way a "Confederate brigadier" may be as loyal a Union man as any other, else why did General GRANT intrust Union offices to Mr. ORR and to General LONGSTREET? The argument of mere distrust is no longer available. A Democratic Secretary of the Treasury does not wreck the national finances, and a Democratic President does more for reform in the civil service than has yet been accomplished. This fact does not prove that Republicans should become Democrats, but it does show that it is time that our politics should deal with principles and policies, not with bogies and bugaboos.

## BACHELOR AND DOCTOR *CUM LAUDE*.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE is renowned as one of the most conservative and prudent colleges in the country, and it has been "chaffed" sometimes for allowing its reverence for tradition to chill its interest in progress. But yet it is one of the few great colleges which have admitted women to examination and to a college certificate of their attainments, and it has recently decided by a unanimous vote of the Board of Trustees to confer upon women the various literary and philosophical degrees to which, upon examination, they may be found entitled.

Consequently, at the late Commencement, this venerable mother of arts, literature, and science, for the first time—and we believe first of any institution of similar standing in this country—conferred upon a young woman in person, who was already a Bachelor of Wellesley College, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy *cum laude*. As Bellario of Padua, commending Portia, a note to the Duke of Venice, so Columbia said to the young Bachelor of Wellesley, to whom she gave the degree: "In loving visitation as with me a young Doctor of Rome . . . I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation . . . . I leave him to your gracious acceptance."

The young Doctor and Bachelor, as she stood before the President and Faculty and Trustees and received her diploma, was a harbinger of advancing civilization, and of the constant enlightenment which makes this age brighter than its predecessors. Her presence on that academic stage meant that every opportunity of generous development shall be opened to women, and it showed that if Columbia College, cautious, wise, and much-deliberating, does not refuse her honors to trained and proved scholarship and intellectual attainment merely because they appear in this feminine form, no other institution need hesitate. Where Columbia dares to lead, every college in the land may dare to follow.

## THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

As the Congressional elections take place in the autumn, the press on both sides is urging the nomination of those candidates only who stand squarely upon the party platform. But how if upon one of the paramount issues of the time neither party has any platform to stand upon? Democratic leaders in Congress, Mr. RANDALL and Mr. HOLMAN and Mr VANCE, spurn civil service reform. The Republican Mr. INGALLS rebukes his Democratic colleague VANCE, while the Republican Legislature of Massachusetts practically repeals this reform law; and the lively Mr DAVID T. LITLER, the Illinois member of the National Republican Committee, says, with warmth, "I believe it to be the duty of the next Republican State Convention to take bold ground against that infernal un-Republican and un-American measure in its practical operation"—which, as Mrs. Gamp would remark, he means civil service reform.

Now Mr. RANDALL and Mr. HOLMAN could not stand squarely upon the Democratic platform if reform were one of its planks, and Mr LITLER would slip entirely off the Republican platform if it favored that "infernal un-Republican measure." Mr. LITLER must know what orthodox Republican doctrine is, and Mr RANDALL and Mr. HOLMAN are equally learned in Democratic principles. But all these gentlemen, with the overwhelming Republican majority in the Massachusetts Legislature, repudiate reform. To vote for a Democrat or a Republican as such, therefore, is not to vote for reform. The candidate, indeed, may be a reformer, but he is not a reformer for the reason that he is a Democrat or a Republican.

In this situation, voters who mean reform—and they are a very large body—must act accordingly. They must ascertain precisely the views of the candidates, and wherever neither of them is satisfactory, and the situation favors such a course, they would do well to nominate a reform candidate who would sustain the Executive in his reform policy. Republicans, indeed, are more generally friendly to reform than Democrats. But the Republican who lives in Mr LITLER's district, for instance, would not help reform by voting for that gentleman if he were a candidate for Congress, and any Democrat who wished to stab reform while professing to hope that it was in health would vote with ardor for Mr. HOLMAN or Mr. RANDALL.

## PERSONAL.

WHILE acting their latest annual dinner the National Academicians conceived the idea of sending to Mr ARTHUR QUARTLEY, whom they had just elected to be one of their number, and who was very ill at home, a short note expressive of their sympathy, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers gathered from the various decorations of the table. Mr FREDERIC DIELMAN drew up an expression of their feelings, and Mr HUNTINGTON, the President of the Academy, signed it. On receiving this tribute Mr QUARTLEY was deeply touched, and the next morning he wrote with his own hand an interesting reply. His letter read as follows:

"*Daniel Huntington, Esq., P.N.A.D.*: "NEW YORK, *May 19, 1886.*

"DEAR SIR,—Your note conveying to me the greeting and kindest wishes of the entire body of National Academicians, who had just done me the honor I had so long wished for in electing me a member of the National Academy of Design, was duly delivered, together with the beautiful flowers from some kindly source. At the moment, and indeed for hours before and after, I was suffering excruciating pain, but realized as awaking this morning the pleasure and good your most kind and thoughtful action was to have for me to-day, and, I hope, for many days.

"I know that I have entered the Academy under circumstances most unusual and honorable, and can only further wish I could command fitting words to express all I feel.

"Believe me, dear sir, deeply grateful, and faithfully yours,

"ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

"99 South Washington Square."

Six days afterward Mr QUARTLEY was dead.

—At the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the following document hangs framed in a place of honor. "The inspiration, written by Mr HENRY BERGH, on which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was organized: 'The undersigned, desirous of rescuing the unprotected children of this city and State from the cruelty and demoralization which neglect and abandonment engender, hereby engage to aid with their sympathy and support the organization and working of a Children's Protective Society, having in view the realization of so important a purpose.'" Two names follow, those of HENRY BERGH and the late JOHN D WRIGHT, for many years President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

—Mr FREDERICK SARGENT, the Librarian of the Astor Library, who probably has as wide an acquaintance with literary men as any other citizen, will soon publish a new volume on the origin of famous books and poems, for which he has made many researches. Mr SARGENT thinks that COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner* was originally designed to inculcate a love for nature, and that the killing of the albatross was an after-thought. He believes also that COLERIDGE'S inflammatory rheumatism was the only reason of his indulgence in the use of opium.

—Mrs. MARY STUART, the widow of the late millionaire merchant ROBERT L STUART, has decided to divide her valuable private library among several public institutions, giving an important part to the Museum of Natural History.

—Mr JAMES R. OSGOOD was entertained at dinner on the 7th of June at the Continental Hotel, in London, by Mr EDWIN A ABBEY, the celebrated American artist. Fifty guests were present, among them Messrs ALMA-TADEMA, H H BOURCHIER, ALFRED PARSONS, F. D MILLET, EDMUND GOSSE, BRANDER MATTHEWS, AUSTIN DOBSON, THOMAS HARDY, WILLIAM BLACK, BRET HARTE, J. A M S. WHISTLER, G. DU MAURIER, of *Punch*, J. R. ROBINSON, of the London *Daily News*, COUTTS CARR, of *Macmillan's*, and T HUTCHINSON WADE, of the London *Times*.

—The late Mr WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT's gift of half a million dollars to the College of Physicians and Surgeons has been followed by a gift of one hundred thousand dollars to the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, through Dr. LOOMIS, of the University. The donor's name is concealed, but his direction is that the new building to be erected with his money shall bear the name of Dr LOOMIS.

—Mr F. S. CHURCH, the artist, whose work is so well known to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has discovered that some of his designs have been used for advertising purposes. As it has been Mr CHURCH'S product practice to copyright his works, he has been able to recover damages from the offenders, and to secure the destruction of the unauthorized prints, and of the plates from which they were made. In enforcing his rights Mr CHURCH has rendered his fellow-artists and the public a real service, and given a needed warning to the appropriators of works of art protected by copyright.

—General W T SHERMAN recalls the time when "a beautiful young city-bred lady" married a poor second lieutenant, and followed him to the plains, where he lived in a dug-out. "This little lady had her Saratoga trunk, which was the chief article of her furniture, yet by means of a rug on the ground floor, a few candle boxes covered with red cotton calico for seats, a table improvised out of a barrel head, and a fireplace and chimney excavated in the back wall or bank, she had transformed her 'hole in the ground' into a most attractive home for her young warrior husband; and she entertained me with a supper consisting of the best of coffee, fried ham, cakes and jellies from the commissary, which made on my mind an impression more lasting than has any one of the hundreds of magnificent banquets I have since attended in the palaces and mansions of our own and foreign lands."

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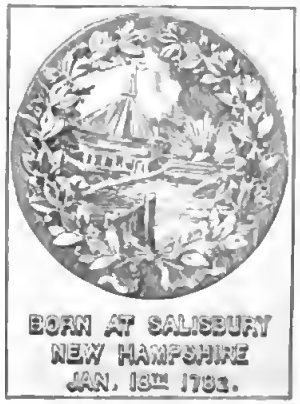
REV. JOHN WILLIAMSON NEVIN, D.D.—From a Photo. by Hoyt, Lancaster, Penn.—[See Page 394.]

COLONEL RICHARD M. HOE.—[See Page 394.]

## DANIEL WEBSTER

Through the generosity of Mr. Benjamin Pierce Cheney, of Boston, the State of New Hampshire has come into possession of a magnificent statue of her most distinguished son—a picture of which statue accompanies this article. The date of the unveiling of this representation in bronze of Daniel Webster was fixed for the 17th inst., and properly imposing civic, military, and forensic ceremonies were of course arranged in connection with it. The statue occupies a commanding site in the State house Park at Concord, directly in front of the Capitol.

The execution of the statue was confided to Thomas Ratz, sculptor, and the model was made by him at Florence, the casting being done in Munich. It is no small compliment to the artistic excellence of the statue to say that the art-loving people of Munich and the municipal authorities of that city agreed that the work was worthy of public inspection, and, in accordance with a general request, the bronze figure of the American statesman was placed on exhibition in that foreign city for several days before its shipment to this country.




The statue is eight feet in height, and represents the great New Hampshire statesman standing in a easy, graceful attitude as if about to speak. The pose has impressed the spectators of the statue as commanding and characteristic. The head is turned slightly to the right, and the expression of the features is calm and distinctly intellectual. The arms hang naturally at the side, and the left hand holds a partly opened manuscript. There can be but little question of the dress in which the figure is clad, since it is that in which Daniel Webster was most commonly seen. His ample old-style dress-coat is buttoned at the waist, the tails spreading out voluminously behind. The rolling collar of the garment discloses a plain shirt bosom, and the massive throat of the old statesman is enveloped in the stiff and uncompromising stock of his times. The likeness is that of Webster in his closing years, and is declared by those who remember him at that period of his life to be a faithful portrait.

THE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Photographed by W. G. C. Kimball, Concord, New Hampshire.

The total height of the statue and its massive granite pedestal is a trifle over seventeen feet. This pedestal has been constructed of the finest Concord granite. It also was designed by Thomas Ratz, but the work was executed under the direction of John A. Coffey, a Boston architect. The base consists of a single stone, which weighs nearly twelve tons, and is nine feet square. The plinth is four feet high and six and a half feet long and wide. The edges of this beautiful granite block are beveled, and embellished with a series of finely cut mouldings. The die is a superb piece of granite four and a half feet square and five and a quarter feet high, tapering toward the top. The statue faces toward the east. On the front of the pedestal are cut in plain letters on the polished granite simply the words "Daniel Webster." On the remaining three sides of the granite base are bronze panels, which bear appropriate legends and designs. On the tablet which faces to the north are blazoned the coat of arms of the State of New Hampshire, and the words in ornamental letters, "Born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, Jan. 18th, 1782." On the opposite bronze tablet, facing south, is the coat of arms of the State of Massachusetts, and the inscription, "Died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, Oct. 24th, 1852." These two tablets are herewith reproduced. On the west tablet is written, "Presented by Benjamin Pierce Cheney to the State of New Hampshire Jan. 18th 1900."

The weight of the statue proper is two thousand pounds, and the entire cost, including the base and pedestal, has been about twelve thousand dollars. The foundation and pedestal were put in at the expense of the donor of the statue, but the State is to assume the cost of surrounding it with a handsome granite coping. The people of New Hampshire are of the opinion that this statue of Daniel Webster will stand unrivalled.

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COACHES AT JEROME PARK ON A RACE DAY.—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURGESS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

the verbal drollery of many of his people. It is extreme and perpetual, but I fear the reader will find it a venial sin. Theodore Colville, in *Indian Summer*, is so irrepressibly and happily facetious as to make one wonder whether the author is not prompting him a little, and whether his could be quite so amusing without help from outside. This criticism, however, is the only one I find it urgent to make, and Mr. HOWELLS doubtless will not suffer from my saying that, being a humorist himself, he is strong in the representation of humorists. There are other reflections that I might indulge in if I had more space. I should like, for instance, to allude in passing, for purposes of respectful remonstrance, to a phrase that he suffered the other day to fall from his pen (in a periodical, but not in a novel), to the effect that the style of a work of fiction is a thing that matters less and less all the while. Why less and less? It seems to me as great a mistake to say so as it would be to say that it matters more and more. It is difficult to see how it can matter either less or more. The style of a novel is a part of the execution of a work of art; the execution of a work of art is a part of its very essence, and that, it seems to me, must have mattered in all ages in exactly the same degree, and be destined always to do so. I can conceive of no state of civilization in which it shall not be deemed important, though of course there are states in which executants are clumsy. I should also venture to express a certain regret that Mr. HOWELLS (whose style, in practice, after all, as I have intimated, treats itself to felicities which his theory perhaps would condemn) should appear increasingly to hold composition too cheap—for which I mean, should neglect the effect that comes from elaboration, distribution, relief. He has an increasing tendency to tell his story altogether in conversations, so that a critical reader sometimes wishes, not that the dialogue might be suppressed (it is too good for that), but that it might be diversified, interspersed with narrative and pictorial matter. The author forgets sometimes to paint, to make the conditions and appearances, to build in the subject. He is doubtless afraid of doing these things to excess, having seen in other hands what disastrous effects that crime may have; but all the same I cannot help thinking that the driest thing in a valid novel is the compendious, descriptive, pictorial touch, *à la Dumas*.

It could be absurd to speak of Mr. HOWELLS to-day in the encouraging tone that one would apply to a young writer who had given fine pledges, and one feels half guilty of that mistake if one makes a cheerful remark about his future. And yet we cannot pretend not to take a still more lively interest in his future than we have done in his past. It is hard to see how it can help being more and more fruitful, for his face is turned in the right direction, and his work is fed from sources which play us no tricks.

HENRY JAMES.

## RICHARD MARCH HOE.

THE sudden death by heart-disease of Colonel RICHARD MARCH HOE at Florence, Italy, last week, has robbed the world of one of the foremost inventors of the age, and that city of one of its leading and most highly respected citizens. Mr. HOE was the head of the great firm of R. HOE & Co., manufacturers of printing presses. The history of this house, originally established by his father, and carried on from son to son, from father to his father's sons, is the history of the evolution of the art of printing, not only in America, but throughout the civilized world. Prior to the invention of the presses which bear the name of HOE, the machinery by which the uses of "the types" are made manifest on paper was indeed slow-running and, in the light of the development of to-day, very crude. It was the HOES who gave to the world in 1847 the first rotary press ever known, and later the wonderful Web Perfecting Printing machines with which the press-rooms of the leading newspapers of the United States and Europe are now provided, and which, from an endless roll or web of paper, print, cut, and fold to any four thousand eight-page papers in an hour. The honor of having devised and invented this almost human machine, which has made the cheap newspaper a possibility, and completely revolutionized the world of printing, belongs jointly to Colonel RICHARD M. HOE and Mr. S. D. TUCKER, one of his partners. Although many years ago the mammoth business which he had inherited from his father had made him a wealthy man, abundantly able, had he seen fit, to retire from its active management, Colonel HOE to the day of his death was the actual head and manager of the great manufacturing house, giving his time and inventive brain abundantly to the development of the business.

ROBERT HOE, the founder of the house, came to this country from England when a young man. He was born at Hoe, Leicestershire, England, in 1784, and it was early in the present century that, with MATTHEW and PETER SMITH, he began the making of printing-presses in this city, their shop being in the middle of the block bounded by Maiden Lane, Pine, William, and Pearl streets. At the age of twenty, ROBERT HOE married a daughter of MATTHEW SMITH, by whom he had three sons and six daughters. The eldest son was RICHARD MARCH HOE, who was born in this city September 12, 1812. In 1823 the death of both MATTHEW and PETER SMITH left Mr. HOE senior in control of the growing business, which was shortly afterward removed to the site now occupied by a branch of the HOES' business on Gold Street. As the sons grew toward manhood they were taken into the works of their father, and when in 1832 failing health compelled the retirement of the founder of the house, the business passed into the hands of RICHARD M. HOE and MATTHEW SMITH, the latter being a son of the first partner of the senior Mr. HOE.

Mr. RICHARD M. HOE, the subject of this obituary notice, had inherited his father's inventive skill, and he also displayed rare executive ability. The business under his management prospered apace. Inventions after inventions followed rapidly from his fertile mind, and building after building was taken possession of by his growing works, until to-day the HOE printing-press manufactory covers more than an entire block fronting on Grand Street on the east side of town, and employs upward of a thousand workmen. The attitude of Colonel HOE toward those in his employ may properly be held up as a model. Nearly thirty years ago he established an evening school for the apprentices in the manufactory, where free instruction was given in those branches of study likely to be of the most practical service in properly developing their minds. For years he gave this school his personal attention, and up to the day of his death was deeply interested in its conduct, firmly believing, as has been well said, that "the diffusion of knowledge among the working classes makes the man a better mechanic and the mechanic a better man."

Of the three sons of the original founder of the house, but one, the youngest, remains living to-day. This is Mr. PETER SMITH HOE, who is now in his sixty-fourth year. The next older son, ROBERT HOE, died just ten years ago. Personally Mr. RICHARD M. HOE is described by those who knew him intimately as having been a man of exceptionally cheerful temperament and gentle ways. He was devoted to his life-work, but at the same time was essentially domestic. His residence for the last thirty years had been in Westchester County, not far from Harlem, and he was a prominent member of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, situated near by. His name as an inventor, and the fame of the wonderful presses that he called into being, are known the world over. He leaves a wife and four daughters.

## COACHES AT JEROME PARK.

THE annual spring meeting of the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park this year has afforded those who love sport rather than gambling the total pleasure to be had at the most famous of American race tracks. But this year's meeting has been distinguished from many preceding meetings by the forbidding of public betting. The interest of that portion of the frequenters of the Park who measure their sport only by financial returns was less than usual, and a dull meeting was predicted. But no prettier sight has ever been seen there than has been presented on all the fair racing days, and notably on Memorial Day. The elegant club-house and the bluff presented a gay appearance. The coaches and drags that make their fashionable way to this most fashionable of race-courses carried crowds of race-loving people in gay attire. The track has been in admirable order, and the celebrated mare Miss Woodford made her debut for the season at Jerome Park.

This race-course, which is leased by the most prominent racing association in the land, the American Jockey Club, which numbers among its members the most fashionable sport-loving people of New York, is the resort of the members of the Coaching Club in the racing season. The attraction of the sport itself is supplemented, like the attraction of the opera, by the attractiveness of those who go there. Indeed, ladies and gentlemen go to Jerome Park to see and to be seen, and to observe how the fashions of spring appear on an out-of-doors sporting guest, as they go to the opera to see the similar line in door sights at winter, and to add to them. The pleasant drive through Central Park and along the beautiful road out to the race-course is no unimportant part of the enjoyment, and the pleasure of going to see good racing gives a zest to the pleasure of a coaching trip that makes the horse-lover's joy complete.

The club-house, which stands on a knoll in the centre of the race-course, is as pleasant a place to end the drive out and to begin the drive back to the city to pleasure-loving wealth has been able to devise. There is a wide veranda around the house, and the lawn is terraced down to the track. The picture of this fashionable sporting resort on another page shows the double use that the coaches and the drags of the club's members are put to—as specially advantageous points of observation as well as the only thoroughly orthodox vehicles with which to make the journey.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An eagle to the interior of this State, being of unusual size, foolishly considered that he was able to carry off a calf which he discovered straying. The calf was too heavy for removal, but probably the eagle would have killed it with the fierce strokes of his beak and talons had not the calf's cries attracted help. The eagle was disabled with a shot-gun and captured alive. He measured upward of nine and a half feet from tip to tip of his outspread wings. If he had measured half as much he would not have tried the impossible, and would probably be a free eagle to-day. Great power is frequently a dangerous possession. It is the small eagle that knows enough not to try to fly away with a calf.

Under the head of "Matters New and Interesting" a newspaper paragraph says that the pies of old London Bridge, put down in the year 1831, are still sound, the water and lime mud of the Thames having preserved them.

An object bearing the outward semblance of a telescope has recently made its appearance in one of the thoroughfares of Paris. An aged man, bearing all the signs of a person having profound astronomical knowledge, attends it. He makes with his hand the gesture of a sage, and invites people to look through the telescope for nothing. People undertake to look through, and discover that the remote end of the instrument is filled up with a handsome illuminated advertisement. It is not a successful advertising scheme, however. The people who stop to look into a free telescope are generally either poor or stingy, and the advertisers reap no benefit from them.

A newspaper despatch says that "Mr. Necker, the Hungarian violinist, has fallen from a tricycle and seriously damaged his bow arm." There is no offence in a statement like that, of course. There would, however, be a great deal of impertinence in a despatch which should say of a violinist that he had fallen from a tricycle and seriously damaged his bow leg.

Mr. Frank N. Page, a cattle-raiser in New Mexico, disagrees with a suggestion in an article contained in HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 2, that only young men of robust constitution should undertake the work that is done upon the great cattle ranges of the West. He went to New Mexico in 1879, he writes, a consumptive in search of health. He went into the cattle business, and is to-day strong and well. In St. Louis, before removing to New Mexico, he had had twenty hemorrhages or more; in the past ten years he has had none, and previously to that, while on the plains, he had suffered only slight ones. "I have been on round ups on the trail," he writes, "and have driven beef to market in all sorts of weather. I can say to any young man that is threatened with consumption that if he will come to New Mexico, Arizona, or Colorado, and come before the dread disease has made too much progress, the climate of this region will do much good, and perhaps, as in my own case, effect a cure. The towns are mostly too high up for consumptives to winter; an elevation of about 4500 feet I have found best, and I always am well when working in the open air of the vast plains. It takes capital here to make money, just as it does in the East, but I camp with only these hundred dollars, and have to-day a herd of sixteen hundred cattle and horses. But I have roughed it in every sense of the word, and worked hard. When I may worked hard, I mean rising all day; but then is not half not one-third as hard as writing at a desk confined in a close office day after day in any of the large Eastern cities."

A correspondent writes to HARPER'S WEEKLY concerning an act of bravery, which, he says, "in any nation under the sun but the United States would be fitly rewarded." He says: "Troop K, of the United States Tenth Cavalry, a regiment of colored men, but with white officers, while scouting the Sierras Pintas, or Little Pine Mountains, in Sonora, Mexico, came upon a band of hostile Apaches strongly posted upon a rocky plateau. In the resulting skirmish one man was killed and another very seriously wounded. As Corporal Scott, the wounded man, fell to the ground, Lieutenant Pinkham Clark, the second in command, rushed forward through a heavy fire, took the corporal in his arms, and carried him out of the line of battle to a place of comparative safety. Germany, France, England, or any other foreign nation, rewards its heroes with crosses, ribbons, and stars; but our republic in its Puritan simplicity thinks an honorable mention in orders amply sufficient, and seldom grants even that. I have not the slightest desire to see any order of nobility instituted in the United States, but so long as our lasting and brave deeds are told in song and story, so long will such decorations as are mentioned above improve the *morale* and increase the *esprit* of an army, whether that army belongs to a foreign power or our own republic."

A reporter in describing a new and very complicated safe in Springfield, Massachusetts, says that it has "a three-inch steel door protected by two massive combination locks, to open which the presence of two bank officers is required; if that is absolutely so, it is highly necessary and the people who own the safe have reason to be proud of. The question will force itself however, whether a couple of expert safe-lifters might not answer in case the two bank officers were absolutely unobtainable, or whether quantity of dynamite will bestowed might not solve the combination. History shows that the impregnable safes which burglars have got in were almost as numerous as the unloaded guns which have unaccountably gone off.

London supports, or did until recently, a journal devoted to the promotion of matrimony. Its files with advertisements in which persons of both sexes described their various attractions with the hope that they would draw the attention and meet with the approval of desirable opposites. In these descriptions the advertisers did not spare themselves, but told without reservation just how alluring they were: youth, beauty, health, wisdom, riches, and all sorts of purchasable recommendations were related by the writers with as much ingenuousness and freedom as those they had been describing others instead of themselves. Frank and untrammelled as these confidences were, however, it is doubtful if any of them ever quite equalled the confidence of a man in Georgia who recently advertised for a wife. He is, he unabashedly declares, a skilled rat-catcher and tanner of dogs' hides, with a hold here and a cock leg, and an income which fluctuates between three and five dollars a week. He wishes to share these blessings with a woman of good health and disposition, who is capable of being satisfied with a sufficiency, and who does not desire the whole earth.

SOMETHING THAT CANNOT BE EXPUNGED FROM THE "CONGRESSIONAL RECORD."

PERHAPS THIS IS THE REASON WHY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL DID NOT WISH TO CHANGE HIS COAT.

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BOTH.

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# ARTEMIS IN SIERRA

by Bret Harte

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

POET. PHILOSOPHER. JOSHUA OF MARIPOSA.

POET

Halt! Here we are. Now wheel your mare a little
Just where you stand; then doff your hat and swear
Never yet was scene you might survey with your rifle
Half so complete or so marvellously fair

PHILOSOPHER.

Dropped from Olympus, or lifted from Arcady,
Swung like a censer, six thousand feet on high—
So like a dream that one is half afraid he
Speaks but to see it dissolve into the sky!

POET.

Well you may say so. The chamber of the river,
Hum of base toil, and man's ignoble strife
Halt far below. Where the stifling zenanas quiver,
But never climb to this purer, higher life!

Not to this glade, where Joshua of Mariposa,
Humble and meek as his flocks we're looking at,
Tends his soft charge: nor where his daughter Rosa—
[*A shot.*]

Hallo! What's that?

PHILOSOPHER.

A —— something thro' my hat.
Bullet, I think. You were speaking of his daughter?

POET.

Yes; but—your hat you sure meeting thro' the leaves.
Likely he thought it some stray bear on slaughter
Lightly he shoots. [*A second shot.*]

PHILOSOPHER.

As one readily perceives
Still, he improves! This time your hat has cut it
Quite near the band! Eh? Oh, just as you please
Stop, or go on.

POET

Perhaps we'd better trot it
Down through the hollow, and up among the trees

BOTH.

Trot, trot, trot, where the bullets cannot follow;
Trot down and up again among the laurel trees.

PHILOSOPHER.

Thanks, that is better. Now of this shot-dispensing
Joshua and his girl you were saying—?

POET.

Well, you see—
(—hang it all! Oh! what's the use of fencing?
Sir, I confess it)—these shots were meant for me

PHILOSOPHER.

Me. Not kindly take your hand from your revolver,
I am not obdurate, but accidents may chance
And here's the father, who alone can be the solver
Of this twin riddle of the hat and the romance

[*Enter* JOSHUA OF MARIPOSA.]

POET

Speak, shepherd mine!

PHILOSOPHER

Hail! time and cartridge-waster!
Aimless exploder of theories and shill!
Whom do you shoot?

JOSHUA OF MARIPOSA

Well, shootin' ain't my taste, or,
If I shoot anything I only shoot to kill
That ain't what's up. I only kem to tell ye—
Spectin' of course—and beseeches for your life!
Gals will be gals, and p'raps it's just as well ye
Larned there was one had no wish to be a wife

POET.

What?

PHILOSOPHER.

Is this true?

JOSHUA OF MARIPOSA.

I reckon it looks like it.
She sez ye comin' My gun was standin' by
She made a grab, and, 'fore I up rifle strike it,
Blazed at ye both. The critter is so shy!

POET.

Who?

JOSHUA OF MARIPOSA.

My darter!

PHILOSOPHER.

Rosa?

JOSHUA OF MARIPOSA.

Rosa! Good-by!

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PHILOSOPHER.

You!—are you mad?

POET

God knows; I shouldn't wonder!
I love this coy nymph, who, cold as yonder peak,
Shines on the river it feeds, yet keeps asunder
Long have I worshipped, but never dared to speak.
Till she, no doubt, her love no longer hiding,
Waked by some chance want her father's jealousy;
Slipped her distaff—as or avalanche down sliding—
Swept flocks and his away to clear a path for me
Hence his attack.

PHILOSOPHER.

I see. What I admire
Chiefly, I think in your girl, so to speak,
Is the sly modesty that checks your youthful fire—
Absence of self-love, and shortness of cheek
Still, I might mention, I've met the gentle Rosa—
Danced with her thrice, to her father's jealous dread;
And, it is possible, she's happened to discover a
Aliem! You can fancy why he shoots at me instead

POET

You?

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## LITERARY THIEVES.

THE exact meaning of plagiarism has been well defined by a classical writer, who says: "The word *Plagium* is the Latin legal term for man-stealing, and *Plagiarius* indicates the thief, from which is derived our English words 'plagiary,' 'plagiarism,' and 'plagiarist.' The root of all these words is *Plaga*, a hunter's net, and this from the Greek word Πλαγή, a blow, and Πλάσσω, to strike, or throw as with a net, for the purpose of striking. From wild beasts to men, and from men to their thoughts, the words which convey them, the transition in thought and action is easy. Hence our dictionaries define a plagiarist to be a literary thief, or one who appropriates the thoughts and words of another as his own."

In a pleasant volume published under the title of *The Pin Tranquel*, the author defines plagiarists to be "parkeepers who pick the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket." Samuel Butler said that a plagiarist is like an Italian thief, who never robs but he murders too, in order to prevent discovery, and another ancient worthy in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* remarks, "If that severe doom of Syracuse be true, 'It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labor than their clothes,' what shall become of most writers?" Plagiarism *per se simple*, unlike accidental imitation, is neither more nor less than "flat burglary as ever was committed," according to the dictum of the learned Dogberry, as to taking money under false pretences, in the celebrated case where Conrade and Borachio were defendants. Unquestionably literary larceny ought to be included in the criminal statute, but it is to be feared that clever lawyers might so confound judge and jury that their would find it exceedingly difficult to distinguish between downright stealing and accidental appropriation.

The writer is of course aware that in selecting the subject of this article he is entering upon what might be called a delicate investigation, but he can most truly protest, like Disraeli the elder, that such extracts as he may see fit to print "are not given with the petty malignant delight of detecting the unacknowledged imitations of our best writers," and also trust that he is not likely to be included among those of whom Coleridge asserts that, "verily there be amongst us a set of critics who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional, who have so minute that there are such things as fountains in the world, small in well as great, and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing from a profundation made in some other man's tank."

A tragic poet addicted to plagiarism read a certain work to Alexis Piron, a French author and man of wit, who died a little more than a hundred years ago, into which he had introduced numerous borrowed verses. While he was reading, Piron frequently removed his hat and made a low bow.

"What is the reason," said the pilfering poet, "of your singular behavior in lifting your hat and bowing so often?"

"My conduct," replied Piron, "is not singular, for it is my invariable custom to make a bow whenever I meet any of my old acquaintances."

Old Montaigne somewhere in his writings in forms us of an ingenious plan of his of manufacturing whole sentences from ancient authors without acknowledgment, that the critics might blunder by giving *sententiæ* to Seneca and Plutarch, while they imagined they tweaked *his* nose, and Emerson remarks that a man is original now relative to proportion to the amount which he steals from Plato and other ancient authors. La Fontaine was an eminent *conveyancer*, and Molière honestly avowed his multiplied robberies. Speaking of wit, he said, "It is the only property I have, and I take and make it wherever it is to be found."

Alexander Pope published the first edition of his "Essay on Man" anonymously, and was asked soon after by a scribe of the Grub Street guild: "How did you like that last poem of mine—the 'Essay'? Don't you think it good, considering that it was written one afternoon while I was shaking out of the way of a bailiff?"

"Pon my honor," replied Pope, "I think so highly of it that I intend to claim it as my own at some fitting opportunity."

The crooked little poet of Twickenham was himself guilty of occasional *cribbing* from his predecessors. Bishop Warburton wrote to a friend that "Dryden borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius." Both Pope and his contemporary Lord Halifax have lines—the one in verse, and the last in prose—the sentiment of which may be found, nearly word for word, in Petronius, the Roman novelist.

The charge preferred against Pope of lack of genius certainly could not be brought against the highly gifted Coleridge, who, if we may credit De Quincey, once "lifted" bodily an entire essay from Schelling. Boccaccio, like the Bible stealer, could never recognize any wrong in literary theft. He did not even allow of his bad taste. His works teem with plagiarisms; but he was the first to point them out, and ever ready to laughingly proclaim that wherever he found a good thing he would certainly appropriate it, if he needed the article in question.

The eccentric Swift once listened to one of his own sermons preached by an English clergyman, who, on meeting the dean after service, remarked that his duties were so onerous that he was straitened with respect to the time necessary for the composition of sermons, so that when the subject pressed, as in the present instance, he could only devote a few evenings to that purpose. "Well," replied the dean, "it is well for you to have such a talent; for my part, the very sermon you preached this afternoon cost me some months in composing." As a proof to this, it may be mentioned that the works of a popular American preacher were once published, and a reason of three soon appeared in a widely circulating journal, replete with praise of the warmest kind, but coming with words to the following ominous import: "Our raptures would have been still greater, if we had not chanced to read them some years ago in *the productions of our Tillotson*."

About the year 1825, when Scott's fame was at its height, the reading world was startled by the appearance of a romance called *Walladmor*, by the author of *Waverley*. It was first published in Berlin. Translations immediately followed, and *Walladmor*, in three volumes, may still be seen in some old collections of the Waverley Novels, bound to match the regular series, and believed by its original purchaser as a legitimate member of the family. The thief who stole Sir Walter's good name was a Silesian, whose real name was Wilhelm Hauff, but who chose to be known by the pseudonym of Wilfbald Alexis. He died December, 1827, in Germany, at the age of twenty-four. Scott, who had not at the time of its appearance avowed the authorship of the Waverley Novels, could not without unmanking vestibule the literary fraud, and so suffered in silence the annoyance which the credulity of the public, or a portion of it, who believed in its genuineness, must have caused him.

The late Lord Brougham, a writer of ability, but full of eccentricities, left behind him a translation of Voltaire's *Memoirs*, on *La Sagesse Humaine*, to be published as an original contribution of his own to English literature, and his innocent executors, entering fully into the spirit of the testator, and carrying out his last wishes to the letter, issued it as he left it, without a hint, hey, without a suspicion, of stolen wares.

The well-known poem entitled "Curiosity," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College by Charles Sprague, was published as original by a British officer stationed in India. It was simply altered for the English market by the substitution of the names of his countrymen for those of Americans. Thus "Bowditch" was altered to "Roscoe," and "Kemble" was substituted for "Cooper."

On one of the most solemn and memorable occasions within living memory, in expressing, as leader of the House of Commons, the national feeling of gratitude and adulation for the English hero of a hundred battles, Benjamin Disraeli took boldly and bodily, without the change of a word, rather more than a third of his prepared oration from the translation of an article by Thiers in a French review on a third-rate French marshal.

Byron was as frank as Molière when it suited him to forestall a charge, or apologize for bringing one. His friend Tom Moore says that, sailing with him in his gondola during his visit to Venice, he observed a volume on one of the benches filled with paper marks. He inquired what it was. "Only a book," was the answer, "from which I am trying to crib, as I do whenever I can, and that's the way I get the character of an original poet." On taking up the volume and looking into it, Moore remarks, "I exclaimed, 'Ah! my old friend Agathon, by Wieland.' 'What!' said Byron, archly, 'you have been beforehand with me there, have you?'"

An amusing *exposé* of a case of false literary reclamation—a crime is no way differing in principle, and hardly in degree, from forgery—was made by Dr Holmes in a lecture on "The Poetry of the War." In the height of the contest there appeared an anonymous poem that many readers will remember, entitled "Cassan," which attracted some attention, and to which, being a *fitus nullius*, there soon appeared several parodies—two ladies and a gentleman. The gifted Oliver felt complimented by their pretensions, but a natural regard for truth compelled him to state that, his better or worse, he was himself the author.

It has been well said by Henry Rogers that "there is all the difference between suggestion and plagiarism that there is between *mingling* blood from blood and receiving it into the veins by transfusion", and another English writer remarks: "Plagiarism is a discreditable affair. You look up the 'decayed tradesman' who comes into your hall and walks away with the gentleman's great-coat on his back. Why not lock up the plagiarist who is exactly in the same position? Sheffield has said that of all writers he is the basest and lowest, but the truth is, he is no writer at all. He is only a mere or less dignified thief. To-day he may rifle a sleeping man and send his red gold into circulation, but he is often a mere resurrectionist, exhuming dead and forgotten things, and that not for the sake of the common welfare, but simply of his own."

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(No. 434)

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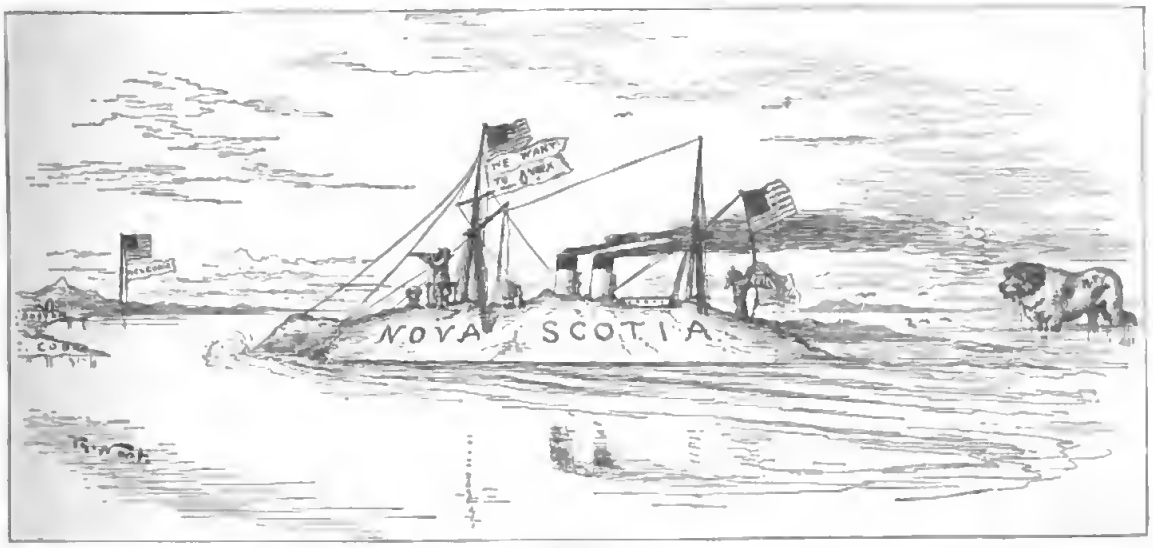


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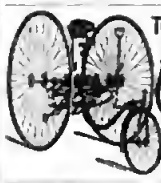

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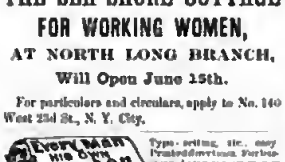


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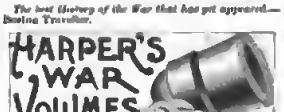


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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXX.—No. 1540.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

## THE PRESIDENT AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE attack of Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN upon the President under cover of a clause in the appropriation bill was defeated in Committee of the Whole by a ruling upon a point of order. But the attack is very suggestive. The two Democratic leaders could not have hoped that their specific proposition would be successful. Even if it could have passed the House, the Senate would have defeated it, and beyond the Senate the veto of the President was morally assured. The whole movement was political. It was intended to show the Democratic henchmen of Messrs. RANDALL and HOLMAN, and of the other Democratic leaders who plainly sympathized with them, that these gentlemen would distribute spoils if only they could, and it was further designed to warn the President of the serious dissatisfaction of his party. Both of these objects were accomplished. The two leaders did publicly what most of the Democratic Representatives are believed to have done privately. They assured their constituents that it was not they but the President who must bear the blame for the prolonged and continuous coldness of Democratic ties. They also disclosed plainly to the President the fact that none of the recognized chiefs of his party in the House warmly support his policy. The only forcible Democratic defence of the President, at whom the blow was really aimed, was that of Mr. COX, of North Carolina. The other chiefs were silent or openly opposed, and their conduct showed clearly their belief that the sentiment of their party was hostile to reform.

The Democratic situation is interesting and amusing. The President whom the party did not wish to nominate is yet in the early part of the second year of his term. The general feeling of his party is unquestionably opposed to his course, and yet it is plain that nothing but his renomination can save his party at the next election. Mr RANDALL and Mr. HOLMAN attack him by the clause in the appropriation bill, skilfully designed to avoid a vote, and yet achieve its purpose. The *Courier-Journal* in Louisville hints at boycotting him by the party, as it says the Republicans boycotted ANDREW JOHNSON. Mr HEWITT and the other Democratic leaders from his own State rigorously abstain from open and strong identification with his policy, and some of the strongest organs of the party in New York daily sneer and rage at him. But it is as obvious now as it was when he was nominated that he is very much stronger than his party. Not a Democrat in the country can be mentioned whose nomination over Mr. CLEVELAND in the Democratic Convention would not seal the overwhelming defeat of the party at the polls. No man within the last generation has been so providential a leader for his party as Mr. CLEVELAND. Governor SEYMOUR was an unstabilum Democrat. Mr. TILDEN was equally wedded to the disastrous traditions of the party which had produced the profound and fatal distrust that excluded it from power. Mr. BAYARD's want of sympathy with the war for the Union repelled the confidence of strong Union men. Among other conspicuous Democrats there is no one who could command the support that Mr. CLEVELAND received from voters outside of his party, and which would be again gladly given to him as against Mr. BLAINE, reinforced by thousands who have seen that a vote for CLEVELAND did not mean national misfortune.

The situation, then, is this: Just in the degree that the course of the President alienates the spoils politicians of his party, it draws to him with enthusiasm the support of the people, and makes him the necessary and unavoidable candidate of his party. We have sometimes thought, indeed, that the politicians, who make nominations, might succeed in defeating him in the Convention, however essential to party success his candidacy might seem to be. Such politicians will be undoubtedly more positive in opposition than in 1884. Then they thought that they could control him. Now they know that they can not. This is the sole weakness of the President's position as a possible candidate. It is true that the Democratic politicians may yield in the Convention, as the Republican machine in New York yielded last year to the nomination of DAVENPORT for Governor. And it is also true that they may then demonstrate that he is a weak candidate, and that they were wise in opposing him, by taking care that he is beaten at the polls. This, of course, cannot be prevented, should it be undertaken. But even Mr RANDALL in his intelligent moments must see that if Mr CLEVELAND, the one Democrat who was able to resuscitate his party through the popular belief that he would keep his word, should be set aside by his party solely because he has kept his word, the party would be as peremptorily beaten as when it tried to elect Mr. GREELEY over General GRANT. The contest of 1888 will be almost wholly personal. The present Administration has shown that the country is perfectly safe under a Democratic as under a Republican Executive, and in the absence of great and dividing party issues, personal considerations and confidence will elect the President. But the conduct of the Democratic leaders and the tone of the Democratic press have proved conclusively, with all just and honorable exceptions made, that while Mr CLEVELAND is a reformer who is strong enough to have his way, the Democratic party is not a reform party. No man in his senses, therefore, believes that the Democratic party, after shelving Mr. CLEVELAND and choosing any other leader, would be supported as an agency of political progress or reform. The President is the only vitally important personage in our politics. Should he be renominated, he could not be assailed on the ground of distrust of his party, because, as Sir HENRY BULWER said of Sir ROBERT PEEL, he has proved himself to be a party.

## THE ENGLISH ELECTION.

THE manifesto of Mr. GLADSTONE to the Mid-Lothian electors is a clear, trenchant, and simple document, which cannot be misapprehended by any reader however dull. It states the issue in a few broad, incisive sentences which show a master's hand, and with great skill it turns back upon the Tories and the whole body of opponents the cry of Unionism, which is their most powerful reliance. Their attempt from the beginning has been to represent the proposition of Mr. GLADSTONE as a policy of imperial disunion. That is an appeal to British pride which, unless successfully parried, would be conclusive. But by a few forcible strokes Mr. GLADSTONE turns it completely aside. He denies to the allied opposition any just title to the distinction of Unionists. All loyal Englishmen, he says, are in purpose Unionists. But the Union which the alliance refuses to modify is a mere paper Union, never sanctioned by Ireland. The alliance, therefore, is not Unionist, but merely paper Unionist. There is less actual union than there has been for a century, and Mr. GLADSTONE's proposition is that of a true union of sentiment which will consolidate and strengthen the empire.

The immediate question, according to Mr GLADSTONE, is whether Ireland shall be governed by coercion, or allowed to manage her own local affairs. This is the substance of the issue. The details of a home-rule scheme may be settled when the principle of home rule is accepted. There are no alternative plans but that of Lord SALISBURY and that of the Government:

"Our plan is that Ireland should, under well-considered conditions, transact her own affairs. His plan is to ask Parliament to renew repressive laws, and enforce them resolutely for twenty years, by the end of which time he assures us Ireland will be fit to accept any government, in the say of a local government, on the repeal of the coercion laws, you may wish to give her."

This is not an unfair statement of the allies' position. That position is that whatever may have been true formerly, yet at present Ireland has no real grievance, and is no more justified in demanding a local legislature than any shire in England. In this view the whole Irish movement is seditious, and is due entirely to a few agitators. This is an extraordinary view when the facts are considered. One of these facts is the state of mind of a people resulting from centuries of acknowledged oppression; and another is that a large body of the allies confess that some scheme of local legislature is desirable. The difference of opinion, however, is irreconcilable. There has been no such bitterness of feeling, no such political estrangement, for many years. When JOHN BRIGHT votes against Mr. GLADSTONE upon a question of the highest moment, the situation is revealed.

Of the two plans, that of Lord SALISBURY proceeds upon the ground of profound distrust; that of Mr. GLADSTONE upon confidence. But the policy of distrust has been tested to the utmost, and with such results as we see. The counter plan would create at once a true conservative party in Ireland, which would deal with dangerous tendencies should they appear. In any event, the appeal to the country is most wisely taken. Mr. GLADSTONE shows plainly why the Liberal Government moved in the matter. An Irish policy which Liberals might have supported was anticipated from the Tory administration. But that administration chose coercion, and upon its fall Mr. GLADSTONE says that he took office on the basis of an anti-coercion policy, which was fully explained to his colleagues, and which aimed to unite and strengthen the empire. Instead of struggling over six months, like our general elections, the question in England will be decided in a little more than a month, and a month of intense excitement it will be. It is useless to predict the result, or to be surprised by it whatever it may be. It is obviously very uncertain. The Liberals have been evidently of opinion that the longer the election should be deferred the better it would be for them, and the alliance, apparently with the same conviction that delay would be advantageous to the Liberals, hastened the vote in Parliament. A Liberal defeat would end the public career of Mr. GLADSTONE, and many even of his old friends would say with sincere regret, as over the victim of his own hallucination, "Poor GLADSTONE!" But that will not be the verdict of history. Whatever the result of our Revolution might have been, Lord CHATHAM would have been known always as the friend of America. Whatever the immediate fate of his measure, GLADSTONE will be known hereafter as the friend of Ireland.

## THE VETO OF THE EXCISE BILL.

GOVERNOR HILL has vetoed the excise bill, which was a job of the worst kind, passed by a Republican Legislature, to the disgrace of the Republican name. It was a job designed to secure the liquor vote for the Republican party, as was shown by the telegram of Mr SHERIDAN SHOOK to the New York *Tribune*, Mr. SHOOK being one of the "prominent Republicans" whom the *Tribune* described as listening with interest to the debate upon the bill in the Senate:

"ALBANY, *May 18*

"*To the 'Tribune,' New-York city:*

"The excise bill will probably pass the Assembly to-morrow morning. Three Commissioners will be appointed under it, one a Republican, and not a GRACE Republican. The bill will materially help the Republican party, *giving Republican saloon keepers in the city the protection to which they are entitled*, and will prevent the use of the Department against us politically.

"SHERIDAN SHOOK."

The movement was due to an oversight in the title of the bill, which was intended to give the Mayor the power to appoint the Excise Commissioners without the interference of the Aldermen. The Mayor had appointed an excellent board, but the old Commissioners declined to retire. The Senate corrected the error, and the House undoubtedly would have acquiesced, and the question would have been settled. But the *Tribune*, in the interest of the effort to propitiate the liquor vote, aided the Tammany plot in the manner described by the *Voice*, the organ of the Prohibition party, as follows:

"The ROOSEVELT bill, making the Mayor's power to appoint the Excise Board unquestionable, had passed the Senate, and was progressing with little or no opposition in the Assembly. At this stage the *Tribune* suggested that the power of appointment be given to the Chief Justices of the Common Pleas, Superior, and Supreme courts. It wasn't much, but it was enough to furnish a pretext for delaying the bill. That pretext was seized on by Assemblyman CANTOR, who cited the *Tribune* editorial to prove that public sentiment was against the bill. The liquor forces were given time to combine and concentrate under the lead of this SHERIDAN SHOOK. They formulated their bill, and started to railroad it through. SHERIDAN SHOOK telegraphs on the 18th instant to the *Tribune* the bright prospects for the bill's immediate passage. On the 14th an editorial condemnation of the bill appears, quick enough to get the editor's record right, but not quick enough to hurt the bill, and it goes through with but 31 votes cast against it out of a total of 128 members."

The course of the *Tribune* throughout has been transparent. It was a desperate endeavor to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; and it is only characteristic that it should hail the Governor's veto as a good thing, and denounce the bill, which was passed by a great Republican majority, and whose passage it had indirectly aided, as "evil in its origin, injurious and corrupt in its intention, and it was pushed by sinister influences." It is equally characteristic that on the same page with this praise of a veto which defeated its own effort to win the liquor vote, the paper "founded by HORACE GREELEY," and which opposed the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1872, and supported the candidacy of Mr. HENDRICKS for Governor of Indiana, should denounce as enemies of the Republican party journals which have exposed its aid and comfort to the liquor plot, and which have condemned Republican double-dealing upon the temperance question. The *Tribune's* course is a capital illustration of the conduct which has made so serious a breach in the Republican ranks. The Republican selection of a public defaulter and notorious political boss in Rhode Island as the chief of the police to enforce the prohibitory law, the Republican practical repeal of the civil service reform law in Massachusetts, and Republican legislation, including the vetoed excise bill, in New York, have led in Rhode Island to a rupture in the party, and everywhere to Republican amazement and

alienation. If it be good Republicanism to trade for the liquor vote and to overthrow civil service reform, and to depend for success upon deals and tricks and demagoguery, instead of the assertion and maintenance of sound principles, it is not surprising that the Independent vote is larger every day.

## THE BANISHMENT OF THE FRENCH PRINCES

THE expulsion of the heads of the French royal houses throws a curious light upon the French republic. In this country we have been so accustomed to repose upon JEFFERSON'S saying that the utmost expression of error may be tolerated, so long as truth is left free to combat it, that the exile of persons, not for overt acts or declared intentions, but for what may be called a dangerous personality, seems to be only a confession of conscious weakness. But two recent events in France reveal the situation in that country. The government of the republic has power, at its discretion, to decree the exclusion of the princes. A few weeks since, on the same day, there was a Communist demonstration in Paris and an election in a royalist department in Brittany. Last year it chose Republican representatives, but this year it supplied a vacancy with a Monarchist by 8000 majority. The extreme Radicals held that such an incident showed that the exigency had arisen to deal with which the power to exclude princes had been granted, and demanded that it should be exercised. But President GRÉVY preferred to leave the question to the Assembly. M. FREYCINET, the Minister, brought in a bill to banish the chiefs of royal houses. Some of the extreme Radicals demanded the exclusion of all princes and the confiscation of their estates. But the limited bill will be adopted, and the Count of Paris and Prince JEROME BONAPARTE will leave France.

It is a proceeding which recalls the old Revolution, and Prince JEROME goes, indeed, saying that he will presently return to save those who banish him from being guillotined by their associates. But history does not repeat itself in precisely the same way. The government yields, probably, to propitiate the extreme Radicals. The Count of Paris is a gentleman who has been living quietly in France, not as a conspirator against the government, but as a French citizen and patriot. But there is no doubt that French politics always lead to a revolutionary condition. The old monarchical traditions, which in France are very strong, and princely families, the descendants of recent kings, living in princely splendor, with all the etiquette of a court, and allying themselves in marriage with reigning houses, are undoubtedly disturbing influences in a republic which is established less by positive preference than by the fact that it is more practicable than any other form of government. In such a situation the actual question is less that of the administration of the government than of its existence, and whatever seriously threatens it may be wisely removed.

The republican situation in this country can hardly be taken as a standard by which to test that of France. The English colonies and States in America were always practically self-governing. They have had the habit of free assembly, of popular discussion, and of popular election. But constitutional republican liberty is little known in France. It is a country in which the rights of the minority are practically unknown, and in which there is great impatience of the just regulation of liberty by law. The expulsion of the princes is an event that cannot be fairly judged without a clear view of the situation, which in another country it is difficult to obtain. But it shows distinctly that the French republic is not yet securely founded upon the popular conviction, and that it still dreads monarchical reaction.

## SPRING ELECTIONS VETOED.

GOVERNOR HILL has vetoed the municipal spring elections bill. But however desirable the purpose of the bill, the veto was anticipated, and it is a question whether it was not put in its final form by its opponents. The Governor had twice urged the advantage of spring elections, and a bill providing merely for them would doubtless have been approved. But the law as drafted provided for spring elections, for the election of aldermen upon a general ticket, and for a scheme of cumulative voting.

The Governor says that he would not have refused assent to the general ticket system, although not sure of its expediency. But the scheme of cumulative voting he condemns as both unconstitutional and inexpedient. His arguments, however, are not satisfactory. As the system is familiar, and is approved in other States, and has resulted in acknowledged practical benefits, the question of constitutionality, if there be one, is a very open question, and the Governor might have left the decision very properly to the courts.

His other objection, that it might lead to representation of interests which are not distinctively political, even if it were well founded, is not a reason for vetoing the bill. If a minority be entitled to representation, it may decide for itself upon what grounds it will unite. Certainly it ought not to be forced to adopt a bond of union which is not acceptable to itself. The question, however, is still open, and, to say the least, it was unnecessary to make it a part of the bill, since it would furnish the Governor a plausible excuse for a veto. It is a fundamental principle of honest legislation that bills should provide, as far as possible, exclusively for one object. The attempt to complicate them, to load them with unusual devices, is an attempt to be regarded with great suspicion. This bill was one of the most creditable to the Legislature. But even this was not of a character to be quite beyond suspicion.

## A LIVING REFORM.

THE *Herald* is of opinion that civil service reform is dead, because the course of the President has not been consistent. It says that the improvement which he may effect will end with his retirement. We think that it is mistaken. A definite and distinct progress in reform seems to us evident. Thus one of the worst abuses of the old system, the political assessment of public employés, has been in a great degree corrected, and arbitrary dismissal for mere partisan reasons is already stigmatized in the public mind as an outrage. In the judgment and expectation of the public it has ceased to be a matter of course.

These are distinct and permanent gains, because they show a change in public sentiment, and do not depend upon the whim of any public officer. When President CLEVELAND retires, his successor would restore assessments and a mere partisan clean sweep at his peril. Even the Democratic party, whose Bourbon element, which is very powerful, curses the President for his reform course, would not dare to propose a complete restoration of the old spoils system as its platform in 1888. Its managers are perfectly aware of the public enlightenment upon the subject, and the change of public sentiment, and that is the measure of the real progress of the cause.

Meanwhile the course of President CLEVELAND, however inconsistent and open to censure in certain cases, aids that enlightenment greatly, and promotes that change. Nothing could be more uncertain and inconsistent than the course upon this subject of Presidents GRANT and HAYES and ARTHUR. But nothing is more certain than the steady progress of the reform, amid all the obstructions, during their administrations. Reform was declared to be dead and d—ammed of a hundred times. But it lives to laugh its enemies to scorn. President CLEVELAND does not do all that many reformers desire. But he does more than any other President ever dared to do, and his course will have carried far forward and upward the mark of the rising tide.

## GRANT AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

THE second volume of GRANT'S memoirs fully confirms the delightful impression of the first volume. The story is told with perfect simplicity and with singular interest, and the General's judgments of the men with whom he was associated seem to be as final as the verdicts of history. Of his successor in the Presidency GRANT says:

"On more than one occasion in these engagements General R. B. HAYES, who succeeded me as President of the United States, bore a very honorable part. His conduct on the field was marked by conspicuous gallantry, as well as the display of qualities of a higher order than that of mere personal daring. This might well have been expected of one who could write at the time he is said to have done so, 'Any officer fit for duty who at this crisis would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress ought to be scalped.' Having entered the army as a Major of Volunteers at the beginning of the war, General HAYES attained by meritorious service the rank of Brevet Major-General in force in close."

Nothing is more striking than the generosity and modesty of tone throughout the whole work—a work which commemorates most modestly great services most modestly rendered which will never cease to be gratefully remembered.

## A FORTUNATE MAN.

THE friendly mention of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS as a candidate for the Presidency was an illustration of the impression which a kindly and generous and beneficent life makes upon the public mind. The suggestion was seized as furnishing an opportunity of paying a tribute of personal regard which must have been as agreeable as it was honorable. Mr. CHILDS disposed of the matter very promptly, however, and in a few graceful words in the *Ledger* took such a good-natured view of the proposition as the occasion demanded, and without gravely assuming to decline an honor that had not been offered, quietly silenced the discussion. Mr. CHILDS is one of the happy men whose prosperity arouses no feeling of envy or reproach, and in whose deserved success all who know him or who know of him rejoice.

## EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

Mr. WHIPPLE had been long withdrawn from his former prominence in literary circles, but he was one of the most charming of companions, and the most generous and appreciative of writers. In the early days of the popular lecture lyceum there was no man more sought and more more acceptable. His fresh and accurate acquaintance with the best English literature, his humor, which was constant and delightful, his shrewd perception, and his felicitous style made him a delightful speaker.

Mr. WHIPPLE'S especial gift was the fine critical faculty. His volumes are collections of critical essays, and his current writings were biographical articles or surveys of epochs and men composed mainly of the most discriminating appreciation. In all these the generosity of his nature was most apparent. This was the more striking, and often touching, because later comers in the field of literary labor had taken precedence of him in current public regard, and his name had less significance than at an earlier time. Personally, alas, he was less known. But his equanimity was undisturbed, and he "kept the noiseless tenor of his way" with the old sweetness and kindly regard for others.

In the most distinguished literary circle in this country, a circle which in its prime was hardly surpassed by any actual company in London or Edinburgh, Mr. WHIPPLE held his distinctive place. There was no conversation to which he could not take his equal part, no daring thought with which he did not sympathize, no hope for man and faith in his progress in which he did not share. That brilliant circle was long since broken, and in the death of WHIPPLE it loses one of the brightest of its members that remained. To this generation of readers his name is not significant. But to those who knew him well, and whose thoughts, like the boy's memory, are "long, long thoughts," there is an "altered glory" in the old familiar places.

## PERSONAL.

Miss ARTOSIA EDGERTON, daughter of the needle Edgerton, has returned with her father from a thirteen months' stay in Europe. In addition to some mahogany carvings illustrating the death of Lucilia, she brings a large number of pen-and-ink sketches illustrative of the spirit of DORE'S wood-engravings. She proposes to apply DORE'S method to pen-and-ink illustrations of scenes from life and from books, which can then be reproduced in fac-simile by photo-engraving.

—One of the distinguished smokers of New York city keeps two brands of cigars, a cheap brand and a dear one. After dinner, his first cigar is a dear one, but his second and third are taken from the other box, and taste just as good, he says.

—One of the best preserved paintings of modern times is GILBERT STUART'S portrait of ESTHER BURR, the first President of the New York Historical Society, which hangs in the hall of that institution. After the lapse of seventy-nine years its flesh tones glow as some of Rembrandt's do. Time has only mellowed its tone, without obscuring it. Mr. BURR was a most generous host, and the cellars of his mansion were well stocked. It is probable that the painter, who was Mr. BURR'S guest, did not leave the work, as he so often did his pictures of Washington, one of which, now hanging in the same place, looks rather washed out.

—The Rev. J. C. STRUMBERG, D.D., of Providence, Rhode Island, has begun the printing of his valuable bibliographical work, the *Annotated Catalogue of the Harris Collection of American Poetry*. The volume is intended to be a memorial of the late Senator ANTHONY, and describes the remarkable collection of the writings of American poets begun fifty years ago by the Hon. ALBERT GORTON GREENE, increased by the late C. FRIEND HARRIS, and purchased from him by Senator ANTHONY, who bequeathed it to Brown University. Dr. STRUMBERG'S laborious and scholarly undertaking has been received with favor throughout the country.

—After Governor TILDEN'S nomination to the Presidency, Mr. JOHN KELLY organized a grand torch-light procession in his honor. This procession Governor TILDEN was expected to review, and a place was reserved for him on the grand stand at Union Square. But the Governor failed to put in an appearance, and Mr. KELLY was deeply offended. "Had Governor TILDEN not misbehaved so then," said a Tammany sachem, several years afterward, "we would have raised 50,000 men to escort him in the White House."

—The National Academy of Design does not elect women to be Academicians, although it has made several of them Associates, including Mrs. HENRY A. LOUD and Miss FRANCES BURTON. In course of retrograde, some years ago Miss ANNA HALL, a sister of PRESCOTT HALL, the painter, was a full Academician. But it was found inconvenient to continue the practice, because of the irregularity with which the lady Academicians attended the regular meetings. On one occasion it was necessary to send a coach for Miss HALL in order to get a quorum. She came and cast her vote, but was never seen in the building again. Accordingly, the male Academicians got discouraged, and do not propose to elect women any more.

—Mr. THOMAS COLE, the well-known wood-engraver, has been living of late in Florence, Italy. He is enthusiastic over the museums and the natural beauty of that city, and has sent for his family to join him. He has no intention of returning to the United States. Since his last visit to New Haven he and Mr. LAMBDIN have been mutual admirers and warm friends, although pursuing very different methods in art. But Mr. COLE has never liked or practised the extreme eccentricities of the younger school, and has never lost his love for pure-line work.

—Mr. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, having seen in print a letter reflecting on his veracity, says that it is a "serious charge," and reports that its author "must himself lie under a mistake."

—Canon FARRAR'S lecture on Browning, which was delivered during his visit to this country, will be repeated by invitation before the Browning Society of London, on October 29. Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD has gone to Europe, and will be a guest of the Canon, whom he entertained in princely fashion last year.

—The Rev. E. H. QUICK says that women have been prominent in all efforts to improve teachers of the young, and have shown themselves far more ready than men to avail themselves of the means of improvement offered them.

—A Franciscan monk has appeared in Pisa who recalls the days of SAVONAROLA. He is poor, eloquent, pious, and wise, and when he preaches on feast-days, lawyers, men of business, and workmen leave their occupations to go and hear him.

—The Duc d'Aumale's friends are sorry over his prospective banishment from France. He is old, a widower, and childless, and he has been devoting the last twelve years to the erection of a magnificent palace at Chantilly, where he now holds his state, in the midst of a multitude of art treasures, among them the Earl of Dudley's famous Raphaels, for which he paid $125,000, and a noble collection of Holbein miniatures, miniatures, fancies, engraved gems, and enamels.

—Mr. WHIPPLE being an American, it is an unusual honor that he should have been elected to the Presidency of the Society of British Artists. There are two WHIPPLES, says a foreign critic; the one is the synonyme of that tights and jubilee views, of a thousand supper parties and three-o'clock teas, saying things good and bad, the "Our James" of the society prints and the "Jimmy" of actors and journalists, the other is an artist, "wayward, eccentric, mannered, wilful, but in his way a man of genius, and in his way a painter unique, original, almost great."

—An obelisk of granite forty feet high marks the grave of Mr. ARTHUR'S Secretary of State, FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, at Newark, New Jersey, bearing the inscription: "A diligent and conservative statesman, a sincere friend and wise counsellor, busy in the affairs of life, he walked humbly and trustfully with his God. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

—Mr. CHARLES DICKENS is following his father's example by giving public readings from that novelist's works. He strives to imitate his father's manner, accent, and tones, as well as to present his father's conceptions of such characters as Pickwick, Little Nell, Tiny Tim, and Oliver Twist. He will probably visit this country after a tour of the leading cities of England and Scotland.

—Mr. FREDERIC E. CHURCH, the landscape painter, is now residing on his estate at Hudson-on-the-Hudson, where he owns a magnificent estate, consisting of more than three hundred acres of beautiful land, and a stone mansion of Persian design inside and outside, filled with countless souvenirs of foreign travel. His right hand, which formerly was almost inactive on account of an affection of the wrist, has become well again, but his limbs are so affected with rheumatism that he stands with difficulty. He paints scarcely at all, but devotes himself to the care of his country seat. His friends think that his fame is perfect and secure. He has always been in easy financial circumstances, and therefore able to give as much time as he chose to a painting. By the death of his father he became very rich.

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EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.—[See Page 408.]

LUDWIG II., KING OF BAVARIA.

J. WREY MOULD, ARCHITECT.—[See Page 414.]

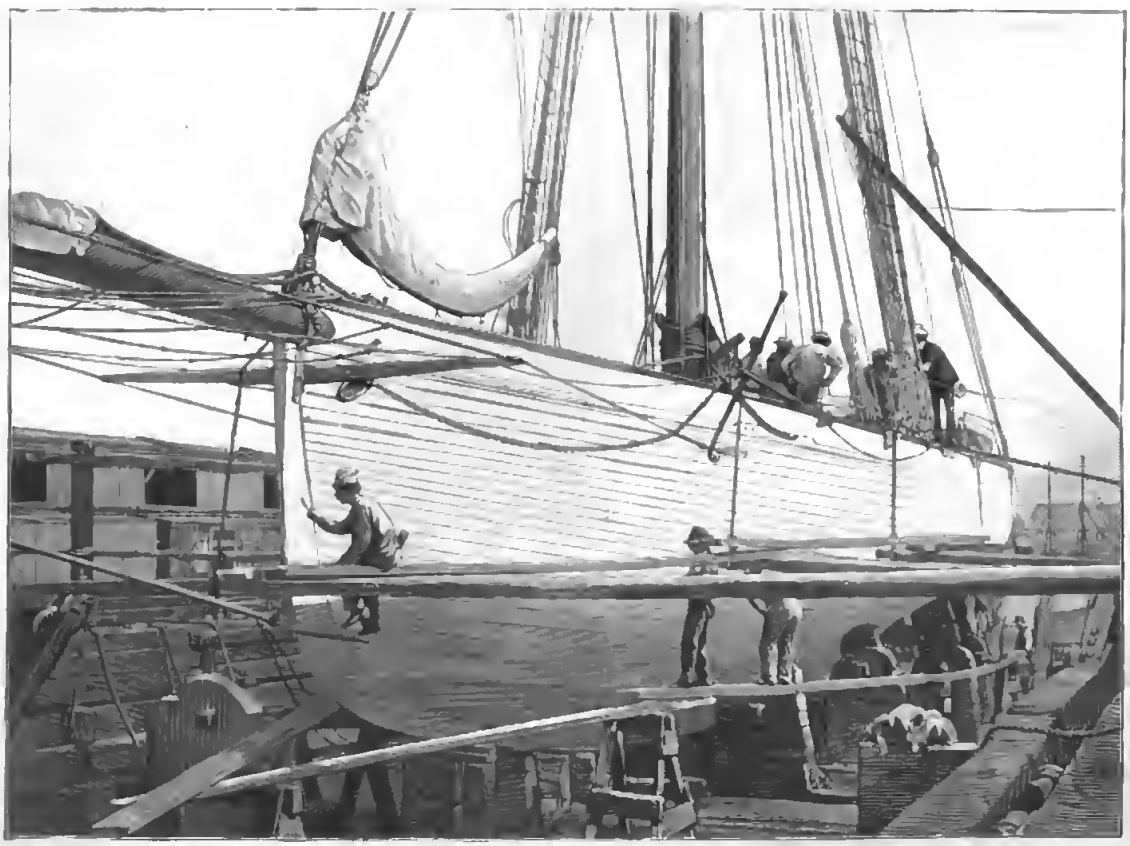
## THE MAD BAVARIAN KING.

HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 30 contained a picture of the gorgeous sleigh in which the romantic and now lamented monarch LUDWIG or LOUIS II., King of Bavaria, was pleased to travel between the palace at Munich and his royal country-seats (if so ordinary a term may be applied) among the mountains, together with an account of the eccentricities and extravagances which had won for him the name of the "Mad King." At the time of that publication it was evident that the affairs of the King were on the verge of a crisis, but it was impossible that any one should have anticipated then the misfortunes which were to follow fast upon him, culminating in a dreadful tragic death. However much may be said in derision of the dreamy and romantically impracticable notions by which this unhappy ruler was actuated, it cannot be denied that he was wise in a period when the fate and future welfare of his country hung in the balance; that he carefully fostered and developed the art interests which have made Munich a recognized art centre since the reign of LUDWIG I.; that the music-loving world is under lasting obligations to him for the part which he took in securing to the world the full measure of WAGNER's wondrous talents by aiding that composer in carrying out his fondest hopes and ambitions; and that the people of his country were devotedly attached to him.

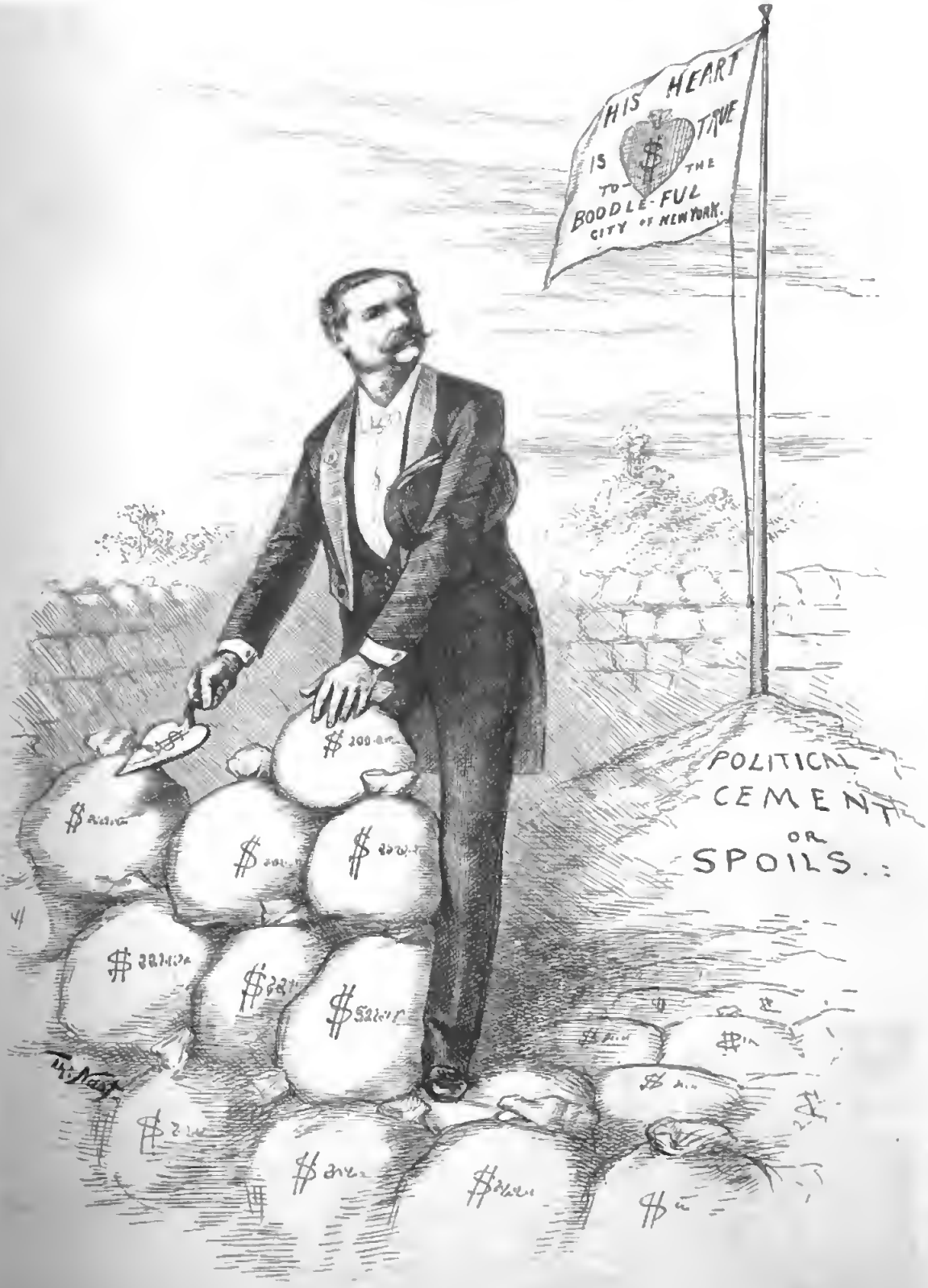
The news of the deposition of King LUDWIG, and the proposed assumption of the Regency by his uncle, Prince LUITPOLD, which was received in this country on June 11, was followed in three days by the news of the King's death by suicide in Lake Starnberg. The court physicians had no sooner pronounced that the mental condition of the King was such as to incapacitate him from governing properly than the uncle, with what appears to have been unseemly haste, assumed the Regency, and, supported by the ministers, despatched Count HOLSTEIN to ask the King to authorize the appointment of a Regency Council, which was practically soliciting his consent to a downfall that had already been precipitated upon him. The King, who was intrenched at his castle of Hohenschwangau, repelled the deputation from Prince LUITPOLD and the ministry, and ordered the arrest of Count HOLSTEIN. Backed by his devoted subjects among the mountain peasantry, there is no telling to what extremes of civil warfare the attitude of the King, had he preserved it, might have led, but it is clear that, whether of unsound mind or not, his spirit was broken by the charge of insanity that had been brought against him, and he presently submitted to be removed by his physicians to Berg Castle, on Lake Starnberg. There, at six o'clock on the evening of June 13, he was drowned. There was but one known witness of his death, Dr GUDDEN, his devoted physician, and as the body of this witness was also found in the lake, the particulars of the tragedy can only be a matter of speculation. Whatever the secret of his taking off, it is apparent that the death of King LUDWIG has caused a complete revolution in the political affairs of Bavaria, and the Ultramontane party, by which the King was cordially disliked, is now in the ascendency. By the right of succession Prince OTTO, the younger brother of King LUDWIG, who was born on April 27, 1848, succeeds to the crown, but for many years this prince has been a lunatic, and although he becomes King of Bavaria in name, Prince LUITPOLD, as Regent, is the actual sovereign, and the house of WITTELSBACH is now in power. The practical transfer of the crown from the branch of MAXIMILIAN II., the father of LUDWIG, to that of LUITPOLD, the uncle of LUDWIG, has an unmistakable tendency to unite the interests of Bavaria and Austria, and to remove Bavaria from sympathy with the German Confederation.

The deceased King was born on the 25th of August, 1845, at the Castle of Nymphenburg, and while still in his nineteenth year was called to the Bavarian throne, upon the death of his father on March 10, 1864. His boyhood had been passed in deep seclusion, and amid surroundings sufficiently romantic to develop the poetical side of a nature which, if not altogether weak in the element of character, was essentially emotional, and averse to grappling with the practical problems of life.

The stories of the adventures and eccentric performances of the dead King have no doubt been exaggerated; but they were sufficient to cause wonder and astonishment wherever they were read. Regardless of expense he erected magnificent castles on the mountain tops, and caused artificial lakes to be made where, beneath artificial moonlight, he could listen to the music he loved best. He concealed himself by day, and at night, in splendid chariots, the wheels of which were covered with rubber tires, rode swiftly and noiselessly over the mountain roads, preceded by many outriders bearing torches in their hands. And yet when the emergency arose, this dreamer awoke from his dreams, and by allying Bavaria with the German cause when the Franco-German war broke out in 1870, disappointed the hopes of NAPOLEON, who had expected to South Germany to find a powerful ally. As has been said elsewhere, "Bavaria's example was electrical in Germany, and when King LUDWIG gave the order for his soldiers to move, German unity was essentially an accomplished fact."



THE SLOOP-YACHT "MAYFLOWER," OF BOSTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACE BROTHERS.—[See Page 411.]




WHAT IS SURE TO STICK.

THE MOST QUESTIONABLE BRICK IN THE AQUEDUCT—SQUIRE

# CYNIC FORTUNE:*

## A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "False Person Shadowed," "Hearsay Gossip," "A Model Father," etc.

### XV.

THERE are thousands of peaceably brave people who are experimentally aware that fears which are barely supportable in the night-time vanish with the coming of the day. When Gabriel Kenyon awoke, at the entrance of his quiet and well-conditioned servant, and the man drew aside the curtains and pulled up the blinds, the warm summer sunlight, already lying broadcast about the landscape, seemed at once to banish the troubles which had haunted him in sleep. The cause of his fears had been altogether too shadowy to endure, and as he dressed, he wondered a little at himself for having been touched by it at all.

In a little while he thought passed to what seemed a more substantial trouble. It was not strange that, with the abnormal training he had given himself, he should have grown profoundly superstitious. It had been a habit with him, in the days when he was first becoming persuaded of his own regeneration and pardon, to make the decision of his puppet Providence hang upon any little trifle. The unexpected submission of a quarrelsome lessee, with a turn for litigation—the passing of a cloud from the landscape—the very flight of a bird from a bough—and a thousand other things as little bearing on his case, had been accepted by him as omens. In his more tormenting times he played, as it were, at pitch and toss for his own soul, and in the practice of the game (which was a favorite occupation of his) was elevated or depressed by the text he fell upon. And now he made the question of Lord Bagleigh's proposal to Helen, and her acceptance or non-acceptance of it, a test. If he were really and truly pardoned, Helen would consent; if he were not really and truly pardoned, but were yet in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, her refusal would be a sign to him.

In his honest heart he was rather relieved to have come to this conclusion about the Bagleigh episode, because he desired the match; and his new view of the proposal left him considerably free to do his best in order to secure it.

To unravel and to reel up into orderly narrative the spider's web sophistries he constantly and heavily spun for himself would be tedious, if it were possible; but this much may be taken as an indication.

It was his habit in fine weather to walk for half an hour before breakfast, and this exercise was generally taken in his own grounds. This morning, being wishful to be left alone with his thoughts, he passed through the gate and walked toward the village, where an occasional nod of urbane condescension was all that was expected of him in the way of social intercourse.

It may have been an active factor in the formation of the local opinion about him, that he permitted himself none of those relaxations in attire which are customary with English gentlemen. Nobody had ever seen Mr. Kenyon, since he took up his residence at the Lodge, in morning tweeds. The local rustic imagination would have failed to picture him as he would have appeared in a tossed hat and a shooting jacket. He was invariably dressed in black. A frock-coat cut somewhat long, in a rather antique but prodigiously respectable style; a glossy hat, rather unusually broad in the brim, and having something of an ecclesiastical, or even episcopal, suggestion in its form; high collars, of the shape which had been fashionable in his youth, a satin stock, the shining buckle of which showed behind his neck as he stooped in walking; black gloves, which were always tight and new and glossy—all these things, in conjunction with his stately walk and the studied deliberation and gravity of his address, helped to mark him in the minds of his less important neighbors. They indicated respectability of the highest and solidest sort; they even indicated goodness.

He was getting on in years now, and, when with his age and his troubles, his hair had grown as a silver whiteness. He scrupulously shaven face had a delicate but not effeminate pallor. He walked slowly, with his hands behind his back, or held in front of him as he towed with his gold-trimmed *pince-nez*. It would be hard to picture a more respectable figure than he presented as he passed slowly down the village street, returning here and there the salutations with which he was greeted.

Auguste Moreau had never seemed more profoundly and securely buried than at the hour which heralded his resurrection.

At the doorway of the village hotel Mr Kenyon discerned a stranger of unmistakably foreign aspect. He was dressed correctly and cheaply, and he carried his fineries with an almost ferocious swagger. Mr Kenyon gave him a condescendingly polite "Good-morning," being always willing to impress by his urbanity. The foreign stranger raised his hat, and responded to his salutation with a marked accent. Gabriel passed on, not displeased at the impression his aspect had evidently produced upon the foreign person. Gustave Peltzer stared after him, and on many associated him with Auguste Moreau than with the man in the moon. But a small bald man, a big mustachioed gentleman, a tall man, with the palms of his hands suddenly hot and moist, and rubbed them together with a feeble groan at the uncomfortable quarry and the unrecognizing hauteur coloured each other.

"What ails you, mon bon?" cried the swaggering foreigner, turning at the sound, and looking in at the doorway.

"Rien," responded the poor Sullivan, miserably, "rien de tout."

"Order for me," said Peltzer, "a little glass of brandy, and pay for it. It is well you came here. This scoundrel of a patron here demands to be paid for all things before they are served, because I am without baggage. My-and-by, my friend, I will affront him with the sight of more money than he ever saw before."

Sullivan rubbed his baldness pensively, wagged his head, and tried to smile; but his attempt to recall his old self was a failure, and he went off dismally to order the brandy the imperious Peltzer had demanded.

Meanwhile, Gabriel pursued his way in the color of respectability, and invested with an even unusual relish the marks of respect and consideration with which he was greeted. He appeared at the breakfast table at the stroke of nine, and took his seat there. Douglas had already introduced the Major to Helen, and the quarrelsome set down in a rather ominous silence. Morton was still engrossed by his own particular problem. Douglas was a little puzzled and disturbed by his old comrade's manner. Gabriel was sunk deep in the consideration of his test and its chances; and Helen was thus left with nobody to talk to her who did not give her arms questions or smoked answers.

In the middle of the repast the venerable Partridge toddled in with the post-bag. Gabriel unlocked it, discovered there two or three letters addressed to his niece and one to Douglas, together with some ten or a dozen directed to himself. He threw these down, after sorting them from the others, and the Major, on whose side of the table he laid them, saw at the top of the little pile the broad superscription of Sullivan's letter. It fascinated him, and his talk began to go altogether at random. In answer to Douglas, he said one or two things so manifestly inappropriate and absurd that even Helen came out of her preoccupation to stare at him.

The Major noticed the sensation he produced, and made a strenuous effort to command himself.

Kenyon showed no disposition to hurry over the reading of his correspondence. He pushed the letters about with the tips of his fingers, looking idly at the address of one and the seal of another, and then continued his breakfast.

Sullivan's letter was now more than half way hidden from the Major's gaze, but whether he looked at it or not, he was forced to read its contents over and over again, and the very flourishes of the capitals and finals were clearly before him.

It seemed an age before Gabriel had finished his frugal breakfast; but at last he rose, took up his letters in both hands, nodded round in a casual manner, and withdrew, to the Major's momentary but prodigious relief, to the library.

Here he seated himself at a knee-table which stood in the recess of a bow-window looking upon the lawn. He laid the letters down before him, and, drumming on the table with his fingers, sat thinking out the Bagleigh Providence test until he had brought himself to believe that he was fairly certain of success in it. Then he began to open his letters, turning each one round before he broke the envelope, and making elaborate use of his delicate fingers in the manipulation of them. Sullivan's epistle by about half-way down. The plain blue business envelope and the broad clerk-like handwriting naturally told him nothing. He opened the letter with no sense of presumption of its contents, but the first words upon which his eye lighted brought him to his feet. He stood for a moment quite dazed and sick, and slowly and automatically recasting himself, he tried to read. He had so far seen nothing but the name of his cousin Robert's murderer, and what with the sick singing in his head, the sudden film before his eyes, and the war in which the paper shook in his trembling fingers, he could make out nothing more. At last he held the letter resolutely down upon the desk before him with both hands, and poring on it with a dreadful eagerness, mastered its contents. His face was of the color of lead, and he began to quake from head to foot, as though he had been struck suddenly with palsy.

Horribly as the letter affected him, he seemed at first to have no comprehension of it. He was like a man hit by a bludgeon, who is too much stunned to know for the moment what has happened to him. But when the first ghastly terror of the shock had passed away, he re-read the letter, and saw that his dead-and-buried secret was alive and abroad again. When once his mind began to clear, he grappled with the phantom desperately, and struggled with it with all his might. The letter, in spite of its purposed iniquity, was clearer than the day. His identity with Auguste Moreau was known. Moreau's crime was known.

But the letter offered help. Since the Major had read it, Sullivan had added a postscript to the effect that, if it were worth Mr Kenyon's while to see him, he would be found, at the time at which this letter would be delivered, at the village hotel. There could be no object in the writer's mind in this, thought Gabriel, but the levying of black-mail. Well, there was little in the way of black mail which he was not prepared to pay. He knew that he could be forced to part with anything rather than have his secret known.

He had scarcely come to this conclusion when a sort of blind, wild, fighting instinct walled up in him, and surprised him by its vigor and intensity. He would yield what money needs be yielded, but he would save himself at any hazard, and at least he would face this phantom fighting. To a man agitated by such thoughts as these, physical motion was a necessity; and he paced up and down the room until his quickened pulses and his unexpected fighting instinct so inspired him that he was able to sit down and write. The handwriting was hurried and disordered, and had little resemblance to his usual characters, which were peculiarly small, neat, and erect.

In effect, the letter briefly informed Mr. Sullivan that Mr Kenyon was at home, and would see him at once.

When it was written, one eloped, and addressed, Gabriel stood for a minute to recover a semblance of tranquillity, and then ringing the bell, directed the man who answered it to the Railway Arms, with instructions to ask for an immediate answer. The servant took the letter, noticing nothing unusual in his employer's demeanor, and Gabriel, walking up and down the library, resigned himself to wait.

Whilst he waited, he shot conjectures far and wide. Who was the man who threatened him? How had he come to know anything which should enable him to threaten? And why had he been well been allowed to live all these years in prosperity and peace? None of these questions were answerable until the man appeared, but they kept up a clamor of anguished astonishment within him, and were as exigent at the very desire of safety itself.

He walked faster and faster up and down the room in his excitement, and the motion gave him courage. It was all so long ago. He was so firmly established in respectability. He had for years borne a character so unblemished that the idea of charging him with such a crime must needs seem preposterous. He got up within his own mind a sort of blustering disdain at it. Was it possible that a man of his position, of his family, of his reputation for goodness, could be assailed by such a charge? Then this high-soaring braggadocio was pierced through and through with fear, and fell to the ground him lead. What had been, had been. The thing was done; there was no undoing it. If it were proved against him, if it could be proved against him, in spite of his repentance, in spite of the sanctus and benevolence of his life, in spite of that charming understanding with Providence that he had long arrived at, he would be tried, sentenced, and hanged—he, Gabriel Kenyon.

When he had reached to this conclusion, and had begun to feel a hysteric rebellion at it as being altogether unjust and horrible, the man whom he had despatched to the Railway Arms returned to say that the person who had been sent for was in attendance.

"Let him come in when I ring," said Gabriel. The walls of his body seemed to surround a vacuum, and he was cold, and a little inclined to be sick. He was an abstemious man, as a rule, but he longed for a stimulant, and nothing kept him back from calling for it but the knowledge that the summons would bring in his visitor. He made a prodigious effort to recover his self-control, and having drawn his chair away from the clear light of the window, he sunk into it, and laid a hand upon the bell-pull. He sat thus for a minute before he found courage to ring, and when at last he did so he sounded an unusually agitated and noisy peal. This brought in Mr. Sullivan, who advanced a few steps into the room and there paused, looking much less like a man who was about to accuse another than a man about to be accused.

Gabriel, fixing his gold-rimmed *pince-nez* with the trembling fingers of both hands, looked up at him, seeing nothing except that the man was there. What manner of man it was, his eyes refused to tell him.

He cleared his throat, and in a voice which, though rather unusually harsh and dry, was still so commanding a baritone like that his sound encouraged him, he asked,

"Are you the person who addressed me yesterday, signing himself Cyrus Sullivan?"

"I had that pleasure," Mr Sullivan responded—"that honor."

"What was your purpose in writing that letter?" Gabriel asked.

Cyrus murmured something, of which the words "reasonable understanding" were alone audible. Kenyon began to gather courage more and more.

"I must ask you to explain yourself," he said, speaking pretty brusk now. "What was your object in addressing this letter to me?"

"Well," returned Mr Sullivan, "I thought you might take it in a friendly way. I thought it might be useful to you."

This, though it was spoken with an extreme feebleness and humility, disconcerted Gabriel so profoundly that all his old symptoms came back again together, and he could find nothing to say in answer to it.

"You see, sir," pursued Cyrus, who was almost as much frightened as Gabriel himself, "that I was not the so over in this matter. If there should turn out to be anything against Mr Moreau, I thought it might be worth while to put him on his guard."

"Why should you come to me," asked Gabriel, "to speak of this man? Why, supposing that the man exists at all, should you imagine me to have an interest in him?"

"I suppose, sir," said Cyrus, tremulously, appearing to disregard this question, "I suppose, sir, that you don't remember me." Gabriel looked toward him, and tried to make a study of his features.

"I do not remember," he said, hoarsely, "that I ever encountered you before."

"I had the pleasure," said Cyrus, "of travelling from Paris to London with Monsieur Moreau on the tenth day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-eight."

Gabriel's gray face went a tone graver.

"After that," pursued Sullivan, "I had the pleasure of accompanying him by coach as far as Perry Haughton. You may remember that you alighted at the King and Constitution."

The merest hint of Sullivan's habitual bird-like insolence of manner remained to him; but this was only because the fashions of a lifetime could not be thrown away in a moment.

As for Gabriel, he felt as though a net were being drawn increasingly about him.

"What induced you," he asked, speaking with great difficulty—"what induced you to follow me here?"

"I was instructed," answered Sullivan, "to follow Monsieur Moreau from Paris, and to find out where he went."

"Who set you to a catch this man Moreau?"

He knew that the question was practically futile, but he could not help anticipating it.

"A gentleman," responded Sullivan, "who lived in the same house with him. A gentleman who occupied the room above him."

As if every the mad hour and instant which stood between him and his crime had examined, Gabriel saw the shabby, littered room, and the bed in the corner with the quiet figure on it. He could hear quite distinctly the sound of a muffled, irregular breathing, and for the first time in his life he was able to localize it. It sounded from overhead.

"Who was the man?" he asked.

"His name," said Sullivan, "is Armand Camus, but he was known to you as Gustave Peltzer."

"To me?" cried Gabriel. "No man of that name was ever known to me."

"He says," repeated Sullivan, "that Monsieur Moreau, who was a doctor, knew him well, and attended him once when he broke his wrist."

"You know this man?" asked Gabriel, still with his eyes upon the floor.

"Yes," Cyrus answered.

"Where is he?"

"Here."

"Do you mean in Perry Haughton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You spoke in your letter," said Gabriel, desperately, feeling his way to meet what he knew must come at last—"you spoke in your letter of a danger which threatened Monsieur Moreau. What is that danger?"

"You see, sir," Cyrus answered, with a frightened simplicity, "if what Peltzer says is true, and Monsieur Moreau were caught, he would be hanged."

Gabriel, still holding with one hand to the back of the chair before him, sent the fingers of the other movement to his collar, where they tugged at it as if he felt a sudden tightness at the throat.

"He would be hanged?" said Gabriel.

"The affair, sir," said Cyrus, "happened in France, but it was—" He searched for a word, and only finding the one that came first, slipped over it as delicately as he could. "The affair was committed, sir, in France, but Monsieur Moreau was an English subject, and so was the other gentleman."

"And now," said Gabriel, "what is your object in bringing this history to me?"

"Well, sir," replied Sullivan, rubbing his hands together in a manner almost ingratiatory, "if I had not brought it, it might have been brought by another person to another man."

"And you suppose me," said Gabriel, still hiding himself behind that unavailing shelter which concealed to tremor of his inmost heart—"you suppose me to be interested in the affairs of Monsieur Moreau, and I presume you expect me to induce him to make some recognition of your desire to be of service to him."

And here, almost as much to his own surprise as to Gabriel's, on an expected trait declared itself to Mr. Sullivan.

"No," he said, "I don't. I could not touch a penny if I wanted friend." He spoke with vehemence, and for the first time naturally.

"What do you want, then?" Gabriel asked. "Why do you come here?"

"I don't know why I came here," responded Cyrus, "except that that damned scoundrel ghosted me. I couldn't bear to think of having had a hand in it. If you take my tip," he added, "you'll get from here as fast as you can get anything to carry you. He's got neither heart nor bowels. He'll bleed you to your last sixpence, and as likely as not when your cleaned not he'll write to Scotland Yard."

This was be on means what he had come prepared to say. The Major's shot had hit the mark, and Mr Sullivan's primary latent to warn Mr Gabriel was at least tinctured by some hope of securing pecuniary benefit. But when he came to the point, he discovered that he was not of the stuff of which black mailers for crime are made, and a sudden rush of memory got to that way took hold upon him. Besides this, the feeble little Cyrus, who had hardly ever kept a conscience in his life, and had long since ceased to trouble himself much about small scruples of any sort, felt it in his heart as he a deadly pity that so respectable seeming a personage as Mr Gabriel Kenyon, living in such a house, and owning such a property and such a reputation, should be submitted to the final pains and penalties of the law for a crime committed so long ago. He was not a statesman, he was not a moralist. His chief faults were that he lied and was lazy; his only virtue was that, in so far as he could be, he was harmlessly good natured. He had begun an enterprise which was altogether too laborious for him and he here abandoned it.

"If I could have got at you before," he said, "I would have given you the office earlier. But when I got down last night, I found that fellow here before me; and now, if what he's got to say is true, the best advice that anybody can give you is to cut and run, and leave him in the lurch. You don't know at any minute when he'll turn up, and if he once lays hold of you, he'll stick like a leech."

Gabriel began helplessly to turn his eyes this way and that, and turn suddenly every sign which marks a hunted creature. And whilst Sullivan was pressing him to lose no time, and he was resting here and there to guess what he might do to save himself from the threatened danger, something of a fracas arose in the hall outside, and a bullying voice was heard.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1539.

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"Mais, mon ami, je in connais depuis longtemps. Nous sommes de vrais amis—de vrais amis! Laissez moi, donc! Oh est il, ce Monsieur Kenyon? Je voudrais bien l'embrasser. Moi—son ancien camarade—le revoir ce n'est rien—j'aime de son ame!"

"I can't understand a word you're saying," piped the voice of the ancient Partridge. "You don't suppose that a fellow like you can force your way into a gentleman's house whether he will or no, and go where he wants to? If you don't go, I shall have to call the police."

"Je n'ai pas peur de ça," cried the voice outside. "Je veux comprendre, mais bien, parfaitement, malgré le fait que je ne parle pas Anglais. Mais laissez moi passer, car je veux de vous."

"Thank God," cried Gabriel Kenyon, piously, "there is not a creature in the house who can understand him!"

But at this instant the voice of Ma, or Mutton broke in upon the mingled tones of Partridge and the intruder, demanding in perfect French to know the reason of the disturbance. At this, Gabriel cast both hands above his head.

"It's all over," he said, "all over!" and moving his hands with a dreadful writhing motion in the air, while Sullivan looked vainly about for a hiding-place, he fell at full length upon the floor.

## XVI.

The Major had packed up his scanty traps to be gone, and was on his way to the hall, with intent to seek out his host and bid him farewell, when the sound of Monsieur Peltier's bellying voice was first heard.

"And here," said the Major to himself (being in need of no very great penetration or swiftness to enable him at once to grasp the situation)—"here is Mr. Sullivan's partner."

He stood on the stairs for a moment to survey Peltier. That personage had obviously taken more cognac than was good for him, and he was so exalted at the prospect of being able to bolster a sum of Kenyon's social pretensions, not for his own conceptions of the wealth of the immediate future, that he shone all over with a swaggering complacency.

The Major had not had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur Peltier until now, but he knew his kind, and when the intruder began to threaten the old butler, he thought it time to interfere.

"Come, come," said the Major, descending the stairs, "what is all this row about?"

Peltier swaggered round upon him, and finished off his hat with an insolent leer of mock politeness.

"I have the honor," said he, "to be a dear and intimate old friend of Monsieur Kenyon's. His domestics refuse to introduce me to his presence."

"You had better send in your name to Mr. Kenyon, and state your business," said the Major, quietly.

It was an affair of his. It promised to be an ugly business for all concerned in it. He had not the faintest desire to intrude into the secrets of Messieurs Peltier and Kenyon, whom he was already disposed to regard in his own mind as a very fitting pair; but he had no sooner set eyes upon Peltier, and heard him speak, than he experienced a vivid longing to see him soundly horsewhipped.

"But, my friend—" said Peltier, laying a hand upon the Major's shoulder.

"Take your hand away," said the Major, interrupting him with little ceremony, and holding him at a distance with the point of his walking cane.

"My friend," said Peltier, astonished, "I desire to give Monsieur Kenyon a little friendly surprise. I will go in and see him."

It was certainly an affair of the Major's, but the man's drunken insolence so angered him that he took upon himself to say,

"I can answer you, you will do nothing of the sort."

"Are you a friend of Monsieur Kenyon's?" demanded Peltier, jeeringly.

The Major retained no answer, but addressing Partridge, asked him if there were no able-bodied men-servants about the house.

"Half a dozen, sir," said Partridge.

"Bring two of them," said the Major.

"Bring twenty," said Peltier, who appeared to have understood the colloquy, though he made no pretence of speaking English. "Are you a friend of Monsieur Kenyon's, sir?" he asked again; and again the Major declined to answer him. "If any friend of Monsieur Kenyon's," said Peltier, "stays me from doing what I want to do, Monsieur Kenyon will not be grateful to him. Monsieur Kenyon would desire that I should have my way. You shall see as in half an hour's time from now, and you shall see how tenderly attached to me he is."

"Listen to me, Monsieur Peltier," said the Major. He had no other object in calling the fellow by the only name by which he knew him than to use it as a sort of ceremonious mockery; but the effect the mention of the name produced was nothing less than remarkable. Monsieur Peltier staggered back a pace, his blotched countenance grew pale upon a sudden, and for a second or two his eyes stared like those of a creature taken in a trap. "No mention of your name surprised you, I observe, Monsieur," said the Major. "You may not have supposed yourself known." His instinctive antagonism to the vile bird of prey from the gutters was making a partisan of him. "This is absolutely no business of mine," he continued; "but if you have anything to say as the master of this house, go outside, send in a statement of your business, and wait until you are sent for."

At this moment a bell in the servants' quarter pealed wildly again and again and again; and Kenyon's valet, running hurriedly to answer this unusual summons, pushed past the Major with a hasty word of apology, and opened the library door. Almost at the same instant, Partridge appeared in the rear, with the groom and the gardener.

"Let any one as much as lay a hand upon me," cried Peltier, "and I will ruin the house! I demand to see this Kenyon—I insist!"

The persons into which the Major had allowed himself to be hurried was by no means either agreeable or dignified. He had, as a matter of course no shadow of authority in Kenyon's house, and no right to prevent any caller upon Kenyon from behaving as he pleased. If he had been but a little more intimate with his host of the moment, he would have felt his own position stronger. As it was, he saw that he had done more than he had a right to do, and thought it time to effect a judicious retirement.

"This fellow," he said to the men, "is drunk, and is threatening your master."

In face of this statement, the groom and the gardener waited for an instruction. There was a little scrimmage along the hall, the Major following with an air of languid interest, and at the end of it Monsieur Peltier was ejected into the arms of Lord Ragleigh, who had at that moment alighted from his horse at the door.

The young nobleman, with his arms under those of the half-prostrate Peltier, stared in sheer amazement at the Major and the servants; but Peltier, struggling to his feet, and freeing himself from his Lordship's unceremonious grasp, broke into malediction.

"Sir," cried Peltier, waving his arms in mad gesticulation, "you reject me from the house that I could ruin? You throw me out of the presence of this assassin whom I could hang! I could hang him—this Kenyon—I could hang him!"

"Oh, I say, come, look here, my hoss," said Lord Ragleigh, addressing the Major, whom he recognized as the only gentleman in the group, "this is pitching it too strong. I shall take it on myself to give this fellow in charge. Begad, I shall."

The Major recognized his Lordship, though he had seen him but once before.

"He certainly deserves it," he answered. "I would have done it long ago if I had had authority."

There was tumult outside the house, for Peltier was raving and cursing, and the groom and the gardener were struggling with him to prevent him from re-entering, and inside bells were ringing, and voices calling, and footsteps running here and there in strange confusion; but those outside the door were at present too much concerned with Peltier to have eyes or ears for what was going on within.

"Do you hear me?" cried Peltier, struggling between the gardener and the groom. "I can hang him—the assassin! I will hang him like a dog. I tell you—you who throw me from his door—that I hold this Kenyon in my fingers, and can hang him like a dog!"

"Rather like a dog himself, begad?" said his Lordship, addressing the Major.

And, indeed, Peltier, yelping and snarling, did look rather like a dog of the homeless and dangerous sort.

Over and over again, the Major had confessed this to be no affair of his; and yet he felt relieved to notice that Ragleigh paid no heed whatever to Peltier's asseverations of his power over Kenyon. To the young gentleman himself they sounded like nothing more nor less than the ravings of a lunatic.

"Mais, je dis, voyez vous—vous êtes en réalité; ne c'est pas?" said his Lordship, placidly, to Peltier.

At this the bird of prey from the gutters began almost to scream with rage.

"Are you mad?" he cried. "Do you think you are friends of this Kenyon? Bring me face to face with him! Let me see him! Do you think you serve his turn by driving me from his door?"

"Really, begad," said his Lordship, "I never heard anything like it! Take the man away. Take him to the police station."

The two men, glad enough to get the order, wheeled Peltier round and hurried him along the drive. He went, protesting vengeance and struggling against his captors. But these were stalwart fellows, and in a little while they succeeded in getting him into a cab, and Peltier, whose habits were not conducive to vigor of body, was soon too much out of breath for invective.

## XVII.

Whilst unusual things were happening within the walls of the Lodge, one of the most ordinary things in the world was happening just outside them; for there, in the quiet, sunlit gardens, with the flowers blooming, and the birds singing about them in fit and pleasant accompaniment, a man and a maid were awaking broad to the fact that they were falling in love with each other. As a matter of course, Dick Douglas was bound in honor to take no advantage whatever of the trust his host reposed in him. He could say nothing, but then, like the parrot famed in history, he could think a great deal; and thought in such confusion has a knack of translating itself in a hundred ways without the help of speech. He and Helen had already been self-conscious enough in each other's presence, and had been forced to keep up an appearance of more friendship by a constant gay raillery and flow of high spirits. But when Gabriel brought to the girl the first proposal of marriage which had been made to her, he did much toward making a woman of her. And now her self-consciousness was more than ever awakened. The gardens were large enough for half a score pairs of lovers to hide themselves in, had they been so minded.

For the space of half an hour or so their conversation might have been listened to by anybody; but by-and-by it became, and almost in spite of themselves, a little more intimate.

"I shall have to go away in a day or two," said Douglas.

The girl said nothing, but busied herself in disentangling a knot her idle fingers had made a moment or two before in the pendent cord from her parasol. This silence chilled him. It is noticeable that those signs which should be most encouraging to a lover, and which are in themselves the most brimful prophecy of success, are generally those which dash his hopes.

"I had a letter this morning," he went on, nonchalantly, "from Begg & Baiter, of Chancery Lane."

"Who are they?" she asked.

"They are a very influential firm of solicitors," said Douglas, "and of course it's a great stroke of good fortune to find one's self applied to by them."

"My uncle says," said Helen, "that you are likely to rise fast in your profession, Mr. Douglas."

"I shall try," he answered, with that easy sublime of obstacles which is common to young men. "As a matter of course, I ought to be very glad to be called to town on such business, but somehow I am afraid I shn't be."

He wanted to say a great deal more than this, and if the positions had been reversed—if he had been walking about the stately grounds which were one day to be his own, and could have looked from where he stood on turn and turn-stead which had been his father's before him, and most ultimately come to him, and if the girl had been, say, a governess, with no prospect but one of labor and of straitened means before her—he could have said all that was in his heart to say. Honorable poor men do sometimes make love to rich women, but there are few such obstacles to love as money.

"The constraints are very severe about idleness," said Dick, not that he wanted to qualify what he had said before, but because her silence made it seem necessary to say something; "and yet I must confess that I find it very pleasant."

"If I were a man," she answered, glad to find her feet upon firm ground again, "I do not think I should like to be idle."

"Not occasionally?" he asked.

"Perhaps occasionally," she answered, with a little laugh, and somehow found the firm ground gliding from under her again.

"I am sorry to go," said Douglas, resolute not to say more than he ought to say. "One cannot exchange all this for Chancery Lane and Fleet Street without a little reluctance."

"No," she answered; "the country is pleasanter than London at this time of year."

"Much," said Douglas, rather forlornly—"much pleasanter." He had it in his mind to say that he could have forsaken the landscape for a dungeon under given circumstances with great joy, but he repressed himself heroically.

The silence began to be embarrassing; and by-and-by Helen, feeling that she had been cold about his going, ventured to say,

"We shall be sorry to lose you, Mr. Douglas."

There are ways and ways of saying things, and the words might mean much or nothing. As she spoke them, they sounded like the tersest little bit of commonplace conceivable.

"One likes to think that one's friends are not absolutely glad to see the last of one," said Douglas, making his tone as commonplace as hers.

"The last?" she answered, looking up at him with a smile of complete self-possession. And yet (if one may tell the truth about a girl's feelings in a case like this) she was as far from being self-possessed at the desolate prospect the words conveyed to her, that the very light and warmth of the landscape seemed to die away as she spoke them. "It would be a strange friendship that would delight in that."

She felt as if this, in its boldness, were almost an evil thing to say.

"I suppose so," the young fellow answered. "I have enjoyed myself immensely," he added, in the very tone he might have used if his companion had been of his own sex.

"I am afraid you have found us a little dull at times," said Helen.

"Dull?" he said. "In Paradise dull? I have never been so happy in my life."

Now, to be thirsty with a cooling draught at hand, and to long for that cooling draught and not touch it, is one thing; to put it to the lips and, having tasted it, to set it down again, is another and a much more arduous business. Douglas—to follow out this original and striking metaphor—set the glass down, but did so with as keen an inward longing that he had never felt the like.

If the girl had spoken the truth she might have answered, "Nor I, either!" But it is no recognized part of a girl's duty in such cases to tell the truth; and the earnest little quiver of conviction in her companion's voice frightened her.

Love's path is proverbially lined with roses, but the roses have their thorns.

There was nothing in the world which could have given her so much joy as to know that this penniless young barrister loved her; but if by a look or a tone he so much as began to hint at it, she was afraid of him.

It is all a very old story, but delightful to linger upon. Little patches of sunlight on her dress, her hands, her hair, flickering illuminations of a cheek the color of a rose-leaf, or on one the color of a shell, the white contour of throat and chin, the delicate and scarcely perceptible motions of the lips, thoughts that seemed to swim transparent in the candid, beautiful gray eyes—the least of these things brought an aching sweetness to the lover's heart. Never caught fall on anything half so precious as the little foot, the ungloved hand, the brown hair it turned to gold, or the shell like little ear. He would have kissed every sunbeam that he dared. He would, had he dared, have knelt before her and adored.

A good little girl, a little prettier than the common run of good little girls in England—though that may be saying much—and he made a goddess of her, a creature of another sphere! And he, without being an altogether commonplace young man, can scarcely be supposed to have justified her estimate of him; for to her mind, quite naturally, he was wise and learned beyond his years, and good and noble and handsome beyond belief.

They hanged to tell each other of each other's perfections—he in his passionate manic fashion, and she in her virginal and, as yet, passionless way.

The young man's declaration kept them both silent for a time. The girl sighed on his bosom, touched by a tumultuous night electric thrills, and tried so heavily to bring herself to order that a bee she spoke it was with a seeming of perfect indifference.

"And when do you think of leaving us, Mr. Douglas?"

"I am afraid I must go," said Dick, mournfully—"that I must go to-morrow."

"I suppose you had a pleasant time of it," she said, not daring to give him even a momentary chance of sliding back to dangerous ground again.

"In part of it," he said, rather disinterestedly. Here that reached the limits of the garden, and, turning, saw the figure of the elderly Partridge at a distance. The old man moved at that was for him a very unusual pace, and made vigorous signs to some person who was invisible to Helen and her companion. He disappeared behind a stretch of trellised walk, and they forgot him and strolled on toward the house.

"I hope," said Douglas, in his lightest way, "that I shall have some opportunity of seeing you in town, Miss Kenyon?"

"Oh, I hope so," she exclaimed. "But my uncle's feelings and prejudices are all against gaiety. Do you know, I have never been to London but once, and then to attend the May Meetings."

"You found them gay?" asked Douglas, looking down at her with a momentary gleam.

"Not very," she responded. "I should have liked to stay for the season."

"I wish," said the lover, half eagerly and half hesitatingly, "that it were proper and possible for a young man to chaperon a young lady. I think you might find scenes in London which would be brighter even than the May Meetings."

If he had not been so long he might have offered this harmless little jest quite safely, but as it was he began to thrill and tremble in the absurdest manner at the sweet and daring idea it conveyed to him. Oh, to have her to chaperon and guard—to show her the world—to give her whatever would make her happy—to have her under his wing, where no one should have a right to come between them!

"Well, I am going away," he went on, "and the holiday's over. I shall think of Percy Haughton very often."

She, catching at the meaning of his words, and not at the words themselves, had just begun to say, "So shall I," but stopped at the second word in a little embarrassment.

"Shall you?—shall you?" cried he, not thinking of the words at all, but only of the thought. "I've had a very happy time here—the happiest I ever had in my life."

The glass was at his lips again, but he had once more to put it down. Perhaps, all things considered, he had said enough, possibly a good deal more than he had a right to say. This reflection sobered and unhinged him, and the girl, of course, could say nothing. They walked on toward the house, and whilst they were yet at a considerable distance from it, there broke upon the air the sound of M. Peltier's later objurgations. His voice was clear enough, even at this distance, but happily for thousands, neither of the young people understood the language in which he spoke. It would have been horrible to have taxed in the society of a lady within hearing of the language M. Peltier chose to use; and Helen herself, though she could scarcely have been expected to understand much of it, would have been necessarily shocked by the threats and accusations hurled against her uncle. But the unexpected tumult in so retired a quarter—a place where everything was commonly so quiet—set the girl running to see what might be the matter, and Douglas followed her. The storming, raging voice rose higher and higher as it went farther away. And then, when both Douglas and the girl were running last, the peal which Cyrus rang upon the library bell sounded in their ears. All this was strange and alarming, and Helen, putting herself to her best speed, ran into the hall by the lower entrance, and seeing two or three domestics with frightened faces clustered round the library door, passed amongst them, sobbing for breath, and saw her uncle lying prone upon the floor, with his head supported by a stranger. Douglas, following closely, recognized the stranger to his own amazement. A stout woman—the cook—was standing irresolute and frightened, with a carafe of water in one hand and a glass in the other. The unconscious Gabriel's head and face, and Sullivan's knees and hands, were all dripping.

"Ride off for a doctor, one of you," cried the girl, panting. "Quick! Quick!"

At such a moment nothing was strange. It was no surprise to her to hear Ragleigh's voice behind her, speaking in tones of unusual decision and directness.

"Take my horse. He's standing outside."

The girl ran to timbrel, and Sullivan made way for her.

The rest entered the room, with the exception of the Major, who stood in the doorway, and, catching Sullivan's glance, summoned him silently with a beckoning forefinger. Sullivan obeyed the voiceless call, and approached the Major pale and terror-stricken. Morton laid a hand upon his collar, and gently intimating his fingers until he had secured a firm grasp, he marched the little man before him to the hall door, and on to the gravel drive before it.

"Now you and I," said he, "are going to have a talk together."

(To be continued.)

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THE DRIVE TO THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT WA

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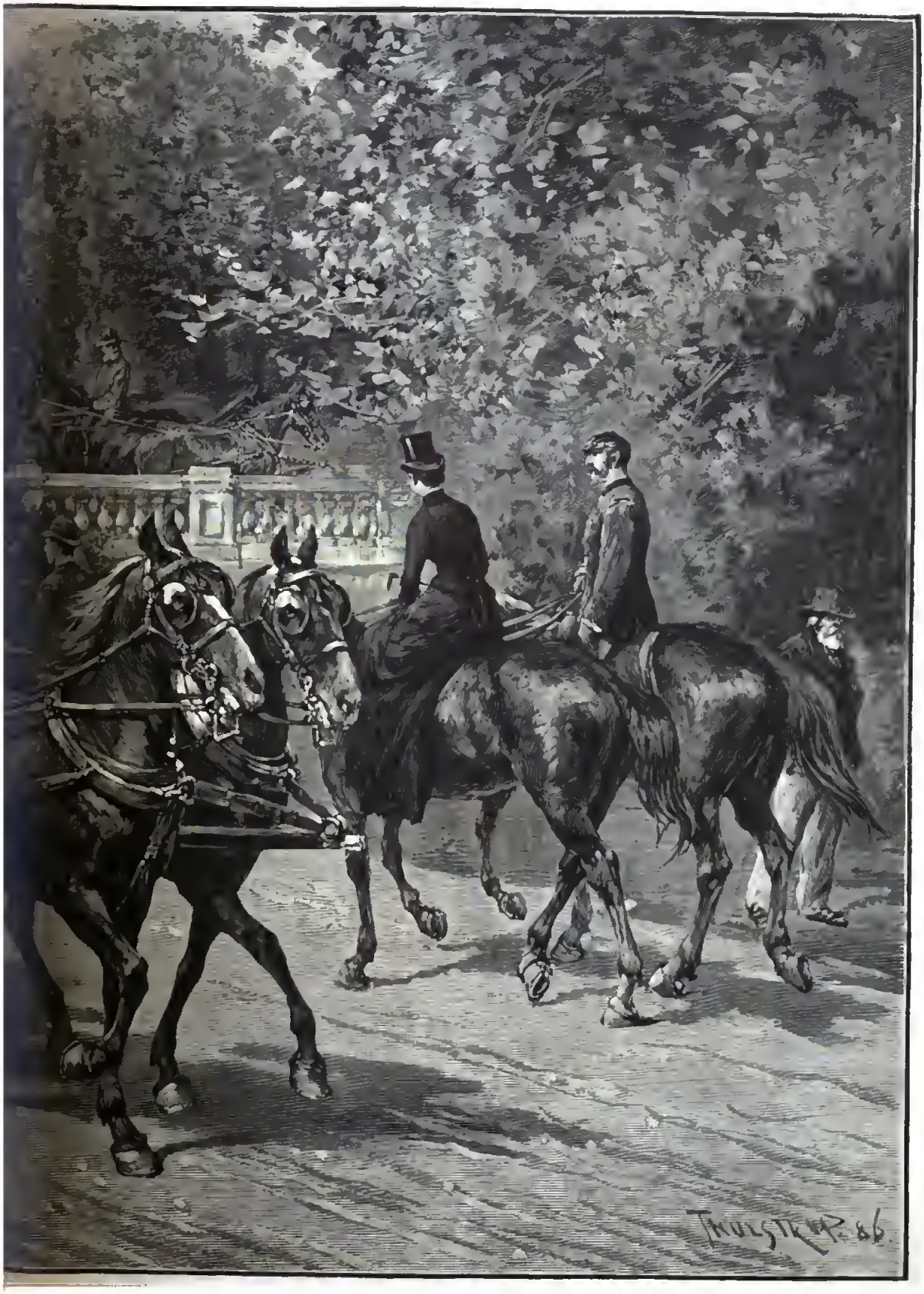


NGTON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 410.]

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## DRIVING TO THE "SOLDIERS' HOME"

THERE are two drives to be taken by the visitor to the city of Washington which are always spoken of first by the sight-seer as well as the resident, and both possess charms for the lover of fine scenery as well as for the student of history. One of these drives is that over the Potomac by the Long Bridge, or the old Aqueduct Bridge at Georgetown, to Arlington; the other is the drive north to the Soldiers' Home. The Soldiers' Home drive of the most popular, or it is the most accessible, and it bears repeated visiting without tiring the vision, as does the melancholy cemetery at Arlington, with its thousands of eloquent white head-stones. The popular driving hour in Washington is just at sundown, after the dinner hour, which is earlier in most houses than it is in New York. When the city has fairly set toward the Soldiers' Home the pretty shaded streets in the northwest section are contributing all sorts of equipages to the procession that streams into Seventh Street Road from Fourteenth Street and Boundary Road—a sort of boulevard at the edge of the city. The asphalted roads stop at the Boundary, and from that point over Columbia Heights, which rise sharply from the city limits, there are dirt roads to the Home. It is but three miles from the city to the Home, and the road lies for a part of the distance through an uninteresting neighborhood. It is a steadily rising road, however, and as the carriages turn into a shaded lane, where the roadway is bowered by the trees on each side, the visitor sees that the city he has left is spread out before him far to the east and west. A little chapel and an inner gate are passed, and then a perfect road is found leading off to the right through a majestic forest. There are about five hundred acres in the enclosure, and they include stretches of lawn, forests that are the results of years of growth and care, lakes, gardens, farm patches, and the buildings for the old soldiers for whom the property was acquired.

The drive by the east winds gracefully through field and forest until it reaches the immediate neighborhood of the Home—a large brick building, with extensive piazzas, nearly occupied by blue-coated veterans. The dormitories, kitchen, farm houses, residences of the Superintendent and his subordinates, cluster about the Home, and close by it is the little cottage, not new used, but made familiar to everybody as the Soldiers' Home cottage occupied by President Buchanan, Lincoln, Hayes, and Arthur during the summer months of their administrations. North of the Home is an attractive building, containing a library for the inmates of the Home, and beyond it, outside of the grounds, is the National Cemetery, with its 5424 graves. One who drives through the grounds and back will probably not be impressed with the elevation of the Home until the return. At the top of the hill, a short distance from the central buildings, a magnificent view of the city, the Potomac River, the hills of Virginia and Maryland, is obtained. The Capitol building is a conspicuous glistening white object in the middle distance, set in the green of the thousands of shade trees that rise above the buildings of the city. On a hill within the grounds, between the observer and the point where he entered, is the hospital, a large and substantial building, most favorably placed to catch any passing breeze in summer. No well-informed driver will let a visitor to the Soldiers' Home grounds fail to see what is called "The Vista." It is a glimpse of the Capitol caught through the accidentally formed frame of foliage of several trees, and the effect is pretty. The roads in the Home grounds, which is a sort of park, not as extensive as Central Park, has more favored by nature, are maintained by the inmates. Began by an appropriation of the pillage money exacted by General Scott from the city of Mexico, the Home is now supported by contributions from the soldiers in the regular army, with assistance from Congress.

## WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY.

MADAM E—— and her daughters held a council of war, but assent to the proposed measure was a foregone conclusion. Never had that impecunious household been known to resist the allurement of gold. No matter when, how, or by whom presented, there was always ready a salve for conscience, and the filthy lucre secured; so it was decided Mrs. Kent was to occupy the most desirable bedroom, second floor front, of Madam E——'s very select boarding house. Shortly after installation in this abode that lady wrote:

### LETTER FIRST.

MRS. KENT TO MISS LEE.

"DEAR LESLIE,—I doubt whether my hopes are destined to know any kind of fruition. I have found not only a quiet place, but a maliciously dull one, and it has been so long since I took off my work-a-day harness that I believe I have forgotten how to enact the pleasing role of life of the field; toiling not and spinning not were formerly much to my taste, but now, released from the dull routine of daily tasks, instead of enjoying the blissful repose I anticipated, the weeks of my allotted stay here loom up appallingly. This is an opprobrously genteel family, and Madam E—— emulates the proverbial ant. It seems that the dead and gone E—— left her his irreproachable name, a household of girls, and their pretty old home. So she 'accommodates during the season a few boarders that come well recommended,' and upon the proceeds thereof maintains the domestic menage, not only during the season, but from January to December. Though there are Sèvres and silver, the viands served up are far less costly in character. I was never an epicure, but not being a dyspeptic, neither have I a fancy for starvation rations. Besides myself there are in the house two families from New Orleans, the women are beautiful as only those creole women can be, likewise stupid and indolent, the men come out from the city once or twice a week. *Au revoir*, at six o'clock in the morning a maid awakens me to take a tiny cup of black coffee, which I am told the inhabitants of this latitude universally indulge in at this early hour, and being a coffee hoper myself, I fell into the habit very readily; then I hasten for my morning bath. This for me has been the most delightful part of the day. I plunge into the bracing waters; the white-capped waves break over my head . . .

"The externals of the place, I must tell you, are far from unattractive, it is embowered in foliage; massive live-oaks stretch their branches over and around it, there are rows of orange-trees, planted by Madam E—— herself more than a quarter of a century since; a lawn of emerald, and great oleanders that are one mass of pink loveliness from base to apex. A broad avenue leads directly to the beach. I often sit on the front steps watching the incoming tide, and listening to the ceaseless murmur, but I am too restless by nature, I suppose, to be thus charmed into peaceful repose. Much I fear, Elizabeth, that Satan will find mischief for my idle hands. My sole occupation at present is devising new moods and tenses for the passive voice of the verb 'to lose.' Remember my forlorn isolation and be charitable. Always yours,

"ALICE KENT."

### LETTER SECOND.

OCTAVE COLOMBE TO A FRIEND.

"DEAR LAMBERT,—I was about to urge you to join me here, when I discovered that 'the days of my fairies make short arches,' or well as it her people's. Helena, my fair *fiancée*, is still lavish of her smiles, and the crushing is unexceptionally good, but a disturbing element has entered my paradise. However, I mean go back a bit. Do you remember that only country summer of my existence? Exert yourself and recall it, though it was ten years ago. You probably know that I came home in quite an idiotic state. I had encountered a rustic maiden, proud, piquant, sparkling, and as pretty as one of her own roses, and she had effectually turned my head. Her father was a man of wealth and refinement, her mother one of the most charming of her sex, and even in that secluded region their home was a popular resort, where might have been encountered the best society of the State, and thus the daughter of the house, whose life had been one of almost convent seclusion, blossomed into a rare womanhood. To make a long story short, I wooed, but did not win, the dainty lady. I was so tenderly confounded that I left the place with all possible speed.

"It was quite a space before that wound cicatrized, and when, in the course of a year or two, the name drifted to me that the little gypsy was married, I experienced a queer, not to say a painful, sensation. Now leap over the intervening years and come to the present. About two weeks ago, as I was arrayed for the usual afternoon stroll upon the beach, when all the world is out driving or promenading, the following billet was handed me

"'MY DEAR MR. COLOMBE,—After ten years it seems that my memory is more faithful than yours, for I am and know you, while you passed me without a token of recognition. I am forced to conclude that Father Time has played not without a token of recognition. I am forced to conclude that Father Time has played and have with my appearance, nevertheless, the temptation to inform an old friend or yourself of my proximity is quite irresistible

"'ALICE LEE KENT.'

"I read this and glanced at Helena; then I looked again at the silver-gray envelop, black-bordered, with its tasteful monogram, and my resolution was taken. I hastily excused myself, and followed the messenger

She had been simply pretty before; she was regally beautiful now—tall, slender, graceful as a drooping willow; golden brown hair waving away from a brow of marble purity, a clear white complexion, colorless except the faint old-rose tint on her cheek, and the deeper glow of her perfect lips arched like Cupid's bow. She had the same old way I remembered so well of crossing the lissome hands on her lap as a tired way, temptingly within one's reach, 'so near and yet so far.' A chorus of tuberoses was fastened at her throat, and I sense the overpowering perfume, that Lorelei voice, or something, I know not what, stole all sense and reason away, and ten minutes had not gone by before I had forgotten all the world save the Circe beside me, and was thanking Heaven that the man whose wife she had lain was dead. I had buried this long ago, but in rather an uncertain way, and in consequence had never been positive in my belief of it till now. Next day Helena, at my request, went to call upon my old friend Mrs. Kent was last usual self, smiling, amusing, irresistible. Helena never appeared worse—flushed, excited, very perceptible nervous—and how her blood almost paled and faded beside that dark-eyed sorceress! I returned Helena safely to Madame's Mere, and spent the evening—you can easily guess where. Madame is Mère already begins to look destructively on me, and, upon my soul, I feel myself a scoundrel; I cannot forsake the end; like fly for me, if I get my deserts, an ounce of chloroform and a free passage across the Styx. Can you aid me in finding a path out of this perplexing labyrinth? "OCTAVE."

### LETTER THIRD

MISS LEE TO MRS. KENT.

"MY DEAR SOPHIE,—You didn't say that you had met St. Peter and he had refused to pay, but certainly it would not have surprised me more than the statement that Octave Colombe saw and failed to recognize you. I should have thought that your shade as the queen world would be a dear and familiar object to him. Here you ascertained, my dear Talleyrand, a shabber he is still an eligible parti? If so, cultivate him by all means. I remember him as deliciously wicked and disgustingly handsome, and such a dancer! the bare recollection wafts me to the seventh heaven of delight. Have you a mind to become a girl of the period, and indulge in a little harmless round-dancing with your youthful—or rather ancient—admirer? I suppose you will be quite shocked at the suggestion, but his company is demoralizing, I know from experience. Submit yourself without a struggle to being lifted entirely off the floor (your toes are allowed to touch occasionally), put all your faith in him, for he is quite large enough to demolish any small craft that may collide with you, and—presto! where are so graceful a couple be found? Love even again, if you can, the bright, happy days of girlhood, such as you knew before so much sorrow came our way, and may they restore to you the bloom and freshness of long ago!

"As the great *Ego* will reign supreme, now to my own affairs. I do wish I could bring you to entertain my views about the stage; if I might only have your 'Godspeed' on my lonely way, wise Mentor, what a weight it would lift from mind and heart, and how quickly would I seek 'fresh fields and pastures new!' Perhaps fastidious capacity is limited, but assuredly the avenues of employment open to us are lamentably few. The agonizing over school-children is too trying for one of my temperament. I have parsed and parsed till I begin to detest mother-tongue, and I hear it profaned every day by the little barbarians until I know the dire tones of the monsters of our language rattle in their coffins.

"Did you think of me yesterday on my birthday?

'Ah, what shall I be at fifty,
Should nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?'

The utter dreariness, the dead level, of this existence have taken all the life, all the soul, out of me. I have only feeling and energy enough to heartily wish that your lines may have fallen in pleasant places, and just malice enough to rather hope that a cloud will darken your sunshine at no very distant period, if it will hasten your return. It is quite good of you to want me with you; the thought of anybody's wanting me is so refreshing as is to novel, for, after due deliberation, I have been forced to conclude that if not a decidedly disagreeable young woman, I am far from sunny-natured. Do write often, and believe me always,

"Affectionately yours, L."

### LETTER FOURTH.

MISS LEE TO MRS. KENT.

"SOPHIE MINE,—Who is it that beguiles the golden hours? Who is it that has cheated them not only of all their pain, but of even a shadow of weariness?

"I almost see the Pascagoula and the Pearl as I see them long, long ago, winding like silver ribbons through the verdant savannahs toward the blue waters of the Gulf. That extreme Southern country is very beautiful to me, the ceaseless woods, the almost reckless profusion of flowers, the moss-draped rocks, and then

'To hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.'

"So the Listons are out in their yacht for a summer cruise. What a lucky breeze it was that wafted them in Bay St. Louis! You are quite eloquent as regards the stately old gentleman, but as to the not a little redicent. How strange that notwithstanding all the intimate intercourse of our families you two should never have met! Always you were at boarding school, visiting, travelling, or he was at some of those miserable foreign universities, when you should have been together and falling in love, as our respected parents intended. Pity it had not been accomplished before we were left alone in the world! Now when you have gone your south to another, when you have fallen into the 'love and pulse lore,' along comes this chevalier, this perfect specimen, I gathered even from your meagre sentences that to see him was to love him.

"But how to dispose of Octave? Thus, I must confess, rather nonplussed even an expert schemer like myself. I foresaw some troublesome complication of this kind when your letters were fraught of picnics, regattas, moonlight recitals, and Monsieur Colombe for a running accompaniment. Lounging away the morning hours beneath the oleanders, conning Tennyson with the sweet diapason of the waves, is dangerous pastime for susceptible folk, even though they have seen a few more summers than is is agreeable to confess. Since I can remember, you have been engaged in a perpetual game of battledoor with some masculine heart. I have often heard of 'ladies' men,' but I should call you mentally a 'men's woman,' if I might invent a term. Standing in a near relationship to you, of course it is not expected that I should be sensitively alive to your charms, so that I am unable to state whether it is your great innocent-looking brown eyes, the seduction pallor of that voice of yours which seems always laden with tears, or the magical touch of your aristocratic fingers (your hands are beautiful, my dear; you do not hide your lineage there); but the fact remains—you have a fascinating way that the worst of them are unable to resist. Much I fear you are not using it wisely. Leave Octave alone, give him a motherly pat on his brunette head, and recommend a night's quiet sleep.

"Another word, and I have done. That man, only brother of ours, that graceless scamp, who has managed in the short space of eighteen years almost to exhaust our affection, and quite break our hearts, will sail on the Deb; if I did not know his emperor to be one of the incorruptible sort, alone complicity in such villany, I believe I should propose a heavy insurance on his lost vessel and cargo, and a bribe to some of the crew to scuttle the *Gray Eagle* in mid-ocean, having first secured him in the hold. What think you of the poor suggestion? L."

### LETTER FIFTH.

MRS. KENT TO MISS LEE.

"MY DEAR LESLIE,—When, utterly worn out body and soul, I came here to recruit my exhausted energies, to find new vitality and courage for the battle of life, my wildest imaginings could never have bounded the occurrences of the last few weeks.

"I never could have loved Octave Colombe; that his face is faultless, his manner engaging, and his worldly possessions not to be despised by one like myself with the tastes of a bohemia, I admit; but, notwithstanding all these, I could not honor me even be moderately content with one whose life is so aimless as his; he is utterly devoid of any ambition save to float down the stream. I know what an earnest worker may accomplish, and I have no patience with men of brain and muscle who are simple dreamers and never likely to become more. Besides, when I appeared upon the scene, and found him dancing attendance upon Miss Holmes (the Helena to whom I have so often alluded), from certain indications I at once concluded that they were engaged, and accepted the attentions he offered me in a very platonic spirit. Occasionally it did occur to me that he was a trifle more devoted than circumstances demanded, but I knew the intense morale nature too well to attach undue importance to such hegatelles. I cannot tell you when the knowledge first came to me that Mr Colombe's old *penchant* for me had returned with tenfold ardor, and I cannot recall exactly how he explained with cunning sophistry that it was only an ancient story between him and Helena Holmes, who was a distant cousin—a tacit agreement that in the course of years, when he had roamed the world over and was quite cleared, he was to return and hasten upon the waiting maiden the fossil remains of his heart. Things were going on serenely enough in this way, I mean time hoping to avoid any clearer understanding, when one day he burst in upon me in an different a way as could be from his usual indolent style, with a violent declaration of his affection, and demanding a return. He told me of the consuming passion he had cherished until my marriage had forced upon him its utter hopelessness; he declared that a kind Providence had again united our paths that he had so wickedly thwarted; time devotion like his must inspire return; and he grasped my hands with such terrible earnestness, while his wonderful eyes seemed burning into my soul, and—oh, coward that I am!—instead of returning his gaze and giving him the only truthful answer I could ever make—no, no, a thousand times no—I temporized. I told him of my brief married life; I endeavored to show him how impossible it was that I could ever be to him what he desired, but he only returned, 'You are free, Alice, and I worship you; until you bid me leave you forever, I will never resign you.'

"It was at this critical juncture the Listons arrived. I wrote you of Duke Liston, and saw, after what I have just said, I must make the humiliating confession that from the hour of meeting him I became distrustful of all my theories past and present, and false to my dead love. The perfect realization of earlier hopes, and the mutual confidence and happiness resulting, were henceforth only 'perdona and parcels of the dreadful Past.' When he stooped to love me, I could only non him my king, my king, the embodiment of my fondest, oldest dreams. Oh, child, I was never so immensely happy or in the short weeks that followed. Octave often visited me, and I was so jubilant that I tried to impart some of my surplus joy to him. When he was despondent I would cheer him, because I was grateful for so many kindnesses before Duke came. All ten seen Liston venus, who had meantime been cruising about the coast, leaving Duke to my tender mercies, returned. The trim yacht was lying out in the bay, and the last evening of her stay a collation was to be spread on board in honor of a dozen or so of the owner's friends. We were to assemble at Madam E——'s, and walk to the pier, where the coaches were to meet and carry us out. The programme that far was accurately fulfilled. For me the evening passed delightfully. I observed that Octave appeared rather moody and abstracted, and vice that he drank a good deal of wine; but it made only a momentary impression. As the tiny shells of boats were being lowered for one departure, I was sitting apart with Duke's father, and when I went forward to take my place, found it already filled; Duke had reserved it for me until the last moment, when, fearing that he might seem discourteous, he resigned it to some other lady, and it thus became necessary that I should make one of the party assisted to the second boat. This arrangement would have been altogether agreeable had I not by this means been separated from my lover and deprived of the long walk from the pier to Madam E——'s. There was a delay of some minutes, and so the first boat must have reached the landing before we were fairly started.

"The night was perfect, and my happy heart was beating in unison with our surroundings. As we disembarked, Octave, without a word, offered me his arm. The moon was shining so brightly that his every feature was distinctly visible. I glanced at his face, and what I saw there thrilled me with horror.

"'Alice,' said Octave, 'do not grudge me the poor remnant of the last evening we shall probably spend together.'

"'Away with such lugubrious predictions!' I rejoined, with a levity that was far from genuine; 'we shall doubtless enjoy many more.'

"He continued hurriedly, in a low, constrained voice: 'Tell me, and tell me truly—this is no time for equivocation—do you mean as merry Linton?'

"For once my woman's heart asserted itself. 'I do,' said I, proudly, and snatched my hand away from the tight grasp with which he had seized it as he asked the question.

"'Do you mean so say,' he rejoined, 'that after years of waiting and longing, and, more than all, the maddening suspense of the last month, you are going to leave me forever, to give yourself to a man I hate? He cannot love you as I do; no one can. Alice, be merciful!'

"We had involuntarily paused. There was a horrible, an almost audible, silence, broken only by the regular monotonous washing of the waves on the beach. Yet I trembled, smiled, and was could never fancy what the effect cost me, confronted by that pale face, as I quietly replied:

"'This is worse than folly, my dear friend. It is insanity. Gentle Helena is a fit mate for your fiery nature, and she would make you far happier than I ever could. In a little time I shall have passed as entirely out of your life as though you had never known me.'

"The answering gleam in his eyes literally transfixed me. Another moment, and a jewelled stiletto that I had often seen in his possession was flashing in the moonbeams. Earth, sea, and sky seemed to melt into one, and I was only conscious of a wild prayer that somebody would come.

"At that instant there was a sudden tread, and a voice I knew exclaimed, 'Merciful Heaven! Colombe, are you mad?' And I swooned away.

"When I recovered, Dulin and I were the sole occupants of Madam E——'s summer-house, whither he had borne me. He accompanied me to the house, and at my earnest request left me at the door without arousing any of the family. I had no mind to furnish subject-matter for a nine days' wonder. He had previously explained his opportune arrival: he and Gilbert Ridley, his cousin, having accompanied their friends home, and then loitered on the gallery for a little further conversation, were returning to their hotel. To cut short this rather extraordinary letter: Dulin arrested the blow with which Octave intended to terminate my earthly career, and in another moment his cousin had seized the madman and held him fast. His indomitable will and Herculean strength combined absolutely forced Octave to accompany him; and afterward I ascertained that he succeeded in enlisting his parents and bringing him to a proper sense of his cowardly conduct as a defenseless woman. Next morning at sun to my unfortunate detainer—for you will not think it strange that I was unable to rise—a note from that poor, misguided Octave:

"'Henceforth, Alice, you are safe from my persecution. I cannot forget the noble generosity of your lover which spared me when he saw my murderous knife about to plunge into your bosom. I shall cross your path no more. Be happy with the husband of your choice. Forgive me, if you can, and sometimes remember pityingly your miserable OCTAVE.'

"*August* 31.—I add a line to tell you that this will scarcely reach you before I do. My long apprenticeship to labor is about to end, and I shall return, not to the never-ending, still-beginning music lessons, but to make hasty preparations for my marriage, which I have promised shall not be delayed later than October.

## THE NEW YORK "MACHINE."

On the surface, the Republican party organization in this city is composed of a General Committee elected on a general ticket, and committees for the various Assembly districts elected in the several districts by the voters of the party, and the division of powers and duties to these various committees is supposed to be such as their mode of election calls for. In reality the organization and the control of the action of the party rest in the hands of a limited number of persons, who have been practically unchanged in fifteen years, and who have themselves been directed as largely by a will and intelligence which they have not themselves influenced, or even tried to influence, that the idea of a machine which has gradually been associated with them is more just and precise even than is generally realized. The nominal head of this small but powerful body is Mr STEPHEN B. FRENCH, who is now, and for eight years past has been, a Commissioner of Police, to which position he was named in 1876 by the then Mayor, Mr EDWARD COOPER. Previous to that time Mr FRENCH had been, as indeed he still is, the "leader" of the Republican party in the county of Suffolk. Apart from his ordinary functions as the Republican representative in the Police Board, Mr FRENCH is most distinguished in the recollection of city politicians by the ardor with which he opposed the nomination of Mr ALONZO B. CORNELL as Governor in 1879, and by the part he played in the nomination of the then Secretary of the Treasury as Governor in 1882. He is credited with being very near the source of direction of the Machine, but it is generally understood that his part in determining its policy is in a certain sense ministerial only.

Next most prominent, and perhaps more important in the Machine is Mr JOHN J. O'BRIEN, the Chief of the Bureau of Elections under the Police Board, whose status is defined among the "boys" with much emphasis and significance as that of "the boss of the head-quarters gang." When the foundations of the present machine were laid, about the middle of President GRANT's first term, Mr O'BRIEN, who had for some time been a very earnest and faithful worker in the Eighth District, was given a position in what was to be the centre of power, the Custom-house, as a weigher, where he remained until he was transferred, on the eve of Mr HAYES's election, to the post he now occupies. In this post, and by reason of his residence in the Eighth District, as well as by the nomination of the ward which has been entrusted to him, Mr O'BRIEN has been justly regarded as very high in authority, and as having intimate relations with the guiding mind of the Machine. He is a gentleman of pleasing appearance, great coolness and courage, and untiring energy, and as the work by which years are counted and used as primaries and at the polls he has hardly a rival, though of late years he has had too much to do with larger matters to devote much time to detail. This, to a great extent, has been left to his lieutenant—

Mr ROBERT MCCLOSKY, who is as cool and untiring as his chief, and under as exterior of even more "dudish" elegance possesses gifts of great value in the management of voters and votes. Mr MCCLOSKY has a room and residence in the Eighth District, but is a permanent "guest" of the Victoria Hotel. He is extremely conservative in his habits, and is a member of the contractors' firm of O'BRIEN, MCCLOSKY, & DADY.

Intimately associated with these gentlemen is Mr HUGH AMES, who, with equal influence and activity in politics, has shown much more of the money-getting capacity. He, like Mr O'BRIEN, entered the Machine from the Custom-house as a weigher in 1871, when the Custom-house was the natural source of political promotion. He was a soldier in "the war," and has a good record. He soon took up the business of Custom-house carman, and later had important contracts with Castle Garden. He has been several times a member of the Assembly, and is an extremely "popular" man. He is in the Eighteenth Assembly District, which, so far as the Republican party is concerned, he controls with a rule of iron. He has the reputation of "hardly ever" undertaking anything in politics that he has not accomplished.

A fourth, and in many respects one of the most efficient members of the Machine, is Mr MICHAEL CROSBY, who also was a soldier, and a good one, who also came to the Machine from the Custom-house in the eventful period of '70 to '71, and who is now a clerk in the court of Civil Justice KELLY. He has charge of the Sixteenth Assembly District, commonly known as a tenement-house district, in which he enjoys the power of a benevolent despot. He is a man of moderate means. With these four men, who are the most conspicuous and active of the Machine managers, there must be ranged a fifth, Mr Civil Justice "Joe" SMITH, of the Nineteenth Assembly and Eleventh Congressional districts. He is a man of higher grade of capacity than the others, and his sphere of activity is less limited and more independent. He is the WARWICK of Congressmen in his district, and not only upon the confidence but shares the counsels of the State and national leaders. He is shrewd, long-headed, quiet, and what the Eastern people call "dependable." He probably knows more and men less about the "inside" of politics in this city and State than almost any other man connected with them.

There are the names of others frequently connected with the Machine, but not really belonging to it or responsible for it, though active in politics. One is that of Mr JACOB HESS, who is simply an ambitious man who has raised himself in business without making a career in politics, and who has been rather an instrument and beneficiary of the Machine than a part of it. He is at present pensioned as a Subway Commissioner. Another is that of Mr SUMNER SPOON, who has fought against the Machine officer than with it as for it, who is more of an amateur than a professional in politics, though tremendously in earnest in the pursuit, and who possesses the supreme disqualification for a Machine man of being a devoted adherer, follower, and supporter of Mr BLAINE.

## TESTING THE NEW SLOOPS.

In the present number is given a view of the new sloop yacht *Mayflower* as she appeared on the screw dock, June 16, taken from the same angle that the views of the sloops *Puritan* and *Priscilla* were, which were given in the WEEKLY of August 29, 1885. It was intended to give the reader an idea of the difference between the three boats, all taken from the same point of view. The intention has scarcely been fulfilled, for the two yachts *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, looking at them from this point, are so nearly alike that the most expert designer would unless he saw them together, detect no difference. The *Mayflower* is simply the *Puritan* lengthened forward, and her lines of entrance made easier. General PAINE, who owns her, is one of the most skillful of our amateur yachtsmen, which in these days is saying much; for our amateurs of to-day—Mr MAXWELL, owner of the *Daphne*, Mr L. A. JONES of the *Grayling*, Mr CARPENTER of the *Priscilla*, Mr STEVENSON of the *Puritan*, Mr PULSIFER, of the *Intrepid*—have taken the places of the professionals of old, the Weeks, and the Stevens, who have passed away, and who have had no successors, because there has been no work for them to do.

General PAINE was one of the syndicate which built the *Puritan* last year, and he sailed in her during all her season. In comparison with the *Priscilla*, she was defective only in running and reaching, and this defect he has sought to cure by extending her bow forward, giving her a longer bow and an easier entrance. The *Mayflower* is some five feet longer than the *Puritan*. That is all the difference between them, and that the camera could not indicate. It has, however, succeeded in making an admirable portraiture of the yacht.

That General PAINE was correct in his views has been abundantly proven by the result of the last week's racing. The regattas of the Atlantic and New York Yacht clubs, on the 15th and 17th, were unsatisfactory as races, and yet it was made apparent in the race of the New York Yacht Club on the 17th that the *Mayflower* was better than the *Puritan*. Opinions even of the most expert are not such much as opposed to figures. It will be admitted that from the start off Old Point Bond to Buoy No. 8½ both of these yachts had exactly the same conditions of wind and tide. They were not far from each other for this portion of the course, and the result, as shown by the official figures, is that the *Mayflower* made this part of the course in 1h. 36m. 3s., while the *Puritan* was 1h. 43m. 55s. From Buoy No. 8½ to the Sandy Hook Light-ship, the *Mayflower* was 1h. 6m. 0s.; the *Puritan*, 1h. 9m. 9s.

After this there was all sorts of weather. The *Mayflower* people, mindful that they had come from Boston mainly to capture a $1000 cup offered by the Seawanhaka Club on the 19th, did not care to risk their spars, and shortened sail on the approach of a squall, so that she was beaten at the finish.

There was another yacht in this and the preceding race of the Atlantic Club—the *Priscilla*—both last year, and beaten by the *Puritan*. She has been altered under the direction of one of the amateurs of whom mention has been made, Mr CARPENTER, and was sailed by him in both these races. The figures as regards these yachts are that from the start to Buoy No. 8½ the *Mayflower* was 1h. 36m., 9s., the *Priscilla* was 1h. 37m. 10s., showing that the *Mayflower* was the better. Bos from Buoy No. 8½ to the Light-ship the *Mayflower* was 1h. 6m., and the *Priscilla* was but 55m. 16s.

So from start to Light-ship the *Priscilla* proved herself the best of the lot. The *Atlantic*—the new yacht just built at Bay Ridge—need not be counted at all in this race of the New York Club, although she came in second; for in the only portion of the course where all had an equal chance she was left far behind. The race of the 15th was but a drift for the most part, and yet, in the only portion of it where any sailing was done, some real result was apparent. In this race the *Mayflower* did not start. From Buoy No. 6 to the *Scotland* Light-ship the yachts going with sheets a bit lifted, with a moderate breeze and a head-sea, the *Puritan's* time is better than that of either the *Atlantic* or *Priscilla*, and the time of the *Atlantic* is better than the *Priscilla's* time; yet after passing the *Scotland*, and hauling sharp on a wind, the breeze extremely light, the *Atlantic* went through the lot of the *Puritan*, and the *Priscilla* came up behind both of them and passed fairly in between them, squarely beating both, and getting first around the Sandy Hook Light-ship, where the artist has happily caught her just after she had set her spinnaker for the run home.

So, then, taking these two races as a basis for an opinion, there does not seem to be the least doubt but that in ten races over the course of the New York Yacht Club in weather such or prevails from the first of June to the first of September—the three yachting months—the *Priscilla* would win seven out of the ten, with the *Mayflower* second.

How the result will be in strong breezes, when top-sails must be handled, or when reefs must be tied down, is something that no one can now tell anything about. Judging from the performances of the *Priscilla* last year, in rather heavy weather, the probabilities are that she will, when thus tried, be nearer the fourth than the first position. June 19, at the Seawanhaka Club regatta, the *Puritan* was first and the *Priscilla* second, though the *Mayflower*, starting too late, made better time than either.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An Englishman said to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recently that what had struck him most in America was "the artistic finish of the Americans." It is hard to tell, of course, just what he meant by that, and perhaps the harder because he did not undertake to explain it. Americans are finished variously, if he referred to the finish which they exhibit in their own persons. In one sense no American can be said to be finished before his natural coachman or dresser; but it is hardly probable that the Englishman in making his observation had this in mind, or that by "artistic finish" he meant the finish produced by curmudgeon, or Apache Indians, or ice-water, or any of the similar American agencies of finish whose use enhanced to match the interest of foreigners. It is possible that he referred to the personal appearance of Americans, and that he had been impressed by the tailoring over here, and by what he had seen in the barber shops. A good deal of rather warm discussion has been carried on as to whether the German style of barbering the hair straight up, like young mouse, or the American fashion of wearing it smoothed down upon the skull so as to present a sort of drowned appearance, affords the more artistic finish, but there is no doubt that the American war is artistic to a degree. The English observer, again, might have had in mind the finish which Americans bestow upon things rather than upon persons—as, for instance, the finish of sewing-machines, or piano-fortes, or parlor stoves. There are, in fact, so many matters that he may have meant, but that it is not certain he did mean, that one is discouraged from pursuing his meaning further.

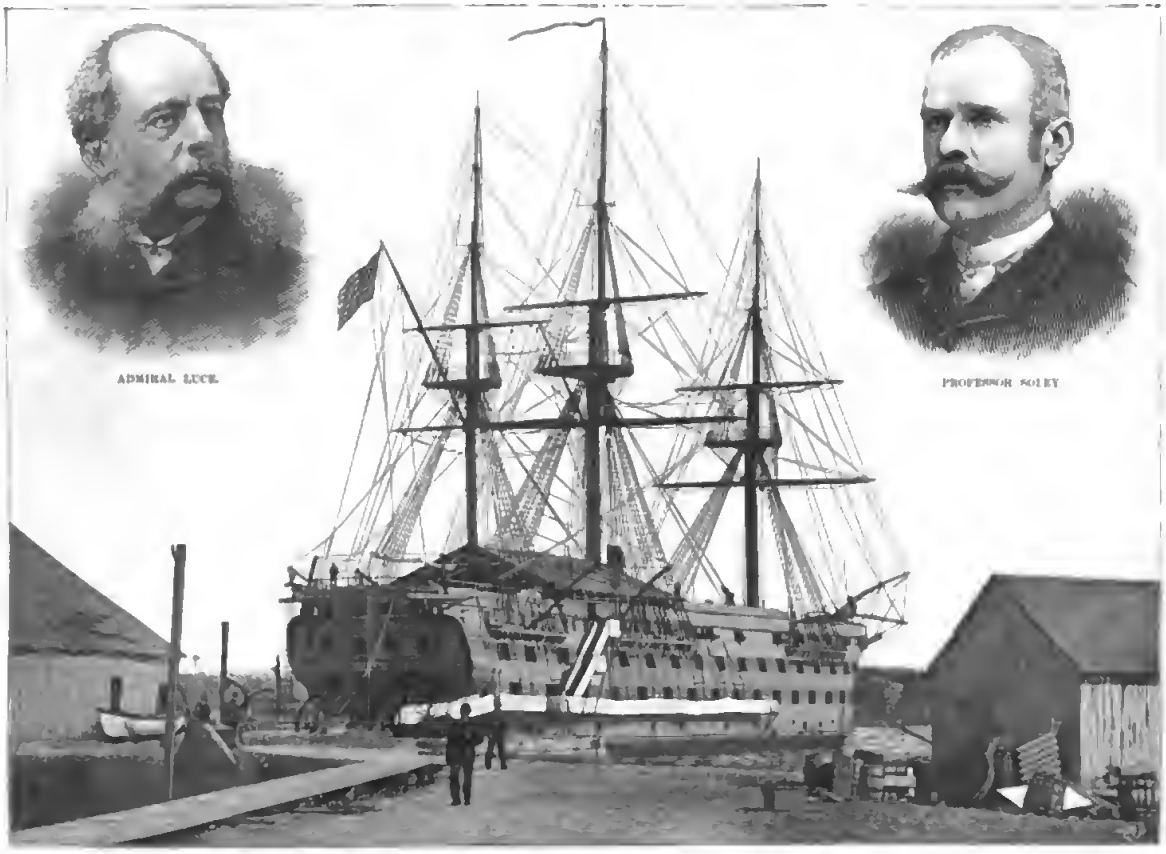
An Italian mesmerist has been subjected to an investigation by the Board of Health of Milan on the strength of a charge by ten learned professors of that city that his experiments injure the nervous organizations of those upon whom they are practiced. The mesmerist declares that they do not, but at the same time he has boasted of having by his art compelled several professors of the University of Bologna to dance a jig, and it is generally believed that the business is injurious to the peace and dignity of individuals, even if their nervous organisms are not impaired. The Board of Health withholds judgment.

A Michigan fisherman, who had imprudently made captive a bear's cub which he had encountered in the woods, was pursued by the cub's mother. The fisherman dropped the cub very soon, but this act failed to placate or divert the attention of the parent bear, which pressed him hard. At one moment she was so close that she was enabled to secure a mouthful of the fugitive's apparel. His strength was fast giving way, and the bear betrayed no sign of fatigue or of relenting, when the fisherman bethought him of an expedient. He had heard that the most ferocious of wild animals were subdued and terrified by fire, and drawing a newspaper from his pocket, he touched a match to it, and dashed it blazing into the bear's face. The effect was magical. The bear rolled over and over, screaming with terror, and an regaining her feet forsook the field with astonishing rapidity. A newspaper which praises this story facetiously heads it, "The Power of the Press."

A California newspaper letter tells of a remarkable habit of a sort of birds called "road-runners." From this it appears that these birds have a deadly antipathy to rattlesnakes, which they attack and destroy upon every possible occasion. The possible occasion occurs when the rattler is asleep. Taking great care not to disturb it, the birds collect a quantity of the fallen leaves of the prickly pear, which they arrange in a circle about the snake until they have built a considerable wall. When it is done, the reptile is nonplussed by the strike of a road-runner's beak. The snake coils and strikes, and is wounded by the immoveable needle like point of the leaves. Scourging with the sting, it strikes again and again at the agile birds hovering near, and at rage at the ever-recurring thrusts of the spears of the terrible leaves in such that its activity only ceases when it has become exhausted by its countless wounds. When it can no longer strike, the birds quickly despatch it with their powerful bills.

In the prisons of the canton of Neufchâtel, in Switzerland, says a French writer, a good handicraft is taught to every prisoner, and all who are well behaved are, after a period, placed with a master of the trade which they have learned, under the oversight of the police and of a member of a voluntary committee, who is called a patron. The prisoner thus "gentlemanly liberated" has to present himself every week to his patron, who receives the reports of his master and of the police. The patron sends an abstract of these reports to the governor of the prison, and in this way, if his conduct remains good, the man's liberty is gradually restored, and he regains his position in society, with the additional advantages of experience of discipline and knowledge of a trade. A few cantons similar to this led the French observer to remark that "a Swiss canton is in some things a century in advance of the rest of the world."

"THE TWO-WINGED DEAL" WILL BOOST YET.




THE "NEW HAMPSHIRE," TRAINING SHIP.

THE UNITED STATES WAR COLLEGE, COASTER'S HARBOR ISLAND, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.—PHOTO BY LUDOVICI, NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.—[SEE PAGE 414.]

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STEPHEN B. FRENCH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSS.

ROBERT H. MCCORD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA.

JOHN J. O'BRIEN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. WOOD.

JACOB HESS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WENTWORTH, SHARON SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

MICHAEL CREGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY O'NEIL BROTHERS.

BERNARD BIGLIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.

SHERIDAN SHOOK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROTHERS.

JACOB PATTERSON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHWIND.

SOLON B. SMITH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.

LEADERS OF THE REPUBLICAN ORGANIZATION IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

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## JACOB WREY MOULD.

By the death of WREY MOULD, which occurred in New York June 14, architecture in America has lost one of the brightest and most accomplished minds that have contributed to its development. Mr MOULD, who was by birth an Englishman, came to this country in 1853, when he was twenty-seven years old. He was unusually well equipped for his professional work, having, after his graduation at King's College, London, and the usual apprenticeship in an architect's office, become an assistant to Owen Jones in preparing the illustrated work on the Alhambra by which Owen Jones's name is best remembered.

His first work of importance after his arrival in New York was the Church of All Souls, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street. Other works of his were the Presbyterian church on the north side of Madison Square, and a quaint and picturesque wooden edifice for the Church of the Holy Trinity. It was the construction of the Central Park, however, begun in 1858, that gave Mr. MOULD exactly the opportunity that fitted his talents. He was employed in the office of the architects, and was occupied for some years in designing the architectural detail of the Park. The quality of this is known to all travelling Americans as well as to all New-Yorkers. It is difficult to believe that it could or could be better than it is were to be done over again now.

This work will be a lasting and an honorable monument to Mr MOULD, and when in 1870 he was made architect-in-chief to the Department of Parks, it was universally recognized that he had fairly earned his promotion. In 1875 he went to Peru as the architect-in-chief of the public works of Lima, returning to New York seven years later to resume his old position in the Park Department.

## "THE WAR COLLEGE."

The United States is the only first class power that has not recognized the necessity for a post-graduate school, where the higher branches of the naval art should be taught, and to which Annapolis should in merely a preparatory school.

The great strides that have been made in all branches of this art, the introduction of new arms, and new methods, tactical and scientific, have rendered the advanced course absolutely necessary to enable officers to keep up with their profession. These facts have been recognized for some time by the advanced men of the navy, and after much able and patient presentation of the case, the Navy Department was induced to order a board, composed of three officers, to report upon the advantages for a post-graduate school for officers of the navy. The detail for this board was Commodore (since Rear Admiral) STEPHEN B. LUCE, Commander W. T. SAMPSON, and Lieutenant Commander C. F. GOODRICH. The board met on the 30 of May, 1884, and after an exhaustive study of the subject made their report, strongly recommending the establishment of such a school, and dwelling particularly upon the importance of the art of war and international law. Special stress was laid upon the former subject, and it was evidently the intention of the board that it should be the leading study of the professional curriculum.

The course recommended by the board was intended to cover a period of six months, and was divided into two general heads.

I The Science and Art of War.
II Law and History.

Under the first were included:

1 Strategy and Tactics.
2 Military Campaigns.
3 Joint or opposed Military and Naval Operations, treated from the Military Stand-point.
4 Disposition of Seamen landed for Military Service.
5 Elements of Fortifications and Intrenchments.
6 Naval Strategy and Tactics.
7 Naval Campaigns.
8 Joint or opposed Military and Naval Operations, treated from the Naval Stand-point.

Under the second head were placed:

1. International Law.
2 Treaties of the United States.
3 Rules of Evidence.
4 General Naval History.
5. Modern Political History.

The board recommended in addition a higher course for those officers who wish to study ordnance, comprehending the higher mathematics, physics, mechanics, chemistry, and mechanical drawing. It may strike the non-professional reader as somewhat strange that so much importance should be attached to the theory and practice of war in a naval institute; but it must be borne in mind that the art of war is really the art military, the art of the "soldier," the man who fights on land or sea. The well-defined line which in modern times separates combatants upon these elements is due to the development of the sailing vessel, which received its great impetus from the discovery of the compass. With the art of navigation came the necessity for a special education and training. The galley propelled by oars, manned by soldiers commanded by captains and admirals, also on shore led legions and armies, gave place to the great structures mounting tier upon tier of guns, whose movements were directed by men who had passed their lives upon the water. But with the disappearance of the sailing vessel from modern war comes a condition more analogous to the ancient situation. Substitute for the oars manned by slaves, who were entirely distinct from combatants, the marine engine worked by men whose special and sole duty this is, and the parallel is apparent. After a long separation, caused by ships with their attendant catastrophes, the two services now approach sufficiently near to make a knowledge of the general principles which govern the one, of the greatest value to officers of the other.

The able and thorough report of the board earned conviction with it, and on October 6, 1884, an order was issued from the Navy Department establishing the Naval War College on Coaster's Harbor Island, Newport, Rhode Island, and assigning Rear-Admiral LUCE to duty as President.

In the organization of the War College the art military is given the first place. It is designed to carry the students through a course of military history. This comprehends not only the strategic moves of armies, grand moves, or the tactics of the battle-field, but even elementary tactics.

In this way are shown the best disposition of troops, the combination of the several arms, and the manner of moving masses both before and on the field of battle. These subjects combined constitute the science of war. Having acquired a sufficient knowledge of this science as conducted by land, the naval student is to apply the general principles thus acquired to the instruments of a fleet. Having at his disposal a number of heavily armed ships, fast cruisers, rams, and swarming torpedo-boats, he is in accordance with military principles to determine the relative value of each element under his control, and so dispose them that he may obtain the utmost efficiency of each, single or combined. These and other problems of naval warfare present certain novel features, for which the history of naval wars contains no precedent. This is the justification of the name War College, that incited much of the opposition encountered, the truth being that the word war was meant in its broadest sense, including everything that went to make up the fighting power of the navy. It is the desire and intention of Admiral LUCE to combine the course at the War College with the Torpedo School, so that officers coming in March or April could go from the practical teaching of the college to the more special and technical instruction of the school.

As instructors in the art of war and international law, the services of Lieutenants TASKER A. BLISS, of the First Artillery, and Professor JAMES RUSSELL SOLEY, formerly of the Naval Academy, were obtained. It was not found practicable to begin at the first session the course in naval warfare proper, which branch was assigned to Captain MAHAN. Lieutenant BLISS is a graduate of the class of 1875, an excellent scholar and hard student, with a thoroughly trained mind. The methods of instruction in military history are those outlined by Professor DENNIS MAHAN at West Point, and perfected by Brevet Brigadier-General CHARLES H. MORGAN, Major Fourth Artillery, at the Artillery School, in 1870 and 1871. It was his untiring zeal and profound military knowledge that we largely owe the comprehensive and logical system of teaching the art of war. He introduced General HALLEY's work, incomparably the best text-book in the language. By treating war from the stand-point of chess he made the movements of corps, divisions, and brigades as intelligible as the moves of one of MONTY's games. Maps which had been drawn simply in chalk became highly finished topographical sketches, where colored crayons made the features of the country and the opposing forces as plain as the numbered squares of the chess-board. Lieutenant BLISS is probably as good an exponent of the new system as could be found among the lieutenants of artillery, to whom Admiral LUCE was limited by the law of college details. Of course it would be theoretically desirable to combine the advantages of advanced methods with a large personal experience of war; but as the rank of the instructor makes that practicably impossible, there is an question of the advantage of careful mental training over experience in a subordinate capacity. The course in international law is peculiarly valuable and practical to a profession whose duties may require of its officers prompt decisions, and sometimes decisive action, upon nice points where a blunder might easily involve a national humiliation. Professor SOLEY's system was admirably adapted to the end in view—clear, concise, abounding in examples and illustrations, and based upon sound principles and exact knowledge. In addition to these two branches so successfully inaugurated, three lectures of great interest were delivered by men who are regarded as authorities in their special provinces, General PALFREY, General GORDON, and Mr. ROPES.

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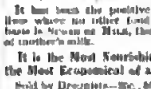

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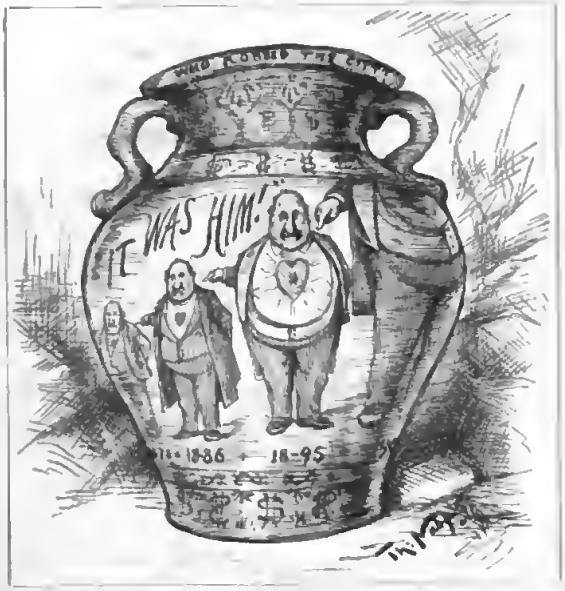


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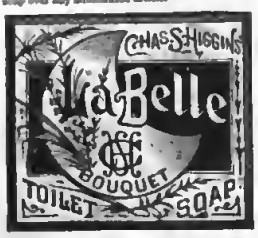


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886.

## IGNORANCE IN CONGRESS.

THE recent debate upon the HOLMAN and RANDALL clause in the Appropriation Bill revealed the most extraordinary ignorance both of the purpose and the provisions of the law of January, 1883, known as the PENDLETON or Civil Service law. The ignorance of Mr. RANDALL himself was incredible. He is one of the Democratic leaders of the House, and he said of the law which establishes the Commission:

"I affirm to day that the Representatives of the people, by the enactment of these regulations, have been deceived and cheated, have been deprived of rights which, standing here, they ought to have defended in behalf of the people who sent them here as their Representatives."

Either this statement is due to unpardonable ignorance, or it is a daring misrepresentation. The reform law concerns exclusively the exercise of the executive power. But what executive "rights" have the members of the House? Not only have they none whatever, not only were they expressly designed to have none, but one of the objects of the law is to frustrate their attempted usurpation of such rights. It is understood that Mr. RANDALL is one of the chief usurpers of executive rights, and that he has virtually dictated some of the chief executive appointments in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. If the probable report be true, he is guilty of a gross offence in overstepping the constitutional limitations of his legislative office—as gross as it would be in the President to dictate to Mr. RANDALL how he should vote upon the revision of the tariff.

Mr. RANDALL'S ignorance both of the scope and the detail of the law was rivalled by Mr. COMPTON, who asserted that the law virtually vested the executive power of appointment in the Civil Service Commission. The law, as any member of Congress who will take the trouble to read it will see, does not touch the executive power of appointment. If it limited or controlled that discretion in the least degree it would be unconstitutional, because the Constitution gives the President that power in plain terms, limited only by the consent of the Senate. The law authorizes him to appoint with such consent a Commission whose duty it shall be to aid him, "as he may request, in preparing suitable rules." The action of the Commission takes its impulse from the President. The rules are his rules. They are changed and revoked at his pleasure. They are his rules, prescribing within their limits the methods in which the executive service of which he is the head and for which he is responsible shall be filled. In a word, they define the way in which he enables himself to discharge his constitutional duty more effectively, and to say that they abridge his power or discretion in the least is wholly to misstate the fact.

If any proof were needed not only of the hostility to the reform law, but of the astonishing ignorance of its details upon the part of prominent politicians, it is furnished by such remarks as those of Mr. RANDALL and of Mr. COMPTON. But such speeches are not merely to be dismissed as laughable. They represent the organized and resolute hostility of the spoils politicians in both parties, who are a very large and powerful body. They are not the rank and file of either party. But they generally mark the time to which the rank and file keep step. There must be a very strong and positively expressed sentiment within a party to control the action of the party machine. This exists, perhaps, in the Democratic party in the form of personal admiration of Mr. CLEVELAND. But it does not extend to any general interest in the reformed system of the civil service or knowledge of it. It is due to his personal qualities, and it would be just as strong if his general course upon this subject were different. It is a serious mistake to suppose that either the Republican or the Democratic party as such is the party of civil service reform, while there is no question that the reform sentiment is much more general among Republicans than among Democrats, and that it makes rapid and extraordinary progress outside of the circle of professional political managers. The President strengthens himself just in the degree that he alienates professional politicians who depend for success upon the control of patronage. There was never a time in which a President could more safely trust the people as against the professional politicians, because of the fact that parties are not divided by any great questions.

## A FORTUNATE VICTORY.

THE effort to make the active support of Mr BLAINE in 1884 the test of Republicanism has signally failed in Vermont, which furnished in Senator EDMUNDS the most conspicuous illustration of Republican unwillingness to do more than vote for the candidate. The nomination of Mr. BLAINE against the strong opposition of much of the best Republican sentiment and instinct, as we have often shown, resulted not only in defeat, but in demoralization. The Republican campaign, by the necessity of the situation, which was plainly and forcibly foretold, was a prolonged effort to prove that the candidate was a truthful and upright man who had not traded upon a public trust. But when the Republican party deliberately took this lamentable position, disaster was to be expected. The very opening of the campaign showed the demoralization. In the press and in the speeches there was a general floating of political morality in the form of sneers at "Pharisees" and "the better element" and "holier-than-thou men," meaning Republicans who asked that a candidate for the Presidency should be above just suspicion, and who would not vote for a candidate who was under a cloud which his best friends could not dissipate. It was gravely urged by distinguished Republican leaders that men must stick to their party, and not raise upon moralities—a proposition which, divested of rhetoric, meant simply that they must vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated. That style of argument from men of whom something else was to have been expected merely widened the breach and deepened the protest, because it showed that the nomination probably indicated the lower moral tone of the party.

Some recusants undoubtedly yielded to the steady fusillade of falsehood and vituperation which was kept up by the party organs, and ceased their opposition. The mere party scourge was never more lustily applied. But it was all in vain. The alliance with the Irish vote; the bribe-money of JAY GOULD, of which the details have just been published, the dress parade of the clerical contingent, with its ludicrous conclusion—a spectacular performance engineered by political agents to show that religion and morality, as the dinner of rich men was designed to show that capital and corporations, were upon the side of Mr. BLAINE—all did not avail. Fidelity to Republican principles had been superseded as a test of Republicanism by loud and eager advocacy of the candidate. For a Republican not to profess BLAINE, so to speak, in the most ardent manner, even if he meant to vote for him, and was in no sense a Mugwump, was not enough. Now the one great Republican leader who distinctly did not profess BLAINE was Senator EDMUNDS. But to deny his Republicanism was as futile as to deny that of Senator HOAR. Mr. EDMUNDS did not bolt, however; he said that it was essential to retain Republican supremacy, and he voted for the BLAINE electors. This would seem to have satisfied every reasonable requirement of a party man. But it was not enough.

It is one of the signs of the demoralization produced by the BLAINE candidacy that this course of Mr EDMUNDS was held to be an offence deserving the most summary punishment. In 1876, when Mr. HAYES was nominated, Mr. CONKLING, then one of the Republican chiefs, made one speech in the canvass. But, as we remember, in that speech he did not mention the candidate for the Presidency, nor even the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, although he was a fellow New York Republican. Mr. CONKLING throughout the term of President HAYES openly and offensively denounced and derided him. His offence was very much greater in a party view than any committed by Senator EDMUNDS against Mr. BLAINE. But Mr. CONKLING was never brought to trial for not professing devotion to the candidate or to the President. It was determined, however, that Mr. EDMUNDS should be "deprived." He is one of the strongest, purest, most unswerving of Republican partisans. But he would not go upon a platform and say that a man was fit for the Presidency whom he thought to be unfit, although for reasons that satisfied him he could vote for him. This was his offence, and there is no question of the eager hope and purpose to punish him for not actively supporting Mr. BLAINE. But that for this reason vengeance was sought shows how fatal to political independence and morality is the spirit that secured the nomination of 1884, and which still infects the Republican party. Happily in Vermont it was effectually baffled, and nothing would do more to renew the vigor of that party than the evident and active supremacy of the feeling which accepts the spotless public career, the steady character, and the manly methods of Senator EDMUNDS as especially and essentially Republican.

## "BAD LANGWIDGE."

THE manifesto of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—who, except for his malevolence, might be fitly called the Harlequin of English politics—is intended evidently not to persuade opponents, but to exasperate party passions. It is a good illustration of the worst kind of electioneering, full of carefully studied personal insults, and addressed to the bitterest prejudice. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish proposition is described as "the most wanton political convulsion," due to the boundless egotism seeking to retain office for a little while by the aid of disloyalty sustained by foreign gold. It is the "base and nefarious conspiracy" against English honor and Irish welfare of a man who has been deserted by all who confer character and reputation upon his party. His bill is described as

"Insanity trafficking in treason, condoning crime, exalting disloyalty, abusing loyalty, and a monstrous mixture of imbecility, extravagance, and political hysterics.... The united and concentrated genius of Bedlam and Colneyhatch would strive in vain to produce a more striking tissue of absurdities than those gravely recommended by senile vanity to a people renowned for commonsense."

Mr. GLADSTONE, according to this young ribald, is

"the betrayer of Khartoum; guilty of Hicksson's death; the patentee of the Prophet shame; rejected by a democratic House of Commons; no longer able to conceal his personality under the shelter of the Liberal party; avoided by the leading light of nonconformity; now demanding a vote of confidence in himself—a political expedient borrowed from the worst days of the Second Empire."

He is also a "claimant," and guilty of "audacious profanity" in commending his cause to God.

This objurgation is a feeble parody and imitation of DISRAELI'S stinging invective against Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is wholly artificial, and ineffective except to inflamate the pending contest still more. It is, however, a fair statement of the Tory feeling toward Mr. GLADSTONE, who from the time that he was himself a Tory has advanced steadily toward the post of Tribune of the people. The unprecedented popular enthusiasm that has attended his visit to Scotland, which even Mr SMALLEY, in his London letter to the *Tribune*, is compelled to acknowledge to be genuine and spontaneous, shows him to be more than ever "the People's WILLIAM." No English Minister has been personally more popular among "the plain people" than Mr. GLADSTONE, nor has any English statesman ever conducted a great political contest which enlisted more closely the attention and the sympathy of the world. Lord HARTINGTON, who represents the aristocratic Liberal or Whig opposition, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL the extreme Tory hostility, has taken throughout the controversy a very different tone toward Mr. GLADSTONE from that of any of the other leaders of opposition. He has been very careful to speak of him with the utmost respect, and to concede that in his present movement Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly patriotic and sincere. There has been, indeed, a certain tenderness of regret in his expressions of difference of opinion, as if he both desired and anticipated ultimate coöperation with his old leader.

The difference in the impression produced by the speeches of Lord HARTINGTON and of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is worth heeding. It is the difference between persuasive power—the power which, by changing opinion and action, accomplishes political results—and the noisy vituperation that makes a hurrah. The same thing is apparent in our own political discussions. The mere blackguardism and ribaldry which is so chief a staple of our election contests—and which is very different from the plain presentation of fatal facts, as in Mr SCHURZ'S Brooklyn speech in 1884—is totally ineffective against frank and fair argument upon the merits of the case. In the same way the incessant little personal digs at the President, which are the sole contribution to current politics of many of the papers which oppose him, have no perceptible effect upon the general judgment which the country is forming upon his conduct. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S manifesto will not detach one supporter from Mr. GLADSTONE, but it will renew the zeal of many. It may, however, secure him the Tory vote which would be given gladly to the candidate who used the most "bad langwidge" toward the Prime Minister.

## PRACTICAL POLITICS.

AN instructive light is thrown upon "practical politics" by a recent statement of Mr. GEORGE BLISS, and by the publication of other facts which that statement has elicited. Mr. BLISS'S statement is this:

"Mr JOHN J. O'BRIEN received from Mr JAY GOULD two days before the election in 1884 a large sum—I cannot say whether it was $50,000 or $100,000. Mr GOULD and many other men who had paid any attention to the subject have been unable to see where any portion of that money was expended for the benefit of the party.

"The money was paid under some assurance that it was to be used upon Democrats with the concurrence of Mr KELLY, and a high

officer of the police force was a party to the agreement, and claimed to represent Mr KELLY. I had Mr. KELLY's personal assurance that he had nothing whatever to do with the matter."

This was followed by the statement of the *Herald*:

"The date thus fixed by Colonel BLISS is *Sunday, November 2, 1884*, and we take the liberty to add to the facts that Mr. BLAINE and Mr JAY GOULD passed four hours together on the afternoon of that day in conference at the house then occupied by Mr STURGIS D. KARNS, in Fifty-eighth Street, in this city."

This in turn was followed by this article in the New York *Tribune* on the 3d of November, 1884:

"We have one earnest word for our friends in the interior of this State.

"From every quarter comes news that the country will do well—better than has been expected. Their only fear is that the splendid majority they promise will be swamped by an enormous Democratic vote here. We have taken great pains to learn the situation here, and we believe we have some understanding of it. Our message to the interior of the State is this:

"You can afford to trust this city! It may disappoint—it will certainly not displease you! Come down to the Harlem River with anything like the majority you talk of, and the Republicans of the metropolis will take care of the rest!"

Mr. BLISS says that his knowledge comes from the man who personally paid the money to O'BRIEN which won to be suspended for Tammany votes. JAY GOULD controls the Western Union Telegraph, and the part played by that office during the doubt of the result of the election is well known. GOULD had stated in 1873, as the *Herald* recalls, to the Erie Investigating Committee that it was his custom to give money to men who received nominations, and that he considered such gifts "good paying investments." In a Republican district he said that he was a Republican, and a Democrat in a Democratic district, and in doubtful districts he was doubtful. He had given this large sum to O'BRIEN to buy Democratic votes for Mr. BLAINE in the city, and he supposed that in so doing he had bought Mr. BLAINE's election. On Thursday the 6th of November he issued twenty-three bulletins from the Western Union Telegraph Company's office asserting that Mr. BLAINE had carried New York, and on the same day the Republican National Committee issued an address to the same effect.

If the plot had succeeded, if O'BRIEN had used the money for the purpose intended, and the "enormous Democratic vote here" had been reduced by that means, and JAY GOULD's money had bought Mr. BLAINE's election, is there any doubt that the result would have been hailed as proof that the American people did not propose to abandon the poor colored citizens, and insisted upon an honest and free ballot? Every honorable Republican knows that buying Tammany votes in New York is just as criminal and subversive of liberty as coercing colored voters in Mississippi, and that it is because of such things as this statement of Mr BLISS has revealed that the Republican party has lost its old prestige. That prestige will not be restored by railing at those who denounce dishonest politics as Democratic, but by dismissing from the control of the party those whose character and conduct discredit and defeat it.

## A VOICE FROM LOUISIANA.

AN ex-Confederate soldier in Louisiana sends us an interesting letter suggested by our remark that "national good feeling is reciprocal in every part of the country." He speaks most warmly of the national magnanimity toward "the South" at the end of the war as without parallel in history, and adds from what he naturally feels to be its justice, which began in the interview of GRANT with LEE at Appomattox, he believes that it has been the chief cause of a real reunion. Under this new union he says that the South has advanced in wealth, education, and population as rapidly as the North, "and the latch-strings of our doors are always on the outside to Northern visitors and immigrants." But he thinks that a great mistake is made in not restoring JEFFERSON DAVIS to citizenship. If he was a criminal, says our correspondent, as were would. But DAVIS lives evidently without fear as a free man in a free country—a fact which is fully appreciated by all ex-Confederates as showing the perfect confidence of the North, and feeling thus, "the people who welcomed Mr. DAVIS at Montgomery would respond as quickly to the call of the government as those at Albany who denounced them."

In a recent tour through the Northern States our correspondent says that he found but one man who was not reconstructed, and who thought the South was regaining her strength to renew hostilities. Our correspondent justly exclaims that if this man had represented Northern sentiment, the South would saw be a howling wilderness. But the GRANTS and GREELEYS and SUMNERS, and "the noble 'boys in blue' who, when we surrendered and signed our sacred parolee, gave us their well-filled haversacks and bade us God-speed as we footed it for home, leaving the bones of our brothers buried behind us," sowed the seeds of enduring peace. We, he says, and those brothers were not criminals. We fought for what we held to be constitutional liberty. We are not dogs that we should bite the hand that smites us—for it has not smitten. When GRANT told LEE to tell his soldiers to take their horses home to plough their crops, the tears in LEE's eyes were of the kind that cement lasting friendship and union. The cheers that greeted DAVIS, he says, were merely a welcome to the man who had fought for the same cause that animated them all. They were a tribute to the cause for which they had peilled everything, and whose defence they did not and do not hold to be a crime. DAVIS was no more guilty than the rest. If ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and General GORDON and the other noble brigadiers vote equally with the Northern soldiers to carry on the government which they sought to destroy, why should DAVIS alone be held to be unpardonable?

The letter of our correspondent is that of an honorable soul, in the true and best sense, a "reconstructed" Confederate. But the character of Northern feeling toward JEFFERSON DAVIS is due to the belief, not that he was a Confederate, but that he permitted the tortures of prisoners at Andersonville which he might have prevented. If, however, he should request a pardon, undoubtedly it would be granted. It would have been better to include him in the list of amnesty, but the fact that he can have a pardon if he wishes for it prevents any active sympathy for him in the Northern States. Nor ought any ex-Confederate soldier to feel himself stigmatized by the position of JEFFERSON DAVIS, nor by the word crime as applied to him, which is intended to express, not his common interest in the Confederate movement, but his supposed connivance at inhumanity. Our correspondent will remember that it was ANDREW JOHNSON, neither a Northern man nor a Republican, who incessantly vituperated that treason must be made odious. But he will remember also that, in the sense in which he used the words, Northern sentiment did not agree with ANDREW JOHNSON.

## THE LATE YACHT RACES.

THE annual yacht races were exceedingly interesting this year, not only because of the appearance of two new sloops, the *Magflower* and the *Atlantic*, to contest the palm with the *Puritan* and the *Priscilla*, but because of the probabilities which the trial furnished of the yacht which will be selected to sail with the *Galatea*, the English craft which is coming over to try for the cup for which the *Genesta* gallantly strove last year. There were three races on different days, but not one day was a good yachting day. The *Priscilla* led in two of the trials, and the *Puritan* in one. But the *Magflower* showed capital sailing qualities, and she is evidently a dangerous rival of the *Puritan* and *Priscilla*.

The annual regatta seems to be appointed for the month of June because that month is quite sure to furnish "Indian' weather" rather than yachting weather. The trials of last year showed that for a stiff breeze, to which the English yachts are accustomed, the *Puritan* was the best of our boats. The *Priscilla*, however, has been improved to fit her for such weather, and she will dispute precedence with the *Puritan* even in a yachting wind when the time for the decision arrives. The Englishmen, however, must hear with some dismay that there are three boats among which it is difficult to decide which shall be the American champion.

On the other hand, the *Galatea* has been outsailed three times, but very closely, by the *Iris*, and if she should take the *America's* cup, it would be a double victory for the British yachtsmen. In any event, the international race promises to be one of the most exciting and interesting that have been sailed, and it is a pretty incident that the honor of the American yacht will be doubtless intrusted to one whose name is associated with the earliest and most interesting body of permanent English settlers in America, the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, or the *Priscilla*.

## MORE WISE VETOES.

THE President recently sent to Congress on the same day thirteen vetoes of pension bills, and no man who read them but honored him for the evident vigilance with which he discharges his duty, and for the just and generous feeling which he evinces for the soldiers. He calls many of the bills simply gifts of public money to undeserving persons, and the apparent sanction of Congress in apparent only because the grants are advised by a small minority at nominal sessions.

Every honorable soldier will read with entire sympathy and approval the following remarks of the President:

"I have not, however, been able to entirely divest myself of the idea that the public money appropriated for pensions is the soldiers' fund, which should be devoted to the indemnification of those who in the defence of the Union and in the nation's service been worthily deserved, and who in the day of their dependence resulting from such suffering are entitled to the benefactions of their government. This reflection leads to the bestowal of pensions a kind of sacredness which invites the adoption of such principles and regulations as will exclude perversion as well as insure a liberal and generous application of grateful and benevolent designs. Heedlessness and a disregard of the principle which sanctifies the granting of pensions is unfair to the wounded, crippled soldier who is honored in the just recognition of his government. Such a man should never find himself side by side on the pension roll with those who have been tempted to attribute their natural ills to which humanity is heir to service in the army. Every relaxation of principle in the granting of pensions invites applications without merit, and encourages those who for gain urge honest men to become dishonest. Thus is the demoralizing lesson taught the people that no against the public treasury the most questionable expedients are allowable."

## GOVERNOR ROBINSON SAVES REFORM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Republican Legislature of Massachusetts, having virtually annulled the civil service reform law of that State in passing the soldiers' exemption bill by a very large majority, the Republican Governor ROBINSON has prevented the repeal by his veto, just as the Democratic President would have vetoed the annulling clause of the Democratic bankers RANDALL and HOLMAN if it had passed Congress. The veto of Governor ROBINSON has been confidently anticipated by the friends of reform, and its argument is admirable and conclusive.

The Governor says that the law is sustained by a strong and unqualified public sentiment, and that it is working effectively and smoothly. He believes that the State desires it to remain unchanged. The exemption bill he holds to be an indirect effort of the enemies of the law, who, unabashed in a pretence of loyalty and gratitude, strike at the whole reformed system. It is an unfounded assertion that full and just recognition is not accorded to the veterans of the late civil war, and at least the gratitude of Massachusetts for their patriotism and sacrifice needs no such proof as the repeal of a good law. That record, as the Governor truly says, is unmistakable.

If the sound sentiments of Governor ROBINSON's message were made the real, not the professed, policy of the Republican party, and the Republicans of the press and caucus who are fishing for the liquor vote, and the Irish vote, and the soldier vote, were taught that party success is secured by principle, not by bribery and dickas, the Republican party would renew its youth and its vigor. Its chief effort has been for some time to decry the Democratic party for its infidelity to reform, while it showed itself to be more unfaithful. There has been no more damaging blow levelled at reform than the Massachusetts exemption bill of an overwhelmingly Republican Legislature. Happily the Republican Governor is wiser than the other representatives of his party.

## PERSONAL.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD is in good spirits over his new venture at Tuxedo Park, thirty-eight miles west of New York city, on the Erie Railroad. As long ago as 1812 his grandfather purchased seventeen thousand acres of mountainous wooded land, an thousand of which now constitute the Park. The grandson had long cherished the intention of making a summer home on the property, and, in order to provide himself with society in the wilderness, has organized a club of two hundred and sixty members, for whom he has built a clubhouse, and twelve or fifteen cottages costing from $3,000 to $16,000 each. His total outlay thus far is $500,000, partly for a wide macadamized drive up the mountain from the railway station—a mile and a half distant—and around the lake. He expects to spend $300,000 more. The woods will be generously stocked with game. "An English duke," he says, "has hunting preserves, and invites his friends to visit him for shooting. We shall invite our friends up here; and matters are so fixed that nobody can get a foothold in Tuxedo Park unless he is congenial to us. He must be elected a member of the club before he can hire or rent a cottage, or permanently enjoy the privileges of the clubhouse."

—The farmers' boys in the neighborhood say that Tuxedo Park is infested with copperheads of a particularly venomous variety. Mr. LORILLARD is offering a dollar a head for every dangerous snake caught. His Italian laborers divert themselves by earning extra dollars while making roads.

—Mr. CALVERT VAUX, while preparing the elaborate designs for the terrace, bridges, and other architectural features of the Central Park, received from the city only $2500 a year. The design for the Park itself was made conjointly by Mr VAUX and by Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, who devoted his days to superintending the laborers that were breaking the ground, and his evenings at Mr. VAUX's house to consultations and detail drawings for the plan.

—Miss LOUISE LITTLEJOHN HUNT, for the studies of creole life contained in her *Memoir of Mrs. Richard Livingston*, wife of President JACKSON's Secretary of State, has won praise from New Orleans. While reviewing the book in a leading French newspaper of that city, M FRANCIS CARNOUX draws a sharp contrast between her work and Mr. CABLE's. "What Mr CABLE says of creole manners and customs is," he declares, "proof that he is unacquainted with either," but Miss HUNT's pages "bring to life vividly the creole society as it then was, and are written with heart, with affection, and yet that affection confines itself to the truth."

—Mr PAUL HAMMER, Jun., of the Standard Oil Company, lives at Montclair, New Jersey. He has a novel way of discharging his social obligations. Every June he invites his neighbors to witness the regatta of the New York Yacht Club. He hires a large steamboat, stocks it generously with refreshments, takes a hundred and fifty guests on board, follows the competing yachts on their course to Sandy Hook Light-ship, and provides a luncheon and a dinner. His friends say that this is better than a reception in a house.

—Each newly elected member of the National Academy of Design is required by the constitution to send in an original oil painting, and his associates do not rate him as an Academician until he has done so. The late Mr QUARTLEY's contribution was a view of the pier-head at the foot of Venoy Street, North River, as seen from a boat in the middle of the stream—an early-morning effect, with the smoke and steam of the awakening city in the background.

—Mr HENRY LARKIN, a young man who used to help CARLYLE in his indexes, summaries, copyings, sortings, and miscellaneous of every kind, and for ten years was daily by his side, writes that the philosopher's ambition was to be doing something rather than to be eloquently talking about it, and that, little as his critics imagine it, his heart was rich of perpetually exhorting and admonishing.

—The late Duc de Castries, according to a Paris correspondent, was the type of the French aristocrat: elegant, distinguished in manners, prodigal by instinct and tradition, neither counting nor discounting, practising gallantry in the same spirit as he kept splendid equipages—as an element of movement and gayety, and as a brilliant distraction, augmenting his renown in the eyes of the gallery. Everything in his life and surroundings was sumptuous and grandiose—his house, his habits, his relations, his wealth, and the way he spent it.

—In a reprint of his poems, Mr COVENTRY PATMORE says: "I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labor to make my words true. I have respected letters, and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me."

—A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* speaks of the late WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT as an ideal type of a Republican, whose youth was without reproach, whose old age was without a single feebleness, who adored the right and liberty, who faithfully preserved a most lofty reverence for religion, and who, uninfluenced by pessimism, neither calumniated existence nor cursed it. "A majestic simplicity was the distinctive sign of his character and his verses."

—From a letter written in the last century by the Rev Mr. WICKES, a young clergyman, to his mother: "Hon' Mad'm,—For about 5 Months past I been acquainted with a young Lady of singular prudence and good nature. She is neither a Beauty nor Fortune, but extremely agreeable, genteel, and of a good Family. She was ye daughter of a Clergyman of good Preferm', and had ye best of Education, with ye prospect of a handsome Fortune, w^ch am squander'd away by an extravagant Mother-in-Law, and is now Fatherless and Motherless. She is about 24 Years of Age, universally respected by her Friends, w^ch are numerous, and has a Prospect of some Thousands after ye death of an Uncle. I can not say but I have a very sincere regard for her, and am satisfied from many circumstances she has a regard for me; sh^d be glad to make her my Wife, if agreeable to you (for w^d willingly have your approbation in everything I do), ye more so as I am certain it w^d be ye greatest satisfaction to you to see me, after so many disappointments, settled with a Lady so much of your own Temper and Disposition; for her delight seems to be in obliging others, and being in her Duty." The marriage took place soon afterward.

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## THE EXILED PRINCES.

THE law adopted on the 22d of June by the French Senate for the "Expulsion of the Princes" is, like most French laws, rather short, and reads as follows:

"*Art.* 1.—The territory of the Republic is and shall remain interdicted to the chiefs of the families that have reigned in France, and to their direct heirs to the order of primogeniture.

"*Art.* 2.—The government is authorized to interdict the territory of the Republic to the other members of these families. Such interdiction shall be pronounced by a decree of the President of the Republic, issued in Council of the Ministry.

"*Art.* 3.—Whoever, in violation of the interdiction, shall be found in France, in Algeria, or in the colonies, shall be punished by imprisonment for from two to five years. At the expiration of his sentence, he shall be taken again to the frontier.

"*Art.* 4.—The members of the families that have reigned in France cannot enter the army or navy, or exercise any public function, or hold any elective office."

Four persons are immediately affected by this law. The first is the Prince LOUIS PHILIPPE ALBERT D'ORLEANS, Comte de Paris, who by the death without issue of the chief of the House of Bourbon, the Comte de Chambord, became the head of the once royal family of France. He represents unquestionably the hopes and ambitions of the Royalists of France, and he is associated with the glories of a house which held the French throne in an unbroken line for two centuries before the great Revolution. He is associated also—which is of more political importance at present—with the Citizen King, LOUIS PHILIPPE, his grandfather, who was the first and only real constitutional monarch that reigned over France.

THE COMTE DE PARIS.

The Comte de Paris is the eldest son of the late Duke of Orleans, and was born in Paris the 24th of August, 1838, being now not quite forty-eight years of age. He went into exile with his father and grandfather on the overthrow of the monarchy in 1848, and he did not return to France until after the downfall of the Bonaparte dynasty. He was educated in England, in part at the Royal Military Academy, and in 1862, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, he made the campaign of the Peninsula with General MCCLELLAN, and was attached to his staff. One of the results of this experience has been the preparation of an extended *History of the Civil War in the United States*, an almost purely military account. It is a book highly spoken of by military critics, and is marked by great care and remarkable accuracy. He is accompanied in exile by his family, but only his eldest son, LOUIS PHILIPPE ROBERT, a boy of seventeen, is included in the first article of the law.

The third person exiled by the new law is Prince NAPOLEON, or, by his full name, NAPOLEON JOSEPH CHARLES PAUL, familiarly known as "Plon-Plon," the son of JEROME, the King of Westphalia, who was a brother of the great NAPOLEON, and who married the Princess Royal of Würtemberg for his second wife, his first being Miss PATTERSON, of Baltimore. Prince NAPOLEON has had a varied life. He sat in the National Assembly of 1848 as a radical Democrat, and was for some time regarded with distrust by his cousin the Emperor NAPOLEON III. The latter made him the heir to his throne, in case he died without male issue, but always had a good deal of trouble with him. His claim to be regarded as the head of the house is disputed by the Prince's son VICTOR, who was sent into exile with his father. Prince NAPOLEON married CLOTHILDE, the daughter of VICTOR EMMANUEL.

PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

PRINCE LOUIS PHILIPPE.

## DAVID DAVIS.

Ex Senator and Ex-Judge DAVID DAVIS, of Illinois, had an unusual career even for an American citizen. He reached the highest honor both in the judicial and in the legislative branch of the national government, and he was for three years in the line of succession, for a temporary period of service, to the Presidency, and he was for several years a "Presidential possibility" of more than one political party. No other man in our history has come as near attaining the highest post in every branch of the government. Yet his public career was ended in time for him to enjoy retirement, during the last years of his life, as a bridegroom.

Mr. DAVIS was born in Maryland, March 9, 1815; was graduated from Kenyon College, Ohio, at the age of seventeen; studied law under private instruction in Massachusetts, and afterward at the Law School at New Haven, Connecticut; and made his home at Bloomington, Illinois. At the age of twenty he had spent a part of his life in every section of the Union, and he settled in what was then the far West. As a lawyer he achieved an early success. He made his first appearance in politics in 1844, when, as a Whig, he was elected to the Legislature. Three years later he was a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the State. In 1848 he was elected Judge of a judicial district in Illinois, and was afterward twice reelected. While he was Judge, LINCOLN often pleaded causes in his court, and they became intimate and life-long friends. Mr. DAVIS was a member of the Convention which nominated LINCOLN for the Presidency in 1860; in 1862 President LINCOLN appointed him one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and after the President's death he was administrator of his estate.

Although Mr. DAVIS, of course, took no part in public affairs during his occupancy of the bench, his well-known opinions in sympathy with the interests of the laboring classes, and his freedom from the strong partisanship which affected most men during

DAVID DAVIS.

the first decade of peace, kept him in the public mind. In 1872 the National Convention of the Labor Reform party nominated him for the Presidency, and he at first accepted the nomination by replying to the official notification of it that "the Chief Magistracy of the Republic should neither be sought nor declined by any American citizen." But when the Liberal Republican Convention, in which also his name was presented, and he received 92½ votes, nominated HORACE GREELEY, he formally declined the Labor Reform party's nomination, and he remained on the Supreme Bench until March 4, 1877, when he resigned to take the seat in the Senate to which he had been elected by the Legislature of Illinois.

His election was the result of a long deadlock in a Legislature in which on a joint ballot 5 Independents prevented either the 101 Republicans or the 98 Democrats from electing their candidate. He was elected on the fortieth ballot by the union of the Democrats and the Independents, and held the then unique position of an Independent Senator. He was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and after Mr. ARTHUR's accession to the Presidency he was in the line of succession to that office.

Mr. DAVIS, with a minority of the Supreme Court, held that the Congressional enactments making government notes legal tender in payment of debts were unconstitutional. In the Senate, though he had been a Whig and a Republican, he voted oftener with the Democrats than with the Republicans, and he achieved the distinction of being the original Mugwump in politics. He had the very uncommon experience also of winning and retaining the respect of all parties. He was regarded as a possible nominee of each party for the Presidency in 1876 and in 1880, and there was some talk about his availability in 1884. If he had the ambition to be elected President with which he has been credited, he never stooped to seek a nomination for any position, and if he was disappointed, his political disappointment never showed itself in his public or in his private life.

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AT HIS POST.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND. "I am so thoroughly tired of disapproving gifts of public money to individuals who in my view have no right or claim to the same, notwithstanding apparent Congressional sanction."

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# THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

## A Novel.

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

HOW JACK DRAGO TALK OF LANDS BEYOND THE SEA.

In a small back parlor, behind an apothecary's shop, were sitting two boys and a girl. The boys were aged respectively twelve years and ten; the elder of them was a tall and strongly built lad, with curling hair of a dark brown, and eyes of much the same color; the younger, fair-haired, and of slighter proportions. The girl was nine; but she looked more, being tall for her age. Her hair was as dark that it looked almost black. It hung loose, in long coils or ripples, not being coarse and thick, as happens generally with hair that is quite black, but fine in texture and lustrous as look upon. Her eyes, too, were black and large. The elder boy and the girl sat side by side in the window-seat, while the other boy sat at the table, having a pencil in his hand and a piece of paper before him, on which he was drawing idly whatever came into his head. All three were silent, save that the elder boy from time to time whispered the girl, or pinched her ear, or pulled her hair, when she would shake her head and smile, and point to the great chair beside the fire, as much as to say, "If it were not for that chair, Jack, and the person in it, I would box thy ears."

It was not a cold day. The sun shone through the latticed window, and fell upon the heads of the two who sat together, and makes innumerable dances merrily in the light; yet there was a cool fire burning in the grate. On one hob simmered a saucepan, with some broth in it or compound of simplest (while the children sat waiting, the apothecary's assistant stepped in noiselessly, lifted the lid, took out a spoonful, sighed, tasted it, shook his head for the sentiness of it, and went back into the shop). On the other hob stood a kettle, singing comfortably—kept there always, day and night, but not for making tea, I promise you. As for the room itself, it was exactly like a ship's cabin, being narrow and low, and fitted with shelves and drawers. On one side was a pallet, something like a bunk in an officer's cabin, with a thick mattress upon it, and a pair of blankets rolled up snug. Here the apothecary slept when the weather was cold, that is to say, nearly all the year round. Herbs and drugs tied in bundles hung from the rafters, as onions hang in a farm house; the window was a lattice, with small diamond panes set in lead; above the mantel-shelf hung a silver watch; on the shelf itself stood a pair of brass candlesticks, the model of a ship full rigged—her name written in red ink on a wooden stand, "*The King Solomon*, of Bristol"—a pair of ship's pistols, a tobacco jar, and two or three long pipes. The apothecary's great wig, which he wore every evening at the club, hung from a peg as the wall behind the elbow chair, and in the corner of the room opposite the chair there was a very fearful and terrible thing until you grew accustomed to it, when you ceased to fear it. This was nothing less than a stick painted red and black, with bright-colored feathers tied round it, and surmounted by a grinning human skull. It was a magic stick, called, we were told, the Ekpemanag, or skull stick, by the Mandingo sorcerers—a thing only to be handled by an Obeah man, the possession of which is supposed by negroes either to confer or at proclaim wonderful powers, and cut from a jaw or holy tree. Beside it lay two musical instruments, also from Africa—one a hollow block of wood covered with a sheep-skin, and the other a kind of rude guitar. This stick it was which caused the apothecary to be greatly respected by the Admiral's negroes, as you will presently hear. He who has such a stick can catch the shadow, as they say, that is, the soul, of a man; and set Obi upon him, that is to say, bring suffering, sorrow, and shame upon him. So that the possessor of a skull-stick is a person greatly to be feared and obeyed.

There was an open cupboard beside the fire, in which were household stores, such as bacon, cheese, butter, bread, strings of onions, a two-gallon jar of Brian of rum, plates and knives, for the room was a kitchen as well as an eating-room and a sleeping-room. Once a week or so, if business was slack and there was nothing else to do, the assistant might, if he thought of it, come with a broom and sweep the dust out into the street. But I do not remember that the room was ever washed. And what with the tobacco, the stores in the cupboard, the rum, the drugs hanging from the rafters, and the contents of the shelves, the place had, to a sailor, exactly the smell of the cockpit or orlop deck after a long voyage; for in that part of the ship are kept the purser's stores, the bo'sn's stores, the spirit-room, the surgeon's store-room, the midshipmen's berths and their mess. For this reason, perhaps, its owner, who had been a sailor, would never open the window, and always, on returning home, sniffed the air of the room with a peculiar satisfaction.

The great chair—which might have served for the chair of a hall porter, having a broad low seat and a high back with arms—was stuffed or padded with three or four pillows, and in the midst of the pillows lay an old man sleeping. This was Mr. Brinjes, the famous Apothecary of Deptford. He was small of stature and thin; his face (over one eye was a black patch) was creased and lined like a russet apple, which shrinks before it rots; his chin was hollow; his head, covered with a padded silk nightcap, was sunk deep in the pillows like a chick's; he lay upon his side; his feet, stretched out, were propped on a footstool; one hand was under his cheek, and the other hung over the arm of the chair (you might have noticed that the skin of his hand was wrinkled and loose, as if the bones belonged to an occupant smaller than was at first intended). As he lay asleep there he looked like one in extreme old age, such as may be seen in country villages, where that take a pride in showing the visitor, in proof of the healthiness of the country air, some old gaffer of a hundred years and more dozing before a fire.

Through the open door could be seen the shop. It was small, like the parlor behind it. The rafters were hung with dried herbs; the shelves were full of bottles. There was a chair for the reception of those patients who could not stand; there was a counter, with scales great and small; a pestle and mortar; a box containing surgical instruments—the pincers for pulling out teeth, the cup, the basin, the blister, and the other horrid tools of the surgeon's craft. The assistant stood at the counter, rolling pills and mixing medicines—a sallow, pasty faced youth with a pair of sweet eyes, which moved with independent action; a young man who walked about without noise, and worked all day without stopping, yet looked discontented, perhaps because he was compelled to taste the medicines, and his stomach kicked thereat. The door was always open, because the window gave little light, partly because it was never cleaned, partly because there was a shelf with bottles before it, and partly because the glass was full of bull's-eyes, which give strength, no doubt, yet keep the room obscure. At the end of the counter was the stool on which Mr. Brinjes sat every morning, in his gown and nightcap, from eight o'clock until half past twelve, receiving patients. Before him, on the counter, was a great book, containing, I now suppose, a Repertory or Collection of Instructions concerning Symptoms of Diseases and Methods of Treatment, but the common sort always supposed that it was a book of Spells, and to be the means by which Mr. Brinjes was enabled to communicate with a certain Potentate, who helped him and did his bidding, at what price and for what reward these people freely whispered to each other. On Sunday morning (this must have been a bitter bolus to the Evil One) Mr. Brinjes and his assistant let blood gratis to whoever wished for that wholesome refreshment; and every morning he pulled out teeth at a shilling or half a crown (according to the means of the customer), his assistant holding the patient on his chair, and receiving those kicks and cuffs which in the ownership of his agony the sufferer too often deals out.

In such a town as Deptford it is natural that the common people should resort to the herb woman for the cure of their ailments. It was not until she had failed that they came to Mr. Brinjes, and then with doubt whether he would choose to treat them. As for his power to cure, if he pleased, there was no doubt about that. It was whispered that he knew of charms by which he could constrain a person, even in the misery of toothache, to fall sound asleep, and continue asleep while Mr. Brinjes would take out a tooth, without causing him to awaken, or to feel any pain whatever; but these things we may not believe, however well authenticated, unless we would seriously accuse him of magic. As for fevers, rheumatisms, difficulty of breathing, coughs, scurvy, and the other afflictions by which we are reminded that this is but a transitory world, it was believed by the better sort of Deptford that there was no physician in London itself more thilful than Mr. Brinjes, and that by certain preparations, the secret of which he alone knew, and had learned in his voyages in many foreign parts, especially on the west coast of Africa, where the negroes possess many strange secrets of nature, he had acquired a singular mastery over every kind of disease. He has been known, on I myself who write this history can testify (it was in the case of Admiral Sayer's great toe), to relieve a man in one hour of the gout, though he had been roaring for a fortnight with his foot tied up in flannel. It was also whispered of him that by magic or witchcraft Mr. Brinjes could bring diseases upon those who offended him, and that he could avert all the misfortunes to which mankind are liable in shipwreck, drowning, wounds, and death. But it is idle to repeat the things which were said of him. Certain is it that he possessed wonderful secrets for the cure of disease, however he came by them. Were he removed by locking at them, and by a prophecy that they would be gone in as many days, a sprained ankle he would set as sure by simply rubbing the part with his open hand; sciatica, lumbago, pleurisy, and other such disorders he healed in the same way, foretelling on each occasion how long it would be before the malady would cease. Those who were so treated declared that the apothecary's hand became like a red-hot iron in the rubbing. Rheumatism, it was certain, he cured by making the patient carry a potato in his pocket; though what he did, if he did anything, to the potato first, in order to endow it with this virtue, is not known. As for earache, faceache, toothache, tic, and such disorders, it was believed that he could order their removal at will. Further, it was said of him that he could, also at will, commend these diseases to seize upon a man and torture him. How he did this, no one one explain; but the testimony of many still being proves that he did it. I pass over the report that in calling these pains to seize upon a man, his one eye glowed like a red-hot coal and sent forth flashes of fire. Such rumors alone only how much he was feared and respected by the people. They came to him also for amulets and charms, which he did not always refuse to give, for protection of those who carried them from drowning, hanging, burning, the shot of cannon, and the stroke of steel. It is true that his amulets were simple things; we cannot understand how the tooth of a snake, even with the poison in it, can assail against drowning if one who cannot swim should tumble into deep water, nor how the hand of a frog wrapped in silk can, without any other magic, protect a man against the gallows. But there are many other things which everybody believes, quite as difficult to explain; as, for instance, why the gall of the herbel cannot blindness; why cock ale cureth consumption; why an onion hung round the neck of a beast, and the next day boiled and buried, cureth distemper in cattle; or why the finger nail from the hand of a hanged man taketh away a wen. Yet these are in the nature of amulets as much as any of those prepared by Mr. Brinjes. At this time he had been in the town some fifteen years, having appeared one day about the year 1735. Nobody knew who he was or whence he came; his parentage, his Christian name, his birthplace, were all unknown. He never spoke of any relations, and at his first coming he seemed to be as old as now, so that some, when they saw the sign of the Silver Mortar put up, and the gallipots ranged in the shop, laughed to think of an old and decrepit a man beginning trade as an apothecary.

Whatever his age, he was not decrepit, but strong and hale, though shrunken in figure, with a wrinkled skin and a face covered with lines and crow's-feet. He suffered from no ailments, was always brisk and active, and had, in his talk and understanding, no apparent touch of age. Further, it soon became known that here was a man who could affect marvellous cures, so that the people began to flock to him, not only from Deptford and the river-side, where he first exerted nations, but also from Greenwich, on the one hand, and Redriffe, Bermondsey, and Southwark, on the other.

He received these people every day—from eight in the morning until half past twelve—dressed in an old brown coat, gone into holes at the elbows, or even without any coat at all; on his head, an old scratch wig; and on his feet, slippers tied with tape. But slovenly as was his dress, and unworthy the dignity of a physician, he was sharp and quick with the patients, telling them plainly, while he gave them medicine, whether they would recover or when they would die, and whether he could help them or no. At the stroke of half past twelve he got off his stool and retired to his parlor, where, with his own hand, he every day fried or griddled a great piece of beefsteak, with a mess of onions, carrots, and other vegetables, and presently devoured it, with a tankard of black beer, choosing on do everything with his own hand, even to the filling of his kettle and the washing of his dishes, rather than have a woman-servant in the place. This done, he made up the fire, put away his plates, settled himself among his pillows, and fell fast asleep. Thus he continued for two or three hours, no one daring to disturb him or to make the least noise. When, on this day, he began to move, stretching out first one leg, and then the other, turning over on his back, and fidgeting with his hands, the elder boy nodded to the younger, who reached a bundle of papers from the topmost shelf, and laid them on the table as if in readiness. This done, they waited.

The old man yawned, sighed, and opened his remaining eye—'twas a pale blue eye of amazing keenness and brightness. Then he sat up suddenly with a start, and looked about him with a quick suspicious glance, as if he had been sleeping in some place where there were wild animals to fear or savage men. You could then perceive that his features were sharp, and apparently not much altered by his years, his chin being long and pointed, his lips thin, and his nose straight, as if he was a masterful man who would have his way. As for his remaining eye (no one ever learned where the sight of the other had been lost), though it was as bright, it had a quick and watchful expression, such as may be perceived in the eyes of those creatures who both hunt and are hunted. You will not see this look in the eyes of Dido, the lioness of the Tower, because the lion hunts but is never hunted. Being reasared as to tigers or fierce Indians, Mr. Brinjes rose from the chair, and as if not yet wholly awake, yet already conscious, he took a glass and half filled it with rum, then, with the utmost care and nicety (your drinkers of rum punch care very little how much rum is in the glass, but are greatly afraid of putting in too much of the other components), added sugar, lemon, and water. This done, he stirred the contents, rolled it about in the glass, and drank half of it.

"I have again returned," he said, "to the world of life. To all of us who are old, when we close our eyes in sleep we know not whether we shall not keep them closed in death, which sometimes thus surprises those who been hard long. But I have returned—aha!—and with reasonable prospect of another evening of tobacco and punch." Here he sipped his liquor. "I take this glass of punch, boys," he explained, "for the good of the stomach, and the prevention of ill humors and vapors. Otherwise these might rise to the brain, which is a part of man's mechanism more delicate than any other, and so easily put off the balance as the unwinding of a watch." Here he drank again, but slowly, and by sips, as becomes one who loves his drink. "I am now old, when a man is old he is fortunate if he can breathe free, sleep sound, walk upright, eat his dinner, and still drink his punch. Some men there are, not so old as myself—no, not by ten years—who fetch their breath with difficulty, whereas I breathe freely; others are troubled and cannot sleep for racking pains, whereas I have none; and others cannot eat strong meats, and would die—poor dears!—of a bowl of punch. Better be dead than live like that; better lie buried with a mile of blue water over your head, and the whales flopping around your grave on the sea weed. There can be no more comfortable and quiet lying than the bottom of the sea." He shook his head solemnly. "When a man cannot any longer fight and make love, there is but one thing left to repair his heart." He finished the glass. "And when he cannot drink, let him die."

He sat down again in his great chair; but he sat upright, looking about him, now thoroughly awake and alert.

"In sleep," he said, "it is as if one were already dead; awake, it is as if one could not die. Ha! Death is impossible. The blood it runs so strong, the pulse it beats as steady, as when I was a boy of thirty. Why, I am young still! I am full of life! Give me fifty years more—only a poor short fifty years—what is it when the time has gone?—and I will make, look you, such a medicine as shall keep a man alive forever! It will be done some day, else? when I am gone, it will be too late for me, and I must die. But not yet—not yet. Oh! we are born too soon—a hundred years and more too soon. When a man is old he is apt to feel the near presence of Death. Not, mind you, when he is asleep, or when he is awake, but when he is between the two. Then he sees the dart aimed at his heart, and the scythe ready to cut him down, and the bony fingers clutching at his throat. It is as if life were slipping from him, just as the pirate's plank slips under the weight of the prisoner who has to walk upon it."

"When a man's time comes," said Jack, with wisdom borrowed from his friends at Trinity Hospital—"when a man's time comes, down he goes."

"Ay. It's easy talking when you are young, and your time hasn't come by many a day; the words drop out glib, and seem to mean nothing. Wait, my lad—wait till you have had your day. To every man his day. First the fat time, then the lean time; or else it's first the lean time, then the fat time. For most, old age is the lean time. But the world is full of justice, and there is always a fat time in every man's life. When there's peace upon the seas, the merchant-man sails free and happy, laying skins and ivory, spices and precious woods, for glass beads and cotton. So trade prospers. And then the King's sailors and marines and the privateers must needs carry sword, gleve, and so find their way to the gallows. Then cometh war again, and the honest fellows have another turn with fighting and taking of prizes and cutting out of enemys. Yes, boys, the world is full of justice, did we but rightly consider, and every one doth get his chance. As for you, Hans, my girl, it shall be a brave lover, as the days when thou shalt be a lovely girl and a goddess. As for you, boys—well—and presently you will become old men like unto me." He sighed heavily. "And then"—he took the saucepan from the hob, stirred it about, and smelled the stuff that was simmering in it—"I doubt if this mixture—Children, no one all here a hundred years too soon—a hundred years at least. Yet if I had but fifty years before me, I think I could find the secret to stay old age and put off natural decay. The Coromantees are said to have the secret, but they keep it to themselves, and I have questioned Philadelphy, who is a Mandingo, in vain. Well"—again he sighed, as he put back his saucepan—"I have slept, and I see alive again, with another evening before me, and more punch. Let us be thankful. Jack, unroll the charts, and let me look upon the world again."

The charts, which the younger boy had already laid upon the table, were stained and thumb-marked parchments, originally drawn by some Spanish hand, for the names were all in Spanish; but they had been much altered and corrected by a later hand—perhaps that of Mr Brinjes himself. They showed the Atlantic and the Indian oceans, together with a map of the Eastern Islands and the unknown Magellanica, or Terra Australis. The last-named was traversed by several lines in blue ink, showing the routes of voyagers both early and recent, each with a name written above it, as Magellan, 1520; Francis D'Ivalle, 1582; Mendana, 1595; Duke, 1577; Candish, 1586; Oliver Noort, 1599; Le Maire, 1615, Tasman, 1642; John Cook, 1683; Woodes Rodgers, 1708; Clipperton, 1719; Shelvocke, at the same time. There was another route laid down across the ocean, much more devious than any of the others, and without name, and marked in red ink.

When these maps were spread out upon the table, Mr Brinjes rose and stood gazing upon them, as if, by the mere contemplation of the coast lines, he was enabled actually to see the places which he had visited or heard of. There was no place in the whole world that is visited by ships (because I do not pretend that Mr. Brinjes knew the interior of the great continents) whereof he could not speak as from personal knowledge, describing its appearance, the character of the people, the soundings, and the nature of the port or roadstead.

But mostly Mr Brinjes loved to talk of pirates, rovers, or adventurers, whether of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when they had a golden time indeed, or of our own time, which has seen many of these gentry; though now, instead of receiving knighthood, as was formerly the custom, they are generally taken ashore and hoisted on a gibbet. Thus Mr Brinjes would lay his forefinger on the island of Madagascar, and tell us of Captain Avery and his settlement on the north of this great island, where every one of his men became like a little sultan or king, each with a troop of slaves, and being no better than pagans, every man with a seraglio of black wives. For

aught anybody became to the contrary, they as their sons are living on the island in splendor to this day, though their famous captain hath long since been dead. On his world point out the island of Providence, by the Bahamas, where there was formerly a rendezvous, which continued for many years, of those who combined together to prey upon the Spanish commerce. "And thah not, boys," said Mr. Brinjes, solemnly, "that to sail in search of the great plate ships can be called piracy, for pirates are the common enemies of all flags, and must be hanged when they are taken prisoners; whereas he who takes or sinks a Spanish vessel performs a meritorious action, and one that he will remember with gratitude upon his death-bed, since they are a nation more blood-thirsty, cruel, and avaricious than any other, and papists to boot. It is true that there were some of those who sailed from Providence that took other ships, of whom Major Bonnet was one. Boys, I knew the Major well. He was a gentleman of good family from Barbadoes, and I cannot but think that he was unfairly hanged, the evidence being suborned. A man of kindly and pleasing manners, who loved the lute and a song, and was greatly loved by all his crew and those who knew him. But he is gone now, and those like unto him as well, as that the Spaniard sails the Atlantic in peace, though we have robbed him of some of his dominions. Alas! what things the Spanish Main hath witnessed! what deeds of daring, and what sufferings!"

Then he pushed this chart aside, and considered that which showed the West Coast of Africa, a part of the world which he regarded with a particular admiration, though I have always understood that it is full of fevers and diseases of a deadly kind. He knew, indeed, all the harbors, creeks, river mouths, and other places from the Calabar to the Gambia, where such notorious desperadoes as Captain Thatch, otherwise called Blackbeard, or as Captain Bartholomew Roberts, made their rendezvous, where they refitted, and whence they sailed to plunder the merchantmen of all countries. These men Mr. Brinjes knew well, and spoke of them as if they had been friends of his own, and especially the latter. I know not in what manner he acquired this knowledge of a man who was certainly a most predatory villain. He it was whose squadron of three ships was destroyed by Captain Sir Chaloner Ogle, of the *Scarborough*, in the year 1722, the pirate himself being killed in the first broadside, and fifty-two of his men afterward hung in chains along the coast near Cape Coast Castle.

"Boys," said Mr. Brinjes, "those who know not the West Coast of Africa know not what it is to live. What? Here, there are magistrates and laws; there, every man does what he pleases. Here, the rich take all; there, all is divided. Here, men go to law, there, men fight it out. What do they know here of the fierce passions which burn in men's hearts under the African sun? There is summer all the year round, there are fruits which you can never taste, there are—but you would not understand. How long ago since I have seen those green shores and wooded hills, and watched the black girls lying in the sun, and took my punch with the merry blades, who now are dead and gone? Strange that the world should be so full of fine places, and we should be content to live in this land of fog and cold!"

Then he pushed this chart away also, and took another, that of the great Pacific Ocean, marked, as I have said, with half a dozen routes, and especially by a broad red line, without a name or date. When Mr. Brinjes laid his finger on this route, he became serious and thoughtful.

"It is forty years"—he began—"forty years since I sailed upon these seas. Of all the crew, doth any survive, save me alone? Forty years! The men were not as fierce as those on the West Coast—the air is milder—they would rest and sleep in the shade rather than fight. Forty years ago!"

The boys were silent, till he should choose to tell us more.

"On board that ship I was rated as surgeon, and at first had plenty to do sewing up wounds and healing broken heads, for though there was a rule against fighting, it was a reckless company of rum-drinking, quarrelsome, fighting devils as ever trod the deck. We had made on board, two horns, till one fell overboard, two violins, and a Welsh harp. In the evening, when there was no fighting, there was music and dancing. 'Twas a happy barky. It was a merchantman, and we shipped our crew and fitted out at Kingston first and Providence as at."

"Where the pirates used to assemble?" said Jack.

"True. The crew were mostly rovers. What then? If you venture into the Pacific you must needs carry a fighting crew. We had plenty of arms and ammunition, and not a man on board but had been in a dozen actions by sea and land. But only a merchantman."

Jack shook his head, as if there were doubts in his mind. Then he laughed.

Mr. Brinjes laid his finger on the red line where it began at Providence Island.

"Forty years ago. It was a voyage among seas where there's never a chart; among reefs and rocks not laid down, and along shores no sailors know. The end of the voyage was disastrous, but the beginning promised well, for the men were full of heart, if even men were, and the prize we were after was worth taking."

"Prize?" cried Jack. "For a merchantman?"

"Merchantmen she was, this side Cape Horn. I only meant this side. When you double the cape, that is another matter. A man in those seas sails as happy under the Jolly Roger as under the Union-Jack. A merchantman she was, and built at Bristol, christened the *King Solomon*, 400 tons; and when we sailed she carried twenty-two long nine-pounders and two three-pounders, with a crew of 170 men, besides a dozen or so of negro grummets. Don't you forget, my lad, there's only two flags in those seas—the Spaniard and the Jolly Roger. Take your choice, therefore." He paused as he had that choice he taken. "We sailed through Magellan's Straits, taking six weeks over the job, what with contrary winds and storms. When we got out of that place—which, I take it, is the worst navigation in the world—we steered nearly due south for Juan Fernandez, where the Spaniards go from the South American ports to fish. Here is it on the chart." His finger was following the red track. "A mighty pretty place is it. This is where Wesales Rogers set ashore one of his men and left him alone. After watering, we sailed east, still south, to the Galapagos, where the pirates rendezvous."

"They are pirates, then, after all?" Jack interrupted.

"The Spaniards call them such, whereas if they do fly the black flag, it is only to strike more terror into the enemy, and make them quicker to cry for quarter. Pirates, were we? Well, pirates as not, there was no man on board that craft but was an honest Englishman by birth. At Galapagos Islands we laid up to scrape and tallow the vessel, and to cure the scurvy, which had already broken out, with the limes and oranges and bananas which grow wild there, as well as the tobacco plant. The pigs run wild there, too, and if the walls only ran rum as well as water, one might as well be in heaven at once; and there would be no need for the sailor to put to sea any more, nor any wisdom in leaving those islands." He sighed, thinking of pleasant days in the Galapagos. "But we were not cruising in these seas for pleasure, and we had our work to do. Wherefore we made haste and got to sea again. What says we cruising for? Why, my lads, in hopes of coming across the great Spanish galleon, which goes twice every year from Manilla to Acapulco and back laden with treasure, so that every man on board, could an take that ship, would be made for life.

"When we left the Galapagos every man's heart was light, and there was nothing on board but drinking, singing, and gambling, with a fair wind, and the ship taut and trim, and within a few days of the Spaniard's coasts. He sails these seas as if they were his own, with never a thought of trouble as meeting an enemy. We had fair weather for ten days, making, at a guess, a hundred and eighty knots a day on a nor'west course; so that, after a week so, we were in the latitude of Acapulco, and, according to my observations, two hundred miles west of that port, that is to say, almost in the track of the galleons, which sail, as is well known, to an even course about lat. 15 N. And for why? If you set sail from Manilla—here," he pointed not that distant island on the chart, "through the Straits of Mindoro, and past Cape Espiritu Santo, you have got between the Ladrones and Acapulco, which is close upon two thousand knots, nothing but blue water. If any other nation besides the Spanish held these seas, they would have been everywhere navigated long ago. But these lubbers care for nothing but to keep out of danger, wherefore they sail where there are no islands. Sometimes, by reason of contrary winds, and the compass, which veers about in these waters as if the Devil had it, these ships are blown north and south. I have conversed with Spanish sailors who had been thus driven north, and they reported open seas, though the charts and maps do still lay down a continent between Asia and America.

"It is a most terrible voyage, full of dangers, on account of the tempests which blow there, and because the crews have to live so long on salted provisions and bad water, whereby many grievous diseases are engendered, of which I learned something. There is, for instance, that disease which the Spaniards call the 'Lobilla,' which doth commonly fall upon men who have been living at sea for many weeks upon this diet. I do not know the remedies, if any there be, for this affliction, whereby the body swells up like a bladder which is blown out, and the patient falls to prattling and babbling until he dies. There is also what they call the Dutch Disease, which attacks the gums, and is, I take it, nothing but scurvy, and can only be cured by being set ashore. Then there is an intolerable itching of the whole body, caused by the saltness of the bed and of the air. For this there is no remedy but patience and limes, when these can be procured. There are insects also, which the Spaniards call 'Gorgojos,' which are said to be bred in the biscuit, and creep into the body, under the skin, whence they are difficult to dislodge, and do itch intolerably day and night, so that some have been known to go mad with the discomfort of it, and have leaped overboard.

"When, therefore, we were in the latitude whence we might expect any day to see a sail—every sail being a Spanish ship, and every Spanish ship a rich galleon—a reward was offered to him who would first spy a sail. But here we were unlucky, for a hurricane fell upon us, drove us off our course, and for ten days we scudded, looking for nothing else but destruction, being too low in the waist and too high in the stern for such weather. However, by the Lord's help, the storm at length abated, but not before we were driven a long way north of our course, and in sight of the great island named California." He pointed it with his thumb. "Nobody hath yet circumnavigated this island; but it is reported mountainous and sterile. Yet—Lord! what a place for rovers when they get the sense to make here a settlement for the annoyance of the Spaniard! Madagascar itself was not more plainly marked out by Providence for the use of rovers. I am old now, or else would I plant a colony myself, with a fleet of half a dozen frigates and a few fast-sailing sloops, and so destroy the Spanish trade of the Pacific. No European sail, I take it, hath gone further north."

Indeed, the coast line at this point was dotted to show that it was conjectural; it ran straight across the Pacific, in the line of latitude 35 N., to join the coast of China.

"The storm then abating, we repaired damages, and set sail again, designing to shape our course southward, with the view of getting once more into the enemy's course. That night, I remember, the light of Saint Elmo showed upon the foretop, at which we greatly rejoiced, as a certain sign and promise of fair weather, and every man saluted it mannerly, as they are in the Mediterranean. On the sixth day after the storm we sighted an island not laid down on our chart, but we touched not at it. Three days later, the sea having been as smooth as the pool of the Thames, we made land again. This time it was the island of Donna Maria Lazara, so called after a Spanish lady, who here leaped overboard and drowned herself for love. But march the ways of Providence! If it had not been for that tempest, which drove us off our course, what happened afterward never would have happened."

"What did happen?"

"A strange thing. The strangest thing that ever you heard of. If you want to be rich, Jack, say, lad, I will some day teach you how; and that in the easiest way you can imagine. If I live—also!"

"What way? Tell me now."

But Mr. Brinjes would tell no more. He continued gazing at the chart, and following an imaginary course with his forefinger, as if he loved the recollection of that voyage, even though the end of it had been disastrous. Then he pushed it from him with a sigh.

"Forty years ago, it was, boys. Forty years ago."

It was in this way, among others, that Jack acquired the knowledge of geography and the thirst which continually grew greater for voyaging among the strange and unknown parts of the habitable world. In the end, as you shall hear, no one went farther afield or had more adventures.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is reported from Nevada that a farmer in that State has bored a well that "sucks in air, and makes a loud whistling noise." The report does not say whether the farmer was pleased at having bored a well of this sort, merely intimating that he was considerably surprised. If he had been an ancient Chinese, he would have been pleased, for that people, it is said, believed that life was prolonged by "swallowing the breath," or accumulating air in the system, and if they had caught the earth swallowing its breath, they undoubtedly would have considered it a good omen. The "vital aura" was what the ancient Chinese used to call the air thus acquired. They would have been profoundly impressed by the circumstance of Mother Earth drinking in the vital aura with a loud whistling noise.

A newspaper criticism of a performance by the American Opera Company in Chicago says that "the orchestra filled the house and then seemed to swell away," and further, that "when the curtain fell, all went out with a hushed tone." Ambitious writing is unduly amusing sometimes. Two reporters on a certain occasion attended an execution at the Tombs. As the condemned man appeared, the spectators removed their hats and became very still. One of the reporters, who was writing rapidly for an afternoon paper, whispered to the other, asking for some phrase to describe the impressive silence. "Oh," said the other, "say something about its being a mute tribute to approaching death." The pencil flew, and in the paper that afternoon one sentence in the account of the execution was, "Silence, as a mute tribute to approaching death, now took place."

The cost of a doctor's visit in China is said to range from five to ten cents. It is about the same as that of a small box of strawberries hereabouts in the month of June. One would think that, inasmuch as they are as cheap, nobody would be without doctors' visits in China; but, as a fact, we believe the Chinese get along with as few of them as possible. The reason is said to be that the Mongolian doctors use such abominable medicines. Extracts of all sorts of creeping things enter into the Chinese drug list, and people are averse to taking them except in cases of extreme necessity. It is possible that the doctors have purposely provided them selves with these of fensive remedies as a means of self protection. It would be very amazing to be a popular physician at five cents a visit. One might run his legs off, and get no sheep, for a reward that would discourage him if he were in the laundry business over here. He accordingly makes himself unpopular through the medium of medicines decocted of beetles and grasshoppers and such things. He prefers simple poverty to poverty complicated with running about.

In answer to a correspondent, a New York newspaper says that "the growth of the human body stops by the time a person attains the age of twenty-five years." It would have been interesting if the newspaper had told us how long it stops. Certainly it goes on again, as any gentleman who was slender at thirty and has lost the hollow of his back at forty-five will testify. Pocahontas used to make bodies grow at any time of life, provided they didn't fit his bed, and Nature seems to be about as competent as Pocahontas was, although she does her work institutionally, and with a merciful deliberation.

It seems abnormal enough for pickerel to be discovering seven-year-old shad, but that is what the pickerel are reported to be doing with the shad in Lake Ontario. It seems that the shad fry with which the lake was abundantly stocked seven years ago turned out to be dwarfs. The largest are not over seven inches long. There are millions of them. They are not fit for man's eating, but the pickerel and bass like them and thrive upon them.

A resident of Ozark County, Missouri, complains of the notoriety that has been obtained by various showers of hailstones of the size of walnuts in Texas, while hailstones measuring six inches in diameter and weighing over a pound, which fell in Ozark County on May 6, have passed without newspaper notice. The Missouri hailstones, he declares, broke through roofs of three layers of shingles, killed three deer, and crippled a number of domestic cattle. The hailstones lay in drifts four feet deep in places, and at the end of two weeks these drifts had not entirely melted away.

A very painful occurrence is reported from a school in Fall River, Massachusetts. One of the boys in the back part of the room cut some "mother-shoes," which set the whole school in a titter. It so happened the teacher observed the act. He strode down the aisle, and in a moment was carrying out the advice of Solomon upon the person of a writhing and sobbing pupil. That of course was painful, but it was not the most painful part of the incident. As the master finished, the wretched little victim managed to remark, "Please, sir, I am not the boy." The master turned a withering look upon him; but the boy was right. The master, to his own great confusion and pain, at once saw that he was. He had had the right boy in his eye and he had ruled, but in the eagerness of his just wrath had seized upon another. The smart was upon the innocent, and the blameless had been made to suffer.

Measurements of the speed of the swallow have recently been made at Pavia, and two birds flew to that town from Milan at the rate of eighty-seven miles an hour. It is not stated that the experiments were made for the purpose of fixing a standard of speed for the United States war vessels which are in contemplation; but it is interesting to think, if the new ships should be built to go as fast as these wonderfully fleet birds, how very much like the steadfast wharves along the East River the old navy would be route to appear.

Each of the twenty-five thousand locomotives in the United States carries a head-light, and the engineers in America always have carried head-lights for the illumination of the track at night. Somebody now says that they are not only useless, but that they are annoying to the engineer, and increase the danger of travel. They make green lights yellow, and red and blue lights pale. Still, the head-lights will probably remain until something more authoritative is said against them. A man with a very slight and silken beard once declared that among the senseless customs of the world was the use of soap in shaving, but men with stiff beards continue to use soap.

OUR "PRACTICAL" STATESMAN,
AND THE SUBJECT HIS MIND DWELLS UPON.

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MOUNT VERNON—THE ROOM IN WHICH GEORGE WAS

DIED.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 430.]

# CYNIC FORTUNE:*

## A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Peter Pickson Schoolman," "Marrowdale Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

### XVIII.

It has been said already that Mr. Sullivan found the task he had taken upon himself a heavier one than he had expected, but it had never felt as intolerable as now. The secret itself would have been enough to weigh him down, but Peltzer's nearness, the ghastly, unlooked for effect his communication had had upon Kenyon, his fears on the one side and his sympathies on the other, drove him wellnigh distracted.

"You and I," said the Major, "are going to have a talk together."

"I have left my hat inside the house," responded Cyrus, inconsequentially. He had fallen into that condition of mind in which he is only bearable to think of trifles.

"Never mind your hat," said the Major. "Come with me."

He released his captive, and by a gesture of the hand commanded him along the drive. Then, diverging to the left, he marched him across the lawn to a summer arbor, where he motioned him to sit down.

"I suppose," he began, severely, "that you are still under the impression that there may be something in this?"

"I am afraid there is," answered Cyrus; "I am afraid there is a good deal in it."

"Now," said Morton, sternly, "I shall advise you not to prevaricate with me. I shall offer one consideration for your acceptance which you seem to have overlooked. You came here for the purpose of extorting money from a man of high position by charging him with a crime. Are you aware, Mr. Sullivan, that by the English law any man who attempts to play that game becomes accessory to the crime, and may lay himself open to an equal punishment with the criminal?"

"You are quite wrong, Major Morton," said the wretched Cyrus, eagerly, "I didn't come here for any such purpose. He offered me money this morning, and I told him I wouldn't take a penny if I wanted bread."

"A liar," said the Major, "we can never trust, though he speak the thing that's true. But I shall be obliged if you will be as trustworthy as you can; and I may tell you that the less astonishing the things I hear from you may be, the more I shall be disposed to credit you."

"I didn't," cried Sullivan—"upon my word and real I didn't! I did so first—I confess I did—but when I came down here, and found that scoundrel Peltzer in the place last night— If you had seen, sir, how he glared over it—"

"And was repent?" said the Major. "I am on great believer in sudden conversions."

"So far as I'm concerned," cried Sullivan, "I've done with it! I've put him on his guard, and I've done with it! If I'm an accessory, Major Morton, you're another! You know as much as I do. It's no more my place to denounce him than it is yours."

"I am not asking you to denounce him," said the Major. "I have said, until I am a little tired of eating it, that this is no affair of mine; but I have got a little way into it now, and I think I may as well go through with it."

In the intervals he had made in the operation of packing his kit together that morning, Major Morton had looked, perhaps, half a dozen times out of the window. When he looked out for the first time he had seen Helen and Dick together on the lawn below. The girl had not as yet begun to feel that sweet embarrassment which touched her later on, and she was laughing gaily in answer to some trivial jest of her companion's when the Major looked at her. He was an old campaigner, and toughened against most of the assaults of the world. But, confessed old bachelor though he was, he was by no means hardened against the assaults of youth and beauty; and seeing the fair little creature there in the sunshine looking so bright and happy and pretty that she seemed to have a native right to live in sunshine always, the Major's heart was more touched than he cared to confess. The shadow of the house had fallen upon him, and he, the old campaigner, was running away from it. He was free to run away from it, and glad to do it, little as it touched him. But there was no running away from the shadow for her. If once it touched her, it must go with her wherever she went, and would never leave her until she fell into that deeper shadow which finally hides us all.

The Major had gone on with his packing, and had looked out a little later, and then he had seen the pair for a moment as they passed in their walk. The girl was looking down, and drawing patterns with the point of her parasol upon the ground. Dick had was standing very near to her, and bending over her. A good lad and a stalwart, as the Major knew, honest, loyal-hearted, keen of feeling, quick to suffer. The shadow which threatened the girl would involve him also.

These reflections saddened the Major, and he tried to cast them off—for that was his manner of dealing with all sorts of troubles. But he could not help looking out from his window now and again, and whenever he saw the pair the reflection came back upon him until they made him downright miserable.

He had seen no way of warding off the impending blow at that time; but now, with Peltzer got rid of for the moment, and Sullivan in his hands, he began to think he might possibly discover a parry for this stroke of Fate.

"I will tell you candidly, Mr Sullivan," he began, when he had passed for time to think things over, "that it is my purpose to frighten you from any further share in this enterprise. I think I shall succeed in doing it."

"I'm not of it already," said Cyrus, earnestly. "I only want to get my hat and go."

"It is very hard," said the Major, "in a case like this, to see where the whole of one's duty lies; but if I do not induce you and your brother accomplice to surrender your present devices, I will take it upon myself to blow the gaff on the whole rascally three of you."

"For Heaven's sake, Major Morton," Cyrus besought him, "don't put me into it! I wish I had never had anything to do with it."

"I wish you never had," responded the Major, drily. "On your own showing, the French scoundrel could have done nothing without you."

"He can't do anything without me now!" cried Mr Sullivan.

For the first time since he had begun to look upon this dark affair at all, a ray of light touched the Major's mind.

"Wait a bit," he said; "let me look at that."

The more he looked at it, the more he saw how likely to be true it was. He walked to the door of the summer arbor, and walked cautiously around on every side; and then returning, seated himself opposite to Sullivan, and placing both elbows on the small table which divided them, he spoke in low and guarded tones.

"I have had the story from you piecemeal," he began, "and I hardly know how much of what you have told me I may believe; but see if you cannot contrive to tell the truth for once in your life. . . . Something was done—the thing we are concerned about—it's of an one to use ugly words—upon a certain day in Paris. Do you know the date?"

"The Tenth of January, Eighteen-sixty-eight," said Sullivan, "was the day on which I left Paris."

"In pursuit?" said the Major.

Sullivan nodded, and whispered, "In pursuit."

"And you arrived," he noted the Major, "a week later, as thereabouts?" ("The arrival here," he said to himself, "would confirm the French rascal's story.") "Did the man you followed change his aspect much?" he asked, aloud. "Did he attempt to disguise himself?"

"He disguised himself completely," answered Sullivan. "I never saw a greater change in a man."

"How do you know that you followed the right man?" asked the Major.

"I knew that this morning," Sullivan whispered, with a scared countenance, "if I had never been sure of it before."

Major Morton retired from the position he had attempted to hold, but instantly assumed another. "Well, then," said he, "I presume I am justified in believing that you have had enough of this business?"

"Too much," said Cyrus; "I wish I had never touched it."

"Very well," said the Major. "It does not matter much as yet why I choose that the whole thing should be buried."

"Oh dear, no; not at all!" said Sullivan, with a tremulous readiness, "not in the slightest degree, I assure you, Major Morton."

"I may want your assistance," Morton continued, "in disposing of your brother rascal."

"I think," urged Sullivan, "that you put it a little too severely against me."

"It is natural for you to think so," the Major answered, "but that is not a question which stands in urgent need of discussion just at present. What do you know about this fellow?"

"He was in the galleys," said Sullivan, "for years, and I fancy he must have done something since."

"That is satisfactory, so far as it goes," said the Major, "but I should like to have it a little clearer. What do you fancy he has done since then?"

"I don't know what is in," said Cyrus, "but when I was foolish enough to speak to him at Piaggi's restaurant, I called him by his name, and he was horribly frightened."

"Yes—so," said the Major; "I noticed the same thing myself this morning. It seems likely that a person of that name may be wanted."

"I am sure he's wanted," said Sullivan, "and I wish"—the little man clasped his hands together and sweep them hard—"I wish to Heaven the men who want him had him!"

"I think it probable," said the Major, "that your aspirations will be realized in the long run. Take care, sir, that you do not fall into similar hands. I think you had best go now—the faster and the farther away the better."

In obedience to this blunt dismissal Cyrus arose, and, accompanied by the Major, timidly re-entered the hall, secured his hat, bowed mildly, and went away, starred at by one or two domestics who lingered to await the arrival of the doctor. His presence was naturally associated in their minds with their master's sudden illness, but nobody dared question him. He returned to the hotel, and was there informed that his late companion was in custody, and finding himself regarded with evident suspicion, he paid his bill, packed his effects in haste, and hotook himself to the railway station. There he awaited the train in a compound of uncomfortable emotions, and being at last sluggishly borne away, vowed in his inmost heart to return no more to Perry Haughton.

Douglas had sighted the Major in the hall, and came forward to speak to him.

"This is a sad business," he said. "I am profoundly sorry for Miss Kenyon."

"So am I," Morton answered, with an air which Dick thought a little preoccupied and cold. But since the beginning of his visit to Perry Haughton Morton had been utterly unlike the genial Major Dick had known of old, or, at the best, had only been himself by fits and starts.

"I cannot tie of my use here," said the Major, in the same dry and uninterested way; "but I won't leave the village until I get news of the invalid. You had better stay where you are, and I will take a walk." He marched off, with apparent stolidity and inward tenderness, and his walk led him to the village police-station, where he produced his card and announced himself to the inspector as the guest of Mr Kenyon.

"I believe you have a Frenchman here in charge?" he said—"a man who was given into custody by Lord Baglegh for creating a disturbance at the Lodge."

"Yes, sir," said the inspector; "and he's made a pretty tidy disturbance here since we've had the care of him. He's only just begun to quiet down a little now; but there's nobody here can make out a word he has to say for himself."

"I should like to see the man," said the Major, "if I may."

"Why, certainly, sir," the inspector answered—"for a guest of Mr Gabriel Kenyon's was likely to have his wishes attended to here an almost anywhere else in Perry Haughton—" but you'd better have a couple of men with you, for he's a tenner—if I make myself understood, sir."

"Give me one man," said the Major, "if you think it necessary."

The inspector, answering with alacrity that he would accompany the senior himself, marshalled him to the cells. They were only two in number, for Perry Haughton was not rich in criminals, not an infrequent poacher, on occasional drunk and disorderly on a Saturday night, or at the village fair time, were, save on the rarest occasions, the only candidates for justice.

The inspector slid a key into the lock, and threw open the door, revealing the figure of M Peltzer, who sat scowling and gnawing his nails in a corner.

"Oho," said he, rising to his feet, as he beheld the Major. "It is you again."

"Yes, Monsieur Gustave Peltzer, it is I," returned the Major, with great tranquillity.

He moved inside the cell. The inspector followed, and closed the door with a click behind him.

"Who are you?" said Peltzer, scowling at him with a face newly pale at the second mention of the name he dreaded, "and what do you want here?"

"I have the honor," said the Major, very suavely, "of being an intimate friend of M le Colonel Tricot." The prisoner grew a little paler, and gnawed his nails, with a wicked, sidway look at his interlocutor. "Now," continued the old campaigner, "you will agree with me that if I were to send a telegraphic despatch in my friend in Paris, apprising him of the fact that Gustave Peltzer is in custody at Perry Haughton, it would be an extremely unpleasant thing for you."

Peltzer said nothing, but, still gnawing at his finger-nails, leaned his back against the wall, threw one leg over the other, and rolled his shoulders in defiance.

"Now if," pursued the Major, "I leave this cell without a promise on your part that you will go away to quiet, I shall send that telegraphic despatch at once, and you will wait here until such time as you are made over to the French authorities."

In the course of his walk toward the station, Morton had well considered that of the first shot should fail to hit the mark, he had yet arrows enough in his quiver to bring M Peltzer down.

Peltzer changed the position of his feet and hands, but went on gnawing and staring savagely sideways at his visitor. "You understand that?" Morton asked him, quietly.

"Death of my life!" broke out Peltzer, wildly. "What am I? I am a leaf for every wind to blow about."

After this poetic outburst he resumed the seat he had occupied at the inspector's entrance, and glowered sullenly upon the floor.

"My time is of service," said the Major, "and I ask you to decide. Do you go, or do I wire to Paris?"

"I will go," said Peltzer.

"Very well," Morton answered, "you will go when you are allowed to go. But I have one or two things to tell you before we part. Any attempt on your side to extort money will be met by an immediate telegram to Paris. If you think to frighten or, you will have to stand your trial as an accessory after the fact. Your extensive experience in criminal jurisprudence will no doubt tell you what that means. And you will remember that you can prove nothing until you prove that you are Gustave Peltzer. You observe—for I should like to enforce a lesson even upon such a fool as you are—that you have played a stupid game."

"Am I free?" said Peltzer, rising.

"I believe not," the Major answered. "Remember," he added, half turning his back upon the glowering scoundrel, "a word from you and a telegraphic line from me."

"And remember," Peltzer retorted, "a word from you and then the whole accursed history from me."

"Perfectly," replied the Major. "a clear bargain. Thank you, Mr Inspector."

"He seems to have sobered down a bit since he came in," said the inspector, as he and the Major left the cell together.

"He had been drinking this morning," said the Major, "and has had time to recover himself a little."

"It's a rare good gift, and very valuable, sir," observed the inspector, "to have the power of languages. There was a time in my history, sir, when I could have put on to my income, ah! pretty nearly five-and-twenty shillings a week, I should say, if I had only been able to speak French."

The Major allowed that the accomplishment was a useful one, said "Good-day" to the inspector, and strolled toward the Lodge, a little disposed to be triumphant, and very much disposed to be self-accusing and depressed.

"What am I doing?" he asked himself. "I am compounding a felony, I am sheltering a murderer, and helping him to flee in the odor of sanctity. Why should I have meddled or made in the business at all? It was no affair of mine."

But then he thought of the girl, and took comfort from the reflection that he had diverted from her path the shadow that threatened to fall upon it.

"One must take the rough with the smooth, I suppose," said the Major, making an effort to be philosophical. "One may sometimes refrain from striking a scoundrel in order not to beat the inoffensive, and who me I that I should think myself entitled to yearn after pure and abstract justice? I merns get it for myself, thank God!"

So he went on a little comforted, though still unable to approve of himself.

At the Lodge the news ran that Mr Kenyon had recovered consciousness, had been seen by the doctor, and had been ordered rest and quiet.

Helen pressed the old campaigner to stay until the morning.

"Mr. Douglas is compelled to leave us for London to-morrow, and he would be glad of his old friend for a travelling companion."

Helen had heard much of the Major, and though he had by no means come up to those conceptions of himself which Dick's enthusiastic description had created, the girl was disposed to be loyal to her lover's idea of his friend, and was prepared to find all manner of good qualities in him. Morton accepted her invitation, though it went much against the grain with him to stay under the same roof with Kenyon, for whom, even apart from what he knew of him, he had conceived a mortal aversion.

He kept a great deal out of the way of the young people, and left Dick to the necessary work of support and consolatory words he strolled about the gardens and wondered to find himself pitchforked into the middle of a strange history.

Baglegh had lingered to hear the news, and learning that there was no immediate danger to be dreaded, had ridden away again. The lovers were left to themselves, and made a great deal of progress, though the catastrophe of the day kept Douglas from further incursions into the land of actual love-making. It could have been quite base to take advantage of so mournful a circumstance as had befallen the household, and besides this he had an unaffected liking for Kenyon, and he was sorry for his illness.

On the morrow Gabriel was still too unwell to see his guests, and Dick and the Major went to London without taking personal leave of him. The younger man took what he felt to be a clandestine advantage of the situation, and had the grace to be ashamed of it whilst he took it.

"I trust," he said, blushing at the sense of duplicity in spite of all he could do—"I trust that if I can manage to get away from town for a day next week I may be allowed to run down and see how Mr Kenyon is getting on?"

"We should think it very kind of you," Helen answered, shyly in look than common in these parting moments, "if you took so much trouble."

### XIX.

The doctor had left behind him injunctions, imparted in an unctuous whisper which the patient had clearly overheard, that Mr Kenyon was on no account to be subjected to annoyance. This tasted at once bitter and nauseous to the patient's palate. Annoyance! Could anything more feebly touch the state to far in? Annoyance was to be avoided, and he lay suffering all possible torments of remorse and dread. He lay all day and suffered; he lay all night and suffered; there was nothing else to do. In the whole wide gamut of the ghostly noises of the night, an note sounded that did not wring his soul with fear. Every whisper of the trees, every murmur of the summer wind, had a band of unspeakable terror upon his spirit. He lay and watched the dim and sacred circle of light cast by the night-lamp, and listened with all his ears, and shrunk and shuddered in all his craven heart. If he could have foreseen this years ago, he might have foregone his crime. He thought so now, at least, and strove to hide himself in his own cravens, whilst he protested inwardly how truly he had long repented.

A dog would have been ashamed to propitiate an angry master as he tried by outcry, adulation, and fawning to propitiate Providence.

The doctor came in the morning.

"If there are any exciting causes, my dear sir, we must not consider them. We must study to preserve our tranquillity."

Gabriel could have groaned aloud, and a mild hate done it but for his ever-present fear of betraying himself. In one respect, in the midst of all his cowardice, he conducted himself like a hero. He repressed all signs of fear.

If by any superhuman chance his enemy were here or near or longer, his one possibility of escaping detection lay in quiet. He knew this hope to be as wild, and in his own heart thought it to be as groundless, as anything he could imagine, but it came sometimes, and he welcomed it and gave it shelter.

Then he settled to the belief that the doctor's authority was strong enough whilst he continued in his present state to ward off intruders, even when they were on pressing as Monsieur Peltzer had proved himself to be. He yearned to make inquiries, and so to put an end to a suspense which, as he told himself, was more unbearable than any certainty, but he preferred the suspense to the certainty he dreaded, and on lay still and suffered his miseries as best he might.

Helen was constant in her attendance upon him, and he took the trouble of her face, which was little more than a reflection of his own, for a sign that things were ill outside. But on the third day, as he lay groping about in his mind for some safe way of putting his problem to the test, she entered and sat beside his bed, laying her hand upon one of his own which lay outside the coverlet, and gently stroking it.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1536.

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"You look troubled, darling," he said, rolling his helpless eyes upon her. He was strangely altered, and bore little resemblance to the hale and hearty man he had been so short a time before. "You look troubled, darling."

"I am troubled," she responded, still fondling his hand.

Surely, he thought, if anything were spoken so suspected yet, she could never seem so kind.

"For me?" he asked.

"Why, for what else should I be troubled, dear?" she asked him in return.

"There is nothing else to trouble you?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Nothing but my illness?"

She thought him fanciful, perhaps a little inclined to wander in his wits.

"No, nothing but your illness, uncle. What else should there be?"

"What, indeed?" he answered, and tried to smile, with such a ghastly ill-success that he half frightened her. "Nothing outside my illness?"

"No, dear, no? Nothing in the world."

"You are quite sure?" he pressed her, growing a very little bolder, but rolling his greatened eyes about the chamber to make sure that they were alone.

"Quite sure," she answered.

He sunk back with a sigh of relief which Helen could not understand.

She sat then stroking his flaccid fingers, until at length he fell asleep.

It was not saw as it had been when he had lain in the best bedroom of the King and Constitution. Then, though his illness was the cause of a good deal of gossip and speculation, he was left pretty severely to himself; but now he was a person of consideration in the county, and the county people came to see him, in, falling that, made kind inquiry about him. Few people hated him very much, but he was universally respected.

As a matter of course, on the surface of things there was no ground for suspicion of any sort. A most respected and valuable member of the community had had a fainting-fit and lay ill after it, and that was all.

But Gabriel suspected everything and everybody. To his mind it came natural to think that every caller had a special purpose in calling. The whole world watched him, and waited for the downfall which, as it seemed, must come. Still, he heard nothing, and the silence was very dreadful to endure.

Bagleigh called daily, and never secured a momentary interview with Helen. The young nobleman was peculiarly embarrassed; and the girl, who had always hitherto been cordial with him, was distinctly cool in her demeanor.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Bagleigh, "that I forgot that fellow, Miss Kenyon."

Helen looked inquiry.

"That fellow," pursued his Lordship, "who came here and made a row the day Mr Kenyon was taken ill, you know? I forgot all about him."

"I suppose," said Helen, "that that was the wisest thing to do."

"That's really very smart," returned his Lordship; "but, as a matter of fact, don't you know, Miss Kenyon, it was not."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, you see," replied his Lordship, "I took upon myself to give him into custody. He was making an end of a row outside, and, even though I didn't know Mr. Kenyon was ill at the time, there was nobody else about to do it."

He seemed uncertain and discomfited within himself, she thought, and, as far as she could safely do it, she was anxious to put him at his ease.

"I had not heard of it before," she said; "but I think you did quite rightly."

"Well, you see," said Bagleigh, "I ought to have gone and appeared against him at the Petty Sessions yesterday, but I forgot all about him, and, because I was not there to prosecute, they let the beggar off."

"Well," said Helen, "I am not sorry for that. The poor man," she added, with an air of wisdom, "would have had time to get sober."

"Sets a bad example," said his Lordship. "Have fellows going round to all the houses in the country making rows."

At about this point in the conversation feminine tact and instinct began to discover certain signs in Bagleigh's demeanor which indicated a desire to approach a topic which Helen had decided should be approached no more.

"I must ask you to excuse me now," she said. "Mr uncle is one happy if I am long away from him."

"No, by George!" ejaculated his Lordship, seizing the conversational chance with unexpected agility, "I should say he wasn't. I'm not myself—begad I'm not! No, I say, really, Miss Kenyon, you wouldn't go. I'm something to say, and, don't you know, I'm bound to say it."

He was very obviously in earnest, and the girl was rather sorry for him. They had been too closely associated nearly all her life for her to mark very clearly or humly the oddities and absurdities which were manifest to the eye of the casual observer, and she was disposed, after a certain fashion, to esteem him.

It goes without saying that she was not sorry for him because he could not marry herself (for a girl naturally thinks the love-pains of anybody but the favored lover a trifle ridiculous, but she was sorry for his embarrassment and confusion; and, since his Lordship displayed such unwonted fire in the middle of it all, she thought it best to let him have his trouble over.

She waited, therefore, prepared to listen and to answer.

"I want to know," he began again, floundering somewhat, now that his protest had succeeded, and he had secured her attention—"I want to know, Miss Kenyon, if your uncle has said anything particular to you within the last day or two?"

"About yourself?" she asked.

"Yes," said his Lordship, "about me."

"My uncle has spoken to me."

"Well, now," said Bagleigh, nervously, "what have you got to say to it?"

"Lord Bagleigh," she returned, and the young man's spirits fell at once to zero, for she never addressed him so unless she were angry with him "I cannot ask you never to allude to that matter again."

"Don't you like it?" said the Lordship, miserably.

Helen answered, with great and commendable seriousness, "I do not like it."

"I'm very sorry," said his Lordship; "deuced sorry, by George I am! I always reckoned on it."

His disappointment and concern were so genuine that Helen took pity upon him. She had met his hand to him frankly, like a woman of the world.

Men grow up to self-possession in the presence of women rarely, encountering many troubles by the way. Women seem to have acquired self-possession by instinct.

"We can be very good friends," she said, "as we always have been. Let us be friends."

"I say, look here, Miss Kenyon," said Bagleigh, making a last appeal; "if I'm quiet for a year or two, don't you think there might be a chance?"

"No chance at all," she answered, severely, withdrawing her hand as she spoke. "If we are to be friends, you must promise on that all this shall be over. If not, you must not speak to me again."

"I won't do it again," his Lordship responded, with melancholy aspect.

And so he bowed and he rode away.

Gabriel was keen to hear the running of any sound he heard. He had already despatched the nurse to inquire the name of the arrival when Bagleigh had ridden up to the door and surrendered his horse to the groom who met him there, and, on Helen's appearance, he asked who it was who had just left, and the girl, anxious for her own part to avoid being questioned, began to tell Bagleigh's name about the intruding Frenchman.

Gabriel shut his eyes at the first mention of him, and withdrawing his hand from hers, lest she should feel how his own agitated frames shook him, he listened to the end; and though he struggled with all his forces to preserve composure, he groaned aloud, and a cold sweat distilled upon his forehead.

"You are in pain, dear," she cried, alarmed by these signs.

"Yes," he answered, hoarsely, "I am in pain."

Her very innocence was suspicious to him. That she should come and tell him this story unconsciously seemed to his wounded and irritated spirit almost an impossibility.

The fact that Peltzer had been in custody explained his absence until now. And now, what would happen—what could happen—but that the man should come back again prepared to denounce him to a blood hitch?

So he lay and quaked and sweated hour after hour, and day after day, in constant wonder that he was immediately spared from ruin. Yet finding himself still spared, some occasional gusts of courage touched him, and brought freshness to his blood. If wishes be prayers, Gabriel had rarely prayed for anything more earnestly than he prayed that one glad fancy might prove true, and that M. Peltzer should have died. The silence and the suspense went on from day to day, but as the silence grew longer the sense of suspense grew feebler, and Gabriel began to gather strength again.

In the mean time, Douglas, in spite of the sadness nature of his professional duties in town, had found time to write three or four letters of friendly inquiry as to Gabriel's condition, and Helen, in spite of her duties as nurse, had found time to respond to them.

This exchange of correspondence was not allowed to interfere with Douglas's promised visit, and came ten days after his departure from the Lodge, he turned up again to make inquiries in person. By this time Kenyon was half inclined to think that his ardent wishes had been granted, and that M. Peltzer had gone to his own place. Spurred by this offspring to his own wishes, which he nurtured with the most constant diligence, he had already begun to move about again, to receive visitors, and to listen to their congratulations on his recovery. The first strangers were an ordeal to him; but since even his most suspicious could find no sign of suspicion in them, the visits of their successors became less and less trying; and before Douglas arrived, Gabriel had grown quit of everything except an occasional nervous tremor.

The only especial effect of Dick's visit was that Kenyon gave him a warm invitation to renew it, and the young fellow went away more than ever impressed with the amiability and gentleness of Gabriel's character.

It happened, one evening, when the sacred season was growing near, and when, in the twilight, the whole country-side was ghostly with the snow, that Gabriel, who was already seated and muffled for his before-dinner constitutional, was standing drawing on his gloves by the library fire, when Helen entered softly in search of something she had left in the room, and Gabriel had a fatherly hand upon her hood.

"My dear," he said, gently, "there is one question to which I have never made allusion. I want to speak of it now. You will not be distressed or vexed if I do so?"

"I hope not, dear," she answered. "What is it?"

"Three or four months ago," he said, "you refused the offer of Lord Bagleigh's hand. What was your reason?"

"I could never marry Lord Bagleigh," she answered.

"You had no affection for him?" said Gabriel, softly. "Well, well! Is there anybody, dear, whom you could marry, if he asked you?"

His manner was gentle and caressing, and perhaps, though he did not know it, and could not have helped it had he known, a trifle fulsome.

The girl, who of late, more than ever, had done her best to love him, shrank away and made no answer. There was a vibrating tone in Gabriel's nature which marred the best music he could make for her.

"Is there anybody, dear?" he asked again. "Silence gives consent, you know," he added, finding her silent still. "I have a hater here," he went on, after a pause. "I am asking Mr. Douglas to join us at Christmas-time. Barristers get a fortnight's rest at that period of the year. Shall I ask him to spend the time with us? Shall I send the letter?"

This was surely the plainest speaking, and Helen answered nothing to it.

"Shall I send the letter?" he said again. "You know why I ask the question."

He felt benevolent and pious in his purpose.

"I want you to be happy, Helen. Shall I send it?"

The kindness he seemed to show broke down her faint aversion for him, and she kissed him in the twilight.

"Why, that's consent," said Gabriel, almost gayly. "It is so dark to see the roses, but they bloom here all the same." He pinched her cheek as he spoke, and she ran from the room to fare her own thoughts in solitude.

Gabriel rang the bell, and bade the servant who responded to add the letter lying on the table to the rest which waited for the post. Then, buttoned and muffled and gloved against the evening air, he walked out, passing solemnly down the village street and across the village church-yard.

He was full of peace at last. The thunderbolt that had fallen in the autumn-time and had willingly scared him out of his bed passed him harmlessly. It was meant for a lesson; it had served its turn, and would never fall again. Thinking thus, he paused for a moment, and then, lifting his eyes, discovered, with a shock of superstitious feeling, that he stood opposite Robert Kenyon's monument. He went forward suddenly, and heard the sound of a crunching footstep on the snow behind him.

## XX.

On the Monday of the first week in December of that year, Mr. Sullivan, clad in garments of unusual splendor, stood at the door of the house in which he lodged and gave instructions to two stout fellows within-doors about the portemanteau of a box, which was so large that it was absolutely inconvenient to carry it down the narrow passage and through the doorway. A four-wheeled cab stood behind him, and the box, with some difficulty, being hoisted to the top of the vehicle, Cyrus drew from his pocket a handful of loose coin, and, with a lordly air, bestowed a sixpence upon the cabman's assistant. He looked about him then with a sprightly air, jerked his hat into half a dozen different postures on his head by as many bird-like movements, pulled at his cuffs and collar, danced a step or two, and was entering at the door of the vehicle, which the cabman held open, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he turned.

All the aspect of prosperity and joy he had worn faded suddenly. He dashed into the cab with an exclamation, slammed to the door, and shouted to the driver, "Get up and drive!" with every evidence, in face, voice, and manner, of extreme terror.

The person whose unexpected appearance had thus shaken him was no other than Gustave Peltzer.

Monsieur Peltzer had evidently fallen upon dreadful times. His boots were mere gaping sacks of tattered leather; his bosom was bare and blue and cold. Such garments as he wore hung in tattered banners about him. He was begrimed and lean and frowzy and malodorous, and altogether more like a beast of prey than ever.

"Drive," said Sullivan, to this dreadful vision thrust a head through the open window of the four-wheeler.

"Wait!" cried Peltzer. "You are prosperous," he said, in rapid French, to Sullivan, "You have money in your hand. Give me something. I am starving—I am dying."

Sullivan surrendered half the loose handful of silver, and repeated his beseeching order to the cabman. Peltzer drew back with the coins in his hand.

The cab rolled on, and Sullivan commanded sick himself.

"It's a hundred to one that's the last of him. If it only should be, I shall have something to be thankful for. It's a blessing that Maria has made up her mind to go to New York. There, Cyrus, you'll be rid of all the evil companions who, until now, have decoyed you on the downward road to ruin. I suppose that it's rather indecent to get married so soon after having killed Mrs. Sullivan, but if Maria doesn't mind it, it sits easily upon my own conscience."

Cyrus counted the loose change about him to see if less much he had been frightened by the imperious Peltzer, and observing that his loss amounted to no more than four-and-sixpence, recovered his spirits, and rode away gayly to be married.

Peltzer, left alone in the street, tore off one of the rags from his fluttering raiment and wrapped his money in it. Then slipping it into a tattered pocket, and holding it there tightly in his clinched hand, he slouched on smiling.

"I can do it now," as his thoughts ran. "I was a fool not to have done it before when I was there and had the chance. A fool would have done it, an ass would have done it, a pig would have had the brain to think of it! And I permitted myself to be frightened. Silence for silence? Eh, well! But what is my man's silence worth to me, with the dog's life I lead? And what is my silence worth to him to his great house with his servants and his luxuries? You are a coward, my friend, as you would have plated this card before."

He passed at an ill-conditioned shop and bought food from which an appetite less ravenous than his own would have recoiled. Then he walked on again, eating as he walked.

He seemed to have made himself familiar with his route, for he asked questions of no man, though he paused to beg here and there from a stranger of respectable aspect, and once or twice succeeded in extorting a copper.

Nightfall saw him fifteen miles from London. He ate and slept at a lodging house, the lowest and cheapest of its kind; and next day he went on again. The human wolf was weary and cold and hungry; and the wolf courage in him, being now alight, burned fierce and steady.

He shuffled on, doing his fifteen miles a day, or thereabouts, through a day of fog, a day of rain, a day of clear frost, a day of snow—and then the ugly Nemesis, which for thirteen years had strained from the galleys, stood within half a day's march of Perry Haughton.

He had fed abundantly, if coarsely, on the way, and had still a little money left; and on these latter hours he began to drink to keep the wolf courage warm.

He slouched on from hamlet to hamlet, the wolf courage failing at times and flaring at times, and, in the early dusk of the winter evening, he came to Perry Haughton. He had been apprehensive from the first that his daring might fail him here; and once arrived, he began to grow so chill upon the enterprise that he was half disposed to go back again. Even the miserable life he led was better than that he had passed at the galleys, and if there was a prize before him, there was a penalty behind it.

He spent his last shilling in brandy, and his courage began once more to flicker and then to flame. He had conceived so violent a hatred against this Kenyon, who kept him out of his own, that, if he would have done it coolly, he would have rejoiced to tear him with his hands. This Kenyon robbed him now, and had robbed him years ago. He would have had a diamond ring, a gold watch and chain, and a roll of crisp bank-notes, as the award of valor and a better one blow, if this man had not stolen his prey from him, and found ten-thousand-fold a richer harvest on his body than Peltzer could have hoped to find.

The wolf-courage needed warming, and these reflections and the last shilling's-worth of brandy served to warm it so well, that when he skulked to the gates of the Lodge, and, as destiny would have it, saw a well clad figure emerge from them, he followed with his thievish footstep—*touching mollesche*—as dexterously and swiftly and boldly as he could have done in the heyday of his youth, before years and the galleys tamed his active fires.

Was he sure of his man? The dusk hid much, and therefor helped him. He knew the droop of the shoulders, the hands clasped behind, a something cut-like in the trend of the man he followed. He knew, or thought he knew—but, at the worst, a whispered name would bring the real man to a pause, whilst it would mean nothing to a stranger. He watched his chance to speak the name, and once or twice, when he thought he had found it, a passing stranger put his plans out of gear, and he had to go on again.

At length, however, the chase led him to the village church-yard. The gate clanged behind Kenyon with a something solitary in its sound, and Peltzer shuffled closer. At the second where Kenyon moved away from the monument which marked his cousin's resting place he made a swift forward movement.

"Monsieur Morvan," he whispered, and Gabriel paused in his walk, and turned, stretching out an involuntary hand to catch at the iron railing of a tomb. "A is fin!" said Peltzer, glancing at him through the dusk with shining eyes.

"What do you want?" asked Kenyon, swaying slightly to and fro, and only sustaining himself by his grasp upon the railing. "Who are you?"

"I am your old friend and fellow-lodger in the Rue du Petit Cardinal," said Peltzer, answering the second question first, in a suppressed rage of hate and fear and triumph. "I am the man who knows your secret."

"Hush!" said Gabriel, not knowing that he spoke at all. His terror mastered him and left him without power of reason. He would have been at the mercy of any beggar accosted who had chosen to spring this decree upon him.

"I saw you carry in the body," said Peltzer, in a gloating whisper. "I saw you give the medicine. I saw the man revive. I heard the talk between you. I saw what happened after. I saw you fix the ring from the finger. I saw—"

But here Kenyon's hands went up into the air with a wild gesture which sent the whispering scoundrel back a pace or two.

"I—I—know nothing—" Gabriel quavered.

He writhed both hands as if he grappled with something in the air above him, and suddenly fell forward, as if he dived into some welcome refuge. Peltzer recoiled, and before he could recover himself the clang of the church-yard gate apprised him of a new arrival. He ran like a hare for swiftness and noiselessness, doubling and crouching among the monuments and tombstones, and then watched and waited. He heard new-struck voices, which he could not comprehend, and rapid footsteps and appeals for help. Then came lights, and a little crowd of people, who, in a whole, departed, with the lights burning clear in the quiet frosty air, and a measured tramp, tramp, tramp, at the core of the crowd. Then silence, and the horror of the night.

THE END.

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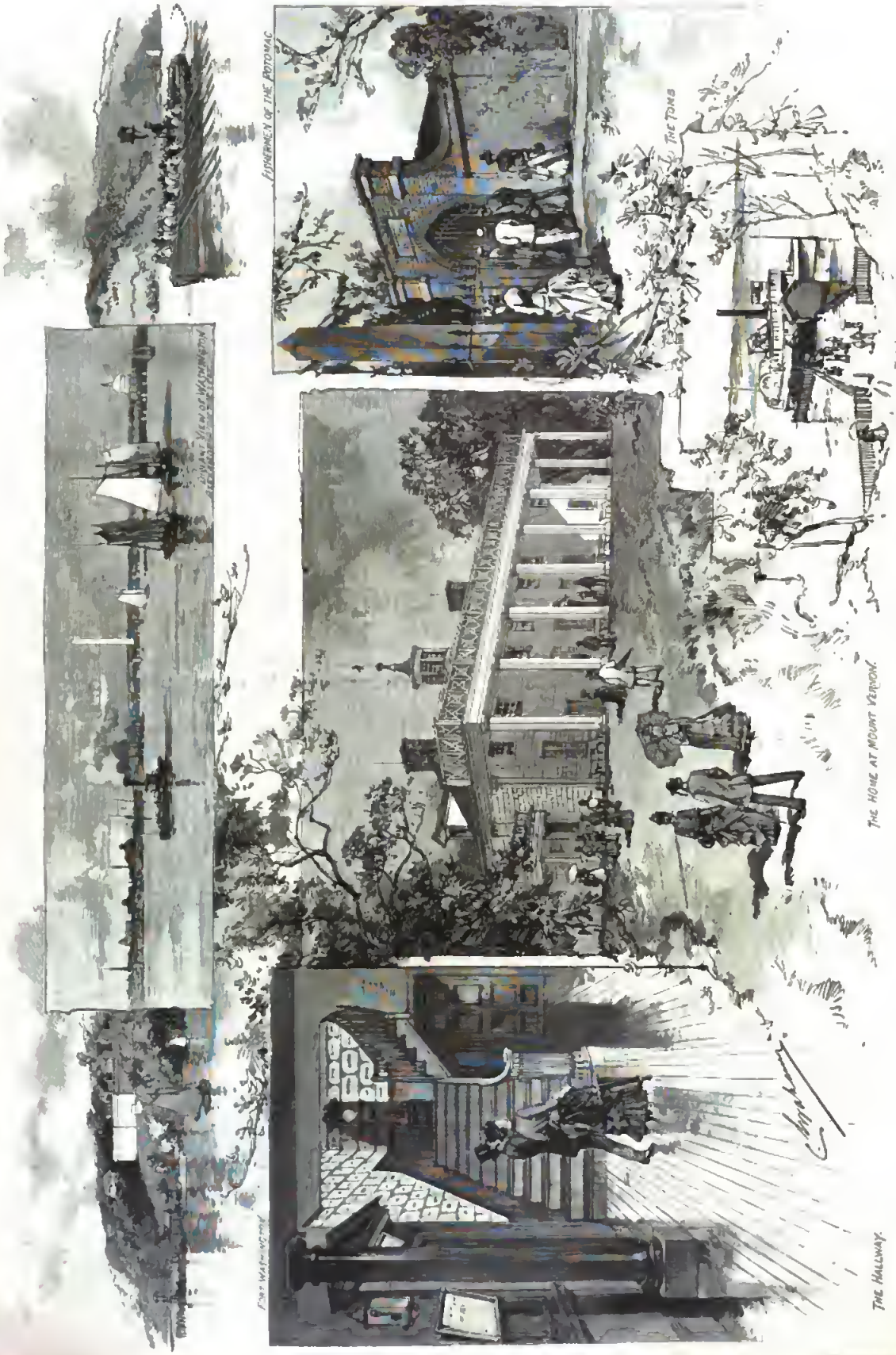
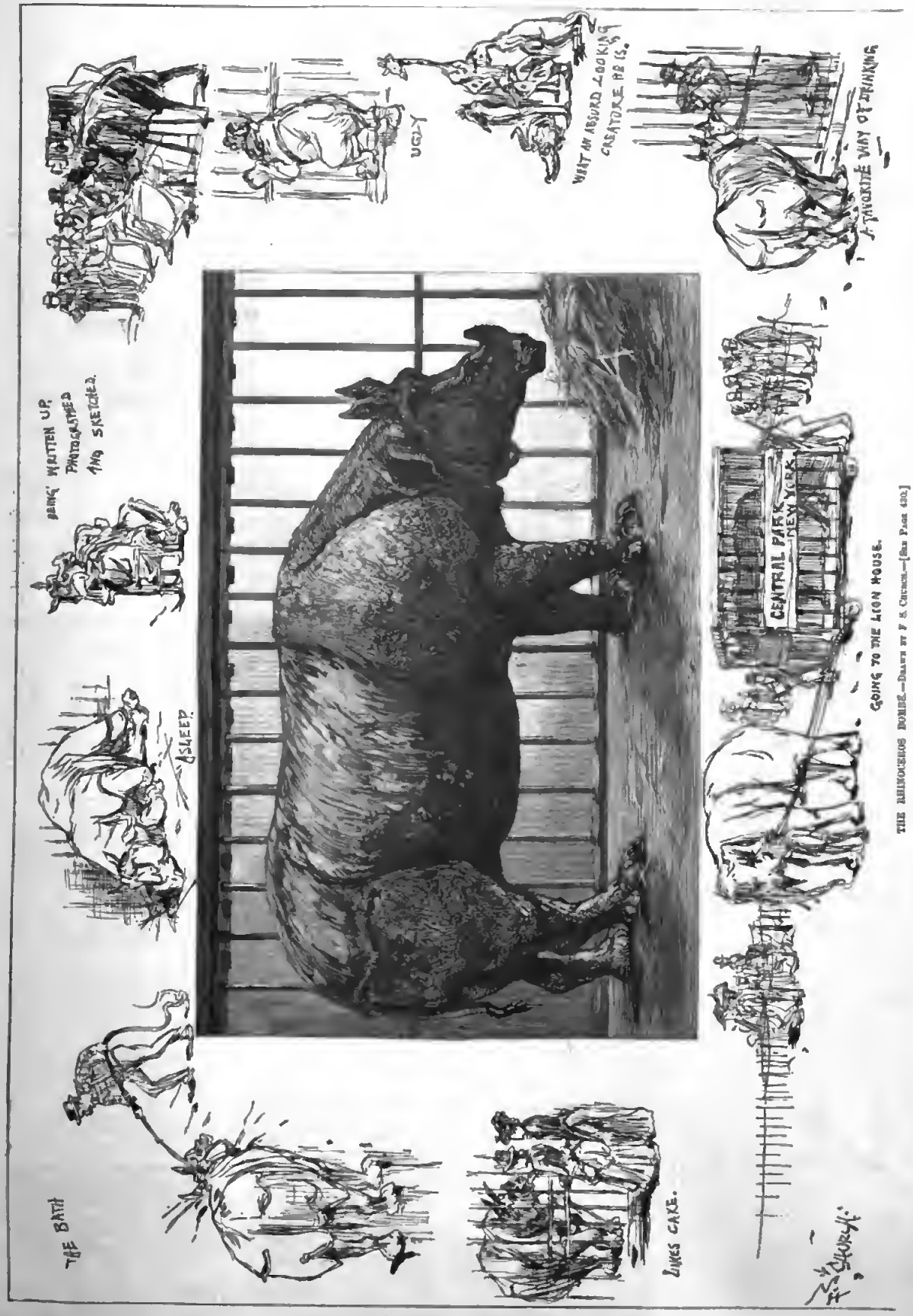



A PILGRIMAGE TO MOUNT VERNON.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 430.]




THE RHINOCEROS BOMBE.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 432]

## MOUNT VERNON.

THE swish of two big paddle-wheels, a multitude of people upon deck chairs; a sun-lit broad river; and the wide-mouthed cannon, peaceful award, and white soldiers' quarters of the United States Arsenal slipping past. It is the daily pilgrimage of the H. B. Corcoran down sixteen miles of the broad Potomac to Mount Vernon, the shrine of American liberty, the Mecca of the democracy.

After puffing sleepily along some half a dozen miles, the H. B. Corcoran effects a landing at the time-forgotten old wharves of Alexandria. The landing appears to be purposeless. Nobody embarks, nobody disembarks. During the irreducible three-minute pause the steamer makes we note that Alexandria is given over to moss and mansion. There is not so much as a cloud of dust on the wide road that used to deluge such busy commerce upon the river when the city rivalled Baltimore and put forward no mean pretensions to be the seat of the Federal government. WASHINGTON cast his first vote here in 1754, and his last forty-five years later. As we leave Alexandria the ubiquitous photographer, who is also a statistician, informs us that "she has increased forty-seven in ten years, mostly niggers at that."

Past Fort Foote, the town's dismantled defence; past a shed-load with a crew pulling like a man-of-war's; past gray old Fort Washington, blown up and abandoned by her men in 1814, when the British sailed up the river in red-coated defiance and captured Alexandria; and we are four miles from Mount Vernon. From this point one gets a lovely glimpse of Washington, twelve miles away, the twisting river between, the great dome of the Capitol swelling superbly above the city, the pure shaft of the Monument striking the faint sky with a sublime audacity that gains by distance. Our rear-and contemplation is no ecstatic that an unpretending white country house on the Virginia shore slips by unnoticed, until the tolling of the steamer's bell and the hoisting of her flag announce Mount Vernon.

The tombs of "General Georgie WASHINGTON" and "MARTHA, consort of WASHINGTON," need no description. From the guide's remarks, however, I select the facts that both bodies are above the ground, that the bodies of thirty relatives of WASHINGTON's family and his wife's repose in the inner vault, of which the key is cast into the Potomac, and that since the theft of one of the eagle's talons on the coat of arms which surmounts the tomb of the first President a double iron guard has been placed upon the entrance to the vault. WASHINGTON's body rested in the original family vault until 1837, when an attempted desecration induced a tardy fulfilment of his wishes as to his final burial. Just outside the present vault stand four plain white marble monuments to BUSHROD WASHINGTON, the nephew and heir of the General, JOHN AUGUSTINE, his son, EDWARD PARKE LEWIS, the daughter of Mrs. WASHINGTON, and to Mrs. M. E. A. CONRAD, her daughter.

Then we troop to the house, undergo the photographic martyrdom in front of it, and travel in droves from room to room, ever marshalled by the oratorical guide. To say that the "Mansion-house" is an irregular painted wooden structure painted to imitate white marble, ninety-six feet long and thirty feet deep, is to convey its appearance as correctly and inadequately as possible. It is a rambling old structure, many-roomed and many-windowed. The wide east piazza is paved with flags brought from the Isle of Wight, and commands a magnificent view of the river. The family and state kitchens are connected with the house by covered colonnades, but the servants' quarters are detached. Each room is the charge of the vice-regent of a State, the name of which is lettered above the door, like the patron association of a ward in a public charity. Some few original articles remain in the house, but the furniture, which is complete, is mainly a reproduction as nearly as possible of the pieces that were probably used by the family. In most cases the taste shown in this matter is excellent, and the bed hangings, prints, candlesticks, and time-pieces are quite in the spirit of a century ago. A melancholy exception must be made to this in the case of Georgia, however, whose vice-regent has garnished Lady WASHINGTON's sitting room with a crimson Brussels carpet and plush-trimmed furniture of unmistakable modernness.

In the main hall hangs a glass case containing the great ponderous rusty key of the Bastile, presented to WASHINGTON by LAFAYETTE when the prison was destroyed in 1789. In the banquet hall is a model of the Bastile cut from one of its granite stances, also the gift of WASHINGTON's gallant aide. The liquor case Lord FAIRFAX gave WASHINGTON is here too, and a genuine *Mayflower* chair, and REMBRANDT PEALE's famous picture of the General rebuking a subordinate. In NELLY CUSTIS's music-room the harpsichord her stepfather gave her on her wedding-day still remains, and WASHINGTON's flute rests upon its antiquated cover. Upstairs the sense lingers longest and the crowd gathers thickest about the door of the room the father of his Country died in. Almost everything here is as it was on that day. The square four poster, the queer little oval medicine stand, the secretary, the mutilated chairs, the fireiron with the blackened coat of arms behind the hearth, even the cracked shaving-glass, snuff and match boxes, stand as they stood then. It might have been only last week that the Hartford newspaper framed in the hall published the following sad intelligence in the dignified phraseology that once characterized American journalism. "A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious Chief. There is the grove, the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion, but, alas! the august inhabitant was *none no more!* That great soul was *gone!* His mortal part was there, indeed; but, ah, how affecting, how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness thus to mortal eyes fallen! Yes, fallen, fallen!"

## BOMBÉ IN THE PARK.

FOR a week the rhinoceros contributed by India to the Central Park bade fair to overshadow in public interest the obelisk contributed by Egypt. But it was for a week only. Bombé was hauled at Hoboken June 19, and June 26 he was no more, though, indeed, none of those who saw him during his brief and bright American career could have wished that he should be any "more," in point of mass, though in beauty he left much to be desired. Not to speak ill even of the pachydermatous dead, it will be owned he all who study his picture no another page of this issue that there was a sort of ready-made or adult parlor look about the beast. No portion of his hide had the appearance of having been made for him. Comment of this kind would be unnecessary were the rhinoceros a more familiar creature than he is, but since there are to-day but two specimens of the single-horn rhinoceros in the United States, it is safe to infer that a great many of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have never seen one.

The history of this particular rhinoceros is commonplace, with the exception of his sudden and tragic death. This event is variously attributed by rhinocerologists to pneumonia, to nostalgia, and to the fact that the sensitive and high-strung nature which he concealed beneath an apathetic and corrugated exterior was wrought beyond its power to resist by his inability to get at the elephants whose paddock adjoined his cage. He was still a child in years, and although he weighed seven thousand pounds, and was 11½ feet long by 5 feet 8 inches in height, he had not stopped growing, which may account for the ridiculously loose fit of his heavy hide. He was captured by a party of Shikarris, who sold him to the agent of a French menagerie. This explains how he received the name of Bombé (wrongfully spelled "Bombi" and "Bombe" by the reporters of the daily press), which is a French adjective, meaning curved or arched, and which was applied to him, as it sometimes was to the late Emperor of France, on account of the hooked or Roman shape of his nose. When Bombé grew too big for convenient transportation in the French circus, he was sold to a dealer in wild beasts at Hamburg.

The Hamburg dealer presented the sale of Bombé for $3,000, and the Park Commissioners contracted the opportunity to acquire him. As the beast had not been formally "accepted" or paid for, however, it is supposed that his loss, no fee so it is estimable in money, will fall upon the importer, and not upon the city. The rhinoceros was packed in an enormous cage, and on the 9th of June was shipped from Bremen, on the steamer *Ader*, for this port, and landed at Hoboken on Saturday, June 19. It cost $1000 to pass him through the Custom-house (that is, to pass him through the Custom-house figuratively speaking, the expense of attempting to pass him through in any other way would, no doubt, have been much larger), and he was then conveyed, cage and all, by a four horse dray to the place of the animals in the Park. Subsequently it was found necessary to drag the travelling cage into the building above a permanent iron cage had been erected for his reception, and this was accomplished by a docile elephant named "Tip," who was harnessed up with chains, and who rattled the new comer up to the door of his future home in a most cheerful manner. Then by opening the iron door of the new cage, and knocking a hole in the other, the big creature was transferred to quarters which, it was fondly hoped, would be permanent. At the time of the arrival of the rhinoceros the roof of the iron cage had not been put in place, but as the enclosure was eight feet high it was not thought necessary to turn him loose therein pending the construction of a temporary oak roof across the top of it. On the third day after his arrival, however, and while the carpenters were busy in nailing down the great planks that were to constitute this ceiling to his apartment, Bombé became restless, and after surveying the carpenters overhead for a few moments, deliberately attempted to climb the side of his house. The terrified carpenters retreated in hot haste, while the keepers prodded the beast back to the floor, but not until he had succeeded in getting well up toward the top.

This is the first intimation of the hitherto unsuspected fact that the rhinoceros may perhaps vary the monotony of wallowing in the bogs and marshes of his native land by occasionally climbing a tree. During his residence in this country Bombé was treated to a daily bath from the nozzle of a garden hose, and was without doubt made as comfortable as the circumstances permitted. He was the largest rhinoceros in captivity. It seems a pity that he was not more beautiful, for upon the theory of the old adage that "beauty is but skin deep," how very beautiful he would have been if only he had been beautiful at all!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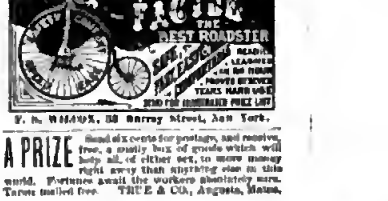


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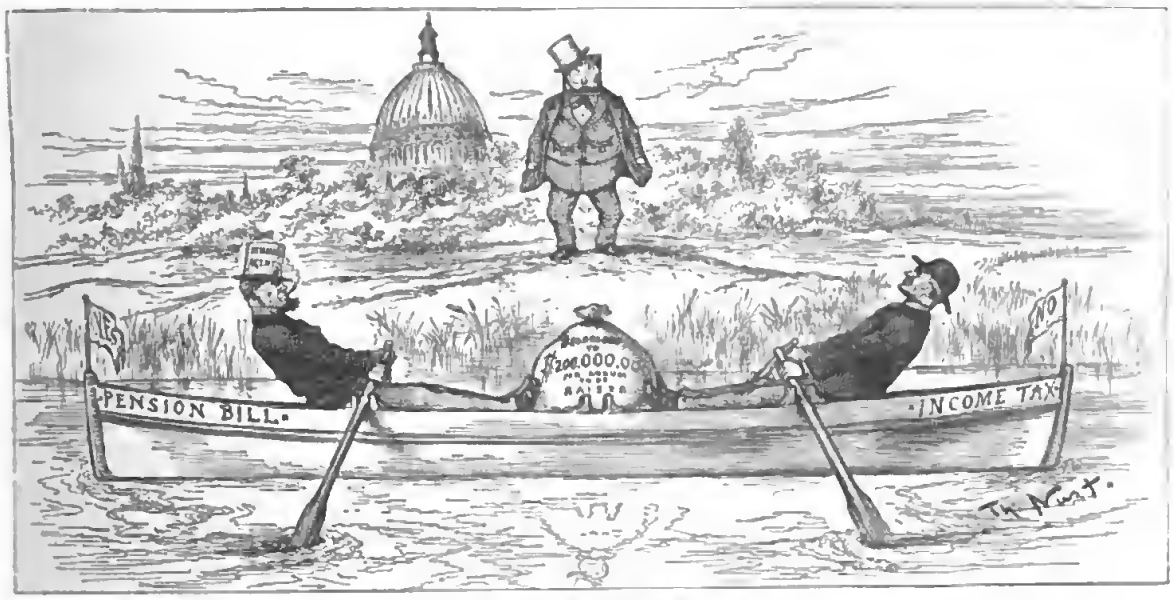


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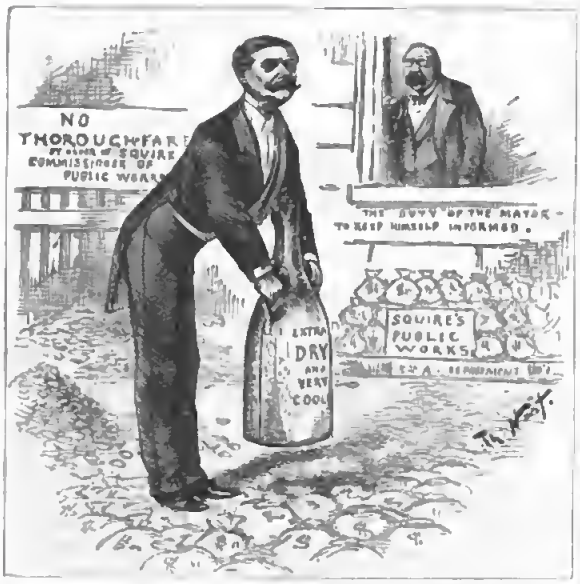


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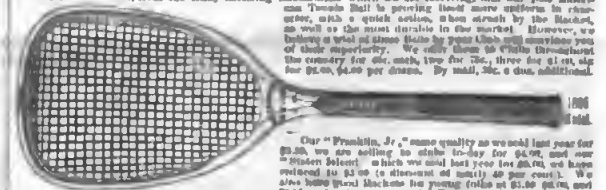

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1542.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886.

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# Jack of the Tules

by Bret Harte

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Sideway you question, sefior, and I fancy
You are no novice. Careless that to little
Of my poor gossip of Mission and Pueblo
You are a stranger!

Am I not right? Ah! believe me, that ever
Since we joined company at the posada
I've watched you closely, and—pardon an old priest—
I've caught you smiling!

Smiling to hear an old fellow like me talk
Gossip of pillage and robbers, and even
Air his opinions of law and afraiden
Like any other!

Now!—by that twist of the wrist on the bridle,
By that straight line from the heel to the shoulder,
By that curt speech—say, nay—no offence, son,
You are a soldier?

No? Then a man of affairs? San Sebastino!
Twould serve me right if I prattled thus widdly
To—say a sheriff? No? Just caballero?
Well, more's the pity.

Ah! what we want here's a man of your presence;
Sana, Secundo—you, all the four S's,
Joined with a boldness and dash when the time comes,
And—may I say it?—

One not too hard on the poor country people—
Poons and silly vaqueros, who, dazzled
By reckless skill, and perchance reckless largesse,
Wink at some queer things.

No? You would crush them as well as the robbers,
Root them out—scatter them? Ah! you are bitter—
And yet—guess aught—? perhaps that's the one way
To catch their leader.

As to myself, now, I'd share your displeasure—
For I admit in this Jack of the Tules
Certain good points. He still comes to confession—
You'd like to catch him?

Ah, if you did at such times, you might hear him
Home by a thread. Good! Again you are smiling
You have no faith in such sheriff—and but little
In priest or penitent.

*Bueno!* We take no offence, sir, whatever
It please you to say; it becomes us, for Church's sake,
To bear in peace. Yet, if you were kinder
And less suspicious—

I might still prove to you Jack of the Tules
Shames not our teaching—nay, even might show you,
Hard by this spot, his old comrade, who, wounded,
Lives on his bounty.

If—ah, you listen!—I see I can trust you—
Then, on your word as a gentleman—follow
Under that sycamore stands the old adobe;
There sits his comrade.

What, are you mad? You would try to arrest him?
You, with a warrant? Oh, well, take the rest of them:
Pedro, Bill, Murray, Pat Doolan. Hey!—all of you,
Tumble out—d——n it!

There—that 'll do, boys! Stand back! Ease his elbows;
Take the gag from his mouth. Good! Now scatter like devils
After his posse—four straggling, four drunken—
At the posada.

You—help me off with those togs, and then amuse
Now, six Jeff Dobbs!—Sheriff, Scout, and Detective!
You're so derned cute! Kinder sich, ain't yo, bindin'
Jack of the Tules?

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1886

## MR. BECK'S BILL.

MR. BECK'S bill prohibiting members of Congress from accepting employment as attorneys for railroads which receive aid and require legislation from the United States was reconsidered and referred to the Judiciary Committee after a rather acrid debate. The vote was almost strictly partisan. The Republicans voted to reconsider, with the evident intention, as their speeches showed, of defeating the bill. The Democrats voted to sustain the passage of the bill. The argument against it was ill-founded and wholly inconclusive. It was, in the first place, an attempt to prove such a law to be unnecessary, unless Mr. BECK would state reasons in the conduct of members of Congress which made it desirable; and, in the second place, it was an assertion that such a bill was an insult to Congress, as implying that members were disposed to do something so wrong that they must be restrained by penal laws. The first attempt was designed merely as a plausible obstruction, because Senators knew that Mr. BECK would not specify personal instances among his colleagues, and because all such laws rest upon a familiar experience and upon a reasonable probability deducible from that experience. Mr. BECK's conduct of his argument was excellent, and he disposed conclusively of the chief reliance of his opponents, that his proposition was an insult to Congress in assuming that Senators and Representatives were probably mercenary rascals.

Is it an insult to members of Congress that they are forbidden to practice in the Court of Claims? But the same objection can be made. Why should the law interfere? Why should it be assumed that they would do what they ought not to do? Why should they be selected invidiously as a class to be stigmatized by a disability? Or is it an insult to members of Congress that they should be prohibited from receiving payment for helping to procure a contract or a place from the government under a penalty of imprisonment and fine? Is it not a gross outrage that the law should assume such conduct to be possible? Why should a member of Congress be singled out to be girt around with penal inflictions for doing what it ought not to be supposed that he could do? There are other laws to the same effect—laws assuming that even members of Congress may do wrong, thus conniving at "the defamation" of Congress of which Senator HAWLEY spoke. The whole argument against the bill was pure buncombe. Mr. BECK held in his hand reports of the Senate and House in regard to the Union and Central Pacific railroads, seeking relief from Congress, and making the strongest appeals. He said, and not a Senator ventured to answer him:

"Will any gentleman in either House insist that any man who is the attorney of either road, any man who is retained in any way by any of those roads, when those great questions, involving perhaps fifty or one hundred millions of dollars to the tax burdened people of this country, come up for consideration, shall, without letting us know it, advocate the interests of the road whose money, in the shape of retainers or fees, he has in his pocket, keeping the fact concealed, professing all the time that he is acting and arguing in the interest of the United States? I say it ought not to be allowed, and all I seek to do by this bill is to say it shall not be."

Ought it to be allowed? If a member of Congress ought to be prohibited from receiving a present for procuring a place for his employer, or from arguing the claim of a client to the Court of Claims, ought he to be permitted to vote upon a grant or a relief to a railroad whose paid employé he is?

Mr. EDMUNDS admitted that the retained lawyer acting as a Senator might be biassed. The admission was a complete justification of Mr. BECK's bill. But Mr. EDMUNDS proceeded to say that it was only one of many biases under which he labored. The sentiment of his State, the opinions of his constituency, biassed him, and, indeed, until legislators were saints descended from heaven they would be biassed by something. It is not to be supposed that Senator EDMUNDS believes the cases to be similar, and that he gravely compares the bias of a Vermonter for the interests of Vermont to the bias of an attorney for the corporation that employs him. Mr. EVARTS also said that he thought lightly of the restrictive laws that surround public men. Does he also think lightly of the constitutional prohibition of the receipt of gifts from foreign powers by any officer of the United States? That prohibition is plainly an assumption that such an officer might be bribed or influenced by such a gift. Is it a superfluous provision, an insulting assumption? On the contrary, it is a solemn declaration fixed in the fundamental law that public men should be above suspicion. But how can a man be above suspicion when he votes upon measures in which he has a large pecuniary interest? Why did JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who was known to be absolutely incorruptible, dispose of all his interest in United States Bank stock when he was made chairman of the committee of investigation? Because he was a wise man, and knew that his private interest in a public matter necessarily aroused suspicion. Why is Attorney-General GARLAND not a wise man? Because he does not heed the inevitable suspicion that attaches to a high officer of the United States whose department is called to act in a case in which he is known to have a great pecuniary stake. He may be an honest man who has come by his interest honorably. So might an honest officer of the United States honestly receive a gift from the Emperor of Russia. But the Constitution forbids him to receive it without the consent of Congress. That is the wise and conservative and patriotic spirit of the government, and it is in that spirit that Mr. BECK's proposition is drawn. It will be a grievous mistake if the Republican Senators permit it to be made a party or political question.

## THE PRESIDENT'S VETOES.

THE President's vetoes of pension bills have been constant, and in almost every case his statement of reasons has been conclusive. In some instances there may be good reasons for reconsideration. But the action of the President shows a devotion to duty and a resolution not to suffer injustice to be done to the people by careless appropriations of public money, which will receive the most general and hearty approval. Here are some illustrations of the vetoed bills:

"SIMEON W. HARDIN got a bill passed granting him a pension for enlargement of the heart, which he asserts was the result of falling out of a wagon fourteen years before the disease developed. The bill granting a pension to ABIGAIL SMITH was vetoed because it gave her a less amount than she was already receiving. Another instance of careless legislation is shown in the veto of a bill for the relief of ANDREW J. HILL, when the papers show that the claimant's name is ALFRED. JAMES BUTLER's bill was vetoed because he was never in the army; he enlisted on August 23, 1864, got leave to go home to bid his friends good by, fell into a cellar and broke his leg en route, and was discharged September 10. HARRIET WEIER's bill was vetoed because she admits that she married the man for whose service she claims a pension when she had another husband living undivorced. JOHN D. RAE was drafted into the army; he was enrolled, and the next day started for home; he fell off his horse, broke his ankle, and was not placed on the rolls of his regiment. JAMES C. CHANDLER applied for a pension at the Pension Office because he was run over by a wagon in 1862. This was denied him. Then he entered another application on account of bronchitis. This was also denied. Then he made a third for rheumatism, and that was denied also. Finally he went to Congress, and got a bill passed on all three of his claims."

There are many others quite as extraordinary. To prevent such waste of the public money is a simple duty of the President, and the attacks which have been made upon him for discharging his duty are exceedingly discreditable to those who make them. The attacks proceed upon the general assumption that any man who was a soldier is entitled to have his claim for relief honored in full in the precise form in which he makes it, and without regard to the facts. Of course nothing could be more absurd.

Many of the bills are laws of Congress overriding the decision of the Pension Bureau. The President acts, therefore, as a judge of appeal, and decides upon the facts in evidence, recapitulating them in his message. The assertion that the Constitution does not contemplate this kind of detailed revision of the acts of Congress by the Executive is idle and wholly unfounded. To the extent of the veto the President is made a most important part of the legislative power, and he acts under the precise obligation that binds any member of Congress. His duty requires him to consider details quite as much as the duty of the Representative requires him to do the same thing, and when it is obvious that details have been neglected by Congress, it is the especial duty of the Executive to correct the result of the neglect. Mr. BAYNE, of Pennsylvania, in his extraordinary vituperation of the President as "this man" who was almost transcending his authority, and "no better than any other American citizen, and not the equal of any man who periled his life and went out to save the Union," wholly forgot that he was speaking of an officer of the government who acted under obligations quite as important and binding as those of Mr. BAYNE himself, and that even if the President had been a shirk and a coward—which he was not—that fact is not a reason that Mr. BAYNE and his associates should be allowed to take money improperly from the public Treasury. The reasons of the President's vetoes are submitted to the country, and the country will judge whether they are well founded. No honorable soldier will think him unfriendly to soldiers because he refuses to countenance dishonest claims even when preferred in the name of a soldier; and every good citizen, conscious that the President is an honest man, and that the country is not ungenerous to the soldiers, will support him in his defence of the just rights of all the people.

There is a general feeling that the veto power should be used sparingly. But it would be better to say that Congress ought not to furnish frequent occasion for its exercise. The number of President CLEVELAND's vetoes is great, but they all affect what is substantially the same act of legislation, an act of infinite details, namely, the granting of pensions. The veto power is one of the most important and valuable of the checks of our government. It belongs to the system which wisely separates the republic from the simple democracy, or the constant, immediate rule of the majority. It is a power provided by the majority for its own restraint, and nothing proves more completely the wisdom of our popular government than the fact of the adoption by the majority of provisions which prevent hasty action. The President does not intend to slight his duty, and he has announced that he will consider all bills carefully before signing them. He gives fair notice that he will not be hurried, and Congress has learned that his words plainly express his purposes. His duty is largely a duty of detail. His ability is shown by his disposition and capacity to treat details. It is a quality of great administrative ability. It is sometimes contemned as the sign of a routine officer. But it is the quality which distinguished GLADSTONE as a financial minister, and it was a striking trait in NAPOLEON. The two chief executive functions in our government are the appointment of agents through whom to execute the laws, and the approval of laws to execute. They are both matters of detail, and to object to careful Executive attention to them is to object to the Executive office. The exercise of the veto power by President CLEVELAND has been neither reckless nor unjust. It has been due to a sincere desire to secure wise legislation, and it has been careful, intelligent, and patriotic. The more it is considered by the country, the more warmly it will be commended.

## THE KING AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE address of the Count of Paris upon leaving France is a remarkable and revolutionary document. It is remarkable because the Count accepts the leadership, not of the monarchical sentiment, but of the monarchical movement. He says:

"Taught by experience, France will not be misled as to either the cause or the author of the ills she suffers. She will recognize that the traditional monarchy, by its modern principle and by its institutions, can alone furnish the remedy. This national monarchy, of which I am the representative, can alone reduce the importance of the men of disorder who threaten the repose of the country, can alone secure political and religious liberty, restore public fortune, give our democratic society a strong government, opened to all, superior to parties, and with a stability which will be in the eyes of Europe a pledge of lasting peace. It is my duty to labor without respite in this work of salvation, and with the aid of God, and the cooperation of all those who share my faith in the future, I will accomplish it. There public is afraid. In striking me it marks me out. I have confidence in France, and at the decisive hour I shall be ready."

The Count of Paris thus takes the position long held by the Count of Chambord, the head of the elder BOURBON branch, and in a way much more dangerous to France, because he is a very much abler man, and because his tradition is constitutional, not despotic, monarchy. His manifesto suggests at once the question whether the quiet citizen of France, as he was described, was in fact the centre of a movement against the republic, or whether the act of expulsion is so plainly the sign of the conscious weakness of the republic that it naturally organizes the monarchical reaction. From this moment intrigue and suspicion begin, and the expulsion of the conspicuous and strong adherents of the monarchical movement becomes merely logical and probable. There is, in fact, the old situation: the republic at home and the *émigrés* and royal court abroad.

The same internal forces, also, are evidently at work in France. The demand for the expulsion came from CLEMENCEAU and the extreme Republican radicals. ROCHEFORT and similar agitators represent the anarchists. They have prevailed in the expulsion of the princes. Will the republic expel them also, as dangerous to organized republican liberty; or will they dominate the republic? The actual government, President GRÉVY and Minister FRETCINET, seem to stand for the Gironde. Will the Gironde of 1889 be stronger than that of 1793? The situation inevitably recalls such figures and suggests such questions. But history does not repeat itself in its old forms. The France of to-day is a very different France from that of a hundred years ago. Two facts alone compel a different development of the actual

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situation—the general prosperity of the people and the habit of representative government. PHILIPPE Égalité, the great grandfather of the Count of Paris, was put to death in another France than that which his great grandson leaves. The monarchical tradition is not only infinitely weakened in France, but in the world, and a royal restoration would be so evidently a mere episode and transitory incident that the moral consciousness of the fact will play an important part in the political future.

The significance of the manifesto is the revolutionary condition of French politics. Parties do not divide upon policies, or measures, or persons, but upon the nature of the government. That danger to the government which is a figure of speech in this country when we denounce the opposite party, is actual in France. The election of pronounced Orleanists to the Assembly would mean the overthrow of the republic, and it will be both urged and resisted upon the ground of safety to the state. This situation exposes the existing system of government to the severest strain. Prohibition of Orleanist or monarchical votes is out of the question. It is not yet demonstrated whether the monarchists would be a faction or a majority. The frank and vigorous declaration of the Count of Paris must have necessarily a very great influence. It will seem to many Frenchmen the proclamation of a steady, orderly, constitutional, conservative, and strong government, under which all rights and interests would be more secure than under a system which constantly tends to anarchical control, and is not strong enough to exclude anarchists. It will show that monarchical government is not merely an aspiration and vague possibility, but that it is already represented by a trained, sagacious, and able descendant of old French rulers, intelligently susceptible to all modern influences and sentiments, and surrounded by clever and organized supporters. It is not improbable, certainly, that the manifesto of the Count of Paris marks the opening of another exciting epoch in French politics.

## THE PAN-ELECTRIC SCANDAL.

THE reports upon the Pan-Electric speculation confirm substantially the familiar statements in the newspapers, and give them official and authentic form. Public men were presented with stock for the use of their names, and one of them, Mr. GARLAND, a Senator of the United States, gave a professional opinion which was intended to enhance the value of the stock and promote its sale, and subsequently being appointed Attorney-General of the United States, a suit for the benefit of the stock company was authorized by a subordinate to be conducted by the office of which the Attorney-General is the head.

Probably nobody attributes corruption to the Attorney-General. But the impropriety of such conduct is glaring, and no man who could be so blind to its necessary significance as the Attorney-General has shown himself to be can properly fill the office of Attorney-General of the United States. It is not necessary that an officer should commit impeachable offences in order to make his retirement from the cabinet indispensable. No man of whom the plain tale of Mr. GARLAND'S connection with the Pan-Electric enterprise can be truthfully told can remain Attorney-General of the United States without a cloud upon the Administration and a discredit to the country.

There is no difference of opinion, so far as we know, in regard to the impropriety of that connection. But as it did not imply necessarily anything more than extreme folly and obtuseness of perception, and as a summary request for his resignation would have been interpreted by party enmity as complete proof of the worst allegations against him, the President naturally waited until there should be an authoritative and responsible statement. Such a statement has now been made, and there can be no longer any plausible reason for the continuance of Mr. GARLAND in the cabinet. His conduct, arising from his want of a just estimate of the total freedom from questionable transactions which every public man must maintain, does not constitute a huge public scandal in the sense of the Crédit Mobilier, the whiskey frauds, and the Star Route swindles, but it does involve scandal for the Administration and its party, which is greater with every day, that it is a member of the cabinet who has been guilty of this gross official impropriety.

## OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP.

THE axe of removal has justly fallen upon offensive Republican partisans in office. Has it equally fallen upon offensive Democratic partisans? The records of the Senate have shown that the conduct of some officers appointed within a year to supersede offensive partisans has surpassed in offensiveness that of those who were superseded. The *Times* has shown the extreme and offensive partisanship of the Collector of New York. Has dismissal of such officers followed the proof? These are very important questions for the Administration. The facts will be unquestionably brought to light, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

The Indianapolis *Journal* states that the Convention which recently renominated Mr. HOLMAN for Congress was full of government employés. It specifies Collector HUNTER and Indian Agent BANNISTER, and "dozens of lesser lights in the Federal service helping the Judge in his fight." The *Journal* adds, taunt ingly, "They knew they would not be disturbed by this hypocritical Administration; and they will not be." Upon this precise point the President said, in his letter of acceptance, "They should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service."

That the Collector, Indian Agent, and Postmasters were at the Convention—if they were actually there—to do party service of the kind contemplated by the President, and that their conduct was incompatible with what he justly calls "quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights," is undeniable. They were doing what capable and honest officers in the public service have been removed for doing. They were plainly, and undubitably intentionally, defying the Executive, and ought to be summarily removed. The familiar humbuggery about interference with the political rights of American citizens need frighten nobody. It is the office-holders who interfere with those rights, by urging the favor or disfavor of patronage-mongers to influence action. The civil service is not more sacred than the military. Both are paid out of the public Treasury. And if officers of the army and navy properly abstain from active partisanship, so should Collectors and Postmasters. Nothing would be more effective in securing an honorable observance of the law in every office to which it applies than the prompt discipline of Democratic offenders. The rule of offensive partisanship has been rigorously applied to Republicans, but it is not known to have been applied with equal rigor to Democrats. But nothing would more surely strengthen the President in public confidence than the plain and emphatic proof that in the matter of prostituting a public trust to a party purpose he is no respecter of offensive partisans.

## THE DOLDRUMS.

THE refusal of the Democratic House to take up Mr. MORRISON'S bill for a revision of the tariff in certain particulars merely shows that the Democratic party has no tariff policy. The party contains some ardent revenue reformers and free-traders, but they accept their constant rebuffs and defeats with equanimity, and continue to march in line with their protective brethren. This situation proves that they do not regard the tariff as a party issue, and that the party connection is precious to them for some other purpose than revision of the tariff.

What is that purpose? It is not reform in the civil service, because they flout it. It is not some special foreign policy, because there is none. It is not silver coinage, because upon that they are equally divided. One thing, indeed, the Democratic House has accomplished; it has taxed one industry for the benefit of another. All this shows that the party is more precious than any purpose of the party, and that again strongly illustrates what we have often remarked, and what is plain to the dullest, that the parties represent no great principle or policy, and that our politics are almost wholly personal.

If the Democratic party be a free-trade party, or a reform party, or a silver-coinage party, Mr. RANDALL, for instance, cannot be called a Democrat, because he favors none of these things. But if it be a protectionist, or reform, or anti-silver-coinage party, its claims are those of the Republicans. Yet Mr. RANDALL is still in good repute as a Democrat. He is a Democratic leader, and commands the Democratic caucus with an airy jest. Any protectionist and any opponent of reform or of the continued coinage of silver may safely vote for Mr. RANDALL. Could there be a more striking illustration of the actual situation?

## MEMORIAL OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

AN Episcopal church was recently consecrated at Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, the little town in which BAYARD TAYLOR was born. One of the chief ornaments of the church is a large memorial window, the main portion illustrating the Good Samaritan, designed by one of Mr. TAYLOR'S friends, and on the upper part there is an open book with these lines of TAYLOR'S:

"Till the sun grows cold, and the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

At the bottom of the window there is an inscription: "In memoriam BAYARD TAYLOR, joyous poet, loyal comrade, patient and generous brother in toil and song. Born Kennett, Pa., January 11, 1825. Died Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878."

The window is the gift of many of BAYARD TAYLOR'S personal and literary friends, who cherish his memory affectionately, and who gladly honor him as one of the simplest and most manly of men. The inscription will call him "generous brother in toil and song." He was an incessant and amazing worker. His proudest ambition was to write his name among the poets who will be remembered, and the eager and honorable endeavor was wholly unsullied by jealousy or suspicion.

TAYLOR'S was a noble and generous nature; a life which achieved much success; a memory unclouded by reproach. And if his story has a deep pathos, it is not that of talents misused, of opportunities slighted, of time foolishly squandered, but only of the wide gulf between purpose and achievement, between lofty ambition and the result of the noblest effort.

## THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION FUND.

AN illustrated article on Tanis, or Zoan, by Miss AMELIA B. EDWARDS, which will be published in an early number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will reawaken public interest in the Egyptian Exploration Fund. The general object is the elucidation by actual discoveries and researches of historical, Biblical, classical, and geographical points, and to extend our knowledge of ancient Oriental civilization. The array of American and English subscribers is very numerous, dignified, and imposing, and the executive officers devote themselves to the work with most edifying zeal. The Rev. W. C. WINSLOW, of Boston, is honorary treasurer for America, and he is fully prepared to receive subscriptions from five dollars to as many thousands as an enlightened interest may desire to contribute. Each contributor of the smaller sum receives a memoir of the season's work and other documents, and such contributors would seem to have the best assurance that the work is in the proper hands.

## PERSONAL.

THE Hon. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, now in his eighty second year, but looking not older than sixty, still rides horseback daily, and is in perfect health. This exercise, he said the other day, is the best possible for old men, because it produces the desired results with the least exertion. Asked whether the chances of a young lawyer's success are as good now in New York city as fifty years ago, he replied: "Just as good. Legal success has always been difficult. What is needed are brains, attention, and vitality." Mr. FIELD is over six feet high, and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds.

—More than fifty thousand copies of Mr. WILLIAM BLAIKIE'S little manual, *How to Get Strong*, have already been sold, and the author has received congratulatory letters from Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, the Marquis of Lorne, Dr. McCOSH, President ELIOT, Mr. BANCROFT, and many other notables. He has a scrap-book of three hundred pages filled with complimentary epistles and newspaper clippings concerning a volume that has had a sale larger than that of any other book on athletics ever published.

—An ex-judge of this city has been reducing his weight to the extent of thirty pounds by horseback exercise, and Mr. BLAIKIE declares that any exercise that causes perspiration for half an hour daily will be followed by a similar result. He has witnessed many demonstrations of his belief in this respect, and he professionally advises his corpulent friends that an system of dietetics is half as efficacious for the removal of superabundant flesh as the perspiration that comes from daily exercise in the open air. He intends to communicate his views on this subject to President CLEVELAND. "It is surprising to note," remarks the London *News* of June 16, "how large a portion of humanity is perturbed over the question of fat and its preponderance." Mr. BLAIKIE once lost a pound in weight by rowing a boat for twenty minutes.

—Behind a shop window on Broadway hangs the following letter, written in an easy English hand on a small sheet of note-paper:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.
"MR. ——, I authorize you to continue the sale of my photographs.
"FRANCIS CLEVELAND."

—Mr. WILLIAM H. BEARD, the artist, remembers that forty odd years ago, in Ohio, the boys used to amuse themselves by cutting on the backs of stray turtles the inscription, "G. W., 1776," and then letting the reptiles go; and one of his numerous drawings depicts a solemn antiquarian in the act of examining a turtle so marked. Mr. BEARD was interested the other day to learn that a distinguished brother artist had recently found in a New Jersey swamp a turtle whose back bore the same "G. W., 1776," especially as the discoverer inclined to the belief that the animal, if not a relic of the boyhood of the Father of his Country, was at least a true specimen of longevity.

—A young surgeon of this city was enough interested in the death of Bombé, the big rhinoceros, to go to the Central Park and investigate the circumstances. He returned with the conviction that the primary cause of Bombé's untimely departure was not pneumonia, but overexertion in attempting to climb out of his imperfectly constructed cage. Had the roof of the cage been properly built, the animal could not have broken it, and his fatigue would have been spared. An examination of his lungs showed that they were only in the first stage of pneumonia, and Bombé really died of exhaustion.

—M. JULES LEFEBVRE, who has received from his fellow artists in this year's Salon the Medal of Honor in Painting, is well known in this country through his full-length figures of ideal feminine subjects, the drawing of which possesses many of the rare qualities that have made BOUGUEREAU famous.

—The last words written by the late Dr. ALBERT FITZ were a protest against the doctrine that a medical specialist, in his sentiments and conduct, should be any the less a physician, or should esteem less sacredly the honor, dignity, and usefulness of the medical profession as a whole. If the effect of specialism be otherwise, he exclaimed, alas for the medical profession of the future!

—Mr. HAMILTON FARRANT, the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, who displayed great courage and enterprise in professional duty during the prevalence of the cholera at Marseilles, received the compliment of a dinner from his journalistic friends on the eve of his return to England. Among the speakers were Mayor GRACE and Mr. GEORGE JONES.

—A few days before his suicide the late King LOUIS of Bavaria was heard to say, "I can suffer the government to be taken out of my hands, but I will not survive the assertion that I am mad." Much degeneration in the skull, in the brain, and in its coverings was found during the *post-mortem* examination.

—Professor CHARLES WALTON objects to the views of a French critic who holds that certain discoveries made by the professor in the galleries of the Louvre implied a corresponding ignorance on the part of the directors of that institution. "As a director of a museum myself" (the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge), "I should deem it a great misfortune were I forced to believe that every discovery made in the museum of which I have charge would as far prove my own deficiency in antiquities."

—At a recent meeting of the Browning Society one of the members expressed his sorrow that many sincere and ardent admirers of the poet were shut out from half the enjoyment to be derived from his works because they had no ear for his music—"that music of rhythm which characterizes most of Browning's poems." This rhythm, he explained, was "an inner rhythm, or rhythm of the imagination." If Browning was obscure, the fact was partly because his language "often hovered between the inarticulate expression of music and the articulate expression of common speech."

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES impressed one of the guests at a breakfast given in his honor by Professor MCALISTER, of St. John's College, Cambridge, as having a rich and mellow voice, dowered by nature with that peculiar timbre of sensibility which seems to caress and win the ear. He declared that he never saw "the red tipped daisies" of which the poets sing, until TENNYSON, when walking with him, picked one and showed him the red tips underneath.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, when about to deliver his great speech at Edinburgh, appeared upon the stage of the Music Hall accompanied by Mrs. GLADSTONE. Tremendous cheering and a great waving of handkerchiefs and hats greeted him as he removed his Inverness cape and disclosed a dress-coat, the lapel of which was decorated with white flowers and fern. No time was wasted by the chairman of the meeting in introducing him, and "after a brief struggle to open the irreverently styled pneumatic-pot containing his famed 'judicious mixture' for the throat"—as a Scotch reporter describes it—he entered upon his brilliant and majestic eloquence. "GLADSTONE worship," says an English journal, "is becoming a real idolatry in the midst of us, and the old maxim that the king can do no wrong is applied unhesitatingly to the uncrowned king of the new democracy."

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THE SENATORIAL ROUND-HOUSE.

THE HONORABLE BODY OF LOCO-FOCOS. "The Bill is a stigma upon every member of the legal profession—"
"It strikes at the honor and dignity of the humblest member of that honorable profession—"
"Until the Senate could be made up of angels from heaven, Senators would be biassed by something—"
"Hurtful to the interests of the country and to the character of the Senate—"

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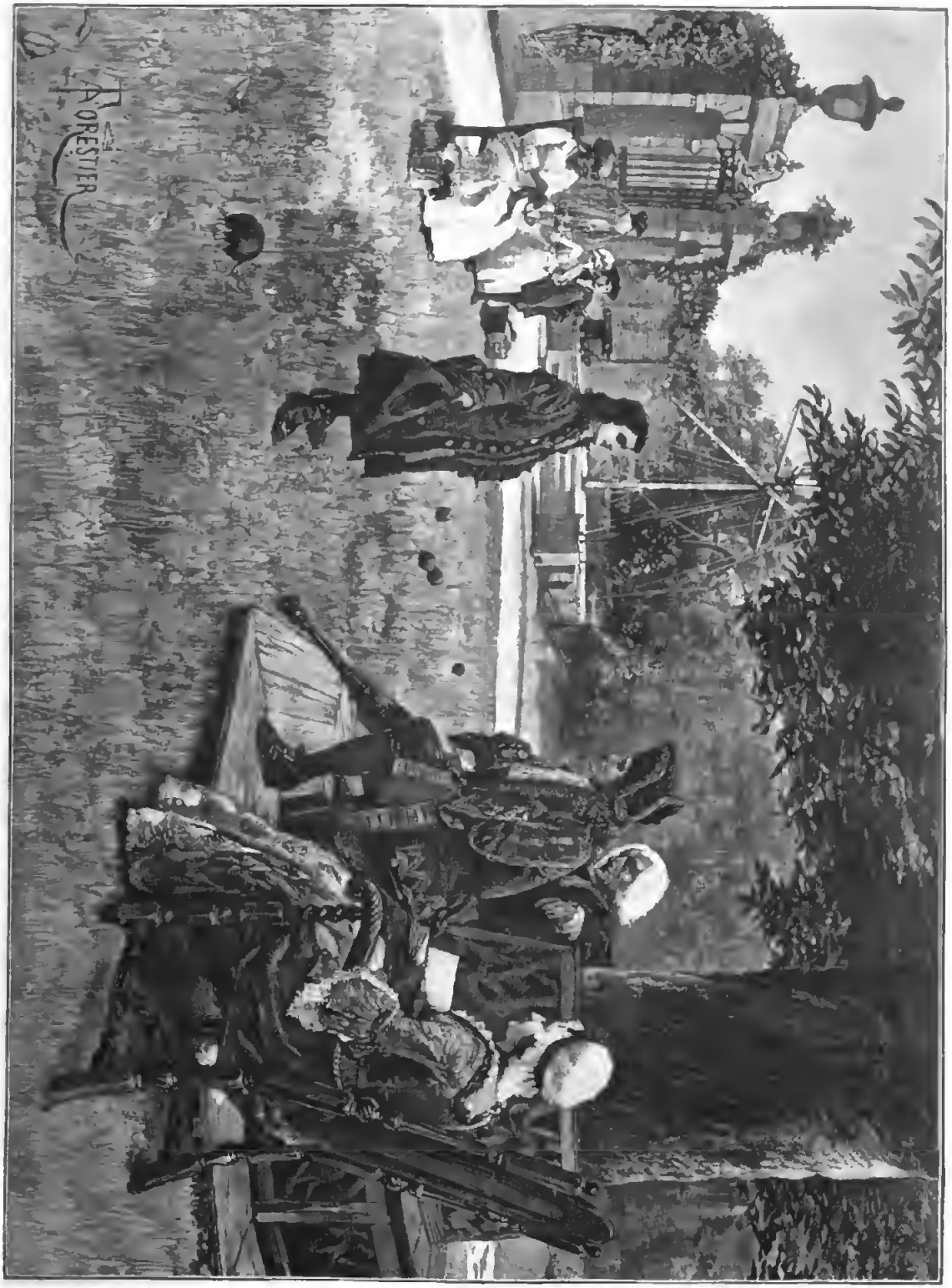


"JACK STEPPED ACROSS THE LAWN, LUGGED OFF HIS HAT WITH A DUCK AND A BEND, AND SAID, 'COME ABOARD, SIR.'"

# THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW JACK CAME TO DEPTFORD.

Of these two boys, one—namely, Jack Easterbrook—was not a native born of Deptford, but of Gosport. And since it is his history that has to be related, it is well that the manner of his coming and the nature of his early life should be first set forth.

On a certain warm summer afternoon in the year of grace seventeen hundred and forty-four, when I, who write this history, was but a child of seven, and Castilla six (we are now nearing threescore years, and on the downward slope of life), there sat beneath the shade of a great walnut-tree, on a smooth bowling-green, two gentlemen and a lady, the former on a rustic bench of twisted and misshapen branches or roots, and the latter in an elbow-chair. The lady, who had a small lace cap on her head, and wore a laced apron, held a book in her hands; but the hands and book lay in her lap, and her eyes were closed. The two gentlemen were taking an afternoon pipe of tobacco. One of them—this was Rear Admiral Sayer—was at this time some fifty-five years of age. He wore a blue coat with gold buttons, but it was without the famous white facings which his Majesty King George the Second afterward commanded for the uniform of his naval officers; his right leg had been lost in action, and was replaced by a wooden leg, now stuck out straight before him as he sat on the bench. He had also lost his left arm, and one sleeve of his coat was empty. He wore a full wig of George the First's time; his face was full, his cheeks red, and his eyebrows thick and fierce, yet his eyes were kindly. There was a scar across his forehead, which a Moorish scimitar had laid bare.

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His companion were the wig and cassock of a clergyman, he was, in fact, the Vicar of St. Paul's, Deptford. At the back of the bowling green stood the house—of modern erection—with a pediment of stone, and pilasters, and a stone porch, very fine; on either side of the house was the garden, filled with fruit trees and beds for vegetables. The garden was surrounded by a brick wall, older than the house, covered with lichen, stone-crop, wall pellitory, yellow wallflowers, and long grasses. The house and garden were protected by great iron gates, within which marched, all day long, an old negro in the Admiral's livery, and wearing a cockade, armed with a cutlass. A small carronade stood beside the gates, for the purpose of announcing sunrise and sunset; and there was a mast, with standing gear and yards complete, on the head of which floated the Union-Jack. Two children were playing with the hoops on the grass; and in a chair, so placed that the hot sunshine could fall with the greatest effect upon her face, thinn sat a negress, already old, a red cotton handkerchief twisted round her head, and in her lap some knitting. But Philadelphy, like her mistress, was sound asleep.

It was a sleepy afternoon. The drones and the humblebees—"dumbledores" we called them—buzzed lazily about the flowers, the doves cooed sleepily from his dove-cot, there was a hen not far off which expressed her satisfaction with the weather and her brood by a continual and comfortable "took—took—took", the great dog lay asleep at the Admiral's feet, the cat was asleep beside it, from the trees there came, now and then, the contented note of a blackbird, and the flag at the mast, which was rigged within the iron gates, hung in folds, flapping lazily in the light air. The two children played for the most part in silence, or else in whispers, as we not to awaken Philadelphy. The two gentlemen smoked their tobacco in silence—it was not a day for talking; besides, they saw each other nearly every day, and therefore each knew the other's sentiments, and there was no room for discussion.

Suddenly there was heard footsteps outside, and just as one awakes out of a dream, so all started and became instantly wide-awake. Madam took up her book, the Admiral straightened his back, the Vicar knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and the children ran to the gates, which Cudjo, the negro, threw wide open, a grin of welcome on his lips. Then there appeared a boy, dressed in a blue coat not made for him, and too long in the sleeves, worn and shabby, dusty with travel, with brass buttons; his knitted stockings were torn, showing his bare legs; he wore a common speckled shirt like the watermen's children; on his head was a little three-cornered hat, cocked in nautical fashion. He strutted proudly across the grass, regardless of his rags, with as much importance as if he had been a full blown midshipman. For my own part, I have never lost to this day the sense of his superiority to myself and the rest of mankind. Castilia makes the same confession. Like myself, she owns that, child as she then was, she felt her inferiority to a boy as masterful. He was at this time, and always, a singularly handsome boy, tall and big for his age, his head thrown back, his brown eyes full of fire, and his hand as all times ready to become a fist. His hair was long, and lay in curls, and wafted, upon his shoulders. After him walked the negro who had brought him from Gosport, and now carried on his shoulder a box containing all the boy's worldly goods. They consisted of a toy ship, carved for him by some sailor in Gosport, a pistol which had been his father's, his mother's Bible, a Church prayer-book, and a knife. This was all the inheritance of the poor boy. As the servant here this precious box through the gates, he knocked the corner against the rails.

"Steady," said the boy, turning sharply round, "steady with the kit, yo lubber!"

The First Lieutenant himself could not have admonished a man more haughtily. Then he halted, and took a leisurely observation of the scene. Presently he espied the Admiral, and recognizing in his appearance and dress something nautical—it would have been difficult to mistake the Admiral for anything but a sailor—Jack stepped across the lawn, lugged off his hat with a duck and a bend, and said, "Come aboard, sir. With submission and doffed caspers, Admiral."

The Admiral laid down his pipe, and leaned forward, based on knee, his wooden leg sticking out before him.

"So," he said. "This looks like the son of my old friend. What is thy name, child?"

"Jack Easterbrook, sir."

"The son of my old shipmate?"

"The same, sir."

"Parson," said the Admiral, "forty-five years ago I was just such a little shaver as this, and so was his father. How can if the boy isn't a sailor already! Thy father, boy, was carried off by a sunstroke while his ship was lying in Kingston Harbor."

"Yes, sir."

"In command of his Majesty's frigate *Rare-Acorn*, forty-four."

"The same, sir."

"And thy mother, poor soul! is dead and gone too."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, looking for a moment as if he would cry. But it passed. The Admiral took his stick and rose from his chair.

"Let us," he said, gravely, "overhaul the boy a bit. Thy father, Jack, was the best officer in his Majesty's service—the very best officer, whether for navigation or for fighting—which is the reason why they kept him back, and promoted the reptiles who crawl up the back stairs and make interest with a great man's lackey. He now has buried in Jamaica, man's the pity. Look me in the face, sirrah—so. A sail and proper lad—a brave and gallant lad. What shall we make of him?"

Jack's face became a lively crimson at this question. We were now all gathered round him—Castilia looking shyly and with admiring eyes; and I, for my own part, thinking that here was the finest and bravest boy I had ever set eyes on.

"Well, now," said the Admiral, holding the boy's chin in his hand and looking at him steadily, "I warrant, Parson, this boy will be off for book-learning, and we must make him a scholar—eh? Then, some day, he shall rise to be a Reverend Doctor of Divinity, a Dean, or even a Bish—op in lawn sleeves. What sayest thou, Jack?" Here the Admiral took his hand from the boy's chin, shut one eye, and looked mighty cunning.

Jack shook his head doleefully, and then laughed, looking up as if he knew very well that this was a joke.

"Well, well, there are other things. We can make thee a compounder of boluses, and as thou shalt ride in a coach and wear a great wig, and call thyself physician. Tis a fine trade, and a fat, a ben fevers are abroad."

But Jack again shook his head and laughed. This was a really fine joke, one that can be carried on a long time.

"He will not be a physician. The boy is hard to please. Well, he can, if he likes, become a sayer, and a car a black gown, and argue a poor fellow on the gallows. Or such they make Lord Chancellors. At sea their name is shark."

"No, sir," said Jack, with decision, because every joke hath its due limits. "No, sir, I thank you. With submission, sir, I cannot be a lawyer."

"Here is a boy for you. One would think he was too good for this world. Perhaps he would like to wear his Majesty's scarlet, and follow the drum and fife, the King's cannons on land. It is as great an honor to bear the King's commission by land as by sea. It is a good service too, when wars are going, though in times of peace there is too much disbanding by half. But a bad origin do worse. Think of it, Jack!"

"Oh! sir," said Jack, coloring again, "I would not be a soldier."

"Then, Jack, Jack, do thy looks belie thee? What? Would'st not surely choose to be a sneakin' snivelling quill-driver in a merchant's office?"

"No, sir, I would rather starve! Sir," said Jack, his eyes flashing, "I would be a sailor, if only before the mast!"

"Why, there!" cried the Admiral, laying his hand on the boy's head. "What else could the boy be? He is salt all through. Hark ye, my lad; do thy duty and thou shalt be a sailor, as thy father was before thee. Ay, and shalt stand in good time upon thy own quarter-deck and carry thy ship into action, as bravely as thy father, or even good old Benbow himself."

Then came Jack to Deptford, being then nine years of age.

Some things there are—I mean not travellers' tales of one-legged men, and such as have their heads between their shoulders, and griffins and such monsters, but things which happen among ourselves and in our midst—which are so strange that the narration of them must be supported by whatever character for truth, honesty, and soberness of mind may be possessed by the narrator and those who pretend to have been eye-witnesses. As regards the history which follows, it is proper to explain that there is, besides myself, only one other person who knows all the particulars. Mr. Brewjes, it is true, knew them, but he has gone away long since, and must now, I think, certainly be dead. The Admiral, before his death, was told the truth, which greatly comforted him in his last moments, and I thought it right to tell all I knew to my father, who was much moved by the strangeness of the circumstances, and quoted certain passages from Holy Writ as regards the practice of witchcraft and magic. Perhaps the man Aaron Fletcher knew something of the truth, but to the end he was convicted as a notorious smuggler, and sentenced to transportation to his Majesty's plantations, where he died of a calenture, being unable to endure the excessive and scorching heat of the sun, and his spirit broken by the overseer's whip. Everybody, it is true, knows how Captain Easterbrook brought his ship home, and what followed. This is a matter of notoriety. There is not a man, woman, or child but can tell you the astonishing and wonderful story, the like of which has never been in the history of the British navy. They have even made a ballad of it, very moving, which is sung in the sailors' sing-houses not only in Deptford itself, but in Portsmouth, Woolwich, Sheerness, Chatham, and Plymouth. But to know one fact is not to know the whole history.

As for me, who design to write the truth concerning this strange history, it is well that you who read it should know that I take myself as be a person of reputable life and of sober judgment, and one who has the fear of God in his mind, and would not willingly give circulation to lying fables. My father, the Rev. Luke Anguish, Artium Magister, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which society he was a Fellow, was the first Vicar of St. Paul's Church, Deptford, the new church, that is, in the upper part of the town, which was completed in the year 1730. By calling, I am a painter in oil-colors; not, I dare say, a Sir Joshua Reynolds or a Gainsborough, yet of no mean repute as a painter of ships. It seems as worthy of me to say more than that my pictures have met with approbation from persons of rank, and that I have been honored by the highest patronage, even by members of the House of Lords, not to speak of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. As for the contention of Castilia that her husband is the finest painter of ships ever known, that may be the partiality of a jealous and tender spouse. I am contented to leave the judgment of my work to those who shall follow after me. I do not paint ships upon the ocean, because I have never yet gazed upon the ocean, and know not, except from pictures, how the sea should be painted, or a ship rolling upon the sea. My subjects are ships in harbor, ships lying off Deptford Creek, ships in dock, ships in building, ships in ordinary, ships aground, ships in the Pool, ships sailing up and down the river, and especially with the sun in the west shining on the sails, and painting all the cordage as of gold, just as happened when Jack brought home his prize; also ships lying in an autumnal fog, and great barges sunk down to an inch of freeboard with slag cargoes of hay. Nothing finer can be painted, to my mind, than the picture of such a barge lying on a still and sultry day, with the sun overhead like a plate of copper, the brown sails half lowered, and the ropes hanging loose.

I suppose that the best place in the world for a boy who is about to become a sailor, as well as for one who loves to paint ships, must be Deptford, which seems to many so mean and despicable a town. Mean and despicable to Jack and to myself it would never be, because here our boyhood was spent, and here we played with Castilia, here we first learned to sit by the river-side and watch the craft go up and down, with those at anchor and those in dock. At Deptford, where the water is never rough enough to capsize a tilt-boat, we are at the very gates of London; we can actually see the Pool, we are, in a word, on the Thames.

The Thames is not, I believe, the largest river in the world, the great Orinoko is broader, and, I dare say, longer; the Nile is certainly a greater stream. Yet there is no other river which is so majestic by reason of its shipping and its trade. For native some ships, laden with palm oil and ivory, from the Guinea Coast; from Norway and Riga, with wood and tallow; from Holland, with stuffs and spices and provisions of all kinds; from the West Indies, with rum and sugar; from the East Indies, with rice, from China, with tea and silk; from Arabia, with coffee; from Newcastle, with coal. There is no kind of merchandise produced in the world which is not carried up the Thames to the port of London. And there is no kind of ship or boat built to sail in the sea, escape, I suppose, the Chinese junk, the Moroccan galley, or the piratical craft of the Eastern seas, which does not lie at anchor in the Thames, somewhere between Greenwich Reach and London Bridge. East Indiamen, brigs, brigantines, schooners, yachts, sloops, galliots, tenders, colliers, hoys, barges, smacks, herring-busses, or hog-boats—all are here. And not only those, which are peaceful ships, only armed with marronades and muskets for defence against pirates, but also his Majesty's men-of-war, frigates, sloops of war, cutters, fire-ships, and every kind of vessel employed to beat off the enemies of the country, who would prey upon our commerce and destroy our merchantmen. On that very day when Jack came was there not, lying off Deptford Creek, the *Redoubtable*, having received her stores, provisions, and ammunition, and now waiting her captain and her crew?—and I warrant the pressing were busy at Wapping and at Ratcliffe. Beside her lay the sloop of war *Tisiphone*, the *Trade*, and *Lively*, and off the dock mouth was the *Hector*, lying on ordinary, a broad unseen tilt or awning rigged up from stem to mast. So that those who look up and down the river from Deptford Stairs see not only the outward and visible proofs of England's trade, but also those of England's greatness. Or, again—which may be useful to the painter—one may see not only at Deptford and at Redriff, but above the river, at Wapping, Shadwell, and Blackwall, every kind of sailor; they are mostly alike in manners and in morals—and one hopes that to sailors much is pardoned, and that from them little is expected—but they differ in their speech and in their dress. There is the phlegmatic Hollander, never without his pipe, the mild Norwegian, the fiery Spaniard, ready with his dagger, the fierce Italian, equally ready with his knife, the treacherous Greek, and the Frenchman. But the last we generally see—since it is our lot so be often at war with his nation—as a prisoner, when he comes to us half starved, ragged, and in very evil plight. Yet give these poor French prisoners only warmth, light, and food, and they will turn out to be most light-hearted and merry blades, always cheerful and ready to talk, sing, and dance, and always making ingenious things with a knife and a piece of wood. Perhaps if we knew this people better, and they knew us better, we should be less ready to go to war with each other.

Those who live in such a town as Deptford, and continually witness this procession of ships, cannot choose but be sensible of the greatness of the country, and must perforce talk continually with each other of foreign parts and places beyond the ocean. Also because they witness the coming and going of the King's ships (some of them pretty well battered on their return, I promise you); and because they hear, all day long, and never ending, save on Sunday, the sound of hammer and of saw, the whistling of the bo's'ns and foremen, the rolling of casks, the ringing of bells, and all the noise which accompanies the building and the fitting of ships; and smell perpetually the tar and the pitch (which some love better than the smell of roses and of violets)—they cannot refrain from talking continually of nations at sea, feats of bravery, and the like. All the towns people talk of these things, and of little else. And, besides, in these years there was the more reason for this kind of conversation because we were always at war with France and Spain, fighting, among other things, to drive the French out of America, and so to enable the ungrateful colonies to make us, shortly afterward, follow the lead of the French. Every day there came fresh news of actions, skirmishes, captures, wrecks, burnings. The Channel and the Bay of Biscay swarmed with French privateers on their es cape to an orchard. There was not a lugger on the coast of Normandy but stole out of a night to pick up some English craft, every fleet of merchantmen sailed under convoy, and every sailor looked for death or a French prison unless he would fight to cut into the end.

The people of London are strangely incurious—many there are who know nothing about the very monuments standing to their midst—and on that they can read every day the news from France and Spain, they care little about their own country. Therefore Deptford, which lies at their very gates, is as little known to them as if it were in Wales. Some, it is true, come every year of St. Luke's Day to join the rabble at Horse Fair, landing on Rotherhithe, and walking to Charlton with the procession of mad wags who carry horns on their heads to that scene of debauchery and riot; and once a year, on Trinity Monday, the elders of the Trinity House assemble at the Great Hall behind St. Nicolas's, and after business go to church, and after church, dinner at the Gun Tavern on the Green. And the ships of the Royal Navy come and go at the Royal Yard almost daily. Otherwise Deptford hath on visitors. I do not say that it is a beautiful city, though, as for streets, we have the Green and Church Street; and as for monuments, until late years there were the great House and gardens of Sayes Court, now lying desolate and unsearable, partly enclosed in the King's Yard and partly given over as rank weeds and pebbles. Here it was that the great Peter, Czar of Muscovy, once lived. There are also the two churches of St. Nicolas and St. Paul, both stately buildings, and temples fit for worship, the latter especially, which strike as sister churches, built about the same time, of Lincehouse, St. George's, Ratcliffe, Bonton, Bethnal Green, Hackney, St. Martin's-in the Fields, Camden Town, and others—majestic with its vast round portico of stone and its commanding terrace. Then there are the two hospitals as almshouses, both named after the Holy Trinity, for decayed mariners and their widows. To my own mind these monuments of beneficence, which stand as thickly all round London, are fairer than the most magnificent King's Palace of which we can read. Let the Great Bashaw have as many gilded palaces as he pleases for himself and his seraglio; let our palaces be those which are worthy of a free people, namely, homes and places of refuge for the aged and deserving poor, and those who are quite spent and one past work.

I suppose there are few places richer and more fortunate than Deptford and its neighbor, Greenwich, in those foundations. At the latter place there is the great and noble Naval Hospital, now inhabited by nearly two thousand honest veterans—they will never, be sure, be turned out of that, their stately home, until England hath lost her pride in her sailors. There is Morden College, for decayed merchants; there is Norfolk, also called Trinity, College, for the poor of Greenwich, and of Dersingham, in Norfolk, and there is Queen Elizabeth's Hospital for poor women. So, at Deptford, we have those two noble foundations, both named after the Holy Trinity, one behind St Nicolas's, and the other behind St. Paul's, the latter especially being a goodly structure, with a fair quadrangular court, a commodious hall, and gardens fitted for quiet meditation and for rest in the sunshine during the latest trembling years of life. I do not think that even Morden College itself, with its canal in front, and its manly alleys of trees, or Norfolk College, with its convenient stone terrace overlooking the river, and its spacious garden, is more beautiful than the Hospital of the Holy Trinity beside St. Paul's Church, Deptford, especially if one considers the stormy, anxious, and harassed lives to which it offers rest and repose. They have been lives spent on the sea; not in the parade of honor even on the cannon's mouth and in hearding pike in fighting the King's enemies, but in the gathering of wealth for others to enjoy, some of their gains coming to themselves. The merchant captain brings home his cargo safe after parils many and hardships great, but the cargo is not for him. His owners, or those who have chartered the ship, receive the freight, it is bought with their money and sold for their profit. For the captain and the crew there is their bare wage, and when they can work no longer, perhaps, if they are fortunate, a room in a hospital or almshouse, with the wealthy dole of leaves and sixpences.

The trust of land (it is not great) lying on the back of Trinity Almshouses and the Storage, contained by the last bend of the Creek before it runs into the river, is rented by two or three market-gardeners, and laid out by them for the production of fruit and vegetables.

As these gardens lay retired and behind the houses, no one ever came to them except the gardeners themselves, who are quiet, peaceful folk. About the orchards here and the beds of asparagus, peas, endive, skirrett, and the rest of the vegetables grown for the London market, lies ever an abiding sense of peace; and then although one cannot but hear the continual hammering of the dock-yard, the firing of salutes, and the jobbing and roaring of voices which all day long come up from the ships upon the river. I know not how we came to know these gardens, or to find them out. I used to wander in them with Castilia, when we were little children, with Philadelphy for nurse; we took Jack Easterbrook to show him the place as soon as he came to us, we thought, I believe—as children love to think of anything—that the gardens were our own, though, of course, we were only there on sufferance, and because the gardeners knew we should neither destroy nor steal.

Perhaps the chief reason why we sought the place (because we had gardens of our own at home) was that, just beyond the last bend of the Creek, there stood, on the very edge of the steep bank—here twenty feet above low water mark—an old summer-house, built of wood. It was octagonal in shape, having a pointed roof of shingle, with a gilded weathercock upon it. Three sides contained windows, all looking upon the river; another side consisted of a door, and a bench ran round the room, except on the side of the door. It had once been painted green, but the paint was

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now for the most part fallen off; the shingle roof was leaky, and let in the rain; the weathercock was rusty, and stuck at due east; the planks of the well had started; the door hardly hung upon its hinges; the glass of the windows was broken, and the whole structure was so crazy that I wonder it kept together, and did not either tumble to pieces or slip down the steep bank into the cove of the Creek. In this summer-house the great Czar Peter, who he was learning how to build ships in Deptford Yard, would, it was said, sometimes come to sit with his princes or boyards, on a summer evening, to drink brandy, to look at the ships, and to meditate how best to convert his enslaved Muscovites into the likeness of free and honest English sailors. We had small respect for the memory of the Czar, but as for the old summer-house, it was all our own, because no one used it except ourselves. For us it was a fortress or castle where we could play at being besieged, the ships in the river representing the enemy's fleet. Jack would sally forth and perform prodigies of valor in bringing in provisions for the garrison. Or it was our ship, in which we sustained imaginary broadsides, and encountered shipwreck, and were cast away, Jack being captain and Castilla the passenger, while I was alternately bo'n'n, first lieutenant, or cook, according to the exigencies of the situation. But very soon Jack grew too big for these games, and left us to ourselves. Then we fell to more quiet sport. It was pleasant to watch the ships go up and down the river, and fine to see how the tide rushed up the Creek below us, making whirlpools and eddies, and setting upright the boats lying on their sides in the mud, and trying to tear down the bank on which stood our rickety palace. We seemed to know every craft, from the great East Indiaman to the Margate boys or the Gravesend fish-boats, by face, so to speak, just as we knew the faces of the naval officers who walked about the town. And, thanks to Jack, we knew the history of every ship of the King's navy which came to Deptford, and all the engagements and actions in which she had ever taken part.

Across the Creek, and so far as the woods and slopes of Greenwich, there are more gardens, so that at spring time it was a beautiful thing to sit in the summer-house and look forth upon a great forest—it seemed nothing less to our young eyes—covered with sweet blossoms and tender green leaves, which formed a strange and beautiful setting for the ships in the river. I have painted this picture several times, and always with a new pleasure, so sweet and charming it is. When I began first to draw, it was in this place, but it was when Jack had ceased to play with us, because he would only be to laughed at me. I drew the ships with trembling pencil, Castilla standing over me the while. The dear girl could never hold a pencil in her hand; but she could tell me if my drawings were like. Now, to draw ships that are like real ships is the most important thing of all. The time soon came when I was never without a pencil in my hand and paper to draw upon. I drew everything, just as some boys will read everything. I drew the ships and the boats, the Creek and the bridge, the rudders, the skeletons of half-built ships in the great sheds, and the girl who stood beside me.

The picture of a lad who draws while a girl stands beside him—that night stand for the picture of my life. It is a life which has been, I thank God, free from anxiety, trouble, or calamity. Once I painted such a picture (having Castilla and myself in my mind). I drew a youth of eighteen seated before a window, just such a window as that of the old summer-house. The window showed a merchantman, or part of a merchantman, slowly making her way up the river with wind and tide. Her lieutenant and midshipmen were gone, and in their places two jury-masts rigged with a stay-sail; her bowsprit was gone, and her figure-head carried away and lost; her bulwarks were broken down. Yet she was safe, and her crew and cargo were safe, and the evening sun was upon her, so that she showed glorious in spite of her battered condition, and seemed like some poor human soul which, after many troubles, gets at last into the haven where she may lie at rest forever. The boy in my picture was gazing upon his sketch as if comparing it with the original. Beside him stood a girl of the same age—be sure that she was a very beautiful girl, gentle and composed, full of holy thoughts—who look of down upon the lad. Thus it is always. The man considers his work, and the woman considers the man, loving his work because she loves the worker, yet not, like the man, carried away by admiration for the work, so knowing that all man's work is perishable and transitory, and that the breath of fame is fleeting. The picture of the girl is the true portrait of Castilla as she appeared at the age of eighteen, taken from the many drawings which I made of her at that time, her hair a light brown, falling in waves artlessly upon her shoulders, and her eyes a clear deep blue, to present which, upon the canvas, would want a Reynolds or a Raphael. Alas! if Sir Joshua had painted this picture, then, indeed, would you have caught in those eyes the light of virtue and goodness, and you would have seen about that brow a divine halo, which I have always seen there, but have not the art to represent. This it was which the ancients meant when they figured their goddesses wrapt about with a cloud.

And beside our quiet lives there ran the tumultuous course of a life whose parallel I know not anywhere.

We did not, it may be supposed, stay always in the old summer-house. As we grew older we roamed about the country, Jack sometimes condescending to lend the way (though he would rather have spent his whole time in the Yard among the ships). There is a pleasant country lying south and east of Deptford. You may, for instance, cross the Ishiga over the Creek, past the tollgate, and so by Lamehith Lane and London Street, a pleasant road among the orchards, you will reach the town of Greenwich, with its great hospital; and if you please to leave this unvisited, you may turn to the right, and so up the Hill by Brazenface Avenue, and into the Wilderness. Beyond the Wilderness is Blackheath, a wild and desolate spot, with never a house upon it, covered with furze-bushes. Gypsum camp here, and it is said that footpads and highwaymen lurk among the caves; but we never met any. One can come home, by way of Watergrass, along the stream, which is here an longer Deptford Creek, but the Ravensbourne—a pretty brook of pure water, with deep holes under trees, and babbling shallows, running between high banks, where the primroses in March and April lie in the stands. The holes are full of jack, which we [illegible] times caught with float and hook; and here in spring we [illegible] bird-nesting, and in summer we picked the wild roses, and in autumn gathered nuts, sloes, and blackberries. Farther afield, there is Woolwich Common, or Eltham, with the ruins of King John's palace, the walls of which still stand, and the moat may still be seen, now dry, and the King's banqueting hall, which is used for a barn, stands stately with its Gothic windows. And if one follows up the windings of the Ravensbourne, there are presently the swelling uplands of Penge, with their hanging woods, and Norwood, Westwood Common, Sydenham Wells, and many other rural places, pleasant for those who love the haunts of singing birds and wild flowers and the babble of brooks, and remoteness from the walks of men.

But for such a boy as Jack, what are all the charms of Nature compared with the ships, and the docks, and the river? You can get orchards every where, but not a seaport and a dock yard. You can find rustics, and you may meditate in woods all over the country, but you cannot talk everywhere, as you can at Deptford and Greenwich, with sailors, old and young, of the merchant service and the King's navy. The sailors are rough of speech and rude of manners, they live in mean houses; but to every house there is something strange and wonderful brought from foreign parts. The very landlords, and those who work at mechanical trades, are half sailors, though they do [illegible] sailors' pattiemats, for they are shipwrights, boat-builders, fitters of staterooms, carvers who decorate figure-heads and ships' sterns, or are employed in the Victualling Yard or in the carpenters' shop, or they are ships' painters, rope-makers, or are employed as scrapers and calk ships' bottoms, so that the whole town makes its living by the sea. No man speaks or [illegible] of anything but the sea and the things which are concerned with the sea. What, for instance, did the people of Deptford know about the conduct of the Allies and the King's land forces during the late war? Yet they knew of every naval action that was fought, and the name of every ship engaged, and there were men of Deptford, both peasant and volunteers, with every fleet and squadron. The streets were always full of sailors, the officers of the ships in commission and fitting out were always passing in and out of the Dockyard gates, and in sunny weather the benches by the stairs, at the Upper and Lower Water Gate, were crowded with the old fellows watching the craft go up and down, and listening to the rhyme of the watermen, and ready to talk all day long with a certain feed of bright eyes and brave face, who was never tired of listening to them.

What with the old men of Trinity and the pensioners of Greenwich, the boy heard stories enough of the sea and the ships and those who sail therein. Some of the [illegible] were so old that they could remember Admiral Benbow and his mutinous captains. There was not a single action fought in the first half of this century but was represented among the Greenwich pensioners, some of whom were to it, and had lost an arm, a leg, an eye, or anything else that can be shot away, and have the trunk still living. I can still see Jack standing before some old veteran with a hook for a hand, his eye blinding, his cheek aflame, his fists clenched, his lips parted, because in imagination he saw the deck knee-deep in blood, the boarders leaping upon the enemy like tigers upon their prey, the ship captured or sinking, the French flag struck, and because he heard the roaring of the great guns, the rattle of the muskets, the clash of cutlasses, and the groans of the wounded.

There are many other things at are besides fighting, shooting, and boarding. Jack learned the daily life, for example, from these old fellows, with the duties and the discipline. He heard about foreign ports and strange lands; certainly one would never be tired of visiting wild and unknown countries, where there may remain yet to be discovered strange races of men, with fruits and flowers as yet unseen and undreamed. But there are also, alas! storms and hurricanes, wrecks in mid-ocean, with, as the almanac could tell us, boats laden to the gunwale with sailors who have escaped the sinking ship only to be tossed helpless on the sea with never a drop of water to drink or a mouthful of biscuit to eat. Or there are those who are cast away upon some desolate rock or unknown island, where they live on sea-birds, fish, mussels, and the like, till they die or are taken off. And some are thrown upon cold and inhospitable coasts, such as that of Labrador, where the cruel cold causes their hands and feet, their noses and ears, to fall off—there was one poor wretch in the hospital thus mutilated—and where the North American Indians (the most savage and the most ruthless race in the world) take these prisoners, and torture them before slow fires. Or there are treacherous pirates, who steal aboard, murder the crews, and pillage the ship. Or there are Moors, who make slaves of honest English sailors, and constrain them to row in their galleys, bare-backed, with the master or bo'n'n walking above them on a kind of bridge, armed with a whip to scourge the bare backs of those who seem to shirk their work. Or there are French prisons, where the captives are starved on thin soup and bread for all their diet. Or there is the accursed Inquisition, into whose clutches many sailors have been known to fall, and, for their endurance in the Protestant faith, have suffered the torture of the rack, and even martyrdom at the stake. And, again, there are such perils as falling overboard, fire at sea, scurvy, yellow jack, and mutiny. And there is the evil—miserable it would be to landsmen—of the captain's tyranny, or, which often happens, the mutiny crew, or jealousy of a first lieutenant, with endless floggings and rope-[illegible] all day long. And, again, there is the danger that, after showing the greatest zeal, bravery, and activity in service, a man may be passed over by the favoritism which prevails in high quarters and the want of friends to help him. Is it not a dreadful and shameful thing that there should be men grown old as lieutenants—say, even as midshipmen—who have fought in a hundred battles, and spent their lives upon salt water, only to feel a new mortification every voyage in serving under men young enough to be their own sons?

As for myself, the talk of these old men filled me with a kind of sentiment for the seaman's lot. One cannot choose [illegible] admire the intrepidity, the thy of a stoical philosopher, with which these men face, every day, possible death; yes, and endure the most wonderful constancy under pain, and the strangest insensibility to danger. This, I say, commands our admiration. Yet the lot of the meanest landsman seems to me easier than that of a sailor, and I would rather be a badger and a ditcher upon a farm than even a commissioned officer aboard the finest ship that ever floated. But we landsmen know not the strength of that longing for the sea which possesses some lads, and drags them as by chains or ropes to the nearest port (this was Jack drawn irresistibly by the hand of fate), and so aboard, and cases on the ship's books, there is no other way possible, and the lad becomes for life a sailor, to spend his days rolling about on a wet and slippery deck, yet happier than if he were soldiers—like some these rovers of old, the north-country men, who could stay long in no place, but roved from port to port, landing here and there, and devouring the substance of the people, even to the southern coasts of Italy and the islands of Greece.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFTER INVESTIGATING THAT GARLAND
NOTHING LEFT WORTH KEEPING.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A PHILADELPHIA cooper declares that he will go through the Niagara rapids and whirlpool in a barrel. In one respect the cooper's ambition is laudable. It is worked fully for any human being to trust himself to these mad waters, but one must admit that there is something praiseworthy in the faith of the cooper in his tub. Why not let the tub go by itself? An empty tub would show its merits in the wildest pool just as well as a tub with a cooper inside. Any one cooper would be satisfied to let the business afford merely the tale of a tub, and would not egotistically strive to make it furnish also the tragic history of a cooper who was charmed to death.

A Boston newspaper supposes that it can never be done, but submits what a graceful and delightful innovation it would be to serve ice-cream in the Boston Theatre between the acts. The circus people have long understood this idea, and have profited by it. There are few true Americans who cannot recall the delight, on a July day at the circus, when the polar bear is packing up and down in a fever, of a smoking-cold tumbler of lemonade after peanuts. There is precedent for regaling the inner man at the theatre, if that is all that is needed to induce cautious managers to open their doors to ice-cream. At an early period of its history the patrons of the English stage were accustomed to pelt the actors and one another with the remnants of various fruits and confections which had been eaten in the theatre. Probably ice-cream would have been popular if it had been thought of, for the play goers could have thrown the spoon.

One would think, "first off," that the habit of throwing old shoes after newly wedded couples would be much more objectionable than the habit of throwing rice. Most people would consider that to be caught in a shower of rice would be only amusing, but would think twice before submitting themselves to a [illegible] of old [illegible]. According to the London *Lancet*, however, while a shower of shoes may be an awkward visitation, the pelting with rice is positively dangerous. At a recent wedding the bridegroom's eyes were so seriously injured by the rice that was flung over the couple that it was necessary to remove him to a hospital, and it is quite possible for one to be blinded permanently from the same cause, save the *Lancet*. If [illegible] all danger could be avoided by the simple expedient of hulling the rice.

It will be gratifying to many people to hear that a rule has been formulated in Chicago by which a gentleman may know in what sort of an elevator it is proper for him to keep his hat on, and in what sort of an elevator it is necessary for him to remove his hat. The rule is simple. In elevators in apartment-houses and hotels, remove your hat when ladies are present; in elevators in business buildings, keep your hat on without regard to the company. You may take your hat off anywhere if your head is warm, but you can't keep it on anywhere because your head is cold.

The belief of an Italian astronomer, that certain gridiron-like appearances observed by him on the planet Mars are canals, is not shared by a French astronomer who has lately considered the subject. The Frenchman cannot believe that there are civil engineers in Mars so superior to M. Lesseps as to be able to construct canals a thousand miles long and fifty miles wide, which is the size, according to the best estimates, of the appearances under discussion. He is satisfied that, so far from being canals, they are strips of forest planted by a methodical people who have been visited by tempests and over whelming inundations as a consequence of permitting their planet to become denuded of its natural woods.

ANOTHER STIGMA.
A DOODLE-FUL, BUT PAYNE-FUL, SEAT.

MAYFLOWER. PURITAN. PRISCILLA.

THE REGATTA OF THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB, OFF MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 441.]

LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW JERSEY.—DRAWN BY W. P. BURTON.—(SEE PAGE 442.)

## KOLLER'S AFFAIR.

It has been on many years since a genuine love affair occurred at a watering place that the one between Koller and the French governess was regarded as a succession of phenomena. The Brandon was of the latest type of aesthetic summer hotel—a large Queen Anne mansion, surrounded with cottages equally Queen Anne, high in altitude as in tariff, as the Anglo-Saxon may. The cottages were the resorts of those favorites of fortune who, wearying of Newport and Lenox, sought a place where they could have a fortnight's rest from the business of pleasure. The style of dress was severely plain among the women, and the men affected Norfolk jackets and shooting coats. These peculiarities were unknown in the Bart-Robinsons when they took the most expensive cottage for the season. They only knew it was very high priced and very exclusive. The time came during their sojourn when they blushed for the numberless gorgeous toilets displayed by Lilian Bart-Robinson, and for Mrs. Bart-Robinson's diamonds, as large as peas, which she wore every evening. The Bart-Robinsons had been evolved thus: first there was Josiah B. Robinson, hardware merchant and dealer in agricultural implements, then a fine house on Fifty-eighth Street, and cards engraved "Mr and Mrs. Josiah Bart Robinson"; next a box at the opera, noticed in the society papers as that of the Bart-Robinsons; and as last simply the Bart-Robinsons, as people say the Howard de Rodcliffes.

They had not, however, got quite up to the level of the Howard de Rodcliffes, or they would not have been found at the Brandon House, with Lilian the daughter, and Clarence the son, and little Gwendolen the baby, with her French governess, Miss Lefevre, as they all voted it jolly, and only came because of the acquaintances to be made. Miss Lilian had thought to do great things with her pretty blond hair blowing over her blue eyes and her innumerable fluffy white toilets. She had suggested bringing the governess along, thinking in the depths of her heart that Miss Lefevre's dark skin and trim black dresses would make a good foil for her own bright beauty. The governess was certainly very dark, and had no clothes to speak of; but she had eyes as black as sloes, and the way she wore her simple gowns was truly Parisian.

There was one thing Lilian did understand, and that was music. The Brandon did not indulge in anything so commonplace as a regular orchestra, but it had a couple of young Germans, one of whom played on the piano and the other on the cornet, while Koller was the violinist, who "rendered" Wagner, Schumann, and Raff most artistically in the great dim drawing-room every morning and evening. Lilian, although given to affectation, could truly say that she "adored" to hear them play, but there was a mystery about Koller which attracted her. True, he was only the violinist at a summer hotel, but there was a delicious aroma of "family" floating around him. Somebody said he was a count, so had been a count, or was going to be a count, and one morning, as the Bart-Robinsons sat listening to the last strains of a concerto, Mr Prescott Fairbanks, the most fashionable acquaintance they had in the world, came up to speak to them, and seeing Koller, started visibly. Then he went up to him and said, holding out his hand, "Why, count—excuse me, but surely I am not mistaken—I know Count Maurice Koller so well!"

Koller colored up to the roots of his curly yellow hair, and awkwardly accepted Mr Prescott Fairbanks's outstretched hand. "Yes, I am Koller, but in somewhat hard circumstances. I would prefer my family did not know—"

Then he stopped short. It was equally embarrassing to Mr Prescott Fairbanks. "Don't let me interrupt you," he said, hurriedly, waving his hand as if Koller were playing for his own amusement. "Presently we'll have a talk."

Koller went back somewhat tremulous and excited to his ecstatic concertos and nocturnes. Miss Lilian asked Mr Fairbanks. "Do tell me all about him, and what brought him here," she whispered, as he bent down.

"Can't, my dear young lady. Never was more surprised in my life. Last time I saw him I was at his father's palace in Munich. Most embarrassing rencontre."

That was all, but that was enough. Mr Fairbanks presently escaped from the ladies, was seen no more until some one caught him coming out of the cottage where the musician lodged, and left on the night train. Nobody else but the Bart-Robinsons had witnessed the Fairbanks episode, and they tacitly agreed to keep it to themselves. But to Lilian a glorious vista opened up. She was not without that grain of romance that is seldom left out in women. The Countess Maurice Koller—was not that quite as good to the half a dozen countesses she read about in the society columns of the papers? And then the romance—although it would be as well not to have it too widely known, and if it was a money trouble, were there not many hundred thousand dollars belonging to the Bart-Robinsons, and but three to divide it among? Then Maurice was so handsome, and played so grandly—only the sooner he stopped playing the better. And so Miss Lilian dreamed and planned, sitting in a faultless attitude in a large arm-chair, slowly fluttering her Watteau fan, while the breeze so softly fluttered her filmy draperies. Next to her sat mamma, so dutiful and obedient to the American mamma usually is in families of the Bart-Robinson stamp, and both of them the French girl with Gwendolen sprawled all over her lap.

The first time the eyes of Jeanne Lefevre and Koller had met, something like an electric shock had passed between them. Jeanne had thought it was hate, although it might have been love, as the boundary line between these two emotions is not always clearly defined. Jeanne's father had been an officer in the French army, from Alsace, and had been killed in a sortie from Metz; and Koller had actually belonged to the army of occupation, and had spent two years in garrison at Strasburg, so she found out in some way. Naturally she hated him, and Koller, seeing the fierceness of the hatred that flamed in her pretty face, had determined to be revenged on her. He had had his victories, and he said to himself that he would make this black-browed French girl yet give him a soft glance out of her southern eyes.

He had a way of looking at her—tenderly, intently—that exasperated her. He played at her, things she knew, full of sentiment and longing, that made her yearn to box his ears. And yet he was so healthy about it! He saw, what everybody saw, what Ellen Mrs. Bart Robinson with anguish, that Lilian was making what is vulgarly and with vulgarity called "a dead set" at him. Why, he could not imagine. Why any girl on earth, with Lilian's beauty, her youth, and her money, should want to marry a man whom everybody supposed to be a penniless German violinist, was beyond him. He mistaken by fancied that titles without money were not valued in this glorious republic, and having squandered all that he could lay his hands on, and having nothing but his violin at present between himself and starvation, he saw no more reason why Lilian should devote herself to his capture than to that of the count, who was also a remarkably good-looking young fellow. But Miss Lilian knew her game. Count Koller's palace in Munich fixed it. She would not in the least mind being Countess Koller, and if the violin episode got out, it could be treated as a lark.

Miss Lefevre, sitting far back, and glowering darkly at the handsome young German, rather amused Lilian, until, in a paroxysm of ill-temper one day, she remarked that she didn't believe Koller was a count at all.

Something like a thrill of fear shot through Lilian's heart. Suppose, after all her languishing and posing, the violinist should turn out to be no more than the cornet? But she reassured herself; she had Mr Prescott Fairbanks's word for it, and when, after a triumphal progress to Munich, gilded by the Bart-Robinson dollars, she hered upon New York in a blaze of glory as Countess Maurice Koller, she would reap the rich harvest of her penetration.

After a while a little rivulet of talk began to trickle between the violinist and the sofa whereon the Bart-Robinsons sat. Very deftly Koller would get the French girl in conversation. They would talk about music in the pauses between the nocturnes and concertos, and Koller would, just certainly as it were, drop into French. This made Jeanne tingle the first time he did so. When the music was over, and the people would stream out of the vast room, Koller got into the way of sauntering along toward the Bart-Robinson cottage, and finally to sitting on the little red and green porch. In vain Mrs. Bart-Robinson entreated, almost wept, and pointed out to Lilian how necessary it was for them to do like other people, and that Koller went to no other cottage. Pink and white Lilian had some of that nerve and enterprise about her that had helped to make Josiah Bart Robinson, out of small beginnings, one of the greatest hardware men in New York. The Van Santvoords and the Van der Trunks had made overtures to Koller on the strength of the floating reports, which day by day became crystallized, about his superiority to his employment, and of this Miss Lilian did not fail to remind her mother. And so, with heart-burnings and anxieties and crutch gossip, Koller gradually became an habitué of the Bart-Robinson cottage.

For himself, he thought it much better to sit in the shade and watch Lilian's graceful white-robed figure swinging in the hammock than to drink beer and pipe dominoes with the cornet. His shade said was absorbed in one idea—to make money enough to get back to Germany creditably, and with an outfit which would not reveal the straits to which he had been put after getting rid of the handsome allowance made him for his tour. Jeanne Lefevre was an epitaph. Americans puzzled him, but this French girl he saw through easily enough. She hated Germans; she laid her orphanhood, her poverty, her changed position, all to the Germans, and she fed her resentment on this cool, handsome young fellow. Koller adored dark eyes, and Jeanne's glowed so charmingly when they rested on little Gwendolen, which was the only genuine thing in the Bart-Robinson family. By slow degrees he got Jeanne to look at him, and then gradually the fierceness melted out of her face; and when she smiled she was beautiful. The first time she answered his glance, as he sat playing Chopin in the half light, Koller felt that he had won a hard-fought battle.

In one getting late in the season, summer had uttered her mysterious "Hush!" before she takes her flight; there were but few people left at the Brandon House, when, late one afternoon, Koller and Lilian, sauntering along, met Miss Lefevre, Gwendolen, fun once, was not with her. The two young women saluted each other coldly, and Lilian walked on when she saw Koller disposed to loiter behind. In a moment or two they had disappeared. Miss Lefevre stood still when they were out of sight, that they might get a long way ahead. Presently, as she moved slowly down the winding path, she saw a fan, an expensive trifle that she recognized at once as belonging to Lilian, lying in the path. At that moment Koller appeared.

"Good evening again, mademoiselle," said he, addressing her in French. "Mademoiselle Lilian requested me to return and look for her fan, which she had dropped; and as it led me toward you, I came willingly."

"There it is," said Jeanne, sullenly; and as Koller stooped to pick it up, she snatched it from the ground, and to an instant her strong white fingers had broken it into a dozen pieces.

Koller caught her wrists. "What are you doing that for?" he cried.

"Because," said Jeanne, coolly "it belongs to *her*, and because you came to look for it. See." She took the shreds and splinters in her hand, and threw them with no ignoble skill into the pond, fifty yards away.

Koller stared at her blankly. Was it possible that rose-lint Lilian ill treated this dependent? His heart swelled within him, as a man's heart is apt to swell at the idea of injustice to anything young and pretty of the other sex. "Does she treat you ill?" he asked.

Jeanne looked at him with fine scorn. "Do you not think," she asked, in her pretty French-English, "that I could take care of myself from that—that little thing? But I tell you what, monsieur," she continued as Koller remained silent, "you need to take care of *yourself*. She knows you are a count. Bah! these Americans!"

Koller bit his lip and looked annoyed, but at last burst out laughing, and then sighed a German sigh. "Mademoiselle," said he, "do not deprive me of my only friend. This Miss Lilian Bart-Robinson is kind to me when you are not. She feels sympathy for me, a stranger and an exile; you do not."

Jeanne, being desperately in love with Koller by this time, could make but one answer to those reproaches, which was to burst into violent weeping.

Koller remained calm. He knew something about women, and was not inordinately disturbed by their sentimental tears. He attempted respectfully, after the Continental fashion, to take her hand, but Jeanne rudely repulsed him, and rushed past, saying, between her sobs; "Yes, yes, you are the lover of that little thing. Take her, and be happy. Forget all about Jeanne Lefevre. I am rightly served. The Germans have done harm to me and mine from the first. I wish I could be to you as I ought, and—and—"

Koller saw her slim black figure darting ahead of him in the gloom.

As he walked slowly back, pulling his blond mustache, he concluded that he really loved this little French girl, and the only thing for him to do was to marry her and take her back to Munich. In the joy of the prodigal's return, his parents would probably forgive him, and he would be free from the persecutions he endured in regard to falling in love with a certain Baroness von Kafelstein, who had eyes like the bottom of a pewter plate, and weighed twice as much as he did. It is easy to convince one's self of the wisdom of what one strongly desires; so Koller's mind was pretty well made up before he reached the Bart-Robinson cottage.

Lilian was waiting for him in a dark corner of the porch. "Well, where is my fan?"

Koller's heart gave a jump. He had forgotten all about the fan. "I—I assure you, mademoiselle, I searched—and—I'm sure it is not in the path," he added, with sudden boldness, for it was surely at the bottom of the pond.

"You probably met the governess," said Lilian, with sarcasm in her smooth voice.

"I did," replied Koller, lamely.

"Ah!"

She reflected. It was now or never. Koller, in his supposed position, would never dare to make the first advances to her; that had been fully decided. Countess Maurice Koller—well, it was worth the stake, and she had read in several novels where the heroine had very successfully proposed to the hero, and had been accepted. She rapidly ran over to her mind the general form of the proposition.

"Koller," she said, dramatically, "you are poor—unknown—a wandering minstrel—"

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle, I been a regular contract with the proprietor of the Brandon House for four months, beginning last June."

"That is nothing," said Lilian, vexed to have her anecdotes so disturbed. "But do you not see how it is? Do you not feel for me?"

To been two women threw themselves at his head the scene afterwards was more than even German stolidity could stand. Koller seized his hat and retreated toward the steps.

"Mademoiselle," he said, earnestly, "I assure you I feel for you. To lose an ornament like your fan, cherished for a thousand tender associations, the gift, perhaps, of a favored lover—a—ah!—good-evening, mademoiselle," and he was gone.

Lilian stood, angry and irresolute. Just then she saw the lamps lighted in the little drawing-room, and Jeanne enter, with Gwendolen tagging after her as usual. It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps it would be as well to send the French governess home. She stepped in through the open window.

"I've been thinking," she said, audibly, to Jeanne, "that you must find it rather stupid up here, and perhaps you'd like to pay a visit to your friends for a few weeks. I'm sure mamma will agree to it."

"But I have no friends nearer than France," replied Jeanne, doggedly, sitting down and disentangling a wonderful piece of crocheting belonging to Gwendolen.

"Then you can go down in the house in Fifty-eighth Street."

"But why do you wish to get rid of me, mademoiselle? Do I interfere with your plans in any way?"

It will be seen that the two young ladies were rapidly drifting into a quarrel. Opportunely Mrs. Bart-Robinson entered.

"You up at this time, Gwendolen? It's a quarter of an hour past your bedtime. Miss Lefevre, you should not allow Gwendolen to sit up until nearly eight o'clock."

Jeanne searched Gwendolen off to bed. So then she was to be sent back to Fifty-eighth Street. Well, it did not matter; she would tell Mrs. Bart-Robinson she was willing to go, and she would be spared the sight of Koller's and Lilian's billing and cooing.

Next morning it was all arranged before breakfast. Mrs. Bart-Robinson, who had, of course, been diagnosed by Miss Lilian, gave some preposterous reason for sending her back. The house was open. The house-keeper and two servants were there, and Mr Bart-Robinson. And Miss Lefevre left on the mid-day train.

Two or three nights afterward, Mr. Bart-Robinson was smoking his after-dinner cigar on the balcony, when Koller's cord was brought up to him. Mr Bart-Robinson's heart sank. He had heard in some way how things were going up at the Brandon, and he was convinced that Koller came to ask him for Lilian's hand, and inferentially for a large sum of ready money. If there was anything on earth this excellent hardware merchant loathed, it was a German count. Next to an Italian marquis, he esteemed them the most odious of their species. Consequently his greeting to Koller was anything but conciliatory.

"Mr Bart-Robinson," said Koller, standing with his handsome head bared, and his hat held at a correct angle, "I come to you as the nearest and only friend of a young lady in whom I am deeply interested."

"Go on, sir," snorted Mr Bart-Robinson.

"I am deeply attached to her. I wish to ask her to be my wife. Not being familiar with the customs of the country, I know only my own instincts to guide me. I refer to Mademoiselle Jeanne Lefevre."

Mr Bart-Robinson jumped up and grasped Koller's hand warmly. "A most excellent young woman. Anything I can do, you may command me."

"I can refer you to the German consul," said Koller, fumbling in his card case. "You will perhaps understand me when I say that I prefer having certain circumstances—in my favor, perhaps—remain unknown." He handed Mr. Bart-Robinson a card with his name, "Count Otto von Koller," engraved on it, and at a corner a coronet. This last impressed the sturdy republican deeply. "If I can gain Mademoiselle Lefevre's consent, I would choose to be married at the French consulate here. I understand there is great simplicity in your marriage laws, and if rightly wooed by German representatives here, it will be quite sufficient."

"The laws of the United States, and of the State of New York in particular," impressively remarked Mr Bart-Robinson, "are good enough for any man to get married under."

A week or two after this, Koller and Jeanne were on the steamer sailing away toward Germany, with a cablegram from the parents of the bridegroom and another from the mother of the bride securely laid away in Koller's pocket-book. Lilian was cross for a month or two, but, being a bad-hearted girl, she got over it, and found some compensation in bragging of her friend Countess Maurice Koller. As for Jeanne, Alsace and Lorraine are forgotten. She is quite willing to let bygones be bygones, and lays the Franco-German war to the machinations of politicians.

## NEW JERSEY STATE TENNIS.

The inaugural tournament of the New Jersey State Lawn tennis Association was commenced on June 28 on the charmingly situated grounds of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club at Montrose, New Jersey. The meeting lasted three days, and fine weather and the considerable interest taken in the undertaking made the affair pass off pleasantly. This was especially so on the second and last days of the tournament, when the drive which encircles the beautiful turf courts was lined with handsome equipages containing the fair patronesses of the game from the country round.

The Orange Tennis Club's enclosure is on the crest of the high ground on the east side of Orange Valley. It is bounded in on all sides by groves of chestnuts and oaks. On the turf terrace there is ample room for ten single courts for singles, and eight courts for doubles. The ladies' club-house and balcony is on a terrace to the westward, while the gentlemen members' substantial and well-appointed club-house is fronted by two earth courts, several feet below, on the far side of the turf platform. There are few spots in this country where ladies and gentlemen assemble for the enjoyment of out-door sports that can compare with the secluded and peacefully rural grounds of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club.

When it is remembered that the New Jersey association has just been formed, its entry was certainly satisfactory. The subscribers for the singles numbered twenty. They were Mr F D Reynolds, of the East Orange Tennis Club, Mr Richard F Conover and Mr S C Hones, of the Princeton Lawn tennis Club; Mr R T Halsey, of Princeton College; Mr R J Cross, Mr Samuel Campbell, Jun., Mr C. F Warnor, Mr. Knnar Williams, Mr. Charles Cross, Mr S. Appleton, Mr Percy Lyman, and Mr J. Wilkerson, of the Orange Lawn tennis Club; Mr F M. Carey, of the Franklin Archery Club, Mr A. M Sessoms, of the Plainfield Lawn-tennis Club; Mr R. H Russell, of the Bergen Point Lawn-tennis Club, Mr E. R. Bellman, of the Morristown Bicycle Club, Mr J. Tunnell and Mr H. M. Peters, of the Newark Lawn-tennis Club; and Mr C. W Barron and Mr F L. Fitzian, of the Haddon Lawn-tennis Club, of Haddonfield. There were eight pairs in the doubles, namely. Mr G M Bradley, of the Newark Lawn-tennis Club, who won the open singles in the United States National Tournament at Newport last summer, and Mr. H M. Peters, of the same club; Mr S. Appleton and Mr S. Campbell, Jun., of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club; Mr C. F. Warner and Mr J. Wilkerson, of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club, Mr. C. W. Barron and Mr F. L. Fitzian, of the Haddon Lawn-tennis Club; Mr. R. F. Conover and Mr R. T. Halsey, of the Princeton Lawn-tennis Club (the latter won the championship singles of Princeton this year).

Mr THOMAS W. POSTER, who won the championship doubles at Yale College a few weeks ago, and Mr. A. S. ARCHIBALD, of Yale College, Mr. T. N. McCARTER, Jun., and Mr. S. C. HODGE, of Princeton College, and Mr. F. LYMAN and Mr. A. G. HARRIS, of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club.

With such a large entry it was expected that the final matches would produce some close and exciting play, but the result was otherwise. Mr. COOPER won the singles with the greatest ease, his last opponent being obviously tired out. In the doubles, Mr. COOPER and Mr. BLAKEY defeated Mr. PETERS and Mr. BRADLEY by three sets to two. The success of Mr. COOPER showed that two years of abstinence from lawn tennis had not sufficed to rob him of the skill, judgment, and endurance which was him as many prizes in years gone by, and as truth it seemed that, in respect to the last quality at least, the life of a Texas ranchman has been of distinct benefit to him.

## THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE has in every age maintained its strong influence in human affairs. As Byzantium it was the Chicago or the New York of the Euxine; it fed the population of Macedonia and Greece. Later, when its founder, Constantine, converted it into a new Rome, it was the central capital of Asia and Europe. Its fine highways cut stone opened an easy path to the foot of the Caucasian chain, and passed around the Eastern Mediterranean to Jerusalem and Alexandria. They were one dead, as we are told, with travellers hastening to the world's metropolis. From Constantine to Justinian the new Rome lost its control over the West, but was still the invincible bulwark of civilization against which the Northern barbarians dashed themselves in vain. Justinian made it the splendid source of a new architecture and the parent of Roman law. His weaker successors did little to restore its power. But Constantinople alone was able to check the tide of Moslem conquest, and retain the highest traits of Greek culture safe within its impregnable walls. Twice it drove back the armies of the Crescent. In the twelfth century its commerce was still great, its wealth unequalled. But above all, within its library students still gathered the wisdom of the past, and the treasures of the Greek intellect were still cherished by their descendants.

It is the story of the fall of this fortress of art and knowledge that Mr. Pears has recently undertaken to tell in his *Fall of Constantinople*. He has made use of much new material unknown to Gibbon, he has carefully used his numerous authorities. He shows very distinctly the fatal results of the Latin conquest and the fall of the splendid city in the East. It brought the Turks into Europe, and made them a European power. It gave them an imperial stronghold from which they have never yet been dislodged. It checked the growth of Western Europe, for it forced the Europeans to spend much of their power in wars with Turkey. Constantinople under the Sultans has been a perpetual menace to Western progress; had it remained a Greek city, Mr. Pears argues, it would have taught letters and humanity to all the coming ages.

But the Venetians, jealous of the rival city, eager for new outlets of trade, with the acutest diplomacy turned the arms of the savage heroes of the Fourth Crusade against the capital of the East. Dandolo, the Doge, planned, and Boniface, chief of the Crusaders, and Philip of Swabia, who was his relative, carried out the plot. Mr Pears unravels with great labor the movement of the different actors in the scene. Alexis, Emperor of Constantinople, had dethroned the Emperor Isaac, his brother, and put out his eyes; Philip of Swabia had married Isaac's daughter, and Alexis, Isaac's son, had escaped to the court of Philip. Philip was anxious to punish the cruel Emperor, and place his brother-in-law, the younger Alexis, on the throne. Boniface, his relative, was prepared to aid him.

Dandolo was only eager to destroy or rule the rival city. A great host of knights and Crusaders had assembled at Venice (1203), where they had engaged a Venetian fleet to carry them to Egypt. But they were poor, and unable to pay more than half the sum they had promised; they were to pay above a million of dollars. The Venetians seized the opportunity. The Crusaders were starving and perishing on one of the islands of the city; the Venetians offered them food, money, and a safe passage to Syria if they would first attack Constantinople. The offer was received with joy. Some murmured, but the robber Crusaders not not with a great fleet of Venetian galleys to plunder the fair capital of the East.

The fall of the city is told by Mr Pears with animation and force. It is one of those scenes upon which history will ever dwell. The savage and cruel deeds that followed the assault by the Christian warriors is would gladly forget. The horrors of the final capture in 1204 brought a cry of grief and detestation from the Pope himself. But the sorrows and the crimes of men are forgotten; it is chiefly over the irreparable injury to letters and science that the intellect of later ages mourns. The statues, bronzes, gems, and works of art were ravished away or destroyed. St. Mark's, in Venice, was adorned from the spoils of St. Sophia. St. Mark's is a robbers' cave, stored with the ecclesiastical treasures of the East. The bronze statues were melted for the sake of the metal.

Beautiful works of art that might have delighted and instructed all later artists perished under the blows of the barbarians. One was a Helen, so lovely that it seemed divine; the Latins destroyed it. One was the colossal Hercules of Lysippus, brought from Tarentum; it was cast into the furnace. Endless are the fine works of antiquity that were then lost forever to mankind. Books and libraries were burned; half the city lay in ashes. The people were massacred or sold into slavery. Constantinople never regained its vigor. The Latins were driven out after a rule of forty years. But they left the enfeebled capital to become at last (1453) the prey of the Turks.

Constantinople once more has reappeared before the world, the object of desire to Greek, Russian, and Bulgarian. It is one of the finest sites for a city on the earth. Its harbor is unrivalled. It might once more distribute the corn of the North and the gems and spices of the East. It might be made again the source of a boundless trade. The recent revolutions almost under its walls recall the days of its weakness after the sack by the Latins. The majestic city still stands. Its value is indestructible and unlimited. The question of the East is, Shall it be Greek to Slav?

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## A DAY'S TROUT FISHING IN MONTANA.

MISSOULA with its fair fields green with the glory of early summer, stretching to the base of the hills, and encircled by the rugged sides of the dark mountain ranges!

Missoula! the smiling valleys dotted with prosperous farms, the white houses of its little town nestled under the hills over against snow-crested Lolo, from whose rocky pass, but a few short years ago, Chief JOSEPH and his savage Nez-Perces, their hands yet wet with the blood of the whites, looked down, and, passing on, spared it!

Missoula! the "land of trout," the paradise of the disciples of ISAAC WALTON, with the limpid, icy-cold waters of its streams rushing down from the mountain sides, now roaring and foaming over the rocks, now gliding, smiling and sparkling, where the sunlight strikes through the green meadows, winding in and out, small, with glad leap and joyous tossing of little crests of silvery foam, they rush to the embrace of their big brother, the "Bitter Root."

The day is still young to our party, four of us, seated in, or rather on, a "bank-board" drawn by our sweet broncbos, as the native horses are called, drive out through one of the gates of the military post here to try our luck in one of the little mountain streams. Well equipped in long rubber boots and canvas suits, we are a rough looking lot; but in this country, and indeed anywhere else, your true angler is a thoroughly practical person, and pays but little regard to appearances. The broken masses of the clouds, a ray of sunlight darting through them here and there, lighting up some grassy hill-top, and making the dark ravines and rocky precipices of the mountains more gloomy and savage by contrast, hover over the towering crests, veiling them in fleecy folds of mist, or softening their ragged outlines with the caress of the distant, gently falling rain, as we bowl merrily over the prairie, passing through the rich bottom lands, and gradually ascending the foot-hills, rounding their sides, or dipping down into the little vales between them to scramble up the opposite ascent, until finally we enter a wide cañon, coming back into the hills, to flat plain covered with wild flowers and waving grass, and broken through the centre by the winding course of a rippling, dancing, sparkling, merry little stream.

We are not long in getting to work. Our tackle is quickly overhauled, one big boots pulled well up on our thighs, and two of us taking our way up stream, while the others follow it down, we arrange to meet again at a certain hour, and start off to begin our day's sport.

How quiet and calm everything is, as we silently and with gentle cause of our lines proceed on our way! How the little stream laughs up at us, coquettishly singing at us, looking as to us in its hidden fairy treasures if we can, now rushing along over its pebbly bed, throwing back its eddies into some dark pool under its overhanging banks, as if to say, "Try there, and see what you can find"; again softly and silently gliding through the wild-rose bushes, as if saddened at the thought of surrendering some of the "speckled beauties" that make their home in its clear cold waters. Slowly we move up the stream, searching each quiet nook, each swirling eddy. Now and again there is a quick pull at the line as a successful cast is made; the light, pliant rod bends, the reel whirls to the line passes swiftly through the rings; there is a short, sharp fight for liberty, and, the strong triumphing over the weak, the struggling fish is lying on the grassy bank, gasping its short life away, and, dying, more beautiful in the silvery shade and bright spots of its sides than when, in its turn the stronger, it vaulted at its prey in the full enjoyment of life and vigor. The air is full of the fragrance of the wild roses dipping their branches into the limpid water, graceful willows bend over the banks, and rustle their leaves gently in the soft breeze; thousands of wild flowers—pink bitter-root, modest daisies, golden sunflowers, and many other varieties—blend their brilliant hues harmoniously, carpeting the valley with one almost unbroken mass of color. Occasionally a wild bird—a plover or curlew perhaps—starts suddenly up, screaming or whistling its protest at the presence in this solitude of all-destroying man.

And so we wander on, landing now and then a plump trout, and stopping occasionally to compare notes or light a pipe, until, our watches and our appetites warning us that the time for our rendezvous with our friends is near at hand, we retrace our steps, lingering, however, over yet, overpowered with the fascination of the "gentle sport," to make a cast in some inviting pool. As we come our point of meeting, a thin wreath of blue smoke rising against the bright green background of some cottonwood-trees shows us that our fellow-anglers have arrived there before us, and are preparing the meal we are so ready to discuss. It does not take long to do this. A few willow twigs make a nice smouldering fire, and a pocket frying pan, filled with thinly cut pieces of fat salt pork, merrily sizzling and spluttering and giving forth a most delightful odor, is ready to receive the supply of freshly caught brook trout, which, with the aid of a pocket-knife, are soon dressed and cleansed in the running stream by ready and experienced hands.

A willow twig, with its branching ends sharpened, serves as a fork to our amateur cook—long experienced in culinary skill of the camp and of the chase, and many a "professional" would do well if he possessed half the skill—and with it he judiciously and delicately handles the fish as they gradually shrivel and brown in the hot fat. Then, with the the aid of the frying pan serving for a dish, we are soon partaking of a most delicious meal, with appetites sharpened by the day's exercise and the purity of the cool mountain air.

Then, after a while, as we make our way homeward again, there from behind the rocky mountain heights in the west the sinking sun sheds the glory of his rays over the sky, and reddens the snow on the high peaks, making it glow and sparkle with a rosy light, as if of fire. Cool and tranquil lie the valleys in the shadow of the hills; from the ranches lying in the fertile bottoms comes the faint tinkle of a cow-bell, as far-off sound of laughing children; the blue columns of smoke from the chimneys rise almost perpendicularly into the clear atmosphere, through which the swallows are swiftly flying, and the wild roses, bidding good night to the waning day, are filling the air with their fragrance.

Over from the foot in the distance, with flash a fire and puff of white smoke, comes the boom of the evening gun, reverberating and echoing through the cañons, saluting the god of day as his fiery chariot disappears below the horizon. The first stars hang out their sparkling lanterns in the clear azure, and the repose of evening settles quietly and gently down over hill and valley.

REVE F. ZOBBAUM.

## THE COLUMBIA-HARVARD RACE.

SINCE the summer of 1880, with the exception of one year when the crew from Cambridge refused to row, the crimson of Harvard, like a brightly shining light, has annually until this season plotted the blue and white clad corsmen of Columbia College to defeat on the river Thames at New London. Year after year Columbia has sent her representatives into a struggle which has heretofore proved unavailing. The same result was anticipated when a few days ago, on Saturday, June 26, the Columbia and Harvard crews entered their eight-oared shells for their regular yearly contest. Harvard had arrived at New London barnided by trumpets. It was practically the successful and invincible crew of the year before, which had defeated Yale with ease by forty rods; the same crew, with one exception, having the same stroke oar in the giant Paanoss, but older in a year's experience. Nobody expected that Columbia would be able to keep up with the pace that Harvard would set. If the betting of collegians was to be taken as an indication of the result, Columbia had about one chance in five of success.

The scene on the river at New London was as brilliantly animated as it always is on the occasions of these inter-collegiate boat races. The accompanying illustration in no degree exaggerates the crowded appearance of the grand stand, the shore opposite the finish, and the craft-laden water.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when the crews received the signal to start upon their four-mile journey down the river. The water was like glass, and there was but small current in the river. Harvard caught the water first, and set the pace at a stroke of forty-two to the minute. Columbia was self-contained, and with a clock-like stroke of forty to the minute clung tenaciously at the waist of the boat from Cambridge. These relative positions were not, however, to be long maintained in a race of this earnestness, and Harvard, at her top stroke, gradually forged ahead, until at the end of the first mile spectators on the river-bank caught a glimpse of clear water between the stern of the Harvard and the prow of the Columbia shells. Up went the crimson ball on the signal station near the grand stand, and the "Rah! rah! rah!" of Harvard sympathizers smote the air and echoed over on Grant shore. There were, however, three miles of river between Harvard and victory, and it could have been clear for the friends of Harvard to have waited until that distance had been lessened a little before unloosing their enthusiasm. Harvard had the easterly side of the course, and as the mile and a half flag was approached the blue-and-white striped crew on the west were seen moving slowly but surely toward a closing up of the gap that had been opened. Harvard's rapid stroke was telling upon her crew. It dropped from forty-two to thirty-seven, and became ragged. Columbia, still clock-work on to form, began now to move up for the lead in earnest. At first the gain of the Columbias was scarcely perceptible, but as the Harvards became more uncertain in their stroke, the New York students quickened their pace, and just before the mile and a half flags were reached, went by with a rush.

It was needless now to tell any spectator that the race was Columbia's. Victory was spoken in every forward and backward swing of the eight lithe bodies. At two miles, with half the race near, Columbia was leading Harvard by at least eight clear boat-lengths. At two miles and a half she had increased the lead to ten boat-lengths. It was now Harvard's time, if ever. Columbia, confident of victory, eased up from the terrific pace, and Harvard desperately sought to catch her. The excitement among the spectators became intense, and Harvard hopes feebly arose; but Columbia had a spurt in reserve, and crossed the winning line eight lengths in advance, having made the four miles in 21 minutes 38 seconds. Harvard's time was 22 minutes 35 seconds. The names of the crews, with their weights, in apparel, ed: Columbia—Guy Richards, bow, 152 pounds; R. C. Arrangate, 167 pounds; C. A. Stevens, 164 pounds; W. A. Merriman, 168 pounds; C. M. Dewsnapp, 175 pounds; S. Hazen, 172 pounds; C. E. Beckwith, 167 pounds; H. Lockwood, Jun., stroke, 150 pounds; R. L. Monell, cox-wain. Harvard—D. S. Hewson, bow, 150 pounds; J. J. Cooney, 160 pounds; J. R. Tucker, 172 pounds; F. Remington, 156 pounds; T. P. Burnes, 177 pounds; W. A. Barnes, 166 pounds; H. W. Keyes, 165 pounds; R. A. F. Penrose, stroke, 165 pounds; T. Q. Brown, cox-wain.

Superstitious people may, if they choose, ascribe Columbia's splendid victory to her possession of the canine "mascots" which are shown in the accompanying illustration, but the fact remains that Harvard was squarely and fairly outrowed, and Yale, which has heretofore declined to race with Columbia, on the ground that she was a feeble and unworthy adversary, need hesitate no longer upon that score.

The race between Yale and Harvard on Friday, if it had been won by Harvard, would have entitled Columbia to claim the college championship. Columbia having beaten Harvard, and Harvard Yale, the presumption that Columbia could beat Yale would have been so strong that it could have been overthrown only by a successful challenge from Yale to Columbia. But in fact Yale also beat Harvard, and the championship remains in a doubt that is not likely to be dispelled before 1887. After a postponement until after six o'clock, on account of rough water, the rival crews started, and Yale almost at once took a lead which was maintained throughout, and increased to the finish to seven lengths, the time of the race being 20 minutes 41½ seconds.

## THE "PURITAN'S" LATEST VICTORY.

JUNE 29 was a busy day for Marblehead, and the bluffs along the inlet and the hill were thronged with an enthusiastic crowd who had come to see their old favorite the *Puritan* carry off the prize. The races at New York having been unsatisfactory and proving nothing, this race almost assumed the proportions of a first contest. Nor was the crowd confined to the land. Every conceivable craft, from a steam-boat and schooner down to small cat-boats and row-boats, dotted the dark water, and added a picturesque feature to an exciting race. The yachts experienced better luck as regards wind than at the previous matches, a strong breeze blowing from the southwest all day. The course was a triangular one, the apex of the triangle being near Marblehead Rock, and with a southwest wind this brought the only windward work on the last leg of the triangle. The race was to be twice over the course for all but the smaller boats. There was some delay in getting off and the *Puritan* was unable to make her usual early start. The schooner yacht *Grimes* was the first over the line, followed by the *Priscilla*, *Fortuna*, *Mohican*, *Puritan*, and *Mayflower* in the order named, the latter two being bow-topped.

At the first stake-boat the *Priscilla* was leading the *Puritan* and *Mayflower* by about four minutes, the *Mayflower* being slightly astern. The whole sloops had reduced the lead of the black one by a few seconds when the second stake boat was passed, but it was on reaching for the starting boat that the *Puritan* displayed her superiority to windward work. Rounding nicely two minutes in advance of her rivals, she started sheet for the second trip over the course. At the first stake boat the relative positions of the yachts had not changed, and beyond a gain of a few seconds by the *Priscilla*, no change was noted to the second stake-boat. But after rounding this the boats settled down to the hard work, the *Mayflower* first hoisting her topsail, and the other two following her example. The excitement became intense among the spectators as the *Puritan* ploughed on her way homeward, with the *Priscilla* uncomfortably near. Windward work is the *Puritan's* strong point, but what the *Priscilla* would do under her improved conditions no one knew. It soon became evident that nothing short of an accident could prevent the *Puritan* from winning, but the second place was in interesting dispute. This is the incident shown on page 440. The *Mayflower* on return of the black sloop, but to windward, and by standing in toward the shore she succeeded by clever seamanship in crossing the *Priscilla's* bow. Those who had watched the latter in the New York races, however, knew that at close pointing and skilful handling she was a match for the *Mayflower*, and following the same tactics, she returned the compliment by forging across the *Mayflower's* bow at the finish. Corrected time placed the *Mayflower* second, as will be seen by the following:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Puritan* | 0 hours, | 31 minutes, | 0 seconds. | | |
| *Priscilla* | 3 " | 25 " | 27 " | | |
| *Mayflower* | 5 " | 29 " | 20 " | | |

The case of the *Priscilla* seems to be almost settled as far as being able to outsail the *Puritan* is concerned. The *Mayflower* is as yet unsatisfactory. Mr. Burgess designed her to be a faster boat than the *Puritan*, but additional length should help her when sailing free, which now she says the *Puritan's* weak point; but as yet every thing has not been properly adjusted. Several times the *Mayflower* was obliged to luff, and until some improvements have been made in her the question as to which boat will race the *Galatea* must remain unadjusted.

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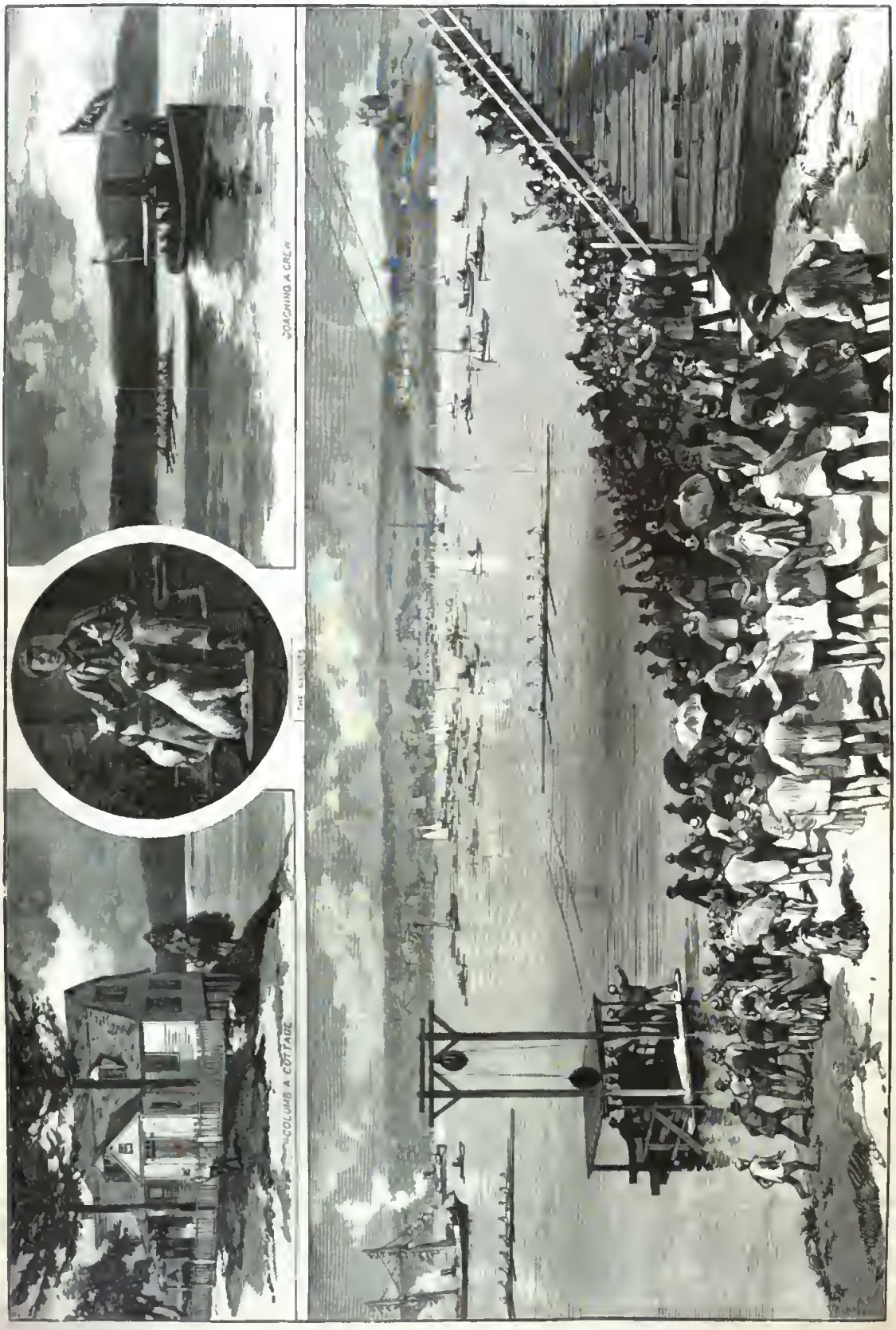
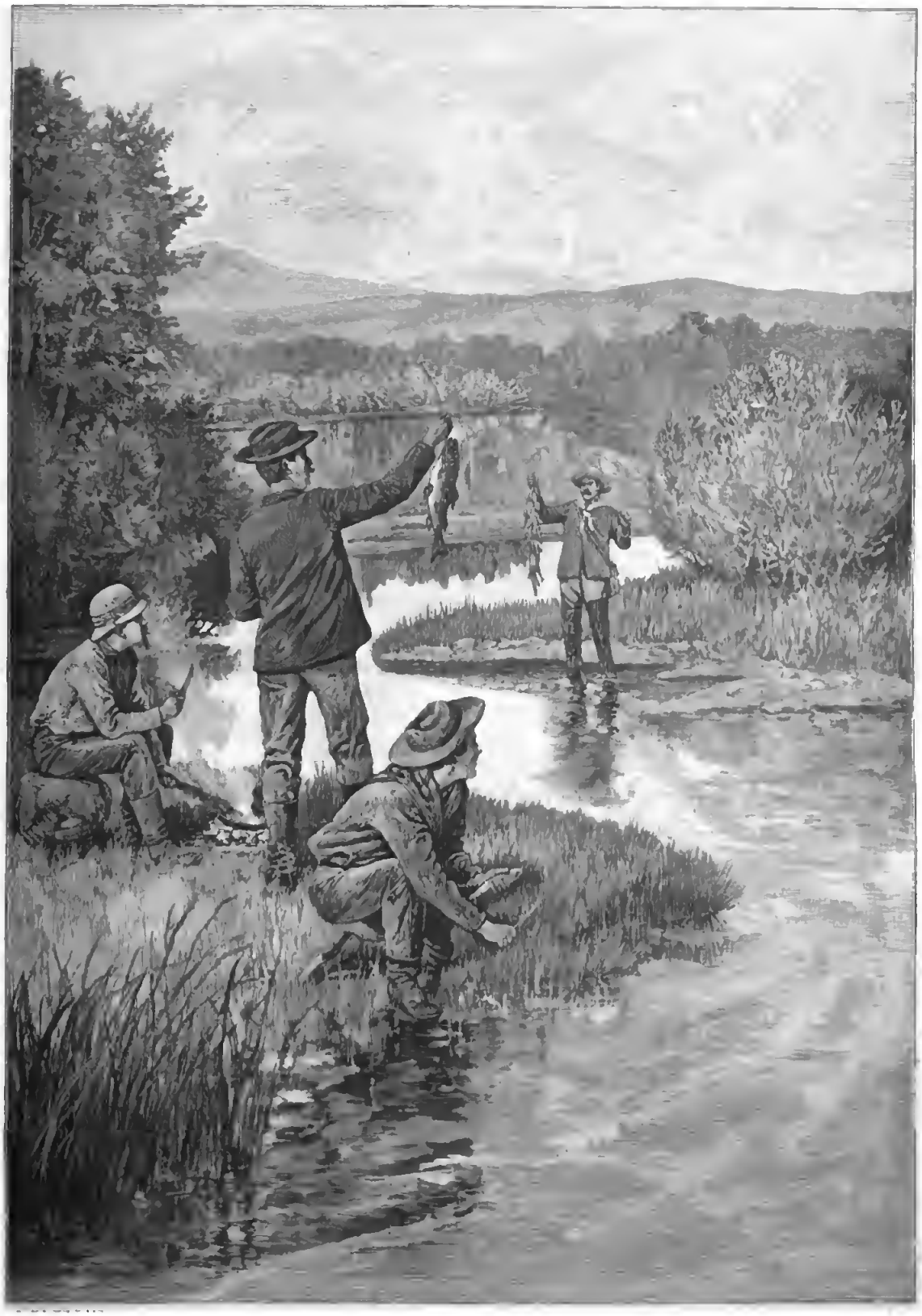



THE COLUMBIA-HARVARD BOAT RACE, JUNE 30.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 443.]



TROUT-FISHING IN MONTANA.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

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## THE SUMMER MAN.

In summer, at the mountains blue,
Where life is fair, but men are few,
He gayly sports, he has his day;
And by the sad sea wave alone
He is a much-admired bone
Until the season fades away.

He dresses in the height of style,
There's fascination in his smile,
He's nimble in the giddy dance;
He pickles plums with ready skill,
With love-makings he plays at will,
But is not hurt by Cupid's lance.

He wins the good will of mammas,
The dark suspicion of papas
He wafts away with graceful tact;
He sings love songs with tender power,
He always wears a little flower,
He knows both how to speak and act.

At archery, in tennis court,
He rivals all in the gay sport,
But plays an that the fairest wins;
And yet, through some most subtle art,
The vanquished belles still take his part,
And leave him with unpunished sins.

But summer just, alas! are brief;
He's cut down like the tender leaf
When blushing fields grow sadly brown;
Mammas and splendid girls no more
Admire him as they did of yore:
He's but a dry goods clerk in town.

And all who smiled in sweet July
In dull September pass him by;
Now he's of quite another clan;
And though he wears a faultless hat,
And just an stylish a cravat,
He only is a summer man.

SUSAN HARTLEY.

## SOME POISONOUS FOODS AND DRINKS.

"What shall we eat?" and "What shall we drink?" are two questions about the satisfactory solution of which all men are more or less exercised. From the latest unpublished reports of able medical inspectors holding positions in sanitary corps we learn how the conscienceless practitioners of adulteration perpetrate their physical and commercial wrongs upon the public.

During the spring and fall large quantities of immature veal, technically known as "bob veal," are shipped to cities by unscrupulous buyers and farmers. These gentry make a practice of itinerating in the calving seasons, and buy the calves almost as soon as they are born. The flesh of the little animals has not been sufficiently matured to develop the fibrous structure upon which the gastric juices are intended to operate in the stomach. It is practically indigestible, decomposes, generates a violent poison, and occasions chronic diarrhœa and other diseases. About ten years ago the poisonous principle was chemically isolated, crystallized, and denominated *ptomaine*. In virulence it is said to resemble the venom of the most poisonous serpents. Bright's disease, and similar complaints, in which the waste matter of the system is not thoroughly excreted, may be distinctly traced to the consumption of this injurious species of food. So thoroughly is this known to civic boards of health that largely successful efforts have been made to break up the nefarious traffic.

The Brooklyn health authorities deserve the credit of having discovered the adulteration, by means of poisonous aniline color, of a favorite article of food, commonly known as "head-cheese." The coloring matter contained arsenic, which imparts a red hue, and gives a rich, attractive appearance. Hundreds of pounds of this noxious stuff have been justly condemned to destruction in that and other cities. Oleomargarine, which is largely used as a substitute for butter, cannot always claim the negative merit of containing only animal fats. Gelatina is frequently used to adulterate and give it the appearance of butter. Dr. Cyrus Edson, an expert medical inspector connected with the New York Board of Health, believes that the addition of gelatine to either natural or artificial butter is highly reprehensible; first, for the reason that it is nutritively little to decompose and to develop *ptomaine*; second, that as butter is one of the principal articles of food from which human beings derive fat, an just in proportion as gelatine is added are they robbed of essential nourishment.

One of the worst adulterative rascalities practised is in the manufacture of vermicelli and egg noodles. Chrome-yellow is extensively used to give the yellow tint naturally imparted by eggs to these goods. Manufacturers caught *flagrante delicto* will often deny their guilt. Samples of both these pleasant delicacies when analyzed proved beyond question the purposed presence of this injurious substance.

Canned goods, adulterated or spoiled, are fruitful sources of sickness. Cocoa-nut candy is sometimes manufactured from decomposed, mouldy nuts. Numerous manufacturers of sugar confectionery are accustomed to use poisonous substances in order to impart different tints to their wares. The bright metallic lustre of the possess is, to a practiced eye, sufficient revelation of their character. Chrome-yellow, or chromate of lead, is one of the commonest. Chrome-green—a mixture of chrome-yellow and Prussian blue, burnt umber, red-lead, aniline red, or fuchsin, and Venetian red—and iron earth are also used. Tons of the wrecked stuff than poisoned, and miscalled candy, have been condemned and destroyed within the last twelve months in the city of New York. Similar vigilance and justice in all large communities would save the cost of many doctors' bills and the loss of some precious lives.

Currant and other acid jellies and preserves are not infrequently exposed for sale. Packed in open tins that freely admit the air, the acid fruit attacks and dissolves the metal with which it is in contact, and thus contaminates itself. What purports to be currant-jelly is, in some instances, made from dried apples, glucose, gelatine, an artificial flavor, and the poisonous aniline mentioned in connection with head-cheese. Analyses of parcels purchased from manufacturers of green cucumber pickles discover the presence of injurious quantities of copper, used to color the pickles green. Condiments fare no better in the hands of unscrupulous experts. Out of twenty-one samples of mustard recently analyzed, three were found to be adulterated with the poisonous coal tar color known as naphthaline yellow. Teas were adulterated with from forty five to ninety per cent. of inert matter, terra alba, and wheat flour. All, except the three colored with naphthaline yellow, were colored with turmeric. Dr. Edson reports that the naphthaline yellow was determined to be the α-nitro alpha naphthal sulphonate of lime, and by experiment was found to be poisonous as similar doses of picric acid.

Coffee is one of the articles of common consumption in the adulteration of which an infinitesimal ingenuity is illustrated. Careful investigation of the method of coloring it gives precise results. South American coffees are treated by the following process, so as to make them resemble Java. The coffee in the bag is subjected to a high degree of moist heat, which ripens or matures the berries. In ripening, the color changes from green into mottled brown. A uniform brown tint is obtained by revolving the coffee in boiler-iron cylinders, after treating it to contact with yellow ochre. In one case, where the yellow-ochre had been accidentally contaminated by arsenic, a sample of the coffee was found by analysis to contain one-fifty third of a grain of arsenious acid in each half ounce of coffee—the quantity necessary to make a cup of the beverage. Rio coffee is subjected for the improvement of its appearance to revolution in boiler iron cylinders in which powdered soapstone is deposited, and is then treated with a mixture of chromate of lead and Prussian blue to give it a bright green color, which is brought to any desired shade by the addition of yellow-ochre, burnt umber, Venetian red, drop black, and French chalk. A solution of gum-arabic is then poured over the coffee in order to fix and glaze the color.

Teas damaged by contact with drugs in the holds of vessels that transport them to this market are offered for sale without regard to consequences. Their low character is sometimes cleverly concealed by colorations with Prussian blue and by a facing of powdered soapstone. Willow and other leaves are thus made to resemble those from which "the sap that cheers but not inebriates" is drawn.

Inquiry into certain instances of poisoning by ice-cream elicited the fact that gelatine or glue had been used to give consistency to that cooling delicacy, and to enable the manufacturer to economize in the use of cream. Possibly ignorant of the mischief he was doing, the maker had been careless in handling his solution of gelatine. Ptomaines develop during the decomposition of this substance, and make their presence felt by the sufferers who have absorbed them. (Glue is said to be exclusively used by manufacturers of gelatine-coated pills and capsules. "Throw physic to the dogs" appears to be wholesome advice in view of this fact, and of the further fact that a number of samples of quinine pills and powders have been found to be adulterated to the extent of from fifteen to fifty two per cent. of their weight. Others fall below the standard set by the United States Pharmacopœia.

Independently of any injurious effect exercised by the alcohol in beer upon the physical constitution is that exerted by the deleterious substances entering into the beverage from its contact with lead pipes and brass taps. This is so damaging that legislation has been invoked to prevent it. The metal tanks in which the syrups of soda-water are kept are liable to the same objection. Nor is the bottled soda-water entirely free from suspicion. The tax on the use of Croton water, and also its scarcity, have induced brewers, mineral-water manufacturers, and others who use large quantities of water to sink wells in the water-bearing strata under the city. The fluid thus obtained is rather more nor less than the drainage from the streets and the leakage from the sewers. This is certainly the conclusion necessarily drawn from the peculiar formation of the substrata of Manhattan Island. The use of this water for drinking purposes is officially prohibited. Subjected to a temperature above the boiling point for an hour, all germs are destroyed before it is used by the brewers. When used by mineral-water manufacturers the germs remain as all their nervous vigor. Warned of this, and deterred by certain penalty, most of them have desisted from its use, but occasionally an obstinate or recalcitrant one is detected and brought to condign punishment.

RICHARD WHEATLEY.

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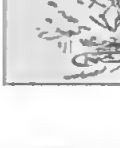

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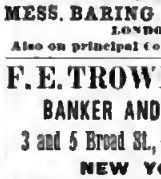

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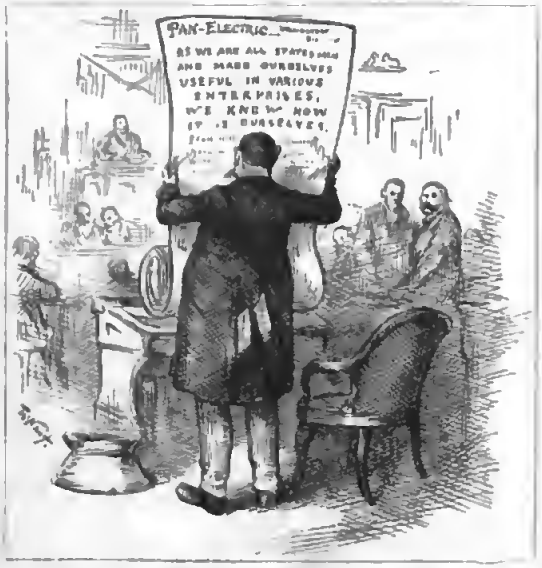


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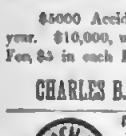

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AMERICAN FISHERMEN LAYING IN ICE AT SEA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN W. HAYWARD.—[SEE PAGE 469.]

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"'GOOD-BY, BESS!' HE LAID HIS ARM ROUND THE GIRL'S NECK, AND KISSED HER ON BOTH CHEEKS."

# THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

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## CHAPTER III.

### HOW JACK LEARNED OF THE PENNAN.

Here were materials enough to fire the imagination and awaken the ardor of a boy about to become a sailor. But these were not all. For at home—the Admiral's house having become this orphan's home—there was talk all day long of fighting and foreign

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1841.

ocean, and things nautical. Jack's patron or guardian had been engaged in many of the actions fought during the eleven years' war between the years 1702 and 1713. He was on board the *Resolution*, which carried Lord Peterborough when she was intercepted by a French squadron, and was forced to run ashore in order to save her from falling into the hands of the enemy; he was on Sir George Byng's ship, the *Royal Anne*, in Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet, when that hero perished off the Scilly Isles; he was a lieutenant on board the *Assurance* in that gallant action with the French Commander De Gué Trouin, of the *Achille*. In this battle he lost his arm; his leg he lost in the capture of a Moorish corsair during the reduction of Morocco, in the year 1734. After this he retired, receiving the rank of Rear Admiral, and settled at Deptford, then about forty-two years of age. He presently discovered that it is not good for man to live alone, and therefore took a wife, who in due time bore him a child, Cecilia. His daughter, who, if anybody, ought to know, says that her father possessed in an eminent degree, and daily in his lifetime exhibited, most, if not all, of the virtues which should adorn the Christian who is also an officer of high rank in his Majesty's navy. The Christian virtues, it is sure, vary according to a man's station in life. We do not expect certain things from princes which are indispensable to those of lowly and humble lot; from an Admiral of the Fleet we do not look for meekness, patience, humility, or resignation; a choleric disposition is allowed to him; the habit of applying sacred names to things profane is excused in him; and if he who

has commanded a man-of-war is not to have his own way in everything, he should? As for obedience to the commandments, it may be shown that the Admiral followed them all. Thus, for honoring his parents, he did more—he was proud of them, because they came of a good stock—and honored himself on their account; he killed nobody—as in battle, though he drubbed and belabored his servants every day; he robbed nobody, except in an honorable way—as in taking a purse; he was envious of nothing but the Frenchman's ships, he freely forgave everybody, even those who transgressed his orders on board ship and sinned against his patience, as soon as he had soundly flogged them. To bear malice when a man had paid for his fault with three dozen was not on the Admiral's nature. And that he was of a truly good heart and a benevolent disposition was clearly shown by his treatment of Jack Easterbrook.

There were also many others, formerly of the naval service, who were consented to spend the evening of their days in this town of Deptford, which is not on the sea, yet lives by the sea. Among them was that famous traveller, George Sin Ivarbe the younger, who accompanied his father in the circumnavigation of the globe in the year 1720, and was never tired of relating the perils, sufferings, and adventures of that voyage, and the wonders of the South Seas: an account of the voyage hath been published for the curious. There were also Captain Mevne, who commanded the Hurricane in Admiral Vernon's expedition, Captain Pethenah, Resident Commissioner of the Yard, who had a goodly collection of books of voyages, which he suffered Jack to borrow and to read, Mr Peter Mostyn, formerly Tide-a-rier in his Majesty's Custom-houses, and an ingenious, well-informed gentleman; Lieutenant Hopkinsh, late of General Foulett's Marines, and Mr. Underhill, retired purser of the King's Navy.

To be a purser is to hold a thankless office. It is he who is blamed for every barrel of damaged pork, and for every box of weevily biscuit; he can please none; wherefore it is best for him not to try. As for the pleasures of a purser's life, I know not what they are. He must face the dangers of the deep with the rest; he must endure tempest and shipwreck; cannon ball and grape-shot spare the purser no more than the first lieutenant, if he be on deck; and when the ship is sent away the purser drowns with the captain. Yet for all these perils he gets neither promotion nor honor. Would any man boast of having been purser, and therefore kept below in the cockpit with the surgeons and the wounded men, during the most gallant action ever fought? Yet there is one consolation for the purser. He can, and does continually, by his accounts, his purchases, his bribes and percentages, stick so much profit out of every voyage that he is presently able to leave the service and purchase a cottage, where, with a patch of garden to cultivate, perhaps a wife and children to cheer him, a few companions, a pipe of tobacco and a glass of punch, he may forget the darkness of the orlop-deck, the stink of his store-rooms, the great yellow candle in the glass lantern, by the light of which he had to keep his accounts and inspect his stores; the rolling of the ship, the thunder of the cannon in a battle, the cries of the wounded, the crash and wreck of the great ship on a rock, or the alarm of fire; yes, and even the daily purgatory caused by the tricks of the midshipmen and the gibes of the gun-room.

These gentlemen met nearly every night at the "Sir John Falstaff," by the Upper Water-Gate, for punch and conversation; they also came often to the Admiral's house, and were, one and all, kind to the lad whe was thus brought among them, and freely talked with him; so that, being of an inquiring mind, and thus running about in the dock-yard, and talking with old officers, common sailors, and pensioners, and with the help of the apotheary, who from the first loved the boy, I think there was no part of the world, as there was no action of recent times, with which Jack was not as well acquainted as if he had been there. At the beginning he was placed under my father, who made him begin the study of the Latin language, which he could not stomach, and would never willingly look into any books except those which are concerned with the sea, such as Captain Park's *Defenses Were by Sea*, a very instructive work; *The Practical Sea-Gunner's Companion*, and even the *Rigging Tables*, over which he would pore contentedly for hours. He was also fond of reading voyages, and especially those volumes of Harris's and Purchas's collections—the first of the former, and the first and fourth of the latter—which are concerned with the South Seas, toward which his imagination was greatly drawn by his conversation with Mr Bruijes and Mr Shelvocke. That he was always fighting another boys, especially the rough river side lads, and was seldom without some external sign of combat, such as a black eye, cut lip, and swollen nose, certainly did not lessen him in his patron's regard, because, when all is told, the most valuable quality in a sailor is the love of fighting.

So strong and courageous was he, so ready to fight, and so uncommonly backward in owning himself beaten, that none of his age and stature shared to contend with him—save at stone-throwing and at a distance—except one, of whom mention is here made; not because a boy's fights are matters of serious history, but because the fighting between these two, thus begun, was continued after both became men, and with consequences most important. This boy was the son of a boat-builder in the town; his name was Aaron Fletcher. In strength, age, and stature, exactly the same as Jack, in heavy and spirit, equal to him. Yet whenever they fought—which was often—Aaron was defeated, because he lacked the dexterity and quickness of eye which lent Jack more strength, and made courage useless. Yet Aaron would not own to inferiority, and whenever the boys met, they began in snarl at each other like a pair of terriers, and the first time was thrown, the first taunt uttered, the first blow delivered, and then at it again, like French and English.

Further, that he neglected his Latin, went to sleep in church, put powder in the negroes' tobacco, tied ropes across the road to throw down belated wayfarers, and played a thousand pranks daily may be admitted. These things only sent him a flogging when he was found out, and endeared him more and more to his guardian.

When Jack was eleven years of age, the Admiral, regardless of my father's protestations of the perils encountered by those who are ignorant of the classics, placed him wholly in the charge of Mr. Westmoreland, who, although only a Penman by trade, had acquired so great a proficiency in arithmetic, the rudiments of navigation, the taking of observations, and the working of logarithms that he had no equal on the town, and was perfectly able to instruct a young gentleman before he went on board. In all these branches the boy showed and displayed an uncommon zeal and quickness. But, I verily believe, if he had thought that the study of Hebrew or Chaldean would have helped him forward in his profession, he would have entreated my father to teach him.

Mr Westmoreland, his master, was a mild and gentle creature who loved nothing but the study of mathematics and the art of fine writing, in that though he wrote letters for any who came to him, and copied deeds for the attorney, and wrote out his sermon large and fair for the vicar of St. Paul's, he always turned from these labors with joy to his books and his calculations. He was in appearance short and bent, with rounded shoulders, and with a hump (which made the boys call him "My Lord"). His voice was high and squeaky. He wore round horn spectacles; when these were off, you perceived that his eyes were soft and affectionate. His forehead was high and square, and he wore a plain scratch-wig. He was a patient teacher, and bore an excellent character for uprightness and piety, though he was despised by the rougher sort, because, although he was now no more than forty, or thereabouts, he could not fight, or even defend himself.

He lived near door to the apothecary, in that row of houses on the north side of the Trinity Almshouses where reside the better sort of tradesmen, such as the sexton of St. Nicolas; Mr Skipworth, the principal barber and wig maker, who shaved all the gentry in the place, and kept four assistants continually employed in dressing and flouring their wigs for them; the master mariner's assistant and the master shipwright's assistant. But these honest folk did not call Mr. Bruijes their equal. He, for his part, took his pipe nightly at the "Sir John Falstaff" with the gentlemen, while they used the "Plume of Feathers."

Under Mr Westmoreland's instruction, Jack learned all that the ingenious Penman had to teach him, except his fine handwriting and the beautiful flourishes with which a dexterous pen can adorn a page, and by the time he was twelve years of age he understood the use of the compass, the sextant, the ship's charts, all the various parts of a ship and her rigging, and a great deal of geography and naval history.

As for the parts of a ship, he learned them chiefly in the Yard, where he would wander among the sheds and watch the building of the ships, the repair of those in the dry dock, and the fitting out of those in the wet-dock, the bending of the great beams by steam, which is made to play upon them until they become soft, the making of rope, the netting and shaping of pulleys and blocks, the forging of anchors, and every part of the business belonging to the construction of ships. Them, again, he learned the names and purposes of all the ropes, running and standing gear, sails, flags, signals, sailing rules, and rules for action, and his natural curiosity made him inquire into and acquaint himself with the way in which everything is made, and may be repaired or replaced. He learned all these things from natural eagerness and interest in everything concerning a ship; but in the end this knowledge stood him in good stead, because there is no detail in the conduct and construction of a ship which ought to be below the notice of the officers, a fact which many commanders forget, leaving the navigation of the ship to the master, her seaworthiness to the carpenter, and the health of the crew to the purser. Surely if, as hath been advanced by some, every boy is born with a clear vocation for some trade or profession, just as Paul, though an apostle, was also a tent-maker, and Luke, at first a physician, and Peter a fisherman (afterward of men), then, most certainly, Jack, by right divine and special calling of Providence, was a sailor.

While he sat every morning, at work with his mild instructor, Mr Westmoreland, there was always present a little girl, three years younger than himself, a child with black hair, rosy cheeks, and big black eyes. When it was winter weather this child sat in a little chair beside the fire; when it was warm and sunny, she sat in the open doorway. She was a grave child, who seldom played with other children; she had no dolls to nurse; she took great pleasure in household things, and from a very early age was her father's housekeeper, when she grew older the became his ruler as well, ordering things as seemed to her best. And though her father was so fond of books and learning, this girl would never as much as learn to read. One does not, to be sure, expect girls in her station to acquire the arts of reading and writing, if only because they have no books, and never have occasion to write. These arts would be as useless to them as the knowledge of riding or dancing the minuet. But it was strange that Bess should be so different in disposition as well as in appearance to her father; and stranger still, that an rickety a man should be the father of so strong and stout a girl. As for her mother, no one knew whether the had gone, or what had become of her; it was said by those who remembered her that she was as comely as her daughter, but a termagant and a shrew in temper, who had her said husband a terrible life, even sometimes taking the broomstick to him, and beating the over the head with it, poor man! or laying about her with the frying pan, as unpreverred as soon use toward those husbands who, like Mr. Westmoreland, are afraid, or too weak of arm, to keep them in submission by the same methods. She left her husband (he bore the loss with Christian submission) a year or two after marriage, and was reported to have been afterward seen at Ranelagh among the ladies and gentlemen there, dressed in a hoop, all in silk and satin, patches and paint, and fan in hand, very fine, and carrying a domino, just for all the world as if a Penman's wife could become a gentlewoman.

From the very first a singular friendship existed between Jack and the girl. He brought her apples, mushs, and nuts, which Philadelphy, Cantilla's black nurse, made for him; he played with her, and made her laugh; then he teased her, and made her cry; then he coaxed her into good temper again. She was a child who fell into the most violent storms of passion, which none but Jack could subdue; he took a pleasure both in exciting her wrath and appeasing it. On the other hand, he swore tried to enrage or to tease Cantilla—perhaps because she was possessed of such extraordinary calmness and sweetness that it was impossible to provoke her, and it was waste of time, even for a boy who loves teasing, to practice upon one who regards it not. Less, for her part, was one of those who would rather be teased into anger than neglected. It was pretty to see how she would sit when he was at his lessons with her father, watching him silently, and how she would follow him, when he suffered her, submissive and obedient, though there was nobody else in the world, not even her father, to whom this wilful girl would submit. There are some men to whom women willingly and joyfully submit themselves, and become their slaves with a kind of pride; but there are others to whom no woman will submit. Of the latter kind was Mr. Westmoreland, Bess's father, who was born to be ruled by his wife. Of the former, Jack was one, when he was only a boy the sailors' wives and daughters in the street would call after him for a pretty lad, and bid him come and be kissed; and when he was a man grown the maids would look at him as he passed along the street, and would follow him with longing eyes. But if a woman becomes the slave of a man, she will have him to be her slave in return, for where there is great love, there is also great jealousy; and also where there is great love, there is also the possibility of great wrath and great revenge—as you will presently discover.

In one word, long before he went on board as a volunteer, young Jack Easterbrook was eager to feel the deck rolling under his feet, and to hear the first shot of his first action; he was also well advanced in all the knowledge of ropes and rigging that the gunner had to teach the youngsters aboard. It is further to be noted that, at this early age, and before he went to sea, the boy had already acquired the settled conviction that all things which the round world contains, and the kindly earth produces, belong especially to the sailor by right divine, and were intended by Providence for his solace and his enjoyment; that to provide for him, and for his comfort, handsome and perpetually, that while he is fighting our battles for us, we are gratefully devising, contriving, making, compounding, and inventing all kinds of things for his enjoyment when he comes back to us, such, for instance, as strong wine and old rum, music and fiddles, songs and dances, sobriety and snug taverns; he is to have the best of all, for him the most beautiful women reserve their favors, and desire on was his affections before those of any landsman whatever. Young and old, man, woman, boy, and girl, we all bound the boy. There was not in Deptford or in Greenwich a more gallant lad, one more brave and resolute, nor one more handsome. For all his fortune he had but his resolution and his sword. And he went forth to conquer the world with as brave a heart and a carriage as sprightly that the men laughed only for the pleasure of looking upon him, and the women cried. I am sure that the true soldier of fortune hath always made the women cry.

At the age of eleven, also, the Admiral, by permission of the captain, was enabled to place the name of the boy on the books of the *Lenox* as a volunteer, although he did not send him yet to sea, considerately holding that this age is too tender for the rough usage of boys aboard ship, though many boys are sent away as early. But by entering him on the ship's company he secured that his rating as midshipmen should begin as thirteen and his commission as lieutenant be obtained at nineteen. So that, although the boy was still working with Mr Westmoreland, he was supposed to be cruising with Captain Holmes aboard the *Lenox*.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### HOW JACK FIRST WENT TO SEA.

In the autumn of the year 1747—the last but one of the war then raging—the Admiral judged that the time was now arrived when the boy should join his ship. "For," he said, "the lad is already nearly thirteen, and sail for his age; and he knows more than most youngsters have learned after twelve months at sea. He grows masterful, too, and will be all the better for the rope's-end which the gunner hath in store for him, and for the mast-head, where he will spend many pleasant hours. And as for the captain—Dick Holmes is not one who will skulk, or suffer his crew to skulk. What better can happen for a boy than to sail with a fighting captain?"

"'Tis a brave lad, Admiral," said my father—'twas at the club or nightly assemblage at the "Sir John Falstaff." "By such stuff as this let us pray that England's fleets will always be manned. They have never heard of Selden's *Mare Clausum*, and know not his argument, which is, to my mind, conclusive. Nevertheless, they go forth to support those arguments by a kind of blind instinct, which I take to be in itself a clear proof of his sound reasoning."

"I have never met any Mary Clausum," said the Admiral, "to my knowledge. Polly Cribbs, there was in my time, at Point—a black-eyed jade that Jack is, not yet, full young to think of any Polly of them all."

"Nay, 'tis the title of a learned work. I meant only that if England is to be Queen of the Seas, which Frances and Spain still dispute with us, and are likely to dispute for a long while, it is well that we have such laws, and plenty of them. These can notes be too many Britons born in the world."

"True, doctor; especially if we go on expending them in this fashion."

"We send forth this tender child, sir," continued the Vicar of St. Paul's, "to a hard and rough life. He may be wrecked, he may be killed in action; he may lose his limbs; there are a thousand perils in his way. Yet we do not pity him, because, if his life must needs be short, it will be honorable. And he is in the hands of Providence."

"That is true, doctor. Though as to danger, being one if I think he is worse off aboard ship than he would be ashore, what with sharks and lawyers, rogues and murderers, robbers and cheats, to say nothing of the women. And on board ship they cannot get at a man. And as for hardships—why, every youngster looks forward to being an Admiral at least, and to lead his squadron into a victorious engagement—and sometimes he does it, too."

"As for me, Admiral," said Mr Bruijes, "I shall bid good by to the lad with a vast deal of pleasure. He will go never a day too soon. Keep a lad too long and he gets stale. As for dangers, I think you are right. But there are dangers about which the landsman does not know, and more dangers there the enemy's shot as a gale of wind. A boy may have a belly for first lieutenant, as a servant for captain." Here his only eye flashed fire, from which one may conjecture that he had himself experienced this accident, and still cherished the memory; "or a shindish and a cheese-scraper for a purser—"

"Nay, nay," said Mr Underhill, "the purser is forever in fault."

"'Tis fickle pastle for a master; there are rogues and scoundrels about as well as ashore. Mark you, if it is bad for the midshipmen, 'tis worse for the crew; to such ships are floggings daily, and continuous words whispered 'twixt-deck, with rope's-ending and continual flogging, no matter how smart a man may be, and yet they wonder why mass rise sometimes and murder their officers and carry off the ship under the black flag. Pirates?—why, even if they knew that the gibbet was already built wherever they were to hang in chains till they dropped to pieces, do you think they would not have their revenge, and then a free and a merry life, if only for a short year or two before they swing?" and with that Mr Bruijes looked about him as Beverly that for a while no one spoke.

"There needs are better said ashore than afloat," said the Admiral, presently. "I've tied up a man and given him six dozen—ay, or hanged him for mutiny—for less than that, Mr. Bruijes."

"Very like, very like," returned Mr Bruijes, recovering his good temper. "I will remember it, Admiral, if ever I ship with you. As for the boy, now—this boy of ours—he will do well, and will have not a credit to us all, Admiral. I have never known a more resolute lad, or one better fitted for the work before him. I have taught him, for my own part, how the land lays as regards the wickedness of men, both ashore and afloat. He is prepared for a good deal; and as far, I think, never was a lad sent abroad better prepared. He knows as much, doctor, not to speak boastfully, as a Roman Catholic confessor. Now when a boy is fully acquainted with derilry, he need fear no devils, male or female."

The ship on whose books he was borne—namely, the *Lenox*, Captain Richard Holmes—was now cruising at Sheerness, being under orders to join the West Indian squadron of seven ships under Rear Admiral Knowles, at Port Royal, Jamaica. A beautiful ship she was, nearly new, a third-rate, of seventy guns, though at this time she carried no more than fifty-six, and a complement of six hundred men. You shall hear presently with what singular good fortune the boy began his cruise. This good fortune continued with him unbroken until the event which I have to relate, so that, in thinking of Jack, I am reminded of that Indian King who sat told by the philosopher to count no man happy until the end. Always, in every ship, he gained the good opinion of the superior officers, always the actions in which he fought were victorious; promotion and distinction, prize-money, and escape from shot and cutlass wound—what more could a sailor desire? To be sure, there was one voyage which proved disastrous. Even here he escaped drowning when so many perished. Besides, this was in time of peace.

It is generally believed that boys are shipped off to sea because they are too foolish and stupid for the arts by which landsmen rise. But we do not hear that such lads rise to distinction by reason of foolishness. This is not the way with those who live in a dock yard town. There the flower of the youth flock to the service, and there is no lack of volunteers, even for ordinary seamen, in time of war. There are shirkers, it is true, but they are more common at Wapping than at Deptford. As for officers, happy that boy who wears the king's uniform; envied is he among

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his companions. You may judge he wants but little admonition to encourage him in steal.

"Boy," said the Admiral, catechising the lad before he joined his ship, "what is thy first duty?"

"Respect for superiors, sir," said Jack.

"Right; and the next?" No argument on board. And when fighting begins, don't gape about the ship to dock fas any cannon-shot that flies overhead, but stand steady at quarters, eyes open, and hands ready. What? Make a clamme zamee of showing your mattle when least expected, as when a boarding attack is repelled, or the word is given to leap an hazard and at 'em. Be ever ready, yet not too forward, lest it seem a reflection upon thy betters. Wait till the time comes. When it does come—but, by the Lord, Jack, I have no fear of thee!"

Other directions the Admiral gave the boy, which may be here omitted, the more particularly as they referred to the conduct which a boy should observe in port and on shore, and the Admiral's warnings were plain and clear, and such as may be read in the Book of Proverbs. My father also admonished the boy, particularly on the wickedness of profane swearing. Of this he was likely to hear only too much, and, indeed, his captain was reported to be one who enforced his orders with a great deal of hard swearing. My father also addressed a few words to this young sailor on the evils of immoderate drinking, too common on land, though restricted by wholesome discipline at sea. And he instructed the boy how he should govern himself, keep his temper in control, guard his tongue, fight his shipmates no more than was necessary for self-respect and honor, and how, when the time should come when he himself was to be put in authority, he should be merciful in punishment, and err on the side of leniency, remembering that though a man's back must suffer for his sins, he should not be torn to pieces and cruelly lacerated—as is the practice on board some ships—save for the most heinous offences against order, morality, and discipline. "The ancient Romans," added my father, "could, if they chose, flog a slave to death. Yet it was counted infamous to use this power. The captain of a King's ship has this power also, seeing that he may, if he so please, order a man as many as five hundred lashes—a truly dreadful punishment, under which the strongest man may succumb. Reserve this power when thou hast it, Jack. Three dozen, or even one, in the case of young sailors, may be as efficacious as six dozen—a wholesome discipline is better served by moderation than by cruelty."

I knew not how far my father's admonitions produced good fruit. In after time, Jack was ready enough to rap out a profane word. On the other hand, he was relieved by the torn on account of his punishments, which were as certain after offences as the stroke of the ship's bell, but never cruel. It were to be wished some captains on land as well as at sea would remember that three dozen may be sometimes as good as six dozen. It was but yesterday that a poor fellow, a grenadier, under sentence as he shot for desertion, had his punishment commuted, as they called it, to five hundred lashes. He appealed, and the previous sentence was confirmed; therefore he went loudly to his death, thinking it better to be hanged than to be tortured by the lash until he died.

Then we all engaged upon Jack's sea-chest; and I suppose no bride ever contemplated her new furniture and house linen with more pride and satisfaction than Jack bestowed upon his chest. It was strong and neatly made, with a till and two trays. It contained his uniform coat, his watch coat, a glazed hat for night watch in bad weather, two hats each with a gold loop and a cockade, his stockings, shirts (they were of the finest kind, fit for a young gentleman, with lace ruffles), his boots, handkerchiefs, cravats, sash, and his hanger. Besides these things there were his log-books, ruled and prepared for him by Mr. Westmoreland; pens cut for him by the same hand; a quadrant, with a day and a night glass; the *Elements of Navigation*, the *Sailor's Vade Mecum*, the *Sea Gunner's Companion*, and a book on the *Method of Computing Observations*, on that he was amply provided with his favorite reading. To these were added, by my father, a copy of the Holy Bible, with the *Book of Common Prayer*. These things, with a pocket compass and a tin pannikin or two, a book of songs, and a few other trifles, made up Jack's outfit.

When all was ready and the time of departure was come, the Admiral put into his hand a purse full of guineas, and told him that until such time as he should be rated midshipman, an allowance of thirty guineas a year should be given to him. This was a liberal addition to a boy's pay, and I doubt whether any other youngster on board the *Lenox* possessed as splendid an addition to his nine pounds a month.

On the morning of his departure our young hero appeared dressed for the first time in his blue uniform coat, with the gold loop in his hat, and his hanger at his side, trying to look as if he had worn it for years, and was unconcerned about his personal appearance. He was going then in Sheerness in a tilt-boat, accompanied by two of the Admiral's negroes, to get his sea-chest aboard, and provided with a letter for the captain. We all went down to the Stairs with him—the Admiral, my father, Castilla, and myself, with Philadelphy. We found, also waiting on the Stairs, Mr. Westmoreland and Bess, Mr. Brinjes, and the boy Aaron Fletcher.

"Farewell, Master Jack," said Mr. Westmoreland, in his cracked and squeaky voice—"farewell. I shall never have on good a pupil again. Forget not the rules for the right placing of the decimal point, and do not neglect practice on the Tables of Logarithms."

"Good by," said Jack, shaking his hand. "I will remember. Good-by, Bess." He laid his arm round the girl's neck—she was one ten years of age, and as tall as Castilla, though a year younger—and kissed her on both cheeks. "Good-by, my girl—give me another." He kissed her again. Bess said nothing; but the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her father drew her away to some room for his letters.

Then Jack saw Aaron, and he laughed aloud.

"Ho! ho! Aaron Fletcher. There isn't time for a fight this morning, Aaron," he said; "give as your hand."

Aaron took the proffered hand, but doubtfully.

"I thought I'd come to see thee start, Master Jack," he said; "and I wanted to say—"

"Well?" asked Jack, for the lad hesitated.

"To say when you come back—if it's next year or next ten years—I'll fight you again, fas all your gold loop."

"So you shall, Aaron—so you shall," said Jack, with another laugh. "That's a bargain."

And so, with a kiss to Castilla, and a shake of the hand to me, and after receiving the blessing of the Admiral, who needed not to spoil his solemnity by a profane oath, he leaped into the boat, took the oars, and ordered the men to give way. But he looked back once, and waved his hand, crying out, "Good by, Bess." So his last thought was of the Pensman's girl.

"When he comes home, Aaron," said Bess, wiping away her tears, "Jack shall beat you into a jelly."

"I'll break every bone in his body for him," said Aaron. "Oh, I wish he would come back to-morrow! And you may be there to see, if you like."

"I shall tell him the first thing when he comes back. What? You have ask him to fight? You? I wonder, for my part, that a midshipman should dirty his fist upon your face."

The Admiral looked after the receding boat, his red face full of affection and emotion. Beside him stood my father in wig and cassock, as becomes a Doctor of Divinity. Mr. Brinjes, in his brown morning coat and scratch-wig, looked a strange companion to them. But the interest on the Stairs stood aside even more respectfully for him than for the Admiral. He might, indeed, knock them over the head with his gold-headed stick, but he could not, like Mr. Brinjes, scatter thematic pains and toothache among them.

And here a singular thing happened. There is no man more free from superstitious terrors, I think, than myself. Yet I cannot but remember that while Castilla cried, and I myself should have liked nothing better than to cry, but for the unmanliness of the thing, the old witch-woman—she was nothing less—this Mandingo prophetess, whose powers were as real as those believed to belong to Mr. Brinjes—began to shiver and to shake, and her teeth to chatter. To be sure, it was a morning in December, but mild for the time of year, and the sun shining. No doubt some cold breath struck her face, and made her shiver. But to Philadelphy everything unexpected was full of prophetic warning, could she read it aright.

"What does it mean?" she murmured. "What in the world can it mean? I don know what this shiver means; Mas'r Jack come home again, I think, and play mischief with some of us. There's trouble sure for somebody—trouble and crying. Dun you be afraid, Miss Castil; ole Philadelphy know plenty words to keep off the Devil."

She meant that she had plenty of incantations or charms by which to avert and ward off evil. I am sure there was never a witch-woman or Obeah man on the African coast as in Jamaica but more spells and secrets of magic and unholy craft than the old negress.

(to be continued.)

## WHEELMEN IN NEW YORK.

THERE are said to be three thousand riders of bicycles and tricycles in the city of New York, but the number of those who exercise their graceful steel steeds with anything like regular tie is very much less. The restrictions which are put about this health-giving form of recreation here in New York are probably not known or appreciated by the non-riding public. They are necessary restrictions, to be sure, and there is no complaints against them on the part of the wheelmen, but they strike the average citizen as peculiar. For example, by an ordinance of the Park Commissioners the West Drive of Central Park, extending from Fifty-ninth to One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth Street, is free to riders between the hours of twelve o'clock (midnight) and 9 A. M., and between those hours only. This privilege was not, as might be inferred, accorded by the Commissioners in a spirit of gentle mercy. It was granted in all seriousness, and joyously accepted by the riders, and silvery, noiseless apparitions may be seen moving like frightened ghosts along the leafy drive in the small hours of any pleasant July night. Were you to capture one of those flying apparitions, you would find that the midnight rider wears upon his breast a numbered silver badge ornamented with Mercury's wings, and containing the initials "D P P"—Department of Public Parks. This badge is a credential of the wearer's proficiency and ability to manage his steed without danger to other travellers, and without the badge the drive in the Park is closed against him. Of course all riding of bicycles and tricycles could not be confined to the above-mentioned unearthly hours, and so it has been decreed by the Park Commissioners that properly accredited wheelmen may use the Riverside Drive and that portion of the West Drive lying between Fifty-ninth and Seventy-second Street at all hours, but only by a strict observance of the following rules: "Riders must keep to the extreme right of the roadway;" "Bicyclers must not ride more than two abreast; tricyclers, single file;" "No coasting, racing, or speeding will be allowed;" "Whistles or bells, if used at all, must be used in moderation, and lighted lamps must be carried after sunset."

Riverside Drive is the favorite course of the wheelmen, and the picture which will be found on another page of this issue, though apparently idealistic, finds its original an any pleasant moonlight night. So extensive has night riding of bicycles and tricycles become that an establishment near the Park which is engaged in the business of renting and selling machines is kept open continuously throughout the twenty-four hours. A most interesting establishment this is, by-the-way. A hundred or more bicycles of all sizes stand in little iron frames along each side of the stable, if stable it may be called, like horses in their stalls, and in the centre of the big room are tricycles of all shapes and features. This is a boarding as well as a livery stable for bicycles, and being near the entrance to the Park, is extensively patronized, and happily solves the problem of where and how to keep a bicycle during the period of disuse. The bicycle rider who enters the stable equipped for his afternoon or evening ride approaches his steed as it stands in its iron stall, puts it affectionately upon its rubber neck, smooths its shapely hind-quarter with a caressing hand, and then, an attendant having led it out, mounts the metal beast, and is off and away as swiftly as though his legs bestride the best of horseflesh. The most approved form of bicycle now in use on the road is the tandem variety. The lady sits in front of and slightly below her male escort, upon whom devolves the goldness of the machine. It is a tricycle in fact, because, although it has four wheels, the forward wheel touches the ground only when some obstacle is met with in its path. Like the bicycle, the tricycle cannot be managed by inexperienced riders, and is more full of danger than is generally suspected.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IF any boy hereabouts were to attach to the string of his kite a flat iron, or a kitten, or any other object which he deemed suitable, with the idea that it would serve to keep the kite just in proper balance, and that the kite would soar up and soar indefinitely, it is probable that he would be disappointed. Still it is reported that a Virginian who recently undertook to fly a kite nine feet high and six feet wide was carried perpendicularly out of sight and horizontally a distance of seventy miles, the journey occupying seven hours, and landing him across seven rivers and two ranges of the Alleghany Mountains. The Virginian weighed 140 pounds, which was just the weight necessary to keep the kite steady. At the end of the seven hours it occurred to the Virginian, who was tired, that if he climbed up the cord which served for the string of the kite, the equilibrium would be destroyed, and the kite would cease from its career. He climbed accordingly, and the kite took to "bowing," and gracefully and gradually descended to the earth at a point where the Virginian was hospitably received and entertained.

A recent riot in Pesth, in which the students of the university participated, is described in the cable despatch as "very serious," but the fact is that the despatch reports hardly bear out the description. The mob surrounded General Janasky's house, crying, "Down with Janasky!" broke a number of windows with brickbats, and, as a climax, went to destroy the Hentzi monument. "They found it, however," says the despatch, "well guarded by police, and after casting rotten eggs at it, they went to the cemetery and tore to pieces the garlands on the officers' graves." Such a riot has curious and disagreeable features, but it is not what would ordinarily be described as serious.

It looks as though the Spanish government wished to put one navy in the position of being able to go only half as fast as their navy. They have contracted for two torpedo-boats capable of running twenty five miles an hour. We take pride, nevertheless, in noting the fact that our navy is still powerful to enforce a measure of respect from foreign peoples. The London *Saturday Review* says of our centre board yachts that they are "mere racing machines." It would never venture to make a remark of the sort of our navy.

More than a thousand persons in Madrid became possessed with the idea that the world would come to an end on June 15, and assembled upon the heights of Vistelles in anticipation of the catastrophe. Some remarkable signs were observed in the sky, but the world endured through the day, whereupon it was announced that the end would occur on June 24. That day also passed without the tremendous incident, and nobody in Madrid now pretends to know when it will come to pass. In the city also a prophet was recently brought to naught. He said that New-Yorkers would close their windows and feel the need of light fires on the Fourth of July. But New-Yorkers who may have spent the Fourth in Kent discover his forecast was likely true, but New-Yorkers hereabouts were all but parboiled on that fiery day.

The entire cost of educating a child in the Board Schools of England is about twenty-three dollars. Complaint is made of a certain set of Harvard students because the average daily expenditure of each of them is something like twice this sum. Not a single pupil in the English Board Schools either owns a dog cart or has his bric-à-brac insured for twelve thousand dollars.

One is often called upon to wonder at the trifling injury inflicted by what are described as "showers" or "hail-storms" of bullets in the West and South. A recent report from St. Louis says that 249 pistol balls were vomited into a Texas river that was running loose in that city, and that it was only upon the firing of the 250th shot that the animal succumbed.

A convention of Vienna hatters have applied the names of eminent musicians to the four styles of hats which are to prevail in that capital this coming fall. The president of the Hatters' Ball explained to a reporter that while time artists were "above parties," the general run of people who wore hats were not, and that therefore the fall hats were not named after statesmen. The coming Vienna hats will be lower and more rounded than hats of the present, and will have narrow bands.

If a tornado happens to snap off a peach-tree in which you have taken great interest, and which promised to blossom in due time, you will be pleased and astonished, as throwing the fallen part upon the fire with which you are "boiling the soap kettle," to behold, as the shattered trunk gradually becomes covered up, the buds swell and the broken tree presently bursts into full and particularly beautiful bloom. An Illinois paper says that this was precisely what happened to a broken peach-tree in that State, and it thinks that the same result could be effected with all trees blown down by tornadoes to cause they should be treated in the same way.

A Massachusetts farmer cured his horse of balkiness by simply tying him to a tree a hornet's the badness came on, covering him with a blanket, and leaving him. On the first occasion the horse stood through the afternoon and all night. In the morning he seemed lonely and hungry, uttered a sigh of relief as the farmer approved, and readily drew two loads of wood as a preliminary to the enjoyment of breakfast. Once he balked after that, but yielded as the farmer was going away. Balky horses in this city may be tied to the telegraph poles. There will be plenty of time to admire their obstinacy before the wires are put underground.

The value of a Yankee breeding is occasionally demonstrated. If Policeman Donahue of this city had been reared in New England, the bad doughnuts which he ate early one morning recently would have yielded him only enjoyment, and he would not have presented himself in great agony at the station-house and sent out a call for an ambulance, under the impression that he was going to die.

Statistics lately published in a Berlin newspaper show that there is some unpleasantly close packing of human beings in the German capital. There are 40,000 houses in Berlin, of which only a small number are inhabited by one or two families; 2500 houses contain from sixteen to twenty lodgings each, 20,000 from twenty to thirty each, and 10,000 over thirty lodgings each. Of these lodgings 75,000 are composed each of one room only, and contain 270,000 persons, or an average of nearly four persons in a room; 75,000 lodgings of two rooms each are occupied by 360,000 persons, and 30,000 lodgings of three rooms each contain 140,000. The worst of the houses are five and six stories high, and are so crowded together that light and fresh air can get to them only in moderate quantities.

THE JAR THAT DREADS TO BE OPENED IT MUST BE IN A STATE OF FERMENT.

WHEELING ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.—D

WN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 455.]

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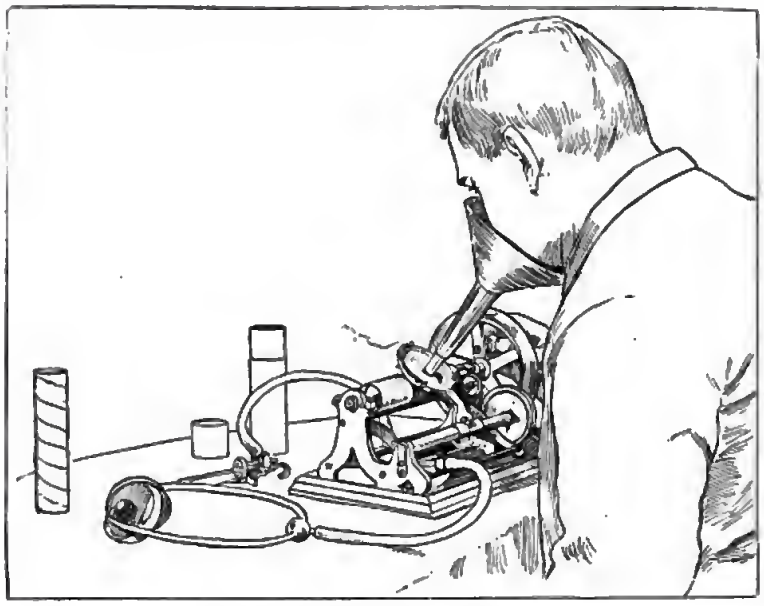


TALKING INTO THE GRAPHOPHONE.

## THE GRAPHOPHONE.

One of the most brilliant conceptions of Mr THOMAS A. EDISON was that a record could be made of sounds, from which the sounds could be reproduced. After considerable experiment, Mr EDISON invented the instrument known the world over as the Phonograph. This little machine consists of a cylinder about three inches in diameter, covered with a shallow spiral groove, upon which is placed tin foil. The cylinder is so arranged that it will travel horizontally back or forth by means of a screw, and is operated by a crank. The sounds are communicated to the tin foil by a steel point attached to a diaphragm that is agitated by the sounds coming through a tube, to which is attached a mouth-piece. The concussion of the sound waves striking upon the diaphragm forces the metal point forward, which is already in contact with the tin-foil, and makes indentations as the cylinder revolves with the movement of the crank.

In order to reproduce the sounds the diaphragm is replaced to its point of starting, and the steel point goes over the record, following the path of the indentations made on the tin-foil upon the rotation of the cylinder. The point agitates the diaphragm, which in turn agitates the air in the tube, and the repetition of the sound is thereby produced.

Several hundred of the machines above described were put upon the market, and quite a number were sold, but the Phonograph failed to make a success, for the reason that the machine was not only a clumsy piece of mechanism, frequently getting out of adjustment, but more especially because of the fact that the surface upon which the record was made was pliable, and likely to be obliterated by a mere accidental pressure upon it.

Believing in the possibility of making a successful machine to record and reproduce sounds, Professor ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, Dr CHICHESTER A. BELL, and Mr SUMNER TAINTER associated themselves together, under the name of the Volta Laboratory Association, and established a laboratory in the city of Washington, one of the principal objects of which was to experiment upon methods of recording and reproducing sound. After several years of experiment, the inventors of the Graphophone now desire that the world shall introduce to the world the results they have obtained.

The word "Graphophone" is a simple transposition of the word "Phonograph," and is intended to convey the same meaning.

Mr SUMNER TAINTER soon saw that tin foil presented a surface unfit for the purpose he was called upon to fulfil, because of its pliability and destructibility. Many and elaborate experiments were made to discover a substance upon which a perfect and durable sound record could be made. Mr TAINTER conceived the idea of using a surface upon which the sound record could be cut, instead of indenting a soft and pliable surface as is done in the Edison machine. It was finally decided upon to use a paper surface sound with a preparation composed of wax and paraffine.

The Graphophone is made in two forms, one to make the records upon a cylindrical surface, the other upon a disk or flat surface, the same principles, however, governing each machine. The machines are provided with two diaphragms, one used in making the record, and the other in reproducing the sound. The cylindrical machine stands about five or six inches high by eight wide, and weighs about ten pounds. There is no skill required in the manipulation of the machine, the rotation of the cylinder being accomplished by a crank or automatic motion. Mr TAINTER has exhibited a great amount of ingenuity and skill in devising the various parts of the machine, and putting them to the purposes for which they were designed. The instrument is a marvel of perfection in accuracy of the movements of all its parts.

Upon a diaphragm three inches in diameter a steel point is attached, which cuts a minute hair line in the surface of the waxed cylinder upon the agitation of the diaphragm by a sound. The indentation is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and yet these records can be gone over time and again, and are just as perfect after a hundred repetitions as they were at first.

The diagram gives an idea of the way the steel point cuts into the surface of the wax, and also portrays an actual sound wave. This figure is magnified three times, and there are one hundred and forty lines to the inch upon the cylinder.

Upon a cylinder six inches in length by an inch and a quarter in diameter one is enabled to record at least five minutes' conversation. The cylinder-holder is constructed with a ball joint at one end, and can be easily tipped so as to allow the hollow cylinder to be rapidly slipped on or off.

The disk machine possibly has some advantages over the cylindrical machine because of the fact that the record is made upon a flat surface, and appears in the form of a spiral line. For the purpose of copying records, and possibly for preservation, the flat surface is probably superior, but as each machine has advantages peculiar to itself, it is a difficult matter to judge which will prove the superior for all purposes.

The first illustration shows the Graphophone in actual operation, with the operator in the act of speaking into the machine. The second shows listeners with the ear pieces on in the act of listening to the reproduction. If the listener does not care to use ear-pieces, or should there be four or five who wish to hear the reproduction, a trumpet attachment is placed upon the machine, which throws the sound out into the air.

Either of these machines is in a condition *at the present time* to do the amanuensis work usually done by stenographers. For instance, say one may sit before the Graphophone and in ordinary tones speak his daily correspondence into the machine. His letters can then be written by a copyist, who can write from the dictation of the machine.

By a neat mechanical contrivance the operator is enabled to take as many words at a time as he can conveniently remember, and should he forget any part of the sentence, by a slight pressure of the finger on a rod running along the base of the machine the reproducer will repeat the sentence.

Should a correspondent also have a Graphophone, the writer of the letter could in a few moments dictate what would make a lengthy epistle, enclose it in a box about the size of the apothecary's "pill box," place a stamp thereon, and transmit through the mails. The correspondent can in turn place the cylinder received upon his Graphophone, and listen to the letter of his friend with his voice preserved, thereby avoiding the vexation and loss of time consequent upon an encounter with bad chirography.

One of the most novel and interesting features of this machine is its ability to record the sounds of a number of voices speaking at the same time; this is done on one instrument, by one diaphragm, one metallic point, and upon a single line. How it is done finds an explanation in the fact that the different tones of the voices vibrate with unlike speed and force, and thus make different impressions upon the diaphragm, and score the metallic point in a different way, so as to make a record of the various sounds. The diaphragm of this machine, like the drum of the ear, can receive and record distinctly the various sounds of a quartette of singers.

The Graphophone is now prepared to represent all sounds. It will tell you a funny story, and laugh with you in natural tones; it will repeat a tragedy that is blood-curdling in its nature; it will tell you a love story with all the order of a wooer; it will sing you an Irish song, or whistle a selection from the *Mikado*.

It is expected soon to be able to correctly reproduce the songs of great singers, and the recitations, dialogues, etc., of distinguished actors, and by a process already successful to copy the records of the songs or recitations and dispose of them as a trifle, thus enabling a person to enjoy at home such delightful singing as PATTI would render, or such elocution as we would listen to from EDWIN BOOTH.

### A VOICE IN WATER.

A discovery of vast importance in relation to the recording and reproduction of sounds has been made by Dr CHICHESTER A. BELL, one of the members of the Laboratory Association. He has discovered that a jet of water raises and perfectly reproduces every word or sound uttered. It has been known for some time that jets of water are sensitive to sound, but not that they were sufficiently sensitive to reproduce sounds.

A jet of water is made to fall from a small reservoir, and upon reaching an obstructing surface, if it is of a vibratory nature, will cause the surface to take up vibrations similar to those received by the diaphragm of a telephone upon being agitated by a sound. The vibration of the water begins at the orifice, travels down the jet, and is plainly visible to the naked eye at the lower end of the jet.

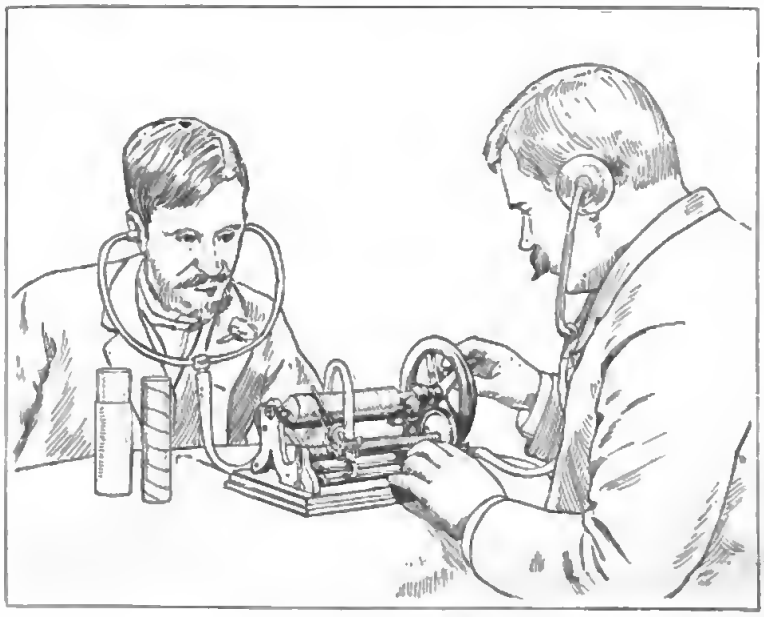
The recording of sounds by the water jet is accomplished in the following manner: a jet about one-tenth of an inch in diameter is allowed to fall directly upon the back of the cutting style; any sound made within a certain distance will cause sympathetic vibrations on the part of the water, and force the style into the wax surface and thus make a record.

The writer has listened to intelligible reproductions of songs, etc., made three feet away from the jet, and the inventors anticipate being able to make an apparatus (utilizing the principle above mentioned) which will record what the speaker may say from twenty to thirty feet away, and even greater distances.

The jet is sensitive to all sounds, consequently the Graphophone of the future will not only give a verbatim record of the proceedings of any kind, but will accompany it with all the noises and unimportant sounds which may have occurred during the time the record was taken.

It is believed by the inventors that they will be able to make an instrument which can be placed upon a table, and a party of ten or a dozen may sit around discussing whatever they desire, the Graphophone with the jet attachment to run noiselessly by automatic motion and record all that is said, also the noises of shutting doors and scraping of feet upon the floor, etc. Aside remarks not intended to be heard by everybody will be caught by the Graphophone, to the discomfiture of the person making them. All details will be given in the reproduction, and there will be no possibility of changing or doubting the correctness of the record.

With this short and perhaps inadequate description the results of several years of diligent study and experiment upon the subject



LISTENING TO THE REPRODUCTION.

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of the recording and reproduction of sounds are given to the world.

There can be no doubt of the far-reaching usefulness and practical value of these inventions and discoveries, and to Mr TAINTER, Dr. BELL, and Professor BELL the honor is due of having successfully solved a problem that will save the world's time, enhance its joys, and facilitate its business. FRANCIS Z. MACTIER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22, 1886.

## THE INDIAN MATCH-MAKER.

It is well known that amongst the Hindoos the feelings of the young man or the young girl are seldom consulted in matrimonial matters. The usual course is for the parents, who then judge that their son or daughter has arrived at a marriageable age, to engage the services of a professional match-maker.

The Ghatuch, or match-maker, is generally a Brahmin of high order—a man of apparent learning, complaisant manners, and invariably of great persuasive power. His disposition is as amiable as his occupation is pleasant. He strength lies in the use of the particular kind of tact and skill necessary for all intermediaries, and he is not much affected by scruples of conscience. Genealogy and pedigree are his specialty. He can repeat everybody's father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's names, and so on to the thirteenth generation; and he has at his fingers' ends all about their caste, *gotra*, or tribe, their family and position, and the hundred other details about which the Hindoos are very particular.

There comes of a morning our Brahmin Ghatuch to the house of his patron, whose son's marriage he is negotiating. He has a tall, thin face, with the *tilak*, or caste-mark, on his high forehead, large round eyes of a calm, meditative cast, though betraying in their corners an unusually sly expression, finely turned eyebrows, an aquiline nose, and a hazelness chin. He look inspires respect for his talents and confidence in his abilities. After the usual exchange of salutations, the master of the house asks the Ghatuch whether everything is all right, and how he finds the girl, upon which the latter answers in this style: "Yes, sir, everything is all right. The girl is beautiful as the full moon; even the moon has spots, but she is spotless and peerless. Her teeth are sparkling like the seeds of a pomegranate; her arched, bright black eyes bear those of Kâme [Hindoo Cupid], her voice is sweet like that of the cuckoo; her gait is dignified and graceful like that of an elephant; and as to her figure, I know of nothing to compare it with. She is intelligent like the goddess Saraswati [Hindoo Minerva], and silks like Lakshmi [the goddess of fortune], and will certainly bring fortune to any family."

The conversation goes on in this style until the hesitations of the parent are overcome. The match-maker, well satisfied with his performance, departs for the house of the lady. There he representsn the young man to be beautiful like Martie [the god of beauty]; his manners are those of a nobleman; he is free from all vices; he studies day and night. In short, he is a precious gem—an ornament of his country. To the questions, whether the young man has passed any university examination, whether he holds any scholarship, and what degree he has taken, the Ghatuch replies: "He has not passed any examination yet; but what does that matter? Bless his dear soul, he will pass all his examinations in three years; and then his parents are so rich, and have promised to give such a mass of priceless ornaments and jewelry!"

## PLAINS TELEGRAPHY.

One of the most remarkable scouting parties on record was sent out by General SCOTT, just before the battle of Cerro Gordo, on the road from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. Several young fellows were ordered to hunt for a new road up the hill not of range of the Mexican guns. Not not of these war above the rank of Captain, and yet the party consisted of General's ROBERT E. LEE, GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, P. G. T. BEAUREGARD, ISAAC J. STEVENS, E. B. TOWNS, G. W. SMITH, and J. G. FOSTER. Their going and returning was watched with deep interest by another young fellow, recently from West Point, named U. S. GRANT.

The commanding officer of a column picking its dreary way across the Southwestern deserts in pursuit of marauding Apaches has on such material from which to make up his detachments. Yes or a dozen men in charge of a veteran sergeant may personally represent half the great nations of Europe. With these may be a cowboy or a Mexican herder, but they will merely be accompanied by two or more Indian trailers, generally Chiricahua Apaches. The life-history of each man would proved in striking incidents any novel printed this year, but not one looks back to West Point or forward to the command of armies.

The entire Apache-hunting column is a scouting party. In order to sweep as wide a belt of country as may be, it must send out its feelers right and left, and these are often good reasons why a mere squad should keep within communicating and supporting distance of the main body. There is little danger of its being surprised, but the discovery of a fresh trail or of some other interesting "sign" may be news which should go to the commander by telegraph, and not by a pony messenger.

The telegraphic system in not is a very good one, developed and simplified through long years of practice. It is hardly or fell on that by means of which General SHERMAN sent word to General Cosse from hill to hill, "Hold the fort; I'm coming"; but it is a reduced branch of it, and answers the purposes in hand. Its home station is in the pair of brass eyes behind the field glass with which at frequent intervals the commander sweeps the horizon. At certain hours he expects a signal, news or no news, but his lookout is never long neglected.

To the eye of the ordinary observer, not a veteran plains campaigner nor a plains Indian, hardly anything could be more hopeless than an undertaking to trace or find man or beast across the treeless, trackless solitudes traversed by rare hard working cavalry. It is weary, tantalizing toil, and they earn their wages well, yet now and then the dull monotony of the long hunt is broken by occurrences of intense interest and dramatic effect.

If a rider will in the advance suddenly pulls in his horse, all other eyes are quickly upon him. His lifted hand or hands, pointing, swinging, utter plain words. He is part of the "signal." He has said, for instance, "Apaches in force, to the right, going southerly." The whole party is halted, and up goes the long, reed like lance, with its fluttering, party-colored pennon. The news has gone to the main body, but the next signal from the man ahead may call from the sergeant an exclamation. "After us, are they? Let him close up. Steady now. Boys, we must ride for it, or there won't a man of us get in."

## THE BAVARIAN HOUSE OF WITTELSBACH.

The founder of the reigning house of WITTELSBACH in Bavaria was the Count Palatine OTTO von WITTELSBACH, who, after the proscription of Henry the Lion, in 1180, became Duke of Bavaria, and died in 1183. The race, however, can be traced back two centuries earlier, to the Margrave LUITPOLD, who was a stalwart warrior, and fell in battle in 907 while repelling an incursion of the Huns. These is no royal house in Europe, with the exception of that of Savoy, that can show so old a pedigree. During the seven centuries which have elapsed since the accession of OTTO there has been a long and somewhat tangled line of dukes and electors, with the usual interstine feuds and bloody squabbles with which rival dynasties in their fierce struggle for existence are wont to harass the people.

Not until the beginning of the present century did the Bavarian sovereigns exchange the ducal coronet for the regal crown. MAX JOSEPH, whose statue by MARTIN SHARTE the square in front of the Royal Theatre in Munich, was the first King of Bavaria. This dignity was conferred upon him by the express command of NAPOLEON I at the Peace of Pressburg, December 26, 1805, and on January 1, 1806, he formally assumed the royal title at Munich in the presence of his illustrious protector and powerful ally, the Emperor of the French. Circumstances had forced him either to submit to the domination of Austria and be robbed of a portion of his territory, or to join the Confederation of the Rhine and have his domain immensely enlarged, and he wisely chose the latter alternative. MAX JOSEPH was a plain man of very simple habits, in whom political shrewdness and great force of character were happily combined with amazing good-humor. He associated as easy and familiar terms with all classes, and was even accustomed to drop in on his friends to lunch, frequently accompanied by his consort and a princess or two, and would sit down unceremoniously to a collation of cold veal with beer and cheese.

He dismissed the reactionary Minister, MONTGELAS, and on May 26, 1818, set aside the council of the three estates (prelates, knights, and municipalities), the so-called Landschaft, which had existed since the fourteenth century, and established a popular representative government by giving his people a liberal constitution. The grateful citizens of Munich still decorate his monument with flowers and laurel wreaths on the anniversary of this event. He died of apoplexy at Nymphenburg, October 13, 1825, and was succeeded by his eldest son, LUDWIG I. It is customary to preserve the hearts of the Bavarian kings in silver urns as Alt-Oetting, a place of pious pilgrimage situated on the Inn, where they are kept in a little chapel, which contains a very old and very black and very sacred image of the Virgin Mary. The urn which holds the heart of MAX JOSEPH bears the inscription, "*Iste locus Hic*."

LUDWIG I. was born in Strasburg, August 25, 1786. His godfather, Louis XVI., was represented at the baptism by the Marquis de la Salle, who, in the name of the French monarch, presented to the child a bouquet of brilliants worth 60,000 livres and the commission of a colonel in the French army, with the full pay of 12,000 livres a year from the day of his birth.

The Prince showed an early predilection for artistic and literary pursuits, and finished his studies at the universities of Landshut and Göttingen. He also served with distinction under NAPOLEON as commander of a Bavarian corps in the campaigns of 1807 and 1809 against Austria. His troops opened the battle of Abensberg by storming the enemy's intrenchments at Ofenstetten. This bold and brilliant feat called forth the admiration of the Emperor, who embraced the Prince on the field, and exclaimed, "You deserve to lead a hundred thousand men!" As a special compliment he ordered that the countersign for the whole army on the next day should be *Bavière et Brancard!* At a later period, as the rigorous treatment of the "rebellious" Tyrolese by Marshal LEFEBVRE provoked a protest from Prince LUDWIG, NAPOLEON began to suspect him of being too strongly "German" in his sympathies, declared that he should never come to the throne, and even hinted that he ought to be shot.

The frugality practiced by Prince LUDWIG in his private life enabled him to give rein to his ruling passion, and devote considerable sums to the purchase of works of art. In 1816 he laid the foundations of the Glyptothek, in order that he might have a suitable building for the exhibition and preservation of his valuable collection of antique sculpture. What he did as King to build up and beautify his capital and the other cities of Bavaria, and to make Munich the metropolis of art which it has ever since remained, is a matter of contemporary history and of common fame. His munificence in this direction did not cease with his abdication on March 20, 1848, but continued till the day of his death, which event occurred at Nice, February 29, 1868.

Since LUDWIG's time it has become quite the mode for sovereigns to publish books, or at least things which, when bound and backed, do stand on their own edges, and have the semblance of books; but when he first devoted himself to literature the highest circles deemed such an occupation vulgar, and thought there could be no worse misalliance for a crowned head than to be wedded to the Muses. In his case the marriage was, after all, only morganatic; but the fruit of the union was four volumes of verse, rather rude in form, perhaps, and written with a certain haughty contempt of metrical laws, otherwise quite up to the average of German lyric poetry.

Politically the reign of LUDWIG I was far from praiseworthy. For twenty three years the clergy exercised a supreme influence in the affairs of state by ministering to the King's love of arbitrary power; the press was gagged, the constitution repeatedly violated and practically suppressed, and the most eminent men of the liberal party were driven into exile or thrown into prison. In 1847 the Spanish ballet-dancer LOLA MONTEZ succeeded in overthrowing the ultramontane Ministry, but she did this in order to further her own ambitious aims, and not in the interests of popular freedom and representative government. LUDWIG I. hated Prussia, and never became reconciled to the supremacy of the house of HOHENZOLLERN, although he did not live to see the establishment of the empire.

His eldest son and successor, MAXIMILIAN II. shared to some extent this antipathy. He was not a strong man either physically or mentally, suffered from spinal disease, and died suddenly, March 10, 1864, of erysipelas. The story of his having been poisoned is utterly absurd. He loved the secrets of literary and scientific men, and was exceedingly affable and informal in his intercourse with them. He did much for the promotion of historical studies, and raised the character of the university by appointing such scholars as LIEBIG, BISCHOFF, BUCHNER, GIESEBRECHT, RICHL, SYBELL, and STAHL to professorships, irrespective of their political opinions or religious belief.

MAXIMILIAN married, October 16, 1842, MARIE HEDWIG (born October 25, 1825), daughter of the now deceased Prince WILLIAM of Prussia, a younger brother of the present Emperor of Germany. The issue of this union was two sons—LUDWIG II., whose tragic death has recently excited such general interest, and OTTO I., as he is now called, who has been confined for several years at a lunatic asylum in Fürstenried, a royal hunting seat about an hour's drive from Munich. The unhappy queen-mother, a kind-hearted woman of quite ordinary mental capacity, still survives, and since her conversion to Catholicism spends most of her time at Ellingenalp, in the Alpine Mountains.

King LUDWIG II was born August 25, 1845, and was therefore not yet nineteen years of age when he ascended the throne. He was a youth of ideal aims and aspirations, and passionately fond of music, and by his generous patronage of RICHARD WAGNER has linked his name to a great epoch in the development of this most spiritual and universal of the fine arts. WAGNER was an original genius of unquestionable genuineness, but not a pure and noble character. His influence over the inexperienced and enthusiastic monarch was decidedly an unhealthy, and tended to foster in him that exorbitant sense of his own royal majesty and absolute power which was the morbid nucleus of his insanity. This was especially the case after the project of building a WAGNER theatre on the Isar had failed, owing to the violent opposition it encountered. The Munichers were proud of having the largest and best opera house in Germany, and thought, naturally enough, that another one would be a work of supererogation and sinful extravagance. There now are throngs of strangers flocking to Bayreuth, and lament their former short-sightedness.

It would be unjust, however, to make WAGNER responsible for the fate of the King, who, on the autopsy has clearly shown, was tainted with madness from his birth. Perhaps the incipient disease might have been cured if he had been placed under medical treatment as a common citizen, and at an early period; but in grew rank in the atmosphere of servile adulation which constantly surrounded him. Gradually all intercourse with his fellow-men became painful to him; at last he declined to receive even his Ministers, and secretated only with grooms and lackeys. He lost all ability to moderate his wildest fancies and most extravagant desires. The castles he built in his heated brain he wished at once realized at once in wood and stone. In 1881 his mania had already not only exhausted his financial resources, but had also burdened the civil list with a debt of nearly eight million marks, which was paid off by a loan. At the time of his death he owed never thirteen millions. As a ruler LUDWIG II was far more liberal and enlightened than either his father or his grand father, and in his firm resistance to ultramontane and reactionary influences on the eve of the Franco-German war showed ardent patriotism, sustained by unusual strength of character. The insight and energy which he displayed at that critical period in upholding the Moenster Heerwesen against the machinations of all his kith and kin (except the distinguished physician Duke KARL THEODORE) ought never to be forgotten by the German people. The venerable Dr. DOLLINGER will also remember with gratitude the particular kindness of the King when he was under the ban of the Roman See.

The present King of Bavaria, OTTO I., is perhaps the sole example in history of the elevation of a confirmed and incurable lunatic to the throne. But, according to the Bavarian constitution, incapacity of this kind does not exclude the legitimate heir from the succession. OTTO was born April 27, 1848, and, unlike his elder brother, had a fondness for military life. He commanded a regiment of light-horse in the wars of 1866 and 1870-71, and received the Iron Cross as a reward of valor. Soon after the conclusion of peace with France he began to manifest symptoms of mental derangement, so that it was necessary to place him under the care of physicians, first at Nymphenburg, then at Schleissheim, and finally at Fürstenried, where he is now confined. He evinces no intelligent interest in the sad events which have taken place, but takes a childish pleasure in the title of Majesty. His nominal reign begins, of course, with the date of his brother's death, June 13, 1886. The photograph reproduced on another page was taken some years ago. No recent portrait of him exists.

The real ruler of Bavaria is the Prince-Regent LUITPOLD, the third son of LUDWIG I., and born on March 12, 1821. The second son, OTTO, or as well known, was chosen King of Greece in 1832, dethroned in 1862, and died in Bamberg in 1867. LUITPOLD is a soldier by profession, and ultramontane in politics. In 1870 he was strongly anti-Prussian in his feelings, but after the fresh log out of hostilities he took active part in the war, and distinguished himself in the decisive battles of Gravelotte and Sedan. He is a warm personal friend of the Emperor, and the irrefragable logic of events has converted him into a sincere supporter of the empire. He is quite a connoisseur, and is fond of paying unceremonious visits to the Munich studios, and of inviting artists to his table. He was married April 19, 1844, to the Princess ADELGUNDA of Tuscany (now deceased), by whom he had three sons, LUDWIG, LEOPOLD, and ARNULF, and one daughter, THERESE, a maiden lady of thirty-six years, and of some literary pretensions. LUDWIG, the heir to the throne (born January 7, 1845), is a man eminently endowed with common-sense, a good jurist, and thoroughly scientific agriculturist. His wife is an Archduchess of Austria Este, by whom he has nine children, so that there is no immediate danger of the Wittelsbach dynasty becoming extinct.

Castle Berg, the scene of LUDWIG the Second's suicide, was built in 1640, and enlarged and beautified by MAXIMILIAN II. It is finely situated on Lake Starnberg, and has a spacious and picturesque park. It is a place, however, of no historical interest, and not at all remarkable architecturally. It was a favorite residence of the late King when obliged to be near the seat of government.

CASTLE BERG.

## AFTER MOTHER COUNTRY'S SCALP.

"To whom do the spoils belong if they do not belong to the victors?"—*Senator Vance at Tammany Hall, July 5.*

### ASSAULTING AN ICEBERG.

THE illustration in this issue of the crew of an American fishing vessel engaged in laying in a cargo of ice is not a mere fanciful picture, but was made from sketches taken off Ontecoore, Newfoundland, on the 25th of June. As a general thing, at this season of the year, the fishermen on the Banks are able to secure an abundance of ice for the preservation of their fish from floating cakes, but it occasionally happens, as in the instance illustrated, that an iceberg has to be taken by assault, and made to yield a portion of its picturesque exterior to the needs of the fishermen.

The task of successfully boarding an iceberg with picks and bars is no easy one. It is almost as exciting as the pursuit of a whale, and is often full of danger to the unwary. It is the testimony of those who have had large experience in this business that you cannot judge an iceberg as simple men frequently attempt to judge a horse—by mere outward appearances. The berg you are approaching may tower up majestically, with a gleaming rounded summit like the dome on the Capitol at Washington, or it may rear splendid picturesque spires like those of a cathedral, or be turreted like the castle at Windsor. Its vast proportions and architectural beauty may give to it in your eyes an appearance of enormous stability, while in truth its foundations are rickety and unstable.

There is no way of telling what unexpected convolutions an apparently solate iceberg may indulge in at any moment. Its submerged base may be a gigantic mass balancing the exposed portion of the berg as firmly upright as a house built upon a rock, or it may be the most veritable fraud and makeshift of a foundation. Icebergs rising hundreds of feet in the air, with brilliant scintillating turrets and spires, have been known to topple over without a moment's warning. Unlike the forest trees and other lofty works of nature on the land, decay in the iceberg begins, not at the top, but at the root, the warmer temperature of the water melting it at its base. Moreover, the iceberg seldom presents an easily accessible side to those who would board it, the task of boarding a berg being very much in the nature of scaling a perpendicular wall of glass, with constant and immediate danger of a slide into the sea. The occupation in which these hardy fishermen are engaged is thus one of much greater peril than any one would at first imagine. The right of American fishermen to help themselves to a slice of such random icebergs as they may chance to meet in their journeying, even though the encounter occurs in Canadian waters, has not yet been made the subject of an international dispute.

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KING LUDWIG I.

KING OTTO

KING LUDWIG II. LYING IN STATE.

THE PRINCE REGENT LUITPOLD.

THE QUEEN-MOTHER.

THE BAVARIAN HOUSE OF WITTELSBACH.—[See Page 459.]

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## OUR TEACHERS' EDUCATIONAL VICTORIES.

Once more the great army of teachers are to take their summer vacation and their annual rest. Two hundred thousand active laborers, from Maine to Texas, come for a few weeks or months their useful toil. Happily the common-school system now embraces the whole country and every citizen. Texas vies with Maine in the excellence of at least some of its schools; San Antonio has its accomplished teachers as well as Portland. Every section of the Union feels the necessity of knowledge; every section is prepared to admit that it is only on the threshold of the wide intelligence that awaits it in the future. We look forward to the time when education shall molten every character, and blend men together in the equality of a common refinement.

But as yet we are only in the dawn of the art of teaching. The most recent improvement is to make it practical, to inspire children with the love of work, and give to every young man some useful trade. This was the Jewish, the Arabic, the Persian idea; even their princes learned some useful handicraft, and practised it when dreary from their thrones. In our republic this universal education in the arts is become more than ever necessary. Our vast fields are still only imperfectly cultivated. We have wasted our agricultural resources by ignorance of the common laws of science. Virgil and Hesiod were better farmers than many of our modern cultivators, the destroyers of the soil. Our forests—the crown of our rural wealth and beauty—we have suffered to be torn away from us. In Germany the Black Forest is finer and more productive than in the days of Gustavus Adolphus. In New York even the Adirondacks are scarcely safe from the spoiler's hand.

The reports of the Bureau of Education point out the condition of knowledge in all parts of the world. The survey is singularly interesting. The dark places of the earth are already touched by the light of a new knowledge. In our own country, even Arkansas has shown a real interest in its common schools, and Florida has its active educators. In Central America, Guatemala and Costa Rica extend a free primary instruction to all. Brazil and the Argentine Republic are rivals in their zeal for knowledge. The republic made education compulsory in 1884; Brazil in twelve years has doubled the number of its free schools. The German states are still the best-educated portion of Europe; but France is rapidly advancing, and even Russia has already some of the best of the European technical schools. Russian students can now build their own railways and bridges. The worst-educated parts of Europe are in Spain, Ireland, and Austrian Poland—perhaps, too, in Russia. In some sections of Ireland—the sections where agrarian crime is active—nearly one-half the people are wholly uneducated. In some parts of Polish Austria almost the entire population is reported illiterate, savage, and wild. Bohemia is a little better trained; but at Schittenhofen thirty-nine persons in every hundred are no better off than their Polish neighbors.

British India has its excellent free schools; even Egypt and Cape Colony show their zeal for knowledge and public instruction. Africa, once the cradle of the arts, is again asking for their restoration. Siberia petitions for free schools; Australia is becoming an enlightened commonwealth. But of all the recent triumphs of the teacher, the most complete is that of Japan. The circular of the Bureau on "Education in Japan," 1885, is as interesting and marvellous as a fairy tale. The Japanese fabric of knowledge has sprung up almost in a moment. The native historians relate that their country was once highly educated under its early emperors, at least the schools had sunk to utter decay. In 1872 the first educational law was passed; and Japan now has a system of common schools as complete as that of New York. It has its Kindergarten and its normal schools, its elementary and secondary education, its technical schools, its scientific and law schools, and a university. French, German, English, and Chinese are learned by its accomplished students. Even China itself must fall at last into the hands of the common school teacher.

Such in 1886 are the victories of education. It is plainly moving over the earth. It softens savage races, and teaches a common humanity. It has produced the purest discoveries in science and the simplest improvements in life and manners. To what an endless progress in the future is distinctly points we may easily infer.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.


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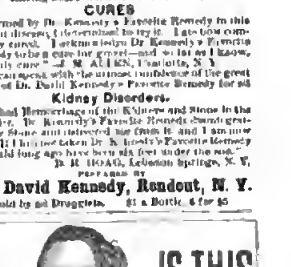


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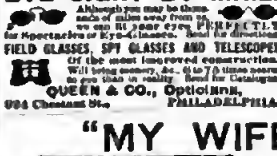


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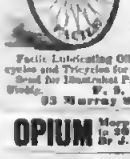


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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886

## PARTY CANT.

MR GEORGE FREDERICK WILLIAMS, the orator of the Fourth of July in Boston, has been severely censured for taking the occasion to point out the perils of party spirit. He is accused of wailing over this country as if it were far gone in political decay, and reminded that other men take a more cheerful view. Our impression is, however, that Mr. WILLIAMS is not only not a pessimist, but a man who believes with a most cheerful faith that the moral vigor of this country is quite equal to saving itself by withstanding both the cant and the sophistry of party spirit, and that he is in himself a very good illustration of the political independence and courage without which party spirit would go far to justify the most dismal foreboding. The truth is that Mr. WILLIAMS is assailed not because he deprecates the stupidity of party spirit, but because he was a Mugwump in '84—a sin in which he counts a great multitude of unrepentant fellow-sinners. As for his exposure of the tendency and consequences of party spirit, he merely cites and elaborates the counsels of WASHINGTON, whose warnings are as solemn and earnest as warnings can be, and he quotes Senator HOAR's vivid description, in his speech at the BELKNAP impeachment, of the startling facts which he had observed in public life.

The general answer to such warnings as those of WASHINGTON, and to the refusal of citizens always to vote with their party, or to their resolution to vote against their party upon proper occasion, is that government is practically possible only by means of party, and that a man must sacrifice his individual wishes and preferences to those of the majority of his associates, and in any case support his party, as upon the whole the best agency to secure the public ends that he approves. With one condition, this view is accepted by every Mugwump known to us. That organization is necessary to secure public objects is undeniable, and undoubted by any sensible man. That in every such organization the majority must prevail is equally undeniable. That every friend of the object sought will yield personal preference of candidates and methods to the choice of the majority, unless in his judgment such yielding involves injury to the object sought greater than would result from the temporary defeat of the organization, is equally undeniable. But to insist that because a man adheres to a party he must always do what the party requires, and do nothing to defeat its desire, is to argue that upon a point of the most solemn duty he ought to prefer the will of others to the command of his own conscience. That is, of course, a preposterous proposition to a man of sense. But when he knows by what means party majorities in Conventions are secured, to tell him that it is his sacred duty to disobey his conscience in order to conform to the majority is delightfully ridiculous. The action of the New York Republican Convention in 1882 was believed to have been affected by a forged telegram, and its action was repudiated by an enormous number of Republicans, many of whom emphasized their protest by voting for the Democratic candidate. They did well, and it was absurd to tell them that they were rebelling against the majority. Their reply was that it was not an honest majority. But it is not necessary to have a forged telegram to produce a dishonest majority, and therefore a majority whose action is not binding even upon those who acknowledge that the voice of the majority should be respected.

It is not enough for an honest party man that the party majority has prescribed his course. He requires the act of an honest majority. Other honest party men go farther, and demand that the action of the honest majority shall not require them to violate their sense of public duty. If it does, they will either simply refuse to obey, or they will make their refusal effective by actively opposing the requirement. That is what the Mugwumps did. They were denounced as canting Pharisees. But if the cant of Pharisaism be exasperating, the cant of Party is contemptible. The Mugwumps did not assert that party was useless, or that government could be carried on without party, or that the true position was to balance between parties and vote now with one, now with another. They said that they wouldn't vote for an unfit candidate because he was regularly nominated, nor agree that the election of an unfit candidate was essential to the prosperity of the country, and to secure his defeat they would support an honest candidate pledged to honest government. They did not, therefore, as Professor WOODBURN, of the Indiana University, recently said, "bolt their party to bring about a sort of centralism in the administration of the government," but to prevent the election of a candidate whose fitness they denied, and whose fitness could not be established by the mere fact of a party nomination. If Professor WOODBURN has made himself familiar with Mugwumps, he cannot doubt that under similar circumstances they "would do it again." And if, as Senator JOHN J. INGALLS, of Kansas, affirms, the American citizens who take that course are political eunuchs, the effective continuity of existing parties is in great danger.

## CARLYLE AND FROUDE.

IN the last number of the *New Princeton Review*, Professor CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, of Cambridge, a personal friend of CARLYLE, and the editor of his correspondence with EMERSON, GOETHE, and other friends, points out the essential violation of trust by Mr FROUDE in editing the manuscripts of CARLYLE which he has published. In all literary history there has not been a more sudden and complete reaction of feeling than that produced by the posthumous publication of CARLYLE's papers by Mr. FROUDE. Yet Mr. NORTON shows conclusively, from his personal knowledge of CARLYLE and by his admirable analysis of his temperament and genius, that this is largely due to the editing, or rather want of editing, by the very friend whom CARLYLE himself selected as his editor. With great skill, fidelity, and insight Mr. NORTON portrays CARLYLE, admitting the reader to a delightful glimpse of him as he was, with his melancholy moods, his "sad sincerity," his marvellous humor, and extraordinary gift of humorous expression, of which he was himself a victim in a certain sense, swept away upon the sparkling flow of his own picturesque exaggeration, in which, however, his intense earnestness was always evident.

His literary style, strange and fascinating as it is, is essentially colloquial. He wrote as he talked, and he talked out of the fulness of his mind and heart, with infinite suggestions and shades and hints of meaning, with a nature which was unjust unless interpreted by the twinkling fun and tenderness of speech with which it was delivered, and a severity which seemed cynical unless sweetened by the pathos of uncompromising sincerity. Nothing in all the posthumous CARLYLE publications stung more generally and more painfully than the allusions to CHARLES LAMB. But the key which Mr. NORTON furnishes shows that they were not cruel and flippant sneers, but the impatience natural to a terribly earnest man with occasional weakness and lightness in others. At least, if we wish that CARLYLE had been more sympathetic with that charming nature and rare genius, and more mindful of the essential heroism of that devoted life, his feeling does not seem to be merely dyspeptic and petty, as upon the unedited page of FROUDE. It is the fatal fault of FROUDE's conduct, and the tragical mischance of CARLYLE, that in a very considerable degree FROUDE has been the interpreter to the world of his character and private life. If CARLYLE's record of his most sacredly intimate and personal feelings and relations was to be published, it could be done justly to him only by the most conscientious supervision. Of this he was himself conscious, and in a note pasted at the end of the little manuscript volume containing the memorials of his wife he states that the record is of a nature not to bear publication except with the utmost judgment, and even then is hardly possible, and he thinks, evidently, that the whole should be destroyed. But his will left everything to the discretion of Mr FROUDE, counting, of course, upon his sensitive care that nothing should be made public that for any reason affecting CARLYLE or others ought not to see the light, and that everything should be so represented and explained—as, for instance, Mr. NORTON has explained—that so far as possible the true spirit of the record and of all allusions in it should appear.

This was the essential spirit of CARLYLE's confidential trust to the friendship of FROUDE, and how singularly and completely the trust has been disregarded Mr. NORTON points out. So entire has been Mr. FROUDE's indifference that throughout the publications there are constant and absurd errors even in transcribing words and phrases from the manuscripts, as if literal accuracy in matters so unimportant were of no moment. With this technical carelessness it is not surprising that the higher and more important duty of an editor of such papers has been totally neglected. Throughout the work there is none of the constant presence of the sympathetic and interpreting editorial mind which instinctively perceives where the illuminating word should be spoken, and which speaks it unmistakably. Indeed, the peculiar violation of the spirit of the trust, whether it arises from the editor's incapacity or indifference—for no evil motive can be supposed—has a tragical result. The domestic life and the personal relations of CARLYLE were singularly unknown to the public during his long life, and at the end, amid the universal sorrow at the departure of the most striking and powerful literary genius in England, a revelation of that life by his own hand is made to the world which amazes and alienates the public mind, yet a revelation which is essentially unjust, because unexplained by the friend sacredly charged to explain it. It will be long before the consequences of Mr FROUDE's failure to comprehend his trust can be properly corrected. But Mr. NORTON has begun the correction most effectively.

## A SERIOUS ERROR.

WE do not understand that the President agrees with the late HOWARD SEYMOUR that the Civil Service Commission and its local boards of examiners should be reconstructed with every party change of administration to conform to the views of the dominant party. That principle would introduce into the management of the reformed system itself the very abuse which it is the object of reform to correct. There is no function in the public service which should be so free from interference of party considerations as that of the Civil Service Commission and its local boards. Change in them should be made only for reasons of efficiency and character, and for proved delinquency. We observe, therefore, with regret that the Commission in its late report upon the VEAZEY case, which, so far as that case is concerned, is an admirable report, says that hereafter no local board of examiners shall be drawn entirely from members of the administration party. Such a regulation is wholly foreign to the purpose and spirit of reform. The board, so long as it is not wholly independent of the service, as it ought to be, should be composed of members drawn from various branches of the service, and selected solely for their intelligence, interest, and experience, without the slightest reference to party. Not only should not their party views be considered in the selection, but they should be as scrupulously excluded as the Commission rightfully insists that Mr. VEAZEY should have excluded them from his consideration, or even knowledge, in making appointments in the Baltimore Post-office.

If party considerations are to govern the selection of an examining board, they will certainly not end with the selection. Once introduced, they will remain to trouble every step of the proceedings. The first object of the board should be, as the VEAZEY report says, to discourage all knowledge of the political views of applicants. But it is an unpromising way to begin by carefully seeking that knowledge in the case of the examiners. The rule of the Commission presupposes that the examiners will be affected in their decisions by political sympathy. How is this to be avoided by taking care that the majority shall be of a particular party? How is it possible to avoid it except by rejecting the political consideration altogether? Moreover, this party qualification once deliberately introduced into the board will fatally affect the general opinion of its action, which will be naturally believed to be intentionally partisan. The concluding passages of the VEAZEY report imply pretty plainly that the organization of the examining boards has been so wholly partisan as to have affected the discharge of their duties, and it says that hereafter it is the purpose of the Commission that the action of the boards shall be non-partisan. This insinuation we believe to be absolutely unfounded, and we submit to the Commission that the selection under its rule of two well-known active politicians who do not even profess faith in the reformed system as chairman and secretary of the New York board, in place of two of the most thoroughly competent friends of reform who are in no sense whatever politicians, is not a guarantee of non-partisan action.

The cause of reform has now advanced so far, and it is so strongly intrenched in a wise public opinion, that professions and promises have ceased to be of importance. It is performance alone which is now serviceable. The summary dismissal of every officer who, like VEAZEY, foolishly prides himself upon technically outwitting the law, or of any other officer who, professing to obey its letter and spirit, violates both, would be not only an assurance of sincere and courageous purpose which is unmistakable, but of practical reform. The decisive condemnation by the Commission of VEAZEY's petty evasions is admirable, and its exposition of the duty of appointing officers to observe the spirit as well as the letter of the reform act is conclusive. That, indeed, is the test of fidelity. The reform law is to be served in the spirit or not at all. It is that alone which gives life, here as elsewhere. The reason of the law applies to the whole service, to every nomination of the President and every appointment of the heads of departments, as

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well as to the fifteen thousand minor places to which it literally attaches. It is perfectly possible to conform strictly to the letter of the law and yet to baffle and discredit reform.

## AFTER THE ENGLISH ELECTION.

THE appeal of Mr. GLADSTONE to England in favor of home rule has failed totally. His defeat is signal. Yet some of the results of the agitation are of the utmost significance. It has made Irish home rule the great issue of English politics, and has transformed the Liberal party into a home rule party. It has also forced the Tory party, which is an organization without principles or purpose except what BEACONSFIELD called British interests, to hang out reform colors. By thus facilitating the solution of the oldest and most perplexing of public questions, it has been of the greatest value to the country. Another striking result of the agitation, as shown by the figures of the election, is the uncertainty of a large part of the Liberal party. In a poll of something less than three millions of votes the anti-GLADSTONE majority may be about one hundred thousand, while the Tories in the House will not have a working majority. This result shows that if the full Liberal vote had come out, Mr. GLADSTONE probably would have been sustained.

Another result of the agitation, and one also of the highest value, was the distinct and honorable declaration of Mr. PARNELL that home rule does not mean separation. The two effective anti-GLADSTONE weapons were the assertion that the land bill proposed to tax Englishmen enormously to pay Irish landlords for land from which no returns could be assured, and that an Irish Legislature means Irish independence and Irish alliance with a foreign and perhaps hostile power. Thus the land bill, which was meant to propitiate capital, was used to alienate labor, and Irish home rule figured as British decadence. This last cry, which was a stirring and searching appeal to British pride, was fairly silenced by Mr. PARNELL'S solemn avowal that his party did not ask nor desire separation, and his manly declaration that if Ireland should attempt separation, England could overwhelm the island and crush the endeavor. It was no answer to this to say that PARNELL lied, or that even if he could be supposed to tell the truth the ignorant Irish purpose of separation would sweep him away. It was a strong anti-GLADSTONE contention, also, that home rule was not a unanimous demand of Ireland, and that a third of the Irish people would oppose it to the death. So LECKY says of the Revolutionary movement for independence in this country, that it was not a movement of the whole people. But the event showed that practically the Revolution was the act of the people, despite colonial Tory hostility.

The most touching episodes of the angry agitation were the breach between GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, and the respectful tone toward the Liberal leader of Lord HARTINGTON, who led the Liberal opposition. He was never betrayed into any word of reproach or vituperation that he could ever regret, and the evident sincerity of his sorrow in differing from a man whom he plainly loved and revered gave great weight and dignity to all his speeches. There is incessant and profuse speculation upon Mr. GLADSTONE'S future course. But whatever betides, it may be assumed that he will remain the leader of the imperial home rule party, and however the object may be attained, he will pass into history as the English Liberator of Ireland.

## INVITING A VETO.

THE River and Harbor Bill has come to be regarded as a reckless bill. The veto of the bill of 1882 by President ARTHUR was one of the most popular acts of his administration, and it was observed that many Representatives who voted to pass the bill over the veto were defeated in the Congressional elections that followed. The Democratic House has "piled up" an enormous bill of the same kind, against the warning of the New York *Sun*, late BUTLER, now anti-CLEVELAND Democratic, organ, and the Republican Senate has largely increased it, against the admonitions of the New York *Tribune*, late Mugwump and Judas Iscariot, now Republican, organ.

The Senate has approved the purchase of the Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Ship Canal in Wisconsin, which the *Tribune* correspondent denounces as "one of the worst jobs ever attached to a River and Harbor Bill," and which Senator EDMUNDS exposed in the Senate, and Senator INGALLS called "an impudent and shameless speculation." The Senate is Republican, and only four votes were recorded against the job and speculation. It has also approved a similar job in the case of two other companies, and it has also approved the Hennepin Canal enterprise. The Democratic House is to be held responsible for the jobs which it originates and approves, and so is the Republican Senate. But it is not by such certain that either party commends itself to the country.

The River and Harbor Bill of '82 was a very serious blow to the Republican party, and the salary grab of a dozen years ago was exceedingly fatal. But a little salary grab for the employés has just passed the House, for which the Republican vote is more responsible than the Democratic. The Democratic vote was 45 ayes and 74 noes, the Republican 71 ayes and 30 noes. The Democratic majority is undoubtedly responsible for the action of the House. But when the record comes to be investigated upon the stump and in the press during the autumn elections, it is by no means certain that the Republican majority of 41 votes for this little grab will be forgiven in view of the Democratic responsibility. It is extraordinary that a party which wishes to return to power, and can return only by recovering the confidence of those whom it has alienated, should be guilty of this River and Harbor vote in the Senate, of the wretched little grab vote in the House, of the liquor vote in the New York Legislature, and of the Dorsey vote to repeal the civil service reform law in the Massachusetts Legislature.

## PHARISAIC FIGURES.

THE friends of a free vote and a fair count, as well as Republicans who wish the Republican vote to represent Republican feeling, and not fraud and corruption, will be interested in the following communication. The compiler is evidently a canting Pharisee:

"*Editor of 'Harper's Weekly'*:

"Your editorial on the statement of Mr GEORGE BLISS that a large sum of money was contributed by Mr JAY GOULD in 1884, and that it did not produce the effect expected, is very interesting. That the BLAINE managers were very confident was apparent to every observer, and that there was an alliance between them and a certain portion of the Democratic party in this city is very conclusively shown by the vote for Presidential electors, as compared with the vote for other candidates at the same election. Appended is a table of the vote for various city officers, from which I have omitted the vote for Mayor, as the figures of that vote are so different from all the others that they do not properly belong to a fair estimate of the average Republican and Democratic vote. These figures are taken from the *Tribune Almanac*:

| | Republican. | Tammany. | County Democracy. | Combined Democracy. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Judges of Common Pleas | 70,908<br>70,731 | 78,949<br>77,179 | 74,348<br>71,151 | 153,797<br>151,430 |
| | 69,995 | 70,966 | 73,377 | 144,343 |
| Comptroller | 68,149 | 76,091 | 86,666 | 161,757 |
| President of Board of Aldermen | 68,446 | 74,731 | 85,284 | 160,015 |
| District Attorney | 68,425 | 71,443 | 87,464 | 158,907 |
| Coroner | 61,263 | 85,005 | 70,084 | 155,089 |
| Total | 7,446,719 | 556,419 | 606,990 | 1,163,409 |
| Average | 68,969 | 79,946 | 79,456 | 156,400 |
| Presidential Republican | 86,000 | Democratic | | 133,000 |
| More than average | 22,986 | Less than average | | 22,910 |

These figures show conclusively that there was an alliance between the BLAINE managers and a portion of the Democratic party, for the Republican electors received this vote in spite of the defection of the Independents, and the Democratic electors received nearly 23,000 less than the average, in spite of their gain from the Independents. This is further proven by a comparison of votes by Assembly districts. In the districts which gave a Republican majority in 1880 HARTRANFT received 19,748, BLAINE received 17,406—a loss of 2342; while in the same districts in 1880 the Democratic vote was 15,352, and in 1884, 17,067—a gain of 1705: total gain, 4047 votes. On the other hand, the vote in the Democratic Assembly districts was, GARFIELD, 61,982, BLAINE, 72,689—gain, 10,707; and the Democratic vote was, HANCOCK, 107,661; CLEVELAND, 110,155—gain, 2494. Net Republican gain in Democratic districts, 2208; total Democratic gain in Republican districts, 4047."

## THE PRESIDENT AND THE VETERANS.

THE opposition to the President's vetoes of private pension bills is another form of the effort to use the veterans to gain a party advantage. The vetoes are represented as proofs of a revengeful spirit toward Union soldiers for serving the country, and the attempts to insinuate or to declare this wretched calumny are utterly contemptible and unworthy of the Republican name. The President with dignity and truthfulness says, what every honorable and patriotic American citizen will approve:

"The blatant and noisy self-assertion of those who, from motives that may well be suspected, declare themselves above all others friends of the soldiers cannot discredit nor belittle the calm, steady, and affectionate regard of a grateful nation."

The President points out that an appropriation of seventy six millions of dollars has just been made for pensions under liberal laws, to most every meritorious case, and that more than a million of dollars was added to maintain the Pension Bureau. The rate of pension in certain cases has been increased, and large appropriations have been made for Homes for sick, disabled, and needy soldiers, and there is a recent liberal grant for their enlargement and greater convenience. All this, as he says, is no more than should be done.

Besides this is the fact, which he does not mention, that the committee of the Democratic House has reported favorably six hundred private pension bills, against four hundred reported by the committee of the late Republican House; that many were rejected as utterly undeserving, showing how great is the pressure of unfounded claims; and that of the six hundred the President has vetoed but ninety, most of which had been rejected by a Republican Commissioner of Pensions. Thus while President CLEVELAND has signed more than five hundred pension bills in sixteen months, General GRANT approved only five hundred and forty-two in the eight years of his administration. Such facts dispose effectually of the unworthy partisan assaults upon President CLEVELAND as hostile to the soldiers.

## TEMPERANCE REPUBLICANISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Republican Temperance Conference in Boston, to which we alluded last week, proved to be a carefully planned caucus to declare that the Republican party "is committed to the support of whatever makes for the moral and material welfare of the people," and therefore that it ought to oppose the saloon unconditionally, and favor such legislation "as may be best adapted to restrict the liquor traffic within the narrowest possible limits." This was good, but vague. The caucus would not mind the hole. There were many earnest prohibitionists present, and they asked something a little more definite—some intimation, for instance, of the kind of legislation that would be desirable.

To attain this object, Senator MORSE proposed a resolution expressing the opinion of the Conference that the question of constitutional prohibition should be submitted to the voters as soon as possible. The managers of the Conference opposed this declaration strenuously, as sure to divide the party. But it was evidently acceptable to the majority, and it was adopted by the imposing vote of 94 to 24, upon which some of the managers regarded the movement as a failure, and withdrew. It remains to be seen whether the State Convention will adopt the suggestion of the Conference. But it will not wish to disregard it, because the resolution is the evident ultimatum of the prohibition Republicans. Moreover, it was invited by the managers of the Conference, and as it does not commit the party to prohibition, but only to a submission of the question, it might be wisely adopted.

The managers should have counted the cost more closely. They were interested, not in prohibition, but in the party. But they should have known that the Republicans who would come to the Conference would be mainly prohibitionists, and that they would not be put off with a few smooth generalities. In any case, the Conference has had the good result of making probable a positive declaration from the State Convention, and it has perhaps taught the managers a valuable lesson.

## PERSONAL.

MRS J. W. THOMAS, a sister of the sculptor J. Q. A. WARD, has a curious statuette in alabaster, about six inches high, under a glass case in the drawing-room of her handsome country rent near Newburgh on the Hudson. It is the figure of an Irishman who used to do chores for her family thirty-five years ago in Brooklyn, and is wonderfully life-like and faithful, even to the patches in his trousers, the rent in his coat, and the creases in his narrow-brim stove-pipe hat. The work was executed with a penknife by her brother, then in his teens, while on a visit at her house. It so pleased her that she took it to the sculptor H. K. Brown. "Mallum," said he, admiring it, "this boy has something in him." For six years afterward Mr. WARD was a pupil in Brown's studio, laying the foundations of the most prosperous career yet achieved by an American sculptor.

—The late A. T. STEWART found it to his advantage to give to each head of a department of his business a percentage of the profits made in that department in addition to a guaranteed salary. One year the head of the lace department earned $27,000, and the head of another department $29,000, the percentage being about one per cent. of the net profits in the department.

—A Harvard professor and his wife were guests at a reception in London, which had been given to their house. A hundred men and women had been invited by the hostess to meet them. But there were no introductions, and the Harvard professor amused himself during the evening by talking to his wife.

—The reporter of a leading New York newspaper, at the recent boat-race between Yale and Harvard, reached the press boat late, and found the best seats taken. He relieved his feelings by telegraphing to his newspaper that "the press boat was taken possession of by a howling mob."

—The *Athenæum* joins the London daily press in praising Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY'S dramatic company, which "has a hold in our way into well merited favor, and challenges, and can of course sustain, the highest criticism. We are glad of the opportunities it has afforded and still affords of seeing its members in a variety of characters." Mr DALY has worked hard and long for his present laurels.

—Mr F. S. CHURCH, the painter, has the distinction of never having studied in Europe, and of never having been on an ocean steamer, and there are not wanting persons who believe that his very striking originality has not suffered in consequence.

—Some friends of a newly married author were surprised to meet him at his club a few evenings after the wedding. "My wife," he explained, "asked me other dinner if there wasn't any place I'd like to go out to, and I told her I would come here." The lady's discretion was warmly admired by the other married members of the club, and duly reported in their several home circles.

—An extraordinary incident occurred in Christopher Street last week. The driver of a street car put his hand to his cap and exchanged courteous greetings with the driver of a hose wagon who had got out of his way.

—Sixteen years ago M. LÉON SAY, then Prefect of the Seine, went to London on the bearer of a gold medal which the municipality of Paris had voted to the corporation of London in recognition of assistance in the victualling of the French capital after the siege. On the 24 of July last he was entertained by the Lord Mayor at dinner, and bore testimony to "the thorough cordiality which exists between the two countries." Mr. BRACHAM was one of the guests, and replied to the toast of "The Visitors."

—"During the last twenty years," said Mr. JOHN BRIGHT at a mass-meeting of his constituents, "I have been three times a member of a cabinet over which Mr. GLADSTONE presided, and there was only one break in the harmony which prevailed between him and myself, and that was in regard to what took place in the year 1882, on the occasion of what I deemed a great blunder, and I am afraid nationally a great crime—the bombardment of Alexandria. Whether I am right or wrong, I will leave the public to judge."

—Mr E. L. MAPES, the young prisoner of the HAYES-HALLORAN Art Fund, is still studying in Paris at his competitive five hundred a year. Some drawings sent by him to the trustees of the fund speak satisfactorily of his progress. He is in his best behavior. Actions who have tried the experiment say that one believe it requires much attention to economizing to live in Paris on five hundred a year, especially for those who, being not fortunate enough to gain admission into the government schools, are compelled to pay for private tuition as well as for models.

—Senator LELAND STANFORD'S munificent gift of $4,000,000 to found another university in California is expected to be followed at his death by several millions more. His purpose is to establish some technical schools first—in which he hopes to have the co-operation of General FRANCIS WALKER—some college buildings next, and a university proper last. His relations with the University of California are entirely cordial. Indeed, the present university is supposed to have come very near getting the money.

—Mrs GLADSTONE herself made a neat little speech at a political meeting in London a few weeks ago in support of the candidature for Parliament of Mr WHITE. She was hailed with loud cheers on rising. "My friends," she said, "I thank you with all my heart for this touching reception; but I well know for whose sake it is given—my husband's. Let me tell you that his heart is with you, though his voice cannot travel this distance. And now, my friends, I think I cannot do better than give you a message from him, which, if you will allow me, I will read. He bids you, the people of this country, to bethink yourselves of the position in which you stand; to look back upon the history of the past, and forward to the prospect of the future, to listen to prudence and courage and honor. What a privilege for you to help redress the wrongs of Ireland! The battle is begun. You are to help win it. Rally round our friend Mr. WHITE. Think of all his work of mercy and devotion on other occasions, and, as my husband says, in the beautiful words of one great poet, 'Ring out the old, ring in the new.' Ring out the notes and the memory of the past discord. So may you ring to the blessed reign of peace. God grant that it may be so!"

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## HENRY KIRKE BROWN.

Mr. Henry Kirke Brown, who died at Newburgh on the 10th of this month, was an American sculptor who won both distinction and affluence by devotion to his art, and who, dying, leaves behind him many worthy monuments of his fame in the chief places of the land. The equestrian statue of Washington in Union Square, which has for years been a familiar landmark to visitors in this city, and which has conspicuously figured in a dozen different scenes of New York's streets in so many different dramas representative of New York life and incidents, was one of the earliest, as it perhaps remains the best, of Mr Brown's many works in bronze. The less creditable but equally conspicuous statue of Lincoln which occupies another site on Union Square was also executed by him, as were the splendid equestrian statue of General Winfield Scott in Washington, the Lincoln statue in Brooklyn, the noble bronze statue of De Witt Clinton, and many others.

Few sculptors can point to a longer line of accomplishments, or to a career of more uniform and consistent industry, than can be pointed to in the case of Henry Kirke Brown. He was seventy two years of age at the time of his death, and had been, since he was eighteen years old, continuously active up to within six years ago, when his wife died and his own health began to fail, his death being due to softening of the brain. He was born at the little town of Leyden, Massachusetts, in 1814, and at the age of twelve gave evidence of an art talent by painting, without even having received any instruction, a fairly creditable portrait of an old man. A few years later he went to Boston to study portrait-painting, but discovering that his talents ran in the direction of sculpture, he abandoned the brush for the chisel, and went to Italy to pursue his studies there. Upon his return to America he settled in Brooklyn, and produced the first bronze statue ever cast in this country.

Since 1858 Mr Brown had resided at Balmville, near the famous Balm of Gilead tree, in the town of Newburgh, New York, and it was in his studio there that the work by which he is best known was executed. Much of his work is visible at the national capital, in groups of statuary of noted military commanders and civilians in the pediment of the Capitol. In marble his best known works are "Hope," the "Pleiades," the "Four Seasons," and the statue of General Nathaniel Greene at Washington. A well-known sculptor long associated with Mr. Brown pays this high tribute to his memory. "He was extremely earnest for the welfare of American art, and came home from Rome on purpose to assist in its development, even going so far as to import marble and bronze workers. He was, above all, a serious and intelligent American citizen, and was always well informed as to the conditions of his country. His art and his patriotism went hand in hand." It is necessary to make allowances for almost all American artists of Mr. Brown's generation. But a comparison of his work with that which preceded it establishes his claim to an honorable memory.

HENRY KIRKE BROWN.

## A CRITICAL ACCIDENT TO MR. ABSALOM BILLINGSLEA.

BY R. M. JOHNSTON.

"Were it by overlooks or deceived,
As when a thing is eclipsed, it seems lost."
—*The Knights Tale.*

I.

Mr. Absalom Billingslea was a gentleman who at all periods in his career, instead of trying, like some, to disguise his age, seemed to take an honest pride in telling it, even with circumstantiality. Having lived a bachelor, and that not from choice, it might have been expected that this pride would have been subdued after a lapse that had brought him quite into the forties. But let us hear what he had to say one day at the country store about a mile west of his residence.

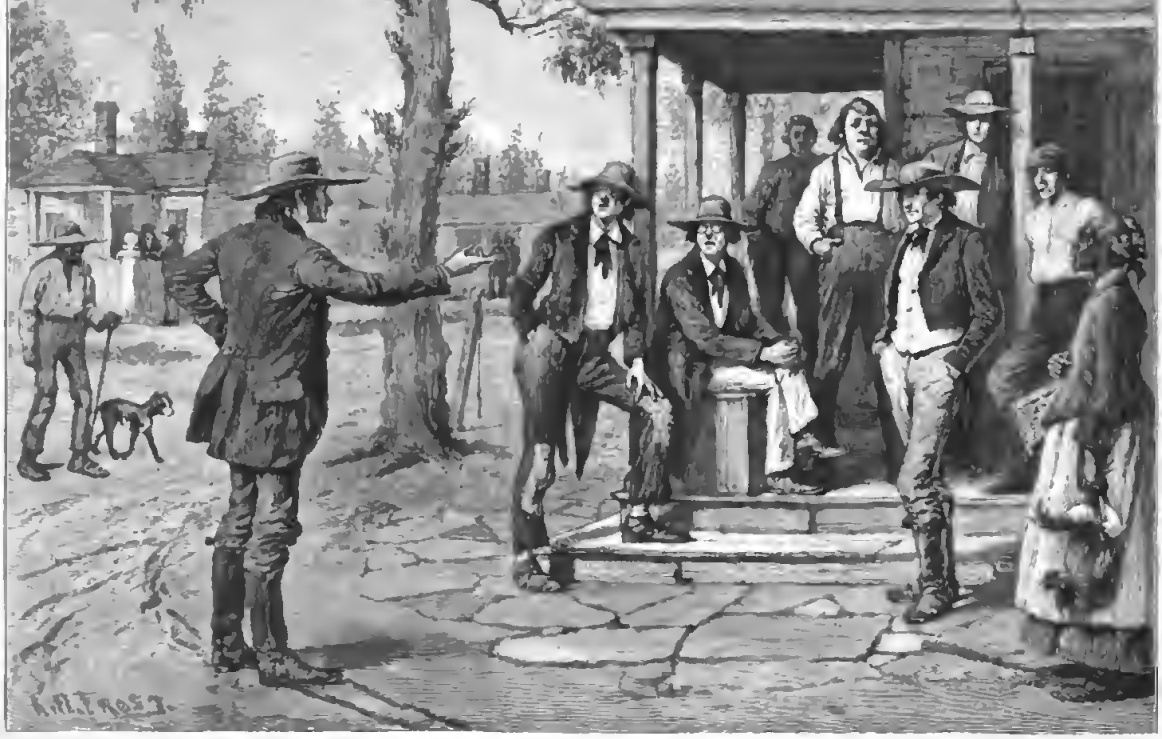
"On the 19th of Febuary I were forty-three, and if I live till the 19th o' this Febuary comin', I shall be forty four, and my mother always said it were twelve o'clock of a Choesday, and my father he always said it were the first day of his beginnin' o' plantin' o' corn that year."

The history of Mr Billingslea prior to the attainment of this respectable age had not been specially eventful, at least outwardly. Such a history, perhaps, was not to be expected in the case of one who from childhood had been deliberate even to slowness in speech, gait, work, and other departments. Commonly they are the quick, the vigilant, the daring, that become historic. Yet there had been as many as two times when he believed that his mind had been wrought into vast excitement, and he used to intimate what might have happened if the person who had been the occasion of that excitement had been other than a female.

"Yes, yes," he would say sometimes, in the calmness of mature reflection, "they has been times—I don't say when nor what—but if it had of been a man person that jes out n' pure derilment made me feel like I did then, people would have heerd from me."

Mr Billingslea was too prudent and honorable a man to mention names. Yet everybody knew to what he alluded, and it was some consolation to him that they did. Even if he had been disposed to conceal his views or his feelings upon any subject, he could never have found how such a thing was to be done, for he was open as the day, and as courageous as he was guileless. Slow as he had been always in his movements of every sort, he had had one dear aspiration that had suffered a double disappointment. He endured as such a man can endure, thankful that his friends and neighbors understood and respected a case allusion to which, except in vague, delicate, confidential phrase, the proprieties of social life had hindered. The whole blame for this disappointment he always had taken upon himself, and as it had been often said to him that the objects of his desire had not been attained because mainly of the want of activity in his pursuit, he had tried to become resigned to an infirmity that had cost him so dear, when it seemed too late to be worth his while to amend it, and it was only from remarks that he would make occasionally, especially when in company with young unmarried men, that inference could be drawn of his regret that he had not been swifter, at least upon ten important occasions.

"Boys," he would say, blandly, yet in the confident tone often employed by kind-hearted old bachelors who are conscious that they have not lived to that period without reasonable ingathering of wisdom from experience, "you may talk about your co'tin' and your bein' of co'ted, but I tell you now that of a feller count as makin' aye headway at that kind o' business, he got to be active. With women it's sharp's the word and quick's the motion; and



MR. ABSALOM BILLINGSLEA.—"With Women it's Sharp's the Word and Quick's the Motion."—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

"I COME OVER TO SEE IF I COULD BORROW YOUR K'YART AND STEERS."—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

they want no feller, and unless they know thes can't do on better, thev ain't a-goin' to have on feller, exceptin' they are ha's powerful reason for them, and them only. It's so, and it's their natur' to be so. And I don't know but what in the long-run they're right, a not'withstandin' that such as that, in such a game as that, leaves such as me out. But it's marc'n peak'le that such slow-goin' poke-easy creeters as what I am had ought to be left out that; an' of ha can't git satisfied with the society of jest kin lone nelf, to git reconciled to it the best he can. And that, maybe, he may do after a while, by gain' 'long tendin' to his own business, tellin' no lies on people, nor not meddlin' with what ain't his'n. But you boys well b'ar it in mind and 'member what I say, that 'ith comen—that is, in the p'ints o' an'tin' and bein' of an'ted—is's sharp's the word and quick's the motion. I'm a-talkin' now from exper'ence. If I had my time to go over ag'in, it might be that I might try to be poorter in some o' my gains. But noo—"

Then he would wave their hands slightly, but decisively, as if any acceleration on his own part was not to be expected henceforth, as all opportunities for its employment had passed forever; yet he would calmly smile in the satisfaction of imparting to the young among his male acquaintance, through these kind and thoughtful admonitions, beneath of a wisdom so long and so sadly hoarded.

Such was Mr Billingsley at forty-three and the rise, when one of his near neighbors, contrary to all human expectation and probability, after a rapid decline from the flower of his manhood, deceased, leaving, among others, one who, at first a mourning, was likely to become after decent interval a blooming, widow.

But for this unlooked-for event it is hardly probable that any biography of Mr Billingsley would have been undertaken; and one I feel that I cannot do full justice to his subsequent career without delaying its rehearsal until I give one (briefly as possible) of his antecedent.

II.

About three miles west of the village was Mr Billingsley's home. His mansion, a one-story with attic, stood on an eminence near the public road, and the farm, with five hundred acres of prime upland, lay sloping to the rear, extending to the Pitman line. On the south side of the road, a quarter of a mile eastward, dwelt his sister, Mrs. Cokely, to whom this portion had fallen in the division. The Cokelys lived partly with the Ashleys, by a stream that, but for its being energetic as it was small, might never have found its way among the numerous rising grounds to Beaver Dam Creek. Living with the Pitmans and north of Duke's Creek were the Marlers.

Between the brother and sister (the latter three years younger) had been always a very warm affection. It was only a few years back that their mother, who during her twenty years of widowhood had dwelt with the son, had deceased. Since then he had lived alone, excepting with his negroes, the sister occasionally going over to set to rights whatever things had been allowed by the bachelor to get awry.

For the purposes of this story the important member of the Pitman family was Julan, the eldest daughter. When she was fourteen years old she had the looks, the manners, the gait—in brief, a man might have travelled throughout all that region in search of her superior and not found her. Absalom Billingsley, being then twenty-four, six feet one, broad-chested, healthy as the morn, and good looking as any man of such parts aught to ever desire to be, had been in love with Julan ever since she had been born, and many and many a time had he told her so. In his last year of schooling, which, at twenty-two, he had undertaken in order to make up for some deficiencies that he feared he had incurred during his two years' course while a boy, he used to not start of mornings to Mr Claxton, who kept a little back of the Ashleys, until the Pitmans children came on, when he carried Julan's books, and of summer evenings her very bonnet, when she would take it off in order to let her long, thick, yellow hair get all it could of the hill-side and meadow air. Then he always walked right behind her on the log that lay across the branch, except when it had swollen, if only a few inches, when either he would go before, leading her by the hand, or, lifting her in his arms, bear her across.

All this was when Julan was very young and uncommonly small for her age. In one year, from thirteen to fourteen, if anybody ever

pas a girl grows and develop lest, it was that some Julia Pitman. Now so it was that from the very beginning of this nascent period Absalom Billingslea's avowals of his love became more and more infrequent, and soon ceased altogether. About that time he had ceased going to school, while Julia went a year longer. Of course they met not so often, yet they must be much together, dwelling so near, and belonging to families so friendly. Now what it was that had shut his mouth against the constituents of these avowals he never could understand. But the slowness natural to his being seemed, whenever he was in her presence, to come to a dead stop. Not that he did not love her more and more every day of his life. Not that he felt particularly embarrassed. Perhaps he was confused by the sudden springing from diminutive girlhood into womanhood complete. Perhaps he was ever cogitating how to place on the old gallopers to the sober proposal of the wish to marry her, but somehow could not yet make them buckle and tongues together. He pondered and pondered; for a slow-minded man can do that as much as a quick, especially on such a theme as Julia Pitman. Indeed in such a case he does it more, and while he is thus engaged the quick may have left off that business and gone to acting. Absalom Billingslea believed, notwithstanding his late silence, that Julia knew, and could not possibly keep from knowing, that, having found her all during her plain, spending girlhood, he was obliged to love the very ground she walked on, now that she had developed into the round, plump, delicious thing that she was. He became fond to ruminate, especially when in her society, how she could not but rather like the adoration with which she had engaged him, and in time he began to make up his mind that he would study up a set of phrases that might go on for as human language was adequate to express the calculation of his feelings and their aspirations. It occurred to his mind that such announcement justly required words of most solemn and momentous import, and he sadly, though not very painfully, regretted that his limited education retarded their coming to his lips.

"Br'er Ab," said Mrs. Cokely one day, and that not for the first time, nor the second, "if you want Julia Pitman, you better hurry up. She's grown now, and she knows it, and everybody else knows it, and 'special Bob Marler knows it, and if you don't mind what you've about he's going to get in there before you, as he's been trying his very heedest best for six months to do."

"Why, S' Nancy, ain't I jest a-waitin' for a good, suitable chance? And as for Bob Marler, don't I know that at the school-house Julia couldn't bear Bob Marler? and once, when he hurt her feelin's and made her cry by laughin' and callin' her a little scrap, I took him by the collar, and told him if he done it again I'd choke him till he see stars in the daytime."

"Ah! dear, dear brother, that was a long time ago, when Julia was nothing but a child."

"'Twasn't so very far over a year ago. Julia ain't now but in her fifteenth year, and it look like a man ought to try to be decent in the manin' to a young a person as she is such a thing as the gittin' of married."

"Well, brother, if the worst come, you can't say I never warned you."

Such admonitions could not but exert in time some influence upon a mind even so immobile as this. The amount of cogitation done by him during the weeks immediately preceding definite action would not have dishonored the proudest philosopher who ever pondered the stars. Concluding at last that he was as near the condition of readiness as he would ever be, probably, he resolved that on the ride home with Julia from church on the next meeting day he would make the eventful announcement. He confessed afterward, with some apparent remorse, that he not only could not tell what were the heads of the sermon on that occasion, but that he had actually forgotten the text. In this state of mind, what must have been his feelings, after the service, to find that Julia was to ride home with the escort of Bob Marler? More than that, many persons along the road said that it was talked about in the neighborhood that Bob and Julia were engaged. The very next morning he rode to the Pitmans, and knowing as better than to ask Julia if the report was true, and she knowing on better than to answer that it was, he rose immediately, went back home, and suffered as single-minded men always suffer when disappointed in attainment of the one great object of their life's desire. His sister did not scold, she only wept when she saw the pain in cost him. Some people said that Julia had gone into the engagement in a pet for her slowness, and that he might have broken it if he had tried. But he was incapable of such action, and, except to his sister, and that seldom, the subject was never alluded to by him.

Julia and Bob were married, and lived together ten years, during which Absalom was such a neighbor and friend as if nothing of the kind I have mentioned had occurred. Then Bob died, leaving her with two children. The added life was not thought to have been so blessed as the average; for the husband, though energetic, thrifty, and fond of the wife, was inclined to be parsimonious and arbitrary. Her loyalty to every behest of her condition had hindered gross maltreatment; but when he went, most of the neighbors thought, and some of them said, that Bob Marler had had quite as much as he deserved of the society of such a woman.

III.

This event affected Absalom Billingslea far more profoundly than anybody except Mrs. Cokely suspected. He had even rather believed that the prize he on singly had desired had been lost through his own inactivity. But he was the soul of honor and justice. Though never expressing himself as to any except his sister, he had often felt indignant at what appeared on the part of her husband a lack of appreciation for Mrs. Marler and consideration for her happiness. Yet, now that he was dead, compassion for his early death struggled with the thought that Julia was again free. There are such men in the world, and they are to be found in such a country society as I am telling about so often as to any other, however more advanced in culture and refinement. This man, so slow in motion, so apparently imperturbable in mind, would have preferred to die rather than do dishonor not only to Bob Marler when alive, but to his memory now that he was dead. When he looked upon that young widow he was almost frightened to find that none of the love of his youth had gone, as he had tried to persuade himself all during her married life. Julia mourned her departed husband with that strange loyalty that good women always pay to their memories, however remote they may have been in appreciation and tenderness, and this old form admired her only the more for such conduct. At least he hoped that he did, though for more family did he hope that the time would come when he would be enabled to manage her grief in a manner that would be the consummation of the highest happiness of which his own heart had ever dreamed.

Mrs. Cokely understood his case even better than he did, and after the first year of widowhood had expired she began to urge him toward what she was confident he wished and intended, if vaguely, to do whenever he could feel that he could do so with propriety.

"My the good Lord have mercy on your dear, precious old soul, Br'er Ab!" she said to him one day, after some preliminary chat, "do you suppose a woman like Julia, that's now nothing but a girl, is going to grieve herself to death or forever about such a husband as Bob Marler?"

The question staggered him.

"I—o-no, S' Nancy. I—that is, I should hardly expect—at least-ways I shouldn't hope that Julia would grieve—that is, not quite forever—for—for such as Bob, though Bob, poor feller, he's dead and gooned now, you know, S' Nancy, and somehow I can't but think that maybe Bob were a clever feller then as bun a-takin' him to be when he were among us. And as for Julia, she—you see she war her black the same as the week after he went, and I hain't a idee Julia never yit thought o' such a thing as—as—"

Mr. Billingslea paused here, and actually was near blushing for the sable, sorrowing young widow.

"Yes, and right there is where you are mistakened. Br'er Ab, a soun like you don't understand women any more than they understand babies. As for Bob Marler, he was just the man he were, and his being dead can't alter at least-ways what he used to be. They isn't any doubt but what he loved Julia, as no man that had such as her for a wife could have help doing that. But he never treated her as a man ought to treat such a wife, and you know it. Yet Julia have done what all respectable widows will always do, and 'special them that have children by a man; she's behaved herself decent, and knowing that them children is his children as well as hers, and is now orphans, she's been sorry for them, and so sorry for 'em. But Julia have no much sense, and if she didn't, she's yet young, to be and keep everlastingly grieving about Bob Marler, and I know what I'm talking about."

It may not happen that very much delicacy finds place in beings as little cultured and as inactive as that of Absalom Billingslea; but a best, it does, it is of the very best type. To make on advance toward that woman in black, who seldom was seen to smile, it appeared to him, would be an indelicacy that would not be forgiven, and caught out; and little as he had thought of her husband while living, he yet could not but feel that he owed something, however indefinite, to the memory of one whom, upon reflection, he now have undervalued. And on he continued to wait. Oh yes, he must wait some longer.

The death of Mr Marler, after an interval of four or five months, was followed by that of Mrs. John Ashley, at the place aforementioned. The affliction of the bereaved husband, who was left with one male child three years old, was profound and sincere. But of course everybody knows that such as that does not last always. Absalom Billingslea was very fond of Jack, though he never seemed to care for having much to do with Wiley, his smart younger brother. In his heart he pitied Jack, tried to entertain him by all means that he could employ, was gratified after some months to see him take rather more cheerful views of life, and, as his friend, felt almost hurt by neighborhood whisperings that Jack was already beginning to turn his thoughts toward marrying again. He even had the friendly candor to tell Jack of those whisperings one day, and he was proud of Jack for the indignant manner in which he denied that there was any just foundation for them.

"You do best this world, Br'er Ab" Mrs. Cokely was a little vexed, and she acknowledged it. "Br'er Ab, you don't understand Jack Ashley any more'n you understand Julia Marler."

"Why, S' Nancy, the poor feller's wife have an more'n hardly got cold in her grave; and Jack told me such his own mouth that he were and as he could be about people livin' no more feelin' than to be talkin' about his even thinkin' about gettin' married again."

"Goodness gracious me! Don't you know that that's just the ways of them widowers when they are on the six, as that same man Jack Ashley is now about Julia?"

"If he's after Julia—and which I can't believe it's so—he will fling away his weapons in that hunt, for Julia have too much respects not only of herself, but she have too much respects of her husband and Jack Ashley's wife, to even listen to such talk. Why, didn't Missis Keenum tell me that when she hinted to Julia that Jack, to her opinions, were thinkin' a' her in a cur'ous sort o' way, that Julia cried, the did?"

"And what do that show?"

"It show, in the first place, that Julia didn't believe it; and it show, in the next place, that she were hurted to her feelin's by hearin' o' her name a been coupled with that kind o' business yit awhile. People, S' Nancy, is obleeged to suppose that people is decent theirselves, and has feelin's, and they ought to try to have 'em theirselves."

"Ah! Br'er Ab, you let yourself git left before, and I'm much afraid it's going to be so agin."

Mr Billingslea, after his own style, waited and watched the constant of those two bereaved. It is needless to tell the result of such behavior. If ever a man of his kind was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay, it was he, when, almost public notice, Jack one morning rode over to Mrs. Marler's in his gig, was married to her, and took her and her children to his home.

"It were rather the unexpectedest thing, I think, I ever knowed," said Mr Billingslea to his sister when they heard the news. "I shouldn't of thought it of neither of 'em—that is, ant yit, not quite yit." Then he took out his pocket-handkerchief, for the sight of tears in her eyes had moistened his own. "But," he continued, "Jack suit her, I suppose, and Jack's a good-lookin', good-hearted, and a mouvous liber'l feller. I hardly think he wanted to fool me out and out about his desyrn' as positive. I suppose he found out somehow that maybe he better gi Julia if he could, and the good Lord know I can't blame him for that. Yes, Jack's a mouvous liber'l hearted feller. I ain't quite shure but what he's a clever feller—that is, in some p'ints of view—than what poor Bob were. I hope he'll be good to Bob's children, and take good heer o' Julia and her prop'ty."

"Julia had no business of marryin' Jack Ashley," began Mrs. Cokely, after drying her eyes with some violence.

"Come, come, S' Nancy. I can't b'ar to hear you say anything agi'nst Julia. It were her business, and you'n never been a woman as followed the practice o' findin' fau't with other people for tendin' to their own business the best they kann how. Julia were a young widder, and I no doubt she were lonesome with jest them two little children, and she see that Jack were obleeged to be lonesome with jest his one, and she knowed that all these need two parents instead o' one, and Jack he knowed the same. And then, agin, they knowed, both of 'em, that it wasn't nobody's business but theirn. And as they took the notion to jind and mumm together without asin anybody else's leave, and they done it, and as for me, I hope it 'll turn out right for 'em both and for 'em all. And not a nary word ag'inst it and ag'inst them would I ever want to hear, and 'special from my own people."

She looked at him in silence for several moments as he walked slowly up and down in the room. Then rising, she went and laid one hand upon his shoulder.

"Br'er Ab, you want to know what I think of you? I'd that slow as you are, and careless as you are about your own interests, you are the best man that lives, or ever did live, in this world."

She put her arms around him and laid her head upon his breast. He bent down, kissed her cheek, and then disengaging himself from her, left the house, and walked slowly back to his home.

IV.

"Jack, I thought you said that Absalom Billingslea and Mrs. Keenum were likely to marry. She was over here to-day, and she said that Absalom never hinted such a thing to her, and she had an reason to believe that he ever would."

"Wiley said he heard so. You know Wiley always picks up the latest news. As for Absalom Billingslea, he's too slow-motioned ever to make up his mind to court any woman."

This chat was had some time after the marriage. But I shall devote brief space to the telling about that. The years came and went. The principal outward alteration in Mr Billingslea was some deviation in attention to dress. Doomed, as now for the second time he felt himself to be, to endless bachelorhood, there was what commonly follows such a consciousness—less care to please by attention to exterior deportment. An acknowledged old bachelor is bound to become sordy as some elements of his being. He prospered in business, however, unhasting as he was in its pursuit. He was one of those planters, in the long run most successful, who made their most important point to raise a plenty to eat for man and beast. Such a planter usually has cash to his pocket, and can avail himself of opportunities which are a combination presents of adding to his capital by advantageous purchases. Jack Ashley used to laugh at him (for Jack and he continued on as friendly terms as ever) for his making only three bales of cotton to the hand. Yet Jack, with all his seven, was a money borrower, whereas Absalom became a lender of more and more every year, and sometimes, in his mild way, he would give Jack a friendly warning against what seemed to him too adventurous in some of his dealings and too expensive in his way of living. Jack would always answer as to the latter that while he lived he intended to live. And so he did. In ten years his estate was too valuable than when he and Mrs. Marler were married. With the loss of property came the loss of energy, sports, and health. He fretted through out his last remaining year, leaving, besides his wife and his child by the first marriage, one by the last. The property of the Marler children, except to the wear of the land, was subject, but his widow's, including what she took by his will, was not equal to what she had brought upon her marriage. The neighbors tried to believe that but for Jack's decay in manliness by his misfortune and bad health he would not have made the bequest to his wife contingent upon her remaining unmarried.

V.

Now when Julia must unexpectedly had become free for the third time, Mr. Billingslea felt—indeed, he could not have told himself how he did feel. He hoped that he was sorry for Jack being cut down in the midst of his manhood, and nobody except Mrs. Cokely had ever heard him say a word against the will. Even to her he uttered by one argument and another, of course without success, to mitigate her resentment. If he tried to suppress other thoughts that rose in his mind, even at the funeral, it was but for a brief period. Julia, now at thirty-five, was handsomer and sweeter-looking than ever. There is in young widowhood something that engages more than maidenhood, especially such a man as Absalom Billingslea, whose heart, undemonstrative as it was, sympathized with suffering of every sort. Mrs Ashley had never in words complained of the will, and she let Wiley, the executor, manage everything as he pleased. Even a few things which she had believed to belong separately to her and her Marler children she let him, on his haunting to do so, include in the inventory.

Modest as Mr Billingslea was, he could not but believe that if he had been more demonstrative of his feelings on the two previous opportunities, results might have been different; and now that another had occurred, he made up his mind fully that he would not have cause for blaming himself a third time. Yet it was not as a lover of their mother, but as a man accustomed to have just views about such things, that he spoke (not to Mrs. Ashley, but to others) with some freedom about the rights of the Marler children, incomodrable as infringements upon them had been. Wiley, a bachelor himself of thirty-two, a man of powerful build, heard of these remarks, but for one reason and another did not take notice of them. As always heretofore, Mr Billingslea visited at the house, and extended on the widow offers of assistance such as she well knew it was his habit to do in similar cases in the circle of his acquaintance. In all this there was nothing unusual.

But what about other things? Mr Billingslea, having seen his very fondest aspirations frustrated on two momentous occasions (first by a man in his year, and secondly by one in his very front), now forty-three at his last birthday, and destined, if he should have good luck, to be forty-four on his next—Mr Billingslea made up his mind to stir as he never had stirred himself before, just himself in preparation for all possible attacks in rear, front, and flank, and even make such sallies of aggression as should seem to him to be timely and practicable. He had his house neatly painted; and goodness knows it needed it. He had his hair trimmed, not by Mrs. Cokely, but a regular cutter in town, and if he didn't buy a bottle of bear's-grease, I'm a liar! He got a new fur hat, and a new suit of broadcloth out and out—things he had not done in I would not like to say how long. He straightened out of his back the wrinkles that had been gathering while he was indifferent whether they came there to staid away. He got a quickness, not to say elasticity, of step that he had never had, I may go to the extent of saying, since he had been named Absalom Billingslea. He took on a looseness of speech that brought to all, men and women, old and young, laughter that he had never dreamed was in him to provoke. And he did other things too tedious to mention. Ah me! such widows as Julia Ashley have made older and soberer men than he kick up their heels, or try it, in the hope of winning them, taking them back to youth, and living it over again.

There was not a soul that blamed Mr. Billingslea for any item of all this juvenility. Instead, everybody was glad to see it. Did I say everybody? Alas! I forgot that there was one exception. It was Mrs. Ashley. For you must know that all this not only had begun, but had been finished off, by the time that Jack Ashley had been in his grave some eight or nine months. Not that Mrs. Ashley had been painfully affected by the painting of the house, or the reports she had heard of Mr. Billingslea's dressiness, his activity, and his cheerfulness. For she was too sensible a woman not to know that being worried in her mind by such things would have been nothing short of foolishness. But what did hurt Mrs Ashley I will relate as plainly to I can.

One morning little Ab Cokely, having gone on a visit to his uncle, met him at the gate fully dressed, and almost fully dressed, and that in his new broadcloth.

"Ain't you goin' to put on your kerval, Unk Ab?" asked the child.

Mr. Billingslea felt at his throat, went back into his house, folded, twisted, and tied the best he knew how a silk cravat, put his hands in his pocket, drew out a quarter, gave it to little Ab, mounted his horse, put him into a canter, and away he went. Now the appearance in such guise of a private house, and that on a week-day, was a thing that the oldest inhabitant had never known of having been done except by a marrying man specifically and avowedly intent upon immediate pressing courtship. Added to all I have mentioned was this, that his face was very red and his voice was husky, even while he talked with the children before Mrs Ashley came into the house—for at his arrival she was in the garden pointing out to the cook the vegetables to be gathered for dinner. Coming in as she was, upon call all, she halted suddenly at the door, both at the sounds and the sight, as if uncertain as to whether to not she had misunderstood the messenger who had called her in with the announcement of Mr. Billingslea's visit. Then a sudden paleness overspread her face, and without advancing an inch to shake his hand, she sat down in the nearest chair and, said, feebly, "Good-morning, Mr Billingslea."

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The oldest Marler child, a girl of fifteen, rose as if intending to leave the room.

"Sit down, Emily, and keep your seat," said the mother, in despotic tone.

Absalom Billingslea, with the instinct of one who is a gentleman, however simply bred and little cultured, instantly perceived that he had made a mistake, and, as he afterward declared to his sister, "if ever there was a time endeavoring every angle one of his born days a-been he wished he had been at home and rid in his oldest old clothes, that morning, one tho time." Not a word was spoken for a full two minutes, at the end of which Mrs. Ashley, looking as if she felt no sort of interest in her question, curtly asked, "How's Nancy?"

Mr Billingslea, who had been looking attentively to her plain dress and his own glistening suit, suddenly threw up his head, and with painful manner tried to recall to his mind any person about whom it was probable that inquiry had been made.

"Who did you— Oh, you mean S' Nancy. Oh, she—she's well. That is, I—I think so. At leastways little Ab he were at my house—it were this morn', if my 'membrance don't fail—and—well, to the best o' my recollection, little Ab he never told me that anything were particular out n' the way with his ma. I think—that is, my opinons is that S' Nancy is about as well as usunce."

If Mr Billingslea had been in the witness-stand I do not believe that he would have spoken with a more sincere solemn purpose of considering an answer in accordance with the best of his knowledge, information, memory, and belief. He sat for some time apparently waiting for further interrogations. None being propounded, he made another brief comparison of the opinions so widely differing from each other. Then contracting his brows, and swallowing an hourglass substance of vast magnitude, he said, in tones that troubled in their efforts to show that he was utterly hopeless of prevailing or his side, "I—I come over—I were on my way to town, and I come over to—to see if—in fact, if I could hurry your k'yrret and steers."

He shuddered throughout his whole frame. The youngest of the children had to hold her nose, and the other ran to cover their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to conceal their emotion. Mrs. Ashley, smiling faintly, said of course he could be accommodated on the way he desired. Whereupon he expressed the liveliest gratitude, rose, and, as well as he could, took himself away.

VI.

"Oh, S' Nancy, it were the awfulest, all-fired-est lie that my nigger, let lone my white man, ever let out n' his mouth; and Julan knowed it, and so did the children know it, and yl ther'd of ben a baby thar n week old, it would of ben obleged to know it were a lie o' the whoppinest kind. For they all knowed I got two k'yarts and three yoke n' steers, and they knowed I see thar one little yoke n' yearlin's right thar before the door, with tiwr rickety old k'yrrt, one spoke goned and one hub all split open, a-hung a hankin' tuin for a call parsnifer. But I had to say somethin', as fall dead out n' my chaw, and thar was the easiest thing I could think of. As soon as I could git up, I vamished myself off. I took them steers clothes home, and locked 'mo up in the chaw, whar they are goin' to lay while my hend's hot, an' I do think, in my soul, it took me a hour, with hot water and soap, to get that mased h'ar grease out o' my ha'r. I no business a-goin' thar an such a errant, because I felt like all the way thar that it were goin' to turn out just as it did."

The sister, notwithstanding her sympathy, could not but laugh somewhat at the account he gave of his discomfiture.

"Er'er Ab," she said to laugh, "you ort to Julan in the wrong way. You ought not have went there all dressed up and perfumed up on a wacky day without first letting her get a hint that you was a-coming, and what for. Little Ab told me you had on your broadcloth, and I thought maybe you were going to the court-house. If I'd had any notion of what you were about, I'd have gone over and told you that wasn't the way to make a set at Julan. Why, it was enough to scare her."

"That's jest what it done. But but skeer didn't hold n light on mine. She here thar satisfactum, if she want any. If I'm any skeerder when I comm to die than I were thar and then, then's about me 'll see a skeere ceo's. But, Sister Nancy," he continued, in a tone of importance that he had never employed with her and seldom even with his slaves, "what ever I to do? You and other people told me I were too slow both times before. And now it seems I were too rapid. The fact is, it don't lay in me to know when nor how to cu't a female person, and it ain't my lot. And my opinions o' Julan is that she think she had ter shere o' marryin'. At all events, and in all events, she don't take to me, and it would of surprised me if she did. I've always been out, and I'm out agin, and I'm goin' to try good this time or get reconciled to stay out."

"My dear brother," said Mrs. Cokely, deeply commiserating the pain it was evident that he suffered, "don't give up that way. If Julan ever thinks about getting married again, I can't believe she'd throw away a chance that's worth both of her husbands put together. You wait awhile. Julan is pestered in her mind by Wiley Ashley, who's so mean and selfish and stingy as can be, and she ain't in the condition to be courted now, at least in a—to such a—a expressing and vi'lent way, as to speak. Of course I can't say if she ever will be. But a man just as well wair and see."

"Oh, er for wahin', everybody have to wait for whun's a-comin', includin' the time when they got ar leave this country for good. But I tell you, S' Nancy, to for Julan, I'm out, like I always ben out, an' I shell never pester her any more. That ain't my lot."

Some time after this interview Mrs Cokely made a visit to Mrs. Ashley, and from the manner in which her lante concerning her brother's feelings were received she was convinced that his conclusion to retire from the pursuit was prudent. She believed that she ought to so inform him. At the same time she felt it her duty to give him fuller information, which not to lead to painful consequences. The ladies had always been warm friends. Mrs Ashley had shed many tears in speaking of the hard terms that had been imposed by Wiley Ashley, and her face had flushed with resentment while telling how, upon her rejection of Wiley's suit, he had tantered her with setting her cap with the hope of catching old Ab Billingslea, and that if he ever should court her at all, it would not be until he had given up all hope of getting the widow Lightfoot, whom every one knew he wanted. Mrs. Ashley, after giving this confidence, had requested Mrs. Cokely not to mention it; but the latter had not given her promise thereto, and so, after much rumination and consultation with her husband, who had advised against it, she concluded to utter her own impulse and tell the whole conversation, leaving a gross insult by Wiley in his intimation that, even during the lifetime of his brother, she had thought more of old Ab Billingslea than she had any right to. When Mrs. Cokely saw the effect this information produced upon her brother, she wished that she had withheld it.

When she had given it, he rose and said: "Wile Ashley stood there words, did he, to his own brother's widder? A d— " But to a woman's presence, although his own sister, he repressed the imprecation that had risen to his lips, and walked the floor with a vigor of step that she had never seen him use.

"Nor, Hero Ab, you'm gol to promise me—"

He stopped, and laying his hand softly trembling upon her shoulder, said, "I promise you, S' Nancy, that I shall do nothin' but what a man that's any account can't keep from doin' in such a case."

For a while he did not seem to hear her as she went on talking in affectionately nursing language, but continued to pace the floor. After some minutes he became calm, sat down, and, changing the subject, chatted in his usual manner during the rest of her visit. When she was gone, he got his writing materials, wrote a note, read it over several times, tore it up, and began on another. Then reflecting that on the morrow an election was to be held at the store for one of that militia district's officers, he rose, called a negro man, and said to him:

"Jonah, you go over to Mr Wiley Ashley's, and tell him I wish he'd try and make it convenient to meet me to the store to-morrow mornin', as I want to see him on some partic'lar business, and fetch word if he'll be ther, and what time."

The messenger in due time returned with answer that Mr Ashley would be at the appointed place somewhere between nine and ten o'clock.

"All right. Ast you anything about me, Jonah?"

"He ax me if I knowed what business you had said him."

"And what did you answer him?"

"I told him I knowed nothin' 'tall 'bout it."

"Fact. Ast you anything else?"

"He said 'your like my marster were peertin' up jes here lately, jwintin' his hunny, an' gittin new broadcloth cl'ves.'"

"And what did you answer to that?"

"I told Marse Wiley dat as for de paintin' n' de house, everybody see she need do I dunno how long; an' as for de gittin a new suit n' cl'ves, I have heerd Miss Nancy scoldin' you mass an' nunny rinn for not dressin' up sprucer—young man like you."

"What did he say there?"

"No more, Marse Ab, more'n he ant o' laughed. But he war partic'lar, Marse Wiley war, to ast how all was."

"He laughed, did he? That 'll do. Go 'long."

VII.

Many had already gathered at the store when Mr Billingslea arrived. Having dismounted and fastened his horse to one of the racks, he advanced and made a general good day to all.

"Ah! you here already, Wiley? Got somethin' to say to you when I speak a few words to those gentlemen. Gentlemen, I never 'spected to have to ask about such matters as I want to talk with you a little mon. But I feel like it were my juty to let my neighbors know that I has as good as co'ted Miss Julan Ashley, and that she here as good as 'tweed me. Now, mind ye, I know well so of people told me, that it ain't none n' my business how Wile Ashley ben a-managin' his brother's state, nor a treasin' n' his widder and poor Bob Marler's orphin children, although I has my opinions about that and them of he want to hear 'em any rinse; and I tell you all what I'm a tellin' you now, because he have ben a busin'warin ther the said female person have ben a brilavin' differ'nt from what a respectable female widder ought to behave herself; an' I'm the man ag'nst who these insinuations is p'inted, and in your presence, gentlemen, I pronounce 'em false." Then turning to Ashley, he said:

"That's the business I had with you, Wile. How shall we settle it before these witnesses?"

They were two powerful men, equal in weight, nearly on a height. Ashley had the advantage in youth by several years, and by considerable successful experience in hand-to-hand conflicts which his querulous, overbearing disposition had sometimes provoked, and he was so proud of his manhood or he who at Hector's funeral

"undertook
Gigantic Ilotus of th' Amycter stock."

The unexpectedness of the charge confounded him for a moment. Then he looked at his assailant, and answered,

"You'm a good deal older man than what I am, Mr Billingslea."

"Yes, that's so. But if you begin to cute my age on me, Wile, I shall be obleeged to be here you to be as big a coward as I know you to be a liar."

"They ain't but one way to settle it after that, sir."

Instantly throwing off his coat, he dealt Mr Billingslea, while instantly engaged, a blow that prostrated him on the ground.

"Foul play!" cried several men, seizing hold of Ashley as he was proceeding to fall upon his adversary. The latter quickly rose, and casting aside his garment, in a tone terrible in sound and import, cried:

"Turn the hound loose, and I give notice that any man who meddles in this fight, to leave you on my side of it, is my insulter. Turn him loose, I tell you," he thundered, as he steadily advanced.

It was a bloody, an awful contest. Several times in its midst they paused for a moment to recover breath, when the elder would renew the struggle. The by-standers at every pause besought them to cease. No answer was given by either, until, after an encounter fiercer and prolonged more than any preceding, and they were leaning against rail oaks that stood near, Ashley, to these renewed entreaties, said, between his gasings: "I think myself we've had enough of it. I gol nothin' to this world ag'inst Mr Billingslea, and he ought to know it."

"Nothin' ag'inst Mr Billingslea!" said the latter, after a loud, contemptuous laugh. "No, you got nothin' ag'inst mon exceptin' the bein' of called a liar and a coward, which you know you're both o' them. What and who you got things ag'inst a woman, and your own brother's widder to that. Come, sir, git away from that tree, and square yourself agin!"

Then he dealt a blow that sent him staggering. Triumphant as his cause and the now assured victory, he took him by the hand, turned him round, gave him a push, and pursued him as the other pursued the younger constant in the games instituted by the Trojan hero on the Scythian shore, a hoar

"Dodain and conscious virtue fired his breast."

Soon the vanquished fell upon the ground, whence he had to be lifted and carried home in a wagon.

VIII

It was some consolation to Mr Billingslea that, although the last hope of winning the woman he had so singly loved was blasted, yet he had redeemed her a service that she had sorely needed. With his old manfulness, he submitted to his disappointment as on former occasions, and when he had worn away the scars of his late combat, went forth with accustomed deliberateness to the demands of domestic and social existence.

About two months after the events last narrated, one afternoon, when the sun was nearly set, he walked over the way to the Cokelys. As he was ascending the piazza steps he was surprised to hear the voice of Mrs. Ashley as she was bidding good-by to his sister. He had not seen her since his unfortunate visit.

"Wait a moment, Julan," said her hostess, "and I'll call Jimmy to go with you all the any home, to it's rather— Just in time, Hero Ab," she continued, turning to him as he entered—"just in good time to see Julan home. I am just going to call—"

"Oh, now, Nancy," said Mrs. Ashley, "it's not worth while to take that trouble. I'm not afraid."

She looked as if she felt deeply distressed at the enormous amount of trouble she was giving to all parties.

"No trouble at all," answered Mr Billingslea, simply. "You ought'n go, at leastways through the swamp, by yourself after sundown."

They went forth together, and proceeded lonely, first along the public, then down the neighborhood road that they had travelled together so often when both were to school. He talked in his usual way of one and another topic that he thought might be of some interest. She chatted with much vivacity, so much that he began to feel doubtful if he was keeping up with her fairly. He became aware somehow that she was looking up constantly toward his face, and he found himself waiting very much to look down into hers; but he knew he could not, and that it would never do if he could. On and on, until they neared the streamlet. Another log, like the old, lay in the same place.

"How often, how often," said Mrs Ashley, "do I call back the times I used to cross that log when I went to school to Mr Chaxton?"

"Me too," answered Mr Billingslea.

They passed simultaneously. The duck was coming on. A partridge on the fence near by whistled to his mate; two killdees were cropping along the meadow, a hoarse but tender croak sounded to their right, that was answered by the Indian-hen to our spot swiftly before them or her covert. They looked at each other for several moments.

"Julan," said her companion, "there's ben something' of a shower n' rain down here thar a-rainin' like, and the branch benke in rather damp."

"Are they?"

Then she jar not her little foot, with its new, glittering, low-quartered shoe, and the stocking on her instep and the narrowest wisp of underskirt that appeared were whiter than the evening cloud. Oh, it would be a pity for these delicate fine things or get all wet and draggled, and that without any earthly necessity!

"Yes, rather damp, sad, in fact, I may even say rather moist, and it and the jew has made the crossin' log rather slippery."

"Have ther?"

"Yes; and Julan, you know that when that and such in the year down here, I'm minded more n common of them old time days."

"Are you?"

"Yes."

Then he stopped, raised her in his arms, and, as of yore, bore her across the stream and the low grounds. She laid her head upon his shoulder as he strode easily along with his burden; she which with his disengaged hand he removed her bonnet, took out her combs, and let her hair, long, fresh, abundant as ever, dishevel. When he had reached the rising ground, he let her down softly, and said, "Julan, jest as I loved you then, I'm always loved you."

"And to think—to think that I never knew it! Oh, Absalom!"

He folded her arms around as if he would first comfort her. After a little while he lifted her head, and said "Julan, we mustn't complain now. I say, blessed be God! What do you say?"

"I say," she answered, beaming with grateful tears and smiles, "blessed be God!"

"And, oh, boys, it were a accident, my gittin' of her at last!" He was talking to a kind of young men in a corner of the room on the night of the wedding, while his eyes followed Julan moving to and fro among her guests. "I never knowed how to go about a co'tin', and I'd 'a never of got few in this mischen world but for me—jest her and me, jest accidental—was he ourselves at the meader branch, what I had toted her a mass a time over the crossin' log when she were a little girl a-goin' to Mr Chaxton, and somehow rice—I don't know agactly how it come about, but I shall always believe it were a accident."

## ONLY A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Sam 1, "I know whom I would choose
Of all the lovely fair,
To be the one in my heart,
My lonely life to share."
She answered, "I could not tell
Which of the lads I love well."

Sam 1, "The maid I'd choose to wir
An June's most perfect day,
And oh! the pearls, in her soft cheek
The dimples shyly play."
She answered, "He in whom I'm true
Is—well—a trifle, sh, like you?"

"The maid I love," I quick replied,
"Is now so near to me
Than it I do but raise my eyes,
Her face I'm sure to see."
"And if I do too turn my head
I'll see the lad I love," she said.

O sweetness joy! my lips grew bold—
"Tis you whom I adore!
Now show me whom your heart would choose,
And let us jest no more!"
Said she, "Forgive me if you can,
But really, sir, *you're not the man!*"

## A CHEYENNE COURTSHIP.

THE Cheyenne tribe of Indians has a bloody record of wars with other tribes and of collisions with United States troops. Its remnants are now gathered upon a large reservation in the western part of the Indian Territory. They are a large, athletic, well-housed race, and are mentally superior to most other plains Indians. A good reason for their superiority is to be found in the more carefully guarded morality of their women. Adultery by a Cheyenne squaw is punishable by death—of the squaw only.

A Cheyenne maiden knows her rights and her value, and conducts herself with strict propriety, according to the established customs of her tribe. She is amused by her father, and he may sell her in marriage without her consent, but she is not without a remedy. Once wedded, she is the property of her husband, and is bound to all the slavishly obedient drudgery of squaw life. The warrior, however, who unwisely buys her against her will does so at a risk of losing all he paid for her, as the Cheyenne law of divorce is peculiar, and provides important limitations of her bondage. More commonly she is permitted to choose for herself, and is apt to do so with an intelligent reference to questions of comfort, supplies, and social standing.

A young Cheyenne brave has a great deal of spare time on his hands, and one consequence of this fact is that there is a vast amount of courting done he him. His best time comes to him after sunset, for he is expected to serenade, and he does so. He does not sing, he blows the cho-tan-kah. This is a sort of flute, varying much in shape and character. He generally makes it of two pieces of cedar, hollowed out, and glued at the edges. It is sometimes improved by a snake-skin, drawn tightly over it and dried on, and by other ornamentation. It has from three to seven finger-holes, generally four, and is blown through from one end. The musical results, altogether devoid of tune, are described as something doleful. A Cheyenne village sometimes has the benefit of several serenades to the same tune. One young lady may have several suitors waiting for her out on the dewy grass, but her choice of companions among them, when she steps out of her lodge, is absolute law, binding upon all. Custom permits her to go and sit down by the favored musician, and a blanket thrown over two heads is a pretty substitute for a parlor corner. The successful ending of such a courtship brings the young Cheyenne face to face with her father, and into a process of bargaining, which may last for weeks. The lover is told of all beauty, virtues, and accomplishments belonging to the treasure he is seeking, as well as of any deficiencies on his own side, and he replies by all the virtues and loveliness he can think of. The argument has no reference to facts, really, but to ponies. Rather than break off a match, an old brave has been known to settle the matter by one pony, while a more successful father has obtained five ponies and two mules as well as a son-in-law.

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SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—Drawn by J. M. Tracy.—[See Page 476.]

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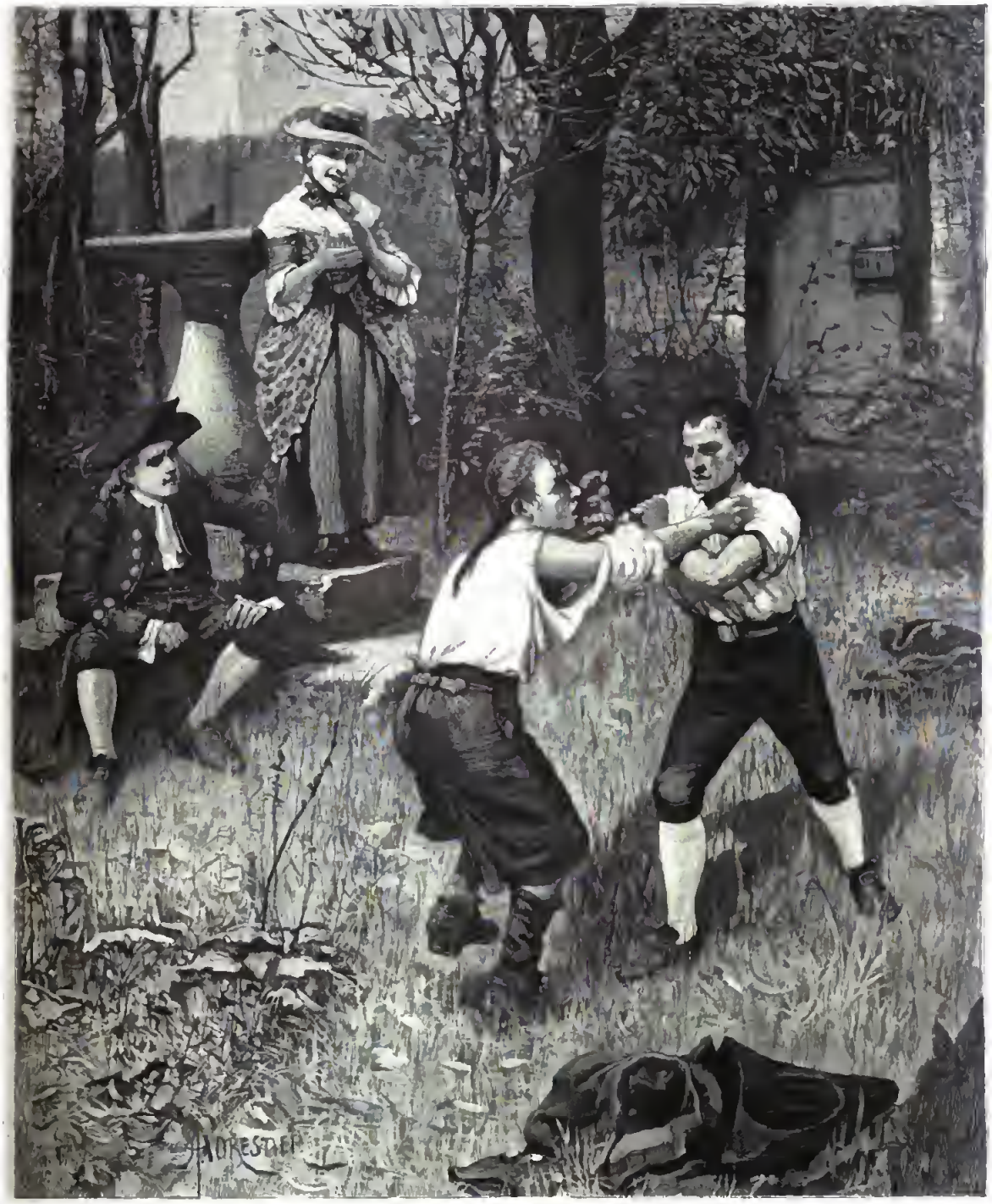

"BESS STOOD BY, CLAPPING HER HANDS WHEN JACK'S FIST WENT HOME."

# THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

By WALTER BESANT

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER V

### MIDSHIPMAN JACK

THIS was Jack fairly launched and started upon his profession. As regards a boy's first days at sea, they are reported by all to be the most miserable in his whole life. For the quarters of the youngsters, volunteers and midshipmen, on a ship of the line, are beneath the lower gun-deck, on what they call the orlop or the orlop. This is a dark and gloomy place, below the level of the water; no daylight can ever come to it, and there can be little access of pure air. Here the purser has his stores, the surgeon keeps his drugs, the bo's'n and carpenter their ropes and spare gear, so that the place smells continually of tallow, beef, pork, tar, and bilge water. It swarms with rats and cockroaches; in time of battle the wounded are brought here, near the after hatchway, as to the safest part of the vessel. Here the young men hang their hammocks and stow their chests. As for their mess, it is with the surgeon's mate, the master's mate, the purser's mate, and the captain's clerk. To boys brought up delicately, the food is coarse; new-comers have to run the gauntlet of rough jokes, and the horse play which among these lads passes for wit; it is that kind of wit to which the only answer is force of fist. The young sea boy's play is always like a fight, and generally ends in one. Therefore, if a boy on board a ship love not fighting, he had better tie a kedge-anchor round his neck and drop overboard. But if, like Jack, he loves and is always ready for a fight, and will engage with the first who offers, however big and strong he may be, then the society of the midshipmen's mess may become delightful to that boy; for the wish of his heart will be gratified. I believe this was Jack's case; he hath told me how for a week or two he fought every day, and how, at the termination of each encounter, he found reason to thank Aaron Fletcher for his toughness and obstinacy, which had taught him useful lessons. Further, there are tricks to be endured, such as the stealing of a boy's breeches when he is dressing, so that he is late on deck, and is consequently masthead, or the greasing of his head with tallow while he is asleep, with many other nauseous jokes, all of which have to be borne with good-humor until an opportunity occurs of revenge, or the little tyranny of one who, because he is a head taller, thinks he can do as he pleases; one such did Jack fight every day—getting, to be sure, the worst of it—until the big fellow had no more stomach for the fight, and left his adversary in peace. As for the gloom of his quarters, and their narrowness and discomfort, why, Jack had seen them often enough, and knew what to expect, and cared not two pins for them. As for sea sickness, Jack never felt it. The rough sea fare he liked; and as for the daily duty and the sharp discipline, these were part of the profession, and designed for the safety and government of some hundred lives and the as-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1641.

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accomplishment of the ship's purpose. If a sailor would be happy, he must, I take it, acquire, as soon as possible, the feeling of association. Everything has to be shared: if he take on board with him and nourish the desire, common as all humanity, of getting as much comfort for himself as he can near, he will never be easy. Comfort, I suppose, and ease of body are served out on board a man-of-war in rations and provisions—like the rum.

Jack's good luck began, as I have mentioned, with his first voyage—that is to say, whatever good fortune can come to one so young fell to him as you shall see.

The *Lennox* sailed on December 5, 1747, and meeting with none of the storms on her voyage, joined Admiral Knowles at Port Royal, in Jamaica, on February 8—a short passage, the ship being a fast sailer, and ably handled.

As this war took place when I was a child, causing happily no end when I was but twelve years of age, I know little about it, save that to early recollections are all of activity in the yard, the going and coming of ships, the building and launching of ships, the hurry and the business of war. There were some very fine engagements at sea, of which I know only one or two—those, namely, in which Jack was engaged, and there were some memorable actions fought on land, of which that of Dettingen was one. There are in every century or many wars, there are in every war so many actions, every one of which, in the eyes of those who have fought on the victorious side, and especially in the eyes of the admiral or general, is so memorable that it will remain forever in the history of the world as a feat of arms never to be forgotten. This vanity is like that of the poet, who thinks that for an ode to "Fame," or to "Victory," published in the *European* or the *Lady's Magazine*, he is covered with glory and crowned with or nourishing wreath of bays. One immortal victory is succeeded by another; one general causes his predecessor to be forgotten; one poem is followed by another; their lords are scattered to repose between the leather binding of the volumes which contain them. It is only the work of the painter which lives on the walls for all men to admire in all ages to come.

I say, then, that whatever imperishable glory surrounds the names of those who conducted for the allies this war, I know of none except that which belongs to our squadron in the last year of the war. An account of it may be read in Mr John Hill's *History of the British Navy*, itself compiled from the papers of the late lamentable Captain George Berkeley R.N., which stops short at this chapter, the book having been published at the beginning of the next war. What I know of it is taken from the description of these affairs given me by Jack himself.

The *Lennox*, then, arrived at Port Royal on February 8, 1748. The Captain was heartily welcomed by Admiral Knowles, who was on the point of sailing on an expedition from which the best was hoped. By the greatest exertions, the ship was provisioned in readiness to join, and the squadron, Governor Trelawny accompanying the Admiral, left Port Royal on the 14th, with design to attack Santiago, or Saint Jago, the most important town and port of Cuba, next to Havana. The squadron was strengthened by a detachment of two hundred and forty men of the Governor's regiment. The first was met with contrary winds, which were so long and persistent that the Admiral resolved upon changing the plan of the expedition. It was therefore decided to make or attack upon Port Louis, on the south side of Hispaniola. Thither, therefore, the wind being favorable, they sailed, and arrived in good order. On the 8th of March, the ships being then almost within pistol shot of the walls, the attack was commenced, the cannonade lasted three hours, at the end of which time the enemy's guns were silenced, and the Governor proposed to capitulate. He sent an officer off with propositions, which the Admiral refused, and sent back his own, giving an hour for consideration. Before the end of that time they were accepted, and the place was taken. "I believed," said Jack, telling me of this, his first action, "that every cannon-shot that struck the ship as flew through the rigging was going to knock my head off, not thinking that, by the time I heard the noise of it, the danger was over. Yet I was resolved to stand at my quarters, and do my duty as well as I could, but for the life of me I could not help ducking my head, till the gunner spied me, and found time to fetch me a clout on the head, saying, "You fool, that cannon-ball was half a mile beyond the ship before you ducked. Hold up your head, and remember that when it is knocked off, you will have no time to duck out of its way." So, with that, I plucked up, and was comforted to see the men at the guns, none of them killed, and none of them ducking. So I was highly ashamed of myself, till they told me afterward that, at the first engagement, most everybody ducks. As for the Captain, he was on the quarter-deck, and scorned to show the least fear; and the men at their quarters only laughed, even when a nine struck the ship and fragments of the timbers went flying about. But it was fine to see how, one by one, we silenced the guns: this I should like to *see* fighting at close quarters. This pounding with the big guns at long range is not as my taste."

There was some work for the boats as well, for the enemy set fire to one of their ships, and endeavored to send her alongside the Admiral's ship, but boats were sent off, which towed her clear, and took possession of two more designed for the same purpose, though the enemy's musketry fired smartly on them all the time. The loss in the whole action was only ten men killed, among whom were Captain Benton, of the *Stafford*, and Captain Cust, a volunteer, with many wounded. The loss of the enemy was a hundred and twenty-eight killed. The fort contained seventy-eight cannon and a vast quantity of ammunition and stores, the whole of which was taken possession of, and the fort blown up.

I dare say it was a small business, but it seemed a great one to the boy, who thus took part in so active for the first time.

The affair concluded, the Admiral proceeded to put into execution his design upon St. Jago.

The attack, however, failed, because they found a chain across, with two large ships and two small ones filled with combustibles, and ready to be set on fire at the first attempt to break the chain. The news mortifying, and added nothing to the Admiral's reputation. But six months later it was Jack's good fortune to take part in a spirited action with the Spanish squadron between Havanoah and Tortugas. It was in October, and I believe after the peace had been signed; but this they knew not. The Spanish fleet consisted of the same number of ships as our own, but larger, and with double the number of men. There was a court-martial afterward, and the Admiral was reprimanded for not shifting his flag when his own ship was disabled. Therefore the action is not one of those in which the country can take the most pride. But this had nothing to do with a young midshipman, and no one ever denied that the *Lennox*, for her part, was admirably fought and handled, seeing that when the *Cornwall*, the Admiral's ship, was disabled, the *Lennox* had to sustain the fire of the whole of the squadron until the arrival of the *Canterbury* and the *Warwick*. At nooktown the Spaniard began to retreat, but not before their great ship the *Conquistador* was taken. Admiral Knowles has been further reproached with not prosecuting the pursuit with greater vigor. However that may be, he fell in, two days afterward, with the Spanish Admiral's ship, the *Africa*, and blew her up. Whatever might have been our success, it cannot, therefore, be denied that we took two out of seven ships, and compelled the rest to run away. As for Jack, he had learned how to receive the enemy's broadsides without ducking. "But what amused me most," he told us, "was that there was no shouting or saying among the men. They were all as cool as if they were firing a salute at Spithead. When a man was wounded and fell, he was carried below, so there was not much of the groaning and shrieking that landsmen talk about. Why, those fellows of ours will have a leg sawn off and never groan. Whereas, if a man is killed, you can't expect him to groan afterward. To be sure, I've never seen a fight with a boarding party. And I see, Luke, the first time you see a man killed, when he falls down to a heap on the deck, and his face turns quite white, and his arms and legs hang wet any way, as if he didn't care what was going to happen, it makes you feel sick and dizzy. But the more only laugh, because never one takes his turn, and you can't escape the bullet that is bound to kill you. If it wasn't for knowing that, nobody would be able to feel happy and work with a will while the shots are flying about. Luke, there's another thing"—here his voice dropped to a whisper—"there's a thing I never knew before nor suspected. There's cowardly captains, even in the King's navy; captains who won't crowd on the canvas in pursuit, and drop out of action, pretending to be disabled. They never told me that; not even Mr Brinjer told me. And half hearted captains. Why, if all they say is true, we should have been inside St. Jago, instead of shearing off after a broadside or two. But there's more brave captains than the other sort, and so you'll see when next we have a brush."

For the *Lennox*, with Admiral Knowles's squadron, had now returned, and the ship was paid off, and Jack had made his way home again, when you may be sure we killed the fatted calf and gave him welcome. He was gone, on that voyage, for the best part of ten years, and was one fifteen years of age, and looked eighteen, being so big and strong. The sun and the wind had painted his cheeks a lively color, his hands were brown, his speech was rough, and his bearing was manly. Wonderful it was to see the confidence and the manliness of one so young, to say nothing of the pride he took in the exploits of his ship. These, on presently discovered, lost nothing in the telling. He brought home a most beautiful necklace of red coral which had been found in the fort of Port Louis, belonging, no doubt, to one of the mulatto or half-caste women, who were both the slaves and the mistresses of the Spaniards in those parts. He showed it to me one day, and I expected he would give it to Cassilla. Fortunately I told her nothing about it, and presently I saw it round the neck of Bess Westmoreland. It is or common at Deptford to see girls of her class decorated with gold chains, coral necklaces, jewelled brooches, and all kinds of finery (for a few days only, because they speedily send the things to London to be sold), that no one asked who had given the child an ornament so unsuitable to her position. As for Cassilla and myself, if Jack before he went away was going to be a hero, he was now actually become one: we were fully persuaded that when at Port Louis the boats towed off the fire-ship with the rocket-balls spattering in the water, it must have been Jack who sat in the storm; and when the *Conquistador* surrendered, it must have been in terror at the sight of this youthful and queer, terrible with his sword in his hand; and when the *Africa* blew up, it was because the Spanish Admiral perceived that he could not hope to contend any longer with this young sea-lion; and, considering the Admiral's want of spirit, it was nothing but the presence of Jack that saved the fleet from disaster. I began to draw pictures, representing episodes in the three actions in which our hero had taken part, such as Jack repelling boarders, laying about him with such an intrepid air as commanded terror and admiration to all who beheld it. Behind him stood the British tars, ready to back him up with cutlass, pistol, and pike. Or another, in which I displayed the two ships at close quarters, with grappling-irons, and Jack leaping singly upon the enemy's deck, a pike in one hand and a cutlass in the other; and there was Jack laying the gun that was to hit the enemy between wind and water, and or sink her: he performed the operation with thoughtful face, the Captain standing by, a rapt in admiration. They were wonderful pictures. Jack laughed at them, but did not deny that perhaps there might be truth in the subjects. I gave them to Cassilla, who put them away. She both since assured me that she hath kept them out of regard for the hand which drew them. That is doubtless true, since she says so. But I think there must have been, at the same time, some admiration for the hero of those designs.

I do not describe the joy with which the Admiral received the boy, nor the pleasure with which he listened to his account of the actions he had witnessed. As for the manner in which Jack sought out Mr Brinjer, everybody knows the contempt with which the combatants branch regards the civil branch, though the surgeon's mate, by order of the Navy Office, is considered a gentleman, and messes with the midshipmen, or that there was condescension in a midshipman visiting or apothecary. Yet, as Mr Brinjer was an old friend, Jack could not but treat him with familiarity, mingled with superiority. Moreover, he had by this time himself visited the places of which Mr Brinjer loved most to speak. He had seen the negroes of Port Royal and Spanish Town, and those of Bridgetown, Barbados; and of St. Kitt's; though as yet he had never seen the Guinea Coast. One is not afraid for nearly two years without learning and hearing things. So that for every tale which Mr. Brinjer had to tell, Jack had now half a dozen. And I remarked that, like the apothecary, Jack loved to figure as the hero in his own stories. This is a temptation to which men are all liable, and especially sailors; because, I suppose, they are looked upon by the world as certain to have had adventures, and there is or man in Greenwich Hospital who has never been wrecked, or cast away, or been attacked by savages and by sharks, or had a brush with pirates.

As regards the quality of these stories and the art of making and telling them, if there is any art in or simple a thing as the telling of a sailor's yarn, it must be owned that the apothecary showed himself the superior. For it is required of such a tale that there must be fighting in it, with much bloodshed, narrow escapes, starving in boats, pirates, and desert islands. All of these were supplied by Mr Brinjer, whereas poor Jack had as yet nothing but his three battles. Bess, you may be sure, came to sit with us in the room behind the shop, and to hear Jack talk. She sat in the window-seat, her hands folded in her lap, gazing at her hero all the time, and speaking not a word save when Mr Brinjer or I ventured to interrupt the flow of Jack's manly conversation.

Two days after Jack returned, the promised fight with Aaron Fletcher came off to my presence, and that of Bess, who, I believe, was the chief instigator of the combat—having a vehement desire to see Aaron punished for certain disrespectful words spoken in Jack's absence.

He was a little older than his adversary, and now bigger of frame, and so hard on was to be expected of a young man who spent his days and nights chiefly in a fishing smack—he called it a fishing-smack—between Ramsgate, or Leigh in Essex, and the coast of Holland or of France.

They fought in the gardens behind the Stowage. It is beneath the dignity of history to describe or encounter with fists between two boys. Sufficient it is to say that Jack took off his coat laughing, and the other scowling; that they fought for an hour, with some vicissitudes—Aaron, or to speak, carrying heavier metal, but Jack handling his guns with more dexterity; that Bess stood by, clapping her hands when Jack's fist went home, and taunting Aaron when he fell—which made both combatants the fiercer; that, finally, Aaron was disabled, and had to retire from the conflict by the dislocation of a finger, which gave Jack the victory. But both were so mauled and bruised, their faces so covered with blood and swollen, that the battle must have ended in neither being able to see.

"I'll fight you again—and again after that," said Aaron, mopping his face, with dark and savage looks.

What did they fight for? Well, one was a gentleman, and the other a mechanic; one was a midshipman in the King's service, and the other was a smuggler. Surely these things were enough. If you want more, remember that, even at sixteen, a youngster may fall to love and be jealous. Aaron was already to love with the black eyes of Bess, who was now nearly twelve, but like a Spanish girl in this respect, that at twelve she might have passed for fifteen at least. And Bess, who could have none of him, thought of nobody but our handsome Jack.

## CHAPTER II.

### "THE CONTEST OF BOURET"

With the return of the fleets, and the signing of the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, came a great reduction of the naval estimates, which, in the year 1750, provided for no more than ten thousand men, instead of fifty thousand. This step, although it returned thousands of men to the merchant service, the coast service, the colliers, the fishing trade, and the river, sent back more than were wanted, so there was great distress with men cast of work all round the coast, and a large increase of smuggling. Many regiments of veterans were disbanded at the same time, and no men who, having been long engaged in active service, had lost the arts of peace and forgotten their former trades, were thrown upon the country seeking employment, and, for the most part, finding none. Again, from the dock yards were dismissed an immense number of artificers, such as shipwrights, carpenters, figure-head carvers, painters, decorators, and the like, besides a host of unskilled laborers, who had been receiving good wages, and now faced themselves without work and for the most part with not money. Add to this that the trade of those who got their living out of the ships and the sailors, and by every contracts, one suddenly shrunk into nothing, like a bladder which is pricked, and you will understand why, though the country breathed and the merchants of London and Bristol rejoiced, the seaports and dock-yard towns groaned and lamented. As for the shipwrights, there is always employment for some in one or other of the private building yards—such as Pett's or Taylor's, or in the repairing docks, as the Acorn and the Lavender, but what are these even when working their at most compared with the King's yards and their continual demand in time of war? It is true that a large number of disbanded soldiers, marines, and artificers received grants of land in Nova Scotia, and were transported thither. But there are not many in proportion to the whole number who are suddenly become farmers, and who fear not the cold of that inhospitable place. As for the unfortunate sailors, there were, to be sure, always new hands wanted for the merchant-ships; but a man cannot look to get a berth as soon as he desires; and other work they can do none. No one ever heard of a sailor following the plough, or becoming a shoemaker, or working in a carpenter's shop. It seems as if keeping the watch, handling the sails, and working the guns make a man unfit for other kinds of work. The disbanded soldier easy turn his hand to anything, but not the sailor. So that when his pay and prize-money are all spent—which never tether the honest fellow long, so ready is the assistance of his friends—he has nothing to do but to lean against the posts, or to stand about the river side, waiting for a chance. Often for a lodging he is reduced to sleeping on the bulks in the open street, and, for his food, to take whatever may be given him by the charity of his fellows. And at last, there this fails, if he cannot ship even on a boy or a hoy-barge, what wonder if he takes to running a fishing smack over to France for brandy? And then one hears of a desperate affray with the King's officers on the Sussex coast; and these are the times when the roads become infested with footpads—men driven desperate by poverty, who might have remained honest fellows had they been kept to their colors or to their ships, and in the houses of Deptford, where there had been plenty, and the laughter of little children, were now crying women and hungry babes, with the dreadful temptations of poverty and hunger. I am sure there is no more terrible temptation than this; let us never cease, rich and poor together, to pray in the words commanded, "Give us this day our daily bread."

There are some who think that the custom of disbanding the troops and paying off the men is or evil one, because, they argue, first, if you would secure peace, be prepared for war, as is shown in lively fashion by the fable of Æsop; and if you are always ready to fight, the enemy will be less ready to give provocation; and next, a better plan, if the forces must be reduced, would be to diminish them gradually, by suffering those to go who wished, and enlisting no more, or that speedily and without injustice an establishment on a peace footing could be secured. But in the Navy Office prudent counsels have never yet prevailed (I say this not of my own wisdom, but from general consent of those who have had opportunity of studying things orval), and I suppose will not, until some great calamity befall our country, and make or call for either Whig nor Tory, but for those who desire the greatness and the prosperity of these islands.

Sad indeed was the case of the younger officers—the midshipmen like Jack—who had little interest, and who feared that they might never become lieutenants. The more shocking it was because everybody had been hushing for a long war, with plenty of prize-money and quick promotion. And now, in the estimates of many, not only was peace signed, but it was assured, and would be lasting; because, these sagacious politicians of the coffee-house asked, why should France wish to make war again, having received not only or secure a lesson, but also terms of peace far more honorable than she could have expected? The events of the next few years have shown very plainly how anxious France has been to keep her word and to maintain peace. Perhaps, now that we have at last happily turned her out of Canada and the East Indies, and reduced her power in the West Indies, her turbulence may abate for a time. But one lesson out; we are nearing the end of the eighteenth century, and we cannot tell what may happen before that end arrives. However, the merchant adventurer naturally desires peace, and therefore is ready to prophesy that peace will be lasting, because we are always glad to believe what we desire. I have heard that the activity of the French roads was never relaxed during these years of peace: certainly they never commenced any war with more magnificent fleets than those which they sent to sea a few years later, in the year 1756.

As for Jack, after being ashore for two or three months, and finding no prospect of employment, he began to hang his head and to be despondent, longing to be afloat again, and seeing no chance. In truth, there was little in a landsman's life that he cared for, being, at this period, not much better than a sea-cub, a species of animal little loved by any except those who house that he will grow into a man. That is to say, he took no joy in reading, unless it was the description of a sea action—always, to my thinking, tedious to read. Jack, who did not think or, used to illustrate the history with the aid of walnuts placed in position, and showing, to his

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imagination, better than any drawing, how the fight was conducted. The gentle arts of poetry, music, painting, and dancing had no charms for him. He hated not the society of ladies, old or young, nor the polite conversation which pleases them; and so yet he had not felt the passion of love. I believe he was set against the sex by Mr. Bridge, who loved no woman except such as had a black and shining skin, and lived somewhere about Old Calabar. As for Bess, she was the most congenial companion to him at this time, because she never tired of listening to his talk about the sea, and what he was going to do. But as for love, he had none for her to this time. Of this I am assured.

Everybody has heard of the *Countess of Dorset*; how she set sail in order to navigate the great Pacific Ocean, and never returned, and how for many years nothing was known of her fate any more than is known of the fate of Sir Cloudesley Shovel. It is matter for regret that the single officer who was saved out of that wreck and survived the incredible sufferings which followed should not have been able to narrate in lively and moving fashion the particulars of this grievous disaster. Surely a history as instructive as that of Commodore Anson might be made of this voyage. But now, I suppose, it will never be written.

Soon after the peace, the *Countess of Dorset*, which was lying up in ordinary, was fitted out in Deptford Yard. She carried as armament of forty four guns, and was a frigate well reported as a sailer and for behaving well in heavy weather; ships being, as is well known, capricious in this respect; so that you may construct two vessels of exactly the same measurements, on the same lines, and yet, while one is easily handled and is obedient to her helm, the other shall be lubberly and difficult to steer; and one shall sail fast and the other slow; so that when any vessel is launched it is impossible to tell beforehand what she will be like, and one cannot judge by the behavior of a sister ship. As for her destination, it was as yet unknown, but some thought she was to form part of the Jamaica fleet.

One afternoon, however, the Admiral called Jack, and held a serious conversation with him.

"Thou art young, my lad," he said, "truly be calmed and in the Doldrums; or, worse still, a leeward tide, and drifting on the rocks. In a word, if a berth be not found before long, thou wouldst give up all further hopes of the King's navy. I am sorry for thee, lad. There is John Company, to be sure; they have a hundred vessels, they say; but their commanders are fond of their ease; and, besides, without interest in the India House, how can one hope for promotion? It would grieve me to see thee mate of a merchantman. Yet, what help?"

"I can ship as an able seaman, sir, as soon as I am old enough."

"Ay! ay! But we must hope for something better. Listen, my boy. I have this morning conversed with the Commissioner of the Yard, Captain Petherick, who has imparted to me a secret. The *Countess of Dorset* is bound for a cruise in the Southern Seas. I have, therefore, sent an application in thy name to the Navy Office. Because, Jack, though it is not the service I could have wished for thee, yet, seeing that there is little chance of anything better, we must e'en make the best of it, and if we get thee billeted on her as midshipman, we shall be fortunate. The voyage will be long and tedious. There will be no fighting, unless, which I doubt, the captain judges it well to seek out and capture the Manila galleon. They say there are islands out there filled with black pirates and cannibals, but I never heard of any honor to be obtained in fighting these poor devils. When you have gotten across the Pacific Ocean, there may be engagements with Chinese and Malay fellows. They have stink-pots and poisoned arrows. You will have to fight them at close quarters with pike and cutlass and boiling pitch, as well as with guns. But where is the glory of such an action compared with an engagement, yard-arm to yard-arm, with a Frenchman or a Spaniard of equal weight?"

"I should like to go, sir," said Jack, his eyes kindling.

"The Lord knows," continued the Admiral, "when you would come back again. And meantime, while you and your company were cruising in unknown waters, another war might break out, and you would lose your chance, which, indeed, would be the devil."

"But if on one break out, then my chance may be lost the other way."

"It would so, Jack. Perhaps we might get thee a berth—but of midshipmen there are plenty, and of ships in commission there are few. Yet the Commissioner tells me they have secret intelligence that the French are busy in Toulon and Rochelle. What doth this mean if peace is to continue? And complaints have been received from New England of infractions by the French. Is this a sign of peace? However, we know not. The King grows old, the young Prince is reported to be of a pacific disposition—but talking is vain."

Briefly, the Admiral's application proved successful. Jack was appointed to the *Countess of Dorset*.

When Mr Bridge heard of this appointment and the sailing orders of the ship, he threw of a strange emotion.

"What?" he asked. "Thou too art going to the South Seas, Jack? Why, it may be that the ship—but I know not—'tis unlikely, or—which I doubt. Thou art young yet, Jack; but if I tell thee my secret, though without imparting, yet, the latitude and longitude, while in those seas, thinking of what I shall tell thee, and mindful of the future, then mayst take observations, and when the ship comes home we will talk further of the matter. For look yo, my boy, I am sure that I shall not die before I have seen again that place—but wait until I have told thee. What? You think I am but a poor apothecary admitted to sit among gentlemen because I can cure their gout for them, and feared by the common sort because I can bring rheumatism upon them? You shall see. You think I have nothing but the fee-guineas in my till. Why, then, listen, and keep the secret for me, though, if all the world knew, no one would be one bit the far'order. Yet keep the secret; and now, boy, reach me down the chart."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

THE woodcock is an ornithological tramp all the world over, whether hatched in the Icelandic lands of Norway or in the swamps of our Northern States. Its mysterious entrances and exits have been a not that as yet naturalists have failed to crack. The European bird, which is one third larger, and differs materially in plumage from its Yankee cousin, leaves the land of the midnight sun and scatters in a desultory way all over the continent in which it belongs, its winter vacations extending from John o' Groat's House to the shores of the Mediterranean. In Normandy it is shot in large numbers in Ireland and on the east coast of England, and later on the sunny hill-sides above Bordighera and by the rushy pools in the Roman Campagna. But although the woodcock of Europe is considered a gastronomic gem, it does not compare with the more abundant American bird in delicacy of flavor.

Our bird is a rover the country over, nor does it tarry long in one locality. During the winter it seeks its julep in the bayous of the South. When spring approaches it comes to Northern climes to twitter its evening serenade, which is the prelude to its brief season of making love. With the blossoming of the dogwood, Dame Woodcock's four spotted eggs are transformed into animated balls of mottled worsted, out of which pokes the point of a pink-colored knitting-needle. A generous worm diet soon makes the youngsters diminutive counterparts of their mamma, and when July comes in New Jersey, it is the early sportsman that gets the first bird.

Long, hot, sweltering days cause the fond parent and her little brood—for Pop Woodcock has proven to be a truant long before the family shells were cracked—to retire into the shady thickets of the swamps or mountain swales, from which the little party only come out to dance by the light of the moon. August is now at hand, and with it comes the period for doffing the summer plumage for the more beautiful one of autumn. Country sportsmen now say, "Th' birds is gone later th' moon." The woodcock have certainly departed for some mysterious bourn, from which they do not return until the crisp days of October are upon us, and the full moon and frost nightfilpiate the glorious garniture of dying summer. This, of all seasons in the year, is when common sense, if nothing else, should dictate that woodcock should be permitted to be shot. The lawmakers of *New Jersey*, however, have willed it otherwise, and direct that the birds shall be shot during the month of July. They are then to be found on what is known as summer ground. Let, therefore, the summer woodcock shooter anoint his person with pungent-smelling oils, for the mosquitoes and wood-ticks are very thick. Let him investigate for a monetary consideration some unwily countryman to be his companion, thus if stricken by the sun he may be dragged by the heels to the nearest farm house, or if by chance he bitten by a snake, to have some one such out the poison. With a wet sponge in the crown of his hat, and a life insurance policy at home to provide for a stipendiary—thus equipped, the sportsman may to moderate safety take to the swamps. It would be well for him to also take his gun, and if a dogless man, to borrow one or more from some friend.

The dog part of summer shooting is generally the great stumbling block for all city men; for unless the pointers—which are by far the best breed for work in woodcock shooting in hot weather in this country—have been judiciously conditioned for the work at hand, they soon become fagged and burdensome companions. To prepare them for the sport, they should be exercised several weeks before the season opens, and their blood cooled by sufficient doses of sulphate of magnesia. Unless this is looked after, the dogs, and especially setters, are apt to be prostrated from the heat of the close cover, and likely enough seized with fits.

In these days it is an easy matter for the city sportsman to attend to all this, or to select the best ground for his summer shooting. Within the last few years large tracts of swamp lands in New Jersey, that were formerly the favorite haunts of the migrant, have been reclaimed for farming and pasture purposes. The woodlands have fallen as the land became more accessible to the city by newly constructed railroads, and the spring holes have been dried by systematic drainage. Yet there remain many places in the State where the woodcock is still sought and found, but not in nearly as large numbers as before the birth of the breech loader. The country at this time has run shooting mad. Almost every country boy has provided himself with some discarded muzzle-loading gun, and from the end of one year until another, except during the brief season of a little over three months, the woodcock, whether North or South, runs the gauntlet of distributed ammunition. For a fact, there is no migratory bird in the sportsman's list that is so continually hunted throughout the year. Yet some years, like the present one, when the breeding season has been propitious, woodcock again are found in their summer resorts in fair numbers. These places vary according to the quantity of rain that has fallen during the month of June. If it be wet, the birds are found scattered over the woodlands adjoining the swamps, and high up in the mountain swales. Should July be preceded by a drought, the birds concentrate to vast numbers in the lowlands, and during such times the bags made by good shots are often very large. Still there is no certainty where the woodcock can be found in sufficient numbers to repay the most ardent sportsman for the fatigue and discomfort which become part and parcel with the killing of the woodcock.

The ground that has almost swarmed with birds only a few days before the close season expires is found on the opening day to have been deserted by the erratic long-bills. Such disappointments often fall to the lot of the summer woodcock shooter, nor can the oldest inhabitant tell where the birds have gone, as whether they a slower return. To beneath the arching alders, by the side of some spring run, where the ground is easy and rich with creeping ills, he may be found racing, losing the day away. On the approach of the dogs he opens his great soft hazel eyes, and presses his mud-stained bill more closely to his breast. In this position he remains if the dogs are pointing near to him; should, however, they wind him from afar, he frequently steals off in great solemnity, with tail outspread, and winds his way through ferns and over moss-covered roots to some sheltered nook where he fancies himself secure. From this place, if started, he darts up with his shrill whistle, and dodging behind the leafy canopy overhead, skims the low brushwood, until falling leaves and floating feathers in the air tell the sportsman that he has killed with the eye of faith.

FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A story from France describes a very singular experience of a young woman in that country. While she was walking in a thunder-storm, under the shelter of an umbrella, she experienced a sudden strange sensation which filled her with apprehension, but was seemingly without other result. It was only on reaching her home, half an hour afterward, and on removing her hat, that every bit of hair on her head fell to the floor, and that she learned that she had been touched by a thunder-bolt in a most delicate and remarkable manner. Her head was shaved as cleanly, the story says, as though the work had been performed with a razor. As soon as the young woman learned what had happened to her she was prostrated by nervous shock, and the physician who attended her gave it as his opinion that she would not recover for several weeks.

It was proposed to remove the body of an Italian patriot, which has lain buried here for forty years, to Italy, but a curious obstacle arises. An Italian official has written to the New York Health Department that the body cannot be allowed to enter Italy unless it is accompanied by an official certificate declaring that at the time of the patriot's death the city in which he died was free of contagious disease. The Health Department finds that he died here in August, 1846, and that small-pox, typhus fever, scarlatina, and whooping cough were prevalent in New York at that time. The Department has so written to the Italian official.

When New Yorkers are marvelling to the keenness of their discomfort with the thermometer to the elevation, they may find something to be thankful for, perhaps, by a contemplation of the weather possibilities in Montana. On July 14 the mercury at Fort Keogh reached 120° in the shade. What the suffering New Yorker has a right to be thankful for is, of course, not that it is so hot in Montana, but that it is not as hot as it might be here.

A French goatherd, who had faithfully husbanded his earnings for many years, carried eighteen hundred francs in bank-notes in his waistcoat pocket. He fell asleep on a warm afternoon in June last, and one of his goats, observing a bit of the money protruding from the pocket, nibbled at it, and had devoured nine hundred francs before the owner awoke.

A dentist in Cheyenne undertook to bore a hole in a perfectly sound tooth and to fill it with gold. He was a clumsy workman, and split the tooth in two. The patient upon whom this operation was practised was a cowboy. When the tooth broke, the raw boy petulantly told the dentist that he considered him "on good," and went away. On returned to the course of an hour, having learned precisely the extent of the wrong to which he had been subjected. Seizing the false dentist by the throat, he had him upon the floor, and snatching up a pair of forceps, proceeded to pull one of his largest and most useful teeth. The shrieks of the dentist brought in a number of citizens, who beheld the cowboy kneeling upon his victim's chest in the act of pulling a second tooth. They forced him to desist from his revengeful purpose, which was to remove all the teeth in the dentist's head.

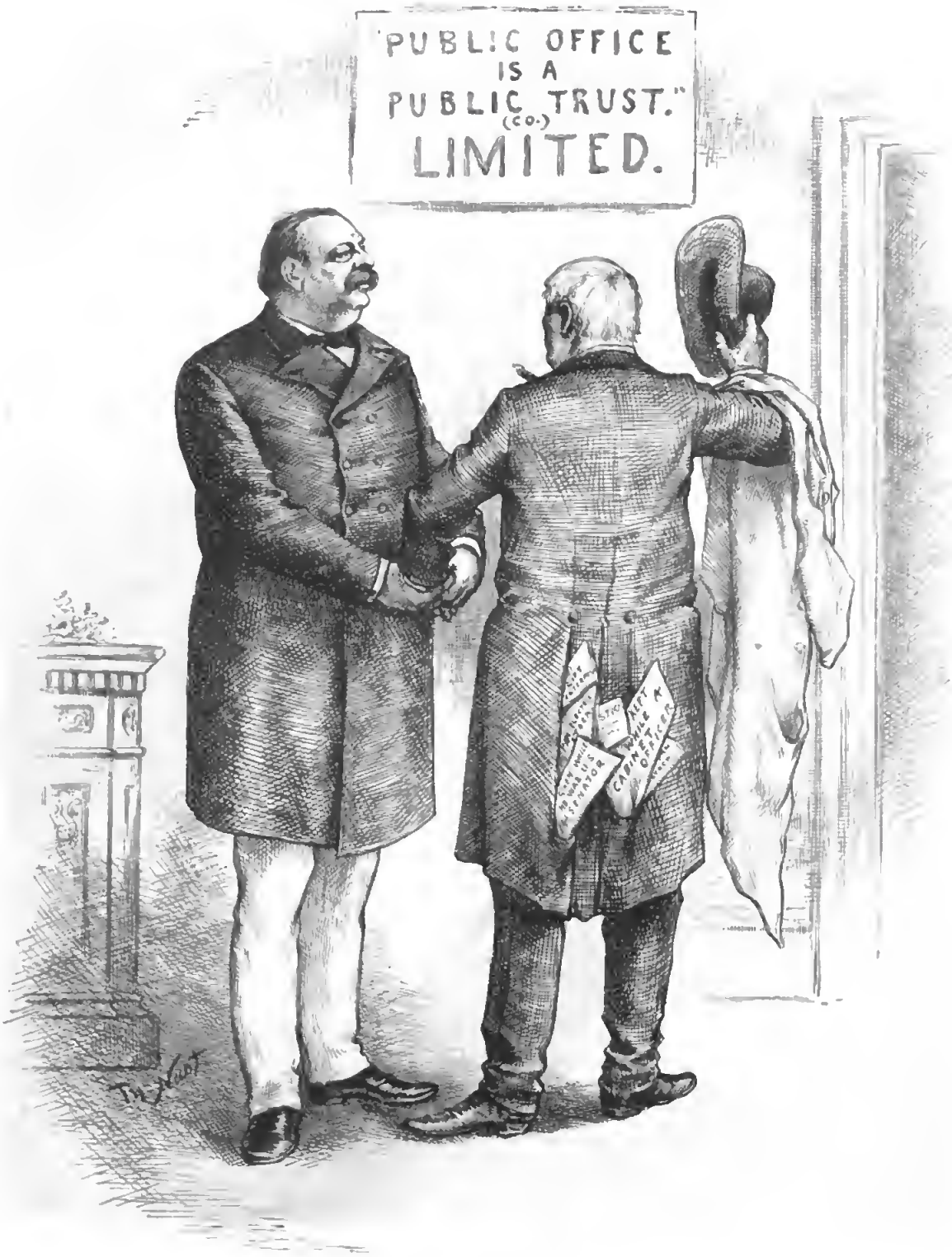
Two small farmers in France, according to a Paris newspaper, in a fit of drunkenness, set out to determine which one could swallow the greater number of silver five-franc pieces, each to furnish his adversary's supply. (A five-franc piece is about the size of an American silver dollar.) One of the farmers was all but choked to his second piece, and was removed to the hospital suffering great pain. The other swallowed twelve of the pieces, and it is not recorded that he suffered any inconvenience, though any one has a right to suppose, in the absence of further information concerning him, that he died.

John David Hudson, a young Englishman, on Easter Monday, 1884, rescued from drowning a young Italian lady who had fallen from the pier to Southend into the sea. The lady died to Mar last, and left Hudson two thousand pounds. Her brother, says *Gallaymon's Messenger*, has added three thousand pounds to the bequest, and the whole sum of five thousand pounds is to be invested for the young Englishman's benefit.

Forty-nine tons of snails are eaten daily in Paris. The snail in France is called the "poor man's oyster." "The best kind of snails," says the *London Standard*, "come from Grenoble or Burgundy. The finest specimens are carefully reared in a snail park, such as the poor Capuchin monks planned in bygone days to Colmar and Weinbach, when they had no money to buy food, and no cultivated snails. But the majority are collected by the vine-dressers in the evening from the stone-heaps where the snails have assembled to enjoy the dew. The creatures are then starved in a dark cellar for two months, and when they have closed up the aperture of their shell, are ready for cooking. According to the true Burgundy method, they are boiled in five or six waters, extracted from the shell, dressed with fresh butter and garlic, then replaced in the shell, covered with parsley and bread-crumbs, and finally simmered in white wine."

AN EXPANSIVE HEAD.

"Dere, dat school feel like it gwoot on you."
"Yes, boss, it's one neat a fit, ora I'd 'heard when I gits to 'expandin' on de trombone I bun' de bun', shuah. Guess yo' better gimme a little mo' roomy one."




A TOO SHORT VACATION.

ATTORNEY GENERAL GARLAND "I won't stay away long. I know how you will miss such an embodiment of your noble sentiments"

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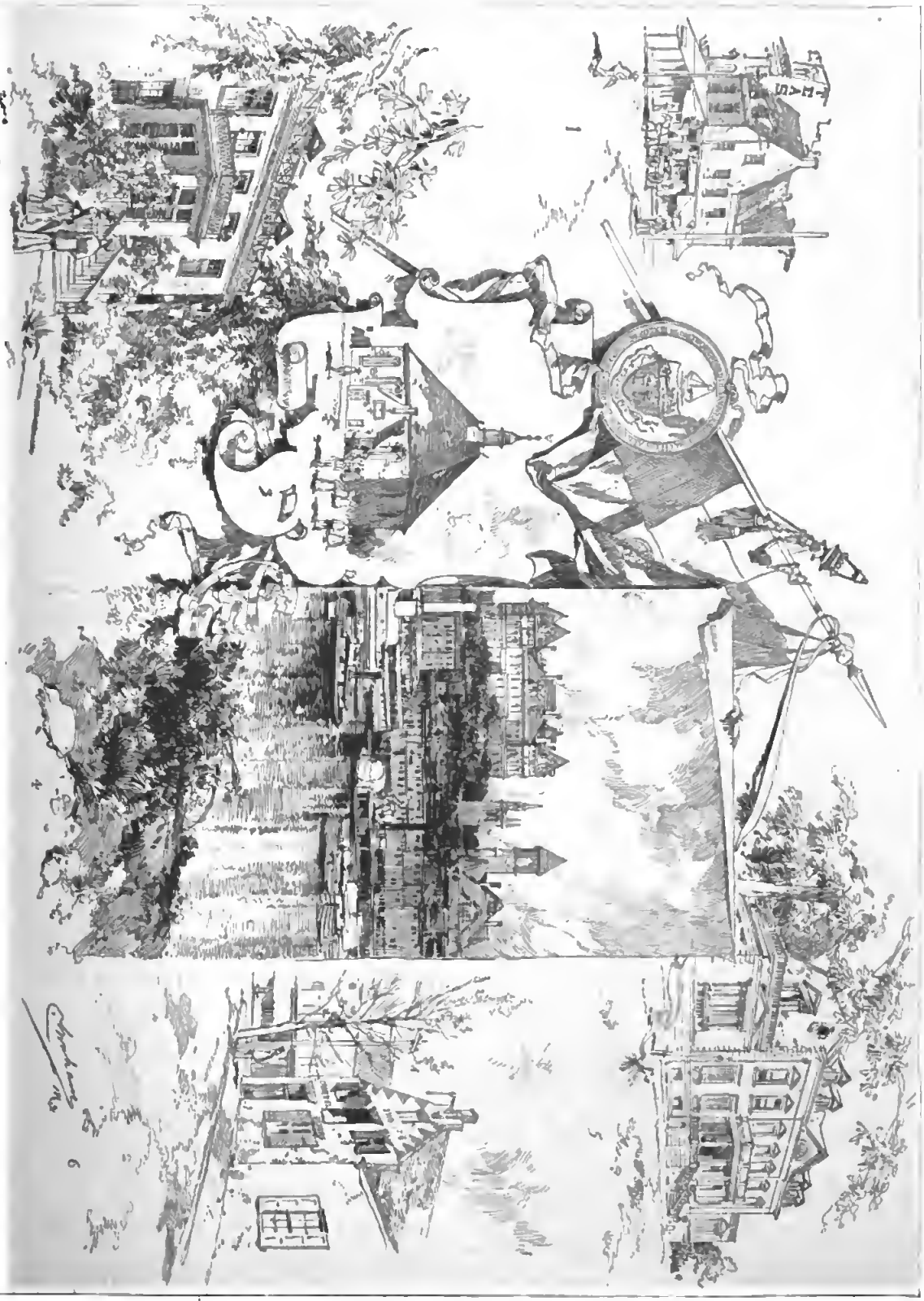

THE BICENTENNIAL OF ALBANY—THE OLD AND THE NEW.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

1. The State House. 2. The Schuyler House. 3. The Old Church. 4. The City from the River. 5. The Van Rensselaer House. 6. The Pemberton House.

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## YOUTH AND MAID.

A youth beloved of schools walked
Within the summer field one day;
He deeply mused upon the sod,
And classified there all straightway,
The wonderful unlike
Of dying blooms and blooming boughs.

A pretty maiden came that way;
Her cheeks were rosy as the pinks,
Her eyes were blue as violets,
Her laughter like the bobolinks;
She smiled upon the learned youth,
So busy in his search for truth.

"This is a specimen," he sighed,
With sadness grieving in his heart
"I fear I do not understand.
Oh, what is it, the subtle art
That baffles all my power to find
The workings of this simple mind?"

Cather his courage grew each day;
The more he studied, her bright eyes
He sighed and sighed; the maid was gay;
Looked down and laughed the summer skies.
When subtlest subtleties crossed the dull,
"I love," was all his lips could yield.

The maiden gave to him her hand;
She gave her heart with sudden start.
"Ah, now I read your soul," he cried,
"And not in vain the toil of years."
"Because I let you, sir," she said;
"I knew from the very first I read."

The youth beloved of schools grew
Less dolty in his own conceit.
"Science is great," he pondered long;
"She may bring wise men to her feet,
The world open her fingers tiny,
But cannot catch my will a girl!"

SUSAN HARTLEY SWIFT.

## OLD AND NEW ALBANY.

While the citizens of New York have allowed the two-hundredth anniversary of the chartering of their city to go by with little notice, the Albanians, whose charter is only three or four months younger than ours, are celebrating their anniversary in a way that belies the proverbial slowness of the Dutchman. The charters of both cities were granted in the expiring years of JAMES II., and they took their respective names from his former title — Duke of York and Albany. After the English Revolution the government of LEISLER was repudiated both in New York and Albany, and the transition to the reign of WILLIAM and MARY was both easy and natural; and both communities have had many interests in common from that day to this, although, from first to last, ten different flags have floated over the colony, the province, and the State.

The early movements of the French and Spaniards along the upper Hudson were tentative. They were after treasures of one kind or another that would offset the wealth of the Dutch in the East Indies, and they seldom told what they had seen. The first navigator who dared to tell was HENRICK HUDSON, and even he was enraged because, after passing the Highlands, the river grew smaller instead of emptying into the great South Sea. Without knowing it he had passed through the only water-way that nature had opened to the interior of a continent. Thus Albany, like Montreal, owes its existence to the head of tide-water at its doors, while the roads, canals, and railroads have added to its population and its prosperity by simply following the old Indian trails to the westward.

Very early in the contest the French along the northern border saw that they had made a mistake in committing themselves to the weak Algonquins. But when they tried to steal the Iroquois away from the Dutch, and afterward from the English, they found the task impossible, as fairly had the Iroquois been dealt with by their white neighbors. There was diplomacy and political acumen of the rarest kind on the part of the Dutch and the Iroquois. The outcome was that the French never took Albany, but chose rather to invade the New England colonies. Although no battle was fought at her doors, yet Albany was the strategic capital of the colonies, and the importance of retaining it was well understood. The significance of this fact may be read in the repeated but unsuccessful attempts of enemies to make the Hudson River and Lake Champlain continuous from New York to Montreal, so as to cut off the New England colonies from their mighty ally.

Without this brief historic outline no one can tell the reason why Albany has been the theatre of so many interesting and important events. The very topography of the country for two hundred miles around the city was responsible for its being. The early settlers were not adventurers; they were honest workers, and they treated the Indian fairly. This was the foundation of Albany's prosperity.

A still greater honor came to Albany. In 1754, at the suggestion of the crown, nearly all of the colonies sent delegates to a convention called to plan a more effective union. FRANKLIN proposed a scheme of a General Assembly with a President-General, which was striking like the Amsterdam Union. The plan, in fact, led to the Union at a later date, although the convention did not adopt it at that time. The immediate effect of the convention was the driving of the French from Canada. Albany did not become the permanent capital of the State of New York till 1797, since which date the Legislature has met there in annual session.

The city of to-day is many times larger than the little stockaded settlement that existed down to the Revolutionary war. It is no longer confined to a little strip along the river where the basements are filled with every flood. It has grown up the ravines and over the hills, till its streets have become a by-word for uncleanness. But the cobble-stones are rapidly giving way to Belgian blocks, and the Albany of the future will not be the laughing-stock of the traveller.

While the new City Hall, the High School, St. Peter's Church, the new Capitol, and a few other buildings mark a new era in the appearance of Albany, yet it is a matter of profound regret that so many of the old Dutch houses have disappeared within the past fifty years. The VANRENSSELAER palace, the LEISLER house, and many others, have been succeeded by business blocks, and even as we write one of the oldest structures has given way to the new Young Men's Christian Association building. The oldest house in the one at the corner of State and South Pearl streets, known as the State House. The date is 1667, and here was born General PHILIP SCHUYLER. The PRUYNTOWN house, a famous trading place outside the stockade, still survives. The SCHUYLER mansion, the home of the general, and the place of HAMILTON's marriage, is in existence, and the VAN RENSSELAER manor house, of the other end of the city, is closed. One of the best features of the present celebration is that many of these interesting spots are to be marked by tablets of bronze wherever their history is recorded. The memory of many other unrecorded incidents is kept alive by the Loan Exhibition, which is in very successful operation.

The immediate cause, or perhaps excuse, for the celebration at Albany being the issuing of the charter, a word in regard to it may be of interest. The document itself covers nine large sheets, and it is shown at the Loan Exhibition in a good state of preservation. The mayor was coroner, and also clerk of the market, which was in the street as it is to-day. Heavy fines were placed upon him if he refused to take the office and perform its duties. The aldermen were fined in like manner for non-performance of duty. Only free citizens were allowed to carry on trade, and the interests of education and religion were closely guarded. The citizens of Albany were allowed all privileges of hunting, fishing, and trading with the Indians, but they must not dig for silver or gold. The citizens of to-day do not seem to be thus restricted, and on instances are on record where the modern aldermen or the mayor refused to take and hold their offices.


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(No. 635)

FOR AUGUST, 1886.

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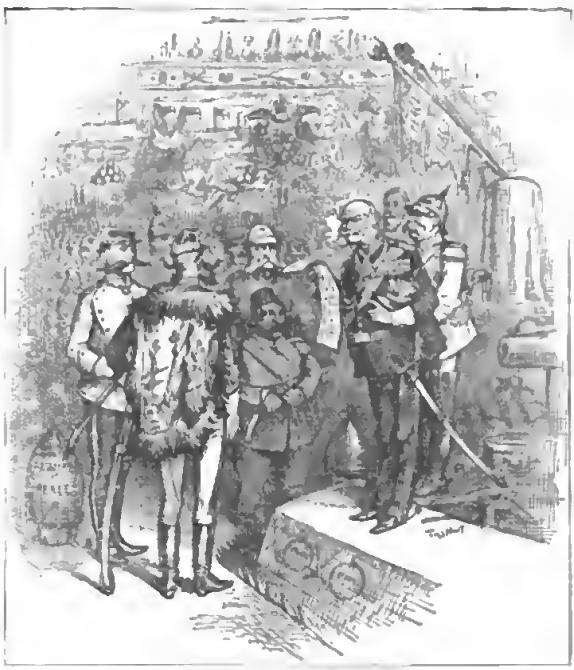

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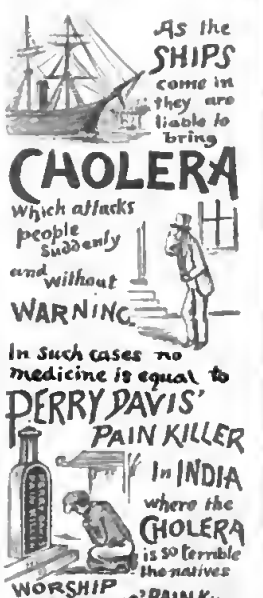


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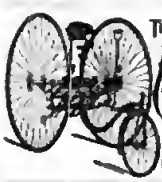

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1545.

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*The principal illustration is a full page, entitled*

"WITCH HAZEL" (ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH).

*It is accompanied by a pretty poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

## THE PRESIDENT'S CIRCULAR TO OFFICE-HOLDERS.

THE issue of President CLEVELAND's circular warning public officers not to undertake the management of party politics, should it be duly enforced by the prompt dismissal of delinquents, as no previous circulars and executive orders of the kind have been enforced, but as this undoubtedly will be, is a very important event. In several States office-holders have been recently very conspicuous in such management, and as this is the very offensive partisanship for which their predecessors have been dismissed, it could not honorably be tolerated by the Administration. Under the patronage system in England the interference of office-holders in politics became so outrageous that the members of the civil service were disfranchised, until the adoption of the reformed system. In this country it was a nuisance and an evil even when the civil service was inconsiderable in numbers, and before it was treated as spoils. JEFFERSON early observed the practice, and he wrote to GALLATIN, his Secretary of the Treasury: "I think the officers of the Federal government are meddling too much with public elections. Will it be best to admonish them privately or by proclamation?" And at his request GALLATIN prepared an admirable circular. It was the obvious indecency of the active partisanship of non political officers against half the community which paid their salaries which arrested JEFFERSON's attention, especially as his party was the one against which the partisanship was directed. But JEFFERSON proposed to correct the abuse of active partisanship in the civil service by stopping it, not by making it universal, as JACKSON did. It was an admirable purpose, and the only fault to be found with JEFFERSON's course is that after the circular was prepared he never issued it.

After JACKSON's reign of terror, which was not disturbed by VAN BUREN, President HARRISON issued his famous circular, which was written by WEBSTER. Nothing could have been better, and here again the only difficulty was that it was never enforced, and the Whig abuse of patronage was as outrageous as the Democratic. The bull was then taken by the horns. The abuse was declared to be an essential condition of government by party, and in 1846 BUCHANAN said that General TAYLOR would be faithless to the Whig party if he did not proscribe Democrats. The evil reached its fullest development under Republican administration, and naturally produced in the Republican party the reaction which demanded a change, and begun the agitation for reform. The reform movement was illustrated by the action and messages of General GRANT, and by his executive order of April 16, 1872, which contained a warning to the office holders, and by the circular of President HAYES, and his effective establishment, within a limited range, of the reformed system. But there was not a summary dismissal of offenders, and the circular evinced a good purpose rather than a resolute policy. The circular of President CLEVELAND is not a new measure. What will be new, and what the President's character assures, is its strict enforcement.

The President says, "The influence of Federal office-holders should not be felt in the manipulation of party primary meetings and nominating conventions." The real significance of such a declaration is an official paper depends wholly upon the character of the man who ranks it. It depends upon the force of his convictions and upon his courage whether the word "should" means "must," and whether "must" means that disobedience will be promptly followed by removal. Mr. TROUP, the Internal Revenue Collector in Connecticut, who before his appointment was held to be one of the most offensive Democratic partisans in his State, evidently understands the President, and before the President's circular Mr. TROUP, in reply to a Democratic newspaper which said that the revenue officers were actively "working wires" politically, wrote, "Any attaché of the Internal Revenue Department engaged in 'working wires' throughout the State, and the proof being furnished, will remain in the department just long enough to have the letter written dismissing him." This is the spirit, followed by corresponding action, which assures reform. We presume this to be the spirit of the President's circular, and with subordinates of the feeling and purpose expressed by Mr. TROUP, examples will be made which will have the most wholesome effect, as proving that the President means what he says. Offensive partisans in office are not confined to one party, and the dismissal by a Democratic Administration of one conspicuous Democratic office-holder as an offensive partisan will be more serviceable to reform than the Democratic dismissal of ten offensive Republican partisans.

## ALBANY.

"HAIL to the capital of New York!" were the opening words of the speech of Mr SEWARD delivered at Albany in October, 1855. It was the speech in which he announced his adhesion to the Republican party, and it was worthy of a philosophic statesman. The words of Mr SEWARD express the feeling with which the city has been regarded during the last week, in which it was celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of its charter as a city. The ceremonies were various and prolonged, but there is no city in the country which has a more varied and interesting history, and its celebration was especially valuable as a sign of that local pride and public spirit in which the communities of New York have been sometimes wanting. New York and New England have had always a peculiar relation. It was Holland that first sheltered the Puritan Pilgrims, and when the *Mayflower*, long tossed upon the winter sea, first saw the desolation of Cape Cod, the Pilgrims resolved "to find some place about the Hudson River for their habitation." They finally planted at Plymouth, but the Dutch traders had been already for six years established at Fort Nassau, now within the limits of Albany, and although there were polite embassies between New Amsterdam and Plymouth, the feeling between the communities was not cordial, and in the later day of the Dutch domination it was openly hostile.

But the site of Albany was seen by HUDSON eleven years before the landing at Plymouth, and although it was not, as he hoped it might prove to be, a point upon the nearer water-way to India, it is and has always been a chief point upon the path of European empire in this country—the path along which England and France fought for the mastery, and whose occupation England hoped would recover her revolutionary colonies. The history of no river upon the continent is more interesting and significant than that of the river at the head of which sits the capital of New York. It was the great Indian trading post, the seat of the Indian councils with France and England, the city in which general colonial union was first proposed, and for many years the political centre of the Empire State. It is much more intimately associated with all the great New Yorkers than any other place in New York, and as there is no State in which great families have played a more important part, there is no city which counts more of them among its citizens than Albany.

One of the happiest incidents of the celebration was the erection of memorial tablets of interesting and historic places in the city. This is a practice which has been too long neglected in this country, and which is nowhere more desirable than here, because of the constant changes and removals of old landmarks. About fifty such memorials have been placed in different parts of Albany, and every Albanian hereafter ought to know all the great traditions of his city. This method of commemoration is one of the most powerful stimulants of healthful local pride, and it would be an excellent service both to the city and to the country if the city of New York would commemorate in the same way her sites of historical interest. Local pride in its large and generous relations is patriotism or love of country, the spring of the noblest heroism and the most beneficent achievement. It is the excellence of the local celebrations which now frequently recur that they develop and strengthen this lofty conservative sentiment. They give to the life of to-day a historical perspective which dignifies and ennobles it, and they foster that public spirit which is in the community what a true fraternity is in all private and neighborly relations.

## THE PARTY GAME.

IT is amusing to observe with what energy the party game is played in Congress, because, despite the game, the moment that a question of real importance is presented, party goes to pieces. The theory of Congress is that it is a body deliberating and legislating for the public welfare, and not for a party or private or personal advantage. But this theory is antiquated. In a late debate a Democratic Representative said to a Republican that the pending question—one of the most important which has been considered during the session—was none of the business of the Republican minority. The Republican retorted that it was true, and that the Republicans were simply friendly spectators looking on; and another Republican contented himself with taunting the Democratic majority with neglecting every recommendation of the Democratic Executive. This is certainly a dull conception of Congress as a legislature from which the party minority might as well absent itself, inasmuch as the majority measures of legislation are "none of its business."

But the situation becomes very much duller when, after all the party posturing and taunting and defiance and servility to what is supposed to be party sentiment at home, the question is taken upon a point which must entirely divide real parties, such, for instance, as the proper financial policy of the government, and party suddenly disappears. Mr. MORRISON's resolution to pay out all the surplus in the Treasury beyond $100,000,000 for the purchase of bonds is a momentous financial proposition, which, should it pass the Senate, would be doubtless vetoed by the President. Whether wise or unwise, it was brought forward by the Democratic leader of the House, and was a Democratic measure. But after all the fine fury of party appeal, argument, and innuendo during the debate, the party showing upon the vote was ludicrous. The resolution was adopted by an overwhelming majority, the total vote being 207 yeas and 67 nays. But the Republicans gave 58 votes for the resolution and 55 against it. The Democrats gave 12 votes against it and the rest for it. It is a Democratic House, and the responsibility of legislation therefore rests with the Democrats. But upon a question so vital there was no party division, and the fact is another illustration of a political situation in which parties have lost any distinctive position upon the most important measures.

The same thing appears in the fact pointed out by Mr McKINLEY of the variance between the Democratic House and the Democratic President. "He asks you to retire the greenbacks; he asks you to suspend silver coinage; he asks you to revise the tariff. What have you done? You have not retired the greenbacks; you have not suspended silver coinage, you have not revised the tariff." Besides this divergence upon a financial policy, the Democratic Executive policy of reform in the civil service has been most vigorously attacked, or deserted, by the Democratic leaders of the majority. Party, we are constantly told, as an argument for voting against conscience, is essential to popular government, and BURKE and LIEBER and MADISON, and even HORACE WALPOLE, are cited as authorities for the necessity of party. Their views were undeniably sound. But they meant by party an organized body to promote a specific policy or measure. They did not mean a body half of which might vote one way and half the other way upon a great public policy. The ablest speech against paying out the surplus, which is a Democratic measure, was made by a Democrat. Mr HEWITT, not by a party opponent of the Democrats. Such facts, as showing the indefiniteness of party lines, may be wisely pondered by those who are about to select candidates to be supported in the autumn elections.

## THE PAYNE ELECTION.

THE question will be decided probably when this paper is issued, but the one man in the country who should naturally press most earnestly an investigation into the alleged bribery in the election of Senator PAYNE, of Ohio, is Senator PAYNE. There is so much disagreeable allegation and evidence and responsible proffer to supply proof, and there is such difference of opinion upon the part of his associates, that he should be most anxious to have everything laid bare, and the cloud that overhangs his election effectually dissipated. It is apparently plain that three-quarters of the Democratic members of the Ohio Legislature were pledged to somebody else than Mr. PAYNE, that Mr PAYNE's son was at the capital with a very large sum of money, and that bank books and other proof can be produced which will show that votes for Mr. PAYNE were bought. All this does not show any culpability upon the part of Senator PAYNE. But it does show presumptively that a great wrong has been done to the Senate and to the country. Messrs. LOGAN, EVARTS, and TELLER are of opinion that no satisfactory evidence has been adduced of corruption of "the necessary votes" to elect the Senator. But a very large part of the people of Ohio are not of that opinion. Senators HOAR and FRYE are not of that opinion. It is an open question. What possible mischief could follow its authoritative answer?

It is time that the general public impression that money has much to do with the election of Senators should be removed. It certainly cannot be disposed of by calling it "infamous." To select a particular charge of the corrupt use of money in an election, to follow it carefully and elaborately, to hear and publish all the evidence, to weigh it carefully, and to pronounce judgment, is not a course beneath the dignity of the Senate. But it is beneath the dignity of the

Google

Senate to know that the election of one of its members is largely believed to have been bought, to know that a great body of evidence has been collected, and that more is offered, to receive a report from Senators worthy of respect that a case for inquiry has been fairly presented, and then to declare that the Senate will not by its own action countenance an aspersion of one of its members. By such conduct the Senate asperses itself. The allegations in regard to the election of Senator PAYNE are not such as might be wantonly brought against any Senator. They have been in the air ever since his election, and whether they are unfounded or not, a complete and authoritative disposition of them is for every reason most desirable.

The dignity and character of the Senate will not be promoted by disregarding a general public impression upon such a point. If by a thorough inquiry and exposition it should show that impression to be wholly unfounded, it would not only remove a most injurious impression, but it would establish a strong precedent by which similar allegations hereafter could be settled. It would do more. The disproof of the charges against the election of Mr. PAYNE would go far to correct the feeling of which we have spoken, that the Senate is coming to represent enormous special corporate interests as well as the great public interest. This also may be a most calumnious feeling. If it be so, it is certainly worth while to show that it is so, and purge the Senate of the evil suspicion. We can see nothing to be gained, either for the country or for the Senate, by quietly dismissing the allegations about the PAYNE election.

## LOG-ROLLING.

THERE is no Senator whose opinion upon any subject of legislation is of greater weight than that of Senator EDMUNDS, and in the recent long and often acrid debate in the Senate upon the River and Harbor Bill he stated very forcibly his disapproval of the way in which that great bill of jobs is constructed. He said that the bill of this year, as it came from the House, made the largest grant that he remembered, and described it, as every such bill may be truly described, in these words:

"It takes in a great number of subjects and streams and places which for national objects, truly considered, and for national commerce among the States and with foreign nations, are substantially useless. But as a convenient combination to the citizens and communities of remote places far away from railways, if they be—and many of them are not—it is a very nice and generous thing."

Mr EDMUNDS added that he thought such legislation to be injurious and demoralizing, because it teaches the people to look to the national Capitol and the national Treasury for whatever improvement is to be made, instead of depending upon themselves. So strong was his conviction upon the subject that he would rather run the risk of intrusting $10,000,000 to the executive department, to be properly applied for necessary improvements, than to appropriate five or six millions of dollars for objects which, "when you look them one by one right in the face," are unconstitutional as well as impolitic.

This was well and wisely said. It was a frank statement that the River and Harbor Bill contains enormous jobs, and Senator VEST instantly admitted it, but said that it could not be helped. He agreed that the bill was a huge piece of log-rolling.

"There is not a trout stream in this bill, there is not a so-called harbor that would give refuge to a fishing smack at ten tons, that is not a national improvement, if you listen to the Senators and Representatives from those States; and if you do not give it an appropriation, Liberty lies bleeding in the streets, and the Capitol will be shattered to its foundations. It is always so, and you cannot make these river and harbor bills in any other way."

Senator LOGAN also agreed that it was log-rolling, but unavoidable.

"The Senator [Mr EDMUNDS] has more confidence in human nature than I have, if he believes such a time will ever come when the Congress of the United States will strike off everything but navigable streams and rivers and harbors. I wish we had commenced that way."

Senator LOGAN added that he had usually voted against such bills. But he had given it up. There was no use in fighting such propositions.

Senators, then, vote for bills which squander immense sums of public money because human nature is weak. Man is selfish. To fight against waste of the public money is kicking against the pricks. The only way is to refer the matter "to thirteen intelligent gentlemen," and vote for the jobs which they will report, because human nature is made so, and not otherwise. Here is richness, quoth Mr Squeers. It is not surprising that it was plainly said in the Senate that the President would veto the bill. It came from the House appropriating about $15,000,000. It was swollen in the Senate to about $18,000,000. Then the Senate, conscious of what Senators EDMUNDS and VEST and LOGAN stated, that it was an aggregation of jobs, cut it down twenty-five per cent., not excluding the swindles, but reducing the necessary grants, in order to diminish the total. This was, of course, a confession of the enormity of the whole thing. If the grants were not justifiable and necessary, it was a public outrage to pass them. If they were necessary and justifiable, they should have been passed, and the responsibility of approving the bill left with the President. The whole action of the Senate is a confession that he ought to veto the bill.

## A VERY PROPER ORDER.

THE order of the Civil Service Commission providing that neither an appointing or nominating officer or his deputy shall be made chairman or secretary of an examining board is a very proper one. It applies to five custom-houses, those at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, not Burlington, and to nine post-offices, not including that at New York. The order will compel a change in the new board of examiners in New York, which includes the more conspicuous members of "the ring" which is hostile to reform.

The unfortunate situation in the New York Custom-house arises from the appointment of chief officers who were not only not interested in reform, but opposed to it. It is now stated, to our great surprise, that the whole eligible list has been submitted to the appointing officer with the approval of the late Commission. Nothing, however, could be more suspicious, and nothing should have been resisted more strongly, except for very conclusive reasons, than the request of an appointing officer to see the eligible list.

We trust that the time is not remote when the boards of examiners will be selected from persons who are not in the public service. The inconveniences, temptations, and risks of such selections from among the subordinates of appointing officers are evident.

## OLEOMARGARINE.

THE passage of the bill taxing oleomargarine is an extraordinary act. The argument for it is doubtful—that oleomargarine injures the public health, and that its sale injures the private interests of dairymen. If the first statement be true, let the manufacture of oleomargarine be prohibited. If it is sold under false pretences, let its honest sale be secured by proper penalties. But, as Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, truly remarked, if it is right to tax bogus butter, it is right to tax bogus wines.

There is no more valuable class of the community than dairymen. But if their interests are to be protected by destroying the interests of other people, the rule cannot stop with them, and the way will be opened to interneciae legislation. The law is one of the least meritorious acts of a very horrea session.

## THE EXTRADITION TREATY.

THE *Tribune* has published the text of the new extradition treaty with England. It is very brief and very simple, and is merely a supplement to the treaty of 1842, adding four more offences to those mentioned in that treaty. The four new ones are manslaughter, burglary, embezzlement or larceny of the value of $50, or £10, and upward, and malicious injuries to property whereby the life of any person shall be endangered.

This includes actual dynamite crimes, but the treaty expressly prohibits the surrender of political offenders. One of its excellent provisions is the limitation of the trial of the accused person to the offences for which he is surrendered. There can be no good reason for the rejection of the treaty. It is not new in principle, and it contains no provision to which valid objection can be taken.

## A BUST OF IRVING.

DR. JOSEPH WIENER, a German physician of New York, has presented to the Commissioners of the Central Park a bronze bust of WASHINGTON IRVING, which will be placed properly in the Ramble. This is a pleasant tribute to American genius by an excellent citizen of foreign descent. Central Park is the great pleasure-ground of the city of New York. It is full of commemorative busts and statues of eminent men of other countries and states presented by foreigners and strangers.

Meanwhile there is no statue in this New York park of the two most eminent natives of the city—JOHN JAY and WASHINGTON IRVING. And as the good feeling of a German has now raised in this sylvan gallery a bust of IRVING, possibly the request of some Frenchman or Italian may yet offer to the city a memorial of JOHN JAY. BURNS and SHAKESPEARE and GOETHE and SCOTT and HUMBOLDT and DANTE and MAZZINI and WEBSTER are all commemorated, and there is a memorial of HALLECK. A statue of TWEED was projected also by eminent citizens. But it is doubtful whether the city remembers that JAY and IRVING were its children.

There is another New-Yorker whose statue should be seen in the Park—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. It is the distinction of New York that the first famous triumvirate of American literature—COOPER, BRYANT, and IRVING—were contemporaneous citizens of the State; and no plea of propriety can be urged more strongly for the bronze or marble memorial of any man in the Park than in the case of each of these illustrious Americans.

## THE "TIMES'S" ALASKAN EXPEDITION.

THE New York *Times* has despatched an expedition to explore Alaska, with the special purpose of geographical research and of ascending some of the more noted mountain peaks, among which Mount St Elias is "the king of the American continent." The commander of the expedition is the well-known explorer FREDERICK SCHWATKA, and the chief of the scientific corps is Professor LIBBY, of Princeton, the successor of DUYOT, and no report in Alpine scientific research.

The expedition sailed from Port Townsend, Washington Territory, on the 14th of June, and on the 18th of July it left Sitka, the chief port of Alaska, for Yakutal, or Jay Bay, where the land parties will begin their work of exploration. An experienced English Alpine climber accompanies the explorers, with Indians who will join the ranks as required. The route will be toward the St. Elias Alps, and the journey to their base will be made as rapidly as possible. The weather during the summer will be probably propitious, and from the mountain summits, ranging from eight to ten thousand feet, the party hopes to command wide views of the interior. The Indians of Alaska, the timber, the minerals, all the varied life and resources of the remote and hidden region, are the proper subjects of investigation. It is the latest and most arctic sublime to the national domain, and our limited information of the country is confined mainly to some points of the coast.

It is an admirable enterprise, of a kind which seems to have fallen largely to the press, which, in widely extending our knowledge of the globe, illustrates its own spirit and resources. A great newspaper is a great power, whose prosperity depends upon its command of all kinds of information or news gathered from near and far, and upon the ability and independence of its comments upon the news. It is thus, in THIERS's phrase, a complete daily history of every day, and no part of that history is more interesting than that which records the advance of our knowledge of every part of the globe which has been excluded from general observation. The *Times* is to be congratulated upon its enterprise, and the character and experience of the leaders of the expedition are the guarantee of the value of the exploration. Should the summit of Mount St. Elias itself be reached, the tale will be novel and fascinating. How interesting one such undertaking may be in the narrative, Mr BAYARD TAYLOR has shown in his story of the ascent of Ararat.

## PERSONAL.

THE Hon. CHARLES A. DANA declares that the most difficult subject for a newspaper reporter to handle well is a big fire. It has, he says, so many varied and varying aspects; its cause must often be ascertained from lips that are pale stricken; its immediate and remote consequences must be noted; the companies in which the burned property was insured, the amounts of the several policies, and the extent of the damage to owners and tenants, must be learned promptly and accurately, although most of the sufferers are loath to impart such information, because the next morning they may wish to revise their estimates. Particularly when the fire occurs at night, and must be reported at once, is the task a difficult one. No good city editor would "kill" good descriptive matter about a big fire. Mr DANA's last experience in reporting such an event was in Beecher Street, in 1847, when ten or twelve buildings were burned.

—Lieutenant SCHWATKA, in command of the *Times*'s exploring expedition to Alaska, is over six feet high, and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. It was he who discovered in King William's Land, in the arctic seas, evidences that Sir John FRANKLIN and his men had really perished. It was he who, a few years later, sailed twelve hundred miles on a raft on the dangerous Yukon River, in the polar regions, and explored also the remaining eight hundred miles of that previously unknown stream. To-day the Lieutenant is supposed to be climbing Mount St. Elias, the highest peak of North America, its elevation being almost four miles. If he reaches the snowy summit, he will be the first person to have accomplished that feat. The Smithsonian Institution wanted to send him on the same errand, but was not of funds. He expects to bring back many facts and specimens valuable in science, and to deposit them in the Museum of Natural History at the Central Park, and in the museum of Princeton College, where his assistant, Mr LIBBY, is a professor.

—DICKENS's *Old Curiosity Shop*, where Little Nell immortalized herself, is now supposed to be the structure at No. 14 Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, occupied by a dealer in waste paper. The neighborhood is one that DICKENS often visited. Another of its attractions is Quilp's Wharf, which exists under the name of Butler's Wharf. Quilp himself is well remembered by a few of the oldest inhabitants, and the latest investigations increase the evidence that DICKENS lived in chronicle what his own eyes had seen.

—A prominent Wall Street broker once found himself, in Venice, under the necessity of having some American money exchanged for Italian. The business was easily transacted, and seemed regular enough, but the cost was one-fourth of the entire principal. After reflecting for twenty-four hours upon the extent to which he had been sheared, he called again upon his Venetian brother, grasped him warmly by the hand, expressed his admiration of the performance, and added: "Now, my dear fellow, I am a shaver myself, and from Wall Street, and won't you be kind enough to explain to me just how you succeeded in pocketing one-fourth of my money?" The request was granted, and the admiration was mutual.

—It is suggested by a well known sculptor, who has the absent-mindedness to be always losing his umbrella, that this useful article should be provided by the city, just on pavements and sewers are; in which case, he observes to his friends, the pedestrian on a rainy day would be able to seize an umbrella from a public rack in whatever street he might be, and to get rid of it by returning it to another rack as soon as the clouds rolled by.

—Mr BARNUM has been reminding the Londoners that if his early ancestors had not been in a hurry to go to America, he might have been born in England. He has been asked, since he arrived in London, to express his opinion in regard to a good many things. Well, he had opinions on a good many things, and he had a right to express them in the land which he had never forsaken.

—M. PASTEUR's generosity and self-sacrifice in giving freely the fruits of his life's work to all comers without charge was earnestly praised at a meeting of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain. The great specialist in hydrophobia did not patent his process, but gave information to all who desired to learn, and also the rules to work with. Up to July 1 not less than 1426 persons bitten by dogs had been treated by PASTEUR, and of these only four had died.

—Some of the artist friends of the late HENRY KIRKE BROWN were shown his studio, near Newburgh, on the day of his funeral. The structure is a wing of a barn, and stands at a distance of twenty yards from the sculptor's cottage. Its spacious and cheerful interior looks out upon thirty acres of greensward on the banks of the Hudson. It contains plaster casts of the statues of General SCOTT, General GREENE, RICHARD STOCKTON, and other celebrities, arranged around the walls, together with many small works on the mantel shelf, some of them modelled by his nephew and heir, Mr HENRY K. BROWN. Just in front of the two-story mansard-roofed wooden cottage is a trout pond of moderate size, which the sculptor excavated with his own hands. He was an enthusiastic fisherman. His last days were embittered by his failure to obtain from Congress about $13,000, a balance which he claimed to have been due on his equestrian statue of General SCOTT. This work used to be much admired by General GRANT, who often indulged in in the presence of Mr DANIEL HUNTINGTON, when sitting for his portrait. GRANT said that the common criticism that the horse was too small for his rider was unjust; that SCOTT was as big as always to look too big for the horse he was riding.

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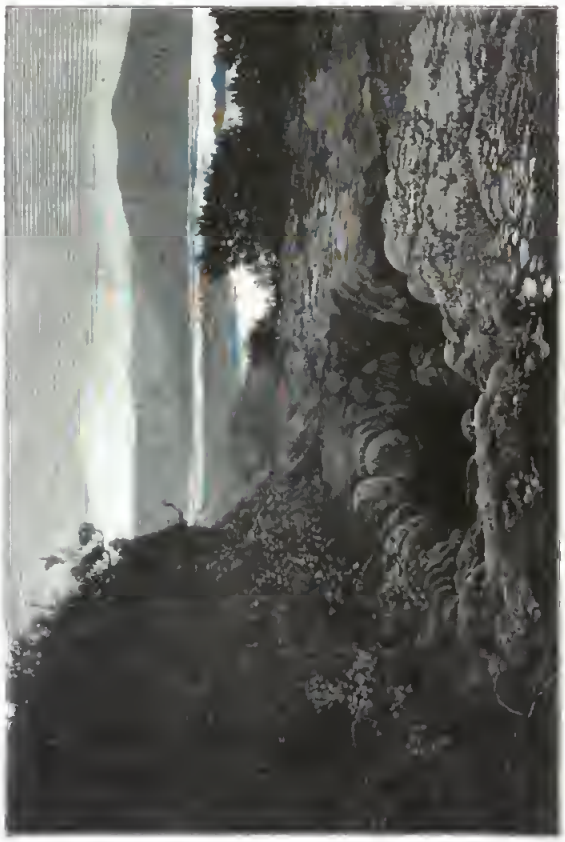
A STEAM HOLE.

THE PINK TERRACE.



A MUD CRATER.

THE WHITE TERRACE.

SCENES OF THE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.—From Photographs furnished by Mr. Thomas A. Kent.—[See Page 487.]

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THE PROPOSED WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT NEWBURGH.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

## The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

MR. GREENE CONCLUDES THE STORY OF HIS VOYAGE.

Those who will read this history through, and then consider the various parts of it, will not fail to be amazed with the manner in which Jack was prepared for the fulfilment of his fate and for the close of his life (if that hath yet happened) by a crowd of circumstances which seem to have indicated it and led him irresistibly. For, first, it was permitted to him—a rare thing—to make the acquaintance of two who had voyaged upon the South Seas—I mean as officers, and of the better sort; for of these who had set foot on Juan Fernandez, fought the Creolian Spaniards at Payta, Guayaquil, and Panama, and insulted their settlements in the Philippine Islands, there were many in Greenwich Hospital, and the Trinity Almshouses, at Deptford. Of these two, one, the apothecary, would relate his adventures in a moving manner, so as to make a boy's cheek burn and his pulses beat. The other, it is true, was a phlegmatic man, but there were parts even of his narrative—as, for example, when the castaways built a crazy boat, thirty feet long, and put to sea only forty strong, yet resolved to attack the first Spanish vessel they sighted, though they had but three cutlasses and half a dozen muskets and a small cannon, for which there was no stand, so that it had to be fired from the deck; and for all their provision nothing but stinking conger-eel, dried in the sun, and one cask of water, fitted with a mouthed-barrel, by which each man drank in turn—I say that there were parts of his narrative which would fire the boy, and make his eyes bright. For the hearing of such sufferings only stimulates a boy who is intended by nature for a sailor. Next, there were the books lent to him by Captain Petherick, all of voyages, especially in Greenland, Australia, and Magellanica. And, thirdly, he was, while yet a boy, to sail across the great Pacific Ocean, which is said to fill those who have once voyaged on its waters with a strange love and desire to return thither, if only to meet with shipwreck and starvation. What follows, however, was the story which Mr. Greene now completed—a strange story, truly.

"I told you," he began, "that we were driven off our course north of the latitude in which we hoped to sight the great Manila ship. She carried I know not how many cannon, and I know not how many hundreds of men. But we were a hundred and twenty strong, all well-armed, resolute men, and they were Creolian Spaniards, a cowardly crew, who, when they have fired their small arms, can do no more, and when the English lads board the craft, fall to howling for Quarter, and strike their flag. There is but one rule in these waters. It is to attack the Spanish flag whenever you find it, and to look for no resistance once you come to close quarters, unless the officers, which sometimes happens, are French; then they will fight. Now mark what happened to us. The same tempest which drove us so far north sought the Manila ship as well, of which we were in search, and drove her also out of her course, treating her even more roughly than ourselves. We sighted her one morning at daybreak. There could be no doubt about her; there are not many ships of her build in the North Pacific. As soon as we were near enough to make her out, all hands were called to quarters, and we prepared for action with joyful hearts, loading the guns and small arms, and sharpening cutlasses and pikes. As we drew nearer, and the daylight stronger, the sea being now quite smooth, save for a gentle swell, we perceived a strange thing, namely, that her mainmast and her foremast were gone by the board, only her mizzen standing; her bows and bulwarks were stove in, and her rudder was lost. She was drifting about upon the water, helpless as a log. She had no sails set; most of her rigging was cut away. We fired a shot by way of signal, but received no reply; then we drew nearer. Not a man could be seen. Were they all hiding down below, or were they hatching some treachery? We ranged presently alongside, cautiously standing to our guns, and expecting nothing less than a broadside. But the guns, on the up-

"THEY STOPPED ONLY TO DRINK, AND THEN FOUGHT AGAIN LIKE SO MANY DEVILS."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1841.

per deck at least, were not manned, nor was there a soul to be seen, or the least sign of life. However, our boarding party leaped aboard with a shout, expecting some trick of the enemy. Boys, there was not a man left in all that great soop! How they got off—by what boats or on what raft—I know not, one did I ever learn. She was deserted, the ship floating about these lonely seas, a great treasure-ship, with all her treasure still on board. Why, she was not once by right of conquest; she was sure by the law of the sea, because she was a derelict. We were pirates, if you please, or rovers, or adventurers. Whatever we were, that ship was our own because we picked her up."

"What" cried Jack. "No fighting?"

"None, my lad. On that voyage there was no fighting with the Spaniards from beginning to end. As for this great inheritance, into which we came without a question or a blow, 'twas all left undisturbed on board with the precious cargo of which it formed a part. Strange it was to walk 'tween decks and see them filled with the bales of silks, the spices, the rich stuffs, that the galleon was carrying to Acapulco. There was also a beautiful collection of small arms, and swords with jewelled hilts, pistols with carved stocks, brass carronades, and such carved work in wood, for the state-rooms and the captain's cabin, as one could sell in London for its weight in silver at least. There was also a great quantity of wine, which we consumable, for our spirits were selfish drunk out, and there was no probability of one getting more. We took all the wine and the arms, and as much of the silks and embroidered stuff as every man pleased; so that we were about as fine as so many princes, with purple and crimson sashes. The spices we mostly left on the ship; but the powder we took out of her, and all her provisions. And then we found the treasure. It was packed in small iron-bound chests, in gold pieces-of-eight and silver coins, worth, as near as I could calculate, judging from the weight, about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of one money. Three of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to be divided among a crew of simple rovers! When we first found the treasure, and understood how much it was worth—namely, allowing eight shares for the Captain and eighteen for the officers, nearly two thousand pounds apiece for every man, we were amazed at our wonderful fortune, and looked at each other like stuck pigs. However, we got the boxes on board, and laid them safe in the Captain's cabin, and set fire to the galleon, which blazed furiously, and presently blew up, and as no end of her. And as for us, we sailed away, and began to feast and to drink, and to make merry. And for the first few hours I think there was never as happy a crew in the world!"

"Well," said Jack, "if prize-money were all they wanted. But to have no fighting with the Spaniards—why, one would as hear take the money out of a till."

"There was a great deal of fighting. I said only that there was no fighting with the Spaniard."

"What other fight was there, then?"

"That evening we made a great feast on deck, all the ship's company sitting down together to an noble a salmagundy, as long being still plentiful, as one would wish to see. And with the salmagundy—which is sailors' food, truly, yet I want no other as long as I live, unless it be luscious and sea-pie—we drank the finest wine, designed for the Excellency the Governor-General of the Manilas, that was ever drawn from cask. Such wine one may never hope to taste again. What? Tepera who drink strong black port and Jamaica rum (which yet I love), what know they of the soft and luscious drink which these Papistical Spaniards enjoy daily, sitting in their cool and shady houses, while the negroes and the Indians work for them in the sun? But when the drink got into us, the quarrelling began. When rovers quarrel, they fight. The men were fight-headed, as begin with, thanking of their great windfall; and the Spanish wine is heady when one have taken much more than a quart as two, and they very soon began to quarrel over the division of the money. For some wanted to rear up the articles, whereby the Captain took eight shares and the officers eighteen, and all to share and share alike. And then swords were drawn and pistols cocked; and those of us who had kept reasonably sober went hastily below. Among those were the first and second mates, and the bo'n, and myself. But the Captain was mad with drink. We kept below, while the trampling and the fighting went on all night long, for they stopped only to drink, and then fought again like so many devils, not caring with whom they fought, still less for what cause. The men were resolute fellows, but they never showed half so much courage against the enemy as they did against each other; and those who had been in the morning the heartiest friends and brothers were at night murdering each other with the utmost ferocity.

"They stopped at last; not because they were appeased, but because they were tired, and all slept on deck, some lying across the dead and wounded. It was a strange sight when we ventured on deck, the work of fighting being over, and saw them in the moonlight all lying about among the cannon, mostly in the waist, dead and living together, the blood still running out of the scuppers. The man at the helm was killed, and lying over his wheel. There was no watch; there were no lights, all sails were set, and the ship was swiftly rolling over the smooth waters with no one to look out, no lights on the bows, and no one to care whether we struck on a rock or not. There were thirty wounded men, whom we carried below and dressed their wounds; but fifteen of them died, their blood being heated by the wine and the salt provisions.

"At sunrise most of the men woke up and shook off their drunkenness, and ashamed they were to find the Captain and twenty men killed by the night's quarrel. First they sat and looked at each other, sorry and angry. Then they took consolation, thinking there were still enough men to navigate the ship, and fight her, if necessary; and then some one whispered that there were fewer by twenty to share the treasure.

"So we threw the bodies overboard without any funeral service, and the mate resolved to quarrel no more, and all shook hands together.

"I suppose the thought of the money filled all the men's minds, because in the afternoon, when the drinking began again, the quarrelling began. The Captain being dead, they could no longer quarrel over his eight shares; but the officers were left, and they began about their shares. Now I am sorry to say that both mates, instead of running down below again with the bo'n and me, stood on deck and took part in the quarrel. That was a worse night than the other, because it began earlier. Ten more were killed that night, and a great many wounded. What was worse, the morning brought no cessation, but they fought all day long, and for three days and three nights, drinking all the time like devils, as if they desired there so many should be killed as possible, and as few left to divide the treasure. In the end, when they desisted, we were reduced to sixty men, most of whom had wounds of some kind, and some died afterward of fever, so that we numbered no more than fifty. I suppose that such a thing hath never before happened, that a ship for four days and four nights should sail any course she pleased, being without a steersman or a captain or a watch, having all sails set, and yawing about as she pleased, just as the breeze changed, and so sailing all the time before the wind. It was surely a miracle that we were not all cast away and destroyed. At last, how ever, the men grew tired and sobered, frightened by the deaths of so many, and now awakened to the new danger that if we met the Spaniard we might not be able to fight him one to protect one huge treasure.

"So we held a serious council. First, we were now all sick men, and it behoved us to think of getting home safely with our money, and to run on rocks more than we could help, and not to go in search of other ships, but to keep out of the enemy's way.

"Did one ever hear before of an English crew keeping out of the Spaniard's way? But the treasure made cowards of us all. Every man valued his own skin because he was now the owner of so much wealth. Why, what had been before the fighting a share worth two thousand, was now worth four, at least. Not a man among us but was worth four thousand pounds and more. Even if we had sighted another galleon, I doubt whether we should have ventured to attack her. And the men grew moody and scowling, every one sitting apart, counting his gains and wishing his shipmates dead, so that his own share should be greater. Never was a ship's crew fuller of murderous thoughts and evil jealousies. Even the wounded men dying of fever could not die quietly, but must shriek and cry out for life, because they were one all made men."

"Better have tossed the treasure overboard," said Jack.

"As far our course, we had now sailed a good bit to the south, but we knew not and we never knew where we were. Look at the chart. Here is the island of Doña Maria Lazara. We were driven north from that island, and we presently sailed south, no man regarding the navigation. The latitude I was able to calculate; but as for the longitude, that was lost, and we knew not how to recover it, there being no one on board except myself who could so much as read.

"After our council, however, we appointed watches, and attended somewhat to the sailing, keeping her course south, in hopes of fetching Juan Fernandez, or Mas Fuera. But, lord! we were hundreds of miles to the west, though we knew it not; and as for Juan Fernandez, we should none of us ever see that island again. So we sailed day after day, but slowly, because the winds were light. The sun now grew hot; we were within the tropics. The men had somewhat recovered their spirits, and bragged what they would do when we got home, and how they would fling the money about. Some were for Kingston, but some for Portsmouth; and I here always felt compassion for the girls of Point that they never had the spending of this great heal. For my own part, I always knew that something was going to happen, for surely such a crew of murderers would never be suffered to get safely to port with so much wealth.

"The first thing that happened was that we were becalmed. I know not where, but I think somewhere hereabouts." Mr Brinjes pointed to a spot near the middle of the Pacific, far from any other track. "We were becalmed so long that we drank out all the Spaniard's wine, and now had nothing to drink except water, and that so long in the casks that it was, so to speak, rusty. Also, we soon found that we had not a great quantity of provisions left; and the weevy showed itself with the Lobillo, of which we lost two or three men. And now, if there was no more fighting, there was no more singing and making merry. The men amused themselves with gambling: some of them played away all their shares, but presently won them back, and then lost them again; or they passed the days, which were tedious, in fishing for sharks—the sea was full of them; sometimes they killed them for food, but one soon gets tired of eating shark; sometimes they played with them, for they would catch two, and put out the eyes of one, and tie their tails together, and so drop them into the sea, when is was pretty to see them pull different ways, and fight and bite at each other, just like Christians. Or they would catch one and tie a plank to his tail, so that he could not dive under water or swim away without dragging the plank with him, and as went mad, and lashed the water in his rage. And strange things happened. One day, while we were still becalmed, the needle began to turn all ways, as if the watches had got hold of it—the Jamaica Obeah men know that secret—and another day the sky turned violet-color, with green clouds, very terrifying, and in the night the sea was a blaze of light, so that we were all alarmed, and one young fellow went mad, and cried out that the Day of Judgment was come, and called upon the sea as hide him from the face of an offended God, and so jumped overboard and was drowned. I think we must have been becalmed for six weeks. At last, however, a breeze sprung up from the sou'-west, and as we continued our course, if that can be called a course which we sailing blindly, on an unknown sea.

"Jack," Mr Brinjes cried, "it will be thy lot—wherefore I tell thee this history—to cruise upon these waters. Not upon the course which the Spaniards take, but west and south of their route. There will thou meet, we we did, with strange and beautiful islands filled with kindly people, who paddle in canoes and swive like fishes, and hold all things in common, and live naked. In those latitudes it is always summer all the year round, with warm balmy air; and nobody heeds the time, and there are always rich fruits to eat and delightful fish to catch. They have no religion, and therefore are not afraid; they have no knowledge of the ten commandments, and therefore know not the nature of sin, and have no conscience to trouble them; they have learned nothing of any future world, and therefore are not anxious; they have no property, and therefore know not envy; they have no diseases, except the incurable disease of age, although their lives are happy, they fear not death, upon which they never think; they neither murder nor rob. What is one modern civilization, what is the politeness of the age, compared with such happiness as theirs? What is there a man can hope for better than warmth and plenty, the love of women and the friendship of men, with constant health, sunshine, and joy? Do they murder each other? Do they fight duels with each other? Do they gamble away their fortunes? Do they steal and rob? Do they entice away another's wife? Are they clapped into prison for debt, and kept there until they die? Are they hanged for forging, coining, and shoplifting? Are they flogged at the cart-wheel for anything they do? Are they made to work all day so that another man may grow rich? Are they teased with wars? Must they be starved so that priests may get fat? Do they go in misery and anxiety all their days for fear of the Bottomless Pit?" Mr Brinjes enumerated many other things, which are not the blessings of civilization, yet exist among us, and not among these savages. "Why, for the mere joy of living among this people, and breathing their soft air, our men forgot even their great treasure and their jealousies, and because, as it were, foolish, they quarrelled no longer; they rejoiced to go ashore and court the friendship of these soft savages, and to give them beads, knives, fish-hooks, to say little thing, in return for which the people gave them everything they had; for a string of beads or a piece of bright-colored silk they would bring out all they possessed; for a bottle of rum they would, I verily believe, have sold their island. Ah!" Mr Brinjes heaved a deep sigh. "I have known true happiness on the African coast; but there the air is better, and men's passions are fewer—well, I love the fierce passion and the temperament which breaks suddenly into flame, but I have never seen or heard, anywhere, of any place where the folk are so gentle as to these seas, and life is so easy and so sweet. Heaven keep them long from the accursed Spaniard!

"And as for wonders, I have seen strange things, indeed, which men would not believe. Have I da not lie: I have seen bats as big as rabbits, and terrible great serpents which hang from the trees head downward, and have power by their breath—I know not how—by their breath alone, to draw wild beasts—nay, and men as well—toward them, and so to break their bones and devour them; calamaries, or squids, are there with arms ninety feet long—many have seen them, and swim the truth—which can clutch a whole ship and drag it under water; there are springs of water which have virtue to turn fish into stones; there are flying cats and women fish—yes, fish with heads and breasts like unto women, and tails like the mermaids'; there are shellfish big enough, each one, to dine a boat's crew, and yet leave meat to spare; there are birds' nests as big that six men cannot fathom one; there are beautiful lizards, of all colors, as big as calves. Am I lying as you? No, boys. There was an island where we gathered a pannier of earth for the cook's galley to lay under his fire. Would you believe that, six months afterward, we found a bar of gold beneath it, melted out of this little bucketful of earth? But we could never find that island again. As for the people, the man mostly go naked, or nearly naked, and the women have a kind of petticoat, made sometimes of feathers and sometimes of skives, and they have hair so long that it twirls upon the ground; their language is a jargon that no man can understand, and if they worship anything, which I doubt, they worship wooden images. Tasman found some of these islands, but he has never been where I have been. No lying man—the rest being dead—has been where I have been. Tell me not of Captain Shuteuche! He only followed the Spaniard's track.

"We cruised about contentedly, leading a life like that of King Solomon himself, among these islands—how long, I know not, for we said sometimes for whole months off one island. Perhaps it was fifty years, but I think it was no more than saw or three. There was no more talk of the treasure. Some of one crew died; some refused to leave the islands, even for their share of the treasure, and preferred a black wife and a life of ease under a warm sun, with palm wine and pandang (which is their kind of food), to any more dangers upon the water. So at length, out of our company of a hundred and twenty, there were but five and twenty left among whom to divide the great sum of money. This would give ten thousand pieces each. But by this time the ship—poor thing—was fallen into disrepair, and most of our stores were now expended, so that what was rotten cordage, which would hardly hold a rail, and a leak which the had sprung somewhere, which gained daily, and plumbs saw so soft that you could put a knife into them as into a rotten apple, and her bottom covered with green weeds, like a ditch beside a hedge-row at home, I, for one, doubted whether the would hold together as all if bad weather came. But in these islands we never found any bad weather.

"By this time all our clothes were worn out. Stockings and shoes we had none, but no one wanted them. Fits coat and shirt and all, we had the holes of silk which we found on the galleon; and let me tell you that, in a warm climate, there is no wear like silk, being both soft and cool. We had suffered one beards to grow; we had left off carrying arms, and nobody quarrelled or fought. Our provisions were long since gone, but we had palm-wine, such as the island ers make, and pandang, and we were dexterous in fishing. If we left one island and sailed to another, it was only for the sake of change, for sailors are always a restless folk, and we thought of nothing but to continue the joyful, easy, and happy life that we were leading.

"It was I, there being an officers left, who broke up this contentment, and called the men together to speak seriously. I pointed out to them very earnestly that we must resolve, and that immediately, whether we would settle upon some friendly island and break up the old ship, or whether we would without more delay attempt the voyage home. I told them that we were all rich men, and could take our ease for life, if only we succeeded in getting home; but that we had a leaky and crazy ship, with rotten cordage, worm-eaten planks, and foul bottom, and that we must first put her in some kind of repair before we could think of getting round Cape Horn, and if we did not speedily attempt these repairs the poor old berky would founder beneath us. The men lazily replied that they cared nothing whether the ship fell to pieces or no, and were content to live forever upon one of these islands among the blacks, of whose soft manner of life they were enamored, and wanted no more fighting or tempests. Such softness steeleth over the souls of all who dwell in these latitudes. This is the reason why the Cruelest Spaniard—be of Mexico, Cuba, or Acapulco—is as poor a creature as compared with the Englishman, for the heat and softness of the air have sapped his courage and made him a coward. One or two among us, however, having still something left of courage, and some recollection of home, persuaded them to consent that we should, when we could find a convenient place, endeavor to hard the ship over and scrape her, stop the leak, if we could, and make her ship-shape for rougher weather.

"A few days afterward we came to a small archipelago, or collection of small islands. They were not the coral islands, which lie low, and are surrounded by a reef of coral, but were all like hill-tops, rising sheer and steep out of the water, green and wooded to the top, and apparently uninhabited. In one of these we found a curious natural dock or basin, deep and narrow, for all the world like the Greenland Dock at Rotriffe, and so suitable for our purpose as if we had made it ourselves. Here we resolved to make our dock yard, and to begin by heeling over the ship to get at her bottom. Wherefore, in case of accident, it was first agreed that we should put the treasure ashore in the only boat we possessed, the great storm having store in the sahers. We lowered the boxes, and put in the boat five men, of whom I was one, with intent to row ashore, lay the gold in some safe place, and then return to tow the ship into this creek, or rocky natural dock. So we put off, thinking no danger, and rowed to land.

"Now mark what happened. The ship was lying, when we left her, in smooth water, all sails furled. There ove no wind, not a breath of air; if we had dropped our kedge, which we could not, because there was no bottom, the ship would here ridden anchor apeak. The time of day was afternoon, when air and water are at their stillest, and she was in a kind of channel or narrow sea, with these islands all around, which I should say were quite desolate and uninhabited, yet full of trees and fruits, with plenty of fresh water. We had on more than the length of a furlong as row, the water being deep and the shore of our island shelving steep down into the sea. We landed, hauled up the boat for fear of accident, and began to carry ashore the boxes, in order to lay them together under the trees. You think, perhaps, that a treasure of two hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight is a mighty great matter. So it is, yet they may all be stowed in a few small boxes. We laid them down, then, and left them (no one being on the island except ourselves) at the foot of a palm.

"And there, my lads," Mr Brinjes added, slowly—"there they are to this day. For sure and certain I am that on ship hath been among those islands since. And I know that I could find the place again."

"Why did you leave the treasure there?"

"You shall hear. When we got down to the shore again, a strange thing—say, a miracle—had happened. The ship, which we left, as I said, only a furlong from the land, was now—as near as we could guess—two miles. She had none of her canvas spread; there was no breeze to speak of, and yet she was slipping through the water away from us at six knots an hour, as

near as we could guess. Wonderful it was to see a ship, without wind or sails, moving so fast. Whether it was witchcraft—which I sometimes think—or a strong current, which may have been the cause, I cannot tell; but our ship had slipped away, and left us behind. We rowed after her; but a little boat, with one pair of oars, cannot overtake a vessel going six knots an hour, with two miles and more to overtake. Then we thought to make the crew put the ship about, if they could. We shouted and made signals, but, as far as we could discern, no one on board noticed. Perhaps the men were all benighted, as, I think, must have happened, perhaps they were drinking or sleeping, because in those days they generally spent the time to sleep whenever they were not drinking or fishing. She oversteed to more faster and faster, and the evening was coming on. The sun got low; we had only time to row ashore before the darkness was upon us, and the last we saw of the poor old ship was the sighs of her spars, with the sinking sun behind them, and the red sky above, and the water spread out before us like a sheet of copper.

"What become of that ship and her company, I know not. But I doubt not that the craft is broken up, and the crew are all dead long ago. For either she struck a reef and was wrecked, and the crew drowned, having no boat, or—which may very well have happened—the leak grew upon her, and she made so much water that she foundered; so they may have made a raft, and landed on some island where they lived, and, in due course, died of too much palm-wine. And this was the best that could happen to them.

"As for us five men who were left upon the island, we hoped at first that the ship would come back for us, but she did not; then we made up our minds to stay there, and we built a kind of house, and made ourselves easy, and fished, and made pandang. No man need starve upon these islands. But after a while we grew tired of the life, and we resolved to attempt escape. So we buried the treasure at the foot of the palm where we had first laid it, and as the trunk we cut a mark; then we rigged a sail of palm leaves, calked the boat with cocoa fibre, took some water and such provisions as we could lay up in store, and so left an island, and sailed eastward. We were still among islands, and we sailed among them for many weeks—I know not how long. For still, when we were out of sight of one island, we would sight another and yet another, but not all friendly, our all so soft and affectionate as those we had left behind us. So we crept on, from shore to shore and from cape to cape, until at last we reached the open sea, and no land in sight at all, and presently no provisions."

"And what happened then?"

"My lad," said Mr Brinjes, "it is a terrible thing to be at sea with no provisions either to eat or to drink. Those who have water may go on for a long time, though I have been told that the body presently swells up and grows restless, and one toast moves about, which in a small boat is difficult. But to have neither food nor water! Then the man's eyes grow fierce and eager; for-rible gnawing pain tear them to pieces. All day long they gaze upon the water for a sail, though they know, as we know, that there can be no sail in those parts. At night they sleep not, but groan, and wish it were day. Then the pains increase, and one would willingly die but for the agony of death, and then the men come looking upon the ocean, but look in each other's faces, afraid during to say what is in every man's mind."

Here he was silent for a while.

"All this time we had a steady, gentle breeze, so that we sailed really calm smooth water; and all the time we were followed by a shark, which never left us, and was a certain prognostication of death, which we knew and understood. My lads, when that boat was picked up—which was by a Spanish brig sailing for the port of Arapalco—there was but one man left. All the rest had parted their cable, and the shark had eaten them—that is, some parts of them. The survivor hath never told any one how he kept himself alive. Perhaps he was able to catch a few fish; perhaps he caught a wild bird, perhaps it raised, and he caught the water as it fell. If ever you do pray for yourself, Jack—but it is best to take your own luck, and to pray for others—pray that you be never condemned to sail in an open boat without provisions." I have read in some book of shipwrecks that sailors have been known, in the extremity of their hunger, to kill each other for food. Did Mr Brinjes and his boat's crew resort to this dreadful method?

"As for the treasure," he concluded, solemnly, "I have bequeathed it, Jack, to thee and to Rose Westmoreland here to equal parts. We will and together some day and dig it up. I am old, but I shall see die until I have seen those seas again. We will go together, Jack, and thou shalt be rich. But even now thou art going thither, happy lad! When thy ship comes home, we will get a brig outrebow, and sail away together—Captain Eastcrbrook in command—and steer for those islands I know not their longitude, but as to latitude I am very sure they are about the parallel of 20° S. Oh, I shall find that archipelago. I cannot die until I have breathed those airs again and found the treasure. Jack, thou art heir to a greater estate than any man in England can boast. There in we earl or duke who shall hold up his hand beside thee. Thou shalt be a prince, and Rose shall be a princess."

He rolled up his chart, and returned to his chair and his pillows, sinking into them with the exhausted air which made one perceive that he was already arrived at extreme old age.

"Forty years ago!" he groaned. "Where are they gone, those forty years which have taken away my strength? They made me a slave in Acapulco, a slave to a Creolian Spanish devil, who daily flogged and kicked me. Jack"—he sat upright, and his eye flashed fire—"when we have recovered the treasure we will burn the town of Acapulco, and root slave every Spaniard in it. Oh, that I could have then got back to the island! But that I could not, and very soon I perceived that I must somehow escape, unless I was to be a slave for life, worse than a negro slave, and made to change my religion at burts. Thus, though I had lived among the islands like a Pagan, I was unwilling to die. Therefore ran away, and committed myself to the Indians, by whom I was taken across the Isthmus of Panama, where I lived in the woods among my friends the savages for two years and never before I could find an English ship among those black rascals trading for mahogany to the coast of Yucatan which would take me off. So that of all that long journey I brought back to Jamaica with me but one thing—my blue stone for the cure of snake bites." He pulled it out of his pocket. "When you are bitten by any of the reptiles and insects of the forest, even by the most venomous, you must apply this stone (I have tried it on myself after a deadly snake bite), which sticks to the place, and doth not fall off till it hath sucked up all the poison, when it drops of its own weight, and must be put into milk before you can use it again. Forty years ago! When I was young and could enjoy! Life mocks us, Jack. Sometimes I think that we are the sport and the laughter of the gods, but we know nothing. It flies before you have more than tasted of its joys. Give me fifty years more—only fifty years—and set me on the African coast among the Cocomattoes, and I will find the secret which their wise women know. It is in the African forests that the herb grows which can cure all disease, even the disease of old age. With my treasure I could buy it, or find it, or compel them to yield it up. Happy boy! happy boy! thy breathe those airs of heaven, and gaze upon those purple islands. If thou lightest upon an archipelago comes here in latitude 20 degrees south where the cloud are like hill tops covered with wood, search for one where hath on its north side a creek like a natural dock, then look for a palm-tree marked with a cross, and dig beneath it for a treasure. But if thou dost not find that island, then when thy ship comes home we will go together and seek for it, and find the treasure—thine inheritance!"

(To be continued.)

## THE NEWBURGH MONUMENT.

"Washington's Headquarters" at Newburgh, on a bluff of the Hudson River, is a picturesque old farm-house with a steep gray roof, not nearly in front of it the United States government have decided to erect a monument at a cost of $35,000. The structure will be a tower of hewed blue stone, quarried in the neighborhood, thirty-seven feet long, thirty two feet deep, and fifty three feet high, and will rest on four broad arches opening into an atrium, in the centre of which will stand a bronze statue of Washington, while just beneath the roof will be a platform or balcony, large enough to accommodate three hundred persons.

The idea of the architect, Mr Jens F. Dawson, of this city, was to build a belvedere, from which the magnificent view of mountains and river could be advantageously seen by the more than 100,000 annual visitors at Washington's Head-quarters. The roof of the tower will be covered with Akron glazed tile, of a color to be decided upon hereafter, each tile to be secured to an iron frame by heavy copper wire, and will be supported by thirteen columns, typical of the original thirteen States of the Union. The interior of the tower will be lined with terra-cotta brick so as to form a panelled wainscot ten feet high, and will contain two circular staircases; the exterior will show four niches for statues, two on the east wall and two on the west. The steps to the atrium will be of granite, and the floor a rough mosaic of small cobble stones set in Portland cement; and the bronze statue of Washington, for the centre of the atrium, will be seven feet high from the under side of the plinth to the top of the head, after an original model by Mr William R. O'Donovan, which, according to the contract must be delivered to the National Museum at Washington, and never reproduced again. Mr O'Donovan will at once proceed with his part of the work. He will represent the Father of his Country as standing erect, his right hand upon the hilt of his sword, which has just been returned to its scabbard. A bronze tablet commemorative of the closing scenes of the war of Independence will be affixed to the east front of the tower, at the right of the arch. Ground will be broken about the 1st of September, and the monument will be finished within a year.

The projectors hope to see bronze coats of arms on the thirteen columns that support the roof, bronze statues of Washington's generals in the niches, and bronze bas-reliefs in the panels of the terra cotta wainscot. But the contract, which has been awarded to Mr Maurice J. Power, proprietor of a founder in this city, does not call for any of these decorations.

## THE VOLCANOES IN NEW ZEALAND.

The recent volcanic outbreak and earthquake in New Zealand will not take a place among the historic catastrophes of this nature by reason of its destruction of life or of the results of human industry. The number of lives lost was not large, the habitations destroyed were few, and the area blighted was small. But as other volcanic action—at least no other volcanic action within the period covered by history—ever presented so grand a spectacle as wrought the destruction of such unique natural curiosities. The scene of the disturbance is the celebrated lake district of North Island, and Lake Rotomahana, the centre of the disturbance, where the irreparable loss of the White and Pink Terraces was wrought, is about 100 miles southeast of the city of Auckland. This lake district is an area of about 120 miles north and south by 20 miles east and west. It is the scene and its curiosities were the creations of former volcanic disturbances. Its mountains are volcanic cones; everywhere there are boiling springs, jets of steam, mud volcanoes, and geysers. This is the celebrated region where the Maoris once cooked their repasts and yet cook their food in kettles made by volcanic action and heated by subterranean fires. The latest, and to most readers, perhaps, the most familiar description of this marvellous region is that in Mr Finn's recently published volume on Oceania. "Here," he wrote, "will be the chief sanitary station of the future for the South Sea Englands," and he might have said one of the chief sanitary stations of the world. The terraces, which were unique curiosities, and it may be said the most beautiful natural curiosities on the globe, were situated one at one end and the other at the other end of the small Lake Rotomahana.

They were "crystal staircases," stainless as ice, which spread out from the highest points like fans, and widened at the margin of the lake at the bottom to a width of 200 yards. Behind the summits volumes of steam rose out of boiling fountains, and from these the siliceous stream had flowed for ages and made the beautiful staircases down which they ran and to which they continued to add. The height of each of these steps or terraces was six or seven feet. The silica had crystallized with perfect evenness. The water cooled as it flowed down, and a succession of baths, every one warmer than the preceding, can be enjoyed during the ascent. The White Terrace was nearly the color (or colorlessness) of ice, and the Pink Terrace of a pale rose-color, stained, it is said, by the oxide of iron. At the foot of every cascade of this terrace the water lay in pools of ultramarine. "The hue of this water," wrote Mr Finn, "was something which I had never seen, and shall never see again this side of eternity. Not the violet nor the harebell, nearest in its tint to heaven of all nature's flowers, not turquoise, not sapphire, not the enfabloned ether itself, could convey to one who has not looked on it a sense of that supernatural loveliness." Dorsey, the poet, has but literally described the White Terrace in the following lines:

"For as they gain a rugged coast,
And cautious climb the solid rime,
Each step becomes a terrace broad,
Each terrace a wide basin brimmed
With water, brilliant yet in hue,
The tenderest delicate harebell blue
Deepening to violet!

"Upwelling ever, amethystal,
Ebullient comes the bubbling crystal,
Still growing cooler and more cool
As down the porcelain stairway slips
The ever-flowing, ever-cooling lips
With crusted fringe each year increases."

Adjacent to Lake Rotomahana is Mount Tarawera, which rises to a height of 2,600 feet. It is an extinct volcano, but it has not been in eruption within the period covered by the Maori traditions, which are supposed to go back a thousand years. The natives here from immemorial times regarded it as sacred, and as its summit their dead have been deposited from a remote antiquity. It is holy ground, and is taboo. Their superstition is that if an alien ascend the mountain a great disturbance would follow, and they stubbornly maintain that the recent volcanic action was caused by an alien's trespassing on this sacred ground.

It was on Mount Tarawera that the recent disturbance began. There were shocks of earthquake felt early in the morning of June 10, but earthquakes have not been so uncommon in New Zealand that a shock should cause great surprise. This was followed a few hours later by the boiling in of one side of the mountain, and forthwith the volcanic action began. Flame, balls of fire, and ashes were emitted from as many as eight craters. The subterranean disturbance thus caused broke the crust of earth which formed the basin of Lake Rotomahana, itself the crater of an extinct volcano whose more violent prehistoric action was continued solely by the boiling springs which formed the terraces, and the lake sank to the fires below. Up it came again, not as boiling springs, but as a great cataract. Mud was thrown, it is thought, more than four feet high. Craters burst through the beautiful terraces, and the configuration of the mountain and lake were wholly changed. The vertical action of the emitted matter, and the heat that was released, caused atmospheric disturbances, which produced a hurricane that uprooted trees far beyond the area of the volcanic show or proper, and carried mud and sand many miles. The flames from the craters, huge volumes of smoke from the boiling lake, and showers of mud, balls of fire flung to a great height, the play of unnaturally fierce lightning, all accompanied by quakings of the earth, produced such a spectacle as perhaps the eyes of man never before saw. At a distance of twenty miles the clouds of smoke made it dark as night during the forenoon. People at Rotoma, which is not less than twenty miles distant, made their way about the streets with lanterns, and the earth was covered nearly an inch deep within a few hours with a whitish dust which gave forth a sulphurous odor.

There was a settlement near the terraces where a few Europeans lived, chiefly as hotel-keepers. Fortunately it was the season when fewest tourists visit Rotomahana. Every house in the settlement was destroyed, broken down by the weight of falling mud, which covered the ground to a depth of five feet, so burned by the balls of sulphurous matter on fire which fell from the craters. For miles further than the mud shower extended the earth is covered with whitish dust which is in appearance much like snow. Less than a dozen Europeans in the settlement, strange to say, perished, but there were two or three settlements of natives so near the centre of the volcanic activity that at least one hundred of them were killed.

The fierce volcanic action ceased after the first day, but several of the craters remained active for more than a week. The beautiful lake ceased to emit tons of mud, but the boiling springs were so active and so numerous, and the emission of steam so strong, that for a fortnight after the first eruption the precise nature of the changes wrought could not be ascertained. The terraces were destroyed, but it is an interesting speculation for geologists whether or not the lake will reappear and other terraces be formed. There was for several days a general disturbance of the geysers and warm springs throughout the whole region, but except within the blighted territory the Maoris continue to cook their food in nature's kettles and to bathe in warm mud baths; and the health-seeker will find the same qualities of water and air that here made this lake region the "chief sanitary station of the South Sea Englands." But the traveller who never saw the terraces must now die without any sight comparable to them.

BOILING MUD SPRINGS, ROTOMAHANA.

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THE BICENTENNIAL OF ALBANY—THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CITY HALL.—Drawn by Charles Graham and W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 491.]

## MY MISS NANNY'S LITTLE GAL.

"Danny," sez Zach ter me, en he wuz stan'in' in de winder edgin' up de raunes, "pears ter me like dat dar little room upsta'rs look sorter lonesome."

"Zach," sez I, mighty short, "s'pozin' yer quit cheatin' off de light twell I git dis yere buzzum toned f'"

Zach look like he 'spec' I enter drap de sub jec'; but dese yere yaller niggahs hain' ter par-ticular long on dey got breff, en he jes mosey roun' toddler side er de winder en sail in agin.

"I say, Debby," he sez, "w'at done come er dem bolgers, emyhow? 'Tain't long sence you bin cussin' a heap on dat as rent."

"Look yer, Zach," I sez, "jes yer keep yo' fin-ger in de punatsun pot, en lef' my pie 'lone."

'Tain't ebery day I lighas down like dat onter de hasban' er my 'fections, but *w'en I does*, you better bliebs he gwine ter shet up closer'n a snappin' turtle.

Now de fac' ob de matter wuz, w'en I got dat er front chum'er furbished up wid de Turkey red curtains in de winders, en de brun' new cottage set wid de bokets painted on it, en de 'broidered table kiver w'at ole Miss gub me on de little stan' 'side de bed, I jes cun't lede de notion er no pu' trash settin' foot in dar. Leastways dat's w'at I done tole mysel'. 'In' long I know'd 'twuz de Lawd sitd er ole Debby's 'cruntinations, w'at hun presarbin dat er spring bed en dat ar span-new mattress. Why, honey, de fedders w'at dem big pillers wuz stuffed wid I done bring fum way down Soul. Mr ole gran'mammy war de queen ob de poultry yar'd. Dey w'n't a darky on de plantation could fetch up de young turkeys like she could: en en far de geese w'at she bred de salam' ob, why, day war no mo' like dese how-dowy geese yer sees wadin' roun' de peddles up Norf dan wheat-pone's like hoe-cake. But meb-be yun's wond'rin' w'at Zach en me's doin' 'way up Norf, en how we come by dis yere 'spectable house en lot: fer cul'd folks ain't got de name er bein' ve'y fo'-handed.

De berber business? Yes, honey, de shavin' trade's fus rate, but twar ole Miss gub me de fus start. Yer see, I wa'n't none er yo' fief' trash; I wuz bornn up mighty keerful, name er ole mammy, cappin fus de trahlin en de night-seein' w'at gub mammy a kin'er a perine air ober de roof ob de niggahs. Mammy ember dese talk-in' 'bout de edducation w'at ole Miss gub her, dough fur de matter er dat, I reckon it wa'n't on mo'n ony Miss Nanny gub me, but 'pear'd like mammy could'n' nuber forgit dem lessons in he' dreamin' w'at ole Miss had her lars fum one er dem madams w'en dey wun in Paris. Ole Miss war ter'bin hansam en high-spertied in dem days; en she cunldn' year tell er no fur-off place onten she'd go gaddin' der. Dar w'n't no sich doin's in my time. But, en I wuz mvin', I was bornn up wid de fear'b'—doin' nuffin fum mawn-in ter night, o'ny taggin' roun' like I war de sun 'round shadder ob my Miss Nanny—but after de baby come I 'bowed h nar time Debby war arnin' her nelt. Ole mammy wer nigh onter de en' in de rope, dough she war mighty ambitious, en 'clared she gwineter raise one chile fer Miss Nenny. Co'se ole Miss boun' ter humor her, so dey gub her a big cheer 'fo' de en m'r fire, en de bessin' ob de job; but ole Miss she wink ot me. En bimeby day all nughte pleasnl wid de way I fetch de babe 'long fro' de colerie, en de teef, en all de res' ob de troubles, en dreckly de silber dollars come a drappen' in Debby's pocket. En ebry time Mars Jach come kome (he trahlled a heap war off van) he gwine come in de nars'ry en look at de baby, en sejaim, "Br Jobe, Debby, dat's a bouncer!" En der I stan' grinnin' like I'a mighty proud; en dreckly Debby got a fifte-dollar gol' piece. One day ole Miss she sez ter me, "Debby, you better sabe dat er money gnat you en Zach gits married." En, sho nuff, I done hark w'at ole Miss gat ter say, kase de cure ob de baby done steddy nse pow'ful.

Well, fus I know, little Miss she's mos' grow'd up, en I reckoned dar war'n't no sich chile in de State er Georgy. Lor', but she war pretty, 'long wid dem sof'b little ways jes like Miss Nanny, en's Miss Nenny was sorter sad like, but little Miss war full er laugh en few like Mars Jach, en dar war'n't a cabin en de place w'at didn' 'low de sun n en shinin' on it cl de light er her even en much en turned dat way. Mennyn de long winter ch'nin' enburin' de wa' dat Zach en me's set by de fire callin' to min' de capers ob dat chile, en Zach he say, "D'yer re'lect, Debby, de night little Miss done come in de kitchen an make ole Pomp mighty 'shamed er hisse'f?"

"You go 'long, Zach," I sez; "yer dem reckon I'a gwine ter disremember nuffin 'bout dat as chale, dees yer?"

*Lor'!* I kin see de ol'ar face ob dat blessed lamb coonin' stealin' nest dar, 'way fum de ole folks in de pa'lor, war wa's geddered round de fire tellin' cheery ca'as. De chile she ev Pomp w'at he so feared ob dat he dasn go ter de poultry yn'd atter dark 'cut tetin' pa' ole Dinah 'long. Pomp he look neighty shoepish, en he 'low he observed ob de doctors.

"De doctors!" exclaime little Miss.

"Yun; de young ones in de rullidge is de wuss," eplaine Pomp. "De Lord sabe me, Miss Betty, ef I 'ain't know'd a young niggah w'at was gwine 'long de road one ev dese yer dark nights, w-on fust he know dar's a hack come creepin' 'long in de shadder ob de cottonwards, en 'fa' he know'd war he come fum, lo' young doctors jump outen de hack, en grab 'im, en clap a plaster crust 'a mouf, en kerre 'im off ter de cul-lidge, en dar dey spread 'im out on a kin'er long table, en dey issee' 'im."

"Issee' him!" says Miss Betty. "W'at's dat?"

"Why, dey hacked 'im off to bits—she nuff der dif, Miss Betty—en he 'ain't neber bin seed nor heerd ob sence," eplaine Pomp.

En den—Lor'! hon Miss Nanny's little gal done laugh! She lough twell de smoky old rafters ring like dey's hung wid silber bells.

Well, 'bout de time de wa' broke out, ole Mersier died, en w'en ole Miss seed w'at war comin'—she had er long head, ole Miss had—she done sen' for me en Zach, an she sez, "Zach, you an Debby better git married, en go Norf, en set up in de barberin' bizness." Zach bin Mersier's body-servant, an Mastier 'low'd he war naughty hand wid de razer. Well, de long en de short ob de bizness was dat we came away Norf, en bimeby w'en de wa' was over, en we know'd dat de ole plantation wuz done busted, we 'gin urrin' ones' ter mo'min' ter go back, en set 'bout makin' a home fur ourse'ves in de yere place. But dar ain't no times ever come like de ole ones. Howsomember, me an Zach's naughty bleeged ter de folks up Norf. Dey wuz pow'ful kin' ter us po' niggahs w'at was mighty low in dear spirits, pierced wid de pangs er homesickness, en stabbed wid de cole March win'. "Lor', Debbe," Zach sez ter me, "pears like dee don' kean de dif'ence twixx niggahs en white folks up yere." "Zach," I sez, mighty solune like, "de sun's shinin' on de cul'd folks 'bout dis time *also*, en you jes go 'long en edge up de cap'emonts, en git inter de fel' fas' eber yer kin," en I kep' er peddlin' at Zach twell I done got 'im dar. Zach'e one ar dese yere niggahs w'at a-nuts ter sit down en 'pey bless'd long ve de sun's shinin', en s'made kiself he ain't got no use for de hay, but I'e hean' ter own dat de way he scooped in de skaipasters for de nes' few years made me bel' my breff.

Well, bimeby dar come a letter from ole Miss, en law, honey, how I did hug dat as piece er paper, en cry ober it too, dough dar wa'n't aleh a heap ob it nodder, fer ole Miss was gittin 'long in years, en her eyes war po', en her hair was mighty skaby; but dar war oneff ner wowin Debby's kean like de ole Georgy sunshine. How-ever, it bring ur heap er bad news. Mr ole gran'mammy was dead, Mess Jack bin killed in de wa', en my Miss Nenny wen bery po'ly, en lan' sakes! how quar it did seem dat little Miss wen married, en done move inter town! "She'n makin' ar heap er fittle fuzin's," sez ole Miss, "en she sez, Tell my dear ole Debby dat I'd gib de wor' ef she wen on'y yere ter raise de baby." How I did long' ner eyes on dat ar sentence! en ef it hadn' er bin fer Zach, w'at wuz keepin hun-ter'd an ter mance he come up Norf, way fum de udder niggahs, I'd er tuk da ve'y nes' train back ner Georgy.

Atter dat de mont's drag slow, en Zach he gwined mo 'bout hein' homesick; en I reckon I wa, fer I did er heap ar studyin' in my min', 'bout dem ole frien's w'at was po' en min'ahin; en w'en I didn' git na mo' letters I sot down on writ ter my cousin Tildy, w'at mester b'long ter ole Mars Hardin, en nsed her ter tell me all 'bout my ole Miss, en de fam'ly. She's gut er heap er larnin, Tildy hez. Her hasbaw' keeps a rest'rant in de town, an Tildy she's sec'tary ob dis a'gency, en teas'rer ob dat, en dar ain't neber no dow'n in de church but dey boun' ter make a emmarrisin' ob Tildy Bowlin, ebo

Well, w'en de answer come back I wuz mos' sorry I done writ, fer dar was trouble dis time ahn nuff. Ole Miss was dead, en my Miss Nenny was dead, en at de bery en' ob de letter Tildy she sez: "I don' hilebe dat marriage ob Miss Betty's done turn out so mighty good. I don' know, but I 'spec' she ain't happy, she don' look like she nus. Mars Dick Hardin done er mighty gaily stock. Dar neber wer no settlement ter de men er det fom'ly, nohow. Dar'e a speerilbess hook 'bout Miss Betty, en a nobla'ness 'bout de manner ob her actions, w'et nus ner studyin' 'laut her, en it ain't no'n bin jes lately nodder—I done tak mance oh de change right smart pere 'fo' de deed baby come, w'at wuz a fine boy, en Mars Dick wen mighty cut up."

Well, I wuz ter'ble low dnan fer a good spell atter dat letter comn, but bimeby we ent ter buildin' dis yere house, en dat sotter mb up me min', en w'en me's all settled onder en' wen fig-tree I gits ma' chee'ful like. Den dat come one co' night, w'en I'e sittin' 'side de kitchen fire, off 'lone by myse'f. De sheriff was dead, en Zach bin sent fer ter nmon shabe 'im, en I 'spec' det sot me ter studyin' 'bout all de dead folks I wun 'quainted wid, ter bimeby I gits mighty cheery, sittin' dar wid my hun's clasped roun' my knee, en I 'pecion I year nomindady feeblin' wid de gate latch, en I fis'en, en I hu'en, en bimeby, aho nuff, I year sof'r steps comin' up de walk, en den I year de snow a-crunchin' on de steps, en dar comes a rap at de de, mighty feeble like. Law sakes! but I wuz cheered. I git in de fur en'ner 'hind da crobe, en I wuz bnige. Den dar come dat knack agin, mo' sof'ly dan fest; en den I jes dow'd myse'f up, en I straightens my tur-bun, en I sez, stern like, "*Yes Debby*, you eyen dat do' I low you know but dar may be some po' sick cre'ne' stan'in' out dev in de col' ?" Den I springs cross de kitchen, en I frows open de do', en, honey, w'at you reckon my ole eyes see stan'in' dar? Neffa less dan w'at I takes fur de ghw'er my Miss Nanny's little gal? en I fetch up agin de de' wid a groan, en lean dar stan'in', wid de angnish de roof er my mouf. Den I see de chile's lips a-movin', but dar don' come no soun'. En I see ter myself, "Ghos' ne ten ghs', it's de chile I done raise." En I opens my arms, en tokier her inter dem, en dat manute she done fin' her tongue.

"Be keerful ob de baby, Debby," she sez; en den I seen w'at's in de handle she's kerrvin'.

"Gib it ter ole Debby," I sez, en dreckly I'a gat my pa' honey in de cho'r by de fire. Dar un-der de table stan's de big cho's basket, wid de fonin' blankes to it, en I jes pelle dat out by de stobe, en pots de baby in it. Den I hoyone Miss Betty's frock, en falls ter rubbem de life back inter de chale wid my big w'ite hens, en all de time she's tryin' ter tell me somepn, but I sez: "Dun' yer tell me nuffin' ber night honey; I knows all 'bout it," I sez, tryin' to soobe her. "Yer got sorter lonesome down dar, wil Miss Nenny en Mars Jack en ole Mas en Mersier all gone en lo' yse, en yer gits de notion ter come up yere en see ole Debby once mo'." Dat's natchal enuff, honey, I sez, tryin' ter speak keerless-like, en all de time my ole teef wuz chasterin' in my haed like I bin year'n' de las' trump.

Jes den I year Zach fookin' wid de gate, en I slip out en grab 'im 'fo' he gits ter de do', en I sez, "Zach, Miss Nanny's little gal er hey ghos', I ain't jes sartin w'ch, si sotin' in dar by de kitch-en fuh?" Dreckly I got ter gib Zach er shake, en I sez. "You Zach, dis ain't on time fer kerryin' en' dar's a heap er trubble bin er comin', en don' lemme kitch you sotin' like dar wuz enny-thing quar 'bout dat chile comin' wand'rin' up Norl, stan'in' at my de' shu'rin' in de dead er night. Yen jes slip in en make er fuh in de front chum'er." So sayin', I dow'd Zach inter de light, en dar he stan' blinkin' at little Miss; en den I bow'd she warn't no ghos', fer she up en grab Zach'e han' in hofe er hee'n en smilin' sad, jes like Miss Nenny, she sez, "Why, Zack, ie's fake ole times ter see you!" en Zach he hoh mighty shock 'nat he hef' onter hasse'l pow'fol.

Dreckly de front chum'er git w'ne I tek Miss Betty on de baby upsta'rs, en lan'! but little Miss done pleased wid de 'pearance er dat dar room. "Why, Debby!" she sezinna, "how cweet on cozy!"

"Miss Betty," I sez, solemn like, "de Lawd Hisse'f done hit' mo neber let me po' trash set foot in dis yere room; fust I onber dreamn w'at fer He'e keepin' it pah on mackerlate—dat it war for my Miss Nenny's little gal."

W'en I 'gin undressin' little Miss, I 'member dat de baggage 'ain't come yit. I wuz washin' dem fer Lawyer Sleepa'l's wife, en dar was tun wight dresses on de ha'n. Now I ain't no steelin' niggah, but I run down en snatch one er dem gal'ments offen de ho's like er flash; en I tuk de one w'at's kivered wid 'broid'rin' an lacery. I'a er house' niggah, but I couldn' see no' er helped takin' de finer' dar nen fer Miss Nanny's little gal; den I could er helped satin' cous' 'possum

Miss Betty neber paid no 'tention ter de gown, en w'en I got her inter de bed, en de baby asleep on her arms, she 'peare so nervous en upset dat I made a pallet on de flo' by de side ob de bed, en laid dar all night, re'chin' up en smoovin' her han', twell bimeby she drapt off ter sleep, breavin' jes as peaceful er dat dar baby er hern.

But nex' mawnin', w'en I come upsta'rs wid her breakfas en a bran'-new corver, she was kug-gin' en kosin' de baby, en cryin' like her heart was broke. "Oh, Debby," she sobs, "de trubble dat is comin ter me is mo'n I kin stan'. Sit down, Debby, en lis'an twell I tell you."

"Now, honey," I sez, mighty coaxin', "jes yer look at dese curo Marylan' biscuit w'at I bin beat-in' sence daylight, all for my young Miss. Now you 'ain't got de hankerin' ter go back en dis n'fill'us breakfus, is yer?"

"No, Debby," she sez, dryin' her eyes, "I won' go back on nuffin yo' dear ole kan's a done ler me," en she eats or tol'ble good meat, atter all. En one way en nudder I keeps pattin' her off frum tellin' 'bout her trubbles—ma'n de her' fas' dat her hushan' bin treatin' her bed, en dreckly she slip off en come up Norf ter res' her po' tir'ed head on ole Debby's buzzum, en dar don' nobody know what she is. But bimeby I sats down en de sly ev writes ter Cousin Tildy. I sez, mighty cautious like, dat rumous has reached me dat de's compin' wrong wid my little Miss, en dat I cannee know ell 'bout n'et de trubble is. En, bress you, honey, dat dar answer come flyin' back mos' 'fo' I git dat letter mailed. En, law sakes! dar wuz 'citement nuff in dar ter beat de kiver. Tildy she sez de mun wun tellin' deeve'ves blind. Miss Betty done gone, nobody knowed whier, an Mars Dick was talkin' 'bout gittin' er divo'ce. Den she went on tellin' me er heap er w'at de old Tabbys bin sayin' 'bout de chile I done raise. "Yer see," sez Tildy, "de trubble wuz gwineter come ensyhow, fus' or las', but I reckon Mars Dick was kin'er riled kase de las' baby was a gal. Hit's a lubly chile, wid dem log eyes de cullah ar vi'lets. Dey ain't like Mars Dick's, en day ain't like Miss Betty's, ner Miss Nanny's nodder, but dey's de fibin image er ole Gran'mo Hardin's, en I'e bin er monnonin' dat ar fee' twell my jaw done aobs. Dey-run's nobody makn ma bisiness no bores ar Miss Betty—nor on good ar Mars Dick nodder. One day jes 'fo' dey wun marr'ed I was down ter de rest'rant helpin' Nat wid a stag dinner, en dar was Mars Dich pourin' down de wine en hoadin' de talk, en en I wun stan'in' by de slide I year 'ma 'sumein de virtue er women. 'Virtue!' sez Mars Dick, mighty con-tempt'ous; 'now yer's talkin' foolishness. Dar ain't de woman hevn w'a yer dun' wanter keep yo' eye on.' Dreckly I year dat, I sez ter my-se'f, 'Young man, dat's all I keer ter know 'bout you.'"

Well, I wun readin' dat letter ober fer de fif' time w'en I year Miss Betty comin' down-sta'rs, en I jump like I was shot, en drop it in de stobe, en go scurrin' roun' tosain' up a pone for de chile's supper stoppin' now en agin to fass' my ole eyes on de petty young ere'tur' settin' in de low rockin'-chair smilin' on cousin' er de baby. She look like she ain't much ma'n a baby herse'f, wid de sof' little rings er ha'r curlin' aun' her face.

Dat night atter I gits Miss Betty on de baby tucked in bed, en seen 'em drappen off ter sleep, I slips down-sta'rs en writes another letter ter Tildy, hare I wanter keep de run er w'ats gwine on down dar. W'en de letter's done writ, en de kiver licked down, I gub it a pusn' wid my fin', en I sez, "Dar! I hoon' I dide' let no cat outen dat dar bag."

Well, de answer kan'ne alow 'bout comin' back, en one day en another done slip along. I seen little Miss ter 'broid'rin' er chaik for de baby, kase I make out de ole one hin ainuitted on de kpare, en I cant Miss Betty dat I done sot my min' on takin' dat baby out vis'tin', en my ole Miss gran'-chile boun' ter be rigged out mighty fine; en one day I wuz chockin' ter myse'f natahin' Miss Betty 'broid'rin' away en cheerful like, en step-pin' now en agin fas a frolic wid de baby, w'en dar come a rap down-sta'rs at de front de', en kin'er startle Miss Betty. I hurry up, en git down en open de do', en I clcr' ter goodness! dar stan' de han'somest young gemman w'ch ever yer see bebu'f'en. "Will yer be so kin' es ter gib dis kyard ter Mis' Hardin?" he sez, stepplin' inter de hell 'fo' I got er chance ter catch my breff, en he look at me wid dem kiv'er purple-blue eyes, en seems like I done got er slap in de face. I opens de settin'-room de' earlier dazed, en goes upsta'rs. Dreckly little Miss ketch sight er de kyard she ery out, "Oh, av God! Debby, how dey fin' me out?" Den she read de name, "Doctor St John," en she grab hol' er de foot ta de bed, trem'lin' like er leaf n'at's shuck wid de win'.

"Gimme lmbe ter go see 'im packin'," I sez, mighty fierce.

"Tweedin' do no good," she sez; "he wantin' go onten I tele 'im he sous'. You fetch de baby en stay close by in de kitchen," she sez, startin' for de do'.

I waits a bit, en den I slips down-sta'rs. De kitchen do' was ome'n ajog, en I kin year a heap er w'ats goin' on in de settin'-room. Hse v'ice wes one er dem lon bel cl'er sort; but en fer little Miss, dar wa'n't life nuff in her talk ter re'ch nowhar; en'y now en agin I could ketch w'et she wuz savin'.

"'Ain't I kep' qual long waff?" I heard hise axin' her, mighty stern. "Did I eber enter er ev'ilble w'at or wife oughtan' ter year whilst pun was under his roof?" he axes.

"Be good Lord be praised!" I groans, under my breff.

"Iln' I put a mighty curb 'tween my teef de night I come der en fin' you half dead fom de life dat scone'rel bin leadin' yer?" he axes agin—"en I dat would gib my life ter p'tec' yer. But I ain't gwine ter try ter sinudder h down no mo'," he sez, drawin' his elcer eighter Miss Betty.

*Lor'!* but I sits dar quakin' in my shoes.

"Hits all changed now," he sez; "you can't neber go back dar no mo'." Den I los' de res' er de sentence. Den Miss Betty ne 'im compin w'at I don' ketch, kat I year 'im answer det dat ain't nobody 'seppo' hit's ole Mis' Pretties en de little white-he red person. En he 'clared of de angel Gabr'el was ter p'cimin de truth dey wouhin' bliebe it.

Den Miss Betty 'gan speakin' kin'er fas', en I can't make out nuffin but de sob w'at she done en' up wid. Den 'pears like he'e reasoum', en eryin' fer ter comfo't her, tellin' her not ter go worryin' her little head 'bout 'im, kase he kin go much dar termorrow, en pick up de doctorin' whar he done lef' off. He 'clar' der anything sheery folks down dar w'en dey git sick, en dey hean' ter hob er doctor w'at kin *ed* 'em. He 'lowed dey don' kyar of he come an er clebon feet, long en he fetch de res' dies. "But I reckon dey's gunna ter suffer," he sez, "fer de ole gov'nor's quit gwine out nights, en I'm off fer Paris ter spen' a couple er years, mebbe mo'."

I lis'en right sherp den ter year w'et's comin'. Miss Betty she gub er little cough, but hit soun' likn she's swallerin' a sob.

"Betty," he sez—how dar' he speak like dat ter my Miss Nanny's little gal?—"Betty," he sez, "yer ain't gwine ter let me go off dar alone, is yer?" En den, law sakes, honey, de pow'r on de 'mpsion, en de sousee er de w'ice, w'at 'pined fer ter witch det chale, ain't fer me ter put in my po' wiggeb languidge. Why, I 'clar' ter good nese, ef it hadn't bin fin de bringin' up ole Miss gub me, I spec' I fall down on dat dar kitch-en flo' en cry out, "Go 'long, Miss Betty, go 'long wid de mon w'at ish you like dat." But ole Debby ain't none er yo' po' ign'ant niggahs w'at can't make out de law en de gospel. Law, no! Suhrmon ain't on stranger ter her, en she jes sot dar bolt-upright wakin' fer de en'. Lor' but 'twar er long time comin'. Free blessed hours de w'ice er de tempter wuz wrasslin wid dat chile's princ'ple, but bimeby he done gub it up. Miss Betty she follow 'im ter de de', en dar ole Satan gub one mo' prod wid he pitchfo'k. Dar stan' de young man lookin' like he done step onten one er dem old fambly po'traits. "You done spoes my hah fer de las' time," he sez, en den he 'gan pintnein' w'at de fotiare got in sto' fer de po' chile wid "en fesn'n heat er couple er ign'ant darkies," he sez, "en nuffin ter fis fer." He done fergit de *baby*, po' b'nighted young man!

"Dis is good-by forever, Betty," he sez, look-in' like his heart was broke; en dreckly little Miss drop his han', en he goes stridin' down de walk like hi'n makin' far de pumpin'-off place.

I jes drap de baby in de clothes-baskes, en slip up nhin little Miss, fer I see her hetchin onter de de', en jes dat minute she ra'ch out her ewn han'n, en I year de words, "Come back! come back!" tryin' to scape fum her tremb'lin' lips, en I jes grab her in my two arms, en shet de do' quick, en dat young man neber know'd how near he bin ter hebben, ner hell nodder, mo'n likely.

Well, I hel' dat chile in my arms mo'n an hour, en 'pears like she 'ain't got no life lef' in her. But young folks bin lib fru er heap er trubble, en dat's de way it wuz wid Miss Betty.

Dey say it ain't natchel lac de 'faire er dis wor' ter turn out like dey do in readin' books. Mo' times it ain't, en mo' times it *aes*; but dis yer time it was. Dar come one day—nigh onter de fall, w'en dar come er letter fum Cousin Tildy; Tildy she bin lovin' mighty low ever she bin bornin' out ter de debil, settin' det young man on de truck er little Miss. Some niggahs nowadays get mo' book l'arnin' dan princ'ple. Dat dar let ter say dis yeth diere rid er Mars Dick Hardin. Up Norf dar dat' 'pear ter be on ev' ter dese yer spiteain' men. Some libe de col' keep dair brains fum barnin' up; kut dem Soof, ow' like dan not, dey'e consumed in deir prime, en dat's

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how it wuz wid Mave Dich. He went off in one er dem tears as ha'n like er hot pancake.

Well, den dar came anudder day, nigh onter de spring, w'en dar come er rat-tat ter de front do', en bress yes, honey, of dar aw't de same han'some young man! an dar I stan' er grinnin' like I was all teef; en it den 'pear like it was as week sence he was dar afo', dough yer's little Miss Nanny hangin' onter my shirts.

Well, dar ain't much mo' ter tell, 'cepin' det dis yer prp'ty's en de mock. Marse Frye, w'at keeps de butcher shop ober yonder, he's mighty set on gittin de place. Yer see, me en Zach's got er call ter sup'intend er house-wu'min' down Thata way.

No, honey, I don' p'some dar am no moral ter dis yere story; but I boun' ter as yer w'at yer reckon gwineter 'come ob er po' young cre'tur' of folks tells a heap as hes 'bout her, en sho 'ain't got de arem ob no ole naggah mammy ober her hide twell de hall stop a-pelin'? Dat ar's w'at I bin as studyin' ober sence de chil'en's done gone on dele tower. KATE LEE ASHLEY.

## THE MILWAUKEE SAENGERFEST.

THE ARCH OF WELCOME.

THE twenty-fourth festival of the North American Saengerbund was held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, last week, beginning with a magnificent concert on Wednesday evening, and closing on Sunday. During the four days of its continuance Milwaukee was flooded with music to an extent difficult of comprehension by people who were not there to listen and to take part in the jubilee. All former Northwestern Saengerfests were eclipsed—which is saying a good deal. The pictures which are published in this issue of the exterior and interior of the great Exposition Building, in which the festival was held, give some idea of the magnitude of this musical event, but when the list of cities which were represented, and of the societies which represented them, is glanced at, the national importance and the real magnitude of the festival become more fully apparent. Chicago sent fifteen German singing societies, nearly every one of which was accompanied either by a brass band or a small orchestra. From St. Louis there were present thirteen representative musical organizations. Cincinnati was represented by eight singing societies. Buffalo also sent eight distinct musical organizations, including the well-known Orpheus and Arion singing societies of that city. From Cleveland there came five societies; from Wheeling, West Virginia, three; from Philadelphia three—the Saengerbund, Maennerchor, and Arion; Erie, Pennsylvania, was represented by two societies, as was Louisville, Kentucky; Allegheny, Pennsylvania, Columbus, Ohio; and Dayton, Ohio. This city was represented by eighty members of the Beethoven Society, and a single society was also sent from each of fourteen places. The total membership of these musical organizations was about 2500.

It is estimated that at the opening concert of the festival on Wednesday evening there were present in the Exposition Building more than 12,000 persons. Its seating capacity is for 7302 people on the main floor, and 2500 in the gallery. There was not a vacant seat, and the aisles were thronged as far as was permissible.

Although these was but one preliminary rehearsal of the orchestra, the individual members of which were gathered from many different musical centres, there was no evidence in the subsequent performances of an insufficiency of practice. It consisted of 102 pieces, and was directed by the baton of Professor CATENHUSEN. Immediately after the overture, the first test of the combined work of orchestra and chorus—a great gathering of nearly three thousand singers and performers—was furnished in WAGNER'S "Hymn to Art," and the result was a complete assurance of the artistic success of the festival. Addresses were then made by the Mayor of Milwaukee and Governor RUSK of Wisconsin. The Mayor spoke in German, and the Governor's address was a laudation of the spirit of the Saengerfest.

Following the formal opening of the festival on Wednesday evening, concerts were given daily throughout its continuance, and were attended by audiences which filled the enormous building on each occasion. As for the city at large, it gave itself up completely to the festival spirit that pervaded the air. All business save that of the entertainment of visitors from abroad was practically abandoned, and the city, decorated as it was from end to end with flags and banners and triumphal arches, presented throughout the week a brilliant and attractive appearance.

## THE BICENTENNIAL OF ALBANY.

In the last number of the WEEKLY the reasons were given why Albany claimed the right to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the granting of its charter. The historic causes of Albany's existence were also outlined, and sketches of the most noted of the older houses were given. The celebration being over, a word in regard to its salient features will be of interest.

Albany was always a religiously inclined, perhaps a devout, city. The church and the school-house were planted together, and nourished by the zeal of the tax gatherer. Therefore it was eminently proper that the week should open with religious services in the several churches, which were attended by the official representatives of the city. Albany being a military and a fortified city, it was proper, in the next place, that the north and south gates of the ancient stockade, which are about half a mile apart in the modern Broadway, should be opened, and a welcome extended to all comers. This was gracefully done early on Monday morning by Mayor THACHER.

The culminating and crowning feature of the whole was the historical pageant of Wednesday night, just preceding the beginning of the bicentennial day proper. It was a fit ending of the last hours that clung to the second century of the city's life. The night was cloudy, and the electric lights had been shut off by the consent of all. A mere alignment of words in all that the average pen can call its statement of what took place, for a description that would convey the scene to the mind of the reader is wellnigh impossible. Our Northern blood runs very slowly, the Dutch blood is said to run slower, and the Albany Dutch blood the slowest of all. Hence the grafting of a *march gras* festivity upon a historic celebration was considered a crazy scheme by some, while others shook their heads in doubt, and all awaited the result of the experiment with interest. The outcome proved that a custom used on frivolous occasions has its most part can be trained on as to give most pleasing and lasting impressions of even as grave a subject as history, and the Northern people should thank the energetic Alabamian who came to Albany and taught this lesson, for in no other city of the North has it yet been shown.

The technical name of each piece of moving tableau is "float." The effect is produced by covering the running gear of a heavy wagon so as to form the base as foundation on which the tableau rests. The horses are shod with felt, and as the noiseless panorama ensues, effects of blue and red are given by the burning of Greek fire at frequent intervals.

The historical pageant of Wednesday night consisted of sixteen floats. Very appropriately, the coat of arms of Albany led all the rest. Living figures sustained the shield wherever the beaver and the wheat showed both thrift and prosperity. The Spirit of Discovery came next—fit emblem of HUDSON's daring. A conchlas shell contains three maidens, who drive the dolphins through the sea. Still back the idea of discovery runs, and gives the Northmen of the year 1000 in the third float—a savage looking set of men with winged helmets and spiked shields, their boat is a mystery of the ancient art of ship-building. Still more of the discoverer, the landing of CARTIER, a most striking scene, as he takes possession of a continent, while the savages dodge behind the trees in their amazement.

The pageant now takes a local turn, and gives the old stockade called Fort Orange, including a barter with the Indians for their furs, and a hearty Dutch welcome to the inner side of the gates. The sale of Indian lands to the whites is another subject which brings to mind the square dealing of the Dutch with the natives of the soil. Scenic effects are vividly produced in the legend of the Catskills, wherein Rip Van Winkle meets the mysterious and silent ballrollers of the mountains. From fiction we once more turn to history. Two floats give the granting of the Duke of York's charter in 1664 and the granting of the Albany city charter in 1686. Then come scenes of thrilling historical interest. A Summer Evening in Old Albany gives away the home-life of the early settlers. Broad stoops, notched gables, and small windows serve as a background. A terrible scene is the massacre at Schenectady in 1690, the burning cabin being announced, like the bush of Moses.

BURGOYNE's surrender appeals to the American spirits of all the spectators, while it appeals particularly to the pride of Albanians because their greatest General led the plans—although another did the executing—and acted as host to BURGOYNE himself. General SCHUYLER's mansion is, very fittingly, the subject of the next float—a Hercules of Revolutionary Days. Here is the historic stairway bearing the marks of the tomahawk as the Indian allies of the British sought to capture MADGARET, the escaping daughter of the General. In her flight she bore her infant sister CATHERINE to a place of safety, General SCHUYLER meanwhile being frightened the conspirators away by a cleverly executed ruse. The next float shows the marriage of MARGARET SCHUYLER to STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, the last of the Patroons. Close by are ELIZABETH SCHUYLER and her husband, ALEXANDER HAMILTON. The ceremony takes place on the lawn in front of the old SCHUYLER mansion. The commercial impetus given to Albany by the artificial waterway is shown by the float called the Erie Canal, De Witt Clinton forming a central figure. Finally, the prosperity and progress of the country at large are typified in the float which by a mechanical contrivance represents the glinting rays of the sun as it rises over a sea in actual motion, while Father Time gives way before the powers of steam and electricity that change his hours of the past to the minutes of to-day.

## "THE GALATEA."

THE cutter *Galatea* was built by Mr JOHN REID, at Port Glasgow, Scotland. She was launched May 1, 1885. Her principal dimensions are: length over all, 100 feet; on water line, 86 feet 8 inches; beam, 15 feet; depth, 13 feet 3 inches; and she draws 13 feet 8 inches of water. She was designed by Mr BEAVEN WEBB, and built for her present owner, Lieutenant HAWS, R.N., an enthusiastic yachtsman, who sails and navigates his own yachts.

When Mr BEAVEN WEBB sent the challenge of the cutter *Genesta* for the *America's* Cup, last year, he at the same time sent a challenge on behalf of the *Galatea*, which was then on the stocks. He was the designer of both cutters, and probably thought that if he could not win with one, he might with the other. He expected that the *Galatea* would be an improvement on the *Genesta*, but during her first season she was proven to be inferior to that cutter. Last winter very extensive alterations were made in her, and in the four contests that she has engaged in this season she has evidently performed much better than she did last year. She has been beaten by the *Iver*—easily the fastest cutter-yacht in Great Britain—but she has not been beaten much, and the conclusion arrived at from the record of her performances this season is that she is fully as good as the *Genesta*, if not a little better; and as the *Genesta* was proven last year to be very nearly as good as the *Puritan*, it is clear that the *Galatea* has a *fair* chance of success in her present hunt for the cup.

When the challenges of the two yachts were received last year, the New Yash Club accepted both provisionally; that is, the club said to Mr. BEAVEN-WEBB, "If we beat the *Genesta*, we will immediately sail a race with the *Galatea* under the same conditions; if we don't, of course we cannot." Various causes prevented the *Galatea* from coming last year, principally, in all probability, that she was not doing so well as had been expected; but in one of her races the was dismasted, and this furnished an excuse entirely satisfactory. She was re-rigged, and sailed a few races after that, but it was then late in the season, and Lieutenant HAWS, or Mr BEAVEN-WEBB, who in relation to these races has acted the part of principal rather than agent, thought it would be better to defer the contest until this season.

The change made in the *Galatea* last winter was principally in the arrangement of her ballast. She is built of mild steel, and has a hollow keel filled with lead. It was found that this work had been imperfectly done, and the lead was all taken out and reused. Her mast and was also made to lace to the boom, in a result of Mr. BEAVEN-WEBB's observation while in this country, enabling her to dispense with the enormously heavy spar required for a boom-footed sail.

The record of the *Galatea* is not a good one. During the season of 1885 she started fifteen times, and races secured a single first prize, although the came in first twice, but was beaten on time allowance. Twice the came in second, and four times third. Her total winnings for the season were £50—£30 for second prize, May 30, at the New Thames Regatta, and £20, July 10, at the Royal Ulster Regatta. The cutter *Iver* during this same season was £1210.

The *Galatea's* first appearance was on May 21, 1885, at the spring cruise of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, when she was easily outsailed by the *Genesta*. Her first regular race was on May 30, 1885, at the annual regatta of the New Thames Yacht Club, where she sailed against the *Iver*, *Genesta*, and other cutters, and finished ahead of the lot, but was beaten on allowance of time by the *Iver*. She, however, took second prize, thus beating the *Genesta*.

In her second race, June 1, 1885, the *Genesta* was not present, she having been withdrawn in order to prepare for her voyage to this country; but the *Galatea* sailed against the *Iver*, *Marjorie*, *Marguerite*, and *Tara*. In this race she was not placed, the *Tara* getting first prize on allowance, and the *Marguerite* second.

In her third race, the *Iver* and *Marjorie* both led her at the finish, but not much. She was but 4 minutes 17 seconds behind the *Iver*.

These races will give an idea of her performance during the last season. She was proven to be inferior to both the *Iver* and the *Marjorie*.

This season the *Galatea* appeared first at the regatta of the New Thames Yacht Club in the Channel match from Southend to Harwich in a fresh whole-sail breeze from northeast, giving the yacht a beat of forty miles. She was showing quite as well as the *Iver*, and had twice reached through her lee and obtained a lead of that celebrated cutter, when her bobstay gave way, and she was obliged to beat up.

June 7 she started again in a forty-mile race, and came in second to the *Iver*, with the *Marjorie* war seven minutes behind her. June 11 she started again with the *Iver*, but was withdrawn when half over the course. Her last race was June 15, at the regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Club, at Dover, in a forty-five-mile race, with only the *Iver* and *Marjorie* against her. The *Iver* led all the way around the course, with the *Galatea* close up. The figures at the finish were: *Iver*, 4.04 09; *Galatea*, 4 08 57; *Marjorie*, 4 13.36.

The *Galatea* was then withdrawn and prepared for her voyage across the Atlantic. Her racing mast was kept in her, but boom and gaff and racing sails were shipped to this country by steamer, and arrived at Boston July 17. The yacht comes out under a gaff topsail. Mrs. HAWS comes with her husband in the yacht. She is quite as enthusiastic a lover of the sport as he is, and has accompanied him on several long cruises in the yawl, which he owned before he had the *Galatea* built.

As to the chances of the *Galatea* taking back to her harbor the *America's* cup, yachting men think that they are quite as good as those of the *Genesta* were. From present appearances it would seem almost certain that the yacht chosen to defend the cup will be the *Puritan*, and if, as her record shows, the *Galatea* is better than the *Genesta*, and nearly as good as the *Iver*, it of course follows that she is almost as good as the whole sloop from Boston. The race, therefore, may be expected to be a very close one, and those who think that the cup is safe, no matter which of the four large American sloops is chosen, have not closely studied the record.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

SHAW-SHO, according to an East Indian temperance journal, is a powerful liquor, capable of the solving a Martini-Henry bullet in the space of thirty minutes. In Burmah, which is the place of its manufacture, it is a popular beverage, and is used as a drink solely. It is said to be made of rice and lime. The English masters of Burmah, it is understood, will endeavor either to prevent the manufacture of shaw-sho or to have its strength diminished. It was not found in the course of the late campaign that a Burmese soldier dissolved the bullets which were fired into him, but the liquor is dreaded for other reasons. Its effect upon the stomachs and nerves of consumers is frightful, and it is feared that it will work havoc among the British troops.

A newspaper report from Louisiana declares that a chicken was picking at a turtle's head which had been cut off three days before, when the pace snapped, catching the chicken, and killing it outright. To a turtle's head of they sort what is the need of a turtle? Nothing like the need, one would think, of confirmation to a story of that sort.

A man has died in the almshouse at St. Petersburg at the age of one hundred and twenty two years. He had been an inmate since 1819, and was in good health physically and mentally until four years before his death, when a general failure set in.

A lobster caught recently in Massachusetts weighed eleven pounds and three-quarters, and was thirty inches long. An expert estimated that it was twenty-five years old.

One is made to think how few the aborigines of this country have become when one reads of an Indian being struck by lightning. Every summer the newspapers are quite plentifully sprinkled with items concerning persons who have been visited by this terrible agent, but very rarely indeed does it happen that these persons are Indians. On July 18, lightning killed four Indians and injured ten others in Minnesota. Of course thunder-bolts do not discriminate among races, and the reason why such cases are rare must be that Indians are rare also.

There are evidences that that remarkable book, *English as She is Spoke*, has found its way into Egypt. This in the English part of a placard, printed in several languages, on a *café chantant* at Alexandria: "Every of the consommations of the cuddees, one piastre besides. Every of the claim to be addressed directly of the directam. During of the expectations the price of consommations to be the same that in every the salon's office." The translation of the English is: "All had drinks one piastre extra. All complaints should be made at the office. Notwithstanding the performance, the prices will be the same as those of other cafés."

After the advance of the British troops into Burmah, it is said, a company of Chinese soldiers were fed for a month on soup, bread, and beef, the idea being to ascertain if the new diet would increase the swiftpoints of the Orientals and bring to them the more poniderous and martial port of the English men-at-arms. At the end of the month it was found (so the report runs) that the average loss of weight among the Chinamen was seven pounds, and that they were quite broken down in spirit; whereupon the usual rice diet was immediately restored.

A recent meteor in Wisconsin made a hole in the ground "three as four feet in circumference, and so deep that all attempts to sound it by means of long poles proved futile." People at last accounts were engaged in "excavating the earth around the spot," and little doubt was entertained that the diggers would finally ascertain the depth of the hole, and bring the meteor to light. The meteor as it approached the earth made a noise like a train of cars, according to the best information, and at the moment of contact its roar was almost deafening. A gratifying feature of the report of this meteor is its apparent restraint and poise. Meteor reports fall into considerable discredit several years ago by reason of one from Texas which announced that a meteor weighing several thousand tons had fallen upon a house in that State and destroyed an entire family, together with a barn and a quantity of live stock. Subsequent reports stated, one that the size of the meteor had been grossly exaggerated, and a later one that there had been no meteor. The report from Wisconsin is quite unambitious in comparison with the Texas account, and its modesty will do much to win credence for it.

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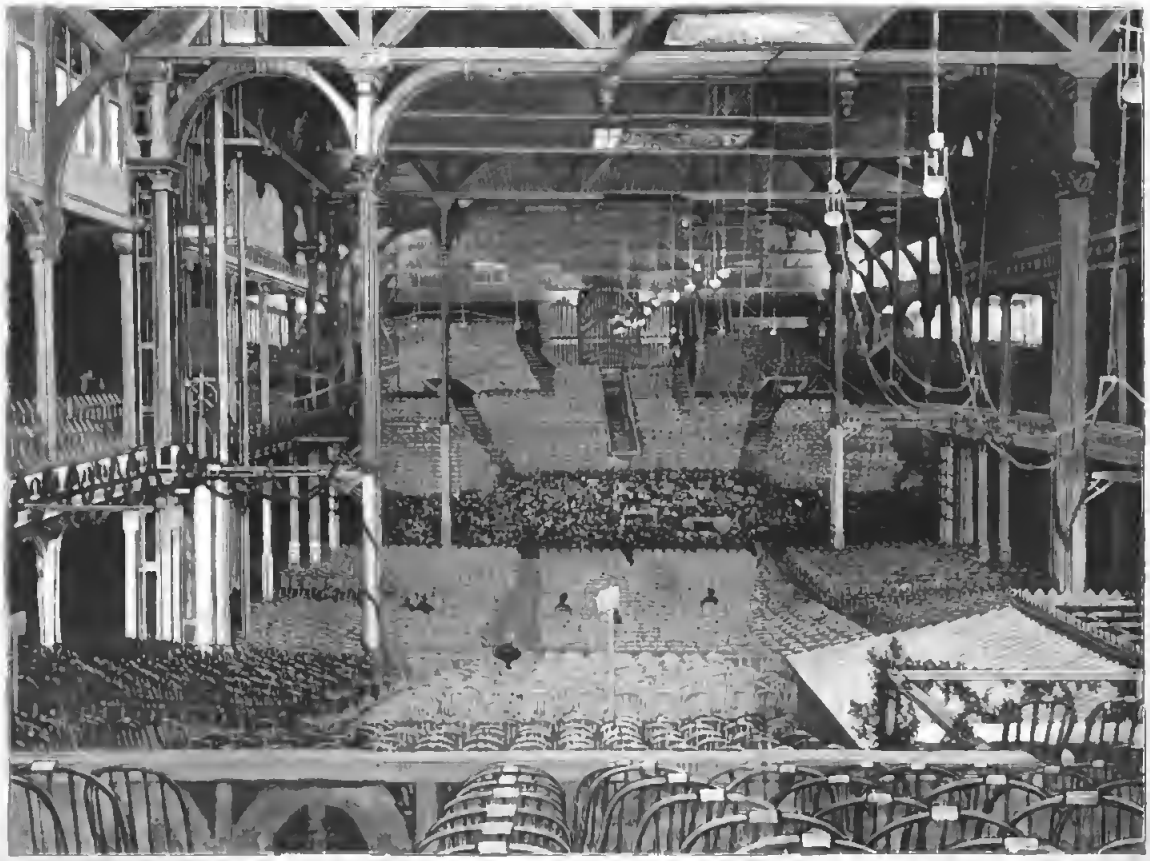

THE MAIN HALL.

TWENTY-FOURTH FESTIVAL OF THE NORTH AMERICAN SÆNGERBUND AT MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, JULY 21-24.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. D. BABBS, MILWAUKEE.—(SEE PAGE 491.)

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS—APIA, FROM THE SEA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PASSED ASSISTANT SURGEON H. W. WHITAKER, U. S. N.

KING MALIETOA AND HIS ORATOR.

## THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

THE Samoan, or, as they used to be called, the Navigator's, Islands, have recently come into prominence by reason of the development of the ambition of Germany in the direction of the South Pacific, and the steps taken by other nations to withstand her designs. Our interest in them as Americans dates back to the project of Mr SEWARD, during General GRANT'S administration, for placing them under an American protectorate. The islands, nine in number—four comparatively large, and five smaller—are situated between the latitudes of 13½° and 14½° south, and the longitudes of 168° and 172° west. They were discovered by BOUGAINVILLE in 1768, and by La Pérouse in 1778.

They are all of volcanic origin, and have remains of extinct volcanoes, the largest of which is on the island of Upolu, near Apia. The climate and vegetation are tropical, and bread fruit and "taro," a farinaceous root, constitute the principal food of the people.

Upolu is the largest island of the group, and has a population of a little more than twenty thousand.

Apia, the seat of the recent trouble in Samoa, is the largest town in the group, and one of the important ports of the South Seas. It has a population estimated at five thousand, including foreigners. Of those the greater number are Germans, next in number are Americans, and then Englishmen.

The residences and storehouses of foreigners are built of wood, and are comfortable. The na-

ESTABLISHING THE AMERICAN PROTECTORATE.

THE TRIAL OF THE ANARCHISTS IN CHICAGO.—FROM A SKETCH BY LOUIS GARRELIN.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

tive houses are built of cocoa-nut leaves, and extremely simple in construction.

Apia is growing, and an active trade is carried on with San Francisco, Auckland, and Germany. All the business is done on one street near the water. Copra, the dried kernel of the cocoa-nut, is the principal export, although coffee has been raised, and the enterprise bids fair to be commercially successful. Business houses do business with the natives in trade, using copra as currency. Little money is exchanged except in Apia. Trading posts are established on all of the islands.

In December, 1884, the Samoan King Malietoa was induced to sign a treaty which virtually made Samoa a German dependency. The consular representatives of other powers protested, and these protests defeated the ratification of the treaty. In January, 1885, however, the German consul-general hoisted the German flag in Samoa, and announced that he had taken possession in reprisal for acts of hostility, not specified, done against Germany by King Malietoa. He forbade the king to hoist his own flag over the Court-house and in January, 1886, the king's flag was hauled down in Apia by sailors from a German man-of-war. Prince Bismarck disavowed the act of his consul in hoisting the German flag, but did not order it down. The German admiral who visited Samoa early in May, with four ships, not only took no steps to undo the act of the consul, but ignored the king, and went twenty miles along the coast from Apia in order to pay an official visit to Tamasese, the hostal vice-king, who had been for some time in rebellion against his chief, and whose rebellion had been instigated and supported, as was believed in Apia, by German influence. Thereupon the king applied to Mr. Gretzner, the American consul, for protection. May 13, 1886, Mr Gretzner, with the full approval of all the foreign residents except the Germans, hoisted the American flag over that of Samoa, and thus assumed a temporary protectorate over Samoa until advices could be received from Washington. May 28, 1886, the German consul at last hauled down the German flag, which had been flying over Mulinu Point for sixteen months. July 22, Mr George H. Bates, of Wilmington, Delaware, a personal friend of Secretary Bayard, left home for Samoa as a special commissioner from our government to meet the representatives of England, France, and Germany. At this conference it is hoped that the status of Samoa will be settled.

Nature generously furnishes the Samoan with most of the requirements of his life, and he has only to take them. He works but little, if at all, sleeps much, and lives a life of ease and indolence.

## THE ANARCHISTS' TRIAL.

After the examination of nine hundred and eighty-two citizens summoned as possible jurymen in the case of the eight anarchists on trial for murder at Chicago, the twelfth juror was, on the 15th inst., accepted, and the trial finally began. In many respects it is the most remarkable trial that has ever occupied the attention of a court in this country. All the testimony thus far developed tends to show that the eight defendants, with others who have not been apprehended, carefully planned and attempted to carry out the annihilation of the police force of Chicago and the sacking of the city. The attempt, it will be remembered, was made on the evening of May 4. In response to a handbill printed both in German and English, and issued from the headquarters of a band of avowed anarchists, who for several years had been permitted to plot and conspire against the city's peace without molestation, nearly fifteen hundred idle men gathered at the corner of Desplaines and Randolph streets in Chicago, in an open square known as the Old Haymarket. To this crowd the leaders of the anarchist mob, mounted upon a wagon in the middle of the street, addressed incendiary harangues, the tone of which became so lawless and inflammatory that an Inspector of Police felt authorized in breaking up the meeting. With this object in view a reserve of sixty policemen moved down the street to disperse the crowd, when suddenly a dynamite bomb as large as a man's two hands was thrown from the vicinity of the speaker's stand into the police ranks, and between thirty and forty officers fell wounded and bleeding to the ground. At the same moment a fusillade of pistol shots from the anarchists added to the havoc that had been done by the infernal machine. Fortunately the discipline and courage of the police, aided by the natural cowardliness of the rioters, prevented a general overthrow of the authorities, and it had been an attempt to capture a city became only the wanton murder of a few policemen. For the conception of and participation in this peculiarly causeless crime, the following so-called "anarchists" are now on trial for their lives, the overt act with which they are charged being the murder of police officer Matthias J. Degan, who was one of those killed by the explosion of the dynamite bomb: August Spies, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Louis Spies, C. R. Parsons, George Engel, Adolph Fischer, and Louis Lingg.

The first sensational event of the trial was the testimony of Gertrude Waller, an anarchist, who, turning State's evidence, swore that he had belonged to an armed body of anarchists, and also described in detail the preparations that had been made by the leaders (the defendants on trial) for the capture of the city. It was, he said, the purpose to disable the Fire Department as well as the police. He described a meeting at which he said it was decided that they were to kill everybody who opposed them. It was also proposed at that meeting that anarchists should mingle with the crowds in the city's streets, and kill everybody right and left. The State has also produced a witness, William Seliger, who swears that Louis Lingg was the man who made the fatal bomb.


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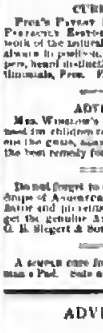

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Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

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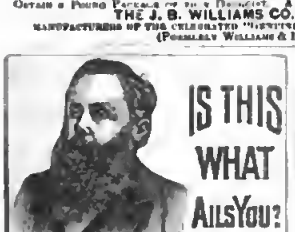


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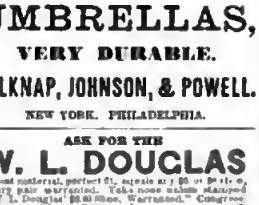


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1546

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1886.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1886.

## THE END OF THE SESSION.

THE first session of the Forty-ninth Congress ends without a very illustrious record. There is always a great deal of necessary routine business which attracts no public attention, and which has been done, doubtless, as well by this Congress as by its predecessors. But of great measures for the general welfare and of a high public spirit there is little to trace in the proceedings. There was natural curiosity to see how the Democratic party, which controlled the Executive and the House of Representatives, would conduct public affairs after its long exclusion. It had an extraordinary opportunity. After an ascendency of a quarter of a century, the Republican party had been defeated, not upon a question of policy, but upon a personal question, which became inevitably representative of a spirit and tendency. The Democratic party had succeeded by a very small majority, but with a candidate acceptable beyond the lines of his party, whose official career had attested his executive ability, honesty, and courage, as well as his sincere sympathy with the progressive reform spirit which exists in both parties. The opportunity was singularly advantageous. The Democratic party needed only to show that the President was its true representative, and that its long exclusion from responsible power had yet left it with practical legislative ability.

The opportunity has been lost. The session closes without the demonstration of cordial Democratic agreement with the Democratic President, and without beneficial legislation for the country. The President himself, however, has not forfeited the confidence which his previous career had inspired, and he is personally stronger with the country than he has ever been. The financial administration also has extorted praise even from rancorous opponents. When Mr. MANNING entered the Treasury his appearance was hailed with the declaration that the Administration was already judged by the selection of a mere party boss for the head of the Treasury. But when, after fourteen months, he was compelled by ill health to leave his post, his retirement was universally regretted as a public misfortune even by those who had most contemptuously assailed him. He had chosen his lieutenants with a skill that commanded general confidence, and his conduct of the finances, in full sympathy with the views of the President, was applauded by the whole intelligent country. Mr MANNING succeeded very able Secretaries, Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. MCCULLOCH. But his course has not been less sagacious and patriotic than theirs. The Democratic House has displayed its wisdom by endeavoring to discredit the Democratic President and Secretary of the Treasury. The distinctive Executive policy in regard to the civil service has not found among the recognized Democratic leaders one earnest supporter. Neither Mr HEWITT, nor Mr. CARLISLE, nor Mr. RANDALL, nor Mr. MORRISON, has sustained Mr. COX and Mr FINDLAY in their advocacy of that policy, while the Secretary of the Treasury has been emphatically rebuked by the Democratic House under the leadership of Mr MORRISON, in depriving him of a discretion which has been granted to other Secretaries, and of which he has proved himself to be signally capable.

The Republican party, however, has not seized the opportunity to gain the public favor which its opponent has thrown away. The quarrel of the Senate with the President, the enormous grant of the BLAIR bill, the confessed extravagances of the River and Harbor Bill, the evasion of the BECK resolution, the passage of the Oleomargarine Bill, the refusal to investigate the flagrant scandal of the PAYNE election, and the total failure to propose the extension of civil service reform, which would have thrown upon the Democratic party the responsibility of opposition. For all of these things the Republicans are responsible, and these, under the circumstances, show as much dulness as the Democrats have shown. The Republican policy was plain. It was to prove that the country would have been surer of wise and progressive legislation if the Republicans had had control. But in many of the worst measures, and especially in the passage of the MORRISON resolution, they took pains to share the responsibility with Democrats. One measure of wise legislation, indeed, was the Presidential Succession Bill, which was introduced by the Republicans, and passed by both parties. But the other and much more important bill providing for the electoral count was not passed by the House. It has been a very unsatisfactory session. But it illustrates the abnormal political situation when men and not parties represent principles and policies.

## ANTI-SALOON.

MR. ALBERT GRIFFIN, of Kansas, is a devoted Republican who voted for Mr. BLAINE, and he is also a Prohibitionist. Apparently doubtful of the wisdom of risking the dissolution or defeat of the Republican party by joining the Prohibition party, he is yet so much a temperance man as to refuse to follow the Republican party when led by the saloon or the liquor interest. He has no sympathy with the substance of Mr SHOOK'S telegram to the *Tribune* that Republican interests require a good understanding with the saloon. On the contrary, Mr. GRIFFIN, as a Republican, holds that nothing endangers the party more than submission to saloon leadership and an alliance with the liquor interest. This view springs from his conviction that "temperance Republicans" have about decided not to vote hereafter with "the rummies" for "rummy candidates." He has made his views known to many eminent Republicans in Congress and elsewhere, and they agree with him that it is desirable, if not essential, to retain the temperance vote in the party. But many of the leaders prefer not to appear prominently in any movement to that end. Meanwhile a Republican conference in New Jersey and Massachusetts, and the State Conventions in Maine and Vermont, have approved the movement.

Mr. GRIFFIN, on behalf of such Republicans, has invited a national anti-saloon conference of Republicans to meet at Chicago on the 16th of September to consider what active policy upon the subject should be adopted by the party. The call for the conference states that arrangements have been made to insure delegations from Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, and Rhode Island, and that among the delegates will be Senators, Representatives in Congress, and other leading Republicans. The proposed action of the conference—that is to say, the action which the leaders in the movement think to be best for the interest of the Republican party—is not a declaration for any specific law, but a protest against the business of dram-selling and its consequent evils, leaving to each State to decide for itself by what means the end shall be attained. But whatever is done should be in such unmistakable opposition to the liquor interest that its friends will leave the party. The obvious objection to this scheme is that temperance or "anti-saloon" sentiment, when it is the main-spring of political action, is, like antislavery sentiment, an engrossing issue, which subordinates other objects to itself. But the GRIFFIN scheme contemplates primarily the interest of the Republican party as distinct from an anti saloon party. Now the saloon or liquor interest, being thoroughly organized and amply supplied, cannot be encountered successfully by an anti-saloon sentiment which is a mere episode in the purposes of another party. If, as the call for the conference states, the very existence of the Republican party is at stake owing to the discontent of anti-saloon Republicans, is it probable that such Republicans can be satisfied by an indeterminate policy to be left to the States? The evil is a national evil, or it is no concern of a national party.

But if the evil be national, the platform of the party must be national and uniform. The antislavery policy was not left to the pleasure of the States, to be one thing in Maine and another in Michigan. It was a national policy promulgated by a national Convention of a national party, and the party in each State was to carry out that policy. The Republican party can meet the demand of temperance Republicans only by a definite general policy. It must declare for prohibition or for some form of license. If its existence is at stake upon the question, it cannot save itself by resolving that intemperance is the prolific cause of crime and suffering, and that saloons ought to be suppressed in the way that seems wisest in the various States. That would be like the civil service reform planks in national platforms. But it was not the action of the Republican party as such, but of Republicans and Democrats outside of party action, that put reform upon its feet. The action of the Republican anti-saloon conference in Massachusetts reveals the situation. The Republican managers who wished to hold the anti saloon vote without losing that of the saloon were set aside by the temperance managers, who proposed that the question of prohibition should be submitted to the people. In parties and politics, as elsewhere, those who are in earnest will overcome those who are not. Republicans who are more interested in the anti-saloon question than in maintaining Republican ascendency will insist upon a definite anti saloon policy, and take the risk. They will not be content with an indefinite anti-saloon declaration.

## A SIMPLE QUESTION.

IN moving to recommit the BECK resolution, Senator HAWLEY did not declare against its purpose or principle. He said that so grave a proposition, which made what was assumed to be the practice of Senators and Representatives a serious misdemeanor with a penalty, ought not to become law without the usual reference to a committee, in order that its passage might have all the weight of deliberate consideration. Senator HAWLEY is a frank and upright man, and of course his word cannot be doubted that this was his purpose. But the conviction that the Committee on the Judiciary was unfavorable to the bill, and that committal was equivalent to defeat, was universal. It was certainly the feeling of many Senators, for one of them asked to hear the bill read as for the last time. The conviction was justified by the character of the majority report from the committee. There had been a strong expression of public approval of the bill, not from the Democratic press alone; and the majority report did not recommend the rejection of the bill, but returned it so weakened and loaded with confusing restrictions and modifications that its precise operation could not well be determined, and the doubt would justify an adverse vote, which would dispose of the proposition.

The principle of the BECK bill is very simple. It is that legislators should not vote upon measures in which they have a pecuniary interest. It was the sense of this impropriety which gave the sting to Senator INGALLS'S attack upon Senator MILLER for his urgent advocacy of the Oleomargarine Bill. We do not approve nor justify the attack, for we do not know the facts. But Senator INGALLS evidently believed that Senator MILLER was a maker and merchant of butter, and that he was eagerly pushing a bill to tax a rival comodity. This statement, if true, was felt at once to place Senator MILLER in a very unenviable position, and he instantly and with warmth declared that he kept a few cows for his own pleasure, and that the price of what butter he sold could not possibly be affected by the price of oleomargarine. Senator MILLER'S resentment and the nature of Senator INGALLS'S attack both show the instinctive approval of the principle of the BECK bill. If it be manifestly improper for a legislator who sells butter to vote to tax oleomargarine, how can it be proper for a legislator who is in the service of a railroad company to vote upon the interests of the company? Could there be a more monstrous spectacle than that of a Senator earnestly opposing in the Senate-Chamber a bill to tax a corporation, and then going home to receive from the corporation a large fee for his services as a lawyer in another room of the Capitol?

The assertion that it is an insult to a public man to suppose that he would be influenced in his public action by his private interest is an assertion that the Constitution and the laws of the United States insult public men. Wise men prefer not to expose themselves to a temptation whose most insidious plea is that it is not temptation. They are aware of that unconscious influence and unnoted bias in public action which Mr. EDMUNDS acknowledged, and against which public men should be constantly on their guard. What is the cloud upon BACON'S name? What was the misfortune of a group of members of Congress a dozen years ago? If Senator PAYNE was the one man in the country who should have demanded most earnestly thorough investigation of the scandal of his election, Senators of the United States should be unanimous in showing that they feel with the whole country the indecency of voting upon questions affecting their own pecuniary interests.

## SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

THE appointive civil service of the city of New York, with the exception of the employés of the Board of Education and of certain deputy and judiciary officers, is subject to the civil service law of the State, and it would seem to be the most promising field for the success of the reformed system. Success would require a Mayor and chief of departments in sincere sympathy with the reform, a supervisory board of great intelligence and tact, and confidence upon the part of applicants that the law is a permanent law and honestly administered. The last condition would depend, of course, upon the first two mentioned, and it is one of the encouraging signs of

reform that nowhere is it more faithfully and successfully enforced than in this city, and that the conviction of this fact is rapidly growing among those who seek municipal employment.

The second annual report of the Supervisory Board of Commissioners is a plain and satisfactory statement of the scope, methods, and results of the reformed system in the city service. No one who reads the examination papers which are included in the report, together with the explanatory details, but will perceive, as is always the case upon investigation, the sound sense and efficacy of the system. For the general result very great credit is due to Mayor GRACE, who has coöperated throughout with the Commission with the utmost good faith and interest, and whose civic administration, if it were distinguished only by the introduction of this reform, would rank among the most beneficent in the municipal annals. Had the Mayor been really hostile, or merely skeptical and indifferent, the result of the reformed system might readily have been made to appear futile, and so have seriously weakened the public confidence. But the fidelity and energy of the Mayor, with the intelligence and good sense of the Commissioners, Messrs. E. P. WHEELER, E. L. GODKIN, and E. R. ROBINSON, and of the Secretary and Chief Examiner, Mr CHARLES H. WOODMAN, and the cordial assistance of Chief BONNER and Inspector BYRNES, of the Fire and Police departments, in enforcing the law, have demonstrated to all applicants that the rules are honestly observed, and that competitors are judged solely by their proved ability and merit, and that "influences" and "pulls" are absolutely disregarded. The working of the system in the Police and Fire departments, under the officers we have mentioned, has been in the highest degree satisfactory, and the examinations for Inspector and Superintendent of Police and for superintending gardener of the Department of Public Works have signally proved the adaptability and adequacy of the reformed system.

The facts and figures of a report like this of the city service furnish the strongest argument for reform. Nothing turns the laugh so completely upon the sneerers at a sensible system as the proof of its practical success. The reformed methods of selection do not fill the Police and Fire departments with broken-down clergymen and decayed school-masters and college prigs, but with vigorous, stalwart, alert, and intelligent men, who understand their duties, and discharge them effectively, and who are not ward bummers or the tools of bosses. It is probable *a priori* that the honest examination of applicants for these services by men of experience who know what the duties demand will be a better guarantee of capacity and fitness than the recommendation of a ward committee or a member of Congress. But the point is not to be settled by theory. The facts prove it.

## UNCERTAINTY IN ENGLAND

LORD SALISBURY may announce his Ministry before this paper is issued, but his task is not easy, for two reasons; one is that there are few able leaders in the Tory party, and the other is that the Tory party, apart from the question of an Irish Parliament, has not an actual majority in the House of Commons. The poverty of the Tories is shown by the fact that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL seems to be the most important member of the party after Lord SALISBURY. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has the gifts of wise leadership and of sagacious and practical statesmanship, they are yet to be proved. His elevation is the reward of faith, not of works. Meanwhile the Liberals will maintain their separate organization. Lord HARTINGTON declines to join the Ministry, or to give any pledge except that of friendly support. He is a Whig of "long descent," and the Liberals are more and more radical, and if in Liberal clubs the portrait of JOHN BRIGHT has been turned to the wall as that of a "lost leader," the party feeling would seem to be too hostile to all the anti-GLADSTONE Liberals to permit Lord HARTINGTON to resume his place in the party.

The situation is therefore very obscure. It seems to be understood that the Tories are coming in for a long term. But even this appears to be uncertain at this distance, because it is impossible to calculate the force of party spirit in bringing together the Liberal members of Parliament in a sudden emergency or upon some unforeseen question. The only thing which is indisputable is that the Irish problem is not solved, and that its solution is imperative. Like our slavery question, it cannot be disposed of by neglecting it, or by assumptions of its settlement by an election. The election of FRANKLIN PIERCE was hailed as the end of antislavery agitation. He received 254 electoral votes to 42 for General SCOTT. But his election marked only the beginning of the last and most earnest stage of the controversy. It is hardly conceivable that the Irish agitation for home rule will cease until either home rule is substantially granted or the island is placed under martial law. In the latter case the agitation would recommence promptly with the cessation of military rule. It is hardly possible that any Tory Irish policy would satisfy the home rulers. For not only is the Tory party naturally opposed to the desires of the PARNELL party, but the late election was an undoubted English declaration against home rule which the Tories would not wish to disregard.

It is suggested that the Tory policy will be a Jingo policy, and that there will be carelessness of provoking war, because during war measures of severe repression in Ireland would be much more practicable. But to such a course the Tories would have to reckon with Liberal opposition. The anti-GLADSTONE party would not be a war party for Tory purposes. Indeed, the whole situation in England is so doubtful that the press scarcely speculates upon the future, and guesses at the personal composition of the cabinet rather than upon its policy. Doubtless Mr. PARNELL and his friends have been greatly impressed by the result of the vote. The enthusiasm for GLADSTONE had probably deceived them, and they counted upon success. But they have seen England stirred to its depths, and pronouncing decisively against them. No question was ever more plainly presented at the polls, or more unequivocally answered. Much, indeed, has been gained. Home rule is now an imperial and not a local or factional question, and its leader is the late Prime Minister. But its accomplishment is deferred, if not indefinitely, yet for a long time. But with all the Irish disappointment the result will probably benefit the cause by restraining excesses. Mr. PARNELL and his friends will see, of course, that the way to make the English vote which abstained openly hostile is to countenance outrages. The way to win favor for home rule is to prove fitness for it.

## "A WORD FOR THE IRISH."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Buffalo *Commercial*, in lately speaking "A Word for the Irish," agrees that to a certain degree they have laid themselves open to the charge of turbulence and lawlessness, but holds that these are not essential qualities of the Irish character, and are due to special causes. He proceeds to quote the penal laws in Ireland against the Roman Catholics, which were monstrous. We do not disagree with the correspondent, but it is only fair to remember that at the time of these Protestant laws oppressing Catholics in Ireland, the Catholic laws still oppressed Protestants in Spain and elsewhere, and the situation is to be regarded historically as incidental to the great religious controversy.

This, however, does not affect the natural effect of such laws upon Irish feeling and tradition, which remains in the strong Irish hostility to English dominion, and which no wise legislator can disregard. The correspondent proceeds to infer what the result in Ireland would have been, so far as regards peace and order, if English legislation had treated the Irish as American laws treat them. The actual emigrant to this country may bring a sentiment of hostility to the government, because government traditionally means to him injustice and wrong. But the children of emigrants, as they become truly Americanized, lose this disposition, and he finds a very great difference between the Irish in this country to-day and those of twenty-five years ago.

Indeed, he goes so far as to doubt whether we shall see again an "Irish mob" like those of 1863 in New York, and of 1865 in Buffalo, and he cites the gallant police in Chicago, who behaved as heroically in the recent cowardly and bloody anarchist riots on the Union soldiers upon our battle-field of the war. The correspondent adds what everybody will read with pleasure, and what unquestionably will be true wherever the Irishman treats the worm of the still as St. Patrick treated other snakes in Ireland:

"Twenty-five years ago an enormous majority of the offenders brought before the police magistrates in our large cities were Irishmen. I believe that at present, taking the average of the year, the police records will show only a fair proportion of Irish offenders, as compared with those of other nationalities, and it may fairly be said that the Irish in this country have been transformed from a lawless, turbulent body of men into a body of citizens who are, on the whole, as peaceful and law-abiding as any who have come to us from foreign lands."

## A PUBLIC WRONG.

THERE may have been some good reason why the nomination of Mr. MORRIS A. THOMAS as an Indian Inspector, against whom there were charges of ballot-box stuffing and of other frauds which have not been to our knowledge disproved, should not have been withdrawn. But after deliberation the Republican committee of the Senate reported favorably, and despite the earnest protests of its chairman, Senator DAVIS, THOMAS was confirmed by the votes of the Democratic and six Republican Senators.

We have seen no reason for the nomination suggested except that Senator GORMAN and his clique wished it, and no reason for the confirmation except the courtesy of the Senate. If the courtesy of the Senate requires that body to make a ballot-box stuffer an Indian Inspector, the sooner the Senate becomes discourteous the better; and if the President, unless satisfied of the innocence of Mr. THOMAS, should have withdrawn the nomination, the Senate, unless satisfied of the same thing, should have rejected it. To confirm a nomination which the Senate has reason to believe ought not to have been made, solely for the reason that it has been made, and that a Senator desires it to be confirmed, is a betrayal of a public trust.

No Republican Senator who has made himself a party to the confirmation of such a nomination, as Messrs. INGALLS, CAMERON, MILLER, SAWYER, TELLER, and PLUMB are reported to have done in the case of Mr. THOMAS, unless they are satisfied that he has been wrongfully accused, can honorably denounce upon the stump the improper appointments of the President. The Senate rejected the nomination of a postmaster because of a scurrilous article upon General GRANT. Its confirmation of THOMAS shows that it considers an actual fraud upon the people to be more compatible with the honest discharge of public official duty than an explosion of newspaper rhetoric about an eminent citizen.

## AN ERROR CORRECTED.

THE new and excellent rule of the Civil Service Commission to which we alluded last week, which prohibits the deputy and secretary of nominating and appointing officers from serving as chairmen or secretary of boards of examination, excludes the secretary of the New York Collector and the special deputy from such positions, and shows that we were unjust in hinting that the change in the New York board was designed to injure the reformed system.

The VEAZIE report was admirable, and the rule prohibiting the chairmen of the examining board from showing the eligible list to the nominating or appointing officer, as well as the rule excluding the deputy and secretary from official control of the examining board, is strictly a measure of reform. Had the last rule accompanied the order for reorganizing the boards, that order would not have been open to our criticism.

The difficulties of the Commission are undoubtedly many, and its action is very closely watched and summarily judged. But we should be very sorry to cast unjust suspicion upon its action, and we therefore gladly state that the latter rule corrects the inevitable impression of the order. We trust that the Commission will find it practicable to provide that such confidential officers as the rule affects shall be excluded altogether from the examining boards.

## PERSONAL.

BISHOP RILEY, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Mexico, now on a visit to this city, has gathered a most interesting portfolio of wood-cuts, lithographs, steel-engravings, and photographs, illustrative of the landscapes, buildings, and inhabitants of that remarkable country. Many of the photographs were taken under his direction. The Bishop speaks Spanish, Italian, and English with equal fluency. His church property in the city of Mexico, which with the aid of some friends in the United States he bought for $35,000, is now estimated to be worth $1,000,000.

—New Yorkers who travel by rail daily to and from the suburbs divert the tedium in various ways: sometimes with whist, generally with newspapers, occasionally with conversation. One of them was seen the other morning playing chess all by himself while the cars were making forty miles an hour. He held in his left hand a book containing chess problems, and a small card-board on which were marked the black and white squares. The chessmen were small pieces of paper, on which representations of kings, queens, castles, and so on, were printed. Following the order of the moves given in the book, he played the game by changing the positions of the pieces of paper, each square having below it a slit into which the piece of paper could be thrust, and firmly held, no matter how much the car shook. Meantime he smoked a cigar.

—Deacon CHAPIN, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was one of the founders of the city, and his descendants have commemorated his act by commissioning the sculptor St. GAUDENS to put him in bronze. The figure is that of an Olivet Cromwellian Puritan, in a long cloak, and with a stout stick, striding about his business. It has just been taken to the foundery, and will soon be exhibited to the public in the open air previous to its departure for Springfield. Paris sculptors adopt a similar course in similar circumstances before sending their statues to the provinces, in order that their friends may judge of their work under conditions analogous to those for which the work was intended.

—A well-known poet and littérateur of this city had a disagreement with his landlady. She sued him for $77. He called for a bill of particulars, and the sum was reduced to $35. He won the case, and she was compelled to pay the costs to the amount of $35. A few days afterward his lawyer sent him a bill of $50 for defending the suit. The bill has not been paid, and another suit is imminent. The poet is now inditing some verses on "Justice's Injustice."

—Mr. W. J. STILLMAN has been questioning the latest discoveries of Dr. SCHLIEMANN, who, he says, "finds out what he seeks wherever he goes, from the bed Ulysses cut out of a tree trunk to Priam's treasure, not in Priam's Troy." Mr. STILLMAN is supported in his views by Mr. PENROSE, the architect who established a great reputation by discovering the secret of the system of curvatures in the Parthenon.

—Madame PATTI sang at a benefit of Colonel MAPLESON in the Drury Lane Theatre, London, on the 13th of July, before a very large audience. The opera was *The Barber of Seville*, and her Rosina was as graceful and sprightly as ever, according to the critic of the London *Times*. In the lesson scene she introduced two waltzes, "one prettier than the other," composed by Signor ARDITI. NICOLINI and DEL PUENTE were in the room.

—Mr. A. B. FROST, whose drawings have often delighted the readers of this journal, has removed his studio from Long Island to the outskirts of West Conshohocken, Pennsylvania.

—Lord TENNYSON has erected a tablet in Freshwater Church in memory of his son LIONEL, with the following inscription:

In memoriam L. T.
Filii, mortui, fratris carissimi,
Formâ, mente, morum simplicitate,
Laudem inter nequam nunquam nisi sapiti,
Patriam quoque in republicâ, si vita suffecisset,
Hoc duplo adeptori.
Obiit anni in Christo,
Apr. XX anno Christi MDCCCLXXXVI,
Et in mari apud Pueblo Indorum sepultus est.

—Mr. FREDERICK BARNARD, the artist, and the illustrator of Mr. BLACKMORE's novel now in course of publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has just finished another series of his characters from DICKENS. He receives some handsome compliments from the London *Spectator*, which finds him "a tragic rather than a comic artist; one who might give us scenes almost as powerful in their way as the paintings of HOGARTH." His drawing of Uriah Heep is "almost equal to the drawing of Fagin in the condemned cell by the late Mr. CRUIKSHANK; it has the same tragic qualities, and the same entire fitness to the character which the author described."

—The Prince of Wales said recently by auction some short-horn cattle and Southdown sheep, which he had raised on his farm at Sandringham. The Princess of Wales and her daughters LOUISE, VICTORIA, and MAUD were present. Luncheon was served under a huge tent, and the health of their Royal Highnesses was proposed by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon in his capacity of a Norfolk farmer. It would be well for Norfolk farmers, said he, if all of them had such a wife as it is the good fortune of the Prince of Wales to possess. The Prince responded gracefully, and urged his audience to "bid well" for the sheep and cattle. The highest price received was $1150 for a two-year-old red heifer.

HUBERT O. THOMPSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL BUTCHER.

GENERAL BOULANGER, FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.—(SEE PAGE 505.)

WILLIAM HUNTER.

## HUBERT OGDEN THOMPSON.

When it was announced that HUBERT O. THOMPSON, the acknowledged leader of the County Democracy organization in the city of New York, had died suddenly in his bed on the 24th of July, few realized that he was so young a man. For several years he had been, with the possible exception of JOHN KELLY, the most conspicuous figure in local politics, and yet he was less than thirty-eight years of age, having been born in Boston on the 14th of December, 1848. His father, CYRUS G. THOMPSON, who survives him, was an artist, and at the age of five the boy was living in Rome with his parents. On returning to this country they settled in New York. HUBERT was then eight years of age, and was sent to a public school. On leaving school he entered a broker's office. He had, however, a strong liking for political activity, and in 1871, at the age of twenty-three, he joined the Young Men's Democratic Club. He first exhibited his skill as a manager in securing the election of a young friend, THOMAS COOPER CAMPBELL, to the Assembly. CAMPBELL was a son of ALLAN CAMPBELL, then Commissioner of Public Works, and in return for his service to his friend, THOMPSON obtained the position of Deputy Water Purveyor, and subsequently became Commissioner CAMPBELL'S private secretary. Up to 1877 he had associated himself with the Tammany Hall organization, but in that year went out with EDWARD COOPER, WILLIAM C. WOITBRY, and others, and took a prominent part in organizing the County Democracy, which achieved its first victory in the election of COOPER for Mayor of the city. On the removal of HENRY A. GUMBLETON from the office of County Clerk in 1879, he was appointed to the place, and gained access to the office by strategy in the night. This first made his name conspicuous, and in December, 1880, he was appointed Commissioner of Public Works by Mayor COOPER, and became thereafter the acknowledged leader of the County Democracy. Mr. THOMPSON took an active part in the canvass of 1884 in behalf of CLEVELAND'S nomination and election, but, on account of his political character and methods, failed to obtain the appointment of Collector of the Port of New York under the new administration, which he greatly desired. Mr. THOMPSON was unmarried, and though a generous hirer, was the main stay of a family consisting of his father and mother, an unmarried sister, and the widow and children of a deceased brother.

## WILLIAM HUNTER.

MR. WILLIAM HUNTER, whose death occurred at Washington on the 22d of July, leaves behind him a longer record of faithful continuous service in one department of the national government than can be claimed for any other official, past or present, since the government began. He entered the employ of the State Department on the 23d of May, 1829, and serving continuously in various capacities under thirteen Presidents and twenty-one Secretaries of State, had therefore completed, on the day of his death, a period of just fifty-seven years and two months spent in the service of the Department of State. The office of Second Assistant Secretary of State, to which he was commissioned by President JOHNSON, and which he had held since July 27, 1866, was especially created for him by an act of Congress as a reward for his faithfulness during the critical period before the war and the long and trying session which followed. For nearly [illegible] years his official life conspicuously reflected the unjust [illegible] inequitable workings of the civil service. Twice he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State in times of emergency, only to be deposed for some more favored though less efficient person when the emergency had passed.

Any notice of Mr. HUNTER must introduce the names of many distinguished statesmen. His father was a Senator of the United States, and afterward, from 1834 to 1845, Minister to Brazil. He was born at Newport, November 8, 1803, and when fifteen years old entered the Military Academy at West Point, but was unable to complete the course because of an affection of his eyes. He then studied law, and began practice at the bar in New Orleans in 1828. Failing health compelled his return to the North, and being a proficient French and Spanish scholar, he was given an appointment as translator in the State Department, MARTIN VAN BUREN being then Secretary of State. In 1833 he was made Chief of the Departmental Bureau, which office he retained for fifteen years, under the ministries of LEVINGSTON, FORSYTH, CALHOUN, BUCHANAN, WEBSTER, and others. At the death of WILLIAM S. FRANKLIN on MAY 17, 1852, he was made Chief Clerk, that being then the highest clerical office in the department.

For the past forty years Mr. HUNTER had been one of the best-known citizens of Washington, and was universally beloved. His death was the result of a complication of diseases incident to old age.

ARRIVING AT AN IMMIGRANTS' BOARDING-HOUSE IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. P. DUBOIS.—(SEE PAGE 503.)

"HE STOOD AT HIS EASEL, A KNITTED NIGHTCAP ON HIS HEAD, AND IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, AND A TOBACCO-PIPE BETWEEN HIS LIPS."

# THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE "COUNTESS OF DORSET" SAILS.

"I always knew," said Jack, "that Mr. Brinjes had been a pirate. I believe he was surgeon to Bartholomew Roberts, who was killed by Captain Sir Ogle Chaloner in the *Swallow*. Wherefore he ought, if he had his deserts, to be now hanging in chains with his brother pirates on the Cape Coast. Fifty of them there are dangling in a row. Now we know that he is a cannibal as well, because it is certain he must have eaten up the other four men in the boat. I wonder how the last two determined the matter? And we know that he is the possessor of a great fortune buried under a palm tree, on an undiscovered island in the South Seas. It is no useful to him as a bag of diamonds in the moon."

"But he says that he shall sail with you in search of it."

"Likely, likely," said Jack. "Who knows what may happen? He is, I take it, now a hundred years old. He keeps himself alive by his craft. If he was going to die, I suppose he would begin to repent. As for his treasure, what do I care for his pieces of eight, unless it were to buy a frigate and man her with a gallant crew, and go fighting the Spaniards and the French?"

They were prophetic words, but this we knew not. Yet you shall hear.

Then the *Countess of Dorset* sailed away, with Jack as one of her midshipmen, upon her long and perilous voyage. She was under orders to sail by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and to survey the coast of that vast unknown continent or island called in part New Holland and in another New Guinea. This accomplished, as far as might be possible, her Captain was instructed to cross the ocean and explore that other great island called New Zealand. She was to search after and report upon places which might be of advantage to the British flag. After this she was to continue her voyage of discovery even into the antarctic fields of ice; to penetrate as near to the south pole as was possible, and she was to return by doubling Cape Horn. So that, had she come home in safety, her crew would have circumnavigated the globe.

It would seem, I venture to think, consistent with the dignity as well as with the interest of a great maritime people, such as the English, were such voyages as this always afoot, as that when one exploring ship returned another might be despatched, understood not only for the discovery of unknown continents and islands, but also for the enlargement of commerce and the enriching of this realm. In the old days the world was nothing but the Mediterranean with the lands lying around that great sea. Man has extended it east and west, north and south, so that we can now boast that we know all the islands of the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean—navigators say that in these seas there remains no more to be found—with the countries of Asia (even China and Japan have

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1861.

been described and exactly mapped by the Roman Catholic missionaries). We know the eastern coast of North and South America from Labrador to Cape Horn, and we are able to lay down the harbors and river mouths of Africa, though of its interior little has yet been visited.

There will perhaps come a time, if the English take the matter in hand without fear of Spain, when the whole world shall be fully explored, so that there will be nothing left to discover, neither strange races nor strange creatures nor wonderful plants. My father, who had in his library a copy of the great *Mappa Mundi*, or Atlas, of the late learned Mr. Souce, would often converse seriously on the possibility of finding in some hitherto unexplored part of the world the long-lost Ten Tribes, still, he would fondly imagine, practising the Levitical law in its Mosaic integrity, without adding to it or subtracting from it, and to ignorance of the glosses introduced by Rabbinical and Talmudic doctors. He looked to find this people in east numbers (in conformity with prophecy) somewhere between the springs of Tigris and Euphrates, or perhaps more to the north, and none on the slopes one among the valleys of the mountains called Caucasus, but he would confess, without crediting the idle legend of the Sambatyon River, which seems a mountain story, they may have wandered farther afield, and perhaps are now no some remote island of the Black Sea, the Red Sea, or even the Indian Ocean. "The recovery of these tribes," he said, "would be a great consolation to pious persons, and would doubtless prove a mighty weapon in the hands of the faithful; or, apart from the Israelites—though this people must be ever foremost in our thoughts—it may very well be that there exist, in some remote countries which have had no intercourse with the outer world for many centuries, some people who were once a branch of the Roman Empire, and have never heard of its decline and fall, who know nothing of Christ or Mohammed, or of the Hindoo superstitions, but still worship after the manner of the Greeks and Romans. Would be strange indeed to witness the rites of Jove and Venus; those of the great Sun god, of Ceres, the goddess of fertility; of Bacchus, the god of joy and wine; and of Pan, of whose death these people perhaps know not. Or it would be strange to see them flocking to consult the oracles. And one would willingly, if it were allowed to a Christian, be initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, long alone lost, though some have pretended that they are concealed in the Sixth Book of Virgil's Æneid, and some still look for them in Apuleius's Golden Ass. Again, there must be somewhere on earth the Wandering Jew, named Cartaphilus, Ahasuerus, or, according to others, Isaac Laquedem, who is credibly reported to have been last seen, and that not so very long ago, in Paris. To sit down and talk with him, if his memory is still good, would be like finding a Fifth Gospel. Or there may be in the interior of that great southern continent which they call New Holland great and powerful nations, with another civilization than our own, and arts of which we know nothing. We have, it is true, invented gunpowder, the sun of which, to rude people, appears a kind of magic, and we have contrived by nor wit many ingenious mechanical devices. But there are surely many other secrets which man can compel nature to surrender; and there may be tribes which possess these secrets—as, for example, if one may so speak without blasphemy, the command and control of lightning, which now strikes here and there at random, as a toy—if anything in this world is suffered to be at random; and the mastery over the other elements of the earth—the wind, the storm, the ice, the snow—which now only obey the word and will of the Lord. Or there may have been discovered in these countries—who knows?—a universal medicine for all diseases; for since death is the necessary result of decay or disease, when it is not accident, there may be room who have discovered some herb or simple by virtue of which natural decay may be prevented, and a man may continue to live as long as he pleases—which for the devout Christian, who looks forward to his eternal rest, would not be long. Or there may even be found affiliants as colonies of such ancient races as the Phœnicians, of which stock came the Carthaginians; and so on may perhaps at length have by what accident this branch of the Semitic race—a most civilized and cultivated branch—hath left no literature at all, either of poetry or history, or of the Ethiopians, called by Homer, for some reason unknown to us, blameless. They were expelled from Egypt by the people whose descendants are now called Copts. Without doubt they were an interesting people, and remarkable for their primitive virtue, which may have survived. I would look for them on the western shores of the Red Sea. Or somewhere in the world, perhaps in the Pacific Isles, or in the unknown heart of Africa, as the great continent of the northern seas, there may be races of giants, dwarfs, and Amazons; for there must certainly be some foundation for the stories of such people. Then is also the far famed kingdom of Prester John, which some will have to be the Empire of Abyssinia, whose king and people are known to form a branch of the Christian Church. They boast themselves to be descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, which may possibly be the case, although Holy-Writ affords no warrant for the belief. One would be pleased to learn also if the many strange stories narrated by the Venetian traveller Marco Polo be true, or whether he hath repeated things which were merely related to him, as is done by Herodotus. And again, there is the journey of Mandeville, in which are described men with but one leg, and hippotains, or creatures half horse, half man, so that there may be truth in the legends of Centaurs, though some have thought them to have been merely a people loving horses, and addicted to riding.

"Then to descend to creatures: there are existing somewhere, perhaps, whether to the hot and burning forests of South America, through which the great river Oroonoko flows, or in the African deserts, creatures like the winged dragons of which so many stories have been told, with salamanders and other monsters; and in the sea, hideous monsters with bodies many fathoms long, the vast mass floating like an island on the ocean, and great calamaries, of which sailors have reported some with long arms capable of seizing and dragging down to the bottom of the sea ship, cargo, crew, and all."

Then my father would discourse at length, but Jack hath assured us that in this terrible voyage of his they encountered nothing bigger than a whale, or more terrible than a shark; nor any winged dragon, or serpent more dreadful than the blinds already known; while as for the Ten Tribes, or for any man who knew more than the Europeans, or have acquired a form of civilization worthy our attention, he does not believe that there are any such.

We looked not for any news of the *Countess of Dorset* for three years at least, because so the voyage to which she was bound there are no friendly ports where a vessel may receive or send home despatches, though, doubtless, many where fruit and water may be obtained. We did not expect, therefore, to hear any tidings of her until she should return. It was not until fully three years had passed away that we first began to ask ourselves when the ship ought to be expected to return.

But no news came of the ship, and no letters from those aboard her. The fourth year passed, and still there came no news, and so the fifth, and still no news.

Then those who remembered Jack Easterbrook, and loved him, began to misdoubt that something had happened to the ship; and when the sixth year had almost gone without a word, there were too who kept up heart, or had any hope in them. As for the Admiral, he mourned for Jack as for his own son, believing that he must have been cast away with all the ship's company. "For," he said, "had they not all miserably perished, some intelligence would ere now have reached us. At the Navy Office they have written off the ship as wrecked, and the officers and crew as dead men, and the clerks have told the women who come to ask after their husbands that they may n'en look after fresh husbands; though this proves nothing. And though ships have been known to be delayed and forced back by continual and contrary winds, as sought by storms and losing their masts, yet did I never hear of a ship overdue for three years, and then arriving safe. Long ago the underwriters, had the been a merchant vessel, would have paid off the insurances. No, gentlemen, there is no hope. Our boy is drowned!"

"We were wrecked upon the island of Juan Fernandez," said Mr. Shelvocke, "where we lived, in great misery, on the entrails of seals and such like for many months; and should still be living there but for the armorer and carpenter, who built for us a craft thirty feet long, in which we embarked, having on other provision than sea-gull, cut into strips, each strip dipped into the sea and dried in the sun. A more loathsome food 'twere difficult to find. Yet we escaped, taking the Spanish ship the *Santa Juan*, and on came safe home again."

"Then," said the Admiral, to whom this story was not new, "the boy may still live, or, at least, he may linger on some island among the savages, living on shell-fish and the like, and so in as good as dead, since we shall never see him more. Poor lad! poor lad! a braver boy never stepped."

"With submission, Admiral," said Mr Brinjes, "That something must here befallen the ship I do not doubt. It is a sea full of coral reefs, sunken rocks, strange currents, and in the northern and southern parts there are, it is certain, sudden storms. We cannot guess what has happened; still, I am sure that the boy will come back to us. Ask your old negress, Admiral, she is a witch, ask Philadelphy if that boy's eyes when he sailed away were the eyes of one who is going to his death. She can read the eyes of men—ay, and has often read for me, sitting to my shop, to the eyes of those going forth to me whether they will come back or no—and never once has she proved wrong. Now, Admiral, I have examined the chart over and over again, but can get no comfort from it, not any clew to what may here happened. An ocean where there are no ports, and where there is but one vessel sailing across it, like the South Pacific, where the *Countess of Dorset* sailed upon—those waters can give no help. But that boy, Admiral, has not been drowned. And he will return to us. His fortune is long and steady, as Philadelphy, at my request, hath proved in many ways—by the bowl, by the cards, by the mirror, and by the glass ball. I have also had his nativity calculated, and I learn the same story. And by what small arts and knowledge I possess, I have learned that his life will not be cut off untimely. What, gentlemen? Do the stars lie? Is there no truth in the magic of the Mandingo woman?"

It is a consolation to know that a happy end to anxiety is certain, even by witchcraft. Yet Jack did not return, and no news concerning his ship.

Many of the crew were Deptford men—volunteers after the peace. Their wives, or widows, on the advice of the clerks in the Navy Office—who were now without hope concerning the ship—married again. This, however, is common among seafaring folk, and the worst that happens, should the husband come home again, is generally no more than a fight and a cracked skull, with forgiveness over a bowl. Nay, there have been known cases in which the true husband has contentedly renounced his wife, and either married another woman or gone away to sea again; perhaps to seek out a new wife in some other port.

These six years, as you may suppose, were not spent at home without changes. The elders seem to stand still and suffer no change during six years, unless it is that their locks, if they had any to shew, would grow gray; but in these days of wigs and shaven cheeks there is nothing (happily) to mark the approach of age, save that trembling limb and the crow's-feet, which cannot be concealed. As for me, I was fourteen as thereabouts when the *Countess of Dorset* sailed away, and therefore, after six years, I was twenty, and a man grown, though not to the robust stature promised by Jack when he left us. Cassilla was now past eighteen, and, in my eyes, more beautiful, as they say, than the flowers in May. Nothing surprised me more when Jack returned (for I promise you that the black witch was right, and Jack did return) than his coldness toward this nymph. If a fine complexion, eyes of heavenly blue, melting lips, rosy cheeks, and smiling mouth, with light hair curling naturally about her forehead, and a figure slight and tall: in short, if Hebe herself—who was the goddess of youthful and virginal beauty, as Venus is the goddess of that riper beauty which is no longer ignorant of love—was lovely, then was Cassilla as that time, and as sweet, gracious, and obliging as ever was Hebe, the cup-bearer to the gods. Why, when Jack came home, I looked to see him fall at her feet as the mere contemplation of so much beauty. But no; he was stark insensible. Cassilla caused him not—and this has a reason that you shall shortly learn.

It was during this six years—to speak for a moment of myself—that I passed through the greatest trouble of my life, and touched the highest happiness that I could hope or pray for. My father had, as he thought, set me apart for God's sacred ministry, as Samuel was set apart, from childhood. He had taught me from the first to consider this the holiest vocation for man, as, doubtless, it must be confessed by all, and he had taught me as much Latin and Greek, with the compositions of Latin verses, as I was permitted by my natural parts, which are not great, to acquire. And while he perceived very well that it was not in my power to become a great scholar like himself, he comforted and encouraged me by the consideration that piety and virtue are within the power of every Christian man, together with the other qualities which adorn the sacred profession of priest or minister.

When I grew to the age of sixteen or thereabouts, the time at which a boy generally begins to bethink himself of the future, I found, first, that I could not look forward to the ministry without a feeling of repugnance; and, secondly, that there was no other manner of work in which I took any interest, save one, which for a while was not to be thought of. Indeed, I did not myself consider it possible, though I knew very well that there were some—nay, a good number—who live creditably by exercising the art of painting, which was the only thing I loved.

By this time I was arrived, by not local daily practice, and by some natural aptitude, at a certain proficiency, so that my drawings of ships and boats and the like were, if one may say so, creditable and fit to be shown to any judge of such matters. But when I ventured to hint, in my father's hearing, that a life spent in this occupation, which he considered frivolous, might be full of delight to one who loved drawing, the thing was received with so much displeasure that I dared not for some time to open the subject again, but went on, under his directions, making bad Latin verses and reading Cicero and Virgil.

I then began to consider my destined profession with such a distaste as amounted to abhorrence, inasmuch that had I persisted in taking those vows which my father intended and designed for me, I should have committed a most deadly sin, if not the sin which is unpardonable. And yet I ventured not to open my conscience to my father, fearing his displeasure, and knowing very well how much he had set his heart upon my following in his footsteps. I was so lough encouraged to do so, however, partly because it made my soul with contrition to go on pretending acquiescence in my father's wishes, and partly by a thing which made my project appear more likely of success, so, at least, less likely to end in disastrous failure.

There was a certain John Brooking, of Deptford, now very well known to painters, and to such fame as belongs to modern painters. He was about ten years older than myself, and at first was but a shipwright's assistant in the yard, but had on heart for his work, and wasted his time in drawing the workshops, the docks, the timbers, bulkheads, anchors, everything that there is to be drawn in the yard, even giving up to his art the whole of his Sundays. He was a good natured, harmless kind of man, who cared little for himself, and had no ambition except to paint all day, to earn enough for his daily wants, and to spend the evenings drinking with his friends. He presently left the yard and went a-way to London, designing to sell his drawings. But before he went he gave me great help in teaching me, as far as he himself knew them, the elements of perspective, with certain simple rules of geometry and the arrangement of lights, and showed me how to lay on water-colors, and how to get the proper tints, and how to produce the effects I desired. I know not how he lived for a while, but one day I met him in the streets of Deptford, and he told me with glee that he had found a man—a dealer in pictures—in Leicester Fields, who would buy his drawings of ships, as many as he chose to paint, at a guinea apiece (N. B.—He afterward found that this honest dealer sold the same pictures for ten guineas apiece), and that therefore he was now a made man, and had nothing to do but to go on with the work he loved, and paint every day; which he did, until he died of a consumption, brought on, I suspect, by much strong drink. However, I went to London, and visited him one day at his lodging. He had a single room on the top of a house in a court close to the Fields, where his friend the dealer had lent him; it was a good-sized room, with a large window looking north, which is the best direction for light. This was his painting-room, and his living-room, bedroom, and kitchen—all in one. Never was a room so littered and untidy and dirty. But John Brooking cared nothing for dirt. He worked there all day long, so long as the light lasted, or he made sketches and etches by the riverside, which he afterward made into finished pictures in this simple studio, where he stood as his easel, never tired, a hatted nightcap on his head, and in his shirt sleeves, and a tobacco-pipe, broken short off, between his lips; for he loved tobacco as much as any old gipsy woman.

Well, his success, such as it was (but indeed I thought of nothing then except how just to live by my work, so only that I could do the work I desired to do), influenced me, and I resolved to tell all to my father, which, to make a long story short, I did, though with many misgivings.

He is dead now; and, I doubt not, hath gone to the rest provided for the faithful. Is is a place where my love and gratitude may not reach him. I have never passed so unhappy a time as that when it seemed as if I must continue my preparation for the university, in order to perjure my soul by declaring falsely that I was singled out by Heaven to follow the holy calling of a minister; and I have never felt so truly happy as on that day when my father, with tears in his eyes, bade me rest my soul no longer, for it should be with me as I wished.

So I left Deptford, and went to London, to become a pupil of the celebrated Mr Hayman; and I hope that I have some done justice to the instructions of that great painter. But I came home often, partly to sketch among the ships, and partly to see Cassilla.

Enough of my affairs, which concern this story but little.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### ANNON FLETCHER.

The sixth year came—nay, it had run half its course and more—yet no news of the *Countess of Dorset*. And there was no longer any doubt that the ship was cast away, and all the crew long since dead. As for Jack, who had been our hope and our pride, of whom we had said that a youth so brave and so masterful must needs rise to greatness, and bring credit upon himself and those who had been his friends, none now ever spoke a word, or if they did, it was but to say that the loss of the boy had brought age upon the Admiral, and that 'twas a great pity a youth of such goodly promise should thus untimely perish. The stars had lied; witchcraft and magic had proved of no avail.

Jack was dead. In the niche at the "Sir John Falstaff" his chair was never touched of, nor was there any further speculation as to her course, for the Admiral's sake, even by Mr Brinjes. And by all she would the boy was wellnigh forgotten. When the greatest of living men, he whose name is most in men's mouths, dies, the daily life of the world is no whit changed; and his place, even in his own work, whatever that may be, is speedily filled up. What, then, can one expect in the case of a boy?

But to Mr Brinjes's parlor, where now Bess Westmoreland sat every afternoon, for company, and to cheer the old man's heart, Jack was not forgotten. These two talked about him still. More than this—superstitiously trusting to the negress's magical practices—they confidently expected that he would return again. Well, to the event the forecast proved true; but if we are so trust to such an oracle, where is religion? If an ignorant negro woman is permitted to find out by her witchcraft the secrets of the future, and to foretell them, what shall become of religion? Then farewell faith; farewell prayer; farewell trust in divine Providence; farewell learning, since ignorance succeeds where wisdom fails.

In six years Bess had, like Cassilla, grown from a child to a woman. She was now in her seventeenth year, not yet filled out to the fulness of her figure, but already tall and shapely. If she had been dressed in rags, she would have commanded attention; but she was careful of her dress, and went always becomingly attired, though not above her station (the coral beads that we knew of were placed away in some drawer or box out of sight). She was so tall that she topped her father (but he was round-shouldered) by a head and neck, and there was no girl in all the town within her height by an inch and more; she bore herself like a lance, so straight and upright was she. Her nose and chin looked as if they had been carved by a skilful sculptor out of marble, so clear and delicate were they; her eyes were black, as was her hair; but rosy red her lips, and pearly white her teeth. Like many black-haired women, her cheek was full, but somewhat pale in color, and her throat was white, not with such a whiteness as lent another charm to the complexion of Cassilla, which, although of a sweet and delicate white, yet glowed with a rosy warmth. The whiteness of Bess was a cold or deeper white—a white that does not reflect the light, such as some Italian painters have delighted to portray; her heads were small, and her forehead low, as the Greeks loved it; on her her eyes, they were soft and deep, save when she was roused, and then, indeed, they flashed fire and flame. As became her station, she wore no hoop, and dressed her hair in a simple knot; but she walked as if her limbs were of springing steel, and I no sure no princess in a hoop and patches could have walked more like a goddess; her arms, when she was at work, were the whitest ever seen, and the best shaped.

I have never disguised, and shall never dis-

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rules, my belief, though Castillo will not agree with me—this is, she assents, but without warmth that Bess was the most beautiful girl then living, and that I ran the more fairly any, because I was never in love with her, any more than a painter is in love with his model. As for love between Bess Westmoreland and myself, that was always impossible. Yet for suitors she never lacked any, though she sent all away, nice with discourtesy, or with mockery, or with mirth, as some girls will—as if it is a fine thing to dash the hopes of an honest lad, and as if lovers can be had for the trouble of picking them up—but with firmness and with dignity, being too proud to encourage them, or to suffer them to believe that she wanted their wooing. Some of them were substantial and reputable men, whom the daughter of a mere Penman might have been proud to marry. Why, if he had died, what would she have done for her daily bread? To my own knowledge one of her wooers was gunner's mate in the King's Navy, another was a master wheelwright in the King's Yard, a third was foreman in the Greenland Dock, and I dare say there were more of equally respectable place. It became a parade that there was no man good enough for Bess Westmoreland; and the other girls, who might otherwise have been envious of her charms, regarded her with open admiration, because she was not only much more beautiful than themselves, yet wished to carry away none of their sweethearts.

One loves alone, out of all, stock by her, and refused to take her "No" for an answer. This was Aaron Fletcher, one grown into a young giant, who carried on his father's business of boat-builder, yet was of roving disposition, and kept his smack at Greenend or at Leigh, in which he went fishing. Those, however, who spoke of those fishing voyages were apt to laugh, and to ask why that fishing boat never came back by daylight.

"I have told you," said Bess—"I have told you a hundred times, Aaron, that I will not listen to you. Wherefore go away in peace, and trouble me no longer. Why, there are dozens of other girls in Deptford, and plenty better looking than me, would take you, and that joyfully."

"There are not plenty for me," he replied. "I want but one. And, Bess, I shall never give up asking. There's nobody in the world loves you better, or would do more for thee. Why are I are good enough? There's money in the stocking, Bess, now father is dead—ay! and more than you think—and more to come. There's an good business doing in my yard as in any boat-builder's on the river, not to speak of the smack, which does a tidy stroke, take year and year about. I am not a drunkard, though once a week or so I may take my glass with the rest. I are strong, and I am young. I wouldn't strike a woman nor treat her cruel. I'd be true and faithful. Come, Bess, what is the matter with me, that thou canst not say 'Yes'?"

Well would it have been for her, and for an other, too, if she would have said "Yes," and taken him. Why did she not? He was tall and strong, and handsome of his kind, he was not esteemed to be ill-tempered, he was not to that time a drinker, nay, of a cheerful glass, he had a good character, save for the reputation of those fishing voyages of his, which did him no hurt with any one. Did not the Admiral himself put Aaron's Nantz upon his own table? He would have made Bess a good husband, if any could, because such a woman, if she is to be happy, must needs have a strong man for a husband, and one who will rule her and make her respect him. Well indeed it would have been for her if she had taken this brave fellow; but she could not.

"Bess," he said, "you can't be thinking still upon that midshipman? Why, he was but a boy, and you were a child. He's cast away and dead long ago, and if he was not, he wouldn't remember you."

But the taunts do reply.

"Time's for love of him, Bess, is it? Why, I fought him half a dozen times; and if he were to come back, I would fight him again."

She laughed scornfully. "The time, Aaron, the last fight I saw; and where were you at the end of it? Rubbing your head, and looking woefully to your broken finger. And where was Jack? Walking away with a laugh. But don't talk to me about Jack. Perhaps he is dead. Living or dead, I don't suppose he would remember or care for a poor girl like me. But I won't marry you, Aaron."

"You shall," he said, with an oath. "You shall. I will make you promise to marry me."

This was a prophecy not made by an oracle. Yet, strange to say, it came true—in a sense. To be sure, it was not the sense that Aaron intended. It has been observed that such prophecies, together with all the prophecies of witches and magicians, when they do come true, never happen in the way hoped for a hen the prophecy is uttered. Certainly, as you shall see, Aaron's prophecy did turn out true, but the result was are what he had expected and desired. In the same way Mr Brinjen's prediction about the South Sea also proved true, yet not in the sense desired and expected by him. As you shall also discover.

"Very well," said Bess, "I will promise to marry you, Aaron—when I love you. Can a girl say falser? Go away now, Aaron; go away and find some other woman who wants to go marrying, and take pity on her, if you can. But as for me, I will marry no man."

However, he renewed his importunity, offering her presents, which she refused, such as parcels of lace, flasks of Nantz for her father, rolls of silk, and so forth, all got, I doubt not, in the way of his fishing, and always declaring, in his masterful way, that sooner or later she should promise to marry him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A SMOKING-ROOM ON THE OCEAN.

No other reminiscences of travel on the Mississippi River when that was the great highway from the Northwest to the Southwest have such vitality as the tales about gamblers and gambling.

Professional gamblers lived on these boats, and the travelling gentleman who played as a diversion were likely to find every journey up or down the river a costly one. Professional gamblers have never "given character to" the ocean steamships as they did to the Mississippi River boats, and their exploits have not taken a prominent place in the literature of transatlantic travel. On many steam-ships, however, gambling has of late come near to being a fixed custom, and men have made ocean voyages for the gains they hoped to get in the smoking room. An ocean travel has come to be much like any other travel, a journey of a few days with almost as many opportunities for recreation as a traveller has at home, the gambling room has become less and less an institution; and it is not now the habit of men to travel to and from Europe solely to play during the voyage. The smoking room remains, however, and remains as available for gambling as for the more legitimate diversions it offers. It is sufficiently well patronized during most voyages to afford a number of persons on their way to the other side a foretaste of Monaco, to on their return to recall Baden-Baden. The traveller who "merely likes to look on" can see what gaming is, and have quite as good an opportunity to observe the play of sensations that give the players their excitement as in any gambling-house on either continent.

## AN EMIGRANTS' BOARDING-HOUSE.

THE sketch on page 500 of the new arrivals at an emigrants' boarding-house in New York city reproduces with fidelity some very interesting types. Through the open door, against a background of the bay and the Staten Island hills, and a middle distance of the Battery, a German woman and her son are seen, followed by a porter with a trunk on his shoulders. The figure of the German with an umbrella under his right arm is entirely characteristic, and will be recognized at once, and the old-fashioned little girl, whose hand rests upon the table where a pair of "boarding house sheets" are contemplating the possibilities of their profession, might easily be taken for his daughter. All friends of the new-comers will hope that their stay in these quarters will be short, and that they will soon be on their way to the farm lands of the great West. To settle down under the conditions of tenement-house life in New York city would be a sad fate.

## GENERAL BOULANGER.

THE restless activity of the present French War Minister, his evident desire to build up the military prestige of France, and his energetic part in the expulsion of the Orleans princes, have led to many sensational reports regarding his aims and purposes. He has been credited with a desire to bring about a war of revenge with Germany, and royalist newspapers in Paris have tried with suspicious eagerness to foster the notion that he is aiming at a *coup d'état* and a military dictatorship of France. Notwithstanding his recent popularity and his evident desire to attract public attention to himself, there is nothing in General BOULANGER's past career to justify the stir that has lately been made over his supposed designs. His life has been simply that of a soldier who has advanced rapidly, as opportunity offered, until he reached the rank of Major-General, and the command of a division of the French army.

GEORGES BOULANGER was born at Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, in 1837, his mother being of English birth. He became a military student at Saint-Cyr, and in 1856 was appointed Sub-Lieutenant in the First Regiment of Algerian Tirailleurs at Blidah. He took part in the Kabyle Expedition under General RAMOUS, and was present at the attack of Injetes Heights. In 1859 his regiment was sent to Italy, and he was wounded in the chest in the Turbago skirmish, his gallantry earning him a place in the Legion of Honor. He returned to Africa in 1860, and was promoted to Lieutenant.

In the following year he went to Cochin China with his company, and was wounded in Woidan in the thigh. He attained a Captaincy in 1862, and in 1866 was assigned to the position of drill-master at Saint-Cyr, where he remained until the declaration of war against Germany in 1870. He was in the army in Paris, and in November of that year became Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Infantry. His shoulder was fractured by a ball at the battle of Champigny, and he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. In January, 1871, he took command of his regiment as Colonel, receiving his fourth wound, this time in the elbow, while in his head, and attaining the exceptional distinction for so young an officer of Commander of the Legion of Honor. He was put back to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by the Revision Commission after the war, but was deputed in 1872 to organize the One Hundred and Thirty-third Regiment, and placed on the promotion list, gaining command of the new regiment in 1874. He retained this command until 1880, when he became a Brigadier-General. Being anxious to become acquainted with cavalry service, he obtained command of a brigade in the Fourteenth Army Corps. He was a member of the French delegation to this country to take part in the centenary of the battle of Yorktown in 1881, and attracted attention by his alert and affable ways. On his return to France he took command of his brigade to Lyons, and was soon after intrusted with the office of Director of Infantry under the Minister of War. He worked hard at reforming and strengthening the military organization, and resigned in 1884 to take command of a division in Africa, where he transformed the expeditionary force in Tonin into a permanent force of occupation. On the formation of the DE FREYCINET Ministry at the beginning of the present year he was made Minister of War, and began that display of energy and spirit which has produced so much apparent disquiet in France.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE forms of politeness are pleasant as are, Gesamtsome of English-speaking people who have been in France have extolled the country which they found there, though neither in England nor in this country has there ever been any widespread imitation of it. In New York to-day there are a great many people who get along with very few of the manifestations of a polite nature. It is curious to think what the result would be if the New York public undertook to imitate the manners of some of the very polite peoples. A traveller, writing of the Swedes, says that the bulk of their time is spent in taking off their hats. Of course, with long practice, the action of taking off the hat may become almost automatic, and not interfere materially with a train of thought or with other occupations. But what would a New-Yorker think of, on his way downtown some morning, he were to see all the passengers on the elevated road taking off their hats as train passed one another, or, in crossing the rivers, should behold the clustered thousands on the ferry boats doffing their hats politely as often as one boat came within view of another load? He would suspect the town had gone mad. He would look to see if the truckmen uncovered to one another, or if the policeman took off his hat to the offender whom he was about to club. But our omissions would seem rude in Sweden. "Passengers on the little steamers which ply about Stockholm," says the traveller, "invariably raise their hats to occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors on the boats go through."

It is reported that the people of Buffalo are much annoyed by a sort of bug which has never been remarked in that city previous to this season. The report does not say whether the new bugs have wings and are attracted by a light, like other winged insects. If they do have wings and the habits of ordinary insects, they must indeed be unpleasant visitors, for the report says that they are "three inches long, an inch wide, and armed with formidable-looking claws." To many people such bugs would seem more terrible than eagles.

An amateur astronomer writes to a London newspaper of certain observations made by him of "the surface of the planet Saturn." From the fact of his taking pains to state that his observations were confined to Saturn's surface, it is probable either that he did not choose to go further, or that his telescope was not an instrument of sufficient power to penetrate the planet's interior.

The Gwinnette (Georgia) *Herald* relates an interesting case of somnambulism which "occurred recently in Hog Mountain District. A gentleman who is in the habit of walking in his sleep had a dream. He dreamed that he saw a fine covey of partridges run along to an old house and go in. Thinking it a good opportunity to capture them, he cautiously approached the house, and jumping suddenly inside, closed the door after him. What was his astonishment to discover a mad dog in there! which rushed at him at once. The only chance was to jump out the window, and through it he went with a bound. When he awoke he was lying outside the house on the ground, having jumped through a window in his bedroom, and carried the sash with him. He was badly bruised, and his leg severely cut by the glass."

Somebody suggests, as one of a collection of rules for the amelioration of existence in apartment-houses, that portly men who have the habit of trotting and bouncing about shall be permitted only on the ground-floor. It is said to be a well-known fact that the average obese man who is under forty years of age is inclined to trot, and go with a hop and a skip, and do other similar things which are calculated to shake the earth. The fat man believes in this way, the presumption is, not because he likes it or because it is an all easy, but in order to convince himself or demonstrate to others that he is really an agile and light-footed person. He sees that he is of a shape to lead his neighbors in suspect hies of being ponderous, and his constant endeavor is to disabuse them of the erroneous impression. When he is engaged in convincing people, in the third story, say, the state of mind of people in the second story will readily be understood. Nature has denied to the heavy entirely the power to fly, and the bounding fat man belongs near the earth.

A saloon-keeper in Detroit, who is a Russian, was forever crying that Russian caviare was so much superior to any put up in this country that to one accustomed to the Muscovite product the caviare here was hardly tolerable. The curiosity of his patrons being at length aroused, he wrote to Russia asking for a can of caviare of the brand most popular in St Petersburg to that time. It came duly, and the Russian on opening the package was edified to read upon the label of the can that the caviare enclosed was put up by a Detroit canning company, and was warranted to be made of the best roe of Lake St. Clair sturgeon.

That wrong and trouble are not yet wedded out of the world is evident from an occurrence that is reported from Italy. On the birthday of the Queen of that country a little peasant girl sent a pair of stockings of her own knitting as a present to her Majesty. The Queen was pleased, and sent in return a pair of stockings, of which one contained a number of gold pieces, and the other a package of bonbons. A letter accompanied the gift, in which the Queen asked the little girl to write and say which stocking she found the nicer. To this the child replied: "Dear madam, the Queen, I have had nothing but trouble with the stockings: my father took the one with the gold pieces, and my brother the one with the sweets."

It is reported in a European newspaper that one extremely cold night there was a large gathering to a ball in Sweden. After some hours it became so hot in the room that several ladies fainted. An officer tried to open a window, but saw that the pressure of ice on the outside was holding it shut fast. He thereupon broke a pane, when a rush of cold air coming in produced an astonishing result. The atmosphere of the room had been charged with vapor from the breathing of the company, and the rush of cold air congealed it and caused it to fall in the form of snow upon the heads of the dancers. It was a remarkable and a beautiful sight, and at the same time an occurrence calculated to keep the doctors busy.

A Western journalist writes thus of the Mayor of his town, the town being friends and in the enjoyment of a vacation together in a mountain retreat. "His ponderous person has not diminished, and he wears a look of thoughtfulness which nothing ever disturbs. His sole and inimitable accomplishment out here is being chased by dogs. I never saw such a state of things in my life. Whenever he ventures out for a walk, the household gives him half an hour's leeway, and then the hired man come in from the field, the maids leave the kitchen, and everybody sits on a rail fence along the road and waits. About that time a wild and inhuman shriek is heard up the road, and his nibs comes galloping over the hill, a lit dogs—animated as to number, jaws, and speed—pushing him hotly for first place. A fat and thoughtful and large man plunging wildly along before dogs is a beautiful sight. The curious thing is that nobody here seems to think that it's in all comical. The dogs are regularly beaten off, but they lay for their prey for days, and hint him whenever he goes out."

KNOCK—THEY MIGHT OPEN AND RELIEVE YOU.

CONGRESS HAS PUT ON A TAX TO OBLIGE YOU, NOW ASK IT TO RELIEVE YOU OF SOME.

THE SMOKING-ROOM OF AN ATLANTIC

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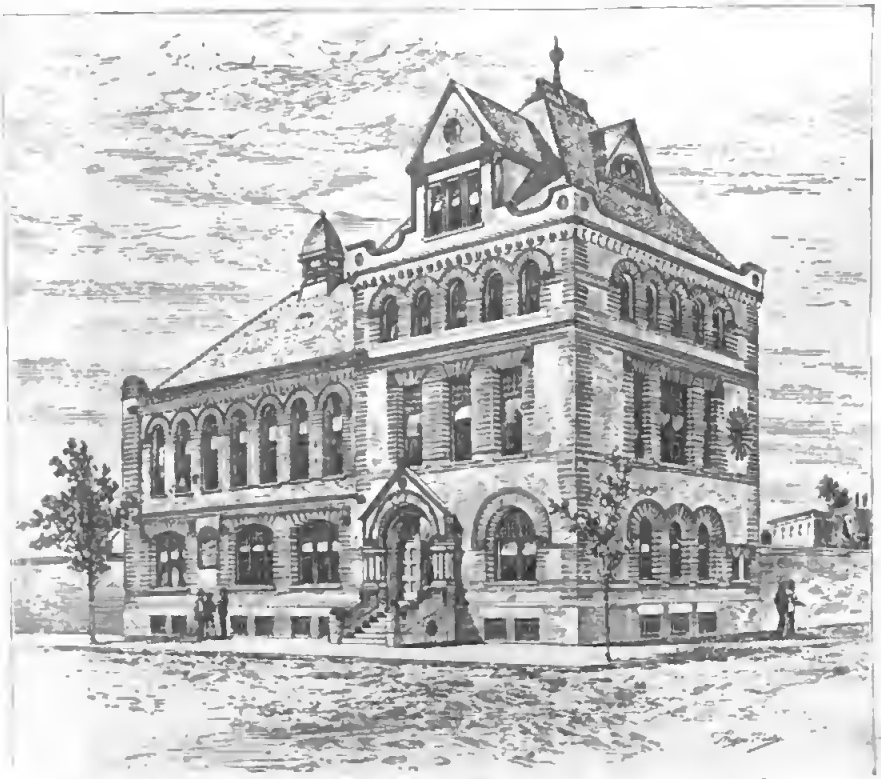
—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 503.]



THE VANDERBILT BUILDING NEAR THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, NEW YORK CITY.—FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWING.

## MR. VANDERBILT'S GIFT TO HIS EMPLOYÉS.

In 1873 the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association was granted the use of rooms in the Grand Central Depot on Forty-second Street in New York, where a library soon began to be collected, a reading-room was opened, baths were provided for members, and beds for those who were relieved from duty to a late hour, or who had several hours to rest before going out. Any employé of the railroads that run into the depot was eligible to membership on the payment of a nominal sum monthly. Its attractive have this library and its accessory conveniences proved to be, that the average daily attendance has increased in ten years from twenty to two hundred. Mr CORNELIUS VANDERBILT took an interest in it from the beginning, and has given his personal attention to its development and good management. The rooms are now too few and too small, and Mr. VANDERBILT has carried into execution a generous plan to extend the benefits of the Association.

On June 30 he proposed to the Board of Directors of the New York Central Railroad Company "to bear all the expenses of construction and of fitting and furnishing, ready for use," a building 80 by 40 feet, if the board would grant a plot of ground that size, in the depot yard on the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. The board accepted the proposition, and expressed the "feeling that they are applying the property to the best purpose possible." "You perpetuate," they wrote, in their answer to Mr. VANDERBILT's proposition, "in a way most honorable to yourself and beneficial to the company, a name already identified with the management of this corporation through two generations." Mr VANDERBILT has expressed the opinion that, simply as a business proposition, no better use could be made of the land on which the new building will be erected, and he points out that the efforts which have hitherto been made by the company to promote the comfort and welfare of the men have been very successful, and "have fostered and promoted good feeling, better service, and general recognition of common interests in the work of the company."

The building, of which Messrs ROBERTSON & MANSON are the architects, will contain bath-rooms, a gymnasium, and bowling-alleys in the basement; on the main floor there will be the library, a reading room, rooms for games, and offices; on the second floor a hall for meetings, rooms for classes, and bedrooms. The property will be leased to seven trustees, and the "land and building will be for the benefit, enjoyment, and instruction of the employés of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company and its leased and affiliated lines." Every employé will be entitled to these benefits on the payment of merely nominal membership dues, and subject only to such regulations as make for the comfort of all. The building, furnished as Mr VANDERBILT will furnish it, will mark the furthest step taken by any railroad corporation in the country in this kind of gratuitous provision for the comfort and instruction of its employés.

## MRS. JOSCELYN

THE main-deck of the *Moldavia* was a moving mass of excited humanity when I crossed the gangway twenty minutes before the hour advertised for her sailing, and I told myself dissatisfiedly that it was impossible in such a crowd of passengers that I should escape meeting one or two acquaintances, who, informal and ubiquitous as acquaintances always are to sea, would much interfere with the repose which an ocean voyage gives to those with whose temperament it agrees—a repose which I greatly needed after the fatigue and excitement of the business crisis through which I had just passed. With the unchristian hope that all I might know on board would be persistently sea-sick, as my only chance of escaping their society, I was about to go below, when, at the entrance of the ladies' deck cabin, I saw a group which realized my fears in a most embarrassing manner, though in was a group which attracted looks of admiration and interest even in that self-absorbed crowd. A pretty, girlish-looking woman, exquisitely dressed, watching with evident amusement the scene of confusion around her, and to her side an elderly darky holding a baby, whose winsome little face drew as many glances from the women as her mother's beauty did from the men.

"Mrs. Joscelyn!" I exclaimed.

For an instant, as she recognized me, she looked as disagreeably surprised as I felt, and then she put out her hand with the sweet childish laugh which had always been one of her most charming characteristics, but which I had never thought to hear from her lips again.

"Mr Eustace! How very delightful! Just as I was wondering what would become of us in this dreadful crowd. You will help us a little, I am sure? My husband always says that you are an kind!"

"Anything I can do," I stammered, uncomfortably conscious that my countenance was more eloquent than my tongue, and that pity and relutance were struggling there very visibly.

"We shall not bore you too much," she said, gayly "Our cabin has been engaged for weeks, but I cannot find my son in this confusion to show it to me, as if you would kindly inquire—"

"I will use the chief steward at once, and return to tell you where is is," I exclaimed, eagerly, for the commission forced me to leave her, and I needed to get away from those pretty puzzling blue eyes to recover the composure which her sudden appearance and unexpected manner had very much upset. "Good heavens! what a woman!" I said to myself as I hurried away "Has she no heart, that she can speak of her husband with a laugh?—her husband, who was madly fond of her in spite of her faults, and to whom she always seemed devoted."

Then memory brought back vividly for an instant Tom Joscelyn and his wife as I had seen them only a few months since at a fancy ball at Delmo and her bought, and I remembered that, in the midst of the admiration their beauty excited, I had heard one or two whisper that the character suited her only too well—pretty, silly little girl?—and that if ever the day came when Joscelyn should need help and comfort from his wife, he would find her an Undine indeed, as soulless as she was bewitching. Alas, poor Undine! The catastrophe which befell her six weeks later has grown a not uncommon one nowadays, and nobody is so shocked to discover that his neighbor is a rascal as he would have been fifty years ago; but no deep had been the impression that Joscelyn, though very reckless, was perfectly honorable, that the shrewdest men in his circle still asked themselves if it were possible that he had become a forger and defaulter—a question whose perplexity was particularly profound to me, who had known him well at college, though we had seen little of each other since.

Educated by his father to gratify every wish in the present, and to believe his future so assured one, Tom Joscelyn on leaving college had lost both father and fortune in one of those financial crashes which periodically upset society with us. But the elder Joscelyn's failure had been of that rare kind which only ruined himself, and his sudden death had so roused public sympathy that every one wished Tom well in his efforts to rebuild a fortune. He chose the hazardous career of a stock-broker, and for several years seemed fairly to have inherited the touch of Midas, for everything he took up turned to gold in his grasp. His extravagance was, however, equal to his success, and wise heads were shaken while solemn warnings were uttered over his race-horses, his coaching parties, his yacht, and all the other methods of getting rid of money, in which he was a shining example among the gilded youth of New York But his popularity was naturally not diminished thereby, and when his engagement was announced, to Sibyl Stuart, the niece and heiress of one of the wealthiest and steadiest merchants in the city, there was a general feeling of satisfaction among his circle at the prospect that marriage would put an end to his crop of wild-oats, and that with the clear head and strong hand of old James Stuart to influence his future, Joscelyn would settle into sober and respectable prosperity.

But fortune had apparently tired of casting her favors in Tom's way Mr Stuart absolutely refused to consent to his niece's marriage with a man whom he called a gambler and a spendthrift, and when Sibyl, taking her fate in her own girlish hands, ran away and married her lover, the old man declared that she had ceased to exist for him, but that if the future ever presented him with a chance of punishing the man who, he considered had ruined her life, he should not hesitate to grasp it—a declaration at which Mrs. Joscelyn laughed lightly, with her usual childish frankness, announcing to all her friends her belief that she could find her way to his heart again, as soon as she could bring herself to forgive him the bitter things he had said of her husband.

Fortune, however, after her usual fashion, having once frowned, continued to do so, and Joscelyn's business ventures one after another came to naught, while he, apparently finding it impossible to believe in his lasting ill-luck, kept up all his former extravagance. The end came with appalling suddenness. Some comparatively small debt pressing him so close that further delay was impossible, he forged James Stuart's signature to a check for the necessary amount, and presented it himself for payment, while Mrs. Joscelyn sought her uncle, and confessing her husband's guilt, had appealed to his mercy, a quality which apparently did not exist, for he turned her out of his house, and took measures at once for Joscelyn's arrest for forgery. When he discovered that through some fortunate combination of circumstances Mrs. Joscelyn had been able to warn her husband in time to effect his escape, the old man's rage knew no bounds, and he vowed that he would spare neither money nor exertions until the scoundrel who had robbed him doubly, of his honor and his money, should be lodged in prison.

With this story in my thoughts, I pushed my way through the crowd to the stairs leading to the lower regions, still in the almost undisturbed possession of stewards and stewardesses. With their assistance I quickly discovered Mrs. Joscelyn's cabin, and returned to fulfil my promise of escorting her to it. I found her still watching with much interest the partings, now in the last stage of tearful excitement, between those of the people about her who were to be our fellow passengers and their friends, who must go ashore when the last bell should ring presently.

"I am so glad that Baby and I have nobody to whom to say good-by!" she cried, gayly, as I approached. "Do look at that poor girl's nose: the was quite pretty until she began to cry, and now it is so red that she is positively a fright."

"The best plan is to get over one's emotions in private," I suggested.

"I know a better plan yet, and that is to have no emotions at all. Now, Sally, we must follow Mr. Eustace closely, for he has discovered where we are to bestow ourselves."

Having guided them to their cabin, I was escaping with a sigh of relief, when she ran lightly after me.

"Would you mind very much finding where my place is at table, and if possible arranging to sit next me? You see, it is so awkward for me to be alone, and I cannot have Baby to chaperon me at dinner."

With an inward groan—I am afraid it was something more forcible—yet realizing that I could not decently refuse any courtesy that an old acquaintance in her painful circumstances might ask of me, I again sought the steward, and did what she wished.

Dinner was over at last—a long, hot, noisy affair, which my duty as chaperon necessitated my sitting out to the bitter end, without even the hope that I might escape its every-day repetition, for Mrs. Joscelyn declared herself to be a capital sailor, and her admirers were unanimous in ascribing the same characteristic to themselves.

When we left the table she suggested that I should take her for a walk on deck—a suggestion with which I complied as cheerfully as I could, and was rewarded by a request to smoke.

"There is nothing I like better than the neighborhood of a good cigar," she declared, confidentially, as she took my offered arm. "It reminds me of Tom, you know."

Then, while I was wondering what I could possibly reply, she began to talk amusingly of our dinner-table acquaintances, and our promenade passed off pleasantly enough.

When she went below I took a few turns by myself, lost in conjectures about her and her possible plans in coming to Europe, until I realized with a shiver that the night was growing chilly, and turned my steps to the smoking-room.

A good deal of card-playing and smoking was going on; the former at a milder, the latter at a more vigorous, rate on this first evening than when sea-sickness and a more intimate acquaintance should have exerted their influence. I found a vacant seat, which promised to be a quiet one, for my neighbors were the two silent members of one circle at dinner But vain were my hopes of a meditative pipe, for the older man, apparently more inclined for a *tête-à-tête* than general conversation, began at once:

"The lady with you is the wife of that Joscelyn who forged for a large amount and ran away two or three months since, is she not?"

"She is," I replied, with as much repressive dignity as I possessed, but it was not sufficient.

"A very pretty woman," he continued, raising a horn gaze upon me from under a pair of shaggy eyebrows, "but astonishingly light-hearted for her circumstances."

"It is not my custom to discuss an old friend with a stranger," I interrupted, coldly.

"Quite right. But the fact is I must confess to considerable curiosity about her, as I have heard that when the forgery was first discovered, she tried to convince her uncle that the and not her husband was the guilty one."

"You heard a most infamous falsehood," I said, wrathfully, her feeling that I must prevent this old gossip from spreading such a story to the whole ship's company, and also convince my other neighbor, who, by the start he had given, was evidently listening, that what he had heard was untrue. "Now that I assure you that it is utter slander, I must ask you, as a gentleman, not to injure an unimable and unfortunate lady by repeating it."

"My dear sir, of course I will say no more. I only—"

"Good-evening," I said, freezingly, rising as I spoke. I made my way down-stairs raging inwardly against the combination of circumstances which was forcing me, after a fashion I could not escape without positive unvardice, into the position of champion to a woman whom I neither thoroughly understood nor approved.

Two or three days passed with nothing remarkable in their course. The weather was all that could be expected even of June, so that the worst victims of sea-sickness were able to keep about, while betting, flirtation, and other gus-

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tomary amusements of a prosperous ocean voyage flourished apace. Mrs. Joscelyn was decidedly the belle of the ship, as I had foreseen as that first dinner, and her appearance was invariably the signal for the assembly of a little court, which consisted nearly equally of ladies and gentlemen, her tact and pretty graciousness having been as successful with the former as her beauty and amusingness were with the latter in overcoming the mingled curiosity and apprehension with which they were inclined as regard the strange contrast between her gloomy circumstances and her high spirits, when her identity became known, as it did on the second day of the voyage

There was one person, however, on board more popular than Mrs. Joscelyn, and that person was Mrs Joscelyn's baby—the very ideal of a baby, as good as she was pretty, and perfectly friendly to everybody, though with a pronounced preference for her masculine adorers. One of her greatest favorites, oddly enough it seemed, was a quiet Englishman, whom the ship's list announced to bear the name of West, and who, save in his conversation was, had been heard to describe himself as an unsuccessful ranchman returning home from Montana. He was more given to Baby's society than to that of any one else, for though he did not worship at her shrine as often as most of the men, he would stop her once or twice in her daily airing on deck, and take her from her nurse's arms with an apparent familiarity with baby ways, which amused his fellow-passengers immensely, and seemed much to Miss Joscelyn's satisfaction, for she would chuckle away to him in her baby language, pulling his beard and petting his cheek with infinite zest.

After witnessing such an interview one afternoon, we stood around Mrs. Joscelyn's sea chair, laughing at the baby's evident pleasure in her conquest of the most unsociable of all the ship's society

"Baby is woman enough already to like a difficult victory best!" cried her mother, gayly, as she lay back among her wraps, looking the very picture of *immense* loveliness, whom it was difficult to associate with the idea of motherhood, and impossible, except for our knowledge, to connect with shame and anguish. "Baby, who is eminently discreet, does not approve of poor Baby's decided taste for gentlemen's society, but I tell her that if she had ever seen Mr Joscelyn with Baby, she would quite understand why it is that she is so at home with them. He always made such an absurd fuss about Baby."

There was a dead silence. I had grown used to the appalling frankness with which Mrs Joscelyn would occasionally allude to her husband, but this was the first time that the had done so publicly, and the *amour-faire* of her audience was by no means equal to the shock she had given it. I was meditating some trivial remark, when the constrained stillness was broken by a woman's shriek, and a sudden movement among the people as the other side of the vessel In my first glance I realized what had happened, for I saw Sally throwing her empty arms above her head in a paroxysm of terror, while half a dozen people with gestures and exclamations of dismay leaned over the side of the ship, close to which the nurse and child had been standing a moment since. But I had scarcely time to look when there was a low thrilling murmur beside me.

"My Baby! my Baby!" and Mrs. Joscelyn passed me, escaping from the hands which sought to restrain her as though she had been a spirit.

We rushed after her with a conviction (as we told each other later) that in another instant the would spring overboard after her child. But as the reached the gunwale, she stopped as though the had been shot, and put both hands to her heart. The next second my arms were about her, and I held her fast; but there was no need. She made no effort to escape, and there was nothing like fainting in the firmly set lips and the wild straining anxiety of the eyes which watched the waves, where, even at the distance at which the vessel had left them, we recognized the Englishman West with the child in his arms.

It was happily an afternoon when the sea was almost as calm as the serene blue sky, and with a boat was really marvellous celerity, but after a delay that seemed to us eternal, the steamer was stopped, and a boat was lowered and sent back to their rescue. During the long moments which followed, Mrs. Joscelyn neither spoke nor stirred, but watched the progress of the boat with a gaze in which every faculty seemed concentrated, and her intense silence had the effect of stilling the excitement of the crowd about her, on that very little was told until the boat was seen returning with West and the baby, which, terrible though the shock of such a plunge must have been to its little life, was evidently alive and moving. Then most of the women broke into hysterical tears, and such a cheer burst from the men as only Anglo-Saxon lungs can give.

Mrs. Joscelyn sank into the nearest chair, and, still silent, turned her dry eyes and white face toward the sailors who were raising the boat, whence West presently sprang upon the deck, and came swiftly toward her with the child in his arms. Good God! what a look there was on her face! the woman who I had thought could not feel. It was not her baby the looked at, but him, straight up in his eyes, as he laid the child upon her knees Such a gaze as one soul may look at another with when the veil of flesh, with all that it disguises to us poor humanity, is rent away forever. Then a quiver passed over her face, and she sank back insensible. As for him, he made one step forward, with arms outstretched, as if he must take up both her and her child in them, but my hand grasped his shoulder like a vise.

"For her sake!" I muttered to his ear, and led him, supported him rather, for he was trembling so that he could scarcely walk, to the cabin stairs.

So I got him away to my cabin, which was nearer than her, and there he sank down on my sea trunk, and flinging his arms across the berth, hid his face on them.

I closed the door, and poured some brandy from my flask into a glass "Drink this, old fellow," I said, in a voice which was not as steady as I could have wished. "Surely this is not the time to despair, but to thank God!" He did not move, and only his gasping breath the real that he was conscious. "For a man, Tom, for her sake! Think what courage she has to go through such a scene, and never utter a syllable to betray you!"

He took the brandy and swallowed it hurriedly. "But you have found me out. Do you think no one else has done so?"

"No one else can have heard how you saw Tom Joscelyn, and no one could guess such a daring scheme as your crossing on the same steamer with your wife. Indeed, now that I look closely at you, and see that it is only in growing a beard, and staining your skin, and wearing glasses, that you have altered yourself, I think it is the impossibility of the whole plan, and your wife's wonderful acting of unconcern, which prevented me from recognizing you, much more than your disguise."

"It was her plan. She said the could better bear any amount of daily pretence, while she knew that I was safe, than endure the suspense of not knowing for eight days what might have happened to me."

When Joscelyn left me I sought his wife, whom I found in the deck cabin, surrounded by a sympathetic circle of ladies. She looked very white, and kept a tenacious hold of her baby, but she was laughing lightly as Sally, who was mingling tears and promises of more care for the future, with vehement protestations that the accident had been no fault of hers.

"Dead on' 'dead, Mis' Joscelyn, honey, de chile jump right out of your hands too, if she done take it in her pasty head to want to."

"I hope Mr West is not suffering for his great goodness," Mrs. Joscelyn said, interrupting Sally's sobs, as I entered. "I am going to rest in my cabin until after dinner, but then I shall hope to be able to thank him a little better than by fainting away in such a weak-minded fashion as I did just now"

Here a chorus of ladies declared with enthusiasm that she had not been weak-minded at all, but a perfect heroine, poor dear! whose courage had barely been surpassed by that noble Mr West and that too, too angelic baby—a chorus from which Mrs. Joscelyn promptly escaped by asking me to take her down stairs. As I left her as her own door she managed to whisper, unheard by Sally, who was close at hand with the baby, "For pity's sake let us see him alone this evening"

From her cabin I went to Joscelyn's, and having relieved his anxiety, I betook myself to a smoke on deck, and reflections on the strange drama in which I had involuntarily become involved. But I was not permitted to clear up the proportions of mingled compassion and blame in my own mind, for I was joined by the curious and complacent Thomas.

"One little knows what is going on under the surface of things, even immediately about us," was his alarming beginning, as he fixed his keen gaze on my aghast countenance.

"What do you mean?" I asked, with as little anxiety as I could achieve.

"The discoveries of this afternoon, of course."

I braced myself for any amount of hard usage as he paused, the proportions of my pity and blame suddenly settled, but he continued serenely

"In spite of his apparent dullness, I suppose one must always give an Englishman credit for physical courage, as perhaps there was nothing surprising in Mr West's conduct, but who would have expected such a display of feeling, such a passion of anguish, from that little Mrs. Joscelyn, whom we had such excellent reasons for believing the heiliest and most heartless of women?"

I was conscious of an almost dizzy emotion of relief, for even the steadiest nerves must have been upset by such an afternoon, but I struggled to appear dignifiedly offended.

"I have already declined to discuss my friend Mrs Joscelyn," I began.

"You are a very sensitive champion," he interrupted, with a peculiar smile, "but as you please;" and he began to talk of other things.

Mrs. Joscelyn did not appear at dinner, and I was the object of a sort of ovation by proxy, which reduced me to a condition of hoarse imbecility by obliging me to repeat to nearly a hundred anxious inquiries, within the course of half an hour, that the heroine of the day were both quite restored, and that Mrs. Joscelyn would come in to have some tea after dinner Mrs. Joscelyn did not come in until most of the people had left the table, and then, though she was brightly gracious to the interest with which she was received, she finished her tea with much expedition, and rose from her seat at once, announcing that Mr Eustace had promised to take her to find Mr. West.

We accordingly found him on deck, not far from the companion-way. It was too dark for me to see either of their faces, even if I had wished to do so, but they clasped each other's hands wordlessly, and we walked along in silence until we reached the end of the deck beside the wheelhouse, where there was no one but the man on duty, for the night was chilly, and the few passengers on deck were clustered around the funnels.

"If you will go behind the wheel-house you will be quite unseen and unheard, and I will patrol here to keep off intruders," I said, hurriedly.

Silently they disappeared as I suggested, and I began to pace to and fro across the deck. For a few moments I did not hear a sound from them, then a low murmur of voices fell upon my ear, broken by suppressed sobs, which seemed to grow more difficult to subdue, until at last there was a passionate cry from Mrs Joscelyn.

"It kills me to think it is my sin for which you suffer—mine—mine; but I meant no sin, Tom—only to help you—"

I turned quickly away, and, stunned and bewildered by what I had heard, I almost ran into the arms of the ubiquitous Thomas.

"We seem to be the only people reasonable enough to prefer this fresh sea breeze to the stifling atmosphere inside," he said, steadying himself under my involuntary assault.

"Not quite," I said, cheerily "Mrs. Joscelyn and Mr. West are behind the wheel-house, and I must join them again."

He walked briskly away, but I kept my eye on him until I saw him turn to by the light at the smoking-room door, and then I sought the Joscelyns. They had heard voices, and were standing in such an attitude as suited their supposed relations.

"I am afraid I must take you down-stairs, Mrs. Joscelyn," I said. "A certain very serious old gentleman is prowling about, and though I have got rid of him for the present, I dare say he will be back again."

She flung herself on Joscelyn's breast with a wild burst of sobs.

"Put your arms around me again, Tom! Hold me close just one moment more! I am so homesick for you every day—every hour."

"Hush, my own!" he murmured; "be my brave girl again."

I got as far from them as I dared, where she presently joined me, and without a word I took her down to her cabin.

Coming up once more, I met Joscelyn at the head of the stairs, and he led me away into the darkness.

"She—she quite broke down once or twice," he said, seriously. "Did you hear what she said?"

"I heard her say that she did it for you." I answered, grasping his hand, "and I understand it all. I always thought you a good fellow, Tom. I never could quite believe you anything else."

"You do not understand!" he muttered, with a passionate quiet, which had more force in it than any loudness. "God of heaven! how can I make you understand how innocently she did it? The money the had been taught to look upon as hers, and for me—for me—or the would put her hand in the fire, or a knife in her heart, if in so doing she could help me!"

Then he told me the story. He had been in such pressing need of five thousand dollars that he had allowed his wife to go to her uncle and ask it of him. Mr Stuart had refused absolutely to allow her a penny to help her husband with, telling her at the same time that it was id all be hers some day, but that he should so die it up that it should not be squandered. The next morning, after Joscelyn, nearly desperate over the failure of this his last resource, had gone down town, she forged her uncle's signature to a check for the necessary amount, and sent it to her husband's office in an envelop, addressed in her uncle's writing.

"With no more thought of serious guilt," murmured Joscelyn, vehemently, "than a child, who gets by some contrivance of its own what it has been refused, but when it is sure of being forgiven when it confesses"

As Mrs. Joscelyn had done at once; for she went to her uncle and told him all, directly she had sent the check. But Mr. Stuart refused to believe her story, declaring his conviction that she was lying to screen her husband, but that they should not trick him between them, and that he should at once take measures for the arrest of Joscelyn. Leaving his house, she met her husband, who had come to thank Mr Stuart for his supposed goodness; and even in the first passion of anguish over the unconscious ruin the had wrought, he realized that it would be impossible to make the world believe her action the innocent one it was, and not the guilty one it seemed, and that even though Mr Stuart should refuse to prosecute when convinced that she was the author of the forgery, the publicity would have disgraced her name forever, and he resolved to take the whole burden of sin and shame on his own shoulders by flying at once, with a hereto of which he was even yet unconscious.

"For the sin is mine," he repeated, eagerly. "My recklessness brought us to the need which tempted her, and she is as innocent of real guilt as a child—more so, for a child commits its little faults for itself, and my poor Sibyl did it only for me."

I do not think the suspected, either when we met the next morning as afterward, how thoroughly I knew her secret. Her good spirits and pretty coquetry had all returned, and her popularity was more assured and unremarked than ever, since that "touch of nature which makes the whole world his" had been given to the admiration which they had previously felt for her, by her anguish of terror during her child's danger.

As for the supposed West, his awkward taciturnity had dispelled the fleeting favor his courage had inspired, and he was permitted to pursue his solitary way undisturbed by any one except Mr. Thomas, whom I had finally decided to be that thoroughly nineteenth century production, a bearer of "types," always a tremendous bore, but generally harmless, and quite distinct from the class of malicious gossips to which I had assigned him at first.

Joscelyn and I had no more confidences, and we kept out of each other's way, neither relying implicitly on his own powers of dissembling, and he, I could see, bitterly regretting that circumstances had forced him to reveal the real facts of his story to me.

So the last days of the voyage came, and we arrived at Queenstown one late June afternoon, when sea and sky, and even the rock-bound Irish coast, were eloquent of beauty and brightness. Most of the passengers had crowded to the side of the vessel which the "tender" from Queenstown was approaching. Among those who stood ready with their baggage to disembark I saw Joscelyn, shaking hands with several acquaintances, who, after the manner of most people, were become more cordial at the moment of parting than ever before. I walked up and shook hands with him also.

"Good-by!" I said, as lightly as I could. "Good luck to you!"

"Will you—will you say 'good-by' to Mrs. Joscelyn for me?—I have not been able to do so," he said, in voice which all his resolution could not quite steady.

"Shy fellow; I suppose he is afraid of a scene," somebody suggested to me as I turned away, and it thrilled me strangely that he should have guessed so awfully near and yet so widely far from Joscelyn's real feeling.

Mrs. Joscelyn, with a lovely color in her cheeks and a wonderful light in her blue eyes, stood at a little distance, as usual the centre of a group, among which was Mr. Thomas, who, however, left it as I approached, and walked over to the gangway The "tender," panting and puffing like the vulgar and officious little satellite of a creature that is grander and stronger than itself, had now reached the steamer's side, and all the bustle and confusion of greetings and farewells, the arrival of the small mail from shore, and the departure of the enormous one the *Moldavia* had carried so long, made us realize that we had rejoined the world again.

Mrs Joscelyn was as surprisingly pretty and as especially charming that two as three men still lingered about her, stifling, for the sake of her society, even the pangs of an eight-days' hunger for newspapers. I, watching her, lost myself for the hundredth time in wonder as the strength and complexity of nature all that lightness and brightness concealed, for even now she must be suffering an agony of mingled triumph and fear, if she knew, as she probably did, that then was the moment of extremest danger for her husband, as, if since our departure from New York it had been discovered that he had sailed with the *Moldavia*, that "tender" would bring an English police officer empowered by sublegram to arrest him.

At this instant steps approaching rather horribly caused me to look around with a start. Mr Thomas was within a few steps of us, accompanied by a stranger.

"Some friend come to meet him," I told myself, but the next second my heart sank, for he walked up to Mrs. Joscelyn with a certain alertness and decision very different from his usual manner, and which must have impressed her too, for she paled to the lips.

"Mrs. Joscelyn," he said, with an accent of decorous triumph which made me feel fairly murderous, "it is my painful duty to inform you that this gentleman is an English police-officer, who has come on board to receive my instructions as to the arrest of the criminal as the Stuart forgery case, and that I have instructed him to arrest—you!"

"Me!" she uttered, her eyes fixed with a gaze full of anguished fear, not on the two men before her, not on the shocked faces of her little court, but on the group beside the gangway "What ground can you possibly have for my arrest?"

"Your own confession, overheard by me as deck four nights alone, though I have had my suspicions of you ever since the details of the case were first given me by your uncle. Will you come with us at once, please? We must land here."

"Not here! Not now, for God's sake!" she almost whispered, her face changing horrible. "You may lock me in my cabin—I swear I will not try to escape. Only let me land at Liverpool to-morrow!"

"It is impossible," Thomas began, but he was interrupted by a sudden rush from the gangway, as Joscelyn, with two or three mad springs, flung himself between his wife and the officers.

"What is this—what is this?" he panted.

"It is an one, Mr. Joscelyn," said Thomas, with a shade of something like pity in his hard voice. "I have known you nearly all the way over, but you cannot prevent this. I arrest Mrs. Joscelyn on a confession I overheard myself."

"But you heard wrong!" cried Joscelyn, recovering himself and speaking firmly and haughtily. "Whatever you heard Mrs Joscelyn say, you could not have heard her confess the forgery, for it was mine—mine alone—though, like the angel she is, she took the guilt upon herself in appealing to her uncle's mercy—"

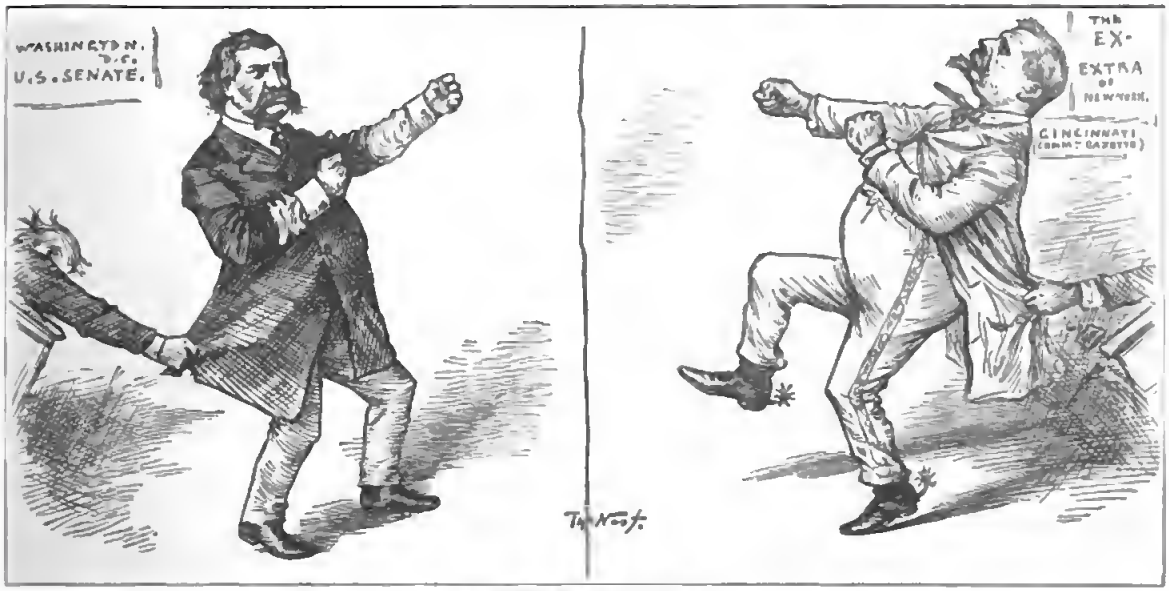
There was a faint cry—Mrs. Joscelyn fluttered with a heavy, helpless movement from behind her husband's outstretched arm, and sank on his breast, to which he gathered her with a gesture so full of mingled tenderness and shame that one even Thomas found voice to speak for a moment. It was Joscelyn himself who broke the silence in a hoarse, changed tone.

"Help, Eustace!—the surgeon, quick!—Sibyl! Sibyl—" And we saw, as her head fell back on his shoulder, her closed eyes and the blood pouring from between her white lips.

Of the next quarter of an hour I have only the haunting, tortured remembrance one has of a terrible dream. The surgeon came and knelt down beside her, as the lay supported in her husband's arms on the bench where he had placed her. A moment's listening at her heart, an instant's holding of the slender wrist, and then, without a word, the surgeon raised his head and looked into Joscelyn's wild eyes

He understood—bent down and kissed her softly; then gazing at her fair, dead face as if he could not turn his eyes away, he put one hand swiftly to his coat, drew out a small pistol. There was a flash—a report—and he sank slowly down across her breast.

NELLIE MACKEEN.

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*The second of the "Canoe Talks," by the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club, treats of "Paddles and Paddling."*

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## THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THERE is one significant aspect of the elections of this year. They will be practically uninfluenced by the consideration which has been most powerful at elections for a generation. The chief Republican reliance from the beginning has been less the argument against Democratic policy than distrust of the Democratic party. The Republican orator has recalled its traditions as the party of slavery, the Copperhead party of the war, the obstructive party during reconstruction, the party of the liquor interest and of the more ignorant and dangerous classes of the population, and his final appeal has been the question whether the obvious danger of placing the control of the government in hands which had been so recently raised against it, and of intrusting the protection of the freedmen to the residuary legatees of all the anti-American and inhuman prejudices of slavery, was not wantonly to risk the safety of the country. This has been the cogent Republican appeal. For ten years the party has asked the confidence of the country upon its traditions and its illustrious services rather than upon any general and defined policy. In the language of English party contests, it has asked the country to sign a blank check in its favor. This appeal was fair, and it was usually successful until the Presidential election of 1884. The party action then raised the question whether the great and undoubted services of the party were to be held to justify the support of whatever might be proposed, including party nominations however unworthy. The Republican protest of that year was the answer. It showed that the original Republican impulse and principle survived. But its great service was and is contributing to the defeat of a particular candidate, but in showing that the election of a Democratic President did not necessarily mean disaster to the country.

This fact has now been demonstrated, and the demonstration disposes of the powerful argument of vague distrust, and restores the normal situation of a constitutional election. No man in his senses would gravely say to an intelligent audience that Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. BAYARD, Mr. MANNING, Mr. ENDICOTT, Mr. WHITNEY, Mr. LAMAR, and Mr. VILAS, are less to be trusted with the honorable administration of the government than any cabinet of their predecessors. Some parts of their policy, some measures, some views, may be disapproved. That would be a matter of course, because they are Democrats. But the notion of their disloyalty, of their secret purpose to pay the rebel debt, to pension rebel soldiers, or to pursue any policy but one which is perfectly patriotic, is absurd. Not only has this more radical ground of distrust entirely vanished, but the general course of the Administration has invited public confidence. Its financial policy on all important points is cordially sustained by the most intelligent Republicans as well as Democratic opinion. Its course in regard to the civil service has been more considerate of sound principle than any administration since that of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, although, like that of all administrations, it has been inconsistent and illogical. Its general domestic policy in regard to the Indians and the public lands has been agreeable to public sentiment, and its foreign policy has been pacific. All this is the record of an Administration whose possible possession of power was denounced as a catastrophe to be averted at the cost of political honor and of the individual conscience. And it is this fact which has changed radically the aspect of the elections of this year.

The same fact explains the general public indifference. The intelligent voter sees that the success of neither party is essential to the safety of the country. But he sees also that the success of neither promises the enforcement of a special policy. Neither party wishes seriously to disturb the tariff, nor to change the general course of financial administration, while the best opinion of both coincides in regard to the currency and coinage, and upon the true principles of maintaining the civil service. The conclusion is that while there is no definite conflict of national policy, it is a matter of indifference whether the Congressional majority calls itself Republican or Democratic. The chief Republican argument in the campaign will be probably the infidelity of the Administration to reform for which the speech of Senator HOAR gives the cue, and the Southern crime against a free vote and a fair count. But neither appeal will greatly disturb the general indifference, because the Republican record of administrative reform is no whiter than that of the Democratic Executive, and because Republican control of every branch of the government did not secure free voting and honest counting. The Senate is Republican, but it has not proposed any measure to correct the evil, nor thrown upon the Democratic House and Executive the responsibility of defeating or of vetoing it. Moreover, the scandals of the PAYNE election in Ohio, and the general consciousness that election frauds are not confined to any part of the country, will have their influence upon the voter. Whatever a man's party sympathies may be, he will concede that it is a time of personal politics. The party appeal, as such, was never so weak and so properly weak. More than ever parties will be estimated by the personal character of candidates. That character will not be disregarded because of the supposed vital necessity of party success. In Massachusetts, for instance, the Republican party is divided upon the question of selecting Mr. W. W. CRAPO or Mr. OLIVER AMES as the candidate for Governor. Mr. CRAPO is one of the "cleanest" and ablest of Republicans, and Mr. AMES is known mainly as a rich man, a "good fellow," and an ancient "pal" of General BUTLER. It is an epoch of personal politics, and if Massachusetts Republicans should decide that Mr. AMES is a better representative of Republicanism than Mr. CRAPO, it is safe to assume that personal considerations, not the conviction of the importance of party success, will materially affect the result. It is a situation also in which a question like that of temperence will have a great influence upon the election. The autumn campaign will open immediately in Maine, where Mr. BLAINE is announced as the chief speaker, and we shall now see the general drift of the argument.

## MR. TILDEN.

THE news of the death of Mr. TILDEN was not surprising. He had been long seriously ill, and his recovery was known to be impossible. He was a man of excellent parts carefully cultivated, and his career was a striking illustration of the results of painstaking and persistent diligence. He was cautious, conservative, patient, cool, thorough, and shrewd, without moral enthusiasm or that glow of genius which touches the hearts and kindles the feelings of others and makes a great leader. He was early mature, as the recently published volumes of his speeches and other writings show, and his taste for politics was as apparent in his youth as in his age. There is a didactic dryness in his style which prevents a general interest in his papers, but they show all the qualities that we have mentioned. From the first he was a strong party man, but he was less the leader than the senior consulting counsel of his party. In the utter prostration and demoralization of the Democratic party after the war, a man of Mr. TILDEN's temperament and ability, who was free from gasconade, who comprehended principles, and had made himself by incessant care a master of the details of party management, was an invaluable boon; and the politician of the closet and of long letters to the newspapers became a conspicuous public figure.

When the anti-slavery sentiment penetrated the Democratic party in New York, although it did not pierce deeply, it went far enough to produce a protest in which Mr. TILDEN, with his friend Mr. BRYANT and others, took part. The two men illustrated the two tendencies in the party. As the contest deepened, and the Democratic party became more and more identified with the policy of slavery, the lines of separation were drawn, the free-soilers seceded, and Mr. BRYANT left the party, while Mr. TILDEN remained. During the war Mr. BRYANT was a resolute and devoted supporter of the Administration, while Mr. TILDEN, although adhering to the Union, was its critic. He was a prominent member of the society for the diffusion of political information, whose publications fostered what was known as the Copperhead sentiment, and whose spirit and counsels were fitly described by that significant word, and would certainly not have maintained the Union unconditionally. The same dry, cool caution which always distinguished Mr. TILDEN characterized his position during the war. When his party fell under the dominance of TWEED, he remained the chairman of its State Committee, endeavoring to secure reform within the party. Justice upon TWEED, however, was accomplished not by reform within the party, but by the revelations made by confederates, and in the subsequent legal proceedings Mr. TILDEN took an active and effective part.

As Governor of New York his great work was the pursuit of the Canal Ring. This gave him national prominence as a reformer, and he was nominated for the Presidency. In the disputed result that followed, Mr. TILDEN performed his chief public service in refusing to countenance revolutionary proceedings. It was his simple duty, but under the circumstances such a duty, however simple and obvious, is not always performed. Undoubtedly Mr. TILDEN could have precipitated a frightful civil war, and his honorable refusal will not be forgotten. Since that time, in constantly declining health, he has been the sage and oracle of his party. A political disciple of JEFFERSON, it was undoubtedly very gratifying to him to fill a kind of Jeffersonian position at the end of his life, and to feel that Greystone was a kind of Monticello. A sagacious, self-possessed, skilful, and untiring political student and politician, with signal executive ability, he was not in sympathy with the true American feeling and movement of his time, and he will hardly be ranked with great American statesmen.

## TWEED AGAIN.

THE disclosures in regard to SQUIRE and FLYNN are another glimpse into city politics which recall the days of TWEED. The natural and just comments upon the conspiracy of these two men were promptly made by the daily press. FLYNN is a contractor, and SQUIRE wished to be Commissioner of Public Works. He wrote a letter to FLYNN promising that if FLYNN would procure his confirmation by the Aldermen he would transact the business of his office, including that of making contracts, as FLYNN might direct. This meant that FLYNN should contract with himself upon his own terms. The letter is stated to have been given into the keeping of HUBERT O. THOMPSON, whose recent death was treated as the loss of an eminent public man. If THOMPSON was actually the custodian of the letter, he was privy to a gross public fraud and violation of law, which he concealed for political and personal reasons. FLYNN, of course, denied all knowledge of the letter. But there is no doubt of its authenticity, and the executive committee of the County Democracy promptly expelled FLYNN, and appointed orators to eulogize HUBERT O. THOMPSON.

Simultaneously with the disclosure of this knavery SQUIRE was voting as a member of the Aqueduct Board to remove Mr. MCCULLOH, the competent and experienced secretary of the board, and to appoint Mr. SHEEHAN, of Buffalo, a particular friend of Governor HILL, who approved the bill removing the city officers, except SQUIRE, from the board, and appointing three non-resident politicians to support SQUIRE and give him control of the board. The whole "mess" is the nastiest since the frauds of the TWEED Ring, and as FLYNN and THOMPSON were eminent "County Democrats," it would appear that political virtue is not absolutely guaranteed by eminent position and influence in that fraternity. It is satisfactory to believe that both SQUIRE and FLYNN fall within the law. The Penal Code provides that

"A person who gives, or offers to give, any gratuity or reward in consideration that himself or any other person shall be appointed to a public office, . . . or shall be permitted to exercise, perform, or discharge any prerogatives or duties, or to receive any emoluments of such office, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

And also,

"A person who asks or receives, or agrees to receive, any gratuity or reward, or any promise thereof, for appointing another person, or procuring for another person any appointment to a public office, . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The penalty upon conviction is imprisonment in a penitentiary or county jail for not more than one year, or by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or by both. It is a part of the unhappy condition of the city when such disclosures are made that there is always a question whether the offenders will be promptly prosecuted and punished. Robbers on a great scale of the public treasury are very apt to try to do as TWEED did—secure the officers of the law. When such officers are practically bought of powerful political organizations, the buyers are very careful of offending the other party to the bargain.

If this disclosure "shows up" Democratic politicians, it leaves Republican politicians little to boast of. The Aqueduct Bill was passed by a Republican Legislature against the remonstrance of good citizens and in full view of its purpose. It was upon its face a bargain. It was a scheme in the interest of certain politicians, and not of the public welfare, and its passage was one of the most serious reproaches against the Republican Legislature. Moreover, it is with politicians like FLYNN and SQUIRE that "the deals" are made in the city, and the moral of the whole affair is evident. Building aqueducts, and laying out streets and lighting them, and draining the city, and keeping order, are not matters of political policy; they are questions of taxation, skill, and honesty. If, however, the community agrees that they shall be put into the party arena, two things will happen—the business of the city will be fraudulently managed, and at the

cost of immense expense to the citizens, and of general political demoralization. As long as the farce of party municipal nominations continues, the city will be outrageously misgoverned and the citizens enormously swindled. The FLYNN and SQUIRE exposure has come early, and before a new and complete TWEED system could be organized. But it was the beginning of the same thing. We shall now see what the courts will do. As for the Aldermen, that branch of the city government has fallen into such utter contempt that its venality is taken for granted.

## THE NEWBURGH MONUMENT.

WE mentioned, a few weeks since, the proposed monument at the Washington Head-quarters in Newburgh, and the WEEKLY for July 31 contains a picture of the proposed work. The public can see in it a faithful representation of the memorial which will be erected upon one of the most imposing and interesting spots associated with the Revolution and with WASHINGTON. The high bank at Newburgh, overlooking the Hudson, is the scene of the closing incidents of the war. The "Washington Head quarters" are still standing, the most interesting historic house upon the river. Along this shore lay the last camp of the army. Here the Newburgh letters were written. Here WASHINGTON restrained with pathetic dignity the insubordination of the patriots. Here the army was disbanded. Nature lends her grandeur and beauty to the scene. The spot will be always a shrine of pious pilgrimage, and "the man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of" Newburgh.

The general impression of the monument, as shown in the sketch, is unfavorable. The structure is a massive building, which, as a correspondent of the New York *Journal* remarks, suggests nothing so much as an incomplete windmill. The monument should be designed with reference to the effect from the river. It should be large in style, simple, and unmistakably a commemorative structure. But the projected work is a heavy and meaningless building. In explaining the design to the trustees, Mr. POWER, the contractor, said, alluding to the member of Congress from the district, upon whom the responsibility of the project seems to rest: "Mr. BEACH thought that there ought to be a belvedere into which the people could mount and look out of, and that they would appreciate it more on that account." There were designs from distinguished artists which were set aside, and after some difference of opinion the design of Mr. DUNCAN was selected and modified. The Secretary of War adopted it, and entered into a contract with Mr. POWER to execute it, and the Secretary has authorized Captain PRICE, of the Engineers, now stationed at West Point, to take entire charge of the work on behalf of the government. The trustees do not conceal their dissatisfaction, but they were not consulted "in the least particular," and "the monument will apparently be built whether they like it or not."

It is really a public matter of some importance. A windmill to commemorate the disbanding of the army and the greatness of WASHINGTON is not a happy conception. There is, indeed, a statue of WASHINGTON, to be executed by Mr. O'DONOVAN, and to be placed in the court of the structure. Mr. O'DONOVAN is a young sculptor of merit, and an excellent work may be expected from him. But the building, which is the conspicuous memorial, considering the place and the purpose, is simply grotesque. The Secretary of War can hardly be aware that the trustees were not consulted, or that there is in the neighborhood a very strong feeling of disapproval of the projected work. We are well aware of the great difficulties that always surround such enterprises, arising from limited means and differing tastes and rival interests and personal jealousies. But there is a general and obvious sense of fitness in such monuments which is certainly outraged in this instance, and if the decision could be reconsidered, it would be a public benefit.

## THE SENATE.

SENATOR HOAR recently said that the Senate was never of higher character than it is now, and Senator HAWLEY denounced as "infamous" the constant attacks of the press upon public men. Both of these Senators very properly favored an inquiry into the scandal of the PAYNE election in Ohio. The scandal of the THOMAS confirmation might be often investigated with advantage. The character of the Senate greatly suffers from all such acts, and it is good neither for the Senate nor for the country that its conduct should seem to justify statements which are constantly made both in public and in private. Respect for the Senate is certainly not increased by such conduct as confirming Mr. DEMENT, whose unfitness was known, upon the ground of "Senatorial courtesy," then reconsidering the confirmation and rejecting the nomination because the plea of "Senatorial courtesy" was withdrawn, nor by rejecting Mr. MATTHEWS, a colored Democrat, because, as Senator INGALLS is reported to have said, it would be "bad politics" for a Republican Senate to consent to confer good offices upon colored Democrats.

The Senate's reputation is in its own keeping. Such action as we mention properly diminishes public respect. There is no doubt of the existence of a general feeling that it is becoming a club of rich men, and that Senators are not sensitive to the charge of voting upon questions in which they have a pecuniary interest. To mention the fact of such feelings is not to insult Senators, but to warn them, and we have seen no more definite and temperate statement of them than the following from a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*:

"The fact that the millionaires on both sides tend to sustain Mr. PARK has given new force to the complaints which are so often heard now about the Senate. It is growing more and more aristocratic, more and more regardless of public opinion, more and more separate from the House, and some people say more and more corrupt. Each Senator has his personal clerk, besides all the pages and messengers of the Senate chamber; they do not condescend to receive cards, even from the most distinguished private citizens, before ten o'clock; they go into secret session and make virulent attacks upon private character, and the majority decides for itself when it will make public the reports upon contested nominations in the way to help the party. Senator INGALLS, on the debate on the legislative bill, the other day, said that the House had no right to question the appropriation for Senators' clerks. The clerks were officers of the Senate, and the House had no right to dictate how many officers the Senate should have, or what they should be paid. The indifference of the Senators to popular clamor gives them a strength in some situations which is beneficial to the country; but when this indifference goes so far that the Senate is not sensitive to charges against its own honor, and the members capable of purchasing seats (if not guilty of it) coolly refuse to investigate grave charges, people begin to ask if there is not need of some reform. The "courtesy of the Senate" made Senators almost the bosses of their State patronage during the Republican administrations, and though CLEVELAND's energetic independence has somewhat shaken the traditions, Senators are still able to stand by each other in the matter of confirmations."

## DISINFECTING RAGS.

THE job of disinfecting rags at Quarantine, to which we have alluded several times during the year, and which has nothing to do with proper precautions against pestilence, has been practically prohibited by acting Secretary FAIRCHILD, of the Treasury. He has ordered that old rags which have passed local quarantine at the port of importation shall be admitted to entry like all other imported commodities, and without special permits for landing from the health officers. The Secretary holds that the fact that a vessel has passed quarantine must be taken as proof that her cargo is not infected.

This is a very reasonable order, and nobody is likely to suffer from it except those who have profited by the practice which it prohibits.

## REVISION OF THE RULES.

A REVISION of the rules by the Civil Service Commission is not to be regretted, unless there should be reason to suspect that its purpose is to weaken them. But no such reason exists. The changes thus far made have strengthened and not weakened them. Revision is not a reflection upon the late Commission, because the rules were necessarily tentative, and experience alone could show a here they could be wisely modified. Some practices also might have been allowed at the beginning of the application of the system, either from motives of expediency or from want of clear perception, which should be corrected. We wish to say, however, that the statement to which we recently alluded in some remarks upon the New York Custom-house, that the late Commission, or some member of it, favored reporting the entire eligible list to the appointing officer, is wholly without foundation. The rules of the Commission expressly forbade it, and there was no desire to change that rule, but constant opposition to the suggestion.

When it is understood throughout the service that the Commission is in earnest, and that neglect of the rules will be promptly observed and a satisfactory explanation required, there will be a general strengthening all along the line. If it should be generally believed that appointing officers are unconscious of the reformed system, and that when they are on their disregard of its requirements is overlooked at head-quarters, it will be impossible to foster public belief that the system is honestly enforced. The consequence will be that the best men will not apply for examinations, and the public service and the public will be the losers.

There is a great deal of such distrust now, and it is very natural. At the New York Custom-house, for instance, the Collector and the Surveyor are believed to be opposed to the reformed system. It is generally supposed that an applicant must have some political "pull," or that he has no chance. This belief, even if it were unfounded, naturally persuades Republicans that it is useless to apply. But a Commission thoroughly in earnest would make evasions and violations of the rules exceedingly uncomfortable for the heads of the classified service.

## PERSONAL.

COLONEL T. W. KNOX, author of the "Boy Traveller" series, the seventh volume of which is now in press, is a man of commanding presence and courtly dignity, fifty-one years old. Ever since childhood he has had a fondness for travelling, and already he has gone twice around the world. Next to the United States, the country of which he is fondest is Japan. "It is the most picturesque region of the globe," he says, "and its people are the politest and pleasantest; I brought from it the most delightful recollections, and I would spend my life there if I could not live in America." Colonel Knox's "Boy Travellers" are so popular, being interesting alike to boys, girls, and parents, that the name of a new volume of the series is not announced until the book is ready for distribution, lest its appearance be forestalled by some similar work on the same subject.

—It takes eleven volumes of the British Museum catalogue to record the books and pamphlets of which Mr GLADSTONE is the subject. Many of them are satirical, with such names as *The Malady of Mediathlon* and *The Wondrous Adventures of Sir William the Wonderful*. The titles of Mr GLADSTONE's own writings, in their various editions, fill six columns.

—One of the souvenirs of the Old Volunteer Fire Department is the Olympic Club—an institution founded by the "Fire Laddies" in 1841 at Barren Island, near Sheepshead Bay, and now located at Bay Shore, Long Island. It owns thirteen buildings, and has seventy members, but in earlier days the founders used to do their own cooking, just as camping parties in the Adirondacks and elsewhere sometimes do now. The president is that well known "fire laddie" Mr. JAMES F. WEEKS, a brave engineer of the Old Volunteer Fire Department, who neither drinks nor smokes. The club offers the best hotel accommodation to its members, and unlimited opportunities for yachting and other out-door sports.

—Mr WILSON BARRETT spoke some farewell words from the stage of the Princess's Theatre in London, before leaving that city for New York. He was going to America, he said, for the first time, but he was not going altogether among strangers, for since his intended tour had been announced he had received many kind invitations, as well as many letters from American actors and actresses, one and all of which had tendered him kind words of encouragement and sympathy. He has accepted an invitation of the Lotos Club to dinner on the 11th of October.

—The election of General MARTIN T. MCMAHON to the Presidency of the Society of the Army of the Potomac is a deserved honor. In shaun very impressively how busy death has been among the conspicuous soldiers of the war, for although the fact of having held a high military command is not an essential on an election to an honorary office like this, it usually accompanies it. During the war General MCMAHON's chief services were rendered as Chief of Staff of the Sixth Corps. In his new capacity he presided at the banquet given August 4 to the Society of the Army of the Potomac by the Pacific branch of that society. General MCMAHON's portrait was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 11, 1885, upon the occasion of his appointment as United States Marshal.

—Three years before her death, Madame SAND wrote: "My health is good. I plunge daily in the Indre, and in its icy-cold cascade my sixty-eight years of age." Her last letter was written to her Paris physician, whom she proposed to consult, saying that she wished to live longer because she felt she was still useful to her family.

—At the recent annual meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, one of the members, Mr J. FOSTER FLAGG, presented a sketch of a bridge designed by "an ordinary uneducated Mexican laborer, or peon," who, about four years ago, while acting as a ferry man, "happened to see a HARPER'S WEEKLY (probably sent to some one of our engineers), which had in it an illustration of a suspension-bridge. This was a new sight to him, and he revolved the matter over in his mind to see if he could not imitate the bridge with the materials at his command, viz. the round sticks and vines cut from the forest, and small rough-hewn sticks of timber. As a result he put up a structure closely imitating the ordinary suspension-bridge," which served very well for foot passengers, and for passing backward and forward the men and the tools used in building a railway bridge at the same site. A heavy freshet having destroyed this suspension-bridge, the same peon constructed another design as follows:

—About three years ago the writer of this paragraph saw ex-Governor TILDEN at Greystone. The statesman was sitting in an easy-chair, and an ordinary chair was placed close to it for the convenience of his visitor. The topics that engaged the conversation related exclusively to the extent of the farm, the magnificence of the view from the tower of the house, and the beauty of the "Tilden oak" near the back door. As had been the case for several years, the Governor was able to speak in a whisper only. His right hand hung useless and in a constant tremor, and one of his upper eyelids drooped so as almost to hide the eye. The house contained ninety nine rooms, but on one of them was finished or furnished in the style of modern luxury that characterizes the carved satin wood dining room of the Governor's city residence in Gramercy Park. The surroundings were akin to those of an English nobleman at his country-seat.

—Perhaps the most brilliant author in the present House of Commons is Mr JOHN MORLEY. That authors on a rule than Parliament is notorious, according to the London *Times*. Mr JUSTIN MCCARTHY, however, is a member, and his *History of Our Own Times* is, according to that journal, "by far the most successful work on history, except Mr GREEN's *Short History of England*, published since MACAULAY's." Mr JOHN LITHGOW is another member, but the authors of the first rank are very few.

—The female physician to America has successful sisters abroad. Miss DOLORES LEONARDY-CASANOVAS has received the degree of M.D. from the University of Barcelona, after eleven years of study, many prizes, and the first honors in all her examinations. She entered the university at eight, and is now nineteen.

—The magnificent palace known as Houghton Hall, in England, has come under the hammer of the auctioneer. It was thirteen years (1722-1735) in building, by Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, and the mahogany used in finishing the rooms was specially imported from Honduras. The grounds include a deer park, plantations, ponds, twenty farms, 250 cottages, and half a dozen manors, the whole embracing an extent of 17,000 acres. The most eminent painters and sculptors of the day contributed to the adornment of the palace. As the highest bid offered for the Hall and 10,564 acres of ground was $1,000,000, no sale was made. The Hall alone was said to have cost $2,250,000.

—One of our Chicago contemporaries announces that "poor WILL CARLETON, the author of 'Betsy and I are Out,' 'Over the Hills to the Poor House,' and many other doleful but pathetic ditties, died some time ago." Mr CARLETON, we are glad to say, is as live a man as ever, and is summering at Nantucket. Our contemporary is right, however, in stating that "his songs made him famous," and that "his countrymen hold him in affectionate regard."

—The Paris official who acts as a broiler of plays has rejected six plays in the last sixteen years, four of them for diplomatic reasons, one for its friendliness to the Commune, and one for its immorality. The last-named was written by ZOLA.

—Mr WILLIAM MORRIS, the poet and artist, declares that when at Oxford he unlearned rather than learned anything. He studied architecture, but the drudgery of the detail work was too much for him. He took up painting, but concluded to seek distinction by applying the highest form of art to decoration. He despises the present competitive system of education, likening it to stuffing a turkey up to the point of suitability for eating.

—Long before the birth of King Solomon lived King Seti of Egypt. After the lapse of more than three thousand years his mummy has been discovered, and transferred to the museum of Boulak. He was an old man when he died, and his eyebrows are white; but his face is still smiling, delicate, and amiable, and without so well preserved that any of his contemporaries would recognize him at once were they able to recognize anything.

—Mr BEECHER's lecture at Exeter Hall on the 19th of July was not largely attended, probably because the admission fees were too high. His personal appearance reminded one of his hearers of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and his "magnificent presence, his mobility of countenance, his modulation of voice, his splendid diction, and his original thought combined to make the man much greater than the occasion."

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THE FUNERAL OF SAMUEL J TILDEN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.—From Photographs by Abbott Company, and Sketches by W. P. Snyder and L. Joutel.—[See Page 526.]

1. Leaving Greystone. 2. Mr Tilden's Birthplace. 3. At the Grave.

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# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captains of the Fleet," "So They were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER X.

### HOW JACK CAME HOME AGAIN.

And now I have to tell how Jack was joyfully restored to us. It was in sorry plight, and after many disasters and sore privations, which killed his companions, but left him—to look upon—none the worse, when he came back to good food and decent clothes again. I think that no one had ever a more wonderful story to tell, and yet there was never a worse hand at telling his adventures. Lucky it was for Ulysses, and for Æneas, that they found poets to sing their sufferings and their wanderings, for, I dare say, the former, at least, would have made a poor hand at telling them himself. A greater than Ulysses was here; and no one, until now, has ever told, save imperfectly, the story of his voyage. It will never be narrated as it ought to be, movingly, and to the life, and the sailing of the *Countess of Dorset* among the Pacific Islands, and the discoveries which she made, and the dreadful calamities which befell the ship and the crew, will no more be remembered than if she had been some poor and insignificant collier, cast away, with her crew of half a dozen men and a boy, on the Goodwin Sands.

It is also a strange circumstance that his life should have been saved by the man who, man and boy, was his steady and constant enemy. Nay, as you will see in the sequel, his life was once more saved by the same hand—a thing which clearly shows the hand of Providence, if it were only designed in mercy as a rebuke to the man who desired and even endeavored to compass the death of his enemy and rival. Yet I never heard tell that Aaron Fletcher repented of the hatred which he always bore to Jack.

One night in the month of September, and the year seventeen hundred and fifty six—a dark and cloudy night, the stars hidden and no moon, a light breeze flying, but only in puffs, and hardly enough to fill the canvas, and a cutt and sinking rain falling—a small vessel, rigged with foresail, spritsail, main-sail, and top-sail, was slowly making her way across the German Ocean. Her name was the *Willing Maid*, of Shoreness; she was manned by a crew of five, two more than are generally taken on board a fishing-craft of her di-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1061.

FRANZ LISZT.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

"HE CAUGHT THE GIRL BY BOTH HANDS, AND RENT OVER HER."

mensions. Of these men, the skipper sat in the stern, the tiller in his hand, two were lying asleep beside the skipper, covered with a tarpaulin, and two were in the bows keeping watch. She carried no light, but she was sailing well north of the track of outward bound vessels, and was in this time too close to the Essex coast to fear being run down by colliers. Perhaps the watch was on the lookout for lights on the coast, or for a King's revenue-cutter, of which there are many along the east coast, and they greatly molest this kind of craft, overhauling them suspiciously, and searching for brandy and the like, impressing the honest fishermen on board, and sometimes even impressing them, taking them before a magistrate, and bringing them to trial; and even, if they show much resistance, hanging them, and by their very appearance always obliging the crew to throw overboard, if they have time, the whole of their cargo. It generally consists of a strange kind of fish, in the shape of kegs, casks, and jars, with bungs and corks in their mouths. Perhaps the *Willing Maid* showed no light because the skipper and his crew dreaded being captured by a French privateer; for we were again at war with France, and the Channel was crowded with these hornets, though, as a rule, they hardly ventured north of the Goodwin Sands, or off the Nore.

The boat slipped through the water slowly and silently, save for a gentle ripple in the bows. There was little way on her, but she kept moving.

"I take it," said the skipper, grumbling, "that it is already past midnight; we ought to have made Shoeburyness by now. In three hours it will be daylight, and perhaps the dogs open us—and with such a cargo!"

"The breeze will freshen with the dawn, master," said one of the men in the bow.

"And then it may be too late. And we haven't had such a cargo for a twelvemonth. What is that off the starboard bow?"

"It looks like a buoy. But it can't be a buoy!" It was a black object, indistinct as yet, but they were nearing it. Presently a hoarse cry of "Sail ahoy!" came across the water. It was repeated twice.

"It is a boat, with four men in her," said the watch, making her out. "A little dingy she is. Now what the plague is she doing out here?"

"Sail ahoy!" came across the water again. And now they could distinguish the figures of three or four men standing up in the boat.

The skipper cursed and swore, and put up his helm.

"Sail ahoy! In Jesus' name! We are sinking!" cried the men.

The skipper cursed and swore again, louder and deeper; but he altered his course, and bore down upon the boat.

There were five men in her, but one of them lay in the stern with his head upon his arms, motionless. The boat had neither oars, mast, nor sails; she was half full of water, and the men were bailing her with their hats.

"For God's sake, take us aboard!" they cried. "It is as much as we can do to keep afloat, and we are starving!"

"Who are you?" asked the skipper.

"We have broke from a French prison," they told him; "and four days out, and nothing to eat."

Still the skipper hesitated.

"Cap'n," said one of the men, "we can guess pretty easy who you are and what is your business. That is nothing to us. Take us on board. You shan't regret it. Only take us on board and give us something to eat, and set us ashore on English soil; and if you were laden with all the brandy there is in the world, you should never be sorry for coming to our help."

The skipper cursed them again for interrupting his run. But it would have been the most shocking inhumanity to refuse; therefore, with a bad grace, and sulkily, he ordered them to get on board as quickly as they could. This they did; but they had to help the man in the stern, because he had got an open wound in his head and had lost much blood, besides being nearly starved. So they lifted him in and laid him on a tarpaulin, and cast off their crazy little boat, and the smack went on her course again.

Then the skipper, who was not wanting in generosity, though he cursed them for stopping him, pulled out of the locker such provisions as might

be expected in such a craft—consisting only of bread, mouldy Dutch cheese, and some onions. But, Lord! if those had been the greatest delicacies ever set before an Alderman, the men would not have devoured the food more greedily, even the wounded man lifting his head and eating ravenously. When there was nothing at all left to be eaten, the skipper passed round a bottle of brandy and a pannikin, which were received with heartfelt gratitude too deep for power of speech. For cold and starving men, bread and cheese and onions make a banquet; but brandy in addition—oh! 'twas too much!

When they had eaten up everything, therefore, and drunk as much brandy as their rescuer would give them, they began, as sailors will, through a spokesman, to relate their story. Everybody knows that at the outbreak of the war the French fleet put as many privateers to sea, and we had so few, that there was nothing but the capture of English merchantmen going up and down the Channel, and the French prisons were soon choked with poor devils laid up by the heels, and waiting for a general exchange, or for the close of the war, to be released. Three of the men had been taken by a privateer out of a West Indiaman, and conveyed with others up the country to a place called St. Omer, which is a fortified town some twenty miles from Dunquerque, and about the same distance from Calais, and were then clapped into prison in the citadel, or the barracks, or the town jail, I know not which. Wherever it was, they found there, among the other prisoners, the man who lay wounded on the tarpaulin, not able to sit up, and saying nothing. And he it was, they said, who had devised the plan of their escape. There were a dozen more who were in the plot, and should have made the attempt, but at the last moment they lost heart, as always happens in an adventure so desperate, and remained behind. As things turned out, it was lucky that there were so more of them, because there was certainly no room for any more in their rickety little boat.

I do not rightly understand how the escape was effected, because in the subject of fortification I am ignorant, though Jack hath often endeavored to explain to me the nature of scarp, counterscarp, bastion, and so forth. However, they surmounted all these difficulties, and in the dead of night they found themselves on the right side of the ramparts—that is, on the outside—and with open country all round them. Then, steering by the stars, they made due north. Before they got half-way on their journey they were surprised by dawn, and forced to seek a hiding-place, which they found in a wood at couple beside a river, where the shelter was good, though the lying ans wet and swampy. Here they stayed all day, with nothing to eat except a few berries, then happily ripe. At nightfall they started again, and, as they judged, soon after midnight found themselves on a sandy coast somewhere between Calais and Dunquerque, near a place called Gravelines. But there was no boat on this open and deserted coast, and they wandered up and down for a long time seeking for one, and fearing lest they might again have to seek a night's shelter. When, at last, they found one, it was hauled up high and dry on the sand. This would have mattered little, but, unluckily, her owner, or a man who believed him her owner, was sleeping on the sand beside her. There was no choice, but they must needs have her, and while they dragged her down to the sea, the Frenchman woke up, and perceiving that he was being robbed of his boat, he lugged out a knife and made at them, and before he could be fairly knocked on the head, gave their leader a desperate cut across the face, from which he lost a great deal of blood and was much weakened. They got him safely into the boat, however, though he was fainting from the wound, and so put to sea, and hoped to be able to row across the Channel, if they should have the good luck to escape the privateers, and make the port of Dover on night or ten hours, or perhaps they might be picked up by some English ship, if they were lucky. They had neither meat nor oil in the boat, and there were no provisions in it of any kind. Also, as they quickly discovered, she very soon sprung a leak, and had to be baled not continually. They rowed on, however, taking turns, for three or four hours. Then a most unfortunate thing happened. For while two of them were rowing lustily, in their eagerness to lose no time, and to get across and land on English soil again, and the rest being not only small but old and rotten, they both snapped short off close to the rowlock at the same time. This accident dashed all their hopes, for though they tore up two of the boat's planks, thinking to row with them, it was slow work; then they tried to make a sail with a shirt and one of these planks, there being a light breeze from the south-west, and they got, as they supposed, into the current. They were carried certainly, as they discovered at daybreak, out of sight of the French coast, but also, which was another misfortune, outside the track of ships, and so, though they saw many sail in the distance, they passed none near enough to be picked up, and in this miserable condition tossed and drifted for four days and four nights, and were now sullenly spent, and the leak in the boat growing every moment worse, so that she threatened to fill with water and to sink under them unless they baled continually.

"It's may guessing," they repeated, after they had told their story, "what you've got on board; that's no concern of ours. Only you put us ashore. Without making bold to inquire further, tell us where we are, and how far from shore."

"As to where we are," said the skipper, "the night is dark, and I don't rightly know. But to the best of my guessing, we are not far from Shoeburyness, which should lay right ahead; but the shore is low, and difficult to make out."

"Mate," said the spokesman, "land us as far from any port as you can. I guess the press is hot up the river."

The skipper said that there was a very hot press; that, as to himself, he was going to land at Shoeburyness, where he could put them ashore and they could then shift for themselves, and make their way inland, if so is they had friends anywhere.

"As for this poor fellow," said the man, pointing to the one who was lying down, "he says he's an officer, though he doesn't look like one in those rags of his. So he's got nothing to fear from a press. Don't put him ashore, skipper. Take him to some place where he will get his wound dressed. If what he says is true, he will be able to pay you for the service."

"I will take him," said the skipper, "to Gravesend. That is all I can do for him. After that he must shift for himself."

Shortly after this, and before daybreak, they made the land between the village of Southend and Shoeburyness. Here they landed the four men, who, with many tears of gratitude, expressed in sailor like fashion—namely, with appeals to the Divine Power to bless them and sink them if they ever forgot this service—quickly vanished inland. It matters nothing what became of these poor fellows, but intelligence came from Maldon shortly afterward that a gang of four men, dressed like sailors, had been apprehended stealing a sheep. They made a desperate fight, and one of the posse comitatus was dangerously wounded. In the end they were overpowered, and taken to Chelmsford Jail, where in due course they were all hanged. If these were the men landed from the *Willing Maid*, the poor wretches had better have remained in their prison at St. Omer, where, at least, they were living a life of innocency, although half starved with their meagre soup and sour bread. But perhaps the men who sure hanged were another gang.

Now, as regards the cargo of the *Willing Maid*—I mean that load of fish, all with corks and bungs in their mouths—it would be a shame for me to disclose where it was landed, and by whom it was received, though one may know very well. I am not a spy and an informer; the revenue officers may find out for themselves the secrets of the trade which they have to stop, if they can. I say not whether it is such a trade as a person of tender conscience may undertake, but, at least, this much may be said for it—that those who practise it know beforehand the risks they run, and the punishment which awaits them if they are captured.

Enough to say that the landing was successful, and that about noon that day the *Willing Maid*, now in ballast, was running up the Thames with full sail, wind and tide favorable, bound for Gravesend, and the wounded man was so far recovered that he was now sitting up and looking about him. He was a wild creature to look at, being, to begin with, horribly thin, as if he had had no food for months; he had suffered his beard to grow, and it now covered his whole face, so that he looked like a Turk, with his hair long and uncombed; his head was bound up with a dirty and bloody clout, which had one end, there was blood upon his cheek. Presently, while he looked about him with lack lustre gaze, the pain of his wound being great, his eye fell upon the skipper, and he started and became suddenly alive and alert.

"Aaron Fletcher, by the Lord!" he cried.

"That is my name," replied the skipper. "I am not ashamed of it. But I don't know you, mate."

"You have forgotten me, Aaron. If you had known me, you would have been all the more anxious to save my life. Of that I am well assured. We should have foundered in five minutes. As for me, I cared nothing whether we sank or swam. All is one to a starving man. Give me another tot of brandy, Aaron. Don't you recognise me now?"

"Man, I never clapped eyes on you before in my knowledge. But since you know my name, and therefore, likely, where I live, so that you might do mischief, let me tell you"—here he repeated an emphasized the assurance by a dozen or two of round oaths, such as he and his kind have always ready to hand for all purposes—"that if you are going to turn informer, after all you have seen, it would be better for you if we had thrown you overboard at once with a shot at your heels. One or other of us, my lad, will have your blood."

The other men of the crew murmured approval of this sentiment with additions of their own invention, about cutting the weasand, breaking bones and limbs, gouging out eyes, and so forth.

"The same old Aaron," said the man. "Why, you have not changed, save that you are stouter and bigger. The same sweet and unsuspicious temper. I wonder if there is another such trust in arms for as both as we had when last we met?"

"Who the devil are you?" asked Aaron, sterling, partly because the man knew him, and because on ragged a fellow should talk with such boldness. But as yet quite amazedly.

"That, my friend, if you cannot guess, I shall not tell you. As for your kegs, fine not. I care nothing about they were bestowed, nor to whom they were consigned, nor where they came from. So far as I am concerned, you are safe. Besides, you have saved my life. This cut in the head, d'ye see, cost me so much blood that I do not think I could have endured another night of starvation. Why, man, I have had no five for weeks with nothing but a taste now and again, when the chance came, of putrid rum or rotten fish! I'm downright tired of starving."

"Who can you, then?" Aaron looked at him hard, but could make nothing of him.

Yet it was strange that he did not begin to suspect. This, I take it, was because, like everybody else, he had quite made up his mind that Jack was long since dead, and so he was gone clean out of his mind. This is so when a man is dead. His fore goes out of our mind because we never think to meet him again.

"Well," he said at length, "it don't signify a button who you are. You've got nothing against me, even should you lay information. But you're down on your luck, whoever you be. And you've the cut of a sailor about you. Wherefore, mate, take my advice and keep well in shore, for the press is hot all the way from Margate to Chelsea, and wounded or not, they'll have you if they can, and three dozen or more for skulking, if you run not fit for duty in four and twenty hours."

"Thank you, Aaron," the man replied, and so lay down again and went to sleep. But Aaron kept looking at him, uneasy, yet not able to remember him.

So they made their way to Gravesend, and arrived off that port in the afternoon.

"I thank you, Aaron," said the passenger, waking up and getting to his feet. "The food, and the brandy, and the sleep, have set me up again. I believe I shall be able to walk the rest of the journey. One more favor, Aaron. After saving my life it is a small thing for you to do. I am without a single penny. Lend me a shilling, which I will bring myself to the boat-house and repay you when you come home. You don't know me, Aaron? Why, man, how goes the boat building?"

Aaron produced the money, still staring with all his eyes, as the children say.

"A shilling, Aaron, is not much. If it was six years ago, I should say we could fight for it." So he dashed back the hair that hung about his face, and looked Aaron full in the face with a laugh.

"Good Lord!" cried Aaron. "It's Jack Eastchenck!"

"Mr. Eastchenck, to dog. I am in rags, but I am a King's officer still, and you run nothing half a common smuggler."

"It's Mr. Jack Eastchenck," Aaron repeated. "He's come back again!"

"As for this shilling, Aaron, shall we fight for it now?"

"But— Oh Lord! How in the world did you get in such rags on this? And where's the *Countess of Dorset*?"

"As for the rags, where I got them was in the Isle of Chiloe, off the Patagonian coast, and if I had not got them I should have come home as naked as Adam in his innocency. And as for the *Countess of Dorset*, her timbers are where I put my rags, on the coast of South America, and her crew are mostly beside her timbers, such parts of them, that is, as the crabs have not been able to devour."

"Oh Lord!" Aaron gaped as if at a ghost, and could say no more.

"Do they think me dead, Aaron?"

"All of them—except, I'm told, Mr. Benjee."

"Oh! And the Admiral?"

"It isn't for the likes of me to know what his honor thinks, sir," said Aaron. "But he's been going heavy for a good time past, and they do say as how he frets more than a bit about your drowning."

Jack was silent for a bit.

"And Bess Westmoreland?" he asked.

"What has she got to think about you for? You are a gentleman, though in rags at this present moment. As for Bess, she is but the daughter of a Penman. She belongs to the likes of us, not to gentleman officers."

"She must be grown a big girl now. Well, Aaron, and Mr Benjee?"

"He's a devil. He's worse than ever. He gave Laura Pegg, of Anchor Alley, the rheumatics last a week, and threatens her with worse for rope-end-in' that girl of hers. He's a devil! and never a day older since your honor went away."

"So, Aaron, you have saved my life, though you did not intend it. Yet I take it kindly. I do not think you would have suffered your old townsman and your old crony, whom you used to fight whenever you met him, to drown, if you had known who was in the boat."

"I would not, sir," said Aaron, stoutly. "Yet, to tell the truth, I'd as lief you were at the bottom of the sea, in Davy's locker, where we all thought you were, and where you ought to be by rights, your ship and the crew all being there except you."

"Give me thy hand, Aaron."

So they shook hands.

"As for the shilling, sir," said Aaron, "let me make it a guinea; and if your honor will let me pay for a decent suit of clothes, or shoes, or boots—"

"Nay, Aaron. As you found me, so shall thou find me. The shilling will be enough to pay for all I want; and I have gone so long barefooted that my feet are as hard as leather, and feel not the road. As for the shilling, we will, perhaps, fight for it. But not yet. You would not, I am sure, being so honorable man, wish me to fight until I have recovered my strength. Farewell, Aaron."

So he stepped ashore, and with such lightness of step as reminded Aaron of the old days when Jack stepped down the street in his midshipman's uniform, free and careless. He was light of step because of the joy of returning home, yet he was still somewhat dizzy and weak. However, he had a shilling to pay for supper, and he had but twenty miles to walk, or thereabouts—a short distance for those who are strong and well, but a long journey to be done on foot by a man with an open wound on his forehead, and half starved to boot, so that it is not surprising that he did not reach Deptford till noon next day.

The next day was Sunday.

At half past twelve the Vicar of St. Paul's Solibed a most learned discourse upon certain philosophical systems of the Phœnicians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, and the Egyptians, deducing Christian truths, by the method known as analogy, from each. Castilla, I remember, sat with folded hands, and eyes fixed upon the preacher, as if he understood every word. And the Admiral slept. The poorer part of the congregation behaved after their kind; that is to say, the men slept, the women sat perfectly still, and the boys fidgeted. When one became too noisy, he was taken out by the beadle and sained in the churchyard among the tombs, the other boys all listening, and counting the strokes, as if the number administered was in itself a fine moral lesson. (The same thing may be observed both in the Army and the Navy.) When I read that the Pupils attach a particular merit to mere attendance or presence during the performance of their mass, I cannot but think that the same indulgence might be extended to our poor ignorant rustics and servants for their patient attendance at the sermons of which they understand nothing.

When morning service was ended, the Vicar came down from the pulpit and walked into the vestry, preceded by the beadle carrying his stick of office, and followed by the clerk. Then the people all stood up in respect to the Quality, who led the way out of the church. First there walked down the aisle the Admiral, his wig that morning combed, curled, and powdered, and with him his lady in hoop and satin, and his daughter Castilla in hoop and garnet, very beautiful to behold. After them came Mr Pett, the shipbuilder, with his wife and family; Mr Underhill, the retired purser, who was a bachelor; Mr Mostyn, the Cocket-writer of the Customs; Mr Sheinecke with his family, and others who lived in the genteel houses beside the Bridge, and with them I walked down the aisle, though only a painter, and an apprentice at that. When we had passed down the aisle, and conversed for a few minutes, standing on the great stone terrace which makes St Paul's Church so stately, we separated, some taking the pathway through the church-yard to the right into Church Lane, and others to the left into Bridge Street. I walked beside Castilla, who carried her Book of Common Prayer and was silent, doubtless meditating on the spiritual truths of the Vicar's sermon. Behind us came three out of the Admiral's four negroes, and Philadelphia, splendid in her red silk handkerchief and a blue spotted frock. And after us came the common sort, flocking out together, the boys, for their part, glad that the sermon was finished, and all of them longing for the Sunday's beef and pudding. The poor do certainly exercise the virtue of patience more than the rich, especially at a sermon, of which, when a learned Divine like my father preaches it, they care understand not one word. So that one may forgive them for the unrestrained joy which, on every Sunday, the faces in the aisle also manifest at the conclusion of the discourse, not only of the boys and girls, but of the grown-up people as well. Among those who followed after the better sort were Mr Westmoreland, the Penman, and his daughter—he bent and feeble, round shouldered and much, leaning on his stick, and by his side Bess, tall and upright as a lance, dressed somewhat finer than those of her condition are wont to go, and holding her head in the air as if she was a queen. Strange that her father should be so meek and humble, and that no learning of the catechism could teach Bess meekness in humility. There is, I now understand, a certain quality in beauty which prevents its owner from lowliness, however humble be her station. The young fellows looked after Bess as she came forth from the church; but the regarded them with proud eyes, and passed on disdainful, as if she was too high and good for any of them. Therefore they followed after the other girls, who were as willing as Bess was proud, and perhaps, in these honest fellows' eyes, not much less beautiful.

Just opposite the church-yard gate, close to the principal entrance of Trinity Hospital, we observed, as we passed into Church Lane and turned to the right, a fellow leaning against the posts. He was tall and big limbed, but thin and wasted, as if he had been suffering from some disease or dreadful privations. One could very well see that he was a sailor, though in his dress, such as it was, there was little to show it. He wore a common sailor's petticoat or slops; he had a ragged wide-coat, buttoned up to the neck, because he had neither rider nor cravat; he was bareheaded and barefooted, his hair was long and matted, round his forehead was tied a dirty clout or handkerchief, red with streaks of blood, on that he seemed to have but one eye.

As we came out of the church-yard I caught sight of him, and thought, naturally, how he would look if he were drawn just as in those rags, and put into a picture, making one of a group. And I saw, but suspected nothing—how could an be all so foolish and blind as not to see, with half an eye, who it was?—how he started when we came forth from the church-yard, and made as if he would move toward us, perhaps to beg, but checked himself, and waited where he was.

But the Admiral stopped, and surveyed him leisurely from head to foot. Then he lugged out his purse and found a shilling, which he bestowed upon the man.

"My lad," he said, "thou art a sailor, and thou hast fallen among thieves, belike. I will not ask where thy wound was gotten, nor in what company; nor how thou art in such ragged plight. Take this money. Go into dock and refit. When this is spent, come to me for another. And when all is said again, volunteer and serve the King, and an heap out of mischief."

He shook his gold stick with admonition, and stamped away. But the man took the coin and held it in his hand, whether saying a word of thanks, I still watching him in my foolish way, because as picturesque a rogue had I never seen, most of our ragged vagabonds spoiling their beauty, as to speak, by going in an old wig torn in half, burned, uncombed, and dirty, that hath, perhaps, been used by a chimney-sweep to rub the shoes in his trade. There is no picturesqueness possible to an old wig. Yet I was not so stupid but I saw in the man's eye a look which was both

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wistful and sorrowful, though I did not then interpret it in that manner.

As the Admiral went on, followed by his good lady, who held her skirts in her hand, and stared at the man to her turn, as ladies sometimes look at such poor o ratches—namely, as if they were o different clay, and had another kind of Adam for their father. But one must not expect a gentlewoman such as the Admiral's lady (the a na by birth distantly connected with the Right Honorable the Earl of Bute, and a Scotswoman) to understand how, beneath the most rugged exterior, there may be found admirable qualities of courage and fidelity. So she gazed upon him, turned her head, and went her way after the Admiral. After her came Castilla. "Poor man!" she said, in her sweet way, "I would I had some money to give thee, but I have none. Truly thou art to be pitied. I wish thee better fortune and o ship."

She had been taught by her father, and fully believed it, that the only place o here these rough turpaulins were happy and out of mischief was on board ship. Seeing that they are so often drunk and fighting and in trouble on shore, perhaps she was right. But then ashore there is no bo'n, and there is no cat-o'-nine-tails, save for pickpockets. So she looked at him compassionately, and he moved his lips as if he would have spoken, but did not. And so she passed on her way.

Then came I myself. I said nothing, but he looked at me with o kind of sorrowful wonder. I remembered directly afterward what that eye of his said as plain as it could speak, but at the moment f was deaf to its voice, and blind and stupid, thinking only of o bundle of rags on a tall figure, and how the man and the rags would look in a picture. After ourselves came the negroes and Philadelphy. The man rolled their eyes at this poor fellow with the contempt that a fat and well-fed negro always feels, forgetful of his skin, for a starving white man, and if their master had been out of hearing they would have laughed aloud, and even rolled on the ground, in the enjoyment of his suffering. Nothing makes o negro laugh more joyfully than to see somebody hurt. That is, perhaps, why some of their kings celebrate their most jovial festivals with horrid murders and rivers of blood. Philadelphy followed her young mistress, and had no eyes for any one else, being, though o witch and o sorceress, and an Obeah woman, faithful to Miss Castilla.

When we had passed, the Vicar came out of the vestry, and as into Church Lane.

"Why, my friend," he said, stopping to contemplate the scarecrow, "where hast thou gotten these rags and thus wounded?"

"I have escaped, sir, from a French prison, and has received a hurt on the forehead."

Something in his manner touched the Vicar.

"Are you o common sailor?" he asked.

"Do I look like aught else, sir? Heard one ever of an officer in such rags as mine?"

"Yet you speak like an educated man. And your voice seems familiar to me. Follow me to the vicarage, my poor man, where you shall have o plate of victuals and a tankard of ale, and we will see what can be done to replace some of these rags, which are not proper for a Christian man and an honest man to wear."

"How doth your reverence know that I am an honest man?"

"Nay, that I know not, and there are many rogues abroad. But is it not for me—God forbid!—to attempt to separate the sheep from the goats. Therefore, sheep as goat, follow me and be welcome, in the name of our Saviour."

The Vicar left him, and he turned and would have followed, but for one thing.

We who were a few yards in advance, unthinking and unsuspecting, heard a cry o hich stopped the very beating of our hearts.

The cry was from Bess Westmoreland.

She too saw the ragged tailor o hen she passed through the church yard gate. But she did not, like the rest of us, pass on and think no more. She suddenly broke from her father, pushed the crowd o way to right and left, and fell on her knees upon the muddy ground, catching the man by both hands, like a mad thing, and crying:

"Oh, Jack! Jack! Jack! He is home again! Jack Easterbrook has come home again!"

Then, as we crowded round, we saw the tears run down his face. It was the first time and the last that ever any man saw Jack weep; yet he had plenty to cry for, both before this and after. He caught the girl by both hands, and bent over her, saving, as we all heard:

"Oh, Bess, Bess, none of them remembered me—not even Luke; none of them thought of me! But you remembered me, Bess! Oh, Bess! you remembered me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ABBÉ LISZT.

DEATH, who loves a shining mark, may be satisfied o ith his stroke at FRANZ LISZT. LISZT o as one of the few foremost figures of the world, and in o peculiar manner striking and picturesque, attracting attention from far beyond the range of those who were much concerned with the special manifestations of his genius. Moreover, he had been for so long famous as to seem to this generation almost immortal. By the force of his seventy-five years simply told, LISZT was no aged man, but his public life began so early that the term of his reputation bore no common proportion to his years; o man who began to be famous o hen GEORGE the Fourth began to reign, is far past seventy-five by all ways of reckoning except the calendar.

Probably the secret of LISZT's peculiar attractiveness, apart from the power of his musical genius, was the compositeness of his character, some features of which may appear from a brief outline of his life. Born in HUNGARY in 1811, of a family of good lineage, though no longer of easy fortune, his precocious musical genius showed itself in a way no less marked than MOZART's. He received formal instruction at the age of six, and at nine years old made his first public appearance. A second concert resulted in the provision, by several Hungarian noblemen, of an income for FRANZ of six hundred florins annually for six years, which made it possible for him to go to VIENNA and study under CZERNY and SALIERI. It was here that BEETHOVEN, after much urgency, attended one of LISZT's concerts, and gave him the historic kiss. Already several characteristics are to be noted. LISZT's life as a little child was wholly concentrated in religion and music. Under CZERNY he manifested the utmost disinclination to all mechanical formality. Of a concert of December 1, 1822, a contemporary account said: "It was really fine to see the little Hercules under BEETHOVEN's Andante from the Symphony in A, and the theme of a Cantilena from ROSSINI's *Zelmira*, and hear them, so to speak, into one paste. *Est deus in nobis.*" An appearance of such promise was auspicious. SCHOPPLER had just written, "The pianists of our time lose more and more the taste for what is good."

At the age of eleven, LISZT's father took him to PARIS. The rules of the Conservatoire would not allow the admission of a foreigner, precisely as happened with VERDI at MILAN eleven years later. This fostered the beginning of a series of successful concerts in PARIS, LONDON, and other cities. The father died in 1827, and LISZT brought his mother to PARIS, there beginning his own unaided career. Shortly before his father's death he had earnestly asked to be allowed to become a priest, but the paternal advice determined his resolution otherwise. Extraordinary artistic and social success marked these early days in PARIS.

At seventeen came LISZT's first love (the Countess PAL CARVAJ), and no enforced renunciation, on account of difference in rank, followed by a revival of inclination toward the priesthood, which this time was checked by his mother. After this came an illness so serious that the account of his death was everywhere believed. The shop windows displayed his portraits, with dates of his birth and death, and *L'Etoile* published an obituary notice which said, with accurate judgment, that, had he lived, "no doubt he would have opened a new spring of musical impulse and joy." Convalescence led to a period of intellectual ferment and artistic activity, and the excitement of the Revolution. In 1830 LISZT came under the influence of the St. Simonians, and had renewed thought of the priestly dignity, as conceived by them, but a strong counter-influence deterred him; PAGANINI appeared, and the ideas which the St. Simonians had excited took an artistic form. This is estimated in the essay dedicated ten years later to PAGANINI, when LISZT asks, "What is genius else than a prestle power, revealing itself to the human soul?" The priestly idea never utterly forsook him. In Roth expression in the words of LAMARTINE, prefixed to the *Pensée des Morts*, "They seek in themselves, and in the creation which surrounds them, steps to mount to God, expressions and images to reveal Him to themselves, to reveal themselves to Him. May f be able to offer them such?" LISZT became abbé in 1865.

In the thirty years before that time he had passed under the influence of BERLIOZ, CHOPIN, LAMENNAIS, had been part of the most brilliant circles of PARIS, a disciple of "le Bohème," a chief of Romanticists. His ten years' connection with the Comtesse d'AGOULT, the mother of his three children, ended in 1844. The three years following, given to the life of a virtuoso, were filled with unparalleled triumphs. Apparently weary of success, he settled at WEIMAR as director in the year 1847, where he remained till 1861, devoting himself to the protection of young and deserving artists, to bringing out modern works, especially such as could not elsewhere find a hearing; in short, to the development of music, and, not least, by producing his series of superb symphonic poems. After 1861 LISZT lived alternately at ROME, at PESTH, and lately again at WEIMAR. Charity has been almost the sole motive of his rare public appearances during recent years. He visited LONDON last spring, and was the chief attraction of society during the "season." He died at midnight of July 31, near the house of his widowed daughter COSIMA, in BAYREUTH, whither he had gone to attend the festival performance of the works of RICHARD WAGNER.

The sum of LISZT's performance, invention, and achievement is enormous. The present condition of music would have been far otherwise if he had rendered no service but the encouragement which he gave to others. But in his own person he was the first of all pianists; he extended the resources of the instrument, and revolutionized the new manner of writing for it. His orchestral treatment of the piano-forte led naturally to his becoming a virtuoso of the orchestra, for which he created a new form, free from the trammels of the schools, putting in full action his childish innate impatience of all that was purely formal in music, and producing compositions in which the method of development according to the idea is employed, instead of the principle of artificial change and contrast. He brightened and refreshed music by the introduction of the characteristic and valuable Hungarian element. He modified church music, and gave it o fresh stimulus. For any of these works a man of genius was necessary. How great a genius was required for all of them the world does not yet fully know.

A faint consolation for the loss of such a man is the reflection that his greatness may appear more clearly after he has gone, since the death of a creator revives and quickens interest in the study of his works. And though the works of LISZT, chiefly through the labors of Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, are already better known and understood in AMERICA than in many countries of older civilization, yet in AMERICA we need a LISZT revival.

JAMES E. LEGRAND.

## FIRES ON THE PRAIRIE.

AFTERWARD the wide West is very much more thickly settled than it was in the days of those pioneers whose tales of hair-breadth escapes from Indian and half-travelling prairie fires have found their way into the literature of this country, and although the broad plains are year by year coming more and more under the subjection and into the possession of settlers, the prairie fire is by no means altogether a thing of the past. Its disastrous effects are of course much greater, now that civilization has encroached upon its territory, than they were when tracks of fire miles in width could sweep across vast sections of the country with only the natural grass of the prairie to feed upon, and with only the lives of buffalos, prairie-dogs, and a few frontiersmen to be imperilled by the conflagration. Despatches from Pierre, Dakota, give the news of a terrific prairie fire which has recently been raging in the vicinity of Forrest City, Potter County, in that Territory. The fire, which stretched for twenty miles along the Missouri bottom lands, destroyed an immense amount of farm property. Hundreds of farmers were left destitute by its ravages, and the men of Forrest City had a narrow escape from destruction. There have also been this season several smaller but less disastrous prairie fires in Colorado and other parts of the West, owing to the extreme and unusual dryness of early summer. The origin of these conflagrations is seldom discovered, and, as they gain headway rapidly, their extinguishment by human hands is almost impossible.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THESE are great times for the celebration of anniversaries. Heidelberg has just been celebrating her five-hundredth birthday, and Harvard only a short time before expressed her joy at having reached half that age. The jubilations of American towns at having reached one age or another follow one another with great frequency. In the circumstances it seems a little cold and heartless that mankind should overlook the five-hundredth anniversary of the invention of the art of curing herrings. The *Strelmander Zeitung* calls attention to the fact that this art was discovered by the Bohemian Wilhelm Buckbold, of Biervliet, in the Netherlands, in the year of the foundation of the University of Heidelberg.

Facts occasionally come to light which make it apparent that it is folly to tamper seriously with an Indian tribe. It is reported that Ona-Ma-Dah-Ha-Na, a Mojave Indian medicine man, has been clubbed to death, beheaded, and cremated for allowing too many of his patients to die.

German professors are discussing the subject of beer-drinking among the students. To say one who is familiar with the ways of students in German universities it will seem reasonable to say that if the professors allow their discussion to assume anything like the proportions of the habit discussed, it will become a tremendous discussion. Beer with the German students is a trusted familiar, of which they have no more suspicion than the American undergraduate has of cigarettes or base-ball. The first beer of the day is called the *Frühschoppen*; an hour or two later there is beer with dinner; after a walk or after nine-pins there is beer; cards are played, with beer for a stake; an student sits at a concert without plenty of beer; beer goes with the baked goose for supper; and after supper there is the *Kneipe*, which means as much beer that a chronicler would not be believed if he were to venture to say how much.

Among others who have taken part in this interesting discussion is Dr Georges Blondel, a French scholar and a lecturer upon law at Lyons. Dr Blondel has written a pamphlet, in which he declares that the devotion of German students—and particularly students of law—to their beer amounts to dissipation and laziness; and Professor Schmoller, of Germany, praises the pamphlet, and says that there exists undoubtedly in the German universities, "side by side with the highest culture and the greatest moral efforts, a relic of mediæval coarseness and barbarism." Professor Schmoller thinks that the attendance of students at lectures should be noted, and the facts reported to parents and guardians. Heretofore the university student has been, and is still, rather more of a free agent than anybody else in the community. He is kept in control almost solely by the examination which awaits the conclusion of his course of studies. He knows there is no fooling with that. If he wants to pass it, he has got to work, and he does want to pass it, for the reason that it is frightfully unpleasant for a German student to fail in such a matter. There is nobody to interfere with any disposition he may have, unless it should be a disposition to break street lamps. The idea has been to make him rule himself, and if the faculty ever times come to supervise his beer-drinking, and to count the times that he enters a lecture-room, it will be a revolution indeed.

A German observer of nature says that persons who think they see thunder-storms going on down below them are the victims of an optical delusion. He refers to those persons who declare that they have seen such phenomena among the mountains. Observations made by him among the Alps have convinced him that the lowest station of clouds in a thunder-storm is never less than 4200 feet above the earth, and that generally it is 7000 feet up. This might be reasoning to nervous people who fear that they and thunder-storms are likely to come in contact, were it not for the fact that the most terrible parts of these storms notoriously come as low down as church steeples and persons standing in open fields. Perhaps it was not cloud o itata that the mountain tourists were speaking of, but the lightnings which escaped from them, and which they observed playing far below.

It has often been said that the style of a newspaper is determined by the taste of the public to which it circulates. In Boston, according to this theory, the people want just the sort of newspapers that are printed in Boston, and in Chicago are the Chicago papers are all right. Proficient journalists, of course, know the news tastes of the various parts of the country, and mould their work according to this knowledge. In the Mohawk Valley recently a boy fell from a bridge into the water, and in noting the occurrence the local paper said that the boy fell twenty feet, the papers of this city said that he fell eighty feet, and the Western papers said that he fell one hundred and sixty feet, from which is to be inferred—under the theory that the way of the newspaper is determined by the wishes of its readers—that when a boy falls from a bridge the people of the Mohawk Valley want to know how far he really did fall, the people of New York want to be told that he fell four times the actual distance, and the Western people insist upon hearing that he fell twice as far as was reported to the New York public. It seems a pity at times that the sea-serpent, the condition of hops, and some other matters of extravagant public interest cannot be reported exclusively by the newspapers of the Mohawk Valley.

A LAW PASSED BY BOTH HOUSES AND THE PRESIDENT—THAT INTERFERES WITH SOME PEOPLE'S *BREAD*—AND *OLEOMARGARINE*.

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A PRAIRIE FIRE.—Drawn by

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## THE GOELET CUP FOR SLOOPS.

When the big Boston sloop *Puritan* won the race for the Goelet Cup at Newport during the first week of August last year, beating the *Pearella* and four other crack sloops and cutters, she gave the first indication of her intention of becoming the chosen defender of the *America's* Cup against a gallant British competitor. The conditions of that race, which was sailed over a triangular course, in more than half a gale of wind, were admirable adapted to a test of the racing abilities of the *Pearella* and *Puritan*, both of which vessels had been built expressly for the purpose of trying the international issue with the *Genesta*, and in the winning of the Goelet Sloop Cup the *Puritan* practically settled the question as to which of these yachts was to be selected for this important work. At all events, no subsequent trials proved the *Pearella's* superior fitness. There was then for the first time in the history of the annual races for the Goelet cups a greater interest in the outcome of the contest for the $500 sloop cup than in that for the $1000 cup offered as usual for schooners. The same conditions are found to be the case this year, and the beautiful cup which has been for a week or two exhibited in the windows of the Whiting Manufacturing Company, on Union Square, by which company it was made, has attracted much attention, chiefly by reason of the fact that the struggle for its possession was to bring together that superb quartette of American sloops the *Puritan*, *Pearella*, *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic*, one of which vessels will be the opponent of the newly arrived British cutter *Galatea*.

The cup, which is literally a claret tankard, and a picture of which is shown above, is a beautiful illustration of the silversmith's art. Its face represents the story of Andromeda, the figure of the female being in bas-relief. The serpent of the story, which is executed in the round, forms the handle of the cup, and the waters and weeds at the feet of the chained woman furnish a fine example of repousse chasing. It is a cup which any yachtsman might be proud to win, and happy to possess.

The Goelet Cup races for schooners and sloops were inaugurated at Newport during the summer cruise of the New York Yacht Club in 1882, and annually since that year Mr. James Goelet has appropriated $1000 and $500, respectively, for the purchase of these prize cups. The first contest occurred on August 8 of the year just mentioned. The course was from a line between Old Fort Dumplings and Fort Adams, to and around a mark boat near the buoy on the north end of Block Island. Fourteen schooners and seven sloops entered the race. The *Montauk* won the cup for schooners, closely pressed by the *Halcyon*. The *Grace* won the sloop cup. The following year (1883) the schooner cup was again taken by the *Montauk*, with the *Fortuna* second, and the *Ruth* third. The *Grace* won the cup for sloops, beating the *Mischief* and several others. In 1884, owing to light winds, the race was sailed with very little breeze. The *Grayling* won the prize in schooners by more than an hour and a half, with the *Fortuna* second, and the cutter *Redwing*, beating the *Rara* and several others, won the cup for sloops. Last year, as has been said, the *Puritan* won the sloop cup, beating the *Pearella* 11 minutes and 40 seconds. The schooner prize was taken by the *Fortuna*. This year the race was sailed August 7, over a forty-five-mile course off Newport, in a good wholesome breeze and smooth water. The cup for schooners was again won by the *Grayling*. The cup for sloops was won by the *Mayflower* in 4 hours, 31 minutes, beating the *Puritan* on corrected time 8 minutes, the *Atlantic* 25 minutes, and the *Pearella* 31 minutes.

## TOLD AT A BALL.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"She is handsome, certainly."

"How oddly you say that, as though you begrudged it to her!"

"So I do."

"Why, what has she done to you?" shrinking with a pretty affectation of terror from her companion, a lio has suddenly grown much too grave for a ball room, as he scowls at the graceful back of the lady they are discussing. "Did she break your heart, Captain Lawrence; or has she poisoned your best friend?"

"That is just what she did. I do not mean, of course, that she put poison in meat or drink for him," correcting his vehemence with a rather bitter smile, as the laughter dies out in the pretty eyes uplifted to his. "She did a thing much more safe for herself, and quite as deadly for him; she poisoned his heart and his mind—until— But it is a woman's privilege to be fickle—is it not, Miss Stuart?—and quite the man's fault if he takes her fickleness too seriously."

"I shall not resent anything you may say of women generally of Mrs. Hamilton," the girl says, gently. "You have suffered so much for your friend that you have almost a right to be unjust to the rest of us."

"Let me tell you about her, and you will realize that to are her here tonight, with everything that a vain woman can desire, from a rich husband to a dress from Worth, is enough to make me cynical even to you."

"Please tell me."

"We will go into the conservatory, then; it is quiet there, and I should be sorry, if the band were to cease suddenly, to be heard by half this crowd, tasting poor Fairfax's story, as I should be obliged to bawl it here.

"I must go back more years than I shall presently care to remember, for the time when I first knew Fairfax was when we were at West Point together—he and his sweet chum Brooke in the class next to mine. Fairfax was from my State, and our people were old friends. He was 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.' A better son, a braver soldier, a nobler fellow, than Jack Fairfax never lived. Brooke I only knew slightly, but he was handsome as a young Apollo, all I ever heard of him was to his credit, and Fairfax loved him as—as David loved Jonathan. I always use old comparisons from preference, you understand, they have all the force of long habit as well as of innate appropriateness.

"I left the Point, of course, a year before they did, and was ordered to one of those places of exile to which our government consigns her young officers, apparently to give them the fullest opportunity of rusting out the education she has just given them. The next year, by a rare stroke of luck, Fairfax joined us at Fort ——. I never knew so happy and so hopeful a fellow. No duty was too trivial to interest him, no necessity of monotonous days dull to him, for everything, little or great, was a preparation for the life before him—the life that was to be so long, so full of happiness, of work, and of success. Good heavens! when I think what that boy was and hoped to be, and of how wretchedly it all ended, I wonder that civilization is so much stronger than nature within me; that, instead of hounding that woman before her courtiers with the story of her treachery, I only abuse her to you.

"The world was a very fair place to Jack Fairfax just then, and men and women nobly made in God's image, but far above the ordinary level of humanity he always placed Fritz Brooke. He hoped to be a good and successful man himself, but he had not a doubt that Brooke would excel him. 'You may laugh at me, Lawrence,' he used to say, rather hurt at the amusement with which I received some of these eulogies. 'The world will know that fellow some day as I know him, and then even such a doubting Thomas as you are will be convinced.' He used to bore me a little with this perpetual panegyric. Not that I had anything against Brooke, but that like the Athenians, I was tired of hearing Aristides praised.

"A year passed; Fairfax got his first leave, and went home for two months, leaving such a blank behind him that we rather wondered how we had endured life before he joined. When he returned, the rumor of his engagement to Miss Chester preceded him, and I prepared myself for a new course of rapture, with the variety of having 'her' for a subject instead of 'him.' To my surprise, he talked very little about her. The newness and trust of women loved him, and was to be his wife next year, and though absence from her was hard to bear, yet a fellow so unutterably blest as he had no right to complain. That was all he said. But if he had been happy before, he was as radiant as sunshine now. Bad temper, discontent, gossip, could no more exist in his presence than fever as malaria in the sweet sunlight and fresh air of the prairies. The only shadow on his content was some slight anxiety about Brooke, from whom he had only heard indirectly for several months, as that brilliant young officer had been sent on some scientific expedition to China or Japan.

"The following spring was that of the French Exposition, and Miss Chester went to Paris with her parents. It put six months more absence between Fairfax and his 'future-love', but he abused his selfishness roundly for his disappointment. The autumn came, they returned, and, better still, Brooke crossed in the same steamer with them, for he also had been in Paris for several weeks on business of the scientific expedition. Fairfax was to see his two birds at once, and if ever I saw a man as really happy as he the night his leave came, I shall believe him what the Scotch call 'fey,' and expect some calamity to overwhelm him. The next morning he was officer of the day, and I was not surprised at hearing nothing of him, but toward evening his orderly brought me a note of two lines:

"'My engagement is at an end. Will you make this known, as I do not wish to talk about it?'

"I did what he asked me, and, to the credit of human nature, in that dull garrison, a hero every new subject was a bore, not a soul ever asked him a question or uttered a word of sympathy. He did not become cynical or have brain fever, as heroes do in novels under such circumstances. He looked rather badly, and went about his duties more quietly; that was all, except that Brooke, to my surprise, became as much a tabooed subject as Miss Chester. I was rather curious as to the cause of that silence, but decided that such a death-blow as one belief had received was quite naturally, if unjustly, rather chilling to the other. None of our officers knew Brooke, or I did not discover the real state of affairs for months.

"Fairfax gave up his leave, and the winter crept by, its usual monotony varied toward spring by rumors of Indian outrages, which increased in horror and extent, until in May, to our great pleasure, we received orders for a summer in the field against them. It was the first bit of active service that had come in Fairfax's way, as well as mine, and it roused him out of the quiet, reticent fellow he had become into something like the enthusiast we all regretted. We were to be largely reinforced before leaving Fort ——, by some regiments from other departments, and much interest was of course felt as to the strangers, or old acquaintances, who were to be such close comrades through the chances of our first Indian fighting.

"'I see we are to have Brooke with us,' I said, congratulatingly, to Fairfax one night.

"'So I hear,' he replied, so briefly and with such a change of color that for the first time a suspicion of the truth flashed upon me, and I began to divide my wrath against Miss Chester with Brooke, and to be rather anxious as to what would happen when the two men met. The night the reinforcements arrived the officers dined with all of us at the post commander's, and he, of course, introduced to each other all who were strangers. When, in taking Brooke about the room, he came to where Fairfax and I were standing, my friend said, quietly, 'I beg your pardon, colonel, but even in your house I cannot speak to Lieutenant Brooke.'

"There was a moment's silence through all the confusion of voices; everybody seemed to have heard those words, and to wait for the reply. Brooke, who had grown very pale, answered, with considerable dignity, 'Lieutenant Fairfax has reasons for his words, which, though they are unjust, I will not dispute in present.'

"The next afternoon we left the fort, and for some days the whole command kept together; but toward the latter part of the week the general decided to send a scouting party across the river along whose course we were marching. Two officers were to go with this detachment, and Fairfax and I volunteered ourselves very lucky to be chosen. We were to march after supper, but the stream being swollen by recent rains, and rising rapidly from hour to hour, as mountain torrents do, the scouts and soldiers, who were not well mounted as Fairfax and I, swam across at once, while we waited for the arrival of a courier, who was momentarily expected. He arrived while we were at supper, and immediately afterward we shook hands with our comrades, and rode down to the stream alone. On its brink, to my surprise, Brooke was waiting. He rode up to Fairfax and held out his hand.

"'Fairfax,' he said, and his voice shook like a girl's, 'you sent back my letter last year unread, and you refused to hear me last night; but for the sake of old times you must hear me now. You must'—putting his hand on Fairfax's bridle as he turned the horse's head away. 'You and I have been too much to each other, Jack, to let even the women we both love stand between us now, when any day may be our last.'

"'It is not she who stands between us, Fairfax said, bitterly, 'but your own treachery.'

"'I am no traitor!' Brooke cried, passionately. 'Before the God we may either of us have to meet at any moment I never knew of your engagement to Rose Chester until after our own engagement.'

"'You lie!' Fairfax replied, with the deadly coldness of one who had worn out all the passion he could feel. 'And you are a coward, sir, to put the blame of your own falsehood on the woman you say you love.'

"'What Miss Chester did was done at first simple from girlish desire for amusement, afterward for love of me,' Brooke answered, haughtily. 'That I endure such words as you have used must prove to you the depth of my regret for the injury which I unknowingly did you.'

"He withdrew his hand from Fairfax's bridle, and turned his horse's head toward the camp, while, without a word, we rode into the river. It had risen greatly in the last hour, and, though narrow, the current was so swift and strong that we had some trouble to get our horses across. Just as we reached the shore a noise behind made us look around. Brooke had followed us, after all, his horse had managed somehow to throw him in the water, and one, ridiculous, was swimming toward us.

"'My God!' I heard Fairfax mutter, and the next instant he had dismounted, and was pulling off his boots and coat.

"'Let him alone!' I cried, eagerly; 'he can take care of himself!'

"'He cannot swim,' he answered, shortly, and sprang into the river.

"Five minutes after, while he was swimming about where Brooke had gone down, he uttered a kind of cry and sank. Of course half a dozen of us were in the water at once, but the current was stronger than we, about swimmers though we were, and it was not until late that night that the detachment sent back by the general found the bodies, washed ashore almost side by side at a bend in the river's bank. There was a bruise on Brooke's temple, where his horse had kicked him as they struggled in the water. He must have died instantly—before Fairfax was out of his saddle. There was nothing about Fairfax to show what had caused so good a swimmer to sink so suddenly, but I— Are you one of those Christians, Miss Stuart, who think that God forbids the joy of heaven to those for whose patience the misery of earth has been too great?"

"What do you mean?" Belle Stuart asks, rather breathlessly.

"I mean that though no one else has ever suspected it, I have a conviction that Fairfax could have saved himself if he would, but that when he realized that Brooke was dead, and had died in the effort to win a word of kindness from him, the moment's despair was too strong for his endurance."

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend,'" murmurs Belle Stuart, presently, with a little sob. "He died with his friend, because he could not die for him—and those are God's words."

A little later the is waiting alone for Captain Lawrence, who, not a little remorseful for having emboldened her, has gone to bring her a glass of wine. There are tears in her eyes still, half of pity for the story she has just heard, half of joy for the story which she knows she soon will hear. There is a rustle of soft draperies, and from behind some tall plants comes the beautiful woman who had been Rose Chester. She comes close to Miss Stuart, with a look in her lovely, miserable eyes that the girl will never forget.

"You wept just now for them," she utters passionately. "It was my fault, all of it, but, oh, girl! pity me! pity me!"

Then in a moment she is gone, and through the silence throbs and thrills a "Waldteufel" waltz, with all its love and longing and despair.

NELLIE MACKTRE.

## SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

For a number of years SAMUEL JONES TILDEN, who died at his country residence of Greystone, in Yonkers, New York, on the morning of August 4, was the most conspicuous, and to the time of his decease continued to be the most influential, personage in the Democratic party of the country. He was born in New Lebanon, Columbia County, New York, on the 7th of February, 1814. his paternal grandfather, JOHN TILDEN, and his maternal grandfather, SAMUEL JONES, having come from New England to settle there some twenty-five or thirty years before. His ancestors were Puritan emigrants from Kent, who came to Massachusetts in 1634, and took part in founding the town of Scituate. TILDEN's father, ELIAS, was a prominent man in his neighborhood, and took a lively interest in matters political. He became intimate with the leaders of the New York Democracy known as the Albany Regency, and including MARTIN VAN BUREN, WILLIAM L. MARCY, SILAS WRIGHT, AZARIAH FLAGG, and EDWIN CROSWELL, the editor of the Albany *Argus*. One or another of these men was not infrequently at the TILDEN mansion in Columbia County, where SAMUEL, a fond but intellectual and meditative boy, was an eager listener to their political discussions. His early reading took a serious and thoughtful cast, and he is said to have studied with avidity the autobiography and correspondence of THOMAS JEFFERSON when a mere child, and to have spent a treasured gold piece to obtain a copy of ADAM SMITH'S *Wealth of Nations*.

As a result of his studies and his eager interest in politics, young TILDEN, in 1832, when only eighteen years of age, wrote an essay on the issues of the campaign then pending, which, by the advice of VAN BUREN, was published in the Albany *Argus* as an "address to the people of New York." Though his health was still fragile and his mind absorbed in political studies, he entered Yale College in the fall of that year, in the class of which WILLIAM M. EVARTS, Chief Justice WAITE, and EDWARDS PIERREPONT were members. He was unable to bear the strain of continuous study, and after an interval of rest he completed his academical education in the University of New York. In the financial controversies of 1836–7, though still a student in college, he took a prominent part as a contributor to the press. In 1838 he contributed materially by his personal efforts to the union of the Democratic factions of New York city, writing the resolutions and addresses of the Tammany organizations upon which harmony was secured and local success attained. A speech on "Currency, Prices, and Wages, delivered

ered at New Lebanon in 1840, attracted wide attention, and showed the strong hold of his mind for financial exposition.

After the defeat of the Democratic party in 1840, TILDEN devoted himself to the study of law in the Law School of the University of New York and the office of Judge JOHN W. EDMONDS. Notwithstanding his early mental development, his delicate physical health and his devotion to politics had prevented him from entering upon his profession until the comparatively mature age of twenty-seven. For some years longer he kept up his active part in politics, helping to establish the *Daily News* as a Democratic organ in 1844, and contributing much to its columns, and serving in the Legislature in 1846 and in the Constitutional Convention of 1846. From this time for a long series of years he devoted himself mainly to his profession, in which he won remarkable success, though rather lacking in oratorical ability, by his keen analytic powers, his mastery of details, and a genius for organization, which was displayed in connection with various corporate enterprises. The reorganization of broken-down railroad corporations was a line of business in which he laid the foundations of his ample fortune. The most prominent legal controversies with which he was conspicuously identified during this period were the famous FLAGG contested election case and the KANSAS will case. The single political episode was in 1855 when he was the defeated candidate for Attorney General of the so-called "Soft-shell" faction of his party. In 1867 he was again a member of the Convention for revising the Constitution of the State, and took a leading part in framing the provisions relating to the canal debt and to financial matters generally.

All this time, while taking no public part in politics, and seeking an office or honor for himself, he was a trusted counsellor of the Democratic leaders, and his advice had great influence with them. His increasing wealth was also at the service of his party. While he was an outspoken critic of the methods of the Republican party, he did not hesitate at the outbreak of the war and throughout the struggle to throw his influence unreservedly in favor of the cause of preserving the Union. Finally, in 1868, DEAN RICHMOND, the great Democratic organizer and manager, being dead, he consented to take the Chairmanship of the Democratic State Committee of New York. He then displayed for the first time in politics his remarkable heredity for organization. He established correspondence with local leaders and managers in every part of the State, and was able to grasp all the details of the canvass so to direct the voting power of his party with the precision of the movements of an army. The result was to carry the State of New York for SEYMOUR in spite of the strong tendency to the Republican side produced by the candidacy of General GRANT and the feelings aroused by the reconstruction controversy.

TILDEN had long watched with distrust and apprehension the growing power of the TWEED Ring in New York city, and he its members he was regarded with a sort of fear. He was not a man to cause a breach in his party by any premature contest with what he saw to be a threatening element, preferring to use it as long as it was one actually dangerous to party success, which in his mind was necessary to the triumph of good government in the long run. He tried to defeat TWEED's designs in the Legislature of 1871, but the latter by his hold upon the machinery of politics in the city and State, and by the corrupt use of money and patronage, carried all before him. When the exposure of the Ring frauds came, a few months later, Mr TILDEN saw his opportunity. It was he who secured the appointment of ANDREW H. GREEN to the office of Deputy-Comptroller under CONNOLLY, and gave him possession of the latter's office when he fled the city, thereby securing the opportunity to trace the frauds in the public accounts and in those of the Broadway Bank, through which the division of the spoils had been made. His analysis and array of the figures showing the misappropriation of public funds was the chief foundation for the evidence on which the participants in the Ring frauds were prosecuted. He took an active part in the work of the Committee of Seventy, and addressed the great meeting of November, 1871, which was at once an expression and an incitement of public sentiment for the thorough cleansing of the municipal administration. He became a candidate for the Assembly, and was elected to aid in the work of securing the impeachment of the Ring judges.

After the prolonged and arduous fight against the TWEED Ring Mr TILDEN sought rest, and spent the summer of 1875 in Europe. On his return he found a movement already on foot for making him Governor of the State, and in 1874 he consented to be a candidate. Though, two years before, the Republicans had carried the State by more than 60,000 majority, he succeeded in reversing that record. He addressed himself at once to exposing and correcting the frauds by which the work of repairing and maintaining the canals of the State by contract had been carried on. This won him his great reputation as a reform Governor, and made him the candidate of the Democratic party for President in 1876. In that year he practically guided the canvass through a bureau established in the city of New York for the collection and diffusion of political information and the dissemination of directions for the work of the campaign. The result and the contest that followed it form one of the best remembered episodes in American history. He opposed the device of an Electoral Commission for settling the dispute, claiming that no electoral vote could be counted and declared without the assent of the House of Representatives, and that in case no majority was declared for any candidate, that House should elect the President. He advocated a firm adherence to this ground, but when the Electoral Commission was created, and had decided the controversy against him, he pursued the policy of submission, though protesting that the result was a fraud upon the people.

Since this historic episode Mr TILDEN had been in gradually failing health, and so that ground refused to be a candidate in 1880, and again in 1884. Still his advice and counsel were sought and freely given in matters pertaining to the interests of his party and of the nation. While his body was enfeebled by a paralytic affection, his mind remained clear and vigorous, and his interest in public questions and movements was undiminished. He held the position of a retired and somewhat mysterious sage, whose occasional utterances were regarded with something akin to reverence by his old followers. His last years were devoted to increasing his valuable library and other treasures, to rebuilding and embellishing his fine mansion on Gramercy Park, in New York city, and in directing the care of the country places on the Hudson, which he occupied continuously and to the society of a few of his most intimate friends, his condition precluding a wider social intercourse. Mr TILDEN was never married, and left few near relatives.

## HELIOGRAPHY IN THE ARMY.

THE heliograph is an instrument for sending flashes of the sun's rays from any point to any other visible point with accuracy, and thus establishing communication. It is not a mere signal apparatus, but a complete heliographic, or, as the Greek words mean, sun writing instrument. The fact that mirrors reflect the rays of the sun with intense brightness of course has been known since their invention, but the method of reflecting those rays to a certain desired point continually and accurately is of recent discovery. The impression prevails, and among many highly educated people, that the North American Indians use mirrors to send messages. This is a great error, and very apparent to any one who will take a mirror and endeavor to throw a given number of flashes, and no more or less, upon a person one mile from him. It cannot be done, except by the merest chance. In order to communicate, the sender must know just what and how many flashes the receiver receives. For, otherwise, he may desire to send three, meaning one thing, and the receiver might receive two or four, meaning totally different words. The Indians do use mirrors, but only for a few well-defined signals.

To overcome these difficulties the heliograph was invented. It consists of a circular mirror (the Mance heliograph) ten inches in diameter, mounted in double frames, and resting on a solid iron base. The mirror tilts a distance of half an inch, and this tilting motion is produced by pressing a key. In the center of the mirror is a peep-hole through the silvering, so that the eye can see through the mirror from the back. Two tangent screws, one to give a slow horizontal motion, the other for a slow vertical motion, permit the glass *to follow the movement of the sun*. The whole is mounted on a solidly planted post. A second mirror, upon another post, is placed two feet away. In front of the first instrument is a slender iron rod, having the end flattened, and a quarter of an inch wide. Thirty feet further to the front is another post carrying a similar slender sight.

A certain point in a distant mountain range has a station, and by repeated trials throws a flash on the new station. The operator sees it, and then, looking through his glass from the rear, brings the thirty foot sight so that the flash seem seems to rest on the very top of the iron spindle. The glass is now moved so that the reflection of the sun's rays will, when the key is depressed, show the top of the spindle in the exact centre of the flash. The other sighting iron is now moved into line, and throws a small black spot (caused by the silvering having been taken off to make the peep-hole). As long as that spot is kept exactly in that place, the rays will always be on the other station. Removing the finger from the key, a spring causes the mirror to tilt, upper part to the front, thus causing the rays to strike lower down on the red, and out of sight of the other station. Thus, pressing the key and releasing it quickly gives a short flash, called a dot, while pressing the key and holding it down an appreciable time before releasing is gives a long flash, called a dash.

A series of dots and dashes constitutes a letter. The American Morse or telegraphic code is used. This is the system used by General Nelson A. Miles in Arizona and New Mexico, who has caused two officers, Lieutenant A. M. Fuller, Second Cavalry, and Lieutenant E. E. Drum, Sixth Cavalry, to complete systems, the former in Arizona and the latter in New Mexico. There are in the Arizona Division thirteen stations working, commencing at Stein's Pass to Bowie, 30 miles; thence to Bowie Peak, 2 miles; thence to White's Ranch, 20 miles; thence to Huachuca Mountains, 9 miles; thence to Rucker Cañon, 14 miles; thence to Dragoon Mountains, 23 miles; thence to Bonita, 20 miles; thence to Fort Huachuca, 32 miles; thence to north end Dragoons, 35 miles; thence to Santa Rita Mountains, 40 miles; thence to Tubac, 18 miles; thence to Patagonia Mountains, 25 miles—total, 273 miles. The stations are equipped with glasses, guards, tents, and supplies for a month, and the operators are on duty as long as the sun shines. Messages are sent every hour during the day, and the line works as well as a telegraph wire.

In May, 560 messages were sent, comprising 23,000 words; in June, 1240 messages, of 40,000 words. Twenty-five words have been sent from one end of the line and answered by twenty-five different words from the other end in two hours, or fifty words 550 miles in two hours. Messages of 120 and three hundred words are taken at times without a break. Many stations have a corps of couriers ready to carry despatches to the troops in the mountain cañons near by, as the troops are kept hidden by General Miles. At present, during Indian raids, troops all over the country are warned by orders sent by heliograph and couriers within one to two hours, where formerly it took hours and days to reach them by courier. The operators usually read with the naked eye up to thirty miles.

The system has been remarkably successful from the time Lieutenant Fuller commenced it in April last.

## RATTLESNAKES.

RATTLESNAKES are objects of great interest to people in the sections of country where they abound, and especially to summer visitors from cities. They are very numerous within 150 miles of New York. The Highlands on both sides the Hudson, and particularly on the west, are alive with them. The river hills of the Delaware and its affluents produce them by thousands.

Toward the close of summer, when the cold nights give notice of coming frosts, the rattlesnakes return to their favorite dens in the mountains. Snakes of other kinds find winter refuge in the same places, and all spend the bitter months in a torpid state. Behind the village of Long Eddy, about 146 miles from New York, on the Erie Railroad, is a rocky hill in which there are said to be fully twenty-five rattlesnake dens. These are simply holes in the rocks, or spaces between the shelving strata on the mountain side. John C. Geer, the King of the Rattlesnakes, drew no less than fourteen at one time from under the rock. Tying a string to the end of a pole about five feet long, and fixing a loop at the end of the string, he slips the noose over the head of the rattling, striking snake, draws it out of its cover, and drops it into the bag that he has pinned to his knee.

The early settlers in rattlesnake districts used to slaughter the reptiles as regularly as they slaughtered their hogs. In this way the numbers of the snakes and the danger from their bites were largely diminished. In the warm days of spring, as they crept out to sun themselves, they were destroyed by hundreds. Sixty years ago it was a favorite amusement of the young men and boys in Orange County, New York, to shoot the rattlesnakes and their congeners as they peeped out of their den in the mountain near Canterbury. Catlin, the historian of the Indians, who was born near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, hugely enjoyed this sport in boyhood. Not far from his home was a rattlesnake den in an unapproachable cavern on the mountain. On a ledge of rocks near the cavern the noxious creatures used to sun themselves for a few hours every day before breaking up their winter rendezvous. So many injuries had been inflicted by them that the farmers resolved to decimate their multitude. George Catlin was admitted into the warlike party, and instructed to climb to the top of an overhanging rock, from which he could watch the serpents on the ledge below. The rest of the invaders, club in hand, stood ready to follow his lead. As the lad looked down he saw a knot of snakes "like a huge mat, wound and twisted and interlocked together, with all their heads like scores of hydras standing up from the mass." Into this horrible cluster he "let fly" with his gun. The others then rushed in with their clubs, and five or six hundred were killed. One had turned in the wrong direction, and was heard rattling near the ledge. In a little while its head was pounded to the earth with a forked stick. "Tie a powder-horn to his tail!" exclaimed Catlin, "and fasten a slow fuse to it, and let it go back into the den." This done, the snake was put down at the mouth of the den, and the party removed to a safe distance. In a minute or two an explosion like a clap of thunder shook the ground. The result was extermination to the snakes.

In Trumbull County, Ohio, Mr Stone, one of the first settlers, immortalized himself as a rattlesnake slayer. On the 1st of May, 1799, he and his companions, armed with cudgels, proceeded to a sunny level of rock on which hosts of the reptiles had crawled. There the cudgels were brought into active play; the snakes, with sounding tails, retreated up the hill, but 486 were left dead on the ground. Most of them were over five feet in length. Perhaps, like the Indians, most of them will ultimately disappear. Still, they are wonderfully prolific. A pair of them, bringing forth from ten to twenty at a birth, each coiled up, with a rattle to its tail, and ready to spring, would soon restock the country. Mr Geer finds no difficulty in filling an order for fifty or a hundred from any museum on the continent.

The peculiar noise of the rattlesnake's castanets is not easily described. It causes always be distinguished, by those not familiar with it, from the whistling of winds through the leaves, the escape of water from a pipe, the whizzings of insects, the rattling of seed-pods, and other familiar noises. It is easily mistaken for the stridulous sounds made by insects like grasshoppers. Birds feed on the latter, and seem to imagine as they fly to the spot from which the noise comes that they shall dine comfortably. But *Crotalus cerastes* makes a delicious meal of them. He rings his dinner-bell to call up his living dishes.

Frogs, birds, rats, rabbits, and small animals of many kinds are the food of rattlesnakes. One of them is as good as a weasel for clearing a cellar of rats and mice. None of their victims seem to be afraid of them. The fear is apparently with the snake, which shrinks from its wounded prey, and will not attempt to swallow it until it is dead. Many stories are current about the fascination of birds and small animals by these reptiles. The truth seems to be that when one of them has seized a newly fledged bird that it has found on the ground, the distressed parents will utter loud cries, and even dash at the jaws of the destroyer, in hope of effecting a rescue. Again, the birds, attracted by its familiar rattle, will peck at its thin, slender, vibrating tongue as they would at a worm. But the pecking is a fatal experiment. Struck by the deadly fangs, the poor things flap about in agony until they die. The tongue itself is to the snake what whiskers are to a cat, or the tips of the fingers to a human being. How snakes manage to swallow animals thicker than themselves is a mystery explained by their special structure. The soft ends of their numerous ribs rest on ventral scales, which, on a smooth surface, are almost set on edge. The belly scales are the feet, and the ribs are legs. But these accommodating legs stretch like India rubber, so as to admit the passage of the enormous meal. The six jaws of the snake are separable, and work independently of each other, but so vast are its mouthfuls that it would choke if it did not have the power of hanging two or three inches, more or less, of undigested outside the mouth while it is swallowing. One commendable thing about rattlesnakes is their affection for each other and for their young. The latter, at a given signal, seek and find refuge through the throat of the parent. Professor G. B. Goode, of Middletown, Connecticut, received 120 independent testimonials in a single year, from persons living in twenty-four different States, that they do then harbor their progeny.

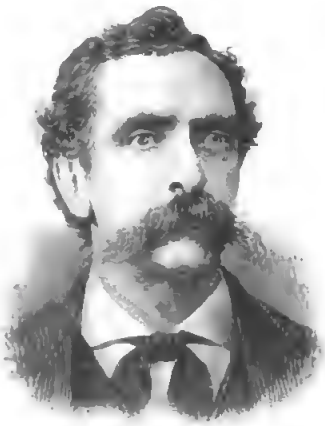
The bite of the rattlesnake is a very serious matter, and often proves fatal. It is inflicted by the curved fangs on each side of the upper jaw. These are pointed or needles, hollow, and fixed upon axes which contain a bright green deadly poison. The latter is forced through the fang into the wound. Lathin K. Geer, of Long Eddy, had a fortunate escape from a snake whose fangs caught in his trousers above the bare foot. Startling on the run, he shook the reptile loose, but found his foot all spattered by the venom. Ralph Geer, another member of the same family, was one quite as lucky. Pierced in the ankle while following the steps of a hunter on the top of a log, he became very sick at the stomach, was violently ill, and only escaped with the loss of the sole of his foot. His uncle, John C. Geer, the Rattlesnake King, attributes his misfortune to the fact that the family remedies were not promptly applied. He himself has been bitten three times—once on the bottom of his great toe, then on the leg through the fine leather of his boot, and lastly by a snake that he was training, and that struck its fangs into his thigh. Tearing it away, a lacerated and badly poisoned wound was the result. Three or four days of temporary inconvenience followed. He promptly applied salt and indigo, mixed in equal quantities and moistened by water, to the wound; the indigo was what is sold in stores under that name. Next he ate the leaves of the arrow-leaved violet, *Viola sagittata*, which grows plentifully in localities where rattlesnakes breed, and which her the taste of slippery elm bark. Too made from the same leaves is almost equally efficacious.

The leaves are to be eaten until the symptoms of poisoning subside. Wherever possible, a bandage of them is bound around the stricken limb, kept damp by water, or renewed every three or four hours when dried by the inflammation, to prevent the spread of the scalding. As soon as possible a plaster is made from the thick milky root of either variety of the "lion's-heart"—plants of the *Nabalus* or rattlesnake-root genus—and applied to the wound after the salt and indigo mixture is taken away. This, when removed at the end of two hours, is colored bright green by the virus. "The violet drives out and the lion's-heart draws out the poison." The larger specimen of the "lion's-heart" is also called "lion's foot," "gall of the earth," "rattlesnake-root," and has a leaf like that of the wild buckwheat.

These are the remedy applied for generations, and always with success, in the case of man or beast, by members of the celebrated Geer family to sufferers from rattlesnake bites. Joseph Geer, who moved with his grandfather, Amos Geer, from Coeymen's Patent, New York, to Geer's Creek, Long Eddy, more than a century ago, received the knowledge of it from John Johnston, a half breed, long before the Indians went away, and afterward freely communicated it to his friends and family. Mr E. M. Worth, of Cincinnati, a nephew of General Worth, is among the witnesses to its value. In 1862 he was bitten by a rattlesnake at his museum in the Bowery, New York, on the left thumb. Sending a policeman for an ambulance and a friend for whiskey, he drank a quart of the latter, became unconscious in twenty minutes, and on his arrival at the Chambers Street Hospital was subjected to the stomach pump and relieved of much of the whiskey. His thumb was afterward amputated at the first joint. While exhibiting in Brooklyn in the following May he accidentally ran a sized poisonfang into his right thumb. Both that and the left sole began to swell, and he knew that he was again endangered. Avoiding the hospital this time, he applied the salt and indigo as directed, drank liberally of rye whiskey, telegraphed to J. D. Legg, of Long Eddy, for the remedy, and when the violet arrived drank freely of an infusion of it, and was well in a few days. Sickness, swelling, and discoloration resembling the spots on the snake appeared on the anniversary of his first bite. Authenticated instances of similar character are numerous, and repeat themselves until the poison is eliminated from the system.

More than twenty instances of cure by this remedy, without a single failure, are known to have been effected in Long Eddy and its vicinity, to other localities they are quite as numerous. Names, dates, and facts are carefully preserved.

RICHARD WHEATLEY.



A. K. CUTTING.

A. B. BRIGHAM, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT PASO DEL NORTE, MEXICO.

JOHN W. McCULLOH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRUSS.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

## THE CASE OF CUTTING.

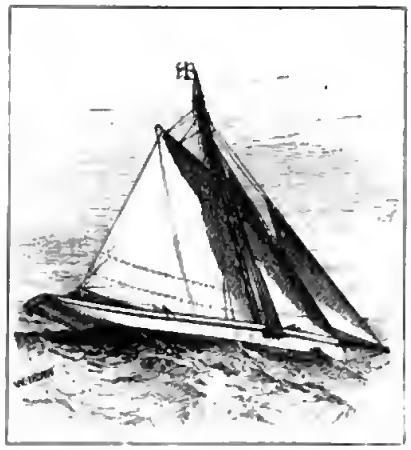
THE imprisonment of the American editor A. K. CUTTING at Paso del Norte, in the Mexican state of Chihuahua, for an alleged offence against Mexican law, has caused considerable excitement throughout the country in the last two weeks, and aroused something like a belligerent spirit along the Rio Grande. The facts have been differently stated by the two parties to the controversy, and it may appear that the official action taken at Washington was based on a misapprehension. The Secretary of State on the 24 inst. transmitted to the Senate a report of his action and a statement of the reasons which guided it. From this it appeared that the State Department received through Minister JACKSON a statement from Consul BRIGHAM, under date of July 1, representing that Mr CUTTING had been arrested and imprisoned for an offence committed in El Paso, Texas, and that he, the Consul, had received no reply to an application for a fair trial for Mr CUTTING or his release on bail. Mr JACKSON had applied to Señor MARISCAL, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, for proper relief for the imprisoned editor, and was informed that he had recommended to the Governor of Chihuahua to see that prompt and full justice was administered. On the 10th of July Secretary BAYARD, on the statement of facts transmitted to him, telegraphed to Minister JACKSON to demand of the Mexican government the release of CUTTING, the grounds for the demand being sent the following day. On the 23d reply was received that the Mexican government refused to comply with the demand, claiming that, under Mexican law, jurisdiction could be assumed in Mexico over crimes committed against a citizen of that country in the United States, provided the offender was taken on Mexican soil. This claim was combated by Secretary BAYARD in his instruction to Minister JACKSON on July 27. He declared that assent could not be given to the doctrine that Mexican law had any extra territorial power to give it jurisdiction over crimes of American citizens committed on American soil. In his report to the Senate the Secretary of State said: "The offence alleged is the publication in Texas by a citizen of the United States of an article deemed libelous and criminal in Mexico. No allegation of the circulation in Mexico by Mr CUTTING is made, and, indeed, on such circulation was practicable as even possible, because the arrest was summarily made on the same day of the publication in the English language in Texas on the coming of the alleged writer or publisher into Mexico."

The origin of the difficulty was the publication in Paso del Norte, on the Mexican side of the border, where CUTTING lived and published a paper of his own, of a statement, undoubtedly libellous, against one MASONA, who proposed to establish a rival paper. For this CUTTING was arrested, and released on signing a "reconciliation" and retracting the libel. He then went over to El Paso, in Texas, and published, as a card in a newspaper there, what was virtually a reiteration and amplification of the libel upon MASONA. According to Mexican statements, he immediately took this over the river and circulated it in Paso del Norte in the Spanish language. He was then arrested again, not only for the renewed libel, but for contempt of court in violating the conditions of his former release. The case was taken up on his behalf by Consul BRIGHAM, and representations made to the American Minister at Mexico, by whom the matter was brought to the attention of the State Department at Washington. Release on bail to await trial was offered to CUTTING, but he refused to avail himself of it, saying that his government would take care of him, and claiming the right as an American citizen to an unconditional discharge.

The position of the Mexican government, as stated by its own officials, differs essentially from that which it was at first represented as taking. It is not that a crime committed against a Mexican by a foreign country brings the offender under the jurisdiction of Mexican law whenever it can reach him on the soil of Mexico, but that CUTTING'S offence was really committed in Mexico, in that the libel, which is the basis of the charge against him, was circulated in Paso del Norte. A movement in Congress to back up the demand for CUTTING'S release, which followed Secretary BAYARD'S report, was checked, as fuller information and a clearer understanding of the matter was attained, and it is possible that quite a different aspect may be given to it when all the facts are placed in a clear light. Mr CUTTING is a native of Hudson, Columbia County, New York, and is about fifty years of age. Mr. BRIGHAM, the American Consul at Paso del Norte, who has exerted himself energetically to secure the release of CUTTING and the security of Americans in Mexico against arbitrary invasion of their rights, is a native of Ouachita Parish, Louisiana, and is fifty-one years of age. The trial of CUTTING took place August 6. The charges against him were of a failure to carry out the "reconciliation," and of the circulation in Mexico of the Texan paper containing the new libel. The prosecutor urged that CUTTING should be sentenced to imprisonment for two years at hard labor. CUTTING was defended by counsel assigned to him, but he himself declined to say anything except that he did not recognize the jurisdiction of the court, and that he was "in the hands of his government." He was found guilty, and sentenced to $600 fine and a year's imprisonment, with 100 days more if the fine is not paid.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY FROM THE ARCHITECTS' PLANS.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

LIEUTENANT HENN.



THE "GALATEA."—SKETCHED AT SEA BY LIEUTENANT HENN.

MRS. HENN.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE "GALATEA."

THE English cutter *Galatea*, which arrived at Marblehead, Massachusetts, on Sunday evening, August 1, had a rather long but entirely uneventful trip across the Atlantic. There was a succession of light winds and calms during the thirty-one days occupied in the passage, and, as Lieutenant HENN, her owner, said on his arrival, she might, had they known what sort of weather they were going to encounter, have come over under full racing sail just as well as not, instead of under jury rig. Mrs. HENN, who accompanied her husband across the ocean in the gallant yacht which has come to this shore to compete for the cup which the *Genesta* failed to win, has been spoken of as being the first lady to cross the Atlantic in a pleasure sailing vessel, but this is a mistake. Several ladies have preceded her, the wife of an American yachtsman recently crossing over from the other side with her husband in a yawl-rigged craft. The *Galatea* left Southampton at 3.10 P.M. on the 30th of June, the wind being light from the southeast. July 1 she had her course west by south, and travelled 61 miles. The next day she made 130 miles, with a moderate easterly wind. This, with one day's exception, July 17, when the log showed 155 miles, was the best run made during any day of the voyage. Three days before that, on the 14th of July, she touched at Flores, one of the Western Islands, for fresh water. On the 22d of July there was the nearest approach to rough weather that was encountered during the trip, and the yacht remained hove to for several hours in a strong southeast wind. The entire number of miles sailed, as shown by the log, was 3319, the *Galatea*'s average speed being nine knots to the hour. The wind was aft but little of the time, most of the work being done while the yacht was close-hauled. The racing spars of the *Galatea* had been sent over on a steamer before she left England, and the week after her arrival was devoted to putting her in racing trim.

## ANOTHER HUGE *JOKE* ON NEW YORK CITY.

"IT WAS ALL FOR FUN."

WHO WILL TAKE ANY STOCK IN THE SQUIRE-FLYNN COMPANY?

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## THE PRESIDENT'S COUNTRY SEAT.

When President Cleveland, last spring, purchased a country place on Georgetown Heights, the somewhat dilapidated appearance of the units two-story stone houses into which, with twenty-seven acres of ground, he had come into possession gave rise to a belief that the President had simply made the purchase as an investment, and with no view toward establishing a place of residence there. Facts have proved that this estimate of Mr Cleveland's intentions was wrong, for soon after he came into possession of the place Messrs. W M Poindexter & Co., architects, of Washington, were intrusted with the task of converting the unsightly stone cottage into a handsome modern villa, and as the work is being rapidly pushed forward, it is said that the President and his wife expect to take possession of their new home about the 1st of October.

A picture of the new house, as it will be when completed, is shown in this issue. The architects' plans have provided for completely remodelling and extending the cottage. The entire structure is to be raised one story, furnishing a roomy attic, and a stone addition is building to contain the kitchen and servants' rooms. The south and west parts of the building are to be provided with two stone piazzas, which will decidedly relieve the plain box-like appearance which the cottage presented at the time of its purchase by Mr Cleveland. Indeed, from the road-way the new house will be highly picturesque and ornamental. The main roof of the building is broken by large dormer-windows, and at the southeast corner is carried up to an unusual height, terminating in an ornamental finial. The south piazza is carried around the corner of the cottage in a graceful curve. In its interior arrangements the house is undergoing a complete change. There will be a handsome dining room, a reception room, a parlor, and a room which the President will doubtless use as a study, on the ground-floor, besides the pantries and spacious kitchen. The second floor will contain three chambers, dressing rooms and bath rooms, besides the servants' quarters. The attic story will also be divided into four large sleeping apartments. The grounds, which were in a decidedly unkempt condition before, are receiving the attention of a landscape gardener and a new driveway or approach is to be laid out from the road to the cottage. All the work is being done under the personal superintendence of the President, who drives out nearly every afternoon with Mrs Cleveland from the White House to watch the progress that is being made in his new home. It is generally admitted that there are few building sites in the vicinity of the capital which command a more attractive or diversified view than this particular part of Georgetown Heights, and it is believed that the building of many country-seats will follow the completion of the President's house. Although several of his predecessors have been the owners of real estate in Washington Mr Cleveland is the first President to build a country house for himself in the neighborhood of the White House.

## JAMES W. McCULLOH.

Mr James W McCulloh was appointed Secretary of the Aqueduct Commission on the 8th of August, 1883. There was no political motive in his appointment. He obtained the place solely on account of his business qualifications, and because these especially adapted him for the work which he would be called upon to do. He had been in active business in this city for nearly forty years. In that time he had become peculiarly familiar with such work as the Aqueduct Commission had before it. In his application for the place of Secretary, made to Vice-President Down of the Commission, he said: "During the past eight years I have been engaged in rebuilding and operating the New Jersey Midland Railroad and the Jersey City and Albany Railway, as Receiver; and later, as agent of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad and the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railroad, to procure lands, easements, and privileges for terminal right of way, and other purposes, within the States of New Jersey and New York, and have thus become familiar with all matters relating to the acquirement of lands by purchase or by condemnation, the adjustment of damages caused by the taking of lands and for work, the purchase of all kinds of material and machinery, and the proper methods of keeping and settling accounts relating to corporate works." Mr McCulloh's testimonials came from a large number of prominent citizens. Among the many who bore testimony to his especial capacity were Gideon S. Coe, Chauncey N. Jordan, Jacob D. Vermilye, John Hoey, the President of the Produce and Cotton Exchanges, Chancellor Runyon, of New Jersey, and Charles E. Mayer, of Baltimore.

Mr McCulloh served as Secretary of the Commission with undoubted ability. He did a great deal of hard and faithful work, and his expert knowledge was of great value to the Commission, and effected a great saving of the public money. Corporation Counsel Lacombe bears testimony to his laborious and skillful rearrangement of technical descriptions whereby their dimensions were reduced without a sacrifice of accuracy, and whereby the length of a published notice was so curtailed as to save to the expense of advertisement an amount equal to Mr McCulloh's entire annual salary.

When the Aqueduct Commission was reorganized some time ago, the Mayor and Comptroller being dropped from the Board, and three new Commissioners being appointed, there was a general belief that politics was to take the place of legitimate business in the conduct of its affairs. Mr McCulloh's salary was promptly reduced from $4000 to $2000 by the new Board. It was generally thought that he was not wanted politically, although his legitimate services to the Board were most valuable, and that this was a notice to him to quit; but the ostensible reason of the reduction was the saving of $2000 a year to the tax payers. To the confusion of the ostensible reason, Mr McCulloh did not resign, and at the meeting of the Board on July 28 he had to be discharged without any reason at all. His discharge was effected by the votes of Commissioners Spence, Barnes, Kingsway, and Fish, against the votes of Commissioners Spencer, Down, and Hardwin. His successor, already selected, was Mr John W Sherman, of Albany, a young Democrat of Buffalo, thirty-seven years of age, who is said to have had the support of the Erie County delegation in the Legislature. It was found, after Mr McCulloh's discharge, that it was quite necessary to continue him at certain complex work concerning the purchase of lands for aqueduct purposes, and he was retained for this work at his original salary of $2000. Mr Sherman gets $4000, and thus two men are receiving $10,000 for work that before Mr Sherman's appointment was done for $4000 by Mr McCulloh alone. The Commissioners think that Mr McCulloh will be able to finish the special work as which he is engaged by October 1; but if he is not able, they say, the time will be extended.

At the time of Mr McCulloh's discharge Commissioners Down and Hardwin made a verbal protest, and announced that they should file a formal protest at the regular meeting on August 4, but the protest was not presented at that time. Commissioner Fish had intimated that he should return in case a protest was offered.

Mr McCulloh has published a letter, addressed to the citizens of New York, in which he presents the testimonials which secured him the place of Secretary to the Aqueduct Commission, and also testimonials to the faithfulness and fitness of his work in that office. Ex-Mayor Ellis says, writing at the time when the salary was reduced: "In my judgment the salary paid you very inadequately measured the value of your services to the city then, as at the present time. There is no man connected with the work who is possessed of the intimate and intelligent knowledge of all its details as you are; therefore I know that the city cannot afford to spare you." Comptroller Loew, writing at the same time, says: "Certainly in this case the man and the office are for once most worthily conjoined; and my grave responsibilities as Comptroller, as well as my private interests as a citizen and tax-payer of the city of New York, lead me to act the in most store by your continued discharge of the high duties and trusts that rested upon you as the Secretary of the Commission while I was one of its members."


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A FOREST FIRE.—Drawn by Julian Rix.—[See Page 535.]

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE VOYAGE ON THE "COUNTESS OF DORSET."

They we all crowded round him, shaking his hand and rejoicing, and the Admiral first swore at Jack for playing a trick upon us (but, alas! it proved to be no trick), and then at himself for his stupidity, and then could say nothing for the tears which drowned his voice and ran down his cheeks. And Jack declared Em that he would never part with the Admiral's shilling, and next that he would not put off his rags until he had first eaten the Vicar's plate of victuals and drunk his tankard. This he did; and the Vicar said grace solemnly, with thanks for the safe return of the long lost sailor; and we all flocked round him to see him eat and drink. A pretty sight it was, for he had not tasted honest meat beef for six long years. Then, though it was Sunday, nothing would do but they must ring the church bells, as if they would bring down the tower about their heads. And Mr Brinjes came running in shirt sleeves, waistcoat, and nightcap, just as he left his shop, the lancet still in his hand with which he had been bleeding people all the morning.

Then we carried home our poor ragged prodigal. After the first confusion was over, I looked for Bess, but she had slipped away, unheeded.

Now you will believe that we were eager to know what had befallen him; but we could at first get little talk with him, for all that afternoon there came to the house people of every kind, anxious to see and converse with this young hero, who had, as was reported in the town, escaped from the French after six years of captivity. All the afternoon Codpee and Snowball, who ought to here been at church, trudged about with foaming tankards and mugs, giving everybody who desired an honest glass to drink the Lieutenant's health (he was still only a midshipman, but they gave him promotion). And there were a thousand questions asked one after the other, so that long before the evening, when we were to have an account of the voyage, we knew pretty well what had happened. And, though it was Sunday, there was brewed a great bowl of punch for the evening; and in the end the Admiral was carried to bed, and many of the guests retired with a rolling gait and thick voice; while, as for me, the next morning showed, by trembling fingers and headache, besides the memory of uncertain steps, that I, too, had rejoiced among the rest beyond the limits of soberness.

I here observed, having been born and brought up among men who delight in telling and hearing stories of battle, escape, shipwreck, and the like, that the hero of a hundred adventures is seldom as ready to tell them as he who hath in all his life experienced but one; and that, often enough, out of his own seeking, but against his own desire, and even entered upon in toilsly fear. Yet Virgil makes Æneas relate his wanderings movingly and in the finest verse; and Shakespeare tells how Othello would, in the hearing of Desdemona, fight his battles over again. As for Jack, he had encountered so many perils, and met with so many adventures, and those of an extraordinary a kind, that our world not expect the hundredth part of them to be told in one evening. Yet he was not able, at first, to tell as much about them; and it was only by continual questioning and persuading him to talk, with the map lying open before him, that we could get him to unburden his mind of some of the things he had seen and undergone. Some men—of whom Jack was one—are so constituted that they do not seem to understand what people want to know, or what they should tell them. One here was not reticent, I am sure, from any fear of appearing boastful, because sailors love, above all things, to speak of their own adventures; but because, first, he felt, on this the first day of his return, new and strange to us, after six years of absence; and next, he was never good at narrating, save stories of fight; and further, it is not easy for any one to gather up immediately, and at short notice, all the recollections of the past six years. When a man has been two years with savages, or two years in a Spanish or French prison, he is apt to forget some of the things which happened before, even though they passed among the unknown islands of the Pacific Ocean.

"As for her course, now," he began, doubtfully. He had before him the map of the world, on Mercator's projection, by John Ferret. It was my father's copy, and although the map is not on as large a scale as a ship's chart, yet it was big enough to serve. Deptford is too insignificant to be marked, and Jack's finger, when he would indicate the ship's starting-point, covered the whole of Kent, Middlesex, Essex, and Surrey. "As for her course, now," he repeated, looking at the map doubtfully, considering how best to begin. Perhaps he had forgotten how to use a map, since he had not seen one for four years. Castilla was standing on one side, looking over his shoulder, I at the other side. The Admiral sat opposite, his red face filled with benevolence and affection.

"Oh, Jack," said Castilla, "to think that you should remember her course after all these years!"

"As for her course, now," said the Admiral.

"We sailed from Deptford—"

"You did, my boy, and I well remember the day, six years ago, when the *Countess of Dorset* dipped her ensign and fired her salute. The boy tells me, gentlemen, that for four years he has never tasted peach—poor lad! nor quaffed a tankard of ale—think of it! not sat down to a comfortable pipe of tobacco: nor known the comforts of a hammock in a seaworthy and weather-tight vessel. For four years! Your Reverence, it is Sunday evening, but with respect to the cloth"—the Admiral turned his face, rosy and beaming as the setting sun, to my father—"when the prodigal son came home, did his father ask the Chaplain, who, I suppose, was a Levite, whether it was the Sabbath Day, before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed and roasted?"

"We do not learn that he did so," replied my father. "Though, doubtless—"

"Then, sir, suffer us to believe, for our satisfaction at the present juncture, that the event, like another out of later occurrence, happened on the Sabbath Day. Then here we authority of Holy Writ for making merry on the Sabbath Day."

At this display of wit they all laughed, without rebuke from the Vicar.

"We sailed, as you remember, Admiral, carrying with us twenty-five guns, with a crew of one hundred and twenty men all told, and provisions for twenty-four months. Gentlemen, with submission, I venture to remark that no navy provision exists which will last twenty-four months, for the biscuit becomes weevilly, and the pork and beef rancid, and as to the cheese and the salt butter— But there!—"

"He is right," said Mr Underhill.

"We were fortunate, however, and lull in, before we suffered much from this cause, with provisions of another kind. The last land that we saw was the Start, and the next was Cape Finisterre. We then stood away for the Island of Teneriffe, where we designed to take in wine, rum, and brandy, the Captain being of opinion that to keep a merry heart in the crew—which is above all things desirable on a long voyage—a double ration is often necessary; wherefore we laid in at the town of Santa Cruz a great store of malmsey, canary, and verdina, which is a greenish-colored wine and strong bodied, but keeps well in hot climates.

"After leaving Teneriffe we were becalmed for three weeks, during which, I remember, we caught two very fine sharks, off which the men regaled. Then we touched at St. Helena. After this we were driven off our course by the trade-wind, and sighted Tristan d'Acunha; we put in at the Cape, and after leaving Algoa Bay we steered our nor'east, passing the southern point of Madagascar, where we expected to meet with pirates.

"Our course was now to the coast of New Holland, the object of the voyage being, as the Captain told us, to discover new lands, and, if possible, countries where British settlements might rival those of Spain in the Manillas and the Ladrones."

His finger was now on the coast of the great unknown southern island called New Holland. "On the third or fourth day we found no opening in the land, and anchored in two fathoms and a half of water. We called the place Shark's Bay, and we stayed here a week. The shore is shelving to the sea, and we saw there a kind of animal like the West Indian manaroon, save that it has long hind-legs on which it jumps; and I think it was there that we found an ugly kind of guana which stinks. The natives were naked black men, some of them painted with a kind of pigment, and their hair frizzled. They seem to live on shell-fish, and carry lances with heads of flint."

"I had hoped," said my father, "to hear of some polite and civilized nation with arts and sciences, and traditions of the patriarchal religion, and of gentle manners."

"Their manners," Jack continued, "are beastly, and their ways are treacherous; and as for religion, we saw no sign of any. How can savages have any religion who live on mussels? I have lived on them myself, and felt no promptings of religion all the time, but only discontent and mourning. Well, gentlemen, we continued our voyage, and I dare say we carried the coast line a good bit farther than this map shows; but my memory serves me not on this point, and my own as well as the ship's log was lost when the ship was cast away.

"The Captain said that it was reported," Jack continued, "that there are islands in these seas of incredible wealth, but that the Spaniards either keep the secret of these islands to themselves, or they have not the curiosity to seek them out. His design was, therefore, to seek for these islands, even though we might here to fight the Spaniards should we meet them; and if any place should be found to possess the wealth they are supposed to contain, then, Spaniard or no Spaniard, to plant the flag of Great Britain upon them; and if Heaven should prosper our enterprise, presently to return by the Straits of Magellan.

"So we steered a course northeast by north, across an open sea, with fair winds, sighting no land at all until we were in latitude 20 deg. south, or thereabout, when we came to a great island; if, indeed, it be not a part of the great Southern Continent. Gentlemen"—Jack broke off here—"I cannot tell you all, nor a tenth part, of what we saw in these seas. There are thousands of islands, all much finer than you can imagine."

"And as for the riches of them?" asked one of the company.

"I know not if there be any. We made such signs as we thought would make them understand that we wanted gold and precious stones; but they produced none, and we believed that they have no knowledge of gold, even if there be gold in their mountains. Of pearls there must needs be plenty, seeing that there are oysters in abundance. But we saw none."

"No gold and no jewels!" said my father.

"Happy Islanders!"

"And they seem to have all things in common."

"Wherefore the main temptations to sin," said my father, "are removed. Where there is no private property, there can be no robbery, no envying, no jealousies, no overreaching: oh, thrice happy people, if they knew their own happiness!"

"If we had not lost the log," Jack continued, "we should have covered three seas with islands never before seen, even by Dampier, Magellan, Drake, or Rogers. Now, no one knows where they are, and I alone of all living men, unless it be Mr Brinjes, have seen them. As for our gallant company"—here he paused and looked around him solemnly. I have noticed many sailors do the same thing; is it as if they were counting those present to be sure that they, too, are not shipwrecked men—"they are all dead by now, I doubt not. Unless some escaped of whom I knew nothing, who may be living yet among the Indians."

"Fill his glass," said the Admiral. "Gentlemen, let us drink to the memory of these poor fellows, cast away, and now dead."

"There is on such sailing," Jack continued, "anywhere in the world, save for the constant temptation for the men to desert, and live in indolence among those people. Better would it have been, save for one who now sits here among you all, had the whole ship's company gone ashore and moved there, to live in the warm air and washlas of that climate."

"Better to die a Christian than live a heathen," said the Vicar.

"Well, we had the Church Service read every Sunday morning," said Jack, "which was no doubt a comfortable thing for the poor fellows to think upon when the rocks were cracking their skulls like egg-shells. But as for the sailing, as long as we were among the islands, it was like cruising upon a pond, with fresh fruit, and fish of all kinds, and wild beds in plenty to be shot. Sir"—he addressed the Vicar—"this place is surely the Garden of Eden, though there is in Scripture no mention made of any sea. Of this the Captain, who was a sober and religious man, was well assured.

"Alas! gentlemen, there is very little more to tell, and the rest of the history of the ill-fated *Countess of Dorset* is all misfortune. We came at length to an end of these islands, which we parted with to our great regret; and so, with open sea, steering now east or southeast, with design to make Juan Fernandez or the Island of Masafuera. When we were within thirty or forty leagues, according to our reckoning, of these islands, there fell upon us a dreadful gale, or succession of gales, which lasted a week or more, so far as I remember, the ship driving before the wind under bare poles. Thus we lost our foremast, and presently both mainmast and mizzenmast went by the board, and for great waves and the force of the wind, I never experienced the like. We rigged a jury-mast with difficulty, and a foresail to steady her head. By this time our bulwarks were broken and our boats stove in, so that there was very little hope left us, except that the gale might abate, in which case we might keep her afloat—for we also had sprung a leak, and the men were kept day and night to the pump—until we could make some kind of raft. As for our guns, we heaved them overboard, with everything else that would lighten the ship. Gentlemen, the gale did not abate; on the contrary, it blew harder, if that were possible; and I think everybody on board had given up hope. As for the men, some of them did their duty to the last, but some of them became mutinous, and wanted to get to the spirit store, and go down happy. Which is, I take it, a fool's way of dying.

"I do not know, gentlemen, how long this lasted. We unshipped our rudder, I remember, which finished our misfortunes, for now the ship lay like a log in the trough of the waves, which rolled her about as they pleased. And how many were washed overboard I know not; nor how many were left in the ship, when at last she struck the rocks and was beaten to pieces. I would rather face a dozen broadsides than wait again, for a week or more, with Death almost certain at the end of it. To judge from the haggard faces of those who waited with me, and to remember my own mind—why, we die a hundred deaths in the mere apprehension and waiting for it. Most of us died in earnest before long. For one morning, when the daylight came, we saw before us a most dreadful sight—namely, the coast of Patagonia, which is the most inhospitable, I suppose, in the whole world, and the most terrible, by reason of its rocks and precipices. We were driving right upon the coast. Then, indeed, we gave ourselves up for lost. When we struck, the sea lifted her and beat her against the rocks, breaking and grinding her timbers as if she had been nothing bigger than a Portsmouth wherry; and the waves broke over her at the same time, washing the men from the places where they were clinging. As for me, I was carried off, and what happened to me afterward I know not, save that I lost consciousness, and when I recovered I found myself lying on a ledge of rock, but how I got there, whether carried thither by some great wave or upon some piece of wreck, I know not. The first thing I did was to make sure that I had no bones broken. I was not indeed hurt in any way, save that from head to foot I was covered with bruises, which were of small account. And then I turned to look at the wreck. We were surely landed in the worst place in the world; it was a narrow creek or bay between high cliffs, into which the sea rushed with violence inexpressible. Already the ship was broken up, save for the after-part, where there were still clinging two or three poor wretches, below my feet, in the boiling water, grinding against each other, were pieces of wreck, and, most terrible to see, there were mangled bodies of our poor fellows, dashed against the rocks and among the broken timbers. It is wonderful to think that any of us escaped.

"At first I thought that I was alone, the only man saved. But there were others, and I found that most of them, like myself, could not tell how they had got ashore, and why they were not, like their shipmates, dashed to pieces. There were fourteen of us in number, and no more came ashore; wherefore, seeing the violence of the waves, and the impossibility of swimming in such a sea, we concluded that the rest were all drowned. When the wind abated, which was the next day, we managed to get up to the rocks some of the timber and wreck washed ashore, and made some kind of shelter; but we could not light a fire, and it was now the winter season as these latitudes, and cold. There were one or two casks of provisions which crashed the shore unbroken and not touched by the sea, we lived upon them while they lasted, our drink being rain water, of which there was plenty. When this supply ceased we had nothing to subsist upon at all but shell-fish, of which there were at first great quantities, but we presently exhausted them, and then we had to forage our feet, such as it was, and to move on along the coast in order to find more. We were all the time as men in a dream, not knowing where we were nor what to do, all day we gazed stupidly at each other, and all night we crouched together for warmth. But when the time came that we must leave our rocks we began to take counsel. My companions were common sailors, rude and ignorant fellows, and as for me, I knew nothing except that I was certain that we must be somewhere upon the western shore of South America, that part of it which is called Patagonia. Now if we marched north, we should in time come to the Straits of Magellan, through which there might pass some ship; but how long we should wait, or how great the distance might be, we knew nothing. And every day's march would bring us into colder and more desolate regions. On the other hand, if we marched north, we might, in the long-run, reach the Spanish settlements, which are reported to stretch southward very far. But, again, should we reach them, it was most likely that they would murder us, or hand over to the Inquisition to be burned alive for heretics. However, we decided in the end to march north, which we did, leaving behind four of our number who had died, partly of cold and partly of flux, brought on by the shell-fish diet, which afflicted us all in various ways. As for myself, it covered my whole body with an intolerable itching, which flew from one part to another, so that I got no rest day or night."

"We were by this time in as miserable a plight as ever befell ship-wrecked sailors, for the weather was continually wet and cold; as for our clothes, they were rags, wet through day and night, we were pinched with hunger, we had not a shoe to our feet; there was not a single tool or a weapon, not even a knife, among us. A man, gentlemen, without tools is in sorry case. So we began our way along the coast, which we durst not leave, partly for fear of wild beasts and natives, and partly because while we kept near the sea we should not starve. We wandered in this way, seeking such shelter as we could find, and always wet, cold, and half starved for a month or two—I know not how long. But our day we fell in with a tribe of Indians. By this time, I remember, there were only eight of us left. These men came to meet us, brandishing spears and threatening to kill us; while we, for our part, had nothing to do except to make signs showing how helpless and harmless we were. So they took us with them: and I think I never spent a happier evening than the first, when we lay upon the ground about a great fire, with broiled fish to eat and seal-skin to cover us. We had not been warm or dry for a matter of three months. As for living with them, we soon got tired of that life, except two of our company, who took Indian wives, and resolved to continue among them. For, like us, they lived by the sea shore, having no knowledge of any agriculture, and devoured fish and mussels, oysters, and so forth, all of which were collected for them by their wives. I have never seen any more dexterous than these poor women in diving and catching fish, which they would drive, by frightening, into some small creek or inlet of the sea, whence they could not escape, and were easily captured. They also collected and ate certain berries, which were unknown at first, but which we presently grew to consider as useful against the disorders caused by a fish diet. But as for the dirt and the vermin, and the savage nature of the life we led, I cannot so much as speak of these things. Sometimes when, by reason of storm and gales, fish was scarce, we were driven to live on the flesh of seals, and that putrid and stinking. And because we depended so much upon the mussels and oysters, we were obliged continually to shift our quarters, and slowly drive more and more southward, until at last we arrived at the most southerly of the Spanish settlements, which consisted of nothing else than a kind of convent and a church with four priests. For my own part, I approached the place with terror, thinking that the stake would be set up and the flames would be consuming us as soon as the priests should understand that we were Englishmen and Protestants. Well, gentlemen, they never as much as asked us of what religion we were. But these good priests—your reverence will forgive me—"

"There are charitable hearts in every country and in every religion," said the Vicar. "Why not in Magellanica?"

"They gave us clothes to put on; they washed and dressed our wounds, because by this time we were covered all over with sores and bad places. They gave us good food, and wine to drink, and they heard our story—one of them could speak English—with tears and pity. They told us that we must be sent to the nearest Spanish port as prisoners, but bade us be of good courage, because we should be treated well."

"In those remote parts," said the Vicar, "the Pope and the Inquisition being so far off, there

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.

is room for the growth of human feelings, even with priests."

"After six months of living with them—a better and a more charitable brotherhood I never hope to meet—there came an opportunity of unavowing us to the island of Chiloe, where there is a Spanish Governor. Now I reckon that the ship who cast away two years and a half after we sailed, it being then midwinter, which, on the coast of Patagonia, is to the month of July, and I think that we lived with the Indians for the space of two years, it was time enough to wear out all that was left of our rags, so that we went into the convent with nothing but seal-skin over our shoulders, tied round the waist with a thong of seal-skin leather. We stayed at Chiloe, where we were treated more hardly than with the priests, yet not cruelly, for three or four months, when the Governor was able to send us on the port of Callao."

"He is now," said the Admiral, "prisoner of the Spanish, and wishes reach of the Mineda Inquisition. Somebodi, fill up Mr Easterbrook's glass. Keep it full, yo hubiee! to such a time he needs all the punch he can swallow."

"Out of the whole ship's company, there remained now but six. They put us in prison, but they gave us wine and food, chiefly beans, bread, and onions, as good as they had themselves, and sometimes chocolate. Presently there came a priest, and began to talk about our heretical conditions, and the dangers we ran should we continue in obstinacy. This made us mighty uneasy, to you may imagine, because the Inquisition—the Holy Inquisition, as they call it—is established at Lima, whither, the Padre informed us, we should shortly be taken. It seemed likely that we had only escaped drowning to suffer the rack and the stake. I hope, gentlemen, that I should have done my duty even to the end, had there been no escape. Meantime I cast about how to get out of their clutches. We had a good deal of liberty within the prison, and many visitors came there bringing cigarettos, which are rolls of paper containing tobacco, to the prisoners, who were mostly half-caste, in prison for stabbing, or tolkers for mutiny, the authorities caring little how their prisoners pass the time so long as they are kept in limbo. In this way I made the acquaintance of an honest Frenchman, captain of a trading brig, who, I found, hated the priests and all their works, and took pity on me, seeing that I must either become a convert or be burned. He therefore brought me a disguise, and conveyed me safely out of prison on board his own ship, where I remained stowed away in the hold until he sailed out of harbor. As for the other men, three of them recanted their errors, as they called it, and walked in the procession at an Auto-da-Fé at Lima, where the other poor fellows, who stuck by their guns, were burned alive.

"As for me, I worked before the mast, and found the French sailors, when I could talk their lingo, an honest set of fellows. But when we got to Brest, we learned that war had broken out, and so I was a prisoner again, and marched as a common sailor, with others in the same plight, from one place to another, till we came to St. Omer."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## FOREST FIRES IN THE NORTHWEST.

FOREST fires of unusual severity have recently been raging in Wisconsin and Michigan. Year after year an almost incalculable amount of damage is done by these conflagrations in the woods, but the inhabitants seem powerless to devise any means by which they can be prevented. Fifteen years ago northern Wisconsin and Michigan were visited by an exceptionally disastrous fire scourge, which laid waste miles upon miles of valuable timber land, but this was as nothing compared to the forest fires which broke out during the first week of this month, for whereas fifteen years ago flames might sweep a vast territory in that region without finding any human habitation to feed upon, the same country is to-day dotted with a number of thriving villages, and the record of losses by the recent conflagration is therefore a long and grief of one. It was estimated on August 11, upon a high date the flames were still eating their way through the large forests in the northern tier of counties in Wisconsin, that 600 families in Calumet, Clark, Marathon, and a few adjacent counties had been rendered homeless by the great conflagration, and that more than thirty saw mills had been destroyed and many acres of ripening grain laid waste. Equally disastrous reports were brought from various points in Michigan.

The most conspicuous work of destruction accredited to the fires in Wisconsin was the burning of the town of Spencer. This was a growing and prosperous place in Marathon County, on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, about 200 miles northwest of Milwaukee. Its industries were chiefly connected with lumber. It had a population of about 1000, and before the fire passed two large steam saw mills, a wood-turning factory, several more or less pretentious churches, a graded school, and a handsome new music hall. For several days the fires had raged furiously in the timbered land bordering the town, when suddenly a stiff southwest wind turned the flames directly upon the village. An extensive lumber-yard lying on the outskirts of the place was first to take fire. It was then seen that the little town was doomed. In the course of a few hours two-thirds of the place was in ashes. The wind was blowing fiercely at the time, and although the inhabitants, with each of their effects as they could carry in their arms, were able to get to points of safety, a large number of cattle and hogs were unable to escape, and were burned to death. The towns of Colby and Prentice were also partially destroyed, and Chippewa Falls was menaced by surrounding flames, which were, however, successfully driven back by the efforts of the inhabitants. In Michigan much alarm was felt for the safety of the beautiful town of Marquette. The forest fires blazed furiously in its vicinity, and but for a sudden change in the wind a portion of the town would inevitably have been destroyed. At one time the whole forest shore of Lake Superior appeared to be in a blaze, and the sun was so thoroughly obscured and the atmosphere so dense with smoke that navigation upon the lake near the Michigan coast was rendered extremely difficult.

## OUR SOLDIERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

IF the present is one other controversy of our government with Mexico should ever bring our soldiers in the Southwest prominently and critically into public attention, they would have no need to fear judgment of their bravery. But their manner of life would not excite envy. Their uniform would attract attention, but it would hardly be regarded as a model of military dress. Whether it cost they do "thirteen dollars' worth of fighting" every month, or raise men in the government's service as well cave their pay. The military service done by General MILES's troops in the Southwestern border is as onerous and as barren of opportunities for achieving renown as ever fell to soldiers in any land. They cannot attack the enemy, ship him, and be done with it. They seldom have the pleasure of a battle, but they may at any time suffer an attack. They have to do a sort of police service, which may on a sudden become warfare over a large area. The marauding Indians have no homes, no base of operations, no supplies to be cut off, no military code, no purpose or plan more definite than to wander about the mountains, to take their revenge, and to gratify their passion for cruelty. But while the Apaches can decoy from fighting at any time, and retreat to renew their supplies by plunder, the soldiers must be always on guard, must subsist on scanty fare, must camp without tents, where there are no trees, and are so far removed from the luxury of life to the least attractive garrison as an exploreer is from civilization.

The individual troopers that Mr REMINGTON presents to the accompanying illustrations are men who are never safe from death by an Apache surprise. Their camp may any night be their burial-place. But they can never be surprised out of a heroic mood. Their personal careers may have been uneventful except for their fights, but they are as far from being commonplace men as they are from being refined. Their biographies, if condensed after the fashion of the biographies of "our prominent citizens," would contain nothing more notable than such notes as these: JACK HAYWARD, a tall young fellow, born in Connecticut, became bankrupt in New York, did not know what else to do, so he enlisted, and discovered that he was born with uncommon capacity for Apache warfare. The grizzly veteran, who looks like a pirate, has enlisted five times. Of course he swore every time that he would never enlist again, but he was not happy out of the army. Another is a scarred soldier who got his military training in the Prussian service; and another is an Irishman who kept going West without knowing why, and who tried to earn a living one way and then another for the same reason, and without being able to explain it any more than he could foresee it, he found a soldier's life on the frontier not only a tolerable but an ideal life. The plan day soldiers have all been rejected, or have deserted before this severe test of endurance and bravery has been reached, and if you were to research your whole philosophy for an explanation why these men endure such hardships without hope of military glory, and without chance of reward in money or in renown, you would find no better explanation than their own—"Oh, we like it!" The military vanity surely is not gratified by dress parades in impressive accoutrements. General MILES himself wears buttons that do not glitter, boots that do not shine, a uniform the color and weight of which have been changed by many undisturbed deposits of dust. One spur is missing, and his trousers have been reenforced with buck skin, his hat is battered, and a soldier never had a better sunburned face.

The Indian "trailers" from San Carlos, who are employed by the government, are as savage in appearance for Indians as the troopers are for white men. They belong to one tribe of the Apaches, but their are as unlike the stolid Indians of the Northwest as if they were of a wholly different race. They have quick motions, are runners of uncommon swiftness and of almost incredible endurance; and they are as cruel as they are alert. The Mexican, Juan Mauz, who is their interpreter, has won a certain authority over them by his vocal energy. He was captured by them when a child, and adopted into the tribe, by whom he is considered as respectable an Apache as a Yaqui mongrel can become.

The personality of many of these soldiers never passes beyond the sergeant's knowledge, and many deeds of heroism in this fitful and long sun with the Apaches is never heard of beyond the camp fires of their comrades. The brave conduct of Lieutenant CLARK, of the Tenth (colored) Cavalry, in rescuing, under fire, the wounded Corporal SCOTT, was such conduct to make military history interesting. But for Corporal SCOTT's telling of the story, while he lay in the hospital, it might never have been heard outside General MILES's camp. One of Lieutenant CLARK's troopers, who saw him expose himself to the fire of the enemy in an open space to rescue the wounded man, then found expression for his admiration in the most vigorous language of the camp vocabulary: "De fujuma jes fairly ploughed up de groun' wif bullets, when he run, an' never tok no notice what was goose on no more'n if de man 'd jes fell down in a fit' anywhar. He'd 've fairly dusted 'way fum dat to save he own hide whole of he wu'n't a—fightin' man—fightin' man, I tell you, an' h jes do 'im good ter see w —— Injun. An' he don't forgit a man in his 'stress." It is deeds of unselfish bravery like this, when done on battle-fields that whole armies are watching and war correspondents see, that make heroes of men for all the world to admire. But the admiration of his comrades is as sweet to the trooper as praise in print could be; and sweeter than either is the feeling of having done a soldier's duty. The love of such service and the satisfaction that comes of doing a dangerous date bravely and generously are the same to the born soldier in the Southwestern mountains as on a battle-field that will become historic; and this tones he why these men love this hard life.

## EDWARD SYLVESTER MORSE.

PROFESSOR EDWARD SYLVESTER MORSE, of Salem, Massachusetts, has been chosen to preside at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science appointed to be held at Buffalo this year during the seven days beginning with Wednesday, August 18. Professor Morse ranks as one of the most eminent evolutionists in America, having made valuable contributions to the mass of facts which have given evolutionary principles substantially universal acceptance in the scientific world to-day. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1838, and is still a young man, as men reckons in the field of learning; younger still if estimated by the truer standard of physical vitality and intellectual promise. He may be said to have become a scientist at the age of thirteen, when he began the systematic collection of shells and minerals. Shells first attracted his attention, and in 1857 he made a welcome contribution to the collections of the Boston Society of Natural History. He finished his schooling to the academy in Bethel, Maine, where he was more interested in the woods and fields and their treasures than in the classics. In 1858 he demonstrated how the stream that enters Portland Harbor at ancient times flowed in a different bed, and this bed he defined on a map.

His first experience in practical life was as a mechanical draughtsman in the Portland Locomotive Works, and afterward he drew on wood in a Boston engraving establishment. He thus acquired the power of sketching with striking rapidity and minute exactness. This accomplishment has been of inestimable value in his scientific work. He has illustrated his own essays, his celebrated book on *Japanese Homes* contains scores of beautiful cuts from his own drawings, and his lectures on science, for which he has gained extensive popularity, are extemporaneously illustrated by black board drawings—which he makes with both hands, having the fortune to be ambidextrous.

Beginning with 1852, he was for several years a student under AGASSIZ at the Museum of Comparative Anatomy in Cambridge. Here he began to make a specialty of brachiopods, and he continued his investigations for many years. The result was an important contribution to science that gained the commendation of DARWIN and other eminent Europeans. The founder of the evolutionary theory honored him with several letters on this subject, and about sober instinct of Professor MORSE's work which had come to his attention, in terms of the heartiest praise and encouragement.

He removed to Salem in 1866, and there, with Professor PACKARD, became one of the founders of the *American Naturalist* magazine, originally published there, but now issued in Philadelphia as the leading natural science periodical in this country. In 1868 he was made a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; in 1872 Bowdoin College gave him the honorary title of Doctor of Philosophy; in 1874 he was elected to a university lectureship at Harvard; in 1876 he was chosen Fellow of the National Academy of Sciences, and in the same year he was elected Vice President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, delivering at Buffalo the following year a notable address, devoted to a consideration of American contributions to the evolutionary theory.

While actively investigating marine zoology he visited Japan to make some coast dredgings. This visit turned out to be of great importance in his career. His work attracted the attention of the Japanese government, which induced him to accept the chair of zoology in the new Imperial University just then established at Tokio. After thoroughly organizing his department, and laying handsome foundations for the splendid collections which have since been made in his field for the Imperial Museum, he resigned his post, feeling his place of duty to be in his native land, and left a country to which he had become warmly attached by many ties of friendship, taste, and sympathy. While occupying his post in Japan he came home on a winter vacation to meet some lecture engagements, and in 1882 he made a third visit to Japan to continue studies he had instituted and complete a tour through the entire length of the empire. He made a scientific study of Japanese pottery, and the exceptional opportunities which he enjoyed enabled him to make the largest and most valuable collection in the world. He was led to this study by making some associations of prehistoric pottery found in the famous Omori shell heap. A cut for the railway had been made through it, and Professor Morse was immediately struck by its similarity to those found along the New England coast. Taking the first opportunity to examine it, he was rewarded by finding many traces of an ancient race which occupied the land even before the Ainos, the hairy people, now of the northern islands, who were displaced by the present Japanese race, which has lived there over 2000 years.

Professor Morse has always followed his investigations—many of them costly through their extensiveness, elaboration, length, and necessary for wide travel—at his own expense, and to carry these on he has therefore been obliged to increase his income through lecturing on scientific subjects. This necessity, however, has proven an advantage to him, for it has compelled him to acquire a broad knowledge in the general field of natural science. This has given him an equipment that has made him something more than a specialist, and enabled him to engage in diverse fields with equal knowledge and interest. As in his drawing, so in his general studies, he makes one hand help the other.

He is as enthusiastic in ethnological and archæological investigations as in zoology. His warm human sympathies and quick and accurate power of observation give him a particular fitness for ethnological work. In this field he has made a specialty of the Japanese people, and his first published result in his handsome work on *Japanese Homes*, giving a mass of systematic information on the details of the domestic environments of the people such as has probably not been accomplished for any other country.

Professor Morse has just completed a piece of original and elaborate ethnological work, being an account of the different methods of releasing the arrow from the bow practiced by various races, far back in antiquity as well as to-day. It had not been noticed that there was any difference, but the attention of Professor Morse, who is an excellent archer, was accidentally called to the fact that different races had different releases, and with characteristic energy he at once set about making a study of it. His work will shortly be published, with many illustrations, by the Peabody Academy of Science, at the head of which he has been since his return from his Japanese professorship. He draws some valuable conclusions from his observations.

A valuable contribution to archæology is his paper on "Man in the Tertiaries," read before the American Association at its Philadelphia meeting, showing that research, so far back as it has gone into remote geological periods, shows not the slightest convergence of the human species toward the lower orders, and therefore demonstrating the extreme antiquity of man.

Besides the printed works mentioned, Professor Morse's literary work includes a considerable list of publications in the shape of essays in pamphlet form and contributions to various periodicals and the proceedings of scientific societies, besides a *First Book in Zoology*, illustrated by the author, and a favorite text-book for schools here and in England, while two translations have appeared in Germany. In zoology Professor Morse's special field is embryology, and he has taken particular satisfaction in tracing connections between little-known species.

Professor Morse also deserves mention as an inventor, his faculty for original investigation finding expression also in this field. Among his inventions are a game of battle, a remover shelf-bracket which has become a standard feature for both museums and libraries, an apparatus for practically utilizing the heat of the sun for warming apartments, and a "pamphlet jacket" for keeping pamphlets in order without trouble.

In his scientific work he possesses a thorough system, and maintains such order in his arrangements as to turn his attention to any desired thing with slight trouble. This is one of the secrets of his ability to accomplish an astonishing amount of work in diverse directions with apparently little effort.

THE NEW EIGHT-INCH STEEL RIFLED GUN FOR THE "ATLANTA."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 533.]

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LACROSSE—"HARD PRESSED."—De

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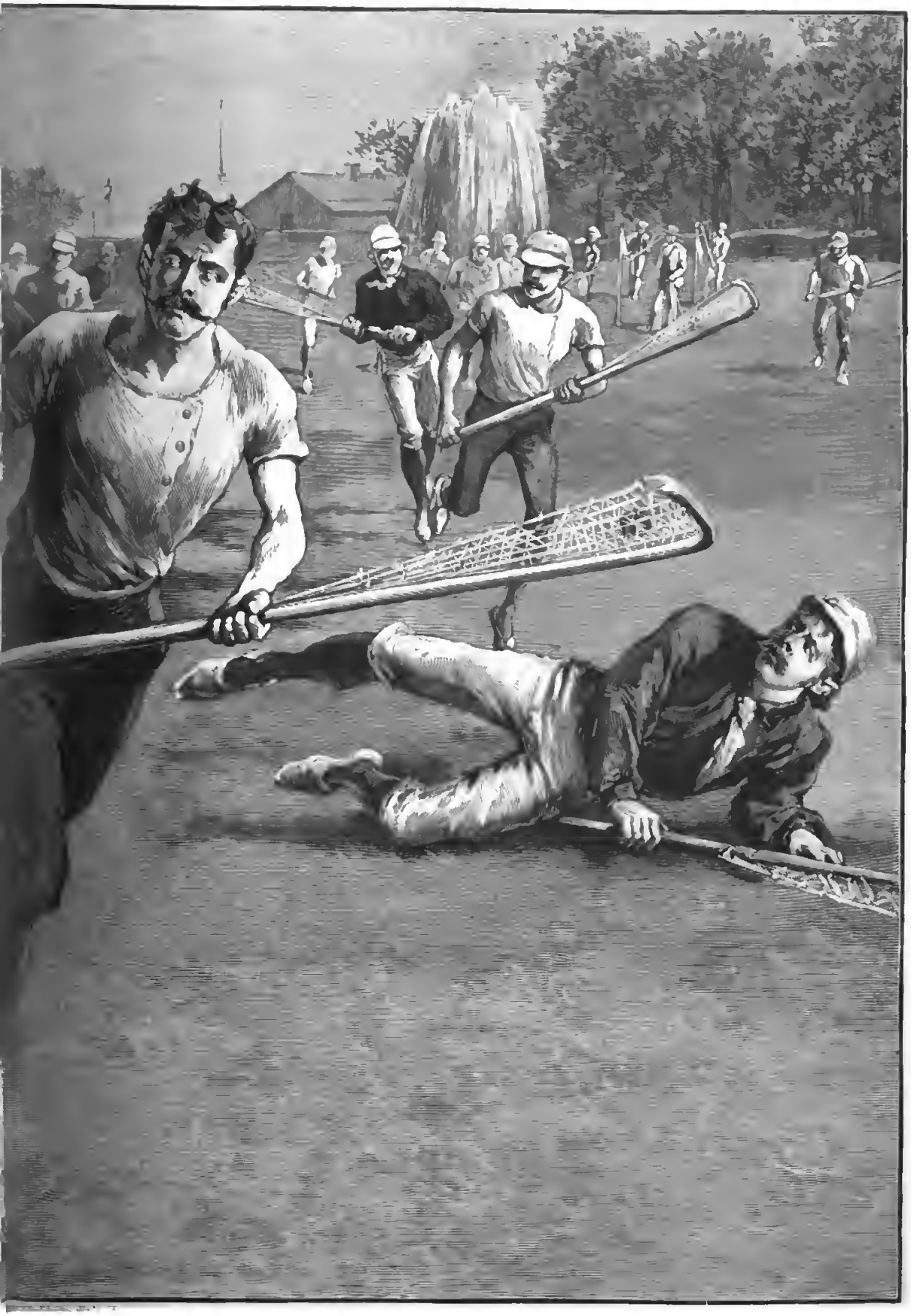

ol. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 539.]

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BATHING THE ELEPHANTS IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 534.]

## BY THE THIRD PILLAR.

### A RICHFIELD IDYL.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.)

SCENE—RICHFIELD SPRINGS.

*An premier plan* (on the French cup), *plasm of the New American*

*A second plan*, street with Tully-Ho coach for Cooperstown Lake drawn up

*A third*, Spring-house Park, with overarching trees, rustic seats, walks, etc.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALICE MONCRIEVE, *a young widow.*
COLONEL JAMES FITZGERALD DRAKE, *a bachelor*

ALICE *is leaning against the third pillar on the piazza, looking thoughtfully over into the park.* COLONEL DRAKE *comes up behind her. She turns before he has spoken.*

*Alice.* You so early!

*Colonel.* Didn't you say I might?

*Alice.* Possible. You have breakfasted?

*Colonel.* I'm sure I forget.

*Alice* (*laughing*). Then it is true.

*Colonel.* True! What? I don't know.

*Alice.* Then it is true [*clapping her hands*]. Your mental state answers me.

*Colonel.* You compliment me; I never have a mental state this early in the morning.

*Alice.* Then you take advantage of my good nature. I don't entertain minds *en dishabille*. But yours, I understand, is made up.

*Colonel.* I am troubled. Do you know, it is a serious affair, this marrying.

*Alice.* My poor friend, one only marries once.

*Colonel.* But perhaps that is once too much.

*Alice.* You are in a cheerful frame of mind. Miss Manifold, I am told, is quite charming.

*Colonel.* Yes, charming, so you say. She plays on the piano very well. I detest music, but I appreciate her talent just as much.

*Alice.* You really are amusing.

*Colonel.* Why should I not be? Men whistle to keep their courage up; soldiers sing as going into battle. It seems I am to be enrolled in the great regiment of married men.

*Alice* (*starts, moves away*). I must get my hat. You are going on the coach, aren't you? Miss Manifold is going.

*Colonel* (*languidly*). No. Yes; she had a previous engagement with Charlie Dawson. Naturally I don't claim anything until older scores are settled. Dawson is the preferred creditor.

*Alice* (*absently*). I must get my things.

*Colonel.* Yes, go get your things, but don't hurry. [ALICE *exit.*

[*After* ALICE *goes, young men and young women in summer attire, adorned with badges, and each carrying a tin horn streaming with ribbons, come out with much chatter, and mount the coach. When they are settled, some one exclaims,* "MRS. MCGROVE!" *Cries for* MRS. MCGROVE. COLONEL *steps from behind the pillar.*

*Colonel.* I don't think she's going. In fact, I'm sure she's not. You'd better be off. The sun is fierce enough now, but look out for a shower.

[*They drive off with laughter, blowing their horns, and welcoming a section of Pandemonium as they go up the street.* ALICE *comes back, with her hat on, and parasol, fan, and gloves on her hand.*

*Colonel.* How could you be so long? They have gone.

*Alice.* How mean! I think they might have waited a moment for me.

*Colonel.* It was my fault. I told them it was going to rain. I don't want Miss Manifold to get wet, and her clothes spoiled. She wears very nice clothes. Now that white pea-jacket of hers—

*Alice* (*very absently*). Jersey.

*Colonel.* You don't laugh: I meant you to. The truth is, I told them a sort of lie—said you weren't going. I didn't mean you should.

*Alice.* Why this interference in my movements—with my pleasures?

*Colonel.* Misery wants company, that is to say, I want some one to whom I can pour out my bright anticipations of the future.

*Alice.* Aren't you relying something too much on my sympathy?

*Colonel.* I'll bribe you to the extent of two lemonades—long ones. I'm going to call that colored Adonis in brown livery for the equipments.

[*He comes, puts a table between them with two large glasses of lemonade and straws.*

*Colonel* (*places a seat for* ALICE, *and sits down opposite*). Does this in any way mitigate my offence?

*Alice.* It is very nice.

*Colonel.* It is delicious. Let us fancy ourselves in a plains devastated of all human beings except ourselves.

*Alice.* What wholesale destruction! Poor people, and they enjoy it so much!

*Colonel.* Don't disturb my fancy. Mrs Mugrove, we are in a planked and pillared solitude.

*Alice.* At least let us spare poor old Miss Morton, who has crept out here to hear the music.

*Colonel* (*taking lemonade through his straw*). Well, I'm a tender heart. She shall be simply non-existent. And as for the swaging of fiddles, that is but the twitter of the birds to the trees that shelter our solitude.

*Alice.* Yes, chirping the *Gypsy Baron*. Your imagination is lively, at least.

*Colonel.* Yes, this is one me; here is our honeydew. We have everything but our hearts. Mine, of course, has gone around the lake with Miss Manifold.

*Alice* (*with scorn*). It will not add to the load. There is not enough of it. Don't deny it. It is not large enough to really lose any woman. Once men were prodigals. They lavished their love; they were reckless, perhaps extravagant, but they were happy. To-day men possess neither love nor illusions. They are old without ever having been young; they are bankrupt without having ever expended. They are like the beggars who hold out their hands—"Only a penny, please."

*Colonel.* And would you refuse?

*Alice.* Not a cent for such, sir.

*Colonel* (*looking at her for a moment*). Well, if love has lost its illusions, it is the fault of your sex. Love is second best in a woman's life.

*Alice.* What is first?

*Colonel.* Dress, position, fashion.

*Alice* (*laughs scornfully*). Men's talk!

*Colonel.* Did you ever cry in your life?

*Alice.* Possibly.

*Colonel.* Yes, if your dress didn't fit, to the woman didn't send it home in time. But did you ever cry tears—real tears?

*Alice* (*laughs*). I'll never confess.

*Colonel.* That is enough. When a man tells you he loves you, you laugh.

*Alice.* In women frivolity is but a mask. We play we are women of the world, and wear the costumes of the role.

*Colonel.* Marvellously well, too. It is that comedy that frightens me. A man thinks he knows the woman he is to marry. He never has seen her; she is wrapped in an impenetrable veil. By-the-way, can you swim?

*Alice.* Yes.

*Colonel.* Then you know how it feels to jump in the water. The heart beats; the throat stops up; there is a hideous sound in the ears. Ugh! Marriage is for me much the same thing. I throw myself in the water, but I'm sure I'm going to drown.

*Alice.* How Miss Manifold would love to hear you!

*Colonel.* I am not speaking of Miss Manifold, but of marriage. If ever a woman seemed to promise to her husband a calm, unruffled married life, it is she.

[ALICE *gets up and leans against the pillar.* COLONEL DRAKE *watches her, pretending to play with his straw. She opens and shuts a fan in her hand.*

*Colonel.* That is a pretty fan. Who did that?

*Alice.* You admire it? I.

*Colonel.* You painted that! When do you find time to do such things?

*Alice.* When I am alone.

*Colonel.* Alone! I never think of a woman except on a piazza, in a cotillion. Do you love to be alone?

*Alice.* Yes, at times.

*Colonel.* I thought you were a passionate worshiping.

*Alice.* You have given me that much consideration? [*Bows.*] I like the world; I find it diverting. Then I like to be alone and reflect on what I've seen.

*Colonel.* You can't persuade me that at your age and with your attractions you regard the world so philosophically.

*Alice.* Let us talk of something else—of the riding party to Rum Hill this afternoon.

*Colonel.* She won't answer me.

*Alice.* Your question seems to me the least bit impertinent.

*Colonel.* I beg pardon. I only meant to say that you must find the homage of men sweet. [ALICE *waves her hand, as if to dismiss the subject.* COLONEL *goes on.*] The homage least sought for to the woman the least coquettish is a sugar-plum she crunches with pleasure.

*Alice.* I are not a gourmande.

*Colonel.* It is a pretty fault. Then I suppose you do not comprehend jealousy?

*Alice.* A pretty question! Be you?

*Colonel.* Not at all. It is the malady of another age. It belongs to the days of old stuffs, stiff brocades, alike on both sides. These are diaphanous days.

*Alice.* Then I belong in another age. My feelings are cloth of gold.

*Colonel.* You are formidable.

*Alice.* Very amiable. Perhaps to you, not to others.

*Colonel* (*eagerly*). What others?

*Alice.* That is of no importance to you.

*Colonel* (*very much interested*). Tell me who.

Ah! I know—that long legged dude over at the other house that takes you out in his cart.

*Alice.* You think so?

*Colonel.* It is just such fellows to whom the good things of this life fall.

*Alice* (*bows*). I thank you in both our names.

*Colonel.* Very well: it only remains for me to tender my congratulations.

[*Rises, and extends his hand eagerly.*

*Alice* (*laughing*). Are you going to leave me, after cheating me out of my ride?

*Colonel.* Why should I stay?

*Alice.* You are very funny. You ask questions, and answer them. You arrange my affairs to suit yourself, and then get angry at them. At the worst we are in the same boat.

*Colonel.* But it is particularly exasperating to me a woman marry—another man for love.

*Alice.* That is a generous sentiment.

*Colonel.* Then it is true that you are engaged—that you love him?

*Alice.* My feelings, I must assert, do not concern you.

*Colonel.* Then I have the honor to bid you good-morning.

[COLONEL *walks hastily away.* ALICE *sits down and leans her head on her hand.* COLONEL *goes to the steps, and then comes back.*

*Alice.* You again?

*Colonel.* Pardon. Our conversation made me forget a favor I wanted to ask.

*Alice.* You look so penitent, I can't treat you as you deserve. Sit down.

*Colonel.* You are hard on me. I came with the most innocent intentions; then you poured aphorisms, philosophy, mockeries, on to my devoted head. But we are friends again, aren't we?

*Alice* (*holds out her hand*). The best.

*Colonel* (*sits*). I have a favor, as I said. Miss Manifold is so perfect a creature—perfect to every fold of her drapery, her bronze slippers, and her embroidered handkerchief. Now you, who have such exquisite tact, and are such an old friend, tell me, when the rice and slippers are thrown and we are at last alone together, what I shall say to her so as not to disturb her holy calm. If you only knew what a coward I am!

*Alice.* Ask your own heart.

*Colonel.* But you've told me I have none.

*Alice.* Then ask your wife.

*Colonel.* But I want yours.

*Alice.* Miss Manifold will aid you. This isn't my funeral. [*Laughs hysterically.*

*Colonel.* True; but before the final performance I must have a rehearsal. Now here is really an occasion for friendship. Come, suppose you were Miss Manifold. We are married, and you are in the corner of the carriage and I opposite. Wait a moment. [*He jumps up and arranges the chairs vis-à-vis, places the table as of several days.*] Here, take this book for your travelling bag, it will assist your imagination. Come, put on your hat.

*Alice* (*puts on her hat*). You are very amusing.

*Colonel.* What a pretty hat! That bird ought to be glad he can't fly.

*Alice.* Why?

*Colonel.* He seems so happy on your head. There, put down your veil; your eyes embarrass me. [*He seats himself opposite her.*] H-m. Charming ride, as it was?

*Alice.* Yes [*Silence.*

*Colonel.* Do you feel comfortable, dear?

*Alice.* Yes, thanks. [*Another silence.*

*Colonel.* Do you love to travel?

*Alice.* If it pleases you.

*Colonel.* Pshaw! If you only answer in monosyllables, how can we converse? It can't be as difficult as you make it.

*Alice.* Then why don't you ask something I can answer? It isn't my fault you have no more imagination.

*Colonel.* Oh, you look at me so through your veil. You think I don't see, but I do.

*Alice.* You are impossible. I lend myself to a whim of doubtful taste, and then you quarrel with me. [*Half rises.*

*Colonel.* No, please don't; I'll be good. Let us go on, my dear Alice.

*Alice.* You forget, sir.

*Colonel* (*gets up and sits beside her*). Pardon, my dear Miss Manifold. Oh, I forgot you're married. What is her name? My dear Diana, at last I am with you alone. I have so much to say.

[*He takes her hand. She draws it back.*

*Alice.* Miss Morton will see you. You must imagine the hand.

*Colonel.* You forget: she doesn't wear a hat. Very well. My dear little wife! What a pretty word! [*Reaches for her hand again.*] And what a pretty hand! I have always hoped to be led by such a hand. You will are how tender and submissive I will be. No blind man's dog—

*Alice.* I decline to think of myself as a beggar on Union Square.

*Colonel.* Very well. No poodle—

*Alice.* There, again!

*Colonel.* But a dog is the embodiment of perfect love and obedience. You see we will have to keep the dog. Tell me, my dear Diana, are you not glad that we are at last married?

*Alice* (*brusquely*). Certainly. Now I can have diamonds and old lace and an establishment, and spend money and dazzle everybody.

*Colonel.* And what place do you assign your husband?

*Alice.* Oh, he is the master of the house.

*Colonel.* Is that all? You love him?

*Alice.* Certainly—a woman's duty.

*Colonel.* Would you love only from duty?

*Alice.* I do not know; that would depend on him.

*Colonel.* And what must he do to be loved?

*Alice.* Well, he should begin by being in love himself.

*Colonel* (*earnestly*). You are right. Why should a man act as if love was something to be ashamed of? Why should he ignore his emotions, and conceal his feelings under a mask of raillery until it becomes part of his countenance? You are a true woman—one whose thoughts are not placed on diamonds and fripperies. You shall see my inmost thoughts. I too have dreamed of love in marriage. I do not separate them. I have longed for deep affection and mutual esteem. I have believed that if I could reach the heart of a true woman, and show her my real sentiments, she would understand them, and possibly her heart respond. I have had my dreams, Alice, of pleasant journeys with her by my side; of military evenings by the fireside with her, now talking, now reading together some favorite book; I have had glimpses of her white dress wandering in the garden; I have shared happiness with her, and we have borne grief together; I have traversed my whole life with her hand in mine. [*He takes her hand.*

*Alice* (*troubled*). What do you mean? Are you in sport?

*Colonel.* You me I am not. I swear on other woman has ever heard, or ever will hear again, the words I have just uttered.

*Alice.* This is not a rehearsal? Am I Alice, or am I Miss Manifold?

*Colonel.* You are Alice. It is to her I have spoken. It is she who has listened—Alice, the woman I love. [*Bends over her hand to kiss it.*

*Alice* (*nervously*). Miss Morton will see you.

*Colonel.* Hang that old woman!

*Alice.* Time our journey has ended.

*Colonel.* No, dear, is in only going to begin, if you will join me.

[*A toot-tooting is heard. The coach drives up.*

*Alice.* And Miss Manifold?

*Colonel.* Oh, she has had her trip. Besides, Dawson has a tenor voice, and she can play his accompaniments. MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

## ELEPHANTS IN A BATH.

WHEN MR. P. T. BARNUM, at the beginning of his season this year, left fourteen elephants, big and little, in the care of the Park Commissioners, he probably knew better than they did (the Commissioners, not the elephants) what a splendid legacy of amusement he was bequeathing to the patrons of Central Park. The Park Department was entirely willing to board the fourteen elephants for each carcass as they could render in the edification and entertainment of visitors to the Park during the dull and silly season, but it is doubtful if the Commissioners fully appreciated the talents and capabilities of these boarders. Now that Bombé, the rhinoceros whose portrait, together with a brief history of his short and lamentable career in New York, was published in these pages a few weeks ago, is dead, the task of entertaining Central Park visitors with genuine zoological hospitality has fallen rather heavily upon the shoulders of "Mr Crowley," the trained and gifted chimpanzee, and the visiting elephants. To be sure, the lions and the tigers consent to pace indolently backward and forward in their airy summer cages before the eyes of a pleasure-making public, but there is nothing in the nature of cordiality about their reception of the people. Their thoughts appear to be wholly and selfishly devoted to the anticipation of their next meal, and when one reflects upon the inordinate excellence of their appetites, and their utter impartiality concerning the character of their food, so only that its ingredients are flesh and blood, the eternal readiness for dinner at somebody else's expense, as expressed in their great round roaring eyes, has a tendency to reduce them to the level of common "dead beats" and bores.

There is a wide distinction in propositions, and when a lion or a tiger, either at Central Park or any other summer resort, instead of saying politely, "I will dine with you," remarks with an emphatic roar that he will dine on you, it is not wise to infer that he has simply fallen into that trifling grammatical error which frequently leads a gentleman of the plains who desires that you shall drink *with* him to say, "The drinks are on me." Lions and tigers may have their faults, but inaccuracy in the outspoken expression of their sentiments and motions is not one of them. The elephants, though thick-skinned, are by no means insensible to the mental requirements of society. They are polite and attentive not only to visitors, but toward one another.

The scene which is illustrated on another page of this issue is one which you may witness upon almost any fair day to about the hour of 3 P.M. in the elephant enclosure at the Park. It is not perhaps recorded in any work upon natural history, either popular or scientific, that there are any marked points of similarity between the elephant and the canary-bird. Indeed, their somewhat widely different personal appearance and entirely dissimilar habits make anything like a comparison difficult. If there is any one living creature who is not happy or felicitous in the one of his voice it is the elephant. It seems absolutely impossible for him to speak in a whisper, and the extremely high natural register of his voice has a tendency to impart to his declamation, even at the most impassioned moments, an element of absurdity. The canary-bird, on the other hand, although not the peer of the elephant in some other respects, is peculiarly fortunate in the arrangement of its vocal organs. Nevertheless there is this undeniable point of resemblance, that both elephants and canary-birds are fond of their daily bath, and are extremely amusing while in the enjoyment of it. The elephant in the accompanying picture, who has the hose pipe in her trunk, is a small and highly intelligent beast, named "Grace." Judging from the machinery in which she indulges during the bathing hour, by matching up the hose whenever the keeper lays it down for a moment, and deluging the eyes and mouths of her companions with it, her appellation is the diminutive for "Scapegrace." The elephants at the Park are not led to any neighboring pool for their afternoon bath. An artificial pool is formed by turning a powerful hose upon them as they stand in their enclosure, in which pool, as soon as it is sufficiently deep, the great jolly comfortable-looking beasts delight to sport and wallow. They enjoy themselves quite as much as the canary-bird, and have this decided advantage, that there are no feathers worth speaking of to be dried when the bath is at an end.

## THE NEW STEEL RIFLED GUN.

THE first 8-inch steel gun ever built in America has just been satisfactorily tested at Annapolis, and is now ready for its destination, the new war steamer *Atlanta*. It is, of course, like other modern guns, a breech-loading rifle, and is the first of a number required for the armament of the cruisers *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Chicago*. The 6-inch steel breech-loading rifles forming a part of the armament of the same vessels, and used also in others, are already familiar. The steel forgings for the latter were made at the Midvale Steel Works; but as there was no plant in the country capable of producing 8-inch forgings at the time they were needed for the new steel cruisers, the government was compelled to get these forgings in England, and the machine finishing of the guns has been done in our country. The Midvale Company has since been making parts of an all-steel 8-inch rifle, for supplying the West Point Foundery, and the time will soon come when not only 8-inch, but 10-inch, 12-inch, and probably even 16-inch steel rifle guns will be made entirely in this country, both forgings and finishings. The manufacture of these modern high-power guns has been hitherto a somewhat slow and difficult task, on account of its novelty in this country, and the success of

the first of the 8-inch guns is a matter for congratulation.

The new gun is about 21½ feet long, weighs a little over 12½ tons, and throws a projectile weighing 250 pounds. The charge used on the naval ordnance proving ground was 110 pounds of American cocoa, and with this the very satisfactory result was secured of 1966 feet muzzle-velocity, with a very moderate pressure. The full charge of the new gun will be 125 pounds, and with this an initial velocity of at least 2070 feet per second is expected. It must be added that the powder used in the tests hitherto was made for the 6-inch guns, so that a powder specially suited to the 8-inch will undoubtedly give still better results. This American powder illustrates the fact that however much behind our country may be in any branch of the manufacture of war material, through lack of government patronage, it is sure to go at once to the front when called upon. The success of Dr Post's brown powder in the 12-inch cast-iron gun at once placed it in advance of all the foreign powders, of which wonderful accounts had been given in the newspapers, and insured the success, ballistically, of the gun 8-inch naval gun.

In the *Atlanta* and *Boston* the construction is that of a central superstructure, with the extremities of the vessel left clear and unobstructed. Within the superstructure are the 8-inch breech-loading rifles. Outside the forward port angle, and also the after starboard angle, of the superstructure will be mounted one of the new 6-inch rifles, in a barbette built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from 40° abaft the beam on the port side, sweeping the whole deck forward, to 30° abaft the beam on the starboard side. There is a similar train for the after 6-inch gun. Each of the guns carries an armored mantlet as protection against machine-gun fire.

The government has under construction at the Washington Navy-yard, where the present gun was completed, several 10-inch guns, while forgings for 10½-inch guns have been received from Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co. The 10-inch gun will be 27½ feet long, will weigh 26 tons, and throw a projectile of 500 pounds with a powder charge of 250 pounds, attaining an initial velocity of 2100 feet. In the last report of the Chief of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance it was stated that the tubes and jackets of the first 10-inch guns were assembled, and most of the rings had then already arrived from England, so that we shall soon have a still more effective gun in service than the one just completed and tested. The 10½-inch gun is 29½ feet long, weighs 30½ tons, and throws a projectile of 550 pounds, with a powder charge of 275 pounds, with an initial velocity of 2100 feet.

The illustration as another page may stand for the external appearance of nearly all modern heavy guns, since, excepting two types, they are all long, forged-steel, breech-loading rifles, jacketed and hooped. There is first a chambered tube, and on this is put a jacket extending about a third of the tube in a point at or just beyond the trunnions; then come hoops arranged to resist transverse strain. The jacket and hoops are carefully finished, and shrunk on.

The government also has four cast-iron breech-loading 12-inch rifles of a different external shape, being without hoops and jackets. The 12-inch cast-iron gun weighs 54 tons, and throws an 800-pound projectile with a powder charge of 245 pounds, attaining 1840 feet muzzle-velocity. The advantage of the cast-iron gun is its economy, but now the processes of making gun steel are becoming cheaper, and a steel gun weighs much less than a cast-iron gun of equal energy.

The Armament Board of which Colonel Barton was president advised constructing 125 of the 8-inch guns and 226 of the 10-inch, and then 306 of a 12-inch caliber and 50 of a 16-inch. The 12-inch would be 35 feet long, weighing 48 tons, and throwing a projectile of 894 pounds with a powder charge of 456 pounds. The 16-inch would be 46 feet long, weighing nearly 108 tons, and throwing a projectile of 1631 pounds with a charge of 650 pounds. This last would come fully up to the standard of a modern big gun.

## MICHAEL DAVITT.

Michael Davitt, the founder of the Land League, is on his second visit to the United States. He came, not as a delegate, but with Mr. Parnell's sanction, to attend the Irish Convention at Chicago, but more especially to employ the time profitably until the plans of the new British Ministry touching Irish affairs are more fully developed as carried out. Mr Davitt is now exerting himself for the relief of the destitution of the fishermen on the west coast of Ireland, and from Chicago he will go to San Francisco, and there begin a course of lectures on Irish affairs to increase this relief fund. Mr Davitt regards the battle for home rule as practically won. He even looks for this under a Gladstone Ministry. The Parliamentary tactics which Mr. Davitt has recommended to Mr Parnell and his followers now is not to make any direct effort touching Irish legislation, but to introduce bills looking toward land reforms in Scotland, England, and Wales, and then to carry the war into England by enlisting the aid of the peasantry in effecting changes which they as well as the Irish desire.

Michael Davitt's career is familiar to all who know the history of recent Irish agitation. He is yet a young man, having been born in Strald, County Mayo, in 1846. His father was evicted while the son was hardly more than an infant, and the family begged their way through England, and found a home in Haslingden, Lancashire. Most of them came to the United States. His father died here, and his mother made her home in Pennsylvania. In childhood Michael Davitt lost his arm by an accident in a mill where he was put as work. At eleven years of age he was employed in the local post-office, which was, after a fashion, schooling for him. Early in life he became a member of the Fenian organization, and in 1870 he was arrested in London as a suspect, tried for a political crime, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. After seven years he was released on ticket-of-leave. Having enjoyed his freedom for three years, he was reimprisoned in 1880. The memorable suspension of all the Irish members of the House of Commons by reason of the debate that was provoked by his reimprisonment is yet fresh in the memory of all who have followed the course of the English dealing with Ireland. When he was again released he was received by the Irish Nationalists as a hero, and his career as an agitator for land reform soon afterward began. Before his second imprisonment he lectured in England and Scotland, and in 1878 he made a visit to his kinspeople and sympathizers in the United States. During his last confinement in jail he wrote his well-known lectures "to a solitary audience," which was a pet blackbird that shared his cell with him. They are thoughts on prison management, social reform, the cause and cure of poverty, and similar topics.

## LACROSSE.

Never since the first time a game of lacrosse was played in New York—in 1862, by two visiting teams of Canadian Indians—has the "coming sport" attracted quite the attention that it has this season. The successful European trip ten years ago of the American team, which was ably organized and conducted under the auspices of the New York club, gave an impetus to the game on both sides of the Atlantic. No exception extended to the American visitors was an warm (both on and off the field of play) as that received in Belfast. Games were played in that city on June 12 and 14, 1884. The game of June 12 was the best game of the entire schedule. The Americans won by a score of five to three, after a very close contest, against a team representing all Ireland. On the next day the American twelve experienced their only defeat at the hands of virtually the same team, three or four Englishmen taking the place of as many Irishmen, and as making the twelve one representing the United Kingdom.

The return games have just been played to St. George, on Staten Island. Fourteen athletic-looking Irish gentlemen came over on the *Abyssinia*, and were on the grounds on Monday, August 9, to watch the game between the New York and Toronto clubs. The latter is the best twelve in Canada, and therefore in the world. This also was a return game, the New York team having by a stroke of good luck and by plucky play defeated the Toronto twelve on their own grounds, by a score of three to one, on July 8. In the game on the St. George grounds the Canadians gave a most wonderful exhibition of lacrosse, and played to win from the instant the ball was faced until time was called. They had previously beaten the Montreal team, by a score of three to nothing, in eight minutes, and in the hour's play with the New York club were anxious to make the score as large as possible; but while presenting the New Yorkers scoring to all, they had to be satisfied with a score of three goals.

On Tuesday the Irish team, captained by Hugh Kelly, met a picked team of players from the Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and Baltimore clubs, representing the United States. An enthusiastic audience, such as has never before been seen at a lacrosse match in New York, greeted the players. The Ireland's goal was threatened a number of times before a game was scored. At last, by a very quick and brilliant play, the first goal was taken by the Irish team. Lacrosse men are inclined to be superstitious about the first goal, though they by no means agree as to whether it is better to win or lose it. The first goal of the first match was the only goal scored against the American team in 1884 in the nine games they played to England. Perhaps as good a way as any to test the relative powers of two teams by the play in the early part of a match is to notice which team has had the most "tries at goal"; then, other things being equal, one can speculate with some degree of certainty upon the result of the match. Judged by this standard, the first fifteen minutes were very encouraging to the Americans. The game resulted in a score of four goals to two in favor of the home twelve.

On Wednesday the New York team met the Irishmen. The former returned a few weeks ago from a trip through the West and Canada, winning the United States championship to St. Paul, scoring a surprising victory to Toronto, and suffering defeat at Ottawa. They also held the Orinoh Cup for 1885. Thus the Irish gentlemen met what is perhaps the best local team in the United States. The game was able contested by both sides, the Irishmen showing much better form than they did the day before. The New York team gave the best exhibition of attack play that has been seen in New York, while the defence of the Irishmen was spirited and persistent. The neat passing of the players was promptly recognized by the audience. A player closely checked obtains the ball in a scrimmage, upsetting his opponent by a skilful body check, and then, as in the accompanying illustration, starts on a run, keeping a close watch upon both foe and friend, and the instant a sure opportunity offers, passes it to his friend, who, unchecked, has a free throw and a chance to drop the ball in front of the goal at the other end of the field. The game resulted in a victory for New York by a score of three goals to one.

The gentlemen from Ireland are a fine lot of athletes. Several of them are noted runners and foot-ball players. Nearly all of them have represented Ireland in the great annual championship matches. Their trip through Canada will be one of great interest in lacrosse circles, and will undoubtedly result, as it has in the case of the New York club, in improving the tactics and play of the visiting team.

Canada, the native home of lacrosse, produces the same sort of superiness and skill in the lacrosse field that the United States does upon the base ball diamond, and for the same reason the players begin to learn the game as soon as they leave the nursery.

The progress of the game in the United States has been very rapid of late, and every week new clubs are formed in localities as far west as Nebraska City, as far south as Baltimore, and as far east as Boston, one of the great strongholds of the game. Junior clubs especially are increasing in numbers, and hence the future of the game is positively assured.

The international games on both sides the Atlantic and between the States and Canada have proved of great advantage to the sport, increasing the interest and improving the play. Mr Erastus Wiman has done more than any one else in promoting these matches, by his interest and his generosity.

## DR. FRANK H. HAMILTON.

In the death of Dr Frank Hastings Hamilton, which occurred at his home in this city on the 11th inst., the country has lost a distinguished surgeon, an eminent author of medical works, and as inventor of surgical appliances the use of which has diminished human suffering throughout the civilized world. It was through his ministrations at the bedside of President Garfield that Dr. Hamilton gained what may be termed popular notoriety, but long before that he was known to the medical profession not only of the United States, but also of England, France, and Germany, as a leading representative of enlightened surgical knowledge. His published works and the record of his remarkable operations attracted attention in Europe as long ago as 1860, his *Treatise on Fractures and Dislocations* being at once translated into French and German by enthusiastic disciples in those countries.

Although never a robust man, Dr Hamilton managed during his long life to accomplish a vast amount of work. He was born at Wilmington, Vermont, September 10, 1813, and in 1827, when only fourteen years of age, was admitted to the Sophomore Class of Union College, graduating at the age of seventeen. In 1833, when he was but twenty years old, he was licensed to practise medicine and surgery, and began his professional work at Auburn, New York. At the age of twenty-seven he was made Professor of Surgery in the Geneva Medical College. After several months of travel spent in Europe, he moved to Buffalo in 1844, where he lived until 1858, at which date he accepted the professorship of the Principles and Practice of Surgery in the Long Island College Hospital, in Brooklyn.

In April, 1861, he formed a connection with the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in this city which continued until 1875, interrupted only by two years which he spent in active service with the Union army. In February, 1863, he was appointed by President Lincoln Medical Inspector of the United States Army, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This position he resigned in the following September. The number of important offices which Dr Hamilton held during his long and useful career testify to the respect and esteem in which he was held by his fellow-practitioners. Among the many volumes with which his name is associated may be mentioned the *Surgical Memoirs of the War of the Rebellion*, which he edited, and which was published under the direction of the United States Sanitary Commission in 1871. He was the inventor of twenty-seven surgical instruments, most of which are now in common use. He was twice married, his second wife dying only last year.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The heirs of a manufacturer of Arles, in France, have among their assets a claim against that city for the price of two thrones. The thrones were ordered on the occasion of a visit to Arles of the last Emperor and Empress of the French. The price, as set by the manufacturer, was three hundred dollars, but the city authorities deemed this too much, and cut it down to one hundred and seventy dollars, which the manufacturer refused to take, and the city has sued for the amount charged. The matter is now yet decided. The deliberate methods of the law are illustrated in this still pending suit for the price of thrones in a land which has been a republic for fifteen years.

PROVISION FOR BACKSLIDING.

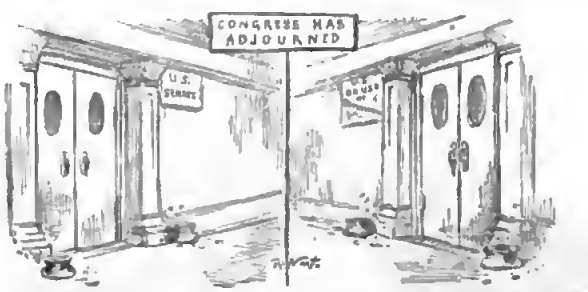
"Hab chow, Mistah Happy?"
"No, Cuck 'e; I's swor off. Might gimme back, dough, in case I git wosh, an' goes to sotin' de wood agin."

Undue ambition has led to the death of a huge Austrian eagle. The bird, which measured eleven feet across its outstretched wings, swooped down upon an eight-year-old boy and attempted to bear him away. The boy was one of two who were together, the other being thirteen years of age. The younger boy struggled and screamed, and the older struck the eagle on the head with a knotted stick, stunning the bird, which was shot soon afterward by a hunter. Eight-year-old boys were not intended for eagles. A big American eagle which recently undertook to carry off a calf likewise found that it had undertaken too great a task. The calf raised its voice as the eagle vainly tugged at it, and the eagle was caught and sent to lest its abnormal spirit away in a menagerie.

A Connecticut cat which was lost twenty years ago has just been recovered. It is petrified. It was in the same state that there was found some time ago, in the exact centre of a cake of ice which had been three years in an ice-house, a large toad, which, when the ice was cracked in two, hopped about the floor with unmistakable vitality, and seemingly in perfect health.

In the north of England there lives a wealthy iron-master, who, according to the *Court Journal*, has his house and office provided with some of the most modern scientific apparatus. Among other matters, there is in each of a number of rooms an arrangement of clock work by which every hour a little shutter is opened in the wall, and a camera which the shutter had concealed is permitted to receive an instantaneous impression of whatever is going on. By means of this apparatus the iron-master has satisfied himself that in his absence his most trusted and apparently most diligent clerks sit paring their nails, with their heels up, and his servants give entertainments of a most liberal character in his best dining room.

A correspondent of a Western newspaper says that women in Massachusetts have been spoiled for house work "by factory work and dabbling in literature." This certainly seems to be a suspicious combination, and if it really is as bad as it looks, the Massachusetts authorities ought to take it in hand. Factory work is generally understood to take a good deal of the operative's time. To dabble in literature may take some additional time, and it may be because what is left of the twenty-four hours is needed for sleep that the factory hand who dabbles in literature is unfitted for house work. Whatever the reason, chemistry has taught us that matters which are quite harmless by themselves may be terribly pernicious in combination. Factory work is not held to be harmful when it is done in moderation, and the pursuit of literature is generally considered innocuous, although it may not be wise; but the two may very well be perilous when mixed. Is the correspondent sure, however, that it is not factory work and landscape-painting, as factory work and the ownership of gold mines, that unfits Massachusetts women for the natural task of working about the house?




THE KIND OF "*CLOSED DOORS*" WE LIKE, AND MAKE NO SECRET OF IT.

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

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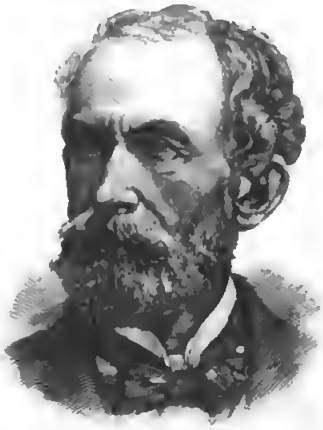
MICHAEL DAVITT.—[See Page 528.]



FRANK H. HAMILTON, M.D.—Photo. by Moses.—[See Page 529.]

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.—Photo. by Curtis, Madison, Wis.—[See Page 542.]

THE SPOILSMEN'S "SPIRIT OF FUN"—THIS TICKLISH BUSINESS IS SPLITTING THE SIDES OF NEW YORK.

## LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, recently elected by the National Encampment at San Francisco, has had an uncommon succession of honors, even for an American citizen of that generation whose qualities were developed by the civil war. Brigadier-General, Secretary of State, and thrice Governor of Wisconsin, Consul at Liverpool, Consul-General at Paris, and Minister to Spain—in military, civil, and diplomatic life he has attained distinction; yet on the 27th of December he will have completed only his fifty-fifth year.

He was born in Portage County, Ohio, in 1831. He spent most of his life at Cleveland, until he was sixteen, thence his parents removed to Madison, Wisconsin, wherefrom, in 1849, he went with a company of gold-seekers the overland route to California. There for five years he lived the life of a miner without becoming rich, and in 1854 he returned to Madison, and to the same year was elected Clerk of the Court for his county. His military career began early in the war. Soon after the fall of Fort Sumter he enlisted as a private in a Volunteer company; he was subsequently elected Captain, declined promotion to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy because he did not feel qualified, but was soon afterward made Captain of the "Regulars," and then Major. As an officer of the "Iron Brigade" he did brilliant service at Chancellorsville and at Gettysburg, where, as Colonel of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, he lost his left arm. A narrative of ex-Governor Fairchild's military career would be little less than a history of the engagements in Virginia during the first years of the war, and he bore himself so gallantly that his conduct is almost every important engagement won further promotion for him. While he was still at home, recovering from his wound, he was appointed Brigadier-General. But when he was preparing to resume military duties he was nominated by the Republican Convention for Secretary of State. He was elected, and having acceptably served his term of two years he was nominated by the next Convention, in 1865, for Governor, to which office also he was elected, and twice reelected. Thus at the age of forty he had won high military honors and the highest civil honor his State could bestow. In 1872 he began his diplomatic career as Consul at Liverpool; the next year he was made Consul-General at Paris, and two years later Minister to Spain. He held this post for two years, and resigned it in 1882, having been in the consular and diplomatic service just ten years. When he returned to his home in Wisconsin he received the most notable demonstration of popular regard ever given in honor of a citizen of that State.

## THE CITY OF ANNAPOLIS.

ANNAPOLIS, the capital of Maryland, was named August 16, 1708, for Queen ANNE of England. Queen ANNE knew of this city on the banks of the river Severn, a base parsimoniousness has won for it from naive writers the name of the "Beautiful City," and when St. John's Church—not named for her, but for the saint whose name she bore—needed a bell, she sent one over the water, to be hung up in the belfry of the edifice erected in 1696. The bell was burned in the second church building in 1858, and from the melted fragments the good people of Annapolis have highly prized trinkets melted into such forms as pleased their fancy, and treasured as souvenirs of the good-all entertained by the Queen for the colony in the olden time. Annapolis, however, was not a Church of England settlement. A few Puritans in Virginia also, in 1642, made themselves obnoxious to the Assembly of that State, were, under an act to prevent Dissenters from preaching in the colony, ordered out of the country. Until 1649 they flagered in Virginia; then the law was rigorously enforced, and the band of two hundred Dissenters left for New England and Maryland. Lord BALTIMORE, a Roman Catholic, willingly permitted them to come upon making an oath of fidelity and friendship, which they gladly took. The settlement they made, first called "Providence," afterward "Proprietary," or "The Town Land at Severn," changed by and by to "Anne Arundel Town," later still to "The Port of Annapolis," and in 1708, under charters, became the "City of Annapolis." That they had men of ability among them is plain, for in 1650 Providence was honored by having JAMES COX, one of its burgesses in the Assembly, chosen speaker of that body. Thirty miles south of Baltimore, and forty miles east-northeast from Washington, it stands on a peninsula, occupying an area of about one hundred and sixty three acres. From elevated points an extensive view of Chesapeake Bay and the adjacent picturesque country is obtained. The city has long been the home of high born families whose names have figured in American history. There is a commodious harbor, but the commerce and manufactures of the city are by no means developed to the capacity of the port and the city, so that its eight thousand people live in hope of a turn in affairs that will make their natural advantage available.

The visitor to Annapolis finds it a quiet, comfortable place, full of the charm of colonial and Revolutionary story. Upon a beautiful elevation in the centre of the city stands the State House, a brick and wood structure, modest and substantial. The Senate Chamber, to which the student of history turns first, by superior attraction, is interesting from the fact that within its walls WASHINGTON surrendered his commission as General of the Army to the Congress that had given it, and later, in the same room the Senate ratified the treaty of peace with Great Britain, in which the independence that WASHINGTON had fought for was recognized. In the Chamber hang portraits of CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton, SAMUEL CHASE, WILLIAM PACA, and THOMAS STONE, four citizens of Annapolis who signed the Declaration of Independence on the part of Maryland. CHARLES CARROLL was the last signer of the Declaration to die. Another patriot whose portrait adorns the walls is JOHN EAGER HOWARD, "the hero of Cowpens," afterward Governor of Maryland. In the Chamber of the House of Delegates, opposite to the Senate-Chamber, are portraits of WASHINGTON, with LAFAYETTE and TILGHMAN, his aides. Within the enclosure occupied by the State-House is the Treasury, once the legislature hall of the provincial government, but long outgrown as a house for Maryland's legislators. The old and new government houses, the former and present official homes of the Governors, interest the visitor, as does St. John's College, founded in 1784. The institution has overcome current reverses of fortune, and its building is one of the attractive features of the town. Modern iconoclasm has not led the Marylanders to destroy the ancient names of the streets, for such royal designations as Duke of Gloucester still remain. The Naval Academy, which, next to the State Capitol, draws the greatest number of visitors to Annapolis, and which is a more continuous cause of cheerful activity, was located at Annapolis in 1845 by a board ordered by the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, then Secretary of the Navy, and of which Commodore ISAAC MAYS was President. The school opened in October, 1845, with Commodore FRANKLIN BUCHANAN as Superintendent, and an Academic Board of six members. In 1861, on the breaking out of the rebellion, the Academy was removed to Newport, but was returned to Annapolis in 1865. The government reservation includes more than 114 acres, most of which is handsomely laid out and well kept. On a high point is a cemetery for the burial of officers and men in the service. Beyond the cemetery is a park with its rolling surfaces showing a pleasing diversity of wood and lawn, shaded paths attracting to a stroll of a mile or two over shell paved walks. The buildings include the Superintendent's house, the Midshipman's Quarters, Laboratory, Armory, Observatory, Gunnery Building, Officers' Row, the new Midshipman's Quarters, and many of lesser note. The daily dress parade of the Naval Battalion is a pleasing sight to all visitors, and serves to reveal the astonishing skill of the boys who are to become the officers of our navy that is to be.


HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

DR. T. G. COMSTOCK, Physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff. —(Adv.)

PROF. DORENUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that Pears's soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. DORENUS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—(Adv.)

MOSQUITO BITES

No one need suffer.

DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

Warranted to allay all irritation OR NO PAY.

Before going out of town stop at the nearest druggist's and get a BOTTLE. Only 25 cents. It is worth its weight in gold.

Many persons who have used it say they would not be without it if it was $10 per bottle. Depot, 41 Murray Street, New York.—(Adv.)

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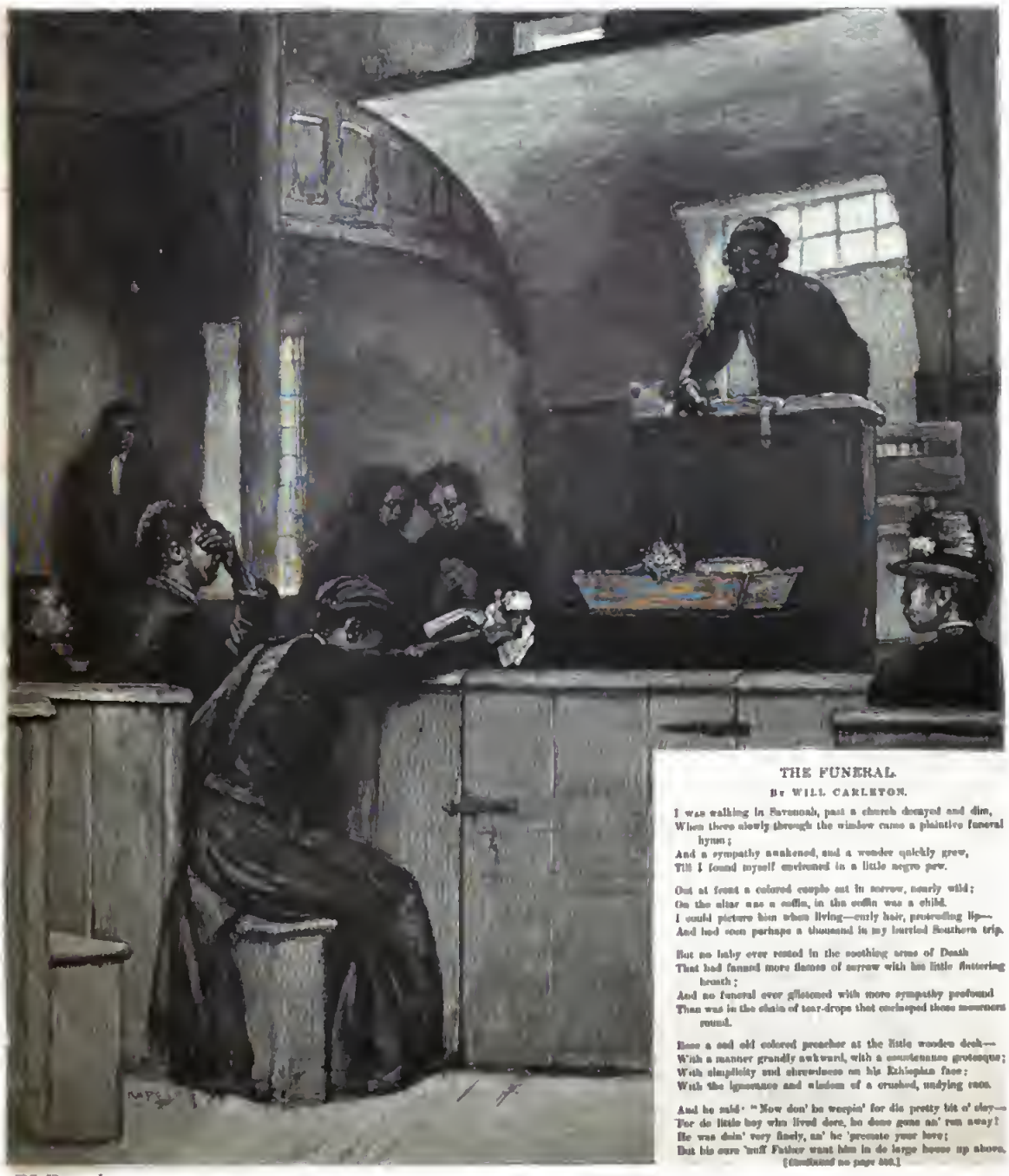

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Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that encircled those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, undying race.

And he said: "Now don' he weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an' run away!
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'promete your love;
But his ole 'nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

[Continued on page 800.]

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1886.

## THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.

THERE has been nothing in the CUTTING case to justify a blustering tone of lofty resolution to avenge an outrage upon American honor, and the peremptory demand for his surrender seems to have been somewhat premature. The facts are few and simple. CUTTING, who is an American, had domiciled himself in Mexico, where he published a paper, and had voluntarily subjected himself to Mexican laws. A rival publisher named MEDINA issued the prospectus of a new paper, and CUTTING denounced it as a swindling enterprise. MEDINA applied to a Mexican court, and CUTTING was compelled to sign a retraction. He then crossed the Rio Grande into Texas, and again published the assertion that MEDINA was a swindler, which he circulated in Mexico. He was arrested in Mexico and confined for a month, and was then offered his liberty upon bail. This he refused, because he had appealed to the United States government for redress. The State Department, upon the ground that CUTTING had been arrested and imprisoned in Mexico for an act committed in the United States, demanded his surrender. Governor IRELAND, of Texas, foolishly telegraphed to Secretary BAYARD that if the national government did not act promptly, the State of Texas would take care of herself—that is, would make war on Mexico; and cowboys and frontier filibusters generally were instantly in an uproar of excitement for the national honor, and eager to begin the fray.

Meanwhile the case was pending in the Supreme Court of Chihuahua, whose decision was promptly rendered. The court holds that CUTTING has committed an offence which is a crime under Mexican law; that the retraction or act of conciliation would have been satisfactory had it been honestly complied with, but as it was not complied with, the crime remains. The evidence of non-compliance is the renewed publication of the libel in the American paper, which is not a new offence, but the continuation of that already begun in Mexico; and even if the publication had been first made in Texas, which is not admitted, the circulation of it by CUTTING in Mexico is an offence under the Mexican law. According to the statement of an American lawyer: "Mr. CUTTING was convicted of repetition of a libel first published in Mexico and reprinted more virulently in a Texas paper, which he then brought over and distributed in Mexico, and it was the distribution in Mexico of the second libel, and not the printing of the same in Texas, for which he was convicted, the libel having been read by three or more persons, as required by the statute of the State of Chihuahua. Mr. CUTTING pleaded in bar to the jurisdiction of the Mexican court that the paper had been printed in Texas. He did not, however, deny that the paper had been circulated on the Mexican side, which was the fact, numerous copies having been seized there by order of the court. This aspect of the case takes away the phase of a conflict of the law of the two countries."

The point of international law in the case is the question whether CUTTING should be unconditionally surrendered, because a citizen of the United States cannot be tried in Mexico for an offence committed in the United States. As a general proposition this is undoubtedly true, and it is unquestionably a sound principle. But Mr. FOSTER, our late Minister to Mexico, and an accomplished authority in international law, holds that there is no such general agreement upon this point as to make it a principle of international law. The Mexican law upon the subject is not a new one, and its operation has been known to the United States. In 1880 our Minister to Mexico describes, in a letter to the State Department, the trial of a Mexican for a murder committed in Texas.

The Mexican Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. MARISCAL, has written to the Mexican Minister in Washington a full statement of the Mexican view. He quotes WHEATON and other American jurists in support of the Mexican claim for jurisdiction over offences committed against Mexicans on foreign territory. M. MARISCAL cites Judge STORY, who, in reviewing a New York decision, says that "although the laws of every country are in their nature local, yet an offence may be committed in one sovereignty in violation of the laws of another, and, if the offender be afterward found in this latter state, he may be punished according to the laws thereof, and the fact that he owes allegiance to another sovereignty cannot be pleaded as a bar to indictment."

M. MARISCAL expresses perfect confidence in the friendly disposition of our government, and it is plainly a case of friendly agreement. With this view Mr. ARTHUR G. SEDGWICK, an accomplished lawyer of New York, who has made an special study of international law, has been sent by the State Department to Mexico to open negotiations.

There is no need of bluster and bad blood. The bellicose Governor of Texas holds that if we submit to the view of this case taken by Mexico, every editor in the United States who may say something offensive to the Government of Mexico may be arrested and punished when he is caught in that country. But the Governor misapprehends the assumption of Mexico, which is not only that it has jurisdiction over certain offences committed on foreign soil, but that the offence was committed in Mexico by a person subject to Mexican laws. It is, we repeat, not a case to be adjusted by cow-boys and freebooters, but by self-possessed and competent negotiators, and if Secretary BAYARD has taken action upon misinformation, he will undoubtedly reconsider it, and take steps to maintain the honor of the United States and the rights of its citizens in a manner becoming to the dignity of a great government.

## THE TEMPERANCE ISSUE IN NEW YORK.

AT the election of this autumn in New York the only important State office to be filled is that of Judge of the Court of Appeals. There has been for some time a controversy in the Republican press of the State upon the question of holding a Convention to make a nomination. The last Convention authorized the State Committee to make a nomination if such a course should seem to be agreeable to the party in the State. The Committee recently met, and after hearing an earnest plea from Republican temperance men in favor of a Convention, decided that it was inexpedient, and no Convention will be held. The only reason offered is the expense, which is, of course, a pretext, and not a reason. The actual reasons are that the managers do not wish to declare the position of the party upon the temperance question, nor to risk any change in the present factional character of the Committee, and in general that in the present political situation the least said is soonest mended. Upon the whole, this is not an impolitic decision. It is, indeed, a confession that the party is sure neither of its principles nor of its prospects, and that success will depend, not upon conviction, but upon management. It is, however, undeniable that in such a situation a Convention and a free debate might be very injurious, because it would disclose the want of party harmony.

Senators MILLER and EVARTS and other party leaders have devoted their eloquence since 1884 mainly to elucidating the proposition that our government is one of party, that every good citizen ought to join a party, and support its candidates and its acts, whatever they may be. But any reasonable theory of party must begin with the admission that it is an organization to secure certain specific objects and to promote a general policy. Consequently the more plainly these ends are defined and that policy expounded, the stronger the hold of the party upon public sympathy and support. The Republican party in its great day never hesitated to declare its principles proudly and gladly, and to appeal to the national conscience and intelligence to sustain them. That great day has passed, and the only honest claim that it can now prefer to the support of the country is that its principles and policy are better, and the probability of its faithful enforcement of them greater, than those of the Democratic party. When, therefore, in the largest and politically the most important State in the Union the Republican managers evade a declaration of the party position upon immediate and pressing questions, it is evident that they are afraid to have it known, and hope that its former position upon other questions may stop inquiry and satisfy the voters.

That, notwithstanding this fact, such silence should be politic merely discloses a situation which cannot cheer any old Republican. The conclusion to avoid a Convention, however necessary under the circumstances, merely adds another incident to the dismal record since 1884. The Aqueduct bill, the most audacious and corrupt job since TWEED, and, like TWEED'S, a deal for the benefit of politicians of both sides by secret treachery, was the chief work of the late Republican Legislature; and this is followed by the refusal to satisfy the great multitude of temperance Republicans by a party declaration upon that subject, although the same Republican Legislature made a deliberate bid for the favor of the saloon. No temperance appeal is made to the Democratic party, because it is known that it would be useless, and that that party would do nothing to alienate the liquor interest. The fact that it is made to the Republicans, that a National Republican Temperance Conference has been called, and that delegates have been appointed from several States, shows how strong is the temperance feeling in the party. Will any Republican insist that the course of the party since 1884 proves it to be more united, harmonious, and surer of victory than ever? Is it not, indeed, one of the worst signs of its real condition that if a Republican calls attention to such facts, he is summarily denounced as a deputy Democrat or an unspeakable Mugwump? The Republican party was not formed as a temperance party. It is not bound by any kind of obligation to declare for prohibition. But if its silence when urged to speak is politic because it could not speak satisfactorily to temperance Republicans, is it not also hazardous? Is not such silence emphatic speech? As against the Democratic party, silence cannot gain the liquor vote. But may it not lose the temperance vote? Would not the party in New York be stronger if the Republican Legislature had not truckled to the saloon, and had refused to enter into corrupt political partnership with SQUIRE and FLYNN?

## THE SQUIRE-FLYNN FRAUD AND THE ELECTIONS.

THE revelations in the SQUIRE-FLYNN scheme probably seem to many depressed observers to justify the feeling that honest municipal government is impossible. It is only fourteen years since the exposure of the criminal conspiracy of TWEED and his accomplices and the great citizens' movement which led to the dispersion of the gang and the punishment and exile of its chiefs. It was happily a peaceful solution of a situation which at one time threatened to be one of the most dangerous in our history, and one not to be dealt with, probably, but by extreme measures. In his "Apologia" upon the subject, Mr. TILDEN, who felt that his relation to the Democratic party during the TWEED ascendency required some explanation, endeavored to show that he was no more indifferent to the situation than everybody else. There was undoubtedly a general feeling that relief was hopeless, and that popular government in a great city like New York had completely failed. And even when the *Times* had published the facts of the plot and the figures and details of the frauds, and after the Ring was plainly overthrown, despite its crafty and desperate struggle, and when there was the general turn out of honest citizens at the election of 1872, it was still felt that the public excitement and indignation were but a spasm of virtue which would soon exhaust itself and be succeeded by knavery similar to that of the TWEED Ring, and that the city would still be swindled and the public money be stolen *in secula seculorum*.

This apprehension has been verified up to this time, as the SQUIRE and FLYNN plot proves. The Aqueduct Commission bill was the culmination of swindling schemes of which politicians of both parties were the agents, and of which the public was to be the victim. The schemes formed a conspiracy in which prominent politicians, including the Governor of the State, were involved. It is stated without reserve that a copy of the SQUIRE-FLYNN letter was shown to the Governor when the bill was before him, and that he signed it with the full knowledge that it excluded the Mayor and Comptroller from the Commission, and substituted for them certain politicians and the Commissioner of Public Works, who, to the Governor's knowledge, had made an illegal and corrupt bargain with FLYNN in regard to the conduct of his office. "TWEED'S Governor" always seemed to be a helpless instrument rather than an active confederate. But Governor HILL, if—as the *Evening Post* says that it knows—he signed the bill after receiving the letter, is certainly not a helpless instrument. If, knowing that SQUIRE had made the corrupt bargain with FLYNN of which the letter is the proof, and for which they have both been indicted, Governor HILL approved SQUIRE'S appointment to a most important official responsibility, the fact should be conclusive against any further public confidence in him, and against the possibility of his political promotion.

The exposure of the plot is in great part due to Mr. IVINS, the city Comptroller, who obtained the original letter and caused it to be published. In order to do this, he maintained relations with the persons concerned until he had secured his object. He has told the story plainly, and the attempt to divert attention from the real offenders by holding up Mr. IVINS to public censure as a practical confederate has failed utterly, and recoils upon those who have made the

charge, covering them with suspicion. Politicians and newspapers of both parties are involved in the conspiracy. The chief moral guilt rests with the Republican Legislature which passed the bill to carry the conspiracy into effect, and with the Democratic Governor who signed it, notwithstanding the protest which showed the plot. The New York *Tribune* denounced HARPER'S WEEKLY as a slanderer of the Legislature, because, upon the adjournment, in a review of the session, and especially of its conduct in fostering "the monstrous job" of the Aqueduct bill and in passing the infamous BRUNS bill to a third reading, the WEEKLY stated that it had greatly discredited and injured the Republican party. The event has justified everything that the WEEKLY said. If the Democratic Governor knew of the SQUIRE letter, undoubtedly leading members of the Republican majority of the Legislature knew of it, and they must accept all the responsibility which such knowledge carried with it. The whole transaction reveals the situation. It shows how utterly unmeaning will be the mere partisan name and appeal to the legislative elections of this year. Every honest and intelligent voter in the State can now see that a candidate's profession of interest in an honest vote in Mississippi does not prevent his dishonest vote in New York. If the people of New York wish to secure a Legislature which will not pass aqueduct bills and BRUNS bills and saloon bills, they must look, beyond the fact of a regular party nomination, at the character and probable conduct of the candidate. There was never a time when the familiar exhortation was more applicable, "Get the Best," without regard to the label.

## THE SILLY SEASON IN POLITICS.

A "PROMINENT politician" on the hotel piazza at Saratoga is reported in the *Herald* to have said:

"There seems to be no great political issue before the country at the present time, and that is the reason why in this 'era of good feeling' this nonsensical idea of civil service reform comes to the front. Let the parties be divided as they were in 1860 on the question of the extension of slavery, or as they may be in the near future on the question of temperance, and all this Mugwumpian foolishness could not obtain a footing for a day. It is only in the absence of burning, living issues that it could receive even toleration at all, or that so-called 'independents' could exist. When there is a genuine fight in progress men don't stand between the lines, but range themselves on one side or the other."

This fancy that party victory upon an absorbing issue necessarily leads to treating the great multitude of places in the civil service as spoils is effectually demolished by the facts. There was never a more exciting and significant party victory than the election of JEFFERSON. The dispute over the result very nearly wrecked the government at the very outset. But JEFFERSON gave his views of Mugwumpian foolishness quite as forcibly as the Saratoga statesman. He said:

"Some removals, I know, must be made. They must be as few as possible, done gradually, and bottomed on some malversation or inherent disqualification. Good men to whom there is no objection but a difference of political opinion, practised as only so far as the right of a private citizen will justify, are not proper subjects of removal."

JEFFERSON, perhaps, was as shrewd a politician and as intelligent a political philosopher as Petroleum Nasby.

There was no "great political issue" before the people of England at the late election in that country. There was, indeed, as the "prominent politician" expresses it, "a genuine fight in progress," and men didn't "stand between the lines," but ranged themselves in the most positive and resolute way upon one side or the other. Of course, therefore, according to the wise "prominent politician," the Mugwumpian foolishness was ignored, and there was a clean sweep of all the post-offices. Not at all. Not a postmaster was changed in consequence of the result. A postmaster's fitness to distribute letters is not held in England to depend upon his view of a wise policy in Ireland. "Prominent politicians" know very little of the facts which upset their pretty theories, and no class of our fellow-citizens talk more nonsense in a shorter time.

## THE TILDEN LIBRARY.

THE reproach against the city of New York that it has not a great free public library will be soon removed. The beginning was made by the library on Bond Street and by the OTTENDORFER library, which have graced two most important facts—that there is urgent need of such libraries, and that the books will be carefully used and not stolen. The Apprentices' and Tradesmen's Library, established more than sixty years ago, will henceforth be open to the public; and a most valuable public benefit such a library will be, as a collection especially suitable to young men and women whose pursuits and means of livelihood are mainly mechanical trades.

To this supply will now be added the free circulating library designed by Mr. TILDEN, and for which he will make ample provision. This will undoubtedly supersede the enterprise suggested to the Legislature last winter, and which had an uncomfortable air of jobbery. It is a noble bequest and monument, and it secures for Mr. TILDEN's name an honorable and grateful remembrance which his political career alone would not have given to it. The management of the trust for this purpose created by the will is a difficult and delicate duty, in the discharge of which the advice of Mr. BIGELOW, one of the trustees, will be of very great service. He is a man of letters, who knows what a good general library should be, and who knows, alas, what is indispensable, the experts who should be consulted in the general distribution and collection of the books.

Happily it may be assumed that this great boon to the city will be secured, as its generous donor designed, without delay and without any kind of trickery. Mr. TILDEN also provided in his will for a free public library at New Lebanon, and for a free reading-room at Yonkers. Such a consecration of a great fortune to beneficent public uses is another of the many similar illustrations in our recent history of a true public spirit upon the part of rich men. The unfeigned honor which attends such acts is a constant stimulus to others, and it is a good sign that it is now becoming a reproach to the owner of a great fortune not to devote a liberal share of it to the public benefit.

## NOW AND THEN.

"A KANSAS Mugwump," in commenting upon Senator INGALLS's description of independent voters as cowards, says:

"Our Senator would be nothing if not inconsistent. He is notable as an instance of admiration for the party whip and machine methods, since he has become of high authority within the machine. In 1866 the Republican party of Kansas was dominated by JAMES H LANE, United States Senator, who prostituted the public service to repay his henchmen for doing his dirty work—many of them willing servitors. The result of LANE's arrogance and reckless use of the public patronage was the disruption of the Republican party in Kansas into the LANE and anti LANE camps. The LANE camp was the regular machine.

"In the State campaign of 1864 two Republican tickets were in the field—one nominated by LANE's Convention, and one by the anti's. The candidate on the latter ticket for Lieutenant-Governor was JOHN JAMES INGALLS, now our United States Senator, who did valiant service in the campaign, which was brief in consequence of General PAGE's raid into Kansas; but INGALLS arraigned LANE in his now somewhat notorious style, but with vigor and effect, for LANE's prostitution of the public service. One not unnaturally queries, Was INGALLS then of the 'cowards,' or only nearer right and truer to his own real instinct, with youth's contempt for mere numbers?"

## THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S ANSWER.

THE Attorney-General has answered the complaint of ROGERS, the Fire-Electric manager. He had intended to get rid of his certificate of right to stock, but when the House ordered an investigation he thought it best to await the result, and he now asks that the company be wound up and the corporation dissolved. The personal honesty of the Attorney-General has not been seriously veiled in question. It was his judgment and sense of propriety that were discredited, and the answer that he now makes does not effect the general opinion of his conduct or the general sense of the impropriety of his remaining in the cabinet.

## AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

IN speaking of Mayor GRACE's administration as distinguished by the introduction of the reformed system, we should rather have said by its establishment. It will be remembered that in 1883, during the first year of his term, Mayor EDSON availed himself of the option of the Civil Service act of that year, and prescribed rules for admission to the civil service which were drafted by Colonel BURY. In 1884, when the act was amended to comprehend all the departments of the city, he appointed Messrs. WHEELER, GODWIN, and ROBINSON to draw new regulations, which, with some modifications, are still in force. Mayor EDSON, as recent disclosures prove, had not a lofty sense of official duty, but it is only fair to record such facts as we mention. The effective reform work, as we stated, has been established by the hearty cooperation of Mayor GRACE. But the scaffolding was erected under Mayor EDSON.

The administration of Mayor GRACE has been violently assailed. But the attacks have been of that kind and have proceeded from those sources which make attacks compliments and tributes. He has been even charged with pursuing SQUIRE with relentless animosity, as if relentless animosity were not the proper official feeling of the chief magistrate of the city toward great public offenders and plunderers of the people. He has been accused of aiding at the fall of SQUIRE in order to serve his own ambitions. But simultaneously with the exposure of the whole rascality of the new ring his enemies his purpose not to ask a reelection.

If the position of the Mayor of New York be truly apprehended, it will be conceded that the course of Mayor GRACE has justified the action of those who supported him as a reform candidate, and the city is not likely to secure a successor comparable to him if the election is to be a party contest.

## THE TORY PRINCE ROYAL.

IT is a significant and not a reassuring result of the late election in England that it brings Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL into the second place in the cabinet, with the unpleasant suspicion that he represents his party more accurately than the Prime Minister. There is naturally great uneasiness over his prominence, but also a general confession that his promotion was necessary, because the Tory party could furnish no other adequate leader of the House of Commons. This is an extraordinary acknowledgment, but it is apparently true. The Conservative "Member of Parliament" who writes to the *Herald* asserts that the great Liberal party which has virtually governed England for fifty years, as since the first Reform bill, has been practically dissolved by Mr. GLADSTONE. If this be true, it is certainly no less true that the long exclusion of the Tories from responsible power has apparently deprived them of political ability.

The Tory leader, Lord SALISBURY, conscious that the election did not mean confidence in the Tory party, but merely opposition to dissolution of the union with Ireland, begged Lord HARTINGTON, the political chief of that opposition, to take the post of Prime Minister. This was, in a certain sense, a logical proposition. But the sentiment which Lord HARTINGTON represents has not formed a party, and his support must have come from the Tories. To accept, therefore, would have been practically to enter the Tory party, and for that Lord HARTINGTON was not prepared. His position shows the error of "A Member of Parliament." The Liberal party is probably not yet dissolved, but it will either undergo a change which will leave Lord HARTINGTON as its chief, or there will be a reorganization of parties.

It is not probable that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL can play the part of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and make himself the representative of a strong English sentiment. As the truth becomes more evident that some kind of home rule must be granted to Ireland, and that home rule does not mean dissolution of the Union, the alarm which gives Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL his prominence will subside. Meanwhile in the House of Commons he will have to encounter the ablest and most experienced debaters in England, and he cannot count upon any hearty support from Lord HARTINGTON and his friends except upon the sole question of Irish union. His success in the Commons would make him the heir-apparent of the Tory crown.

## PERSONAL.

THE late WILLIAM G HUNT at a reception one evening heard a young man express a desire for a drink of whiskey. "It's the purest liquid, my friend," said he, "you can take into your stomach, and I will prove it to you." He then obtained a piece of raw beef, and put it in a glass of whiskey. In half an hour or so he took the piece out, and asked his friend to feel of it. It was almost as tough as leather.

—A theatrical manager one asked H Modjeska Rickett's recent appearance in a police court in South America would injure her professionally. "Not at all," he replied; "but an actress like Miss FORRESTER would have been ruined by it."

—From a letter written by a recently married young man to his sister: "My wife and I start next Monday for Lake George, and shall remain two weeks. She has so much to do. How curious it is that a girl never knows how destitute she is until she starts to go away! Then she needs everything, and yet, when she gets back, has no more to wear than a month before she started."

—The most prominent notice posted in the District Attorney's office in this city is: "Smoking prohibited. By order, RANDOLPH B MARTINE, District Attorney." The next prominent: "This office closes at twelve o'clock on Saturdays." And the next: "No fees or charges should be paid for any services performed by any employé of this office. By order, RANDOLPH B MARTINE, District Attorney." Some reporters and attendants smoke there nevertheless.

—General LEW WALLACE, recently United States Minister to Turkey, says that the Turks love their children, are afraid of women, do not get drunk, are the devoutest and politest of peoples, and always brave and heroic. For the ability and character of the present Sultan he has the highest esteem.

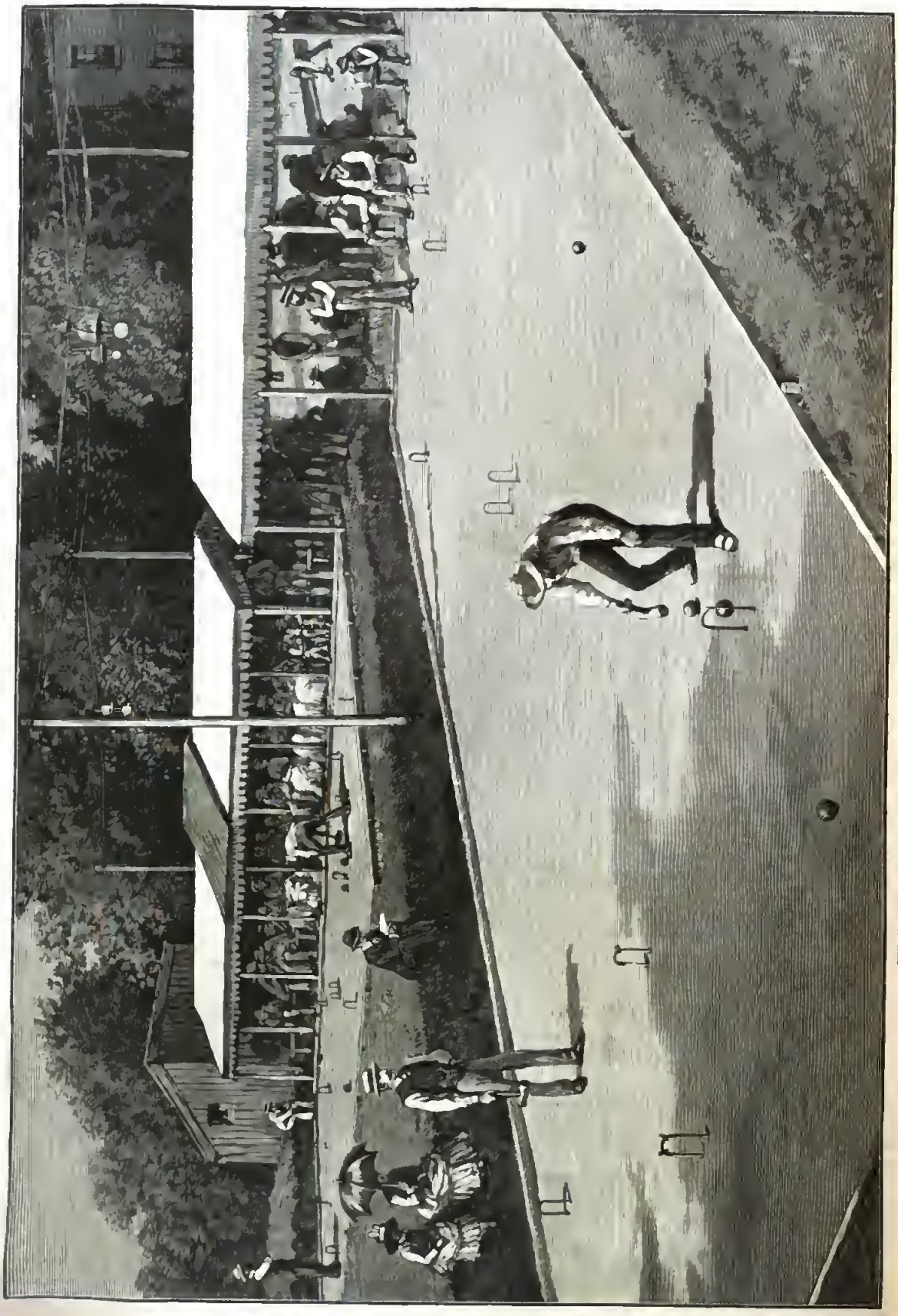
—The *World* prints an interesting article on T DE THULSTRUP, "the name which so frequently appears as engraver in HARPER'S WEEKLY," and accompanies it with a portrait of that artist. "In stature," we learn, "he is of medium height, with broad shoulders, expansive chest, and a well filled waistcoat. There is a quiet dignity in his manner which relaxes most pleasantly in conversation. Among his fellow-artists he is highly spoken of, and his work ranks with that of the first. His drawings are always bright and full of life. The most noteworthy, perhaps, of a recent period are his illustrations of General GRANT's sickness and death, the inauguration ball, and President CLEVELAND's marriage. His pen-and-ink drawings in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have also attracted attention. He is a member of the American Water-color Society and the Salmagundi Club." Mr DE THULSTRUP was a captain in the Franco-German war, and has had a long military experience.

—Senator JOHN P JONES, of Nevada, declares that he makes it a rule never to resist a burglar or a highwayman, being unwilling to run the risk of having a bullet put into his head. "I always surrender, and tell them I believe in everybody's carrying on his natural vocation without any opposition; and I further explain to them that, being a society man, I pay no attention to individual struggles for life." A distinguished criminal lawyer of this city pronounces the Senator's course to be not only sagacious, but in every respect legal. "The law," he says, "does not require one to endanger your life in defending your property; and though most people would call you a coward, I am inclined to think that you would really be a philosopher."

—Did Madame PATTI really receive $5000 every time she sang in opera in this country in 1883-4? Some doubt that she did has often been expressed, but Mr HENRY E ABBEY's agent, Mr MARCUS R MAYER, declares that he heard Mr ABBEY offer her that sum in the presence of a well known lawyer, and that she refused it, after several days' consideration. He therefore believes that Colonel MAPLESON, under whose management she sang, paid her at least $5000 a night, and perhaps more. Had Mr. ABBEY succeeded in securing Madame PATTI's services, his losses during that memorable first season at the Metropolitan Opera-house would, in his judgment, have been small. He already had NILSSON, and the gross receipts when she sang were enormous: $14,800 the opening night, in *Faust*; $5680 at the next matinée, in *Faust*; $5000 to *Mignon*; $6000 in *Lohengrin*; $5500 again in *Faust*, and so on; but when she did not appear, the gross receipts were only about $2000 a night. He thinks that had he been able to secure PATTI also, the receipts when she sang would have been $9000 or $10,000 a night, for at a PATTI concert in Brooklyn in 1883 they were $8000.

—An old man appeared before a French justice of the peace, a few days ago, and asked for assistance. "I am driven to do so," he said, "by the misery to which I am reduced. For thirty years I have lived at Montreuil, and been employed by the state as an architectural sculptor. I had ten sons, all of whom grew up. Seven were killed in the last war. Two died from the hardships of the campaign of the Loire, and the last is employed in a piano factory, but earns a wretched salary." An investigation showed that the story was true, and the French Chamber will be asked to give the man, whose name is FRANÇOIS ARTURE BONAND, a pension, in consideration of the nine sons whom he gave to his country.

—A correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY writes: "The late ex-President JOHN MACLEAN, of PRINCETON College, was beloved by his pupils to an extraordinary degree. When any of my classmates was sick, he was sure to be taken to JOHNSON'S house and nursed as tenderly as an infant would be; and almost any of them feared that his grade would be as low as to cause him to be 'dropped,' his first business was to cross the campus and have a talk with the Doctor on the subject of personal religion. I distinctly recall several cases where that remedy worked like a charm. One of the laziest and least godly of my classmates once saved himself from expulsion by consulting the Doctor on the meaning of a verse in the Epistle to the Romans and borrowing a commentary. Dorlag posters in the college chapel the Doctor used to keep his eyes open in order to 'spot' the boys who tried to leave the building surreptitiously. At Bible class on Sunday afternoons, when several chapters in Leviticus had been assigned as a lesson, he often assisted with leading questions, such as 'Ugh, Mr Smith, if a man murders his wife, what shall he be put to?' 'To death, Doctor,' was the prompt reply. I shall never forget the great kindness of his honest heart."



THE NATIONAL CROQUET TOURNAMENT AT NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

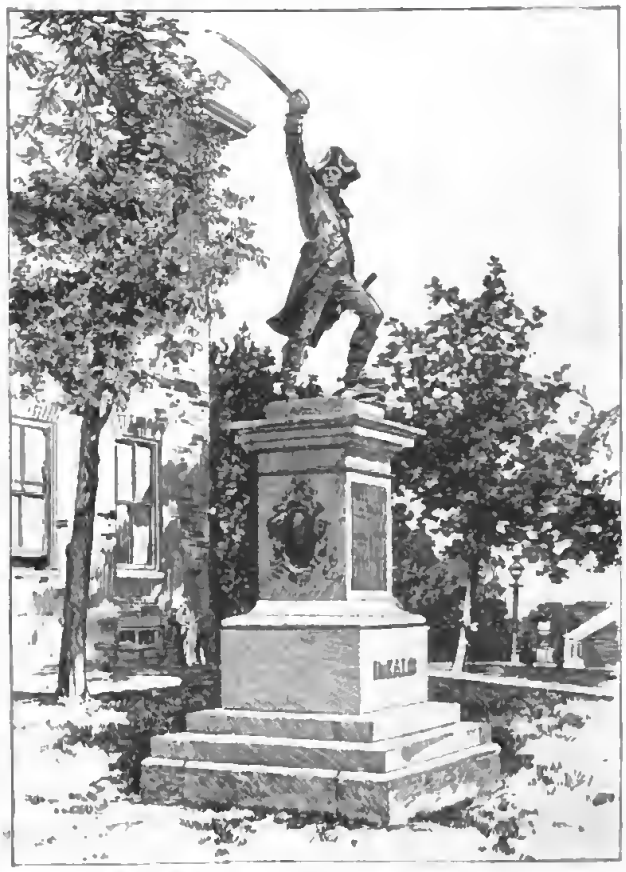
## THE DE KALB STATUE.

THE unveiling of the statue of Baron DE KALB at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 16th inst. was not only an interesting event in itself, but was important as being the fulfilment, after a great many years, of a pledge on the part of the United States government, made in the form of a Congressional resolution, to honor the memory of a gallant foreigner who died while fighting for the freedom of this country. General the Baron Jean DE KALB was killed at the battle of Camden, 1780, and in the following October the Continental Congress resolved that a monument should be erected to his memory in the city of Annapolis. It has taken one hundred and six years to carry out the will of that Congressional mandate, and Secretary of State BAYARD, in accepting the statue on behalf of the government last week, was led to quote effectively those familiar lines,

"The Nation, sweetly slow and slowly just,
To buried merit raises the tardy bust."

The unveiling of the statue at Annapolis was made the occasion for an imposing military and civic display. The venerable and quiet city was invaded by at least ten thousand people from surrounding points, and in the presence of many United States naval officers, cadets, and marines, the entire State militia of Maryland, the Governor and his staff, and numerous civic societies and German musical associations, the drapery was lifted from the bronze, a national salute ringing out at that moment from the guns at the Naval Academy. The statue, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, represents the distinguished German soldier in the uniform of the Continental army leading the fatal charge on the field of Camden. It is by Mr. EPHRAIM KEYSER, to whom the commission for the work was given by Secretary FRELINGHUYSEN. Mr. KEYSER is a native of Baltimore, who, after graduating at the Maryland Institute Art School and Maryland Academy of Art, continued his studies at Munich and at Berlin, taking medals of honor at both places. Since 1878 he has resided at Rome, where the DE KALB statue was modelled and cast. It is nine feet two inches in height, inclusive of the raised arm, and was cast by the wax process by G. B. BASTIANELLI, of Rome. The pedestal, also designed by Mr. KEYSER, is of Maryland granite, and is twelve feet six inches in height. On either side of this fine granite block are the arms of Maryland and Delaware, and on the front the following inscription, the wording of which was directed by the resolution of 1780:

"Sacred to the Memory of the Baron DE KALB, Knight of the Royal Order of Military Merit, Brigadier of the Armies of France, and Major-General in the Service of the United States of America. Having served with honor and reputation for 18 years, he gave a last and glorious proof of his attachment to the Liberties of Mankind and the cause of America in the action near Camden, in the State of South Carolina, on the 16th August, 1780, where, leading on the troops of the Maryland and Delaware Lines against superior numbers, and animating them by his example to deeds of valour, he was pierced with many wounds, and on the 19th following expired, in the 48th year of his age. The Congress of the United States of America, in gratitude to his zeal, services, and merit, have erected this monument."




THE STATUE OF BARON DE KALB AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BAUMGRAN & BROTHER, BALTIMORE.

The statue, which was dedicated with Masonic ceremonial rites conducted by the Grand Lodge of Maryland, stands on a knoll within and at the south end of the State-House grounds, and faces due south.

Although the services of General DE KALB to this country during the Revolutionary war are familiar to all, there is perhaps little generally known concerning his early life and achievements. He was the son of Jean LEONARD KALB, a farmer of Hunzendorf, in the Margraviate of Baireuth, Germany, was born on the 29th of June, 1721, and began life as a waiter in the inn at his native village. As may be imagined, he did not remain thus engaged very long. At the age of twenty two he had crossed into France and become a lieutenant of French infantry. His progress from one rank to another was regular and rapid. In 1764, having then become a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, he married the daughter of a French noblemen, and coming thus into possession of wealth and fortune, retired for a time from active military life. In 1768 he paid his first visit to America, having been deputed by the French Minister of State DE CHOISEUL to investigate the reports of discontent in the American colonies. TALLEYRAND, in speaking of DE CHOISEUL, has said: "Of all the men of our age, he possessed the greatest foresight. As early as 1769 he felt assured of the separation of America from England." He might have added that these assurances on the part of the French Minister were obtained through the successful mission of his trusted agent DE KALB. Through this trip of Baron DE KALB to America he appears to have formed a warm personal attachment to the cause of American liberty, and when the crisis of 1776 arrived, DE KALB was prompt in tendering his sword and services to the Continental representatives at Paris. It was at his instance that LAFAYETTE and fifteen French officers were induced to cast their fortunes with the struggling colonies. DE KALB arrived with LAFAYETTE in this country in 1777. His subsequent career and the distinguished services he rendered to America are a part of the history of Revolutionary times. He was highly esteemed by WASHINGTON, and participated in the most important councils of war. It was of DE KALB that WASHINGTON spoke these words: "The generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles and to water with his blood the tree of liberty."

PARADE OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC IN SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 3.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY TABER.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

## THE FUNERAL.

*(Continued from front page.)*

"Now He didn' give you dat baby, by a hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an' He lend it for a while!
An' He let you keep an' love it, till your hearts was bigger grown;
An' dese silver tears you've sheddin's just de interest on de loan.

"Here yer oder pretty children!—don't he makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort a' 'mp'lified by dis little fellow here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow an den little mental shelves,
So's to kind a' set 'em standin' if dey'se an account dem selves!

"Just you think, you poor dear mammahs, creepin' 'long o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little praise dis yere baby's got today!
Your gosel faders and good modern crowd de little fellow round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation ground.

"An' dey ash him 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey hiss him, an' dey say, 'Now what's de news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den de little fellun say,
'All out fulbe down by de valley tries to keep de bebbenly way.'

"An his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty things he view;
Den a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I want my parents, too!'
Ben de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song;
Says, 'I only dey be fais'ful dey will soon be comin' along.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will proberbly be worth
Federal times so much an any you could buy fer hom on earth,
He'll be in de Lawd's big school house, widdout no contempt or fear,
While dese'e an end to de bad things tight have happened to him here.

"So, ma poosh dejected mammahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don' go to orisendain' dat ar One w'at knows de best!
He hese sent so many comforts—He have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and ever! —Let us pray."

## MISS SELINDA'S BEAM

An old house of a fashion that dated back to colonial days, when levity was as little allowed in architecture as in life, its unadorned squareness and solidity suggesting a sense of the solemn realities of life and an impending judgment-day, and its very small window panes seeming to imply that sunshine was frivolous.

There were several houses of like fashion in Ludlow, the distinctive peculiarity of this can being that it turned its back upon the street. It was quite the fashion in the village for houses to modestly withdraw themselves and face their gardens, leaving their sides toward the street, but this complete withdrawal of the minister's house was unique, and added to the severity of its appearance.

"The minister's house" it was always called, although the Reverend Saul Dudley, its latest clerical occupant, had long since been gathered to his fathers, and had never made any strong impression upon the Ludlow mind except as being the son of his father, for he was a man of delicate constitution and little force of character, and had married a wife not of New England origin, who was suspected of worldliness and disdain of Ludlow society. Both he and his wife had died young, and ingenuine thoughts are apt to be buried quickly in young graves, and Ludlow made much of the two little girls who were left, but when they spoke of the minister in connection with the old house, it was the old minister, his father, who was in their minds—the Reverend Peleg Dudley, a sound and eminent divine, whose printed works occupied a whole shelf in the town library, albeit in a somewhat dusty and musty condition. The old house was sadly lacking in paint, and the lawn showed traces of unprofessional and even womanly pruppings, but the Lombardy poplar that was as old as the house still held itself upright in green austerity, and the lineal descendants of the hollyhocks and marigolds and tiger-lilies of the old dame's time decorated the borders of the prim garden paths. In the little grass-plot—too small to be called a lawn—which lay between the back of the house and the street stood a terra-cotta vase, of astonishing modernness and triviality, containing tropical looking plants with large and gorgeous leaves; that some of these were artificial was evident to the most casual observer. They were Miss Henrietta's; it sufficiently explained the *coup* and the marvellous to the Ludlow mind that Miss Henrietta was at the bottom of them.

She came out to water her plants on the June morning when this little chronicle begins—a lithe and slender figure, as trim as when she was twenty in a dress of sea green lawn, with voluminous draperies, and made after a fashion which Ludlow was not at all, around her neck was a marvellous confection of pink satin and deep frills of old lace, and her yellow hair (Miss Henrietta's hair, instead of turning gray with years, had turned yellow—a not unprecedented occurrence, although no capillary science extant could convince Ludlow that the hair not dyed it) was gathered into a net of large gilt beads.

If Time had left unaltered the youthful lines of Miss Henrietta's figure, he had used his burin remorselessly upon her face, and the use of certain cosmetics had given it a glazed look, as that it resembled a piece of pottery cracked in every direction. Her childish blue eyes were faded and blurred, and the lids were always swollen. Miss Henrietta never slept, as she averred, and achieved her *chefs d'œuvre* in millinery and decorative art in the dead of the night. Her efforts of this kind never ceased to astonish Ludlow. She scorned dress-makers and milliners, and followed her own devices, yet always paying some respect to the very latest mode; the fanciful bonnet to have a Parisian touch and taste inherited from those ancestors, on her mother's side, whose high degree gave her the right to embroider coronets upon her handkerchiefs. It must be acknowledged that in aiming at the picturesque Miss Henrietta was very apt to hit the bizarre, especially now when, a withered little old lady, she grew gayer and gayer with each succeeding spring—which was "right cout'ry to both nater and grace," as Jane Toziee, the "help" to the minister's house, was "free to confess."

Nevertheless, young Ludlow was often heard to declare that she looked better, after all, than commonplace people, and to wish that she would go to church to brighten up the sombre congregation.

That Miss Henrietta seldom did go to church, and is as not "a professor"—she, the descendant of a line of Puritan divines, and Miss Selinda's sister—was a crying scandal in Ludlow. She had once set up an oratory in a little room, which she had previously called her boudoir, with a *prie-dieu* and a tall crucifix and candles and beads, but that had not lasted long, her aim being merely artistic effect, and perhaps also the unholy joy of horrifying the town.

The candles had afterward been reduced to secular uses at a reception which Miss Henrietta and her sister had given to some distinguished visitors to Ludlow, and that occasion are long remembered as the only one at which Miss Selinda had ever shown disapprobation of any of Miss Henrietta's "ways." She had then, indeed, given way to what the whole town regarded as righteous wrath. Miss Henrietta loved a dim religious light (probably as being best adapted to her complexion), and considered any other vulgar, and on this evening her waxen tapers were so lea and so feeble that all friends failed to recognize each other's faces, and the near sighted groped helplessly. It was when old Dr. Martin, portly, dignified, and venerable, attempted to sit down upon space that Miss Selinda left the room with fire in her eye, and shortly returned, followed by Jane Toziee and the boy in buttons (whom Miss Selinda always customed for such occasions), each bearing kerosene lamps, cracked, smoky, odorous, and plebeian, which were deposited, according to Miss Selinda's orders, in most conspicuous places. Miss Henrietta shed tears mildly in her embroidered handkerchief. It was vaguely rumored that it was with temper and hysterics that she subdued Miss Selinda, but there were none forthcoming on this evening. From that time forth, however, the darkness deepened at the solid feminism held in the minister's house.

But Miss Henrietta has watered her plants, fastened a spray of Burgundy roses upon her corsage, and gone into the dining-room, where her sister Selinda, in an ancient black alpaca wet guiltless of dress, is washing her transparent old china. A large stout woman was Miss Selinda, with high cheek-bones and a Roman nose, which, as indicative of strong character, had always been considered her rightful possession. "Nobody never had a Roman nose for nothin'," Jane Toziee had been heard to declare. Miss Selinda had also a pair of keen black eyes and a remarkably fresh complexion, and looked—as in fact she was—several years younger than her sister.

"I feel that strange flattering at my heart again, and—I suppose you haven't noticed how white my lips are, Selinda?" said Miss Henrietta, in a forbearing tone. "I can't stay in a place that disagrees with me as Ludlow does in summer. It is quite providential that Mrs. Holland wrote yesterday to ask me to go to Saratoga with her. As I feel that I must get away, I shall leave for New York this afternoon."

"Henrietta, where are you going to get the money?" Miss Selinda had dropped her towel and risen, and her stout frame trembled.

"There was my share of the pine timber money. I took it out of the bank yesterday. No one but me could manage with only three hundred dollars, but—"

"The mortgage money! Henrietta, they will sell this roof over our heads!" cried Miss Selinda, in a shrill voice. "I never ought to have let that money go out of my hands. I might have known."

"I certainly have a right to take my own money to save my life," said Miss Henrietta, with tears in her voice. "Oh, Selinda, you are as hard, so unfeeling! You think of nothing but money, money! I am afraid you will drive yourself crazy, and I know you would kill me if I didn't go away."

"Henrietta, can't you realize that it would be for us to be beggars?" said Miss Selinda.

"These dreadful things never really happen. You've always been expecting them. Meacham can let out off again, as he always has been. At any rate, it's my first duty to save my life."

Miss Selinda sank into her chair with a groan. Miss Henrietta had been softly moving toward the door, she now softly opened it, and closed it behind her.

If she possessed those weapons with which report accredited her, she kept them in reserve, like a skilful general, for cases of necessity.

Miss Selinda left her chair and went and sat down in her arm-chair by the sitting-room window. The window looked out upon the orchard, and she saw the flutter of a light print dress through the trees.

"What is Anne Gardner dwadling about at this time in the morning?" said Miss Selinda, aloud, although there was no one to hear her. "If Henrietta has done with her, she had better go home. And what is Frank after her for?"

Her sharp old eyes gazed through the leaves, and saw a dark cloth arm encircle a light print waist; a dark head drew near to a light one, and above the ribbons trilling of a bird overhead Miss Selinda actually heard what Frank had gone after her for.

Frank was a disappointment, one of the many that had desolated Miss Selinda's life. Miss Henrietta had always thought him charming. He was only a second-cousin, but the nearest relative they had, and he had always called them aunts. He had a certain roughness and rockiness which Miss Selinda was sure were foreign to the Dudley blood, and these characteristics had been increased by his sojourn in the mining regions of the West, whither he had gone with the avowed intention of making a fortune in three years, and from whence he had returned in four with empty pockets and his pride, as he expressed it, in his hands, and accepted a subordinate position on the Ludlow *Bee*. And now he was courting Anne Gardner, a little scamstress of seventeen. Anne came of good old Ludlow stock, but Miss Selinda had come to value dollars above descent.

Frank came in and threw himself, boots and all, upon the pink and white cretonne covered lounge.

"Frank," said Miss Selinda, "Satan reigns."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Frank, with cheerful acquiescence. "Indeed, although it isn't just what I was brought up to believe, it's a truth which I've been impressed with for some time."

"Oh! oh! Frank!" exclaimed Miss Selinda, as if she would repudiate the doctrine after all, but she braced herself grimly and bore it. "The old house is lost, and we haven't a corner to lay our heads in. I've struggled and planned—now I give up."

"I thought you had brought yourself to sell the pine grove?" said Frank, starting up.

"I did sell the timber, and I shed tears enough when it was cut to float it off, and Henrietta has taken her half of the money out of the bank, where I put it, to pay the expenses of a trip to Saratoga."

"Whew!" whistled Frank; and then he threw back his head and laughed.

"Laugh; it is ridiculous, though it is a tragedy to me," said Miss Selinda, bitterly. "I am only an old fool who has been outwitted for the thousandth time. I never opened my mouth about it before to a living soul. She's thrown her burdens on to me, and I've carried them patiently. I was born with a way of my own, and I've given up to her way, and I've always pretended, at least to town people, that I thought it was all right. It began when we were children. She was older than I then—she has been younger ever since. I never could see that Henrietta cared a mite whether she did right or wrong, or helped or hurt anybody. There used to be a piece in the reading-book about 'The Little Girl without a Soul.' Her name was Undine. I believe it was taken from a German romance. I always thought Henrietta was like the little girl without a soul, and I wondered if there were many others in the world. I used to wonder, too, when we sang in school, 'Not many may have the depths of true sisterly love,' how many did know, and if there were any other sisters like Henrietta and me.

"As we grew up it grew worse, of course. When young men began to come to the house, it made Henrietta wild to think they might think more of me than of her. I was prettier, for all my big nose. She spent all her money for bonnets, and mine had to go for necessities for us both; that's always been so. She'd manage to put herself forward and keep me out. There was Luke Bradshaw—" Miss Selinda's harsh and strained voice broke suddenly. Frank was hoping she would not go on again. There was something both painful and ludicrous to him in this "breaking out" of his stern and self-contained relative.

"There was Luke Bradshaw," Miss Selinda began again, as soon as she could control her voice. The barriers of her reserve being broken down, she evidently meant to pour out her whole soul. "He is a missionary now in India. He liked me, but Henrietta took possession of him in a way she had; she flattered him and played and sang to him—I never had time to learn to sing and play—and wrote little notes to him. Most men are disgusted with women who court them, to Henrietta always would. Luke wouldn't have thought of marrying her anyway—he a minister and she not a professor—and she wouldn't have married him; she only wanted to bewitch him away from me, and—he went away without coming to say good-by to her or me either. It was just about the same with a dozen others, but I never cared much except about Luke. I wonder how I can tell you this—I do wonder at myself. But I am old woman now, and it was long ago. She never thought I had any right to the pleasant side of life, for fear it was getting something away from her. She's ground me down to make her bread, and not only her bread but her fol de rols. And yet she can be so amiable and agreeable as can be, if you'll only give her all you've got, and let her run and be glorified."

"About the old place, Aunt Selinda," said Frank, taking advantage of her pause for breath. "I suppose Meacham can be put off again?"

"So Henrietta supposes; but he can't," cried Miss Selinda. "I had to get down on my knees to him to beg him to wait until now. I promised him the money to-morrow, and he is coming for it. He will foreclose and take possession before the month is out. But you and your little Anne and Henrietta can live as 'the beautiful summer,' as Henrietta says, and the pink roses, and the peacocks' tails in the yellow jar, and love, and your angel from the *Bee*."

Miss Selinda was becoming oddly sarcastic in her excitement.

And then, worst of all to Frank, she suddenly gave way to hysterical weeping. He was glad that she took herself away to her own room, for he could not think of anything to say to comfort her.

It seemed as if a man might think of some way to raise that money. Frank went and lay down in the orchard grass, resolved to rack his brains; but they failed to offer any devices, and soon his life-long habit of refusing to think alone the disagreeable asserted itself, and he dropped asleep, musing upon Anne's perfections and the happiness they would have when things straightened themselves out. He awoke only just in time to escort Miss Henrietta to the station. She went wiping her eyes, because Selinda had locked herself into her room and refused to say good-by. It was disgraceful, petty, for women—and sisters!—to quarrel, Frank thought, and felt quite out of patience with Miss Selinda.

It was a striking proof of the supremacy of Miss Henrietta's will that he did not even think of trying to persuade her to alter her plans, although the danger of losing the old estate, which might be his inheritance, really troubled him as much as anything could.

To shake off dull care he went to see Anne, who lived with an old aunt who had a sufficient pension to enable her to live on crackers and tea, and as these delicacies Anne and Frank supped like the gods.

Going home very late that night, Frank saw a light in the sitting room, and with the possibility of another hysterical interview with Miss Selinda in view, he incontinently fled, and spent the night on the lounge in the *Bee*'s inner sanctum. The next day, although he was forced to work hard to make up for several holidays, he did not forget to write to a friend, who was a Western lawyer, about some land which Miss Henrietta and Miss Selinda owned; there had been a dispute about the title, and they had therefore been unable to sell it.

In the course of the forenoon, Meacham, who was an avaricious old farmer, came into the office to pay a long-standing subscription to the *Bee*, and demanded a reduction on the ground that he had been able to collect only a hundred dollars of interest where three hundred were due, with an injured look at Frank. So she had paid him a hundred dollars, and induced him to wait! Frank's boyish faith in Miss Selinda's generalship revived. She always had been equal to emergencies. But where had she got that money? Not by borrowing, certainly, Frank would be far less bitter to her than to have any of their friends know of the low ebb of their fortunes.

He went homeward with a comfortable sense that his world, represented at present by Miss Selinda, was revolving once more in its orbit, and might not be expected to go careering off into space again.

But Miss Selinda met him to the door, haggard and excited. "Frank, find Meacham, and induce him to return a hundred dollars that I paid him. Tell him that he may take the place—anything! Oh, Frank, it was the sages of sin—and getting it back will make the sin as less!"

"Well, then, Aunt Selinda, I should certainly let him keep it," said Frank, calmly philosophical, although he felt strong suspicions that Miss Selinda had been deprived of her reason. He put his arm around her, and she leaned upon him until she reached her own arm-chair.

"Right here I sat and talked about poor Henrietta yesterday; told you all her failings, that ought to have been more sacred to me than my own. And all the time that verse of Scripture was running in my head, 'Thou saliest and spakest against thy brother; thou hast slandered thine own mother's son'; but I smothered it in my bitterness and resentment. And then Satan took possession of me. Open your heart to one sin, and another will follow it, and this was one that I've been trifling with all my life. You wouldn't have thought, Frank, when I've always been so hard upon others' weaknesses, that I had a terrible one of my own, would you? Sometimes I think it must have run in the blood. When Grandfather Dudley built this house"—Miss Selinda spoke in a low, awe-stricken tone—"he turned it back to the road to expiate, or rather to show his shame for, some sin that he had committed. That was what was said. There's only one person now living that knows what this sin was, and that is your great-aunt Calista Whitney. Her mother lived with grandmother, and knew the secret, and I've heard that she told her daughter. I never wanted to ask, but now it seems as if I must know. I shouldn't want to think my father ran in the blood. Almost the first thing I can remember is being crazy to play games of chance. Aunt Lydia turned the backgammon board, and then I played fox and goose. And I used to go by myself and toss up coins, and say I would do this or that according to whether they came down heads or tails. I had seen bad lives do it. When I was twenty-five, a young man gave me an odd pack of cards to set up into diamonds and cover with silk for a sofa cushion. At first I couldn't bear to see them because they looked so wicked, and then I couldn't bear to fancy they were so fascinating. I played with them, Frank, inventing games for myself. When I was convalescing from a fever—that was when I was forty or more, and though I had been careful of those cards, they were all worn out—I sent Jane Toziee to F—— to buy a pack. I had

bought a book of games, and learned every one, and I taught Jane Tozier to play. Not content with risking my own immortal soul, I risked Jane Tozier's. We used to go up in the attic and play when Henrietta thought I had gone to prayer-meeting. I don't wonder they you look at me with horror, Frank. I am a whited sepulchre!"

The distortion of Frank's features, which Miss Sellinda mistook for horror, was really the result of an almost superhuman effort to control his risibles. Her deep remorse was utterly incomprehensible to this young man, who through all his Western career had carried a pack of cards in the leg of his boot, and had one now upon his person, only more conventionally located, as befitted the section of country.

"Frank, you have met Miss Devereux?"

"Swell sort of a party—range and discourse—says she is some relation to us—stopping at Dilks's?"

"She is a relation; her mother was Matilda Templeton, my second-cousin. We always used to say that Matilda would have what she wanted, and her daughter is just like her. When she first came here, in the spring, she hinted about my letting her have the beaufeh." Frank cast a startled glance in the direction of the old buffet; could Miss Sellinda have sold that? But its rich dark mahogany still shone in the corner. "She was collecting antique things, and she wanted everything that was spider-legged. She didn't dare to ask me to sell it to her; and I couldn't have, Frank, anyway. I'd rather see the old place go at once than by piecemeal. She came in last night to make a parting call, as she was going away to-day. It was almost eleven when she came: she'd been to a progressive euchre party at the Twichells'. She's been invited everywhere, she's a rich woman, and she has travelled and lived abroad, and knows how to make her way. She brought her maid, and sent her to sit with Jane Tozier; I knew by that she had come for something, and didn't care how late she staid. She took a pack of cards, in an elegant case, out of her pocket, and asked me to see how beautiful and shiny they were. She said I ought to learn to play; it would be a great solace for Henrietta and me when we were lonely; everybody played nowadays; Deacon Prentice's daughters were at the euchre party. I was a hypocrite, and pretended to let her teach me. I wanted so much to play with somebody who knew how; Jane Tozier is dull-witted. I suppose I began to play well too soon, and let her see that I knew how. I beat, anyway. It takes brains as well as luck to play almost any game of cards, Frank;" there was actually a little gleam of pride in Miss Sellinda's eyes, but it faded as suddenly as it had come. "Then she said she must play for something, if it was only her handkerchief against mine, she was used to playing for small stakes; every one did abroad; it gave an interest to the game. If she had sold money right away, I think I should have realized just what it meant, and maybe I wouldn't have done it. But I'm afraid I should. I was so excited and reckless. Her handkerchief had fine old lace on it, and mine was only a good strong linen one. She won mine. Then she, laughing all the time, put up a penny, and I—put up one too. It didn't seem any more than child's play; and yet it did, as she said, add an interest to the game. I won the penny. And then she proposed to put up a hundred dollars against the beaufeh. I don't suppose anybody could realize what a state I was in who hasn't felt the fever. I don't think I thought much about winning the money for its own sake or of losing the beaufeh, but I wanted to win. Satan had possession of me, Frank! Jane Tozier left the French maid asleep in her chair—she couldn't speak a word of English—and came and peeped in at the window, and she said it seemed as if she could 'see his horns a-r'arin' up above her pink bonnet.' I won the hundred dollars, and then the horror of it flashed upon me all at once. She flushed up and seemed quite angry because I wouldn't play any more. What she wanted was the beaufeh. I told her I wouldn't take the money; that she mustn't think I had been in earnest. She laughed in a scornful way, and this morning, just before the left on the train, the sent over the money. While I stood with it in my hand, knowing it was too late to go after her, because the train was whistling, and not knowing which way to turn, that man Measham came into the yard. I had almost forgotten him, Frank, strange as it may seem, or rather he had become a part of the general horror that overwhelmed me, but when I saw him the old instinct of battle swam in me—I have fought for the old place so long!—and I didn't stop to remember anything but that I had the money and could put him off with it. He made scarcely any objection to waiting for the rest. I think my looks must have frightened him. But, Frank, I have been in torment ever since. If he won't return the money—"

"Of course he won't. He doesn't wish to foreclose now because the property would be a drag on his hands—and of all the lucky things I ever heard of! I mean"—Frank pulled himself up promptly in obedience to Miss Sellinda's look of reproachful horror—"I mean, of course, that you can pay her the money. I've written to Davis to sell that Western land for a song, and he is just the fellow to do it. I really think that will come out all right, Aunt Sellinda, for it is evident that it really belongs to you. So you can think of the hundred dollars as a loan for a little while."

Miss Sellinda seemed to derive more consolation from this view of the matter, but she looked so aged and broken that Frank's heart was touched, and he immediately wrote to his great-aunt Calista Wharney to find, if possible, some comfort for Miss Sellinda from her pious propositor's experiences.

"Aunt Calista has seen the old parson's diary," he said, when he received the answer to his letter, "and she says the only particular sin that he recorded was that for six months he was unable to believe in the doctrine of predestination. He remembered that he 'came out clear and bright, and saw that it was a most gracious and comfortable doctrine,' and people surmised (he did not say so) that he built the house 'hind side before' to commemorate his period of darkness."

(It was highly commendable in Frank that he refrained from comment on the parson's proceeding.)

"I am glad that it wasn't as I feared, Frank," said Miss Sellinda, tremulously. "I don't know how I could have fancied such a terrible thing. Now I feel as if I might overcome it in myself. I have burnt my cards, and Jane Tozier and I have agreed that we will confess in church meeting if we ever touch one again."

It was four months later, and nothing flourished in the old-fashioned garden save Miss Henrietta's artificial plants, when Frank one day carried good news to Miss Sellinda.

"A check from Davis at last!—seven hundred dollars, and his commission has been deducted," he cried.

Miss Sellinda wiped tears of joy from her eyes. "I can send a hundred to that woman"—she always spoke of her partner in guilt as "that woman"—"and Measham can have five hundred, and there will still be a hundred that I can send to Henrietta. She must send it in New York with that fashionable Mrs. Holland."

Frank pulled his mustache reflectively, and gazed at Miss Sellinda's darned alpaca, and her hands that were becoming toil-worn, for Jane Tozier was growing old and there was no money to pay for extra service. He knew, moreover, of pitiful attempts at fancy-work, for pay, surreptitiously conveyed to the nearest city. Perhaps he would scarcely have thought of it but for the fact that Miss Sellinda had softened very much of late, and "came round" about Anne.

"Aunt Henrietta has been abominably selfish, you know," he said.

"Frank Dudley, I have seen the beam in my own eye," said Miss Sellinda, solemnly.

SOPHIA SWETT.

## THE CROQUET TOURNAMENT.

THE third Tuesday in August of each year brings together the scientific croquet-players from all parts of the United States at Norwich, Connecticut. The entire week is devoted to a tournament given under the auspices of the National Croquet League. The members of the League have an average age of forty years, veterans of seventy-six contending with youth of twenty-six, and responding to the spur of emulation with equal spirit and enthusiasm. They are recruited from all the professions and many business paths. It will be seen that a game which can stick and sustain as much interest must have more features than can be ascribed to the ordinary game of croquet.

Such, in fact, is the case. The old lawn game, descriptions of which are common in novels of English country life, where opportunities are furnished to the rotund-eyed carots to make the acquaintance of the older daughter of the local Squire, and flirt and eat ice-cream on the velvet turf beneath a side-spreading ashe, has given place to a hard intellectual pastime, with well-defined rules and the most scientific implements. Less picturesque, perhaps, but more absorbing.

The courts are of clay well rolled and sanded, surrounded by a border eighty-five by forty-five feet, the arches being set as in the illustration. The balls and mallets are of rubber, the latter provided with a handle from twelve to eighteen inches in length. The wickets are of steel, set in solid wooden blocks, and three and a half inches in width—a quarter of an inch wider than the balls. To carry two balls around a field of nine wickets and bring them back to the starting stake may seem an easy task on a perfectly level ground, but the novice will find, if he falls into the hands of a skilful player, that what looks like play comes to be work at the end of a two or three hours' game.

"Wiring," "the drive," "the jump and loose shot," and "the cannon" suggest endless complications to the skilled player. The spectator is called upon during the progress of a closely contested match to witness the exhibition of many admirable virtues and accomplishments. Tact, judgment, height, are demanded as well as skill. A game is seldom won where the defeated party cannot retrace his play and discover the error that turned the scale in his opponent's favor.

Admirably as the game is played in Norwich, only a small proportion of them are finished without a "change of balls," giving the opposite side a chance for his life.

The accuracy with which the jump shot is made makes "wiring" more and more difficult. The art of hitting a ball so that it will leap into the air several feet and then go straight to its mark is one that needs cultivation before success can be expected.

Norwich, "the Rose of New England," takes very kindly to croquet and its votaries. Proverbial New England hospitality is exerted to its utmost extent to furnish them comfort and entertainment. The more enthusiastic spectators find their way to Burial Hill early in the evening, and after the electric lights are lit in the evening the scene becomes picturesque in the extreme. The tournament of last week, which was the fifth since the League was formed, in 1882, was very largely attended. Representatives were present of clubs in New York, Philadelphia, New Brunswick, Boston, Chicago, New London, Northampton, Staten Island, Troy, Gloversville, Stamford, Danbury, and many other places where the "rigor of the game" is cultivated.

Games began Tuesday, and were not finished until Saturday. Fifteen players entered for the prize games; the remaining fifty occupied the time in social games on grounds reserved for that purpose. In the tournament games each player played one game with every other. This involved the playing of over one hundred games during the week. The prizes were gold and silver mounted mallets, and those who entered for them, with few exceptions, were well known as veteran players. Among them were Dr. Read and Phillips, of New York, Mr Bryant, of Northampton, Mr. Strong, of New London, Mr. Whitman, of Troy, Mr Dickey, of Norwich, Mr. Bush, of Staten Island, Mr Spaulding, of Tuxedo Harbor, Dr Lounsie, of Rockville, Mr Johnson, of Philadelphia, Mr Baldwin, of Danbury, Professor Jacobus, of New Brunswick, and Mr. Ford, of New York; the last two were the winners in the tournament of 1885. The first prize was taken by Mr Butsford, of New York, with a score of 11 games won and 2 lost, the second by Professor Jacobus, with 10 and 3, Messrs. Wambold and Bryant tied for the third, with 9 and 4.

## THE MINNEAPOLIS EXPOSITION.

THE accompanying picture of the main building at the Industrial Exposition which was opened at Minneapolis, Minnesota, on Monday last is a faithful representation of the structure, but conveys, of course, no idea of the extent and excellence of the varied exhibits which is contains. All indications point to a completely successful career for the Exposition. It was regretted that President CLEVELAND could not be present to open the show in person, but his consent that Mrs. CLEVELAND should, by means of the telegraph wire, give the signal for the machinery to be set in motion was gladly accepted as the next best thing.

The Exposition was opened with imposing ceremonies, in which the Governor of the State, several ex-Governors, and the Mayors and Common Councils of both Minneapolis and St. Paul, together with a number of other functionaries, took part. The opening address was delivered by Mr W. D. WASHBURN, the President of the Exposition, whose picture is published in this issue, and there was an oration by ex-Governor DAVIS. As is always the case at industrial fairs and exhibitions, the internal arrangements of the halls were far from complete at the time of the opening, but the Exposition rapidly assumed a finished state thereafter. Special attention has been paid by the managers in creating an art department worthy of the growing art culture of the Northwest. There is a fine display of casts and statuary in the hall devoted to sculpture, and the arrangement of the exhibits has been admirable. The art department, and, in fact, the entire Exposition building, is well lighted both by day and night, enormous electric chandeliers being one of the features of the show. It is a noticeable fact that a great many of the exhibits which figured in the New Orleans Exposition have been taken intact to this exhibition of the Northwest.

The effort of this Exposition upon the business we face of both Minneapolis and St. Paul will, it is thought, be vastly beneficial, for the people have taken up the enterprise in a whole-souled and determined sort of way, and are bound that it shall be a success in all particulars. The resources of the Northwest, both agricultural and mineral, are illustrated in an effective manner, and the Exposition will no doubt attract thousands of visitors from all parts of the country. The railroads have gone to work in earnest upon the undertaking of transporting more people to the chief city of Minnesota within the next few months than were ever carried before, and railroad fares have been reduced to moderate figures.

THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS.

ON THE WAY TO CONEY ISLAN

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ING BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

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# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain of the Pole," "So Very Rabbinical," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOW JACK THANKED BESS.

Early in the evening, when the common sort had all gone away, well filled with the Admiral's best October, and before the gentlemen arrived, Jack left or, and stole quite unnoticed from the house. As he left so, so he returned, no one having observed that he had been absent for a moment. Yet he were all of or talking and thinking of no one else, and believed that he was still among us. So, in a play at the theatre, when the mind is fully charged and occupied with the hero, or that one can think of nothing but his adventures, we do not perceive that he is no longer on the stage before our eyes; and when he presently returns, we do not remember that he has ever been out of our sight, and all that has passed seems to have been done in his presence.

But who Jack left or, and whither he went, I have since been told, and that, or one may say, on credible authority—namely, by the only person who knows.

In short, he left or to go in search of Bess, his heart being already inflamed by the thought of her beauty, and fired with gratitude because, of all his old friends, she alone recognized him. Ulysses was recognized by none but his dog Why, Jack would have been less than human, a mere senseless log, had he not been moved by this circumstance. And or far from senseless, his was a heart as easily inflamed or touch-wood.

Bess was sitting on the floor before the fire, her father being somewhere abroad, I suppose in conversation with his friends and cronies, the sexton and the barber. It was Sunday evening, therefore she had no knitting or work of other kind in her hands. She could not read, and therefore she had not taken one of her father's books, and she was alone, therefore she or not talking. Outside, the night had already fallen, but she was not one of those the waste good money by burning candle and fire at the same time, unless for the sake of work. The red fire-light played upon her cheeks, and made them glow, and upon her eyes, and made them red balls, and upon the walls of the room, which were covered with specimens of the Penman's art, pasted on the wainscot, and on the sideboard, where stood the candlesticks of brass, and the snuffers polished and bright, with the house pewter, which alone like silver so good a housewife was this girl. Her hands lay folded in her lap, and she was leaning forward as if reading faces in the red coals, as children sometimes love to play. I think she saw one face only, and that a strange, solid face, with matted hair and long beard, and a bloody cloth across the forehead. As to her thoughts—who can read the thoughts that crowd into the head of a young girl? I would not dare to say that up to that time Bess was in love with her old playfellow; yet it is certain, because Mr Brinjes spoke so much of him, that he often occupied her mind. Nor was it, I venture to say, all on Jack's account that she would listen to none of Aaron Flecher's advances. Yet she must have been hard hearted indeed had this home-coming failed to move her soul. I have sometimes thought that if at this time Jack had made as advances to her, she most generously have taken Aaron and thought no more of her old playfellow, save as of a gallant gentleman belonging to a class above her. No men can speak positively of a woman's mind; but I am assured that it is seldom in the nature of a woman to love any man—though she may greatly admire him—until he hath first shown and proved by words and looks that he thinks of her and loves her. Therefore, if Jack had made no advances—however, it is idle to talk of advances, such a man or Jack doth not make advances, they are for cooler and more cautious men; he leads, charges, and carries by storm the fortress which expected to be besieged by well known rules.

Now, or she sat there watching the coals glowing in the fire, Bess suddenly started, and her heart ceased to beat, for at the door she heard a step. She remembered that step after six long years; and the latch was lifted, and Jack himself came in—a thing she had not or much or ventured to hope, though she expected that he might in a day or two call to see her father, if he should still remember his former instructor.

She sprang to her feet, half afraid, yet rejoicing.

"Bess!" he cried, heartily. "You had not forgotten me?"

He was dressed now, shaven, and washed; a tall and handsome man, though pale and somewhat hollow in the cheek.

"Bess!" he repeated, holding out both hands, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Oh, Jack!" she whispered, timidly. But now she was trembling, and really afraid of him, because there was a look in his eyes which frightened her—a strange look it is, which painters, for the most part, have failed to catch; it is one which makes the eyes soft and glowing; it is the look of love and longing. Bess had never seen that look, and it frightened her.

"Jack," she cried, "shall I go and look for father?"

"Oh!" he answered, "you knew me, Bess?" His voice was husky. "All the rest had forgotten me; but you knew me. Look for your father? Not yet, Bess! Not yet." Oh, Bess!" He said no more, but caught her hands, drew her toward him, and kissed her a thousand times.

Then, in a moment, all her love went out to him. She gave him all her heart. Thenceforward she was no longer afraid of him; yet she was his servant and his slave, though he called her mistress.

"My dear," he said, presently, "let me look at my sweetheart. Nay, the fire-light will do to light those eyes, no need of a candle. Oh, the sweet face! And what a tall girl she is! Is it the fire-light on her cheeks, or is she blushing because her lover hath kissed her? And oh, the rosy lips! Kiss me, Bess. Kiss me, and tell me that you love me. My dear, I had forgotten no one at home—no one, but until you caught my hands to-day, I did not know how much I loved you. And now, tell me, pretty, hast thou sometimes thought of Jack?"

"Oh yes," she told him. "I have never forgotten, never; and I know you were not drowned, whatever they said, and Mr Brinjes always declared that some day you would come home again. Often and often I have gone to Philadelphia and inquired of her concerning a young sailor—meaning you, Jack—but I did not tell her who it was, and always her reply was that he can safe, and would come home again, though to be sure, she said, there were dangers in the way. She is a proper witch, and knows. But, oh! Jack, go away this is foolishness; you must not kiss me any more, because you are a gentleman, and I am only a simple girl, and the daughter of a plain man. You must not talk of love to me; you must not think of me, Jack. I know you would not laugh at me, and mock me; but you must not think of me, Jack. Why, there are fine ladies in plenty who would die for love of you!"

"And could you die for love of me, Bess? Oh! how could I live so long without thee?"

"Oh, Jack!" she murmured, laying her head upon his shoulder, "I would rather die of love for you than live for the love of some one else; and oh! if you left off loving me I should sit down and pray to die at once."

He kissed her again—I know not how many times he kissed her—telling her, which was quite true, because his thoughts ran not that way, that he cared not a fig for all the fine ladies in London town, with their ninny namby, pimpy ways, and their hoops and paint; but he loved an honest girl with roses of her own in her cheeks, who would love him in return. And or their pretty love talk went on, with thee and thou, and kisses sweet as honey to the girl, who knew not how or why she should conceal her joy and her love.

"I never knew," Bess told me afterward, "no, I never knew what happiness could be until I sat that evening with my sweetheart's arms round my waist, and my face upon his shoulder, so that he could kiss me or often as he pleased, and whisper that he loved me. Oh, why—why should he love me? he or handsome and so splendid, and I so simple a maid. What are a girl's good looks compared with a man's? And how should he be able to love one who is not a gentlewoman—he who might, had he chosen, have married a countess?"

When he left her, which was all too soon, because the Admiral would be expecting him, the girl fell upon her knees and prayed. This was a thing (she confessed it to her herself) which she had never done before in her life, except in church, and according to the Forms contained in the Book of Common Prayer. If one may venture to speak of a Book which hath engaged the thoughts and labors of learned and pious men since the foundation of the Church—I mean the Book of Common Prayer—there is one unfortunate omission in its forms: it provides, that is to say, for all the other great events in life, namely, Birth, Baptism, Marriage, the Arrival of Children, Sickness, and Death, but there is no Form of Prayer for the Betrothal of a man and a maid. Yet there are many appropriate Lessons that might be taken for it from the Old and New Testament; and there are many grateful and joyful Psalms; and there are lovesick verses—better, surely, were never written—especially to the Song of Solomon, and, without doubt, if ever there were occasion for Prayer and Praise, it is when a pair of lovers promise in private what they will presently promise in the sight of the congregation. Bess, poor child, knew no prayer fit for the occasion; but she knelt upon the floor, and with tears she thanked God for the safe return of her lover, and implored Him to extend His continual protection over him.

When Mr Wentmoreland came home at half past eight, he was astonished to find that his daughter had forgotten to put out the bread and cheese and beer. Heard one ever of housewife forgetting to lay the supper? And though he talked about nothing but Jack Easterbrook—his oversanguined sufferings and his wonderful and providential preservation—that strange daughter of his was so cold and unfeeling about her old playfellow that she hardly said a word, but made haste to go to bed, where she was removed from her father's chatter, and could lie contentedly awake all night long, her foolish heart beating with the joy of this great happiness.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### JACK ASHORE.

The next day, accompanied by the Admiral and Captain Petherick, Jack went to the Navy Office in Seething Lane to report himself.

And here began trouble he did not expect. For, seeing that they had long since written off the ship as lost away, and her company as dead, at first it appeared as if Jack had lost his seniority for certain, even if he had not been removed from the King's service. The latter view was stoutly maintained by the clerks, who argued that if a man has been written off or dead, he must be dead, or else—a thing impossible and absurd, if not treasonable—the Navy Office must be charged with error; so that, if he should afterward be or rash or to return, he must either be considered not of the service, or must begin again at the bottom of the ladder; otherwise their books would have to be rewritten; very likely the estimates must be amended, and perhaps even a new audit undertaken. There was much correspondence on this subject carried on between the various departments; and, for aught I know, it may still be going on. While it was still in agitation, they began to send him about, like a ball at the game of cricket, from one office to another. First they sent him to the Surveyor's Department, which required him to make a return of the ship's stores and their expenditure up to the conclusion of the voyage; and asked him also to produce the purser's, his's's, and carpenter's accounts, the mariner-book and the log-book, those books being always, by regulation, required of the captain on his return. The clerks in the Navy Office, who receive fifty pounds a year, and live at ten, or even twenty, times that rate in war time, thus showing how an honest man may prosper merely by the handling of ship's books and the passing the captain's papers, gave this young officer, from whose handling no profit could be obtained for themselves, as much trouble as Jacks-in-office possibly can; and, having themselves bound and tied by all kinds of rules, they were able to hamper grievously any officer who doth not first grease their palms.

Next, when Jack expected to receive the six years' pay, which was certainly due to him, there was trouble with the Comptroller's Department, which contended that, as he had not served for more than two years, he was entitled to no more than so much pay, and that only when it could be proved that he had served to the satisfaction of the captain, who, as know, was dead and gone; and that, or regards the four years of wandering and captivity, they must not count as service at all.

Thirdly, when Jack asked permission to pass his examination in seamanship for Lieutenant's rank, it was objected by the clerks of the Secretary's department, first, that he had not, in accordance with the regulations, put in his log-books or journals; secondly, that he could not show the certificate of the Captain; and thirdly, that he had not served for the six years required by the rules of the service. At all these vexatious delays Jack lost his temper, and would, in the Navy Office itself, give the clerks, in good Sea's'le English, his opinion or to their mother and their honesty, which, of course, exasperated those gentlemen, and made them stand out still more stiffly for the letter of the law.

Now, while these things were under consideration, the Commissioners themselves, being informed of what had happened, sent for Jack, and examined him personally concerning the ship's course, the discoveries she had made, the natural riches of the islands among which he had sailed, and the possibility of establishing settlements and posts upon them which might prove effective in restraining the insolence of the Spaniards, and in preventing the establishment of the French power in those regions. Finally, they instructed him to see up, without further delay, a report upon the voyage, or full or his memory would allow, for the information of the Commissioners and the government, containing all that he could remember of the course, and what he had observed concerning those islands, and especially on the force of the Spaniards on the South American shores; and, which was no doubt gall and wormwood to the clerks, by Lords the Commissioners were graciously pleased to order that the rules of the service should in this case be suspended, and that, in consideration of Mr Easterbrook's previous good character, and undoubted sufferings after the wreck of his ship—for which he could not be held in any way accountable—his seniority should be restored to him, his years of wandering and captivity should be all counted as years of service, and that he should therefore receive full pay for the whole six years of service as midshipman on board a first-rate—namely, at two pounds five shillings a month, which made the handsome sum of one hundred and sixty two pounds; and, lastly, that he should be permitted, on passing his examination, to assume the rank and uniform of Lieutenant, with the assurance of a commission to a ship as soon as it was possible to find one for him. This promise was given him or gravely, and by or great a personage, that Jack placed the most certain trust in it.

It was easier for Jack to pass his examination in seamanship and navigation, and to put on his new uniform, than to write the report asked of him; for he had never the pen of a ready writer, nor had he the least knowledge of the art of composition, he had forgotten how to spell even simple words, having been deprived of books for four years, and he had almost forgotten how to write. He, therefore, by the Admiral's advice, sought the help of my father, who questioned him minutely on every point; and then, with the assistance of the charts, drew up with his own hand the required report; though, with pardonable license, it purported to be written by none other than Mr Easterbrook. It contained all the information which the author could elicit by careful and repeated examination, and, if published, would have proved a work of the greatest curiosity and instruction, embellished with the charm of learned and scholarly style which was or much admired in my father's sermons, enriched with reflections and meditations proper for the various scenes and adventures through which the (supposed) writer passed, and made useful for meditation by Scriptural references. The report or accompanied by a chart showing part of the western coast of New Holland, with those portion of the Pacific Ocean lying north of the equator orto which the *Cousins of Dorset* had sailed. This part of the sea was depicted, by the hand which drew the chart, or covered with islands, on both sides of the ship's way, lying or thick as daisies on a grass border. Mr Wentmoreland is was who drew the chart; but he was advised and assisted by Jack himself, and by Mr Brinjes. He painted the water blue, and the islands and coasts red. Another hand—I say not whose—decorated those parts of the ocean where no ship hath yet sailed, and nothing is yet known, with spouting whales, dolphins at play, sea-lions sporting on rocks, and canoes filled with black men. The same hand designed and painted in the northern part of the ocean, off the Island of California, the lively representation of an engagement between the great seven decked Spanish galleon from Manila and a small English vessel, the former striking her colors, and the latter flying the flag of her country, and not the Jolly Roger, as Mr Brinjes desired. In the left-hand corner Mr. Wentmoreland drew the mariner's compass, below which he wrote a respectful dedication to my Lords the Commissioners, signed with the name of John Easterbrook, midshipman on board the *Cousins of Dorset*. The whole or finished and adorned with many flourishes, and in the Penman's finest style. He was or proud of his work that, I believe, he expected nothing less than a public commendation of it in the *London Gazette*, with a handsome reward in money.

Strange to my, this report, which we hoped would have been published by order of the Admiralty, or received in silence, and was never afterward mentioned at all. I know not what became of it, for Jack obtained no acknowledgment of it, nor one any praise or reward, that I ever heard of, given to the Penman, and I suspect that the report her never been read at all, but still lies on the shelves of the Navy Office. But, in truth, the wreck of the *Cousins of Dorset* made little stir at the time, because this intelligence arrived when the public mind was greatly agitated by the depredations of the French privateers which were now sweeping the Channel and packing up our merchantmen, and with the efforts made by the Government to protect our coasts and the seas, or that the loss of this ship more than three years before, even in or lamentable a manner, affected people little. All the done, however, Jack returned to Deptford, taking up his quarters with the Admiral, and in very good spirits, being well assured that before long he would have his commission, and that there was going to be a long and spirited war, the French having begun with great vigor, and being already flushed with success, so that they would take a great deal of beating. He had also jingling in his pocket—no sweeter music, while it lasts—the whole of his pay for six years. With this money he was enabled to purchase a new outfit for himself, having landed, as we have seen, with nothing in the world—no, not even as much or a shirt. However, he very soon procured a sea-chest, and filled is once more with instruments, books, and a new kit, including his Lieutenant's uniform, in which it must be confessed he looked as gallant and handsome an officer or ever put on the blue and white, with none of the offensiveness and affected daintiness which too often spoil the young soldier or sell as the London beaux. Rather did Jack incline to the opposite vice, being, as his best friends must admit, quite deficient in the graces, ignorant of polite manners and conversation, unused to the society of ladies, and, among men, knowing but little of what some here called the coffee-house manner—that, I mean, which one learns by intercourse with strangers and general company, in which is is necessary to concede as well or demand, to yield as well as to maintain. Yet or swaggerer, or offender against the peace of quiet men, though he certainly walked with his head in the air, as if the whole world belonged to him, and, or if it was his right, took the wall of every one, unless an old man, a cripple, or a woman, and that with an resolute an air that even the bully-captains of the street—who are always ready to shoulder and elbow peaceful men into the gutter, and, on a mild remonstrance, to clap hand to sword-hilt, and swear blood and murder—these worthies, I say, stepped meekly, and without a word, into the sand when they beheld this young sea lion marching toward them, over six feet in height, with shoulders and legs like a porter's for breadth and strength, splendid in his blue coat with gold-laced hat, his crimson sash, his white silk stockings, and white breeches. One thing I commended in him, that he wore his own hair, having it powdered decently, and tied in a bag with a black ribbon, a fashion which especially becomes a sailor, first, because a wig at sea, where everything should be taut and trim, must be troublesome, and secondly, because, if it be blown overboard, what is a man to do for another?

Fortunately for the street captains, Jack went seldom to London, where the noise of the carts and the crowd in the streets offended him. He loved not to be jostled. And the amusements of the town pleased him not. Once we went together to see the play at Drury Lane; the piece was a comedy, very ingenious and witty, representing modern manners, or that part of modern manners which belongs to the nobility, where, I suppose, there is always intrigue, and the conversation always sparkles with epigram; the manners kind know are this kind of life. It is pleasant to look on, and the house laughed and applauded. But Jack sat glum, and presently grew impatient and went out, and would have no more of it.

"Why," he said, "call this a play of modern life? If a man were to say to me one-half of what these people continually say to each other—not calling the other, though in fine words, ass, rogue, liar, or clown—I would have cleared the whole stage long ago. Where is the English spirit gone? Let or get away."

I asked him whether he did not think the theatre made a fine sight, with the beautiful dresses of the ladies. But even this did not please him.

"Dresses?" he cried. "Why, they are designed for no other purpose than to make the poor souls hideous. Hoops, powder and paint, hair dressed

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1545.

up—I should like, my lad, to show you beside them a boy of South Sea Island girls, barefooted, with a simple petticoat tied round them, and their long hair flying loose. Then would you understand how a woman should look. I know a girl"—he checked himself—"well, put her, dressed as she is, in a box at the theatre, and she would be like the full moon among the twinkling stars."

I might have replied (which is, I suppose, the truth) that women have an thought of form, and cannot understand that curve which Hogarth has drawn. Therefore, they understand not why men love a woman's figure, and regard fashion as nothing more than an exhibition of costly and beautiful stuffs, silk, lace, and embroidery, to set off which the figure serves as a frame or mahogany on which they may be hung. Otherwise women would strive for a fashion at once becoming and fitted to the figure, which they would then never alter, as the Greeks retained always the same simple mode.

With these views as to ladies' dress, it is easy to understand that Jack found very little pleasure in visiting Ranelagh or Vauxhall, though the freedom of Bagnigge Wells was more to his taste. Nor did he delight in the coffee-houses. I took him to the Smyrna, where the politicians resort, and to the Rainbow, where the wits and templars are found; to the White Lion, in Wych Street, where they have concerts and a woman who sings. But he found the conversation insipid and the manners affected.

There was only one place of public resort which he heartily approved. It was the famous mug-house in Long Lane, whither one evening we went, Mr Brooking, the painter, taking us thither. It is frequented by many brethren of the brush, who for some reason are always more inclined to youth and gayety than the sober merchant. In this room there are fiddles and a harp; the room is divided into small tables which drink to each other; a president calls for a song, and one song is followed by another till midnight, the company drinking at each other from table to table, some taking strong beer, some flip, some rumbo, and some punch. Jack admired greatly the freedom of conversation, which had nothing of the coffee house stiffness, the heartiness with which one table would drink a bout with another; the tobacco and the singing, for which this mug house was then famous, and all with as many jokes and so much laughter that it was a pleasure to think there was so much happiness left in the world.

But most of his time Jack spent at Deptford, his mornings in the yard among the ships, and his evenings at the Sir John Falstaff with the Admiral, or in the Officers' Room at the Gun Tavern, whither the Lieutenants and the midshipmen resorted for tobacco and punch.

There remained the afternoon, which, had he chosen, he might have spent with the Admiral's lady and Castilla.

"Our conversation," said that sweet girl, "hath no attraction for Jack. He loves sailors better than ladies, and tobacco better than tea; and he would rather hear the fiddle than the harpsichord, and the bowling by a brother officer of a sea-song than a simple ditty from me."

I suppose that Castilla was naturally a little hurt that Jack showed no admiration for these accomplishments, of which she was justly proud. No one played more sweetly, or sang more prettily, the songs which she knew than Castilla. Every girl likes a little attention, but this young sea-bear gave Castilla none. Every girl likes to think that her conversation is pleasing to the man; Jack showed no pleasure at all in Castilla's talk. He was thinking, though she no knew not yet, of another girl, whose charms bewitched him and made him insensible to any other woman.

At this period of his life it is certain that Jack loved not the conversation of ladies, finding it perhaps insipid after the sailor's talk he had lately experienced in the French prison and his savage life among the Indians. "If a man," he said, "must needs associate with women at all, give me a woman who is not squeamish over a damn or two, and lets a man tell his story through his own way, without holding up her hands to her face and crying fie upon him for naughty words; and one who can relx him a glass of punch—ay, and help him to drink it—and won't begin to cough directly his pipe of tobacco is lit. As for your cards, and your music, and your drinking of tea, it is all very well for handsome I dare say you like handing about the cups for Madame, and passing the cream and sugar to the young misses."

"You can take your tea at the Admiral takes his, Jack, with a dram of rum *sans* after it."

"What is it at best but a medicine? Why not ask people to come and drink physic together? Why not ask Mr Bringes to prescribe, so he does, his tea of hemlock, speedwell, sage, or sassafras? Or, if you must drink women, there is chocolate, at the Spaniards hous it. Not so for tea, with the strumming of a harpsichord, and playing at cards for counters, and ladies talking fiddle-faddle, and Castilla asking you if you like this, or you would rather choose the other, I confess, my lad, I cannot endure it."

"Castilla, Jack? Surely she is to your taste?"

"Why, as for that, she is a pretty, delicate slip of a girl; she has got soft cheeks, it is true, and brown hair. Give me a tall, strong woman, who knows her own mind and what she likes, and likes it in earnest. Give me a woman with a spice of the Devil."

"Well, Jack," I said, surprised that he was not already in love with Castilla, "there are plenty of women in Deptford who are all Devil, if they can tempt you."

He had got already, though I knew it not, a woman who possessed her full share of the element he so much desired.

In the afternoons, therefore, he did not court the society of Castilla, but he went back to his old haunts, and not for the most part to the apothecary's parlor, not so much for the pleasure which he took in the conversation of that worthy and experienced gentleman, as that in this way he could enjoy the company of another person, who generally came in *accidentally* about the same time, but through the garden gate and the back door, while the Lieutenant marched so boldly, for all the world to see, through the shop. As Mr Bringes slept for the greater part of the afternoon, these two could see what they pleased as each other without fear of being overheard. And nobody so much as suspected that they were to this room except the assistant, who stood all day at the counter rolling balsams, pounding drugs, and making nauseous draughts. One night have chosen a sweeter smelling place for love-making, but then it had the look of a cabin, and something of its smell, and Jack found no fault with it.

"We talked," Bess told me, as the time when her only pleasure was to think and talk about Jack, and when there was no one but myself with whom she could speak about him—"we talked all the afternoon in whispers, so as not to wake up Mr Bringes, who slept among his pillows. We sat in the window-seat, my head on his breast, and his fingers played with my hair, and sometimes he kissed me. Jack told me all he was going to do; he was to get his commission, and go fighting; he would go for choice where there were the hardest knocks, they would make a vast deal of prize-money, and he would get promoted, and made captain, with twelve pounds a month, and then, when he came home, he would marry me."

"And did Mr Bringes," I asked, "never wake up and interrupt this pastime?"

She laughed. "Why, when he woke up, he would say, 'Kiss her again, Jack. She is the best girl in Deptford. I have saved her for thee. Kiss her again!' He has always been kind to me, and would never believe that Jack was drowned, and would still be talking of him, which was the reason why I knew him again when he came back. And then Mr Bringes would sit up and talk about his treasure, and how he shall come day fit out a ship, and we are all to go sailing after the treasure, which is to be my marriage-portion, when it is recovered, so that Jack will marry, after all, the greatest heiress in England."

These things I heard, I say, after Jack went to sea again, and while Bess, like so many women, sat at home waiting and praying for her lover's safe return. All that time no one knew, or so much as suspected, what was going on. Otherwise, I fear, bad things would have been said of poor Bess by those of her own sex. Men, in such matters, judge each other more leniently and with less suspicion.

If, now, Jack had not been first recognized by Bess; if he had not gone to see her the first day of his arrival; if—but what doth it profit to say that if such and such things had not happened other things would have turned me differently? It is vain and foolish talk. Our lives are not governed by blind chance, and we must not doubt that, for some wise end which we know not and are not expected to know, or even to guess, all that happens to us is ordered and settled for us beforehand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A CONEY ISLAND BOAT.

However much disinterested people may differ with the New York newspaper writers and hotel keepers who declare that New York is the most favored and coolest of summer watering-places, it will be generally acknowledged that the deck of a Coney Island steam-boat in motion is a pretty comfortable spot. Perhaps as the boat lies at her pier on a sultry day there is no more moving air to fan her waiting passengers than there is elsewhere in the great metropolitan area, but when the boat is in motion, no matter what the conditions may be around her, there is a breeze. It springs up the moment her bows are cast off and her wheels begin to stroke up a foam in the dock. As she glides forth into the stream it becomes stronger, and when her nose has been swung round in the direction of the Iron Pier, and she darts ocean-ward with the speed and stately motion of a great bird, it is a fine breeze indeed.

The journey by boat to Coney Island is very popular. When the iron boats were a novelty they were not so attractive to the people as they have since become. Then they not infrequently ran aslope upon which the passengers found almost room enough to be melancholy in. In this summer there is no day of the week, and there is almost no trip of the day, when a Coney Island boat is not at least comfortably filled. The journey is just far enough out to sea to be exhilarating. The boats are so large and so substantial that it is rare for them at take on a motion sufficient to make passengers uncomfortable. At times, under a southeast wind, the ocean comes to roll somewhat heavily over the bar, and when the ocean does that there is no boat so sturdy that it is not constrained to respond, and it is common then for unaccustomed passengers to experience what the French call the evil of the sea. But the popularity of the boats which go to Coney Island and to Long Branch is assurance that it is unusual for the summer ocean to behave in this manner boisterous. The general conditions are as Mr De Tocqueville has represented them in his picture. The company that he depicts are in placid enjoyment of the stirring salt air, of the quiet beauty of the scenery in New York's ever-wonderful bay, and of one another's society. Nobody is thinking of the uncomfortableness of a ground-swell, and there is no reason why anybody should. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The ground-swell need not bother any one until about the time of the equinox and the international yacht races. As long as fresh air and fair landscape and abounding human society have a charm for people, as long will the Coney Island boats be popular—provided, of course, that they maintain the material and social decency which can noticeably belongs to them.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A correspondent relates that in Irkutsk, in Siberia, in the winter-time everything for sale in the markets is frozen solid. A quart of milk, for instance, goes to the buyer in a chunk. For consumption the milk is allowed to freeze about a stick, which serves as a handle to carry it by. The commodity put up in this shape makes quite a formidable weapon, and it is possible to knock a man down with a quart of milk in Irkutsk. Throwing milk there is as bad as throwing stones here. An Irkutsk householder chips off a piece of milk for the cat, and a lump of milk is put into the coffee. Children in Irkutsk cry for a taste of milk. Irkutsk people in the winter time do not say, "Be careful not to spill the milk," but, "Be careful not at break the milk." Broken milk is better than spilled milk, however, for the reason that with broken milk there is opportunity to save the pieces. Irkutsk people do not use pails for their milk in winter, but hang it up on hooks, though, of course, as spring comes on and the milk begins at run down from the hooks, they have to use pails. All this, it will readily be understood, is no more remarkable in a very cold country than it would be in the tropics to find people keeping butter in bottles and eating molasses candy with a spoon.

It is said that there are no coopers in China. Neither has China any Niagara Falls, and therefore the humiliating spectacle of coopers passing through Niagara in barrels is spared to that country.

A paragraph in a newspaper column devoted to matters of science says that it is calculated that "not less than one cubic mile of earth is deposited every year in the Atlantic Ocean from America, Africa, Europe, and Asia." The point of peculiar interest in this paragraph is the introduction of Asia as one of the continents whose rivers deposit earth in the Atlantic. If any result at all is due to the continents for this sending of their substance into the sea, particular credit of course, should be given to Asia, which, in order to get earth into the Atlantic, has to send it so much further than the other continents do. It would be interesting to know how much Europe is doing toward filling up the Pacific Ocean, and why Asia should concern herself with the Atlantic when she has such an ocean as the Pacific so much nearer home.

The rapid growth of Berlin is noted by the statisticians. It has now a population of 1,750,000, and is growing more rapidly than Vienna, St. Petersburg, or Paris. It is estimated that Berlin will equal Paris in the matter of population at the end of fifteen years; but it is notorious that estimates of this character are sometimes inaccurate. If they were ever sometimes inaccurate, there would be no room for Chicago.

Three sailors who went fishing from the port of Dunkirk, in France, in the year 1866, have just returned. Seventeen years is a long time to catch fish in, and one might suppose that the sailors returned laden with wealth, but such is not the case. They are that their vessel was wrecked on the coast of Greenland, and that they were held in captivity by the natives. Not only did they bring nothing to the way of material treasure from that land, but to Dunkirk they find themselves poorer by the loss of their wives, all of whom have married again. They are three pretty forlorn sailor-men. To be sure, they are a nine-days' wonder in the little French town, but there are no dime museums in Dunkirk, and to be an object of curiosity there is no so profitable as it is here in our east-side wards.

A tramp was pulled out of a freight-car in Illinois. The police went through the formality of searching him, and found upon his person one hundred dollars in gold and certificates showing that he was the owner of twenty-five hundred dollars deposited in a St. Louis bank.

There is an old gentleman in Paris, according to the London *Figaro*, who is making a collection of boot heels that have belonged upon the feets of distinguished persons. He has more than a thousand specimens, and flatters himself that he can read character in the manner in which they are worn. Of course the old gentleman is deceived, and a man's character cannot really be read in his boot heels. Nevertheless the old gentleman can congratulate himself upon having added one at the great number of annoyances that are visited upon distinguished people. It will be another use for a man to know that he is great when he comes to be asked to please send around his boot heels.

An advertisement in the London *Times* offers from twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars a year to a lady to engage in an "occupation in connection with high-class journalism such as any lady may undertake without social inconvenience, and chiefly out-of-doors." She must be a lady of position, and a title is preferred. She should also be young and clever, the advertisement says. She may have a private carriage from her proprietors if she is not already provided with one of her own. It would look as if a society reporter were wanted were it not stated that the lady is to be employed chiefly out-of-doors. It is hardly possible that so high a salary would be paid at a lady for reporting lawn-tennis matches. What does seem probable is that the advertiser wants a book agent of fashionable connections. If the book is a compilation of admirable newspaper articles, it is wholly proper to say that the occupation of the agent engaged in pushing its sale would be an "occupation in connection with high-class journalism."

A PROVOKING DEVELOPMENT.

"Israel, come out yonder, an' tha Deacon Nathan, how 'Mantons he an'. 'Low he sum' he 'hainated by the way to stagger."

"Now rain'; he's done gone sum' do enough now. 'Tain't like you'n neither up to time when you're wanted."

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W. D. WASHBURN, PRESIDENT OF THE MINNEAPOLIS EXPOSITION.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 561.]

ARTHUR G. SEDGWICK, SPECIAL AGENT OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT TO MEXICO.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURSI.—[SEE PAGE 556.]

ON THE RIO GRANDE—SURRENDERING A PRISONER TO THE MEXICAN AUTHORITIES.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 556.]

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(NEW) AMSTERDAM FLOODED BY THE BOODLE PRINCES.

FROM AN ELEVATED POINT OF VIEW.

## THE G.A.R. ENCAMPMENT.

The twentieth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held this year in San Francisco, and the session continued from August 2 to the 12th. The long railroad journey and the cost of transportation to San Francisco rendered it difficult to secure the holding of the encampment in the Pacific coast metropolis, but having secured the coveted honor, the Grand Army men of California spared no expense or trouble to make the occasion memorable in the annals of the order. Californians are noted for their hospitality, and the welcome which they gave to the Eastern veterans was hearty and unstinted. A feature of the encampment was the effort made by the delegates and members from the great fruit and wine producing counties to show the resources of the State and at the same time to give the visitors actual proof of the variety of their productions. In more than a score of these county head-quarters great casks of wine were on tap, and tables were loaded down with fruit. In front of the Sonoma head-quarters, where wine flowed like water, was a section of a huge red-wood tree, which proved to be a great curiosity to the visitors from the East.

The streets were elaborately decorated with banners and streamers of the national colors, and most of the large business houses, as well as hundreds of residences, were beautifully draped with bunting and flags, and adorned with ornamental designs in flowers. The city erected a huge arch on Market Street opposite the ruins of the Bancroft Building. The main arch was eighty feet in height, and its span was 118 feet. Two smaller arches spanned the sidewalk. The arch was covered with canvas, and painted to represent massive masonry. On the towers were placed colossal statues of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN, GRANT and GARFIELD, while below were figures of heroic size representing the soldier and sailor, the mechanic and farmer. Surmounting the arch was an enormous eagle, with crossed cannon beneath, all resplendent in gold. From a short distance the arch presented a fine appearance; and looking west, one saw a magnificent vista of tall buildings, ending in the hills which overlook the ocean. As the procession marched down this noble avenue, between two lines of enthusiastic people, with the balconies and house tops black with spectators, the scene was one long to be remembered. At the new City Hall grounds and of the Golden Gate Park some exquisite floral pieces, representing corps badges and other designs, blossomed on the greensward.

The great event of the week was the day parade of Tuesday, which was the most imposing street spectacle ever presented in San Francisco, surpassing in numbers and enthusiasm the famous procession which welcomed General GRANT on the return from his tour around the world. It was expected that large numbers would be attracted to the city to witness the parade, but the reality surpassed the predictions of the sanguine. Special trains were run from neighboring cities, and as the day was tacitly observed as a holiday and business suspended, it may be said without exaggeration that two-thirds of the regular residents of the city were in the streets.

The great parade showed the deep feeling of loyalty which exists even in remote places on the far-off Pacific coast. Grand Army posts from Washington Territory, Nevada, and Oregon were represented by scores of comrades. A careful estimate gave 2500 veterans in line. No one could complain of a lack of warmth in their reception. The remnant of the California Hundred and the Cavalry Battalion received an ovation. The Sonoma delegation carried the old Bear Flag which played so conspicuous a part in the conquest of the State—a faded banner, crudely wrought, but with a spirited grizzly in one corner evidently drawn by one who had a personal acquaintance with the ugly animal. No Eastern post made a finer appearance than the New York Department. Its position in the line could be told by the storm of cheers which greeted the battle-torn flags borne by its members. These historic flags, most of which are the property of the Buffalo posts, stirred the enthusiasm of the vast crowd as nothing else had power to do. California saw fan actual signs of the misery of the war; hence these flags, especially to the younger generation, were visible tokens of the cost of the great struggle for the Union which was here commemorated by the men who helped to carry it. The enthusiasm of the spectators was divided between the old battle flags and General SHERMAN and LOGAN, who rode in carriages near the head of the line.

The executive sessions of the encampment continued three days, and were interspersed with concerts, receptions, and banquets. The week closed with a great camp-fire at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

## THE TROUBLE WITH MEXICO.

THE international difficulty growing out of the arrest in Mexico of Editor CUTTING, although it has assumed a milder form than it seemed to take at the outset, is still on the surface, and it will apparently require no little diplomatic skill to bury it out of sight. HARPER'S WEEKLY under date of August 14 contained an exhaustive résumé of the matter, and furnished the news of the sentence of Mr CUTTING by the Mexican court to pay a fine of $500 and serve a year's imprisonment. Since then Mr ARTHURO SENOWICK, whose picture will be found in another column of this issue, has been sent to Mexico as an agent of the United States government to see what can be done toward a pacific settlement of the awkward affair. Mr SENOWICK is a resident of this city and a lawyer, being, it is said, especially well informed upon all intricate points of international law. He has been for some time attorney and counsel for the International Copyright League, and has prepared a skilful work on that subject. He has been during his life both lawyer and journalist, having at different times been connected with both the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* of this city.

It is understood that Mr SENOWICK's instructions from the State Department were to proceed directly to the city of Chihuahua, and there to investigate all the evidence in the CUTTING affair. In the mean time the whole subject as relating to the extradition and punishment of offenders along both sides of the line of the Mexican border remains deeply interesting. The picture which is printed in this issue of a party of United States troops receiving a prisoner to the Mexican authorities on a requisition serves to make apparent the striking points of difference between the United States and the Mexican solidery.

In the mean time, again referring to the CUTTING case, the Mexican citizen MENDEZ, the libel of whom by CUTTING was the cause of the present difficulty, has gone into print with a statement of his view of the situation. He says: "The facts on the trial of CUTTING have been contorted in such a cruel manner, and there has been such an excess of unjust criticism against the acts of the judicial authorities, our country, and my humble self, by many North American periodicals, that I have believed it my duty to direct myself to demonstrate this proposition, that it is not money that influences the conscience of a Mexican when his honor is involved, and that is not sold to satisfy an ignoble passion."


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FOR LEMONS OR LIME JUICE.
Is a superior substitute, and its use is positively beneficial to health.—[Adv.]

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Peck's Patent Improved Cushions Ear Drums. Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whisper, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, free. F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y.—[Adv.]

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
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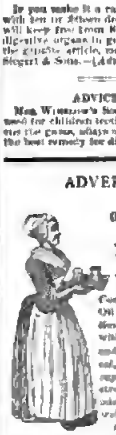

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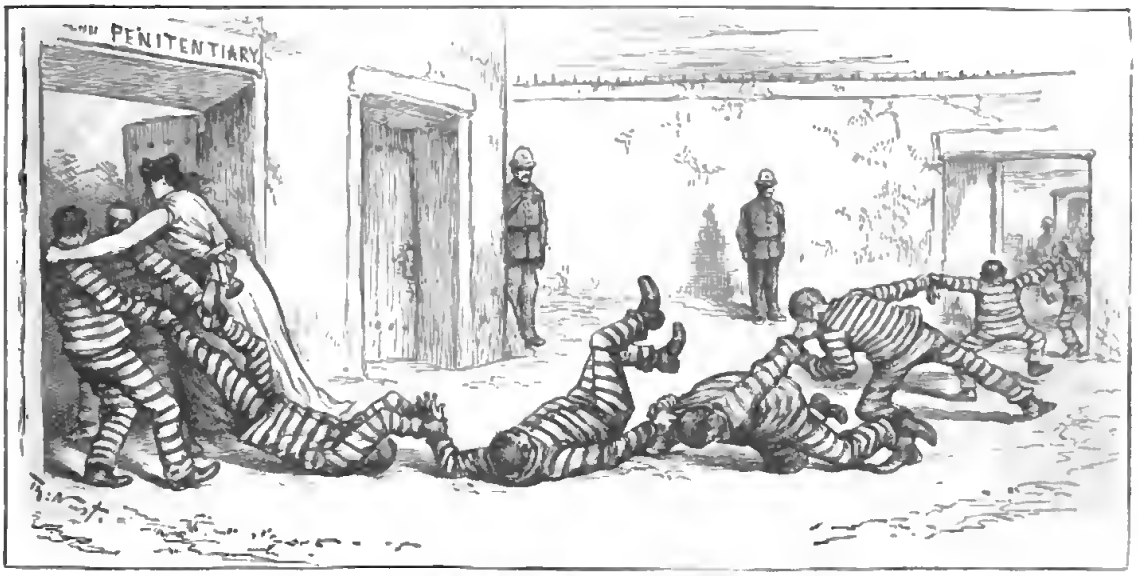


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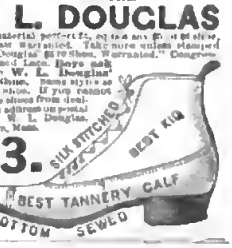


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have known that Mayor GRACE would remove him as soon as he entered upon his own office. The removal of a chief municipal officer who, as is now known, secured his place by a corrupt bargain, depends, not upon the Chief Magistrate of the city, but of the State. To harmonize such a system the Mayor himself ought to be appointed, as formerly, by the State. It is true that the Governor assented to the removal of SQUIRE. But the public uncertainty up to the time when the decision was actually announced shows the danger of intrusting the affairs of the community to officials only remotely responsible to the people whose interests are concerned.

Home rule in the city of New York may be a troublesome and questionable experiment. But if the citizens choose the Mayor, he ought to be invested with the proper authority of such an office. The principle of American institutions is local or home rule, and either it should be trusted in the city or abandoned. The present hotchpotch of a municipal system results not only in local misgovernment and corruption, but in general political demoralization. It teaches that politics is a mere trade, for which the chief qualification is skill in making profitable deals. Corruption in politics is a much more important issue than prohibition, because it poisons the very fountains of the national welfare. Here is Senator FRYE, of Maine, who would not consciously say or do a dishonorable thing, warning his audience against men who follow their own consciences rather than the command of the majority. Let us see. It was the business of the Legislature to change the organization of the Aqueduct Commission if the public welfare required a change. The legislative majority changed it by practically giving the whole power to SQUIRE by a deal. That makes it right, says the Senator. Beware of the citizen who publicly proclaims his superior honesty by assuming to differ from the majority, and holding to his own convictions. That is to say, if a man refuses to be dishonest, he is a hypocrite. This is the argument and the exhortation of Senator FRYE. It is evidently high time to reflect that corruption in politics and sneering at opposition to it as Phariseeism is a very much more vital issue than prohibition. It shows a decay of moral principle, upon which our whole political structure rests. When, in a self-respecting community, party leaders scoff at fidelity to conscience and principle as arrant hypocrisy, they disgrace the American name, and wound their own party much more sorely than any other.

## THE REMOVAL OF SQUIRE.

GOVERNOR HILL'S prompt approval of the removal of SQUIRE shows that the Governor is aware that he could not have sought to retain SQUIRE without a protest of just popular indignation which he did not care to provoke. The fact remains that the "aqueduct bill" was an arrant job, and it is very hard to understand that the Governor did not know it.

To the Governor and to all who regard Sunday-school politics with contempt we trust that this BOSS-FLYNN business, as the clergy say of great afflictions, will be sanctified. It shows that there is still a public demand for honesty in public affairs so strong that when dishonesty is exposed it ruins the participants. This is to say that honesty in politics is the best policy, and that is the Alpha and Omega of Sunday-school politics. In fact, the venerable brotherhood of political shysters must see with amazement that the Sunday-school in politics has recently had much the best of it. It got decidedly the upper hand of TWEED and his SQUIRES and FLYNNS, and dispersed effectually of "TWEED'S Governor." It took some part also in the last Presidential election, and not without results. The Sunday-school in politics is by no means a contemptible force.

The effort to confuse the real character of the SQUIRE-FLYNN knavery by charges against Mayor GRACE is the last resort of the aqueduct ring. Its object is to divert attention, like the running thief's cry of "Stop thief!" But there is no doubt that the Mayor and Mr. IVINS have been the chief agents in pushing the exposure of this latest rascality, and that the election of Mr. GRACE as a reform Mayor has been amply justified.

## IT IS NOT "OBVIOUS."

THE Utica *Herald* says:

"If the National League is an organization to support Mr. CLEVELAND, whatever he may choose to do, the country ought to understand that purpose. The people can read, can judge conduct, can weigh results. They can see that Mr CLEVELAND, while repelling Senators and Congressmen, is himself using the offices to win favor at the South and to create a personal following. He is a candidate for renomination, and the spoils have been placed where in his opinion they will do the most good in advancing his ambitions. The president of the National League would win credit for frankness if he would announce the obvious truth."

If the National League were the champion of Mr. CLEVELAND as the Utica *Herald* is the champion of Mr. BLAINE, it would say so without hesitation. But it is not. It is no man's champion. It reviewed honestly, but with criticism and censure, the course of President ARTHUR, and it has pursued the same course with President CLEVELAND. As the president of the League does not believe with the Utica *Herald* that President CLEVELAND makes spoils of the civil service to promote his own ambition, he does not say so. That the fact is "obvious" in the opinion of the *Herald*, but it is not shared even by many Republicans who, with the *Herald*, supported Mr. BLAINE.

It is as stated in the address of the president of the League that a committee had been appointed by the League to consider the conduct of the Administration in regard to reform, and after careful investigation to report. For that reason, as was also stated in the address, the president of the League refrained from expressing any opinion of the President's general course, although he had no doubt whatever either of his sincerity or his courage. This is his opinion despite specific acts which seem to him to violate sound principles.

If the Utica *Herald* has observed the strong disapproval of the President's course by many of the leading persons of his party, the perfunctory approval of the Administration by Democratic Conventions, and the practical desertion of the President by party leaders, it can hardly insist that the President's abuse of patronage for his own ends is "obvious." The only doubt of the renomination of the President by his party springs from the fact that his reform course has alienated and disgusted the party bosses who control caucuses and conventions, and nonacquantly determine nominations. If it were obvious that the President is using the patronage to secure his renomination, it would be obvious that he is conciliating the bosses, not offending them, and undoubtedly he is offending them.

## THE RELEASE OF CUTTING.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the arrival of Mr. SEDGWICK in the city of Mexico, CUTTING was released by the Supreme Court upon the ground that MEDINA, against whom the alleged libel was uttered, had waived his right to a civil suit for damages. There is a Mexican law prohibiting the residence of dangerous persons in Mexico, which it is supposed will be enforced by the Government against CUTTING. The action of the court works the release of CUTTING, which Secretary BAYARD demanded, but not in obedience to his demand. The course which is left upon our Government is either to require damages and an apology, or to discuss with Mexico the change of the laws under which she justified her action.

Cowboy diplomacy and peppercock bravado and the prospect of war to avenge our outraged honor are happily at an end. It is, however, quite worth while to improve the occasion by stating to Mexico our view of the difficulty which may easily arise under certain of her laws, and which should be averted by friendly understanding. Our demand for the immediate release of CUTTING was plainly premature, as the subsequent proper action of the State Department showed. It was a case for inquiry, for national honor never suffers by making sure that we are right before going ahead.

## INK SPOTS.

IN opening the campaign in Maine Senator FRYE made this extraordinary remark:

"You take a magnificent bridal dress, with its ribbons and splendid laces, and put it on exhibition, with a little ink spot on its skirt, and you will find plenty of men and women who will see nothing but that spot. Now the people of this country, with an exquisite fidelity to the best interest of the nation, saw the little ink spot on the skirt of Mr. BLAINE'S coat, and therefore voted that Mr CLEVELAND—a man who was snatched from bed to foot—should be President."

What was the ink which Senator FRYE says that the people saw upon Mr. BLAINE'S skirt? Does he think that it has been removed, and that the people will not see it in 1888?

It is an extraordinary admission for Senator FRYE to make, because in 1884 the supporters of Mr. BLAINE—and Senator FRYE was his next friend—declared that it was not worthy of Judas Iscariot to insinuate that there was any spot whatever upon his skirt. Is the argument in 1886 to be our assertion that it is a very small one? But when in that year a magnificent bridal dress is put on exhibition, will it not be better to select one without "a little ink spot" upon it? And why did Senator FRYE say so suggestively "ink" spot?

## AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

JUST as we go to press we see that the Boston *Record* is quoted as saying:

"Now that HARPER'S WEEKLY has come out for Mr DAWES against Governor LONG, it almost completes the solid phalanx of Democratic and anti-Democratic journals which are supporting Mr. DAWES. In times gone by he was a Stalwart among the Stalwarts, and it must seem strange to him to have such a following as that which now comes to his support."

HARPER'S WEEKLY has not come out for Mr. DAWES against Governor LONG. It has expressed no preference between them as candidates for the Senate, and the Boston *Record* must make good its assertion or withdraw it.

## KNIGHTS OF LABOR AND ANARCHISTS.

MR. POWDERLY very wisely warns the Knights of Labor to avoid association and complicity with the anarchists. Whatever the wrongs of any body of persons in the community, a general warfare upon society itself is not a remedy. Before such a threat and doctrine all other questions disappear, and those who take the side of anarchy become common public enemies. It cannot, indeed, be called a side in this country. But there are a number of men and women who are vociferous in their newspapers and writings, and who, as experience has proved, drilled themselves in murder to some purpose. They are to be closely watched by the police, and avoided by all honest people. Mr. POWDERLY does the Knights of Labor a great service by separating their name from any connection with that of assassins.

## A GOOD SUGGESTION.

IN the current number of the Studio the editor, discussing the absurd monument which it is proposed to erect at Newburgh in commemoration of WASHINGTON and of the Revolutionary associations of the spot, inquires most pertinently what monument can possibly be so good as the building which WASHINGTON occupied as his Head-quarters, and which is still standing. The monument which is contemplated dwarfs this building entirely, and cannot be regarded with any of the feeling which consecrates the Head-quarters, and in fact with no feeling but indignation and amazement.

The grounds and the old house are exceedingly interesting and picturesque, and if the matter is not beyond recall, a protest from the citizens of Newburgh would certainly impress the national authorities under whose auspices the work is to be executed. If the community which is immediately interested says nothing, it is to be fairly inferred by those authorities that the contemplated memorial is acceptable. That community is seriously threatened, and Providence helps those who help themselves.

## PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE W CURTIS has a high estimate of woman's ability as an editorial writer, and declares that two of the best writers on the Philadelphia *Ledger* are women. He adds that "when women do the same work as men, they should have the same pay, and I carry out this rule in my own business." At the recent convention of florists at Mr Curtis's country-seat near Philadelphia one of the speakers suggested that they undertake to grow a rose more fragrant and beautiful than any already in existence, and that they christen it the George W Childs rose. In view of Mr Curtis's doctrine concerning the capacity and deserts of woman, which is now made public in this journal, it is safe to predict that the florists of America will be seconded by their wives in creating and christening a George W Childs rose.

—Mr JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will sail from England for home about the middle of September. A personal friend of the ex-Minister writes: "Mr LOWELL is one of the few men of letters and of politics whose success has engendered simplicity. He has a real dislike for his literary style of forty years ago, and pronounces it verbose and complex. He expresses in terms of admiration his estimate of distinguished Americans who remain American in spite of showing and after a sojourn in Europe. His little grandchildren at Southborough, Massachusetts, consider him the best companion in the world."

—Mrs. CURTIS has declined many invitations to leave the city this summer, and has been devoting herself, at her home near Gramercy Park, to arranging materials for a book on frontier life in Kansas just after the civil war. She and her late husband, General CURTIS, spent five years in that State at that time, and the story of their experiences is full of romance. The Indians gave them no rest, and the wild beasts were not difficient. Day and night alike abounded in dangers and perilous escapes. Mrs. CURTIS received more than three hundred letters of congratulation on her first book, *Boots and Saddles*, and answered them all. In England especially the work was warmly greeted, among its most appreciative admirers being Mrs CHARLES KINGSLEY.

—The architect of a new house in Plainfield, New Jersey, claims to have earned distinction by providing a thorough ventilation for the soiled-linen closet on the second floor, and by thus removing from the house one of its oldest and commonest nuisances. He has sealed the interior of the closet with strips of lincoln pine, has projected from its roof a ventilating pipe which is higher than the highest part of the building, and has arranged for the entrance of air by means of a slat door. It is a modest piece of sanitary engineering, he says, "but I don't know of another architect who has attempted it."

—The usual circular of the Autumn Exhibition at the National Academy of Design announces to artists living in this city that "Mr ROSSITER, the veteran, will, if required, collect and return the exhibits so heretofore, at the expense and risk of the contributors." ROSSITER has performed similar services for more than a quarter of a century, and is a feature of the studios. He has exact views of the true nature of art and the conflicts of the schools, and feels a noble pride in a long record of handling picture-frames without injuring them. Several years ago the *Evening Post* printed an interview with ROSSITER on fine-art matters generally.

—Some of the newspapers have misquoted the first two lines of BRYANT'S hymn which was sung in Boston at the funeral of WILLIAM GRAY, Jun., the defaulter and suicide. The correct reading is:

"Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep."

A well known editor of a revised hymn-book was much surprised, by his researches, to find how mutilated is the current version of even so popular a hymn as "Rock of Ages."

—From the Richmond *State*: "CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER visited the White Sulphur last year, and after a month's sojourn went away charmed with the social life among the Southerners there. He gave his impressions to the country through HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and as a result the number of Northerners at the White, for the first time this year, is larger than ever before. The contrast between the life there and at Saratoga seems to have impressed them as it does the Saratoga talker, who longs for 'the rebel guns in muslin gowns.' And this social commingling of Northern and Southern society will do much good."

—Mr HOWARD A TAYLOR, second for the "All-comers' Prize" in the National Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Newport last week, contributed a capital article on the game to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE early in the summer. Since that was written Mr TAYLOR has been abroad, and having had some practice with the Renshaws and other leading English players, he will give his views of their style and methods in an article to be published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE on September 7.

—Parting lovers are sentimental, but a Massachusetts girl, on bidding good-by to her *fiancé*, capped the climax by directing his attention to the Great Dipper in the starry firmament. "You see the second star in the handle of the Dipper, don't you?" "Yes." "And you see that faint little star close to the second star?" "Yes, my dear." "Well, darling, that's me."

—Colonel T W HIGGINSON is spending the summer in a large farm house, which he has leased, in Holden, Massachusetts, the next town to Princeton, and within easy reach of Wachusett. It is understood that besides his signed paper in the last *Atlantic*, on Mr WHIPPLE, he wrote the unsigned one on the second volume of GRADY'S *Memoirs*. He has just finished a sketch of JOHN BROWN'S life, and is now engaged on a short story, the first he has written for eight years.

—Not much talked of, but very robust, is the Society of Sons of the Revolution, organized three years ago in a tavern at Pearl and Broad streets, where WASHINGTON bade farewell to a part of his army on the 4th of December, 1783, and already numbering one hundred and fifty members, having more than doubled its list during the last twelve months. Each member is a descendant of a soldier, sailor, or civil officer of the days of '76, and the object of the society is not so much to eat and drink as to erect an edifice into which can be gathered the relics of the Revolutionary war, and so to keep alive the patriotic spirit of that era. It celebrates Washington's Birthday, Bunker Hill Day, and Evacuation Day in first-class style at DELMONICO'S. Its president is Mr FREDERICK S. TALLMADGE.

LIBERTY IS NOT ANARCHY.

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# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MIDDLESEX ASSISTANT.

The first trouble came to the lovers through the meddlesomeness and malignity of the apothecary's assistant. Had Jack known what this man did, I think he would have made him swallow the contents of every bottle in the shop. But he never knew it, nor had he the least reason to suspect the assistant. James Hadlow (which was his name) was a man of small stature and insignificant aspect, made ridiculous by his leathern apron, which covered the front of him from chin to toes, and was too long, having been made for a taller man, his predecessor. His eyes, as has been already stated, were, as to their movements, independent of each other. He seldom spoke, and went about his business steadily and quietly; a man apparently without passions, who had no more compassion for a sick man than for a bag of wool, a man who never loved a woman or had a friend, and who, when he was afterward knocked on the head in a waterman's house of call while dressing wounds caught in a drunken brawl, left no one to lament his loss. Neither man nor woman in Deptford ever regarded him as all, any more than one regards the fellow who brings the wine at a tavern. Yet, which is a thing we should never forget, there is no man so meek that he cannot feel the passion of resentment, and none so weak that he cannot do his enemy a mischief. Now, for something that was said or done, or perhaps omitted—I know not what—this man conceived a malignant desire for revenge. I know not which of the three had offended him—perhaps Jack, who was masterful, and despised little and humble men; perhaps Mr Rempe himself, who was hard toward his servants; perhaps Bess. But, indeed, if a creeping thing stings one, do we stop to inquire why it hath done us this mischief?

Everybody in the town knew that Aaron Fletcher wanted to marry Bess, and that in her pride she would have nothing to say to him, and had refused him a dozen times. It was also known that Aaron went about saying that he would crack the crown of any man who ventured to make love to his girl—calling her openly his girl—even if he were a commissioned officer of the King. When so tall and stout a fellow promises this, young men, even brave men, are apt to consider whether another woman may not be found as beautiful. Therefore, for some time, those who would willingly have courted Bess kept away from her, and, in the long run, I am sure that Aaron would have

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1843.

"ROOM FOR THE DOCTOR, GENTLEMEN! ROOM FOR THE DOCTOR!"

SMUGGLING ON THE RIO GRANDE.—Drawn by F. Freeseny.—[See Page 574.]

triumphed, being constant in his affections as he was strong and brave. Unhappily for him, Jack Easterbrook returned. First of all, when Aaron came up from Gravesend, a few days later, and became a peaceful boat-builder again in place of a smuggler, he began to watch and to spy upon the movements of Bess, employing a girl whose father worked for him at his boat-building, and lived in a house nearly opposite to that of Mr Westmoreland. She reported that Bess staid at home all day long, and though Lieutenant Easterbrook had been to the house, it was only to see her father, who came to the door and spoke with him there, and Bess never met him. Moreover, Aaron discovered that the Lieutenant's mornings were spent in the Yard, his afternoons with Mr Bringes, and his evenings at the tavern; so that, except for the fact that there was no woman at all in the daily history of the Lieutenant—a suspicious circumstance where a sailor is concerned—he felt satisfied.

It happened, however, one evening about eight o'clock, when Jack had been at home some three weeks, that Aaron, sitting alone in his house, which stood on one side of his boat-building yard, overlooking the river between the Upper and the Lower Water Gate, heard footsteps in his yard without. He rose, and opening the door, called to know who was there at that time, and bade the visitor come to the house without more ado.

His visitor proved to be the man Hadlow.

"What the devil do you want?" asked Aaron. Mr Bringes himself was a man to be treated with the greatest respect, but his assistant, who was not credited with any magical powers, and could certainly not command rheumatics, or give any more pain than is caused by the drawing of a tooth, was regarded with the contempt which attaches to the trade of selling nauseous medicines. "What do you want here at this time? I have not sent for any of your bottles, and I don't want any of your leeches."

"I humbly ask your pardon, Mr Fletcher. I have brought no bottles and no leeches."

"Then what are you come for?"

"I humbly ask your pardon again, Mr Fletcher, seeing that I am but a poor well-wisher and admirer—"

Here Mr Fletcher gave renewed proof of impatience.

"Then, sir, I have come to tell you a thing which you ought to know."

"Say it out, then, man."

"First, I am afraid of angering you."

Mr Fletcher turned and went back into his room, whence he emerged bearing a thick rope's-end about two and a half feet long.

"Hark ye, mate," he said, balancing this instrument, so that the assistant turned pale with terror, and his eyes rolled about all ways at once, "you have angered me already, and if you anger me more, you shall taste the rope's-end. Wherefore have an care time."

"It is about Bess Westmoreland. Oh, Mr Fletcher!"—for the boat-builder raised his arm—"patience! Hear me out!" The arm went down. "It is about Bess Westmoreland. Everybody knows that you have"—here the arm went up again. "And it is about Lieutenant Easterbrook. Bess and the Lieutenant— Oh, sir, have patience till you hear what I have to tell you!"

"My patience will not last much longer. Death and the devil, man! what do you mean by talking about Bess Westmoreland and Lieutenant Easterbrook? He has seen her but once since his return."

"By your leave, sir, he sees her every day."

Aaron threw the rope's-end from him with an oath. Then he caught the man by the coat-collar, and dragged him into the room.

"Come in here," he said. "By the Lord, if you are fooling me I will murder you!"

"If that is all," the man replied, "I have no fear. I am not fooling you, Mr Fletcher; I am telling you the sober truth."

"Man, I know how the Lieutenant spends his time. He is all the morning in the Yard, looking at the ships and talking to the officers. In the afternoon he sits with Mr Bringes, and in the evening he drinks at the tavern. As for the girl, she never sees him."

"He goes every afternoon to Mr Bringes."

"I know that."

"You think he goes to talk to the old man, I suppose? He does not, then. My master sleeps all the afternoon. If he didn't sleep, he would die. He sees us. The Lieutenant goes there to make love to Bess."

Aaron turned pale.

"She comes to every day by the garden gate and the back door, so that no one should suspect. And no one knows except me. But I know; I have looked through the key hole. Besides, I hear them talking. Every day she comes, every day they sit together, he with his arm round her waist, or round her neck playing with her hair, and she with her head upon his shoulder—kissing each other and making love, while the master is sound asleep by the fire."

"Go on."

"When the master wakes up he laughs, and he says, 'Kiss her again, Jack.' Then he laughs again, and he wishes he was young again."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. For the Lord's sake, Mr Fletcher, don't let any one know who told you. Mr Bringes would kill me, I think. And mind you, Mr Fletcher, whatever you do, remember that the master is able to kill you, and will, too, if you harm the Lieutenant. He knows how to kill people by slow torture. There's a man in the town now, covered with boils and blains from head to foot, says it's the apothecary hath bewitched him. Don't offend Mr Bringes, sir."

"My lad," said Aaron, grimly, "I doubt whether I ought not to take the rope's-end to your back for interfering with me and my concerns. Now if you as much as dare to talk to any man in this place about what you have seen and told me—whatever happens afterward—remember, whatever happens afterward—it is not a rope's-end that I shall take to you, but a cudgel, and I shall not beat you black and blue, but I shall break every bone in your measly skin. Get out, ye miserable, sneakin', creepin' devil!"

That was all the thanks that the poor wretch Hadlow ever got for the mischief he had made; but the thought that he had made mischief consoled him. Something was now going to happen. So he went his way, contented with his evening's work.

Then Aaron sat down, and began to think what he should best do. He had been full of Christian charity toward the man who was not, after all, so he feared, his rival: there would be no more talk of quarrelling and fighting between them, the shilling need not be fought for; the Lieutenant belonged to a different rank; in course of time Bess would tire of her resistance, and would yield. Now all was altered again. His old rival was still a rival, and there must be fighting.

Presently he rose, and walked up the street to the Penman's house.

Mr Westmoreland was at the tavern with his friends the Assistant Shipwright, the Sexton, and the Barber. Bess was sitting alone, with a candle and her work.

"Bess," said Aaron, "I want to have a serious talk with you; may I come in?"

"No, Aaron. Stand in the doorway, and talk there. I am not going to let anybody say that I let you into the house when father was out of it; but if you want to talk foolishness, you can go away at once. It is high time to have done with foolishness."

Aaron obeyed—that is to say, he remained standing at the open door, and he said what he had to say.

"It is for your own good, Bess; though you won't believe that anything I say is for your own good."

"What is it, then?"

"It is this. Every afternoon you go to Mr. Bringes's parlor to meet Lieutenant Easterbrook. You go out by your garden gate, so that no one may see or suspect, and the Lieutenant goes in by the shop. In the parlor, while the old man is asleep, you kiss each other and make love."

She sprang to her feet.

"Aaron, you are a spy!"

"I have been told this, but I did not spy it out for myself. Very well, then, spy or not, think, Bess. The Lieutenant has never yet got appointed to a ship; perhaps he never will. He has got no money; he cannot marry you if he would. If he were to marry you, the Admiral would never forgive him; if he doesn't want to marry you, why—there—Bess."

"Is that all you have to say?" she asked, trying not to lose her temper, because she had the sense to perceive that it would not please her lover if she quarrelled about him with the man. "Is that all, Aaron?"

"Why, I might say it a thousand times over, but it wouldn't amount to much more than this. He can't marry you if he wants to; and if he doesn't want to, a girl of your spirit ought to be too proud to listen to his talk."

"Aaron, you shall pay for this," cried Bess, with flashing eyes.

"You a lady, Bess? You to marry a King's officer? Know your own station, my girl. You are the daughter of the Penman, and you can neither read nor write. But there's a chance yet, mind him pocking first, and then you shall see."

"It is six years," she said, "since I looked on while you fought him and were beaten. I liked nothing better than to see you defeated and Jack victorious. Because, even then, you pretended to have some claim upon me, though I was but a little girl. Now, Aaron, I should like nothing better than to see Jack beat and bang you again until you cried for mercy." Her eyes were flashing and her cheek red, and she stamped her foot upon the ground. "Oh, I should like nothing better!"

"Should you, Bess—should you?" he replied, strangely, not in a rage at all, but with a great resolution.

"To see you lying at his feet. Yes, his rival—you! Why, you may be bigger—so is a collier bigger than a little sloop. That is a great matter, truly! Yes his rival! To think that any woman whom he has once kissed should ever be able as much as to look at you—oh, Aaron! But you don't know; you are too common and ignorant to know the difference there is between you."

"You would like to see him beat and bang me, would you, Bess? Why, then, it is as easy as breaking eggs. You shall have the chance. All you have to do is to tell your fine lover that, as regards that shilling—he will know what shilling I mean—I am waiting and ready to have that repaid, or to take it out in another way—he will know the way I mean. And then, my girl, if you like to be present, you can. But I promise you the beating and the banging will be all the other way, and your fine lover, gentleman and King's officer though he is, shall be on his knees before he finds time to swing his staff. You tell him that about the shilling. If you will not, I will send a message by another."

"I will tell him. Now go away, Aaron, lest you say something which would anger you still more."

So he went away. But Bess told her lover, who laughed, and said that Aaron was a greedy fellow whom there was no satisfying, but he should do his best to let him have a good shilling's worth, and full value for his money.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HORN FAIR.

THE conversation happened in the second week of October. The opportunity of repaying the shilling occurred on the 16th of that month, which is St. Luke's Day, and consequently the first day of Horn Fair.

All the world has heard of this fair. It is not so famous a fair as that of St. Bartholomew's, the humors of which have been set forth by the great Ben Jonson himself. It has never, like that fair, been honored by the presence of the Prince of Wales; nor has an ingenious a gentleman as Mr Harry Fielding ever written plays to be acted at Horn Fair, as he built those for Bartholomew. Nor is it so good for trade as the ancient Stourbridge Fair. Yet for noise, rubbish, riot, and drunkenness it may be compared with any fair held in the three kingdoms, even with the old May Fair, now suppressed, which they say was the abode of all the devils while it lasted. As for trade, there is never anything sold there—neither horses, nor cattle, nor cloth, nor any pretence made of selling anything, except horns and things made of horn, with booths for children's toys, penny whistles, and the like, gingerbread, cockles, oysters, and so forth, together with strong drink, and that the worst that can be procured of every kind.

Yet it was in such a place as this, and among such people, that the Lieutenant was called upon by Aaron to redeem his promise and to fight him for the shilling; and although he might very well have refused to answer the challenge in such a place, Jack thought it incumbent upon his honor to fight, even though it should be like a Roman gladiator in the arena. Had he been married to take a glass in a booth at the fair, or to eat hot cockles with bumpkins, he would have treated the proposition with scorn; but because he was asked to fight, his honor, forsooth! was concerned, and he must needs go—so sayeth a thing in the law of honor concerning the duello. No doubt in this case his delicate sense of honor and his inclination jumped, as they say, and he was by no means displeased to try his courage, strength, and skill against so doughty a champion as Aaron Fletcher. Yet I do not think there was another officer in the King's Navy who would have done what he did.

The visitors, if the day is fine, begin to come down the river as early as eight in the morning and for the most part they remain where they land, at Cuckold's Point, Redriff, eating and drinking, until the procession is formed, which starts at eleven or thereabouts, and by that time there is a vast crowd indeed gathered together about the stairs, and the river is covered with boats carrying visitors from London Bridge, or even from Chelsea. As for the quarrels of watermen and the splashing of the passengers and the exchange of scurrilous jokes, alone, and foul language, it passeth belief. However, the passengers mostly get safe to the stairs at last, and, after a quarrel with the watermen over the fare, they are permitted to land. Those who join in the procession array themselves in strange garments: some are dressed like wolves, some like bears, some like lions, some again like wild savages, and some like Frenchmen, Spaniards, Russians, or the hoary Turk, and some wear fearful masks; but all are alike in this respect, that they wear horns tied upon their heads in serious fashion. The women among them, however, who ought rather to be at home, do not wear horns upon their heads, but masks and dominoes. Those who can afford it have ribbons round their hats, the streaming of which in the breeze greatly gratifies them; some carry flags and banners, all together about and hollow cautiously, and the procession is followed by all the boys, to judge from their number, who can be found between Westminster and the west and Wandsworth on the east.

This magnificent procession, which is almost as good as the Lord Mayor's Show, leaves Rotherhithe, headed by drum and fife, at eleven in the forenoon, and marches through Deptford, across the bridge by way of the London road, through Greenwich to Charlton Common.

Jack stood with me at the gate of the Admiral's house, looking on as those Tom Fools passed, playing their antics as they went along. It seemed to me strange that a man of his rank should take any pleasure in witnessing the humors of the rank; but I thought as a fact, because there is something in every sailor, whether he be an officer or not, which makes him delight in singing and dancing, and causes his ears to prick up at the sound of a fiddle or a fife. Besides, as regards the sailor, it was six years and more since he had seen any merry making at all, unless, which I know not, the half-starved Indians who entertained him had any songs and dances of their own.

"I must go to the fair this afternoon Luke," he said. "Will you come with me, lad?"

"What will you do at the fair, Jack? It is a rude, rough place, not fit for a gentleman."

"Do you remember the last time we went? It is seven years ago. Ever since I came home I have felt constrained to visit again the places where we used to play. There is the crazy old summer house in the gardens. I have been there again. The place is not yet fallen into the Creek, though it is more crazy than ever."

"And Mr. Bringes's parlor? Have you been there?"

"I have been there," he replied, with hesitation, "once or twice—to look at his charts. His treasure is on an island in the South Pacific, whether our ship did not sail. Yes, I have been there—to see his charts, in the evening. In the afternoon, I find, he sleeps, and must not be disturbed."

"And now you must needs visit Horn Fair again. Well, Jack, I am a man of peace, and, very like, there may be a fight. So take with you a stout cudgel."

"There is another reason also for my going," he said. "It is because Aaron Fletcher will play all comers at quarter-staff."

"Why, Jack, surely you would not play with Aaron before all this mob of rustics and common men?"

"I must, brave boy. For, look you, Aaron saved my life. There is no question about that. The boat must have gone down in half an hour, and I with it, if he had not hugged me out. Therefore if he asks me to do so small a thing as to fight him, the least I can do is to gratify him, and to fight him at such place and in such manner as he may appoint. I promised him this, and now he sends me word to remind me of my promise."

"But the man is a giant, Jack."

"He is a strapping fellow. But if he is six foot four, I am six foot one and a half. His reach is longer than mine, it is true. But do not be afraid. I have got back my strength, and I think I shall give a good account of him. However, my word is passed to fight him when he wishes; and whatever happens, I must go. He thinks to defeat me before all his friends. He is a braggart fellow, and we shall see, my lad."

We walked over to Charlton after dinner; Jack in his Lieutenant's uniform, with new laced ruffles and laced shirt and cravat, very noble. He carried his sword, but, following my advice, he provided himself as well with a stout cudgel, in which, I confess, I placed more confidence than in his sword. For why? A man thinks twice about using a sword upon a mob as he would upon an enemy, but an unlucky cudgel does not generally kill, though it may stun. Therefore he laps about him lustily if he have a cudgel, and spares not.

There was no hurry about the quarter-staff play, which would not begin until three o'clock, and we strolled about the fair among the crowd, looking at the shows, of which there were many more than I expected to find. As for Jack, he must needs go everywhere and see everything, and that year there were a wonderful number of shows.

There was, for instance, the young woman of nineteen, already seven feet two inches high, and said to be still growing, so that her well wishers confidently expected that when she should attain her twenty-fifth year she would reach the stature of nine feet, or, perhaps, ten. We also saw the bearded woman. Thus Jacob nature, or sport of nature, presented for our admiration a large full beard, a foot long and more, growing upon the whole of her face, cheeks, chin, and lip, so that her mouth was quite hidden by it. She was by this time, unfortunately, fully fifty years of age, and her beard will grizzled, so that we had an opportunity of knowing how a woman in her youth and beauty would look with such an ornament to her face. It would then, I suppose, be soft and silky, and brown in color. But perhaps she would look not otherwise than a comely young man. This woman was a great strong creature, who might have felled an ox with her fist; she had a deep voice and a merry laugh, and made no opposition when Jack offered her a cheerful glass. We saw the Irish giant, also, who was a mighty tall fellow, but weak in the knees, and the strong woman who tossed about the heavy weights as if they had been made of pasteboard, and lifted great stones with her hair. And, since where there are giants there must also be dwarfs, we saw the Indian Fairy, a girl of nineteen, on tallest than eighteen inches, and said to be a Princess in her own country. There was a fire-eater, who vomited flames and put red-hot coals into his mouth; there was excellent dancing on the slack rope, which is always to me the most wonderful thing in the world to witness; there was a woman who danced with four naked swords in her hands, twirling and catching them, presenting them to her breast, and all with as much fire and fury that it seemed as if she was resolved and determined to kill herself. Jack rewarded her after the dance with a crown and a kiss, both of which she received with modesty and gratitude. There was also a ladder-dance, in which a young man got upon a ladder and made it walk about, and climbed up to the top of it and over it, and set upon the topmost rung, and yet never let it fall—a very dexterous fellow.

"Why," said Jack, presently, "what have you and I learned, Luke, that can compare with the things which these people can do? Grant that I know the name and place of every bit of gear in a ship, and that you can paint a boat to the life, what is that compared with dancing on the slack-rope, or balancing a ladder as this fellow does it?"

At the time I confess I was, like Jack, somewhat carried away by the sight of so much dexterity, and began to think that perhaps showmen, mountebanks, and jugglers have more reason for pride than any other class of mankind. Afterward I reflected that the wisdom of our ancestors has always held in contempt the occupations of buffoon and juggler, so that, though we may acknowledge and even praise their dexterity, we are not called upon to envy or admire them.

Outside the booths, and apart from the theatres and shows, there was a stage, on which, at first sight, one only discerned a fiddler, a fifer, a drummer, and a fellow dressed in yellow and black, with a long tin trumpet. This was the stage of the great High German Doctor; his name I have forgotten, but it was a very high and noble sounding one. There were tables on the stage, and beside the musicians were the Doctor's zanies, who tumbled and postured, and danced the tight-rope; and his shell-grinders and compounders, every one of whom in turn harangued and bamboozled the mob. As for the Doctor himself, he was not at first on the stage at all; but presently the man with the tin trumpet blew a horrid blast, and bawled out, "Room for the Doctor, gentlemen! Room for the Doctor!" and the people parted right and left, while, mounted on a black steed, that learned person rode very slowly toward the stage. The saddle was covered with red velvet; it was provided with a kind of lectern, on which was a big folio volume, which the Doctor was reading, paying no heed to the crowd, as if no moment could be spared from study. A fellow dressed in crimson

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led the horse. The Doctor was a tall and stout man, with an extraordinary dignity of carriage, and solemn countenance, dressed in a gown of black velvet and a crimson velvet cap, like unto the cap of a Cambridge Medicine Doctor. Then the man with the tin trumpet hung out a placard upon the stage, on which was the great man's style and titles, and these he bellowed forth for the information of those who could not read. We learned, partly from the placard and partly from this fellow, that the great man was physician to the Sophy of Persia, and to the Great Mogul, tooth-drawer to the King of Morocco, and corn-cutter to the Emperor of Trebizonde, the Grand Turk, and Prester John; that he was the seventh son of a seventh son; that it was seven days before he sucked, seven months before he cried, and seven years before he uttered a single word, so long was this wonderful genius in preparing for his duties. Finally the Doctor himself stood before us, and made his oration.

"Gentlemen all," he said, "I congratulate you on your good fortune in coming to Horn Fair this day, for it is my birthday; and on this anniversary I give some my priceless medicines for no greater charge than will pay for the bottles and boxes in which they are bestowed. On all other days they are sold for their weight in gold. I have here"—he held up a plaster—"the Catapleasma Diabolicum, or Vulnerary Decoction of Monkshood, which heals all wounds in twenty-four hours if applied alone; if taken with the Electuary Pacific—show the Electuary, varlets!—it heals in a couple of hours. I have the Detersive, Renovating, and Defecating Ophthalmic, which will cure cataracts and blindness, and will cast off scales or big or hornacles in less than a minute. I have for earache, toothache, faceache, and for a truly wonderful vegetable, an infusion of penny, black hellebore, London pride, and lily root. Here is a bottle of Orvietana, for the expulsion of poison, price one shilling only. Here is the Balsamum Arthriticum; here the Elixir Cephalicum, Anakinticum, Nephriticum, et Catharticum. Gentlemen, there is no disease under the sun"—here the trumpeter blew the tin trumpet—"but I can cure it. Rheumatism"—bang went the drums—"Asthma"—bang went the clown between every word—"Gout—Sciatica—Lumbago—Pleurisy—Melancholy: in a word, there is nothing that I cannot cure at a quarter the cost of your town doctors. No more disease, gentlemen, no more pain; step up and try the Catapleasma Diabolicum, the Electuary Pacific, the Detersive Ophthalmic, and the Vegetable Infusion. Step up and buy the medicines that will make and keep you in hearty good health so that you shall live to a hundred and fifty—ay, even with care, to two hundred and fifty—knowing neither age, sickness, nor decay."

The people laughed incredulously, and yet believed every word, which I suppose will always be the case with the man, and began to push and shove each other in their eagerness to buy the wonderful medicines. For his part, Jack listened open-mouthed.

"Why," he said, "what fools we are, Luke, to let this foreign fellow go, she hath so many secrets! Why do not we keep him and get his secrets out of him, and so let there be no more sick-lists to be kept?"

Then he would have gone on the stage and bought everything the Doctor had to sell, but I dissuaded him, pointing out that the fellow was only an impudent impostor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SETTING THE CLUB TOPSAIL.

In the very spirited picture on page 572 the artist has happily caught the situation on board a yacht when her crew are setting the club topsail. The difference in the appearance of this sail when neatly set and when in the process of setting is very great, and to the non-professional who watches it slowly rising from the deck, the lower end of its spar almost invariably getting jammed inside the eyes of the lower rigging, and the club yard swinging promiscuously about, getting on all sides of the boom copping lift except the right one, the wonder is how on earth it is ever to be got in its proper position, with its long spar extending far above the truck, and its club far out beyond the gaff end, its end bowsed down taut with a club line from the beam end, the tack bove down taut, and the whole sail acting like a board.

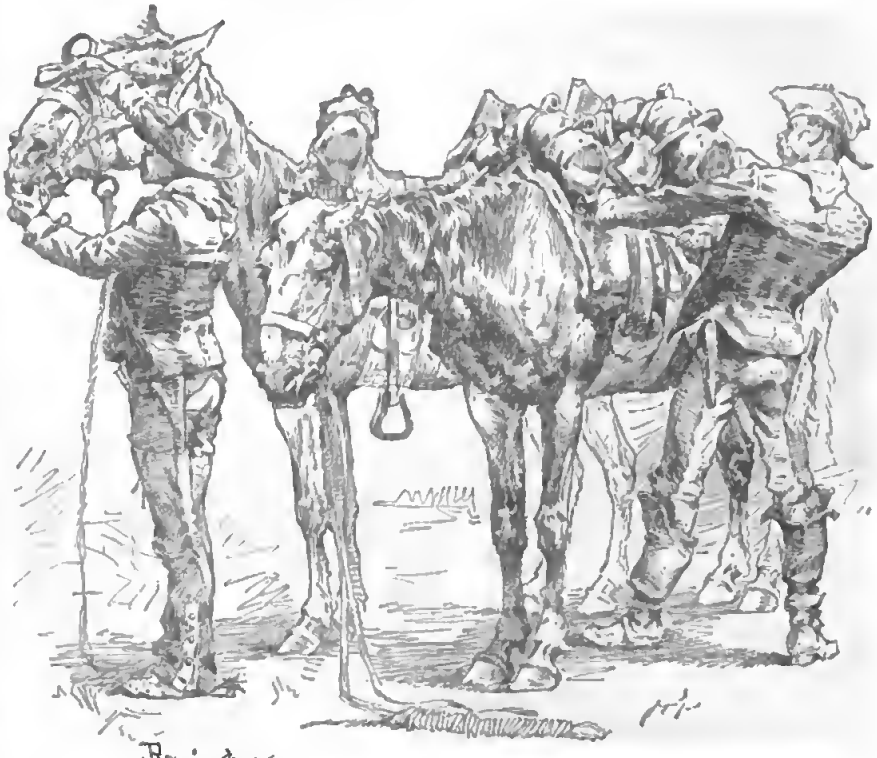
Of all the sails of a yacht none is so expensive, so troublesome, or the source of so much danger, as the club top-sail. No other craft except a yacht ever carries such a sail, and in the eyes of a sailor they are an utter abomination. It is a matter of extreme doubt whether, on the whole, they are of any benefit, and most certainly the benefit is not sufficient to pay for their enormous expense. Putting aside the cost of canvas and spars, the amount of rigging required for them is proportionately much greater than for any other sail on the yacht. Their great weight requires a double purchase in order to hoist them, and until recently the halyards consisted of a gun-tackle purchase, with the upper block hooked to a strap above the eyes of the topmast rigging. One or more of the four large sheets which recently competed in the trial races improved upon this by having a single rope of wire led through a sheave in the topmast, and a gun-tackle purchase from the forward end of this at the topmast head to the deck, making of it a pomeroi and double whip. The advantage of this was that the purchase was increased, and the spar, when the sail was set, was hauled close to the topmast. Besides the halyards, there is the sheet leading through a sheave at the gaff end, and a small line bent on to the end of the club—or "jack-yard," as it is called in Great Britain—and led through a block at the end of the main-boom, the object being to tauten the after-leech of the sail, and besides those the tack.

The club topsail, it may be said generally, is of no earthly use when the yacht is sharp upon a wind. In most cases it is a positive detriment. Had the sloop *Priscilla* taken her club topsail in when she rounded the outer mark to the last of the trial races, it is more than probable that she would have been at the finish line earlier than she was. With the wind abeam, however, or when running with a quartering breeze, or with wind dead aft, the club topsail does yeoman service in light winds.

Several attempts have been made in the New York Yacht Club to bar this illegitimate sail out. It is now allowed in every other of the large clubs, except the Eastern, and the sooner it is altogether forbidden the better will sailors be pleased.

Like the spinnaker, it is of modern invention, having been first used somewhere about 1865, but, unlike the spinnaker, it cannot plead its usefulness as a reason for its retention.

As a rule, the move for the abolition of the club topsail comes from yacht owners who have not invested their dollars in this sail, and don't want to be put to such expense, whereas the men who already have club topsails desire to see a sail which they have paid for; and so far the club topsail men have been able to defeat any rule forbidding its use. Some years ago, when the late Mr. W. T. Garrison owned both the *Mohawk* and the *Magic*, the club-topsail resolution was defeated by a single vote, Mr. Garrison voting for both yachts. Then last spring a resolution was adopted that no club topsails should be used on the cruise of the club. Afterward the club realized that it had no right to prescribe any such rule, it offering no prize for competition, and the resolution was reconsidered; but the day is not far distant when the only reminder of the club topsail will be furnished by pictures.




"SADDLE UP"—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

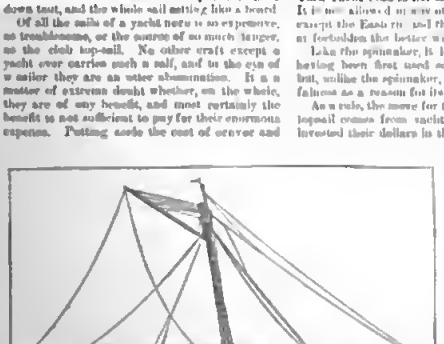
## OUR SOLDIERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

When General Miles's cavalry in the long campaign against the Apaches in the Southwest has chased the Indians to their own ground, the pitching of the camp is a very simple performance. Whenever a resting place for the night is selected, the soldiers dismount and unsaddle their horses. This done, they are in camp. There is little labor, and no ceremony. A roaring camp fire is a luxury they cannot now enjoy. They rest ready at any moment to be aroused. As soon as the first clear light of the morning comes and the horses are brought up from the grazing ground of the night, instead of the trumpet of the usual cavalry camp the simple order is heard, "Catch your horses." When they are picketed, the troopers eat their breakfast, fill their canteens, and supply their saddle bags with rations from the pack, for they do not know what may happen before they make another halt. Anything is to be looked for except a fair fight, and when a day's march in the mountains is begun with a curve trail of a band of Apaches, the long safe marches on the plain seem or great a holiday or life in barracks seemed when they were on the plain. The packers lead the mules with the scant *impedimenta* of the little army, and readiness to begin the march is announced in the non-military phrase, "All right, surge." The command to "saddle up" is given in more soldierly fashion, and every rough cavalryman spreads the blanket on his horse as tenderly as a mother covers a sleeping baby, for besides affection for the animal the soldiers has another reason for tenderness—the fear of punishment and the loss of the respect of his comrades.

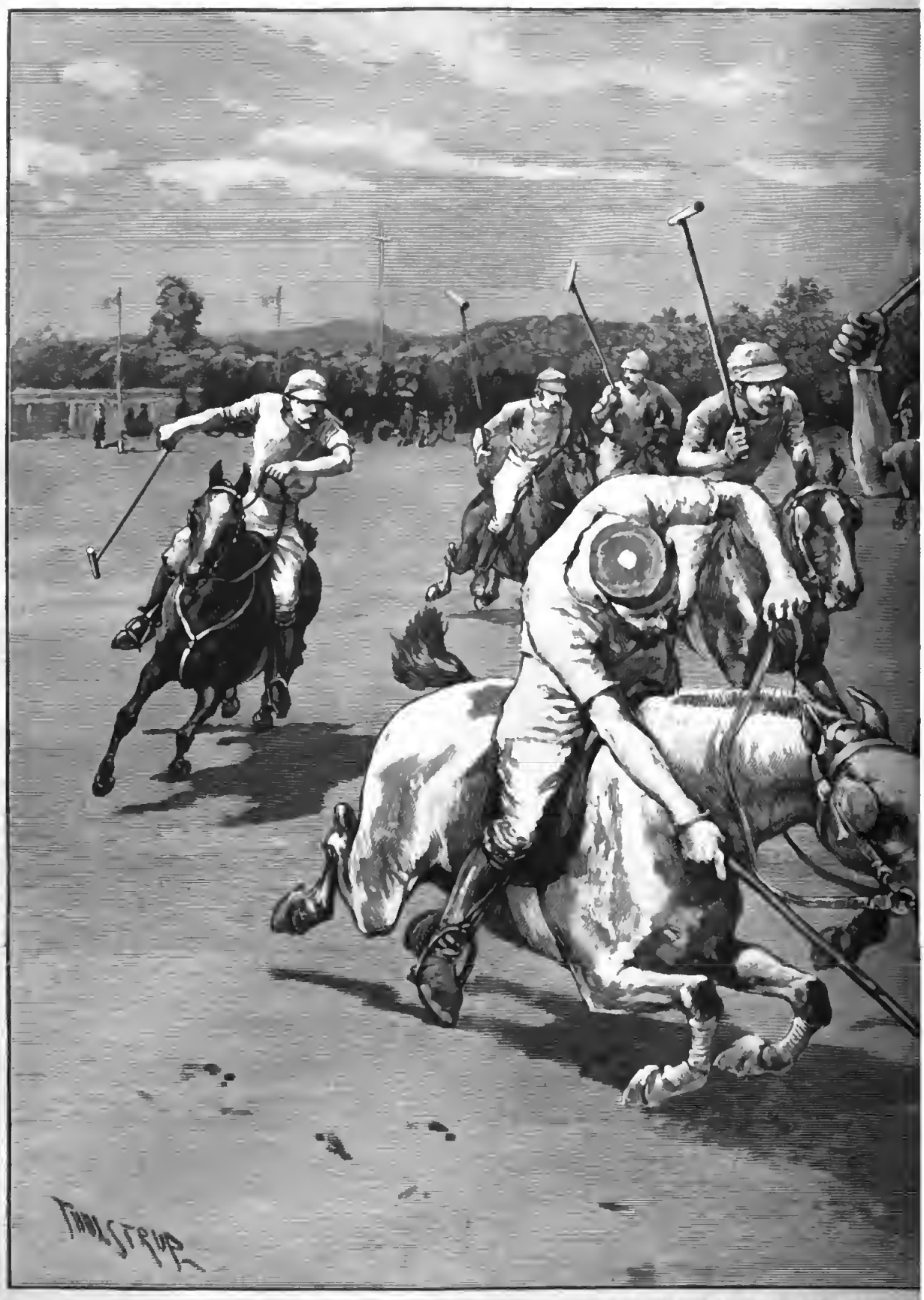
And then the march begins. The scouts lead the way, following the trail with infinite patience and wonderful skill. They read every hoof print and the position of every twig by the way with as accurate that an Egyptologist might carry in his sign-reading. Across a valley the horse-tracks show that the enemy made good speed, and their freshness after the wind of the preceding morning tells that they travelled there in the afternoon. So long or the trail is plain the troopers make or good speed or they dare through the burning sand. The water in the canteens can wet but it does not cool their throats, and the tongues of the horses protrude from thirst. There is no consolation in the discovery which the scouts make from the trail, that the horses of the enemy were as weary here that they dragged their feet in the sand, but it gives hope that the trail will soon bring them to water. The scouts find blood-drops in the sand, which mean that the cruel riders urged their horses onward by thrusting knives into their sides; and they find the body of a beam that had lain down and died. When the heat and thirst become an intense or to overcome the horses of the Indians, the horses of the soldiers can hope for no better fate, and it is not uncommon that a cavalryman must, for lack of a horse, take a place in the rear with the packers.

A day's ride across a wide valley toward the mountains in the southwest is seldom taken in scorching weather without the delusion of the mirage, but the imaginary lake does not deceive the scouts. When the base of a mountain is reached, the trail becomes more difficult to follow. It frequently leads through the lean sandy accessible places, but is soon lost, all hope of successful pursuit is gone. Besides, the trail is the surest route or water. Abrupt places are reached where the Indian horses have been urged forward with the knife. The cavalrymen dismount and lead their horses forward where they can hardly climb themselves. In such places the scouts sometimes lose the trail; a passage over some lerrer on sign even to their trained eyes. If the Indians are aware of the pursuit, they erase their horse-tracks or confuse the trail. While their pursuers are endeavoring to track them a sudden volley of bullets from a thicket or from a mountain ledge higher up may deprive the little army of some of its bravest men and strongest horses. When an unexpected battle is ended, if it be near night after a long day's marching, the uncertainty as to a renewal of the attack and possibly the distance from a water-course make a night of security less tolerable than a day of marching or of battle.

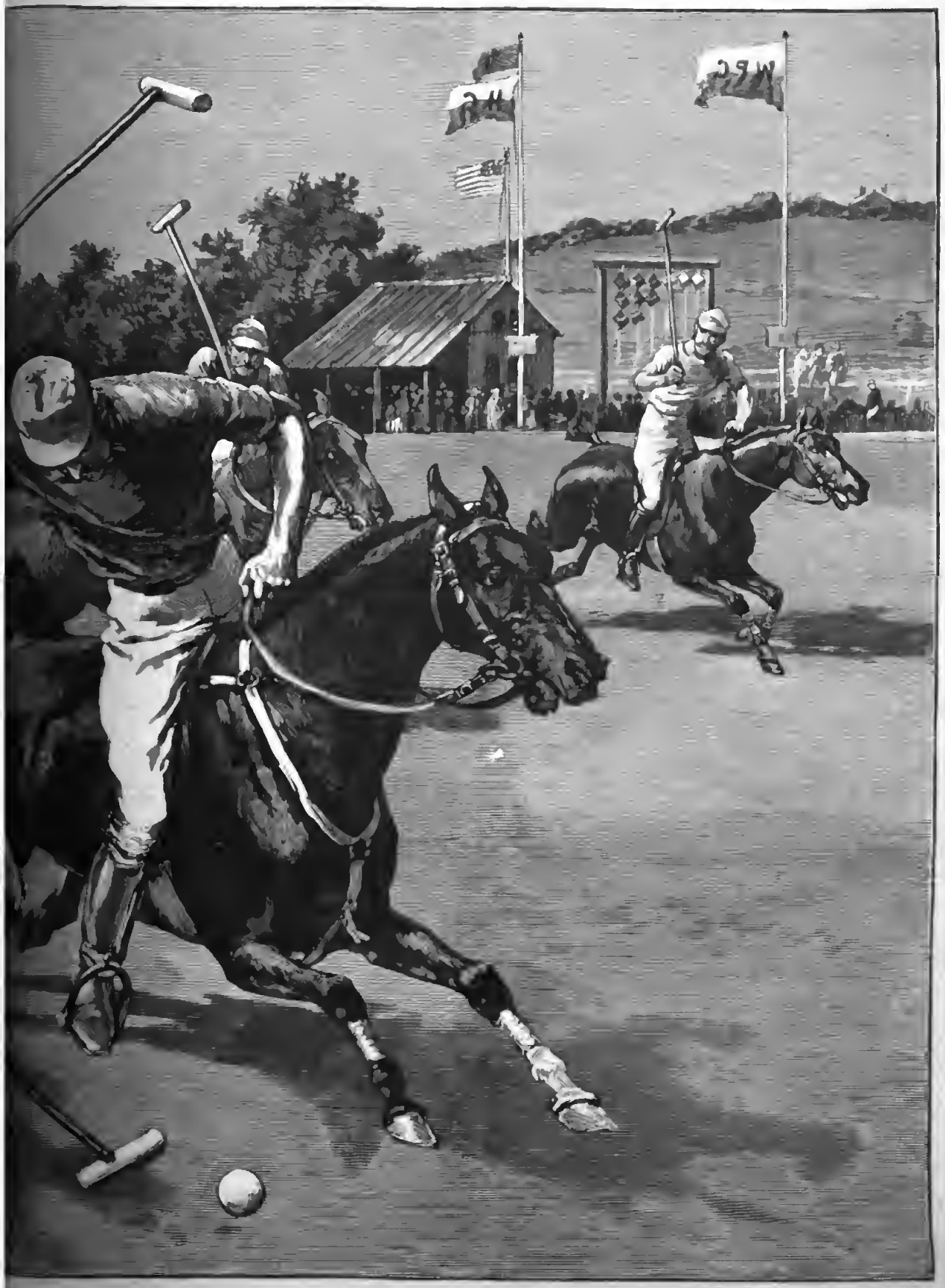
It is such difficulties or these that have made the prolongation of the Apache war necessary in spite of its vigorous prosecution at favorable opportunities both by our troops and the Mexican troops, and by both combined. These Indians prefer not to fight when their enemy has an equal chance, and they never do fight under such conditions except when they are taken by surprise. Forced into a battle, however, they do not lack the bravery of desperation. But the difficulty is in "cornering" them. As racers across the mountains, and as ambushes in ambuscade, all the annals of warfare with savages, perhaps, contain no record of their equals. They lead a nomadic life, and they are familiar with every mile of the vast territory they traverse. Their horses are trained to the greatest endurance, and they need only their hardiest warriors to do dangerous plundering or to harass the enemy. Certainly no civilized men can be trained or inured to anything like the same endurance at once of hard work and meagre fare. Our government has practically acknowledged this by employing aboriginal scouts. Set an Indian to catch an Indian is at least as good a working adage as the common one in relation to thieves. When their supplies become low, or when they become weary of daring adventures, the hostiles quietly steal away to Mexico if they have been in the United States, or into the United States if they have been in Mexico, and it would wear down an army of veterans of the greatest endurance simply to follow them. They have the qualities of Indians and of mountaineers, and they now have the stimulating consciousness that their lives are at stake.



THE "MAYFLOWER" OFF MARBLEHEAD, WITH TOPMAST HOUSED.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY N. L. STEBBINS, BOSTON.




THE INTERNATIONAL POLO TOURNAMENT



WPORT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 574.]

## THE SUICIDAL TENDENCIES OF MR. EPHRODTUS TWILLEY.

By R. M. JOHNSTON.

"Aspice, quam mens incepat aona minas"
—PROPERTIUS.

I.

THE emigration of the Twilleys from South Carolina ended at our village by the breaking down of the horse that drew the wagon bearing them and their property. A small house just out of town on the east being without a tenant, they took it. The family, after the death of the horse, comprised only Mr Twilley, his wife, and their daughter, Simantha. Their dress and general appearance suggested that either such poverty was one their normal state or that they were not without ambition to improve. The man, somewhat above middle height, slender, mild, though inquiry looking; the woman, rather lax in stature, quick of motion, and studied in speech; the daughter, new ten years old, seeming to have inherited her father's physique and the rest from her mother. All got early notice from the villagers, the earlier perhaps from the fact that very shortly after their arrival they were known to be members of the religious denomination to which a large majority of the former belonged.

Even the Christian name of Mr Twilley was made known so early as the second day after their arrival, he, while his wife and daughter were engaged in stowing in the new residence their household goods, being walked upstream and seated himself on a chair in the piazza of Mr Bland's store. This name was originally meant for *Epaphroditus*. But his parents, being persons of limited education, contracted it to *Ephrodtus*; and the bearer, whose literary advantages, for some reason, had not been better, though a somewhat aspiring person, never laid claim, if he knew of it, to the proper elongation.

It was not difficult to see that pride in the possession of this distinguished name had existed long before Mr Twilley's removal to Dukesborough. It was said that at one time he had claimed direct lineal descent from the historic character who had transmitted it; and out until repeatedly assured that this bearer of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians was, in all probability, a Jew, did he rebate this claim, and become content with other inheritances besides mere blood. There were weak health of body, demonstrative love of the members of his religious denomination, proper humility as those of all others, special devotion to church officials, and a notable fondness for bearing letters and other messages among them. Superadded to these was an apparent preference for rendering such service as white he styled his "offing infirmities" allowed to others than his own family—a trait not very uncommon with some sorts of men.

As people became more and more acquainted with the new-comers they joined in various degrees in the surprise which Mrs. Twilley consistently, at some proper distance, intimated to have been felt by herself, that such a woman should have taken such a man for husband. She was not, however, a high-tempered nor a gloomy-spirited person in general. Necessity for the activity that was born with her, the practice, in the line of business, of arts, some of which made decency, cheerfulness, even studied softness of manner, indispensable to success, had hitherto kept off everything like desperation. Her face had the signs of having once been handsome; her dressing, poor as she was, was not only scrupulously neat, but stylish to a degree quite beyond what Dukesborough had been used to; and her language, though usually conducted on a subdued key, gave evidence always of being formed with careful regard to the selection of words and the pronunciation and intonation that would be of every possible advantage. Her gait was as stylish as her dress and speech, perhaps more so, for Mr Twilley often said, and she never denied, that she was related to the Plummers, who, in former prosperous times, were as good people as any in all that region of Carolina.

The occupations of Mrs. Twilley broaden discovery, when she had become well known, were various, but mostly pertained to the peculiar wants of persons of her own sex. She did indeed cut and make clothes for men and boys; but feeling what a delicate person she was, this was not one of her favorites, but done incidentally during those intervals wherein those predominant desires of which she was fondest shackered, and because, as she often declared, she could not bear to be idle. She was an adept in making and fitting ladies' garments, and the trimming of their Leghorn bonnets and green silk calashes. As for the repairing of the former, and restoring the golden sheen with which they had first come out of the store, she obtained in the very briefest time the monopoly of these business. Then she lined calas beautifully, and her cuttings of paper-hangings for syllabub stands were said to be perfect. Further yet, Mrs. Twilley, though not claiming to have had a professional education (for, indeed, there was in those times no such thing for the sex), yet had united to her the qualities of physician and nurse to a degree that some of the ladies used to call excellent. Doctors' bills, then as now, were subjects of complaint, on that such as Mrs. Twilley, though none so often and with as satisfactory results, used to be called, particularly to women and very young children.

These, as to the matter of outward decoration, were her preferred patients. Yet to men and boys, notably in cases of rheumatism, fits, burns, and boils, she would have considered it wrong to refuse to prescribe (though always with utmost delicacy) what, with taking accentuation, she called her tinctions and decoctions. In time she was believed to know about some cases as much as the doctors, if not more. Ladies with extremely young children found in her a physician skilful as there was commonly any need to be, a perfect nurse, a pleasant companion, sometimes a cherished confidante. Calls for her at length came even from the country. At a Saturday conference, the first she had been able as attend for some time, Mrs. Byne, who dwelt three miles south, near the higher bank of the Ogeechee, said to Mrs Leadbetter, wife of the leading deacon:

"How I'd of ever got through what I've been through, Sister Leadbetter, and come out a live woman, hadn't been for Sister Twilley, goodness only knows. And as for my baby, its little stomach had got that a-unmacked up with the doctor's medicines, when it had the hives, that Mr. Byne and one give in up to die; when Sister Twilley took it, and soon as she took it, look like the poor little thing knowed who were its friend, and it brighted and begun getting better that very minute. And Mr. Byne say hadn't been we called in Sister Twilley, the doctor's bill would of took a whole bag o' cotton. And he say furthermore, Mr Byne do, that she's an ejinated a person as there is in Dukesborough, and I believe it, because she used a many a word that *I* didn't know the meaning of 'em. And what do Brer Twilley do, Sister Leadbetter?"

"When," answered that lady, "a-all as I can gether, Sister Byne, when he ain't a-kyarrin of messengers and a totin' of news, he's a-setin' in Mr Bland's piazzer."

II.

Inactive as was the career of Mr. Twilley, it was not wholly uneventful. No valetudinarian, it is probable, except among uncommonly saintly persons, ever escape less angry complaint, at least in public, against infirmities of health, then did Mr Twilley against those which he had inherited from his renowned namesake.

"People," he would often say, "that is a everlastin' complainin' about their bad healths can't expect in reason to have enjoyment of their selves. I've always been again such as that, 'fected as I am, and so were Ephrodtus in the Bible thar, who my father, an' he done it o' purpose, named *me* after. *He* were sick nigh onto death, so the 'postle writ, an' yit he never complained, nor went about a-complainin', but in gut up, took the 'Postle Paul's epistle, and hyarr'd it straight to them Philippians, who he writ it to, straight as he could go."

"Well, but, Mr. Twilley," Mr Bland might interpose about here, "your Bible namesake got well and went at something else, didn't he? He didn't jes confine himself to kyarrin letters, did he? and do not a blessed thing for his livin', I hope?"

"The Bible don't say so, Mr. Bland. You read it. It don't say he got well over complete, an' never got laid up. He went on to his journ, an' it's what I tries to do. I jes natchul can't help from lovin' an fetch the glad tidin's, an' special 'mong my brethren an' sisters, an' as for goin' reg'lar to meetin', I'm gide' to do that long as I can git there, makes no odds if them fitty spells does come on me, an' Brer Leadbetter and Brer Hall has to take me nat tell I can rewive an' come back."

"Were he a married man?"

"The Bible don't say so."

"Because I thought if he was he could of found something else to do besides of kyarrin letters."

"You can't put in the Bible what ain't thar already, Mr. Bland."

"Oh, I'm puttin' nothing in it. I were just a-fequirin'."

The spells alluded to by Mr Twilley were of so frequent occurrence that the boys, and even some of the girls, were disappointed when a Sunday meeting passed without the stir they produced.

"Look out!" one would whisper; "Mr Twilley's goin' to have onself his fits."

These occurred during the sermon, and were usually preceded by a most felicitous expression on his face, as if the unction poured down by his pastor was so abundant and sweet that he must be cooled into the outer air so he relieved of a portion of its redundancy. After a few moments he would return to his seat, when, bestowing a look of thank fulness all around, he would lift up his head and begin to take the remaining supplies. It had gotten so that neither preacher nor congregation was much startled by these spells. To the younger portion of the latter they served to make the sermon appear of more endurable length. In time, however, the deacons because wearied, not that their iron hearts were without sympathy, or their stalwart arms without strength, but that they were not willing, unless unavoidably, to lose any, especially the very warmest part, of their pastor's discourse. Mr Leadbetter, the older of the two, after some reflection, thought he would appeal to Mrs. Twilley's medicinal skill for relief to all parties.

"I wonder, Sister Twilley," he said to her one day when she was visiting at his house, "ther, an you helps other fitty people, you don't try an see what you can do on Brer Twilley."

"Laws of mercies, Brother Leadbetter!" she answered, with an indifferent smile, "them egotisments of Mr Twilley is nothing in the world but little sprain-fits that comes on him in meeting when he have the unknown that he is too full to hold an more. They are not perysation to all. If they was perysation, I could do something with him, but, as it is, you notice thar when he have them I never goes a-nigh him, but sets an' listens to Brother Sulsney the sermon as if on accident, an' a-luch they isn't, just betwixt me and you."

Mr Leadbetter reflected, and then said, "But, Sister Twilley, couldn't you—ahem!—couldn't you fling him—ah! what you say them leather things was?"

"Perysation, Brother Leadbetter. They are a kind of fits thar to fits indeed, and requires chu' managings and arrechings. I has had sometimes, but not offtng, to throw children into perysation to get them out of the whooping-cough; but it is reshy, an' with grown people it's dangerouse. An' as for Mr Twilley, his case ain't a case for *females*. *I* can do no more with him than you can, and, in fact an' truth, not as much. I've tried persuadings an' advisings, but that only fret him an' make him go to threatening. But that in dimestic matters, an' belongs to the more little sprain-fits that's his heads of pets, an' which *I* can't manage no more than you can, an' not as much, an' the delicacies of my situations keeps me from being perpered to say him."

Mr Leadbetter frowned, yet with full respect, upon the lady, but did not press either the suggestion he had made as the solution of her troubles, which were far from being satisfactory to his mind. But a few days thereafter, while Mr Twilley was on a visit to him, and they were sitting in the piazza, he said, in a tone that, if remonstrative, seems to be regarded as affectionate also.

"Brer Twilley, of them fitty spells of your'n is obleeged to take you in the meetin'-house, I wish it could be so that they could be put off until after Brer Sulsney git through with his sermont; because, as we don't hear him but once a month, it stand to reason that it go rather hard on one an' Brer Hall to have to be a-totin' you out right in the very hottest part, an' a-haulin' the young people o' the congregation—you know how young people is, Brer Twilley. Ahem! Now, of course, I know thar 'fliction in 'flictions, an' as the 'Cluster* say, is aft in mercy sent, yit, my hopes should fair be strong that you could, as it were, you cuy say, brace yourself agin 'em, at least jes for the present time a-hein', on we can all git all we can outen the messenges Brer Sulsney fetches us."

"Brer Leadbetter," answered Mr. Twilley, with a humble smile, "it's because I gits thes full of consolation to there messenges, thes I jes natchelly feels like runnin' over, an' *then's* the time the fits gits me."

"Jes so, an' *of* you could jes only hold on an' hold in outwell Brer Sulsney was done, it would be such a recommendation to you an' on all, Brer Twilley, an' special to one an' Brer Hall."

"I'll do my best, Brer Leadbetter," said the invalid, after a sad pause. "I no doubt Ephrodtus, thet the 'Postle Paul used to send his 'postles by, tried his levelest best to git well, of not for his self, for his other brethern: an' I means to do the same. My father named ore arter him, Brer Leadbetter, an' I bem a-tryin' to follier the exampul he set; but I'll try harder yit from this day an' date."

"That's right! That's right!" said Mr Leadbetter, with a cordiality that was gushing, "an' I no doubt you'll be thankful for doin' of it. I know ore an' Brer Hall will."

It went to show what virtue is in earnest purpose and resolute endeavor thus Mr Twilley's very next fit was postponed even until the congregation was dismissed.

"Shar!" said little Tom Beach, "such fits as that ain't worth a copper to look at."

Said Mr Leadbetter: "The brotharie was all gratified, thankful, special ore an' Brer Hall."

III.

As if he noticed the diminution of sympathy for his belated spells, Mr. Twilley's cheerfulness in and out of church seemed to decline. He punctually, as before, continued to take his well end of a bench near the lofty pulpit, but it began to be observed that, instead of ecstasy upon his face (pleasant to see except for the scene it used to foreshade), he now regarded the preacher with a stare intensely during the first half of the discourse, and when the unction had begun to fall fairly he rested his head sometimes against the wall, more often on the bench in front, and had precisely the appearance of a person asleep. Tom Beach said he was asleep, and, in the manner of a person resentful for an injury, said, frequently:

"Sinn! them sprain-fits he used to have, he had 'em to keep his eyes open when Mawinsey was a-preachin'. His may fool Misleadbetter; he can't fool me."

The very last public prostration of Mr Twilley took place in the front yard, and was so unevenful comparatively that Tom Beach told that if nobody would ever mention the name of old man Twilley again where he could hear it, he would be much obleeged to 'em.

But consequences quite beyond the mere diminution of cheerfulness were destined to follow the change thus brought about by an extraordinary efforts as the control of an unfortunate malady. Formerly it had been remarked that Mr Twilley's highest pleasure in reading the newspaper published by his congregation were derived from the obituary notices of goone brethren and sisters who had departed. Acquaintance with those when in life was one to all necessary to the sweetness of the recital of their last hours. As such readings he would softly and brokenly express the request that, when he should go, some of the brethren would write to the paper telling among other things how he had gone in the triumphs of the faith, especially that branch of it in which he had always been leanned—if he could on speak. But now even those harmless transports became sore and more subdued, and whenever the subject of death in any form was mentioned in his hearing his countenance were an expression more and more gloomy, even threatening. Mr Hall one day mentioned to the leading elder his apprehension that Mr Twilley was in danger of backsliding.

"Oh, I hope not," answered Mr Leadbetter; "at least no very far ways. I've told Brer Twilley of he could find something to do besides of walkin' about an' setin' about, of it were only a-weedin' out his wife's g'yard'n, or cuttin' wood, or fetchin' water for her, in my opinions he'd be better off in body an' mind. He say he broke hisself down a-workin' when he bound to. I hain't—jes bewin' me an' you, Brer Hall—I hain't been witness to his hurtin' hasself that way since he ben here. But I hain't been afeard o' his *backsliden*', that is, to an great extents. He have a too good of a examplo of a wife for that."

"But there is is. They tell me that hare lately she ben a-sellin' him it's a shame he wan't ark to help support his fowdly, an' that he got mad as a wet hen, an' ben a-threat'nin' of she didn't hush both'rin' him about work he'd—well, the words I heerd was, he threatened to make a widder of her."

"M-m-make—make what of her, Brer Hall?"

"A widder."

"A ab—you mean, make a widderer of—of hiself?"

"No, sir. The word I heerd was widder."

"Why, what—why don't the man know he couldn't make no widder of—of his own wife, no overtor of he was mean enough to try so? 'Blessed to be some mistake some'r's o' some kind, or else the man *been* backsid, shore, an' that rapid. Something have to be done to— You cert'n in your mind, Brer Hall, that the man use the word *widder?*"

"That's the word I heerd, Brer Leadbetter, with my own ears, in town."

This was portion of a conversation between the deacons at their meeting in the road on Mr Leadbetter was returning from a visit to his country place. His wife met him to their gate, confirming the news.

"An', Mis' Leadbetter, of such ev that is let go on, we'll 'bolish the church an' t'ar down the meetin'-house."

"But the question is, my dear Nincey, what this news mean. *I* don't understain' it."

"Nar neither do ore, but which make the case worse, an' make 'pear like—I come mighty nigh a-savin' like a mercicle."

"That's exactly what it do *sound* like. I would like to know what Brer Twilley a-drivin' at by his remarks; but my recommendation to you, Nincey, is to be very prudent in what you say to—to Sister Twilley."

Mr Leadbetter had not been deacon for thirty years without finding out some things about the starting of inquiries concerning matters of importance. The more he cautioned his wife about keeping herself away from the Twilleys, the more determined, as he foresaw, she would be to go among them. So that night, as Mrs. Leadbetter talked and talked, he sat and said little except to warn her about the repetition of his own remarks to Mrs. Twilley, while she grew more and more sore in her mind that on the very next morning, as soon as he should leave the house, on her head her bonnet should go, and straight as her feet could take her to the Twilleys there she would travel.

"And, Sister Twilley," she said, after a brief nervous of salutation, "of I was to tell you the truth, I don't honest think I got more'n three good fa'r winks o' sleep the blessed night last night, a-layin' awake a-thinkin' not only about you, but the case ro gen'l, an' how any man person 'ith any consciens as him would want to make a sudder outan his own lawful kumpanion, an' then, of to be the case, how he 'pended on goin' about it. Mr. Leadbetter—an' he's a realim' even, you know—he say such a thing can't be 'thinkt a man jes set in an' hill himself—jes an' so, ant an' out."

Mrs Twilley, remembering the ancient connection of her family with the Plummers, deliberate, careful, calm, sent in speech as in the icing of cakes, the trimming of bonnets, and the spreading of poultices, then answered:

"I were perpered, Sister Leadbetter, to be requested about Mr Twilley's preformance, for such preformance in the courses of times cannot be hid under bushels. The life I am now living for the present times is not of that blissful kinds that is fashionable with your families and other families in this delightful—I would fain call it city, such is my prodigeces for its inhabitants and population. As for Mr Twilley, ever since we were joined and, I may cry, united to the bones of matrimony, he have done nothings I can remember in my mind to help support hisself even, let alone his family. Now the not being needed, in the families I was raised, for men to do anthing a-histrocter, and women do everything whatsomever for the support of rising domestic families, I have sometimes told him to in warnous words, languages, hintings, and suspinings. He to first, Mr. Twilley did, he brought up the case of the good brother in the Scripters of the Apostil Paul, arter whom, and I have always thought since I have hewn Mr. Twilley intimate, that it was a great pity his parents named him arter him. When he see *they* didn't convince me, he went into the consequences of having of very small sprain-fits. But by that time, Sister Leadbetter—for, Sister Leadbetter, I feel like I can talk to you or a sister—I had studied and educated tinctions and decoctions to that that I never had the least ideas that them little sprain-fits would ever come to a purposin, and at length-wise I could see, or languages according to it. And now lately Mr Twilley have been going loss still more consequences, and them are that he threatened one day that if I didn't mind he would make a widow of me. Of course I were surprised, just like you was when you first heard the interesting news, and to tell the truth, I was affrightened with fears, a not understanding Mr Twilley's meanings. But this was in foreign days, and special when Brother Leadbetter suggested him about putting off his emodings in church until after the sermons, which of course he hewed, in all the circumstances of the cases, he could not unobligge and deny Brother Leadbetter, a-knowing he were the deacon, and the oldest deacon of the congregation; but which that had made him mad, and special when he noticed that I were glad for

* *Mercer's Cluster*, a hymn-book used among country people.

the change. At first I were affrightened with fears, as I repeated to you; but when Mr Twilley explained his opinions, and I found that he was a-talking and a-speaking of killing himself, my mind got beralm, because I knewed that were impossible excepting he were to meet up with a accident. The truth is, Sister Leadbetter, Mr Twilley is nowheres nigh being the deepest and evilest man that might be supposened from such evilest and interesting remarks. But a few, a very small quantity of days ago, when I had got fatigued with my trying to get him to rise from his slumbering positions and kindtions and go to work to some business and occupations as would, if on morss, feed and clothe and wash his own self, his remarks was yit more interesting, and he spoke with that violence that Tommy Beach, when he were a-passing by our door, he were obleeged to hear him, and that is the way the news spread. I have no a doubts in my own nor any person else's minds.

"But, oh, Sister Leadbetter?" she continued, with a sad soft smile, "one time, in former days, I were affrightened by Mr. Twilley's first open asceptions, which I can own calmly soll interesting, because my experiences is there never was anything in them, and never will be, accepting, as f before repeated, by a accident; but yet one day I heard a groaning in the backyard at a most *superfuss* rate. I ran to the solemn sounds, though affrightened, like the deer. There set Mr. Twilley, with a end of a rope h'listed over a chinberry tree, around his neck, and a end in his hands, and which he made the remarks that his strenkt hed give out just as the last jerk, when he wanted it the mostest, an' that he would hans to stay in this vale of tears a while longer, until some other opportunities. I were a small somewhat affrightened, I acknowledge, betalat me and you, Sister Leadbetter, but I ameglate on the kindthins and the ettonashins. Besides, I were already at the time a-mixing of the brimstone and other ingregiencies for Sister Hall's bonnet, an' I jest could not afford to tarry at any such a childless scenery. The times is positive not sufficient"—the lady ended with tones and expressions indicating incipient slight fatigue—" to information you about Mr. Twilley's a-thinking, instead of the deposition of jimson-weeds he said he had perpared, from a bottle of rum and allocampano which I had tinctioned for Missis Phenbet's wask stomach, and then a-going to bed a-requesting that it shall be said when he were gone that what hilled him were his heart were broke, and then, when he waked up the next morning, to have to say to Samanthy that is did seem like he had as many lives as a cat, and that in my very presence, but which I set silent as the very tombstone, and that as' versus other performance in which you see how I've been fooled, though, of course, a-hanging always, both onw an' in former times, that nothing is never in there, nor won't be, excepting, of course, a accident of some kind."

When Mrs. Twilley had ceased, her visitor rose abruptly.

"Sister Twilley, it do beat! And it's a pity but who some kind o' ac—"

But right there Mrs Leadbetter saw that as a Christian woman she ought to restrain the words that were burning on her tongue. She sat down again, and as strictly confidential as Mr Leadbetter had been with herself, she repeated to her hostess some of the words that had been employed by that sagacious and excellent man relating to the subject-matter now in hand. When she was about to go, and Mrs. Twilley said, "Oh, Sister Leadbetter, if it was not for my respects for thee and my love for thee—," and then broke down, Mrs. Leadbetter broke down a great deal farther, and when the neat sun her husband, after repeating as well as she could Mrs. Twilley's history, the said: "And you think, Mr. Leadbetter, the blessed good woman didn't call me *liar*? I *told* you she were as objicated as the best of 'em, and now I tell you she's a saint. She could a-never of used them words to me 'thout of brin' of one. And I set and listened to her voice for nigh on to two hours, which I thank, on my soul, is sweet a'most as singin'."

"Very fine, very fine indeeds."

"It's jest another case, Mr Leadbetter, of a man a-disap'intin' of his lawful wife, and a-gittin' out of it with threatenin's that has nothin' in 'em but harmess."

"He have not been flung in a parroxism yit, I suppose," remarked Mr. Leadbetter, thoughtfully and rather distantly.

Mrs. Leadbetter laughed.

"The lawe! Mr Leadbetter. How you can git things wrong! They ain't parry-sams, they're parry-coms. And as for that, he may be flung there sooner'n he's a-expectin'. The fact is, somethin' *got* to be done to stop these proceedings, or the deacons 'll have to fetch 'em up before the Confer'nce."

"Nothing is ever made by hurryin', Nancy. My opinions is that for the present, of Sister Twilley—I don't sayin anything that's too projecky—but of Sister Twilley could fling Brer Twilley into my a mod'rate-sim one of her parrymoxums, or whatsoever she mind to call 'em, for you know she acknowledge that she know what to do with them— But all sich talk is, in course, jes betwin' me and you, Nancy. You understan' that, an' I want you to. It ain't—not for the present—it don't seem to me it ain't a case for the Confer'nce. My hopes is on Sister Twilley, an' her—whatsoever the things is."

Other remarks were made on the occasion by Mr Leadbetter, in that strict confidence warranted of between husband and wife.

IV.

The mind of Mr. Leadbetter was, indeed, much perplexed, mainly for the sake of the honor of the church of which he was leading deacon. The scandal of a member threatening to commit suicide was of course a matter of painful contemplation, the more so as some of the other religious denominations had been reported to be much amused at the state of things. Yet, a mere threat, and that generally regarded as idle, to commit a crime was far this side, even when serious, of its perpetration. For it might be prevented by the offender's return to better thoughts, as, as now seemed Mr Leadbetter's hope, by fortunate accidents in the case under present contemplation. So Mr Leadbetter concluded, if not to wait, at least to hasten slowly.

One night, after a very long, burning drought, the village was visited by an abundant and most refreshing rain. On the next morning, after a plain but beautiful and excellently cooked breakfast, Mr Twilley looked cheerful, and as if he was grateful for the sweetness shed all around.

"Mr Twilley," said his wife, as mildly as she could to save her life, "I wish you would go in the garden and set out some cabbage plants and potato slips, as I am busy, orkipied with Missis Taylor's cap, which I promised her she should receive by dinner-time to-day."

"I'm not well enough, and you know it," he answered, with a threatening frown.

"You are well enough for that very small vocation, Mr. Twilley," she replied, and, I must admit, with more positiveness than was her wont, for is is more than probable that after several recent interviews with Mrs. Leadbetter she had been already revolving a change of schedule in the run of her domestic life.

"Lookee here, female," said Mr Twilley, fiercely, with that stern courage so habitual in his family, "you'as come a-mighty nigh hein' made a widow many a thoes. You want to be one before your time come?"

"I've been a-thinking on the capacitance of widows, Mr. Twilley," she answered, with restored stillness, "and a-seeing in my mind's eye how much comfortabler and pleasanter some of them passes their days away than some others that has the names of being married, that I don't know, and am not quite certain that I am perpared to make a changing experiment, if so be it—it should be my lots."

Then she rose, opened her cupboard, took out a carving knife, thoroughly it upon a whetstone that lay near, felt with her fingers the edge of the blade, soliloquized, "I think that will perform the business," then said, yet calm, but with awful solemnity:

"Mr. Twilley, you has put those threat'nings on me several times for in those many years, an' you has tried to carry them into performance for in those several times, with hanging yourself with ropes and strings of several size, with taking a various and deffer'ns kind of tinctions and deposections, an' a-running heads-foremost against the back garding fence where the palings is so off, an' you had, of course, to mercilly go through the gap, an' other var'ous intentions which did not produce your desired effects. I have non sharpened this knife, an' you may both see and feel for yourself that the edge is keen, an' one single slips across your th'oat will make the widow it seem your desires to see, an' I'll promise you to not raise a finger to prevent it."

By this time Mr Twilley had risen, and as she advanced proffering the instrument temptingly before him, he backed to the front door, down the steps to the gate, kicked it open from behind, backed through the opened space, wheeled, then fled again.

Mr Leadbetter sat in his piazza; his open Bible lay in his lap; his spectacles drooped far down on his nose; his eyes were closed. For the grateful rain had invited first to read in the precious volume, and in the end to sleep.

"Distressed, Brer Leadbetter! rarin' distracted!" cried Mr Twilley between breaths as he ascended the steps.

"Distracted? Who? You?" repeated Mr. Leadbetter, roused from sleep, and rising to his feet.

"Me? No, sir?"

"Well, if you above it *onst* you, set down and tell me about it."

When the story was through, ending with a plaintive appeal for advice, Mr Leadbetter, after a few moments of rumination, said, "Seem to me, Mrs Twilley, if it was me, I'd go back home, and in as gentleman'y way as I knowed how I'd go to entin' out them cabbage and potato slips, and arter that I'd never mark an fling out a thing about my wife bein' of a widder in an shape nor form. To be honest with you, Brer Twilley, such news as you've brung wouldn't of took rop by such surprise exceptin' I had drap off in a nod, as my head got rather heavy a-hollerin' the 'Footie Paul in his arguments agin the fallin' from grace. Because you ought to know by good rights, Brer Twilley, that widders ain't like other female womming; they're a independenter set of people all together, and a mendin' them that ain't widders in fact, but which their husbands fings not his throats to that effect, an' which womming 'll get tired arter a while of listenin' to such, continual an' overincin', an' they'll get independenter than the good Book allows married womming to be, an' they is danger that in the course o' time they'll git as they think they about as soon be widders as not, an' maybe some rather, an' other have no impulsion at all, or stand their chances for one that's more to their notion than them they got now. I'm a older man than what you are, Brer Twilley, some; an' I've had a experience of womming, an' been a-studyin' of 'em ever sence I knowed myself, you may say. Why, sir, if I was to fling out constant of threats to make a widder of my wife, she'd up and say, arter a while, 'Well, Mr Leadbetter, why don't you go 'long an' do it?' but which I hain't never used them words yit, nor am not a-goin' to. An' so, therfore, I in your place, I'd go home and make like I done forgot all about my wife pokin' the carvin' knife handle foremost at me, an' I'd go to settin' out them plants and slips, an' which it won't do to put 'em off. I hen at that business myself long before breakfast, an' it wo't through with yit."

At that moment Mrs Leadbetter, stocking-fork in hand, appeared at the front door.

"Lookee here, Mr Leadbetter, them plants an' slips—why, howdy, Brer Twilley? You've all set out yours, I s'pose; got on time to tarry; come on, Mr Leadbetter, soon as you an' Brer Twilley through your talks." And away she went.

"That, now. See how 'tis, Brer Twilley? The exercises is made so, an' a man have to do the best he hen."

"Is he gone?" asked Mrs. Leadbetter, with a smile, when her husband, a few moments afterward, joined her.

"Uh yes. Sister Twilley, shore enough, flung hien in one of her parryxsms. I give him some few gentle cautions, an' you flung in a binder yourself."

"I aimed at it," she replied.

V.

Mr Twilley returned with slowness, inversely proportioned to the speed with which he had advanced. He took notice all along that the men of the village generally were swelling themselves of the gracious season by opportune work in their front yards, and especially their gardens.

"Cabbage an' pertaters is bound to be plenty this year," he soliloquized, "if there's anything is plantin'." On reaching home he paused at the gate, and possibly hoped for an invitation from his wife to enter, as the sat in the piazza. But she was busy with Mrs. Taylor's cap, and did not appear to notice him. He uttered a very loud sigh, then, passing on to a corner of the lot, turned and proceeded to the back lot, through which having passed into the garden, he took off his coat and sorrowfully went to work.

Mr. Leadbetter was gratified by the results of the counsel he had given with various degrees of directness. The paroxysm into which Mr. Twilley had been thrown affected so much of a cure as was possible to human agency in a case so chronic. Henceforth Mr Twilley, instead of being resolute to make a widow of his wife, tried to pay to her every wish a deference that led to the suspicion that he feared that on some exciting occasion she might conclude to make a widow of herself, and painful as it as even tin thought of doing any sort of domestic work, it was less as than the alternative. His wife, having acquired a just secondary by heroic employment of her medical skill, held it with a resolution as firm as it was mild. It would have been pitiful, but for being funny, to notice Mr. Twilley's feeble efforts to be—at least to appear—industrious. Fortunately his his wife, though to the regret of the villagers, who without exception had grown to admire and respect her much, she received and accepted from a dry goods merchant in Augusta an offer to take charge of an annex of millinery which to had made to his store.

"Are you a-intending to proceed along with me, Mr Twilley?" she asked, in a tone that had grown even more subdued and calm since the establishment of her power.

"Why, the laws of mercy, Sylvy! In course! What else—"

"All right. I only wished to know your desires, your intentions, and your kinchsions. If them are they, I'll take you along with the rest of the furnitoors, what few I've got."

He did not say thanky, ma'am, but he felt it. True to her promise, she hooked him off with the other things. He departed, waving a humbly cheerful good by to all whom the wagon met.

We heard from the family occasionally. Mrs. Twilley grew more and more in favor with her employer. Her reluctance to part from the practice of her medicinal acquirements was compensated by generous returns for her single occupation. After her husband's discharge of the easy domestic tasks she imposed, she kindly allowed him to go where he pleased, and while there abroad do what he pleased. True to his traditions, his fondest active service was the carriage of messages among the new brethren. In good time Samanthy married, and married well, and most cordially was her father sent to congratulate himself in easy presence (except that of Mrs Twilley) for the great and successful pains with which he had brought her up.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE faculty of observation was very strongly developed in the two men who recently passed through the Niagara rapids, the one with his head protruding from a barrel, and the other without any protection except a small cork jacket. Captain Webb, the English swimmer, who lost his life in those, called the Niagara rapids "the most angry bit of water in the world," and it is reasonable to say that anybody who takes much notice of things while passing through them does so under exceedingly trying circumstances. But these two men, according to the newspaper accounts, paid the closest attention to all that was going on about them in this tremendous journey. The one with his head out of a barrel noted a number of rocks which he considered dangerous, while he was being revolved with the velocity of a pin-wheel, and flung scores of feet in several directions for every second that he was subjected to this stupendous convulsion of the waters. There were moments when he believed that his head would be better inside the barrel, and when he would have pulled it to if he could, and there were entire moments when he wondered that the waves did not snap his head off, and leave it and the barrel to go their ways separately. The man, while he was undergoing the most tremendous churning that is provided in nature, counted waves and noted the locality of rocks, and particularly fierce eddies, although he admitted that a hole would have been as powerful as he was to avoid them. It is a relief to learn that the adventurers were somewhat impressed with the Niagara rapids. It would have been uncanny, and somehow humiliating, if they had pronounced them a matter of no consequence.

The sneer of the *Saturday Review* at our yachts—"mere racing machines"—is deserved. Not a few persons have felt that American invention would have exhibited itself more creditably if in producing a racing machine it had incidentally produced also a hay-cutting machine, or a machine for paring apples, or one for the better observation of the moon. The *Mayflower* cannot pare apples, and is is just as call her a mere racing machine. She races rather well.

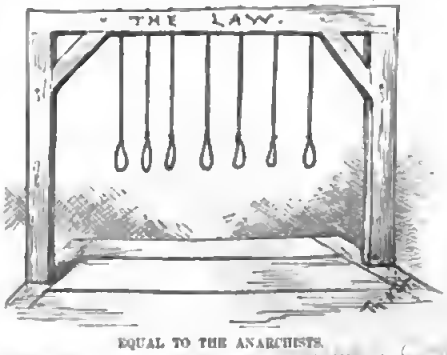
There is a man in Italy who avers that he discovered in Africa a connection of herbs which renders the human body insensible to hunger or thirst or poison, without as the same time destroying life or injuring the body in any way. After taking a quantity of the connection he entered upon a long period of fasting, taking into his stomach only four glasses of water daily. A number of physicians became interested in his case, and followed is curiously. At last accounts the experimenter had expressed himself as feeling very well, and was about to take poison.

The twenty-four savings-banks of this city held an aggregate of $312,558,207 on July 1. The cost of management of the banks for the six months previous was $379,793.

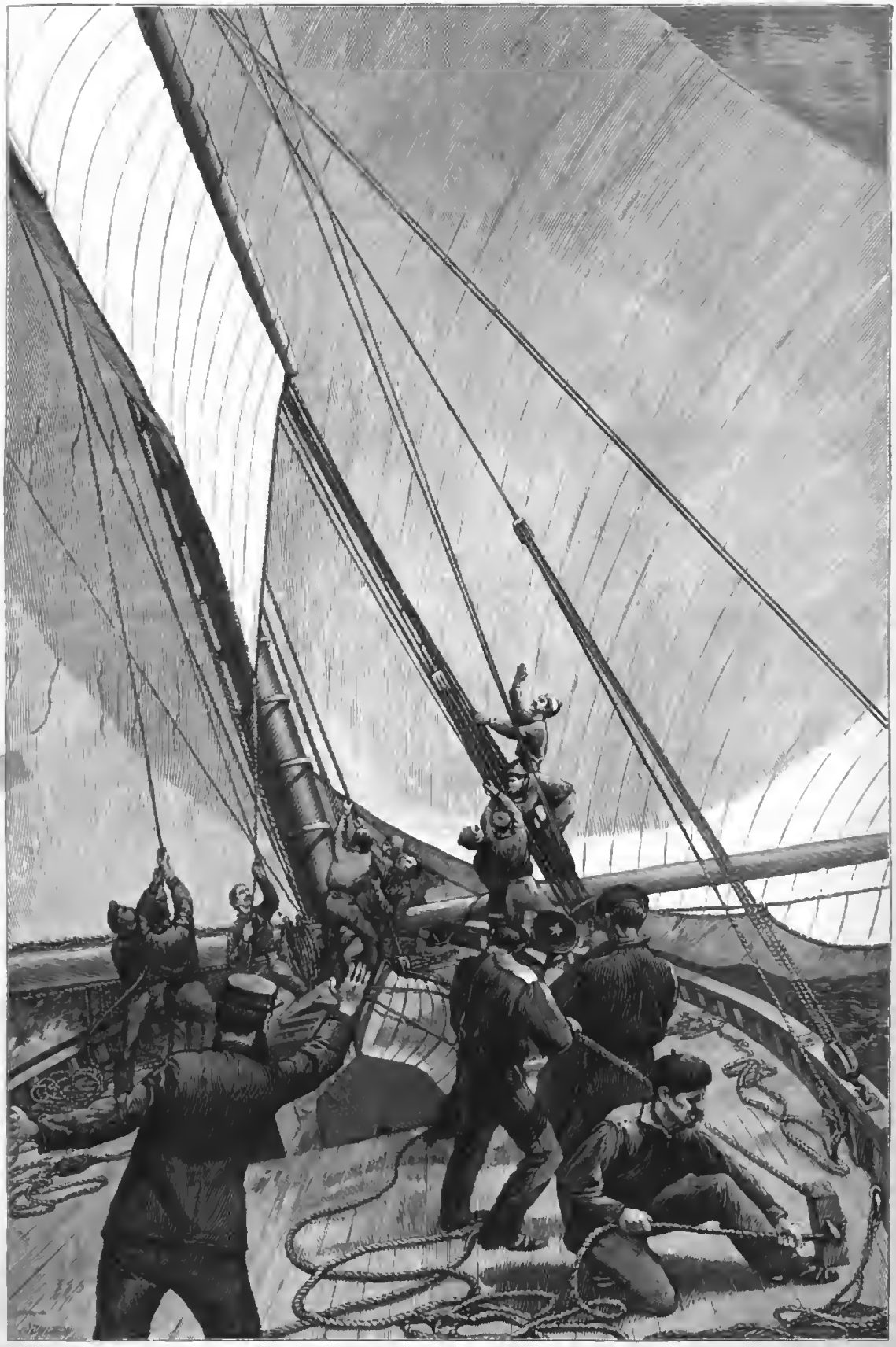
There is said to be an American lady in England who is engaged in teaching to English ladies the true principles of physical grace. It is alleged to be her theory that "all motions of the arms should proceed from the shoulder downward, and not from the fingers upward, and that all movements expressive of feeling ought to be in harmony with one another." If any lady, after mastering that theory, should still doubt her ability to exhibit the perfection of physical grace, she might notwithstanding to consider herself an amazingly deep-sighted and clever woman to have mastered that theory.

English sailors attempted to catch a fourteen-foot shark off Natal, but the shark snapped their line in two, and swallowed bait, hook, and all. After losing several hooks, the anglers tried a piece of venison in which they had put a ball of gun-cotton. This was connected by wire with a boat's battery, and just as the shark was in the act of eating the venison the charge was exploded. There is a degree of persecutors which even a shark cannot endure. The jaws of the monster were shattered, and it rolled over upon its back and sank.

There are some things which discoverers and students in general have long since despaired about. Such are the problems of the squaring of the circle and of perpetual motion. Perhaps their solution is not essential to the happiness of mankind. The philosopher who is absorbed in the study of a man to make planes in the same street play the same tunes in warm weather when the windows are open has an ambition which may be equally hopeless, and with which also is is possible that human happiness is not concerned. It is not clear why he should wish to perfect a plan of the sort. One does not hear with indifference from one window in a narrow street the song and accompaniment of "In the North Sea lived a Whale," and from an opposite window a vigorous mastering of the rudiments, "One, two, three, four." Still, few people seem to care to listen. Passers-by rarely linger, and neighbors close their windows, unwilling to risk the chill of the August air, even though the performers put their whole souls into their work.




EQUAL TO THE ANARCHISTS.
THEY WILL HAVE ALL THE ROPE THEY WANT, AND MORE TOO.



THE TRIAL YACHT RACES—"CHANGING TOPSAILS."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 567.]

## GENERAL JOHN NEWTON.

In 1876 the Board of Aldermen of this city passed resolutions complimentary to General John Newton, by way of a recognition of his efficient services in the improvement of New York Harbor. It is doubtful, however, if that municipal body, with whom at that time rested the power of confirming or rejecting the Mayor's appointees to public office, would have consented to the more practical endorsement of General Newton's engineering ability which would have been given by his elevation to the control of the Public Works of this city. The State Legislature having deprived the Board of Aldermen of its power to decide upon the Mayor's appointments, the responsibility of selecting a worthy and competent man, in place of the deposed Squire, rested solely with the Mayor. Against the selection of General John Newton for this position there has not thus far been heard a single word of complaint from any source. The only anxiety the public seemed to feel, when his name was first announced as Squire's successor, was lest General Newton should decline to accept the position. It was believed that his acceptance would necessitate his resignation from the United States army, and a forfeiture of the three-fourths pay which would be his for life upon his retirement at the age of sixty four, and it was scarcely conceivable that he should consent to this pecuniary sacrifice for the sake of a few years in a laborious public office in this city. It now appears, however, that General Newton, although lacking one year of the age of sixty four, has been able to obtain his retirement upon half-pay from the army on the lawful and undisputed ground that he has served continuously in the army for a period of more than forty-five years, and public congratulations are extended alike to him and to the people of New York.

It is doubtful if there is any one who has had larger or longer experience with public works pertaining to the welfare and improvement of this city than this distinguished officer. Since the year 1865 his service as an engineering officer of the army has been almost continuously in and about New York. Twenty years ago he was engaged in making surveys and carrying out improvements in the harbor and in the streams adjoining the city and its suburbs, and in 1879 his skill was called into use in making an examination of the affairs of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. His connection with the great work of rooting up and exploding Hell Gate in the East River, than which no public work has been of greater importance to the commercial interests of New York, is too well known to require more than passing mention.

General Newton's army career has been in many respects remarkable. He not only distinguished himself by his ability as a civil engineer, but also fairly won promotion for gallant conduct and bravery on the battle-field. He was born in the State of Virginia in 1823, and entered the Military Academy at West Point at the age of fifteen. There were fifty-six cadets in the graduating class of 1842, to which young Newton belonged, and he ranked second in the class, and consequently won his appointment to the Engineer branch of the service, the rare compliment being paid to him of his being retained at West Point, young as he was, as a Professor of Engineering. In 1846 he was appointed Assistant Engineer to the construction of Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. On October 16, 1852, he received his commission as First Lieutenant of Engineers, and in 1856 was made a Captain. At this time he was engaged upon various engineering commissions in the South, and thereby obtained a knowledge of that section of the country, which proved of great usefulness to him during the war of the rebellion.

At the breaking out of the war he was promoted to be Major of Engineers, and was given the superintendency of a number of the works hastily erected for the defence of Washington. This task completed, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded a brigade under General McClellan during the Peninsular Campaign, taking part in the battles of Gaines Mill and Glendale. From that time on until the close of the war he was continuously in the field, and was twice brevetted for bravery in battle. The first recognition of this sort was his brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular service for gallant conduct during the battle of Antietam, and the second was his brevet to the rank of Colonel for the gallantry with which he commanded his division at the dreadful battle of Gettysburg. After the death of General Reynolds on the first day of that battle he was placed in command of the First Army Corps, which command he held for several months, being then sent to the Southwest in command of the Second Division of the Fourth Corps during the invasion of Georgia and Sherman's famous March to the Sea. From October, 1864, to June, 1866, he was commander of the district of Key West and Tortugas. The close of the war found him holding the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers and Brevet Major-General of Volunteers. In 1879 he became full Colonel in the Engineer Corps, and two years ago, on the death of General Humphreys, he succeeded to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Although an officer in the United States army, General Newton has for years been regarded as a distinguished resident of New York. He is a member of the Manhattan and Century clubs of this city, and also, being in religion a Catholic, of the Xavier Union. Although he was sixty-three years old on the 24th of August, General Newton has the appearance and seems to possess the vigor of a man of forty.

GENERAL NEWTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

INTERNATIONAL CANOE RACE AT GRINDSTONE ISLAND, AUGUST 25.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. W. SEAVEY.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

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THE INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

## THE CANOE RACES.

Of all the camps that dot the surface of habitable America during the summer, perhaps that of the cannoists on Grindstone Island is the liveliest. There is just enough of recognized authority to lend a comfortable sense of security. There is an "officer of the day," and a bugler to sound reveille and tattoo, and plenty of athletic young fellows in picturesque flannels to pitch overboard any objectionable tramps who may happen to make themselves disagreeable. There are "orders of the day," which may be delightfully ignored if any one finds them irksome, and enough of discipline to prevent too much uproariousness. All the resources of a great summer resort are within easy but not too easy reach, while the Thousand Islands, with their manifold beauties of wood and water, present all the attractions of the wilderness, with only a suspicion of its savagery.

The camp this year had an especial attraction in the presence, for the first time, of transatlantic cannoists. It has long been the wish of the fraternity on both sides of the ocean to test the relative merits of English and American canoes and canoemanship, but although the Royal Canoe Club has long offered prizes open to foreign competitors, no distinct effort was made to bring about a meeting until last fall, when the New York Canoe Club opened a correspondence and offered an international challenge cup, to be held as a perpetual trophy, and raced for from year to year. This action was promptly seconded by the American Canoe Association, and as a result of the correspondence the Secretary of the Royal Club officially challenged for the two cups, one to be raced for at the annual meet of the American Canoe Association, and the other whenever the cup may chance to be held.

The two recognized champions of English canoeing, Messrs. W. BADEN-POWELL and E. H. TRUEMAN, consented to come over and, if possible, carry back American silver for ballast, or at least to decorate their club-house at Kingston on the Thames.

The illness and death of Mr. TRUEMAN's father prevented his coming, but a worthy substitute appeared in the person of Mr. WALTER STEWART, R.C.C., who came over three weeks ago, and was followed a week later by WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL.

National peculiarities in build and rig are apparent in canoes as well as in the big sloops and cutters that are making ready for their more conspicuous contest, but the canoeing fraternity is free by no differences as to centre-boards and ballast. The English and American sailing rules are practically identical. The main differences are in the greater weight of the English boats, in the larger amount of ballast usually carried, and in the habit that English canoeists have of "going below" when under sail, while Americans sit well upon the weather gunwale, and use their own persons as shifting ballast when a squall strikes. Another peculiarity, and a manifest advantage claimed for the English canoes, is that they are quicker "in stays" than their American sisters. This has been induced by the necessarily narrow waters in which their sailing is mostly done, necessitating short tacks, and a great many of them. In windward work this was expected to tell heavily against American craft. On the other hand, the Englishmen have recognized the advantage of having the crew on the weather gunwale instead of in the hold, and both the victors have been conscientiously practicing "climbing out to windward" in view of possible emergencies. Mr. BADEN POWELL says that when the first photographs of American canoeists in this windward position reached the other side, they were regarded as a practical joke. It was suspected that the canoes had been artificially fixed in that position, and photographed for the deception of innocent foreigners.

The first of the international races at Grindstone Island was sailed on the 25th ultimo, the course being five times round a one-and-a-half mile course. This gave the Englishmen every advantage of their alleged superior quickness in stays, because of the numerous tacks that had to be made in turning the buoys, besides whatever windward work was necessary in making the courses. Apparently, however, this was of an ovid, for on the finish BADEN-POWELL's *Nautilus* was number eight, and STEWART's *Pearl* close behind him. The wind was not quite so fresh on an orthodox Englishman might wish, and under the conditions that often exist in New York Bay in September, they may fairly hope for a more successful showing. As it is they have the satisfaction of knowing that the cup was won by an Americanized Englishman, namely, K. W. Grimes, of the Mohican Club, Albany. The second to cross the line was E. H. BARRY, of the Springfield Club, in his curious three-masted canoe *Pocasset*; and number three was F. B. VATX, of the New York Canoe Club, in his *Lassie*.

## SMUGGLING ON THE RIO GRANDE.

THE Rio Grande is not always so great a river as its name implies. In the dry season it shrinks until at times there is almost nothing of it left. To men bent upon smuggling, the great boundary stream offers almost no obstacles in the dry season. There are obstacles, however, which the smuggler is at any time liable to encounter. The faithful and watchful customs officer is not particularly affected by surrounding conditions of either aridity or humidity, and may be as operative when the Rio Grande is a feeble brook as when it is a mighty torrent. There is a notion, which is somewhat widespread, that the Rio Grande inspector is not always watchful, and that there is some smuggling over the southern border which goes on with no interruption. The picture on page 566 would rather bear out this view of the matter, for the smugglers here represented are actually engaged in smuggling, which would hardly be the case if they were absolutely sure that their enterprise was to be frustrated, and the punishment for such an undertaking visited upon them. It is probable that their feelings will include a feeling of surprise when the United States officials who are waiting their under cover of the bushes reveal themselves, and betray an inquisitive disposition concerning the contents of the packs which are coming over from the Mexican side without the formality of passing through the Custom-house. The peculiar institution called the "Zona Libre," or Free Zone, appears to be responsible in a great measure for the loose notions which exist along the Rio Grande in regard to free exchange. The Free Zone was established in 1858, for the benefit of certain Mexican towns along the lower Rio Grande. By an act of the State of Tamaulipas, and afterward by the General Government, an extensive tract, including the towns in question, was given over to a sort of free trade. The consequence was and is a disposition along the whole border to overlook the formalities of the Custom-house when anything that is on one side is wanted on the other. The free spirit of the Zona Libre has become general on the Rio Grande.

## POLO AT NEWPORT.

THE first of the international polo playing took place at Newport on August 28. So striking a congregation of persons and things fashionable and fine is rarely to be met with. The grounds were lined with drags and carts, and all the catalogue of japanned and magnificent vehicles, there was no end of beautiful faces, and the raiment was bewildering. The polo which was played before this notable company was between the Burlingham Club of England and the Westchester Club of this city. The Englishmen wore satin shirts and jockey caps of light blue, white riding breeches, and boots of russet leather. Their horses were not especially handsome, but they were especially serviceable. The Americans wore light yellow jerseys and caps of the same color, their breeches and boots being the same as those of the Englishmen. The English players were Mr. JOHN WATSON, Captain MELVOW LITTLE, Captain T. HOOK, and Captain T. B. LAWLEY, the Americans, Mr. THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Jun., Captain W. K. THOM, Jun., Mr. FOXHALL KEENE, and Mr. R. BEAMOVE. The Englishmen proved themselves such formidable players in the first day's play that few who saw it believed that the Americans had any chance against them. The Americans did some remarkably brilliant playing, but it was the play of individuals, and was overborne by the work of the Englishmen, who, beyond being fine individual players, were perfect as a team, supporting one another at every point, and showing great power as a machine. Just as the losing League nines play base-ball, so do these Englishmen play polo. Thus was in the first day's play nine goals in succession—a feat of victory such as was never known on the Newport grounds before. Fourteen games were played in all, of which the Englishmen won ten; and it is hardly more than the visiting players deserve to have said to say that it was greatly to the credit of the Americans that their very able opponents did not win the whole fourteen. The play was divided into twenty minute bouts, with intervals for rest of two minutes after each goal, and ten minutes after each bout. August 29 the Englishmen scored another victory. In the day's playing they took 14 goals to 6 by the Americans, thus winning the match, which was for the best 2 out of 3


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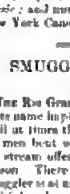

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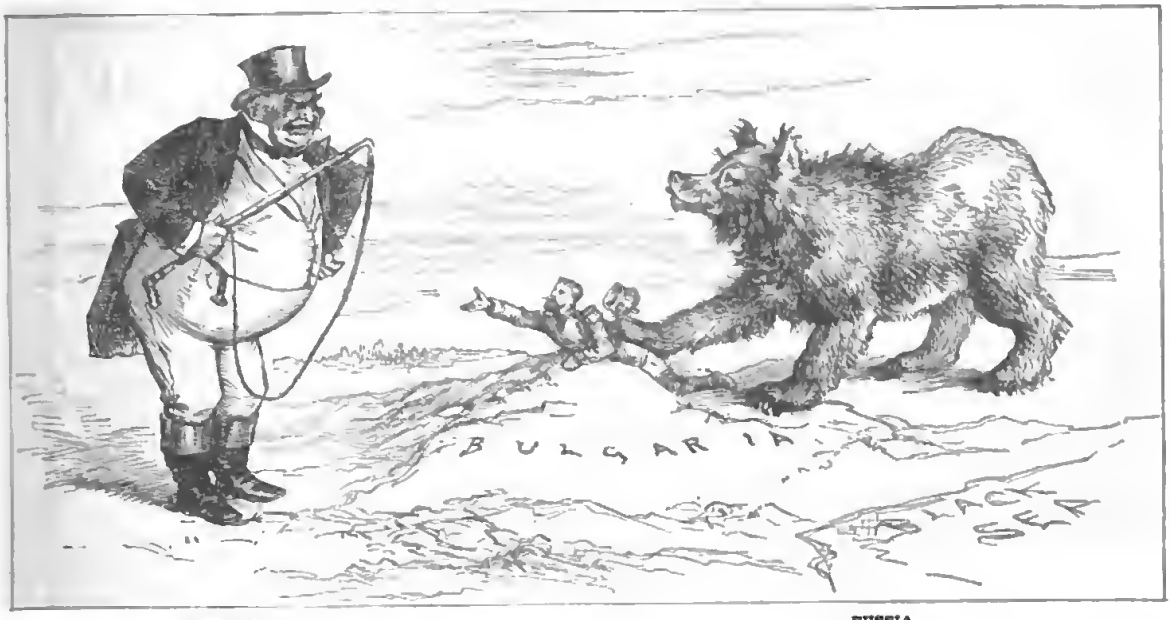


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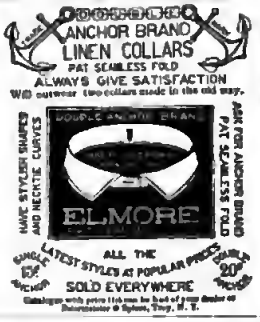


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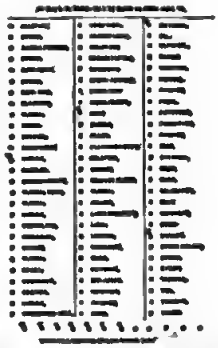

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1886.


## THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN.

THE autumn political campaign is now fully opened. The party conventions are nominating candidates and laying down platforms, and in Maine, where the first important election occurs, Mr. BLAINE has taken the stump, and has made several speeches. His speeches are important as those of the late Republican candidate for the Presidency and the Republican leader who has the largest personal following. It is fair to regard them as party manifestoes. From this point of view in the present situation the most significant fact is that in his first carefully prepared speech, read from the copy, of which the other speeches are but variations, Mr. BLAINE laid no emphasis upon the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States, which was the chief topic of his Augusta speech after his defeat, nor did he allude to the silver question, nor to the surplus, nor to reform in the civil service. He said, indeed, at Sebago, that the colored citizens are prevented from voting, and consequently are unable to command fair wages. But he did not insist upon the suppression of the vote as one of the wrongs which Republican success would correct. He did not do it because it is a wrong which existed under Republican ascendency, and was not corrected, as crimes against the suffrage in the Northern States are not corrected by national authority. Mr. BLAINE was as silent upon the question of administrative reform as Mr. WEBSTER used to be upon the question of slavery in old Whig times. He spoke much of protection, of the fisheries, and of prohibition. But it is apparent that protection is in no danger from the present Democratic party, and the fishery question must be settled sooner or later by an explicit understanding with Great Britain, as the President recommends, while Mr. BLAINE'S view of prohibition as a State question is necessarily unsatisfactory to those who regard it as the chief issue in the election.

The speeches of Mr. BLAINE fail to reveal any definite Republican policy upon the questions of honest elections, of the finances, of administrative reform, or of prohibition. The State platforms are equally obscure. The chief impression which they produce is that a distinctive national policy for the party is wanting, and that in each State it expresses its views upon various public questions without regard to the party views elsewhere. The Iowa platform censures the President for not favoring the surplus distribution bill, and for his Des Moines land grant veto. It condemns Congress for its conduct in regard to certain land grants, and its indifference to the CULLOM bill. It opposes the ownership of public lands by non-resident aliens, and favors the admission of Dakota. It censures the pension vetoes, and demands an increase of pensions. It denounces election abuses in the North and the South, and "endorses every legitimate effort of organized labor" to help itself. It demands protection for American labor against foreign pauper labor and domestic convict and contract labor; sympathizes with "the just aspirations" of Ireland, and demands the enforcement of the liquor laws until they are repealed. The Michigan and Ohio platforms touch upon some topics not mentioned in the Iowa platform. Michigan favors a tariff to protect American laborers without adding to their burdens, which is, of course, non-committal. It approves an equal currency of gold and silver, and arbitration to settle labor troubles. It opposes the importation of Chinese or of contract laborers, and the competition of convict labor with free labor, provided, etc., etc., and favors a popular vote upon a prohibition amendment. It repudiates the supremacy of Church over State, and the Convention rejected a declaration that the Republican is the only true temperance party. Ohio favors a protective tariff, and "straddles" several other questions. The Texas Republican platform denounces monopolies and the leasing of convicts; favors the submission of a prohibition amendment, and the BLAIR educational bill. But no complaint of an unlawful suppression of the colored vote appears in the report.

There are various opinions upon many subjects expressed in the way which is held to be most popular in the State in which they are uttered, but they are not declarations of a national party policy. In none of the platforms, so far as we have remarked, is there any declaration in favor of civil service reform as a party principle, nor of any definite financial policy, nor of any other matter of general public concern, except some kind of protective tariff and care of the soldiers. The platforms show the political situation, which is still further revealed by the good-natured apathy in regard to the result. No reasonable man apprehends any serious disaster to the country from the success of either side. And this is due, not to the feeling that parties are unnecessary, but that the parties are not real parties. They do not stand for different policies. Mr. BLAINE says that the Republican is the party of protection, and the Democratic the party of free trade. But Mr. RANDALL is as sound a Democrat as Mr. BLAINE is a Republican, yet they do not seriously differ upon the tariff. Undoubtedly more Democrats than Republicans are free traders, as more Republicans than Democrats are civil service reformers. But that fact does not make the Democratic a free-trade party, nor the Republican a reform party. A Democratic victory would not mean free trade, as experience shows, nor a Republican victory civil service reform. It is the precise situation in which personal character and ability will be of the utmost advantage, while the character of the platforms and the speeches indicates profound political apathy and the relaxation of party ties.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THERE are two recent and very significant signs of the political situation. One is the call for a Republican Anti-saloon Convention at Binghamton on the day that this paper is issued, and the other is the address of American free traders. They contemplate very different purposes, but they are significant because they are the formal announcement of adherents of both parties that there are public issues which are more important to them than the support of their party. Neither the anti-saloon call nor the free trade address, indeed, proposes the organization of a new party. But the anti-saloon call describes the temperance question, or the control of party action by the liquor interest, as "now the most prominent and important issue before the people." Honest and patriotic men will not subordinate more important to less important issues, and therefore, unless the Republican party should take a positive and effective anti-saloon position, such men could not honorably support it. They will undoubtedly be put to the proof. Mr. BLAINE'S speeches in Maine and the Conventions in Michigan and elsewhere show that the Republican party as a national organization will take no step which would alienate the saloon. It will not treat the temperance question as the most important of present public issues, and Republicans who sincerely think it to be so will be, like the Conscience and Free-soil Whigs of forty years ago, prepared to form new party connections.

The free-trade address does not propose a new party. But it proposes that free-traders should secure the nomination for Congress of a candidate of their views, or, should that be impracticable, that they should support the candidate, without regard to party, who is least opposed to reform; or that, wherever circumstances favor, they should nominate an independent reform candidate. This is the position of those who feel that free-trade or tariff reform is, as the Republican anti-saloon call says of the temperance question, the most prominent and important issue before the people. The signers of the anti-saloon call are all Republicans "in good standing"; and the signers of the free-trade address are probably all Democrats or Independents. The gravity of the saloon question is shown by the murder of the Rev. Mr. HADDOCK, who interested himself to enforce the temperance laws in Sioux City, Iowa, and by the vote of the Republican Legislature in New York to favor the saloons, as explained by the SHERMAN SHOOK telegram to the *Tribune*. It is this subservience which has stimulated Mr. GRIFFIN and his friends in Kansas, where the saloon power in politics is absolute and despotic, to call the National Republican Congress at Chicago to throw off the yoke. Mr. GRIFFIN and his friends faithfully supported Mr. BLAINE in 1884; but they will no longer support the Republican party if it refuses to break with the saloon.

The signers of the free trade address likewise are prepared to break with any party which does not favor tariff reform. They would vote in Pennsylvania, for instance, for any tariff reform Republican as against Mr. RANDALL. They recognize only protectionists and free-traders, as the Free-soilers of '44 and '48 knew only pro-slavery and antislavery men. The signers, so far as they are known to us, are men in the vigor of life, earnest, intelligent, upright, enthusiastic in the cause. The course of two such bodies of citizens on the eve of an election, with that of the civil service reformers, is the most suggestive fact of the political situation. The Independent or Mugwump movement of 1884 was the forerunner of a political readjustment which will restore that normal and wholesome situation in which parties represent real conviction and a definite purpose.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

MR. GLADSTONE'S cheerful and even gay departure from London for the Continent not only illustrates his buoyant disposition, but shows his happy consciousness that he has linked his name with a beneficent historic event. His pamphlet upon the Irish question is the statement of the case as he understands it, expressed in a durable literary form. It is both a general statement of his position and a defence of his consistency, an *apologia* in the best sense. He holds that during his public life the question of Ireland has been a simple alternative, repeal or the Parliamentary relief of Ireland from grievances. He opposed Mr. BUTT'S home rule scheme in 1871 because the last alternative had not been exhausted. Parliamentary relief was not yet shown to be impracticable. But even then he said that he believed home rule to be, and that it was honestly meant by Mr. BUTT to be, compatible with the union. The union was to be maintained, while the authority of Parliament in Ireland was to be divided. In 1886 Mr. GLADSTONE declared that he would hail with delight any measure of local government for Ireland. The question, in his judgment, was ripening, and in the campaign of 1885 he said that it had become the important and urgent question. To the charge that he had concealed his views from his colleagues he replies that a minister is not bound to impart all the thoughts that are passing in his mind, nor the growth of opinions which are not to be acted upon, when such communications might embarrass necessary action.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S analysis of the recent vote is interesting. The Liberal party has lost upon the question of home rule two-sevenths of its whole vote. But this fraction includes five-sixths of the Liberal peers, but not more than one-twentieth of the Liberal working men. The Tories have not secured an absolute majority, and when the Liberal party is again united it will dominate Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE points out, what was so significant a fact in the canvass, that the unionists are pledged to large and immediate concessions, which is a plain declaration that there are still grievances to be redressed despite the assertion that Ireland has no more reason to complain than any other part of the empire. He holds that the election, when closely scanned, signifies not so much a refusal of the Irish demand as a slower acknowledgment. Ireland now knows what she has never known before, that a deep current of conviction in her favor runs through all English opinion, and this consciousness is in itself a healing and reconciling influence. Why, then, he asks, should Ireland wish to separate? Why should she desire to become an alien to the market that consumes nine-tenths of her produce, and instead of being a powerful and prosperous part of a great empire, prefer to become a third rate, inferior state?

Mr. GLADSTONE then throws over the land purchase bill. He admits that it was the chief cause of defeat, and that the "Siamese twinship" of the two bills was fatal to both. He explicitly renounces the land bill, and the Irish landlords have thus doubtless lost the best offer that will be ever made to them. Home rule as he proposes it, and as the Irish leaders have accepted it, he declares finally to be a truly conservative measure, founded upon regard for history and tradition, and restoring, not imperilling, imperial union. He believes that a measure of not less scope than his owe will be ultimately adopted, but he will not say that its present course may not lead its triumph. In this pamphlet, as in the debates in Parliament and during the campaign, Mr. GLADSTONE shows a characteristic ability successfully to change front in the face of the enemy. He retains the essential things and abandons the rest. The land bill was an effort to placate the opposition of conservatism. But it was turned against him as a proposal to tax Englishmen to pay the rent to Irish landlords which rebellious and treasonable Irishmen refused to pay. Very well, then, says Mr. GLADSTONE, let it go, and we will have home rule alone. The pamphlet is a very strong and clear summary of his position, and of the general ground upon which he is supported by American public opinion.

## THE ROMANCE OF ALEXANDER.

THE abduction or the abdication of Prince ALEXANDER of Bulgaria is one of the most extraordinary events of the time. Bulgaria in itself is an unimportant state, but it is a very important pawn in the great game of Eastern politics, because it lies across the path of Russia to Constantinople. Moreover, the personal character of ALEXANDER, who seems to be gallant and brave, has made him a hero in the popular imagination, and casts a romantic glamour over recent Bulgarian events. ALEXANDER is nomi-

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nally a vassal of the Sultan. But it is most desirable for Russia that the Bulgarian vassal of the Sultan should be still more a Russian vassal. ALEXANDER, however, comprehended the situation, and as the real support of Turkey lies in the powers which do not wish to see Russia in Constantinople, the Prince has been too independent of Russian control. The revolution as it was first announced was an uprising of ALEXANDER's own troops forcing him to abdicate and flee the country, while a provisional government was established. But the next report changed the whole situation. Russian emissaries had subsidized the palace soldiers. They had seized ALEXANDER and placed him upon his yacht, and under a Russian captain had sent him no one knew whither, and the indignant Bulgarians had overthrown the provisional government, and instituted a new one friendly to ALEXANDER, who would be solicited to return. A third report announced the emergence of the Prince from the cloud. He had landed from his yacht in Bessarabia on his way to Darmstadt, in Germany. He was hailed with acclamations. The air rang with cries of "Perish the traitors!" and amid indescribable enthusiasm, during which, undoubtedly, "strong men wept," he kissed a child who offered him a bouquet, and declared that he could continue his journey and see his father.

Meanwhile it rained telegrams from Bulgaria beseeching him to reascend his throne, which was planted upon the hearts of his faithful Bulgarians, who would die in his defence. Meanwhile nobody knew what it all meant. The newspapers throughout the world were full of it, and Monseigneurs the Prince BISMARCK and Chancellor GIERS were engaged in private conversation at Franzensbad. A fourth change, and a letter purporting to proceed from Chancellor GIERS appeared, which stated that nothing could be warmer than the mutual affection of Russia and Bulgaria; that Russia was as the unborn babe in regard to the abdication of ALEXANDER; that it would aid and hasten his restoration; and that the Prince would then doubtless prove his love for Russia, his best friend, by actually and deliberately abdicating. In reference to the wits of the Chancellor, the letter was held to be apocryphal. The next telegram announced the return of the Prince to Bulgaria, his welcome in the name of Bulgaria by the chief of the provisional ministry, his coronation by the officers of his army, and the Prince's assurance that he was ready to die for his beloved Bulgarians. With all this was announced the death sentence of the ringleaders of the revolution, and disapproval of the Prince's return by Chancellors BISMARCK and GIERS.

The result of the incident cannot be foretold. There is no doubt expressed by the European press that it was a Russian plot, not only to put ALEXANDER out of the way, but to repress the rising national feeling of Bulgaria. An imperial understanding between Russia, Germany, and Austria is believed to have existed for some time. But such an alliance would differ essentially from that which followed the Napoleonic wars. The popular sentiment in Germany and Austria, and even in Russia, is a much stronger power now than then, and a power with which the Emperors and their ministers must reckon. The popular German sympathy is with ALEXANDER and the Bulgarians, and England and France and Italy do not smile upon the Russian advance to the south. The peace of Europe is always involved in the question of the Danubian states. It is possible that ALEXANDER's return to his throne may leave the outward situation as before, at least for a time. It is possible, also, that Russia may make demands intended to provoke war, and to bring her lines nearer to the Balkans.

## AN OPPORTUNITY.

THE Philadelphia *Press* (BLAINE Republican) says that

"One of the boldest acts in connection with the late Democratic State Convention was committed by ALBERT W. FLETCHER, a henchman of Congressman RANDALL and clerk in the Navy Department at Washington. FLETCHER went to Harrisburg and participated in the proceedings of the Convention as a substitute for a Philadelphia delegate who was not an office-holder. The President has directed that the influence of Federal office-holders should not be felt in the manipulation of political primary meetings and nominating conventions. But the President has gone fishing, and Mr RANDALL was in Harrisburg to tell Mr FLETCHER that the Executive order didn't amount to anything, as, in fact, it does not. There were other office-holders in the Convention, but this was the only instance in which an office-holder got in as a substitute."

A private correspondent adds in a note to us:

"FLETCHER is one of the most pestiferous opponents of reform. He is RANDALL's right-hand man at Washington, who acts as a go-between for such jobs as his employer does not wish to figure in personally, and is always on hand here when it is necessary to manipulate a convention after the style in vogue in RANDALL's district.

"The President should know just what kind of agents RANDALL employs to do his work, and yet for himself how persistently he (RANDALL) pursues his opposition to the policy of reform.

"Why FLETCHER is kept in so important public position, after all his efforts to render reform inoperative, is one of the strange anomalies of politics which make honest men despair of ever accomplishing any permanent results."

The fact that such conduct is observed and stigmatized, instead of being regarded as a duty and a matter of course, is one of the signs of the rapid progress of reform. The object of the circular of the President was to prevent precisely such conduct as this which is alleged against FLETCHER. It is a plain case for inquiry upon the part of the Secretary of the Navy.

## THE YACHTS.

THE first race in the international yacht contest for the Cup will take place on the day before this paper is published. "May the best yacht win!" is the exclamation of the philosophic observer. But there will be very few who witness the race or who read of it who have not some secret preference, "If only the *Priscilla*—" or, "Ah, the *Puritan* might—" or, "Why should not the *Atlantic*—" will be the vague wish and surmise in many a heart.

Meanwhile there has been unmistakably a general feeling that there has been a little too much confidence in the certainty of American success. The *Genesta* has beaten the *Galatea*, the *Puritan* has beaten the *Genesta*, the *Mayflower* has—generously excelled the *Puritan*, consequently the *Galatea* will be beaten. This is the ratiocination, and it looks well. But winds and waves and all the chapter of chances may produce the most unanticipated results.

But whatever betides, the race will be fairly sailed, and the victory of the *Galatea* would be hailed by American yachtsmen with the same hearty good will which the gallant owner of the *Genesta* showed last year to the *Puritan*. *Messieurs, vive le premier.* If in the challenge of courtesy, and the courtesy is none the less if the children of the Pilgrims have hoped to see the *Mayflower* a little ahead.

## THE MOONLIGHTERS.

THE Tory government in England makes a bad beginning. It has virtually acknowledged that what ora called the judicial rents in Ireland are too high; but it has also said that English tax-payers must not be asked to pay them. Unless, therefore, the government makes some special provision, the rents will be enforced, and extensive evictions will follow. But the government says that Parliament will adjourn without such provision, which means apparently that the landlords must collect their rents, and depend upon government to keep order.

It is this situation which explains the strong talk of MICHAEL DAVITT at Escanaba, in Michigan. He said:

"In Ireland we are likely to have serious trouble the coming winter. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's government has already encouraged landlords. We must resist. At first passive measures of resistance will be employed, but resist we must at any cost. I would be the last to advise a resort to unjustifiable means; but if the landlords make efforts to collect impossible rents, and the tenants are evicted, they will fall back on the promptings of human nature. We cannot help it. The government has been warned by GLADSTONE, so after this trouble comes we want it understood that the policy is the deliberate one of the Tories."

Meanwhile the Moonlighters, modern "minions of the moon," have begun operations, and Major-General Sir REDVERS BULLER has gone to Ireland, saying that his task will be "simply" to repress Moonlighters and secure life and property. He will have "flying patrols" and a gun-boat to help him. The Moonlighters are a kind of Ku-Klux who terrorize farmers not to pay rent, and they are reported to have shot a farmer in Kerry. It is the beginning of the old story, and it is hard to believe that intelligent Englishmen can suppose that the policy which has ended in the present condition of Ireland is the policy which will give peace and contentment to the country.

## THE INDIAN BUREAU.

THE letters of Mr. HERBERT WELSH to the Boston *Evening Transcript* and the New York *Evening Post* seem to us to dispose effectually of the assertion of a Washington correspondent of the *Transcript* that Mr. WELSH's statements in regard to certain incidents in the Indian administration were unfounded. Mr WELSH's view of the MCGILLICUDDY case is most strongly sustained by the action of Captain BELL, of the army, who was detailed temporarily to fill his place. Agent MCGILLICUDDY was dismissed for refusing to accept a new chief clerk. The agent was under heavy bonds, and was usually permitted to appoint his clerk, and the old clerk was perfectly competent and trustworthy, and there was no complaint against him, and the agent declined to receive him. He was removed, and Captain BELL, of the army, was detailed temporarily to fill his place. He also asked eight times that the old clerk might remain, as without him he could not discharge his duty. The request was refused, and Captain BELL then asked to be relieved as agent. But he was ordered to remain.

Agent MCGILLICUDDY, according to Mr. WELSH, whose disinterested opinion, founded upon personal knowledge, may be trusted implicitly, was one of the ablest and most efficient agents in the service. He was suspended by Inspector POLLOCK under a Republican administration. But Mr. WELSH states that the Inspector's action was "inspired by personal enmity," and Inspector BANNISTER subsequently made a highly favorable report, and MCGILLICUDDY was reinstated. Mr WELSH, thoroughly informed upon the subject, and a man of the utmost candor and moderation, considers such a removal an abuse, and he attributes it largely to political reasons. The correspondent of the *Transcript*, whose letter was perhaps "inspired," speaks of it simply as a case of insubordination, and enters into no statement of the facts.

Mr. WELSH's disposition of the other pleas of the correspondent is equally conclusive. He says truly that he has no partisan object, and that it is not so much the present Administration which is to blame as "the present system of Indian affairs, whereby of necessity political considerations in the matter of appointments and removals are more potent than those which purely concern the civilization of the Indians. What is needed to remedy present evils is the extension of the civil service rules and the reform civil service spirit to the Indian service." The next forward step in reform is, of course, to extend the reformed system to other branches of the service than those which it now affects, and this advance may be justly anticipated. The Indian service, the postal railway service, the chiefs of division, and other grades of offices may be wisely included.

## PERSONAL.

EX-PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS, of Williams College, is physically and mentally an unusually hale octogenarian. Many men at fifty show more signs of advancing years. His handwriting is as legible, as fluent, and as rich in graceful flourishes as that of the late WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. To a friend who asked of him a recipe for attaining a good old age, he replied: "In all that pertains to health and longevity I have never lived by rule—have, in fact, had a degree of contempt for what may be called formal rules in matters of diet and regimen."

—Three years ago the trustees of Columbia College established a course of collegiate instruction for women parallel to that provided for men, though not given in the college buildings use by the college officers. Nevertheless the college officers assign a year examine these women in their studies, and the place of examination is one of the college buildings. President BARNARD was the most influential advocate of this new departure, and he has seen no reason to regret his action, or to request the trustees to modify them.

—Mr E. P. ROE's vacation this year consisted of a two weeks' sojourn at Sharpshed Bay with his family, five minutes distant from the music, bathing, and fireworks of Manhattan Beach, and a few days' sojourn with a literary friend on the banks of Lake Oscawana, near Peekskill. He is finishing his series of articles on "The Home Acre," and has been obliged to decline many offers from publishers for lack of time. Mr ROE gives as many hours daily to hard work as any other man of letters in this country, and never took so long a vacation as he did this season having found that rest was imperative.

—Mr GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP has been at New London, Connecticut, most of the summer, putting the finishing touches to a fairy tale for children, entitled "Behind Time," which consists of about twenty five magazine pages, with illustrations by G. HEPPOSS. Mr LATHROP's signed book reviews are still a feature of the *Star*.

—The late JOSEPH EVANS TEMPLE gave $85,000 to the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, $10,000 for American pictures for that institution, and $50,000 to the Museum in Fairmount Park, besides befriending many struggling painters, and enabling some of them to study art in Europe. He left an estate of $1,000,000.

—Professor CHARLES F. CHANDLER, the distinguished chemist, takes no stock in the stories recently printed concerning the man in New Jersey and the child in Georgia on whose bodies the lightning is said to have produced photographs of surrounding objects. "It is possible," he says, "that figures were produced which remotely resembled the objects described. We trace resemblances in the clouds and in hundreds of other objects; but they are merely coincidences, like the strawberry marks, etc. I have very little confidence in the accuracy of ordinary untrained observation, of ordinary statements of things observed, or in the newspaper accounts of wonderful occurrences."

—The enthusiasm at the Grand Army encampment in San Francisco for General SHERMAN was unbounded, and of all the speakers he was greeted the most warmly. His address to the veterans at the camp fire was full of delightful reminiscences of pioneer days. During an excursion to Los Angeles the soldiers saw JOHN BROWN's two sons, OWEN and JAMES, sitting with their families on their wagon, and promptly unhitched their horses, and drew the wagon up the street to the strains of "John Brown's body is marching along."

—For several months Monsignor CAPEL has been educating the children of the Countess VALLEJO in the San Joaquin Valley, California, and writing two books. He is a guest at her country seat. His aged mother died recently in England.

—An interesting etching by MORTON of the harbor and city of San Francisco in 1856 is on exhibition in an art dealer's window in that city. It was made for the late F. L. A. PIXLEY, a French banker, whose fine house on Stockton Street has been converted into a private hospital for women, and is surrounded by squalid tenements.

—Mr. WALT WHITMAN has borne the summer weather well, and apparently suffers no inconvenience from his sunstroke last year. A collection of his poems will soon appear, under the title of *November Boughs*. Meanwhile he is finishing a poem called "Sonilia"—an old man's review of a life almost spent.

—The VANDERBILT gift to the College of Physicians and Surgeons has no reference to the medical education of women. It was solely for the purpose of providing the college with a better location and more serviceable buildings. Women are admitted to annual courses of lectures at Johns Hopkins University, but are not received as students.

—During her recent visit to this country Madame RHAZI GAILLARD told a friend that she had cooked many a meal at the broad fireplace in the peasant's cottage, near Cherbourg, where MILLET's mother prepared the porridge for her boy, and close by the spot where a statue to the painter is being erected.

—A Philadelphia girl, Miss NELLIE EVANSE, has been studying vocal music in Paris under Madame MARCHESI; has received from that teacher a certificate of professorship; has sung before LISZT, who went up to her, took her by both hands, and congratulated her; and is now about to return home, not to become a prima donna, nor even to go on the stage, but to use her talents and make her living in the modest role of a teacher of vocal music, like her father—who has just died—and her mother. An esteemed correspondent of this journal, to whom we are indebted for these facts, adds: "Miss EVANSE is about twenty, bright, vivacious, and thorough in whatever she undertakes, with a petite figure and a level head."

—Corot's large picture of "Orpheus greeting the Dawn," of which a well-known American landscapist once reverently said that he could paint a replica with cigar ashes and water, was an order from Prince DEMIDOFF, who paid $2000 for it. A companion picture of "Diana in the Woods at Night" was ordered at the same time and price. The two works were bought at the Demidoff sale by a Paris dealer for $700 apiece, and exhibited afterward in London, Vienna, and other cities, but found no purchaser, though offered at $900 apiece. The "Orpheus" has recently been again put on exhibition in this city, and the owner values it at $10,000.

—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the late Mr H. H. RICHARDSON, the architect, used to think lightly of his design of Trinity Church, Boston, and express a wish that the trustees of the institution had waited a few years until he could have given a plan worthy of him. The paragraph was shown a few days ago to the Rev Dr PHILLIPS BROOKS, the rector of the church, and a warm personal friend of Mr RICHARDSON's. He replied: "The remark which the newspapers have quoted was made, I think, by Mr. RICHARDSON with reference to the first designs presented to him for Trinity Church, on the strength of which he was chosen to be our architect. The plans then offered were not adopted, and were very different indeed from those which he afterward prepared, and according to which the church was built. In the church as it now stands I am glad to know that he took great satisfaction. There was none of his work for which he felt more affection or honorable pride. It has been proposed by his brethren in the profession to place a memorial of him in Trinity Church, but the project, I believe, has not definitely taken shape."

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RICHARD DUDLEY SEARS.

DR. JAMES DWIGHT.

R. LIVINGSTON BEECKMAN.

HOWARD A. TAYLOR.

LEADING LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. M. BIDWELL.—[SEE PAGE 588.]

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INCIDENTS OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.—DRAWN BY SOBELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain of the Pole-Star," "The Ivory Madonna," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

We saw or many shows and booths, and Jack appeared so contented and happy in looking at them, that I confess I was in hopes he would forget his promise to fight Aaron, the prospect of which, in this fair, crowded with the rudest and roughest men, pleased me less every moment. But, if you please, his honor was concerned. Therefore when the hour approached he remembered it—to be sure, one might be expected to remember a promise to meet and to fight an ugly man as Aaron Fletcher—and he cast about in order to find the amphitheatre or booth where the duelle was to be held. We presently found it, on the skirts of the fair, and a little retired from the noise. It proved to be nothing more than a square enclosure of canvas, fastened to upright poles, with no roof. Those who came to see the sport paid on admission for of ten pennies. Within the booth there were rough benches set along the sides, and in the middle a broad stage two feet high. There was music playing as we went in, and on the stage a little girl of ten dancing very prettily and merrily. The place was filled. I knew many of the faces, those, namely of the Deptford men, come to stand by their champion. It appeared as if they knew what was going to take place, for at the sight of the Lieutenant there were passed around hooks and nods and every indication of hearty fellowship. Drawers ran about with tankards and mugs of ale, and most of the men were at once regaled with pipes of tobacco. There were also some women present, and of what kind may be easily imagined. Sufficient be say that they were Companions of the men. The people did not greatly cure for the dance, which was too simple and innocent for them. When the little girl finished and jumped down from the stage, there came forward a mountebank dressed in the Italian fashion, who played a hundred tricks, posturing and twirling his legs about as if they had been without bones or joints. But the people were impatient, and howled for him to have done. Wherefore he was retired, and then they roared for Aaron Fletcher, the Deptford men being foremost in their desire for his appearance. He leaped upon the stage, therefore, quarter-staff in hand, stripped to his shirt, and twirling his weapon over his head as if it had been a little walking-cane. Then the place became hushed, as happens when there is going to be a fight of any kind, because fighting goes to the heart of every man, and makes him serious and anxious at the beginning, but full of fury as the fight goes on. Aaron was a terrible great fellow to look at, thus stripped of his coat and standing on the stage before us all.

"I challenge the best man among ye," he said, looking at the Lieutenant, "gentleman or clown, King's officer or able seaman, for a guinea or a groat, as ye please."

Then he twirled his staff again, and walked round the stage, like a game-cock before the battle.

"Shall I give him a chance with the meanest kind first, to show his mettle and to breathe him?" said Jack. "Twould be charitable."

There sprang upon the stage from the crowd a stout and hasty youth, not or tall or Aaron, but of good length of limb and resolute face. Then the champion of Elsham, as we learned from the crowd. He was clad in a smock-frock, which he laid aside.

"I will play a bout for a crown," he said, laying down the money, while his friends shouted.

Then they began; but, Lord! the countryman was no match for the Deptford player, and the shouting of our townsmen was loud to see the play that Aaron made, and the dexterity with which his staff, on quick on lightning, played on his adversary's head and ribs, his legs and arms. So that very soon, throwing down his staff, the fellow leaped from the stage, and would have no more.

"It was pretty," said Jack. "The man hath had his lesson."

Then another, this time one who had played and won at Bartholomew Fair, and now advanced with confidence, trusting to his activity and the rapidity of his attack, which were, indeed, astonishing. But, alas! his leaps and bounds were of little avail against the long reach and the heavy hand of the giant, and he fell to rise no more.

Then the mob roared and shouted again.

"This fellow is soon satisfied," said Jack. "It is my turn now."

He laughed, and took off coat, waistcoat, and hat, giving them to me for safety. Thus reduced to his shirt, he stepped forward and mounted the stage, the crowd being overjoyed and beyond themselves in the anticipation of a fight between their champion and a gentleman in laced ruffles, white silk stockings, and powdered hair. Certainly nothing so good as this had ever before been seen at the fair.

Then I became aware of a strange thing. There stood within the door—not sitting down, but standing—just within the folds of the canvas, no other than Bess Westmoreland and her father. Who would have thought to see the Penman at Horn Fair? Nothing could be more out of place than this pair among the water-side men and the ruffians in the booth. Bess stood upright, holding her father's hand, not for her own protection, but to assure him of his safety, while he, stooping and round-shouldered, looked about him, as if fearing violence of some kind.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

I now perceived that Bess was come for no other purpose than to see this fight—to be sure, it was arranged beforehand, and there was no reason why she should not hear of it from Aaron; but I had not thought Bess would have come to such a place to see such a right. I declare I had not the least suspicion of the truth, or carefully had the lovers kept their secret. Bess took no notice at all of the rabble, her eyes fixed upon the stage as if the people were not even present, no great lady waiting at the door of the theatre for her chair could look more proudly upon the common herd—the linkboys, chairmen, and loiterers—as if they were beneath her notice. Her lips were set, and her brow contracted, and her cheek was pale, but I knew not the cause, unless it were from terror at the approaching battle. Yet why did she come to see it?

Jack took the quarter-staff, which had already been used twice ineffectually, passed it in his hands, and turned a smiling face to his adversary.

"I have kept my promise, Aaron," he said; but this the mob did not hear. "We will fight for that shilling. Bess is in the doorway, looking on. It seems to if we were fighting for more than a shilling, does it not?"

Aaron made no reply in words, but he laughed aloud. Perhaps he remembered how, seven years before, when last he fought with Jack, Bess was looking on at his defeat. This time he was confident in his strength. She was come again, looking to see him worsted. She should be disappointed.

There was no lack of courage about the man. Courage he had, and plenty. He was a good three inches taller than his adversary, which at quarter-staff gives a great advantage; he was quick of eye and of frame, he was heavier and stronger; and his first two mauluts had nearly breathed him. On the other hand, he was opposed to a man who for six years and more had led the hardest life possible, with no indulgences—wine, beer, tobacco, indulence, or anything to soften his muscles or dim the eye. Now Aaron, as everybody knew, was fond of a glass, and though no not, since a week or so was drunk. And he had already begun to put on flesh. As they stood face to face one knight have gone a hundred miles and never seen or foes a couple.

And then, at tap of drum, the fight began, and for a while everybody was mute.

Jack, I perceived, was resolved at first to stand on the defensive, for two reasons. First, because his enemy showed wrath in his rolling eyes, and therefore would, perhaps, spend his breath and strength in furious onslaught. Next, because, as he told me afterward, it was not until he held the weapon in his hands that he remembered he had not played for four years and more. One would think he might have remembered so important a fact before. It is an admirable custom in some ships for the crew, both officers and men, to amuse themselves daily at quarter-staff, single-stick, and boxing; but Jack had been out of a ship for four years. Still, if his hand was a little out, his eye was true. Aaron's game was twofold. First, he would beat down and overpower his man by superior strength and advantage in reach; and secondly, by feints and leaps, shifting his ground, and changing the length of his weapon, by coming to close quarters and then retreating, to cheat his adversary's eye and disconcert him even for a single moment, when he would deal him a decisive stroke. This was a very good design, and hath often served. But Jack was not to be so caught. No man at quarter-staff, however strong, can beat down an adversary who has learnt the art of parry, which is more than half the battle; no man, however quick and active, can disconcert an enemy who knows how to follow his eyes steadily. Jack, therefore, lost no ground and was never touched, or that, though he delivered no stroke, the ease with which he met Aaron's blows presently caused the spectators to roar with admiration. In all kinds of fighting there are two first principles, or rules, to be carefully learned. The first of these is never to lose sight of you enemy's eye, and the next is never to lose your temper. A third is to know how to strike when the occasion comes. If a man at this rough game chance to lose his temper, he loses the game. This is what Aaron did. It maddened him that he could not strike his enemy, and it maddened him still more to hear the roars of the people at the dexterity which defeated him. Moreover, he knew that Bess was looking on, therefore he became more furious, and delivered his blows more rapidly, but with less precision. "Don't fight wild, Aaron," shouted his friends, but too late; while the fellows in the booth began to jeer and laugh at him, asking why he did not strike his man, with a "Now, Aaron! now's your turn! Hit him on the head. There's a brave stroke missed," and so on, foreseeing that if the Lieutenant could only keep cool and wait for his chance, the victory would be his.

Jack told me afterward that while they played the old skill came back to him, and his confidence, or that he could afford to play with his man and tide his time, receiving all the blows, whether at full length, half length, or close quarters, with patience and good temper.

This strange duel, in which one man struck and the other only parried, lasted long—long enough that the spectators left off shouting, and looked on with open mouths. It lasted so long that Aaron was now raging and foaming, breathing heavily, and plunging on he struck with the staff. As for me, I wondered why Jack did not strike. He had his reason: he wished to strike but once, and therefore he waited. At last the chance came. Aaron left his head exposed, and then, with a thud which might have been heard outside the booth, the Lieutenant's staff resounded on the side of his enemy's head, and Aaron fell prone upon the stage—senseless.

It is said that when a gentleman fights a common fellow, the mob is always pleased that the gentleman shall be victorious. I know not if this be true, but I know that the fellows in the booth rose as one man, even the Deptford men, and shouted the victor to the sky.

Jack stepped from the stage, a little heated by the fight, and put on his coat, waistcoat, and hat.

"Aaron is a very pretty player," he said, "but he should not have challenged me until he was in better condition. There were half a dozen poor fellows aboard the *Countess of Derwent* who would have beaten him. Here, my lads"—he now became again an officer—"Aaron is a Deptford man, like me. Take care of him, and spend this guinea in drinking the King's health."

So the fellows tossed their greasy caps in the air, and the musicians tied their apron strings tighter, and began to run about with tankards and mugs while the guinea was drinking out, and Jack strode down the booth, the men making a lane for him, and crying, "Huzza! for the noble Captain!" Meanwhile no man took any notice of the fallen champion, who presently recovered some of his senses, and sat up, staring about him with distracted eyes.

"Why, Mr. Westmoreland," said Jack as the door, as if he had not seen him before, "you at Horn Fair? I might or soon have expected to see you at Vauxhall!"

"Nay, sir, your Honor knows I value not such merriment. But Bess would bring me here. 'Tis a willful girl. Nothing would serve her but she must see the honors of the fair. Girls still crave for mirth."

"You ought to be at home among your books, Mr. Westmoreland. Go home. Lubie will walk with you, and I will take care of Bess—good care, good care—and bring her safe home, after she has seen the fair. Come, Bess, will you see the wild beasts, or the black-eyed dancers? Take him home, Lubie, take him home."

So saying, he seized Bess by the hand, and drew her away, leaving the old man, her father, with me. I observed that though Bess cried, "Oh!" and "Pray, Lieutenant," and "Don't, Lieutenant," and "Fie, Lieutenant," she laughed, and took his hand without any reluctance, but rather a visible satisfaction, because she had certainly got the prettiest men in all the fair.

The next day I learned from Jack that he had taken Bess to every show at the fair; that he had given her of noble a supper or the place afforded, that he had fought and overthrown three fellows who waylaid them on the road home, and would have robbed him of his money as well as his fair charge, and that he safely conveyed her, about midnight, to her father's door. The Admiral heard of the evening's adventure, and laughed, saying that Bess was a lucky girl to get such a proper fellow to show her the fair. But I do not think that either Jack or the Admiral relished the story of the fight, and the consequent doings, to Madame and Castilla.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

I am a dull person in suspecting or guessing at passages of love. Yet I had seen Bess dragging her father to Horn Fair in order to witness the fight, and I marked the flash of triumph in her eyes when Aaron fell, and the unconcealed pleasure with which she accompanied the victor.

On Sunday morning, a day or two after the fair, another thing happened which ought to have made me suspect. It was an church. Soon after the service of Morning Prayer began I observed an unwonted agitation among the fashionable part of the congregation, and presently discovered that the eyes of all were, with one consent, directed upon a certain seat in the north aisle, occupied by Bess Westmoreland and her father. The reason of this phenomenon was that Bess had come to church attired in a very fine new frock made of nothing less than ermine, with a flowered petticoat, a lawn kerchief about her neck, and a hat trimmed with silk ribbons, so that among the women around her in their scarlet flannel, and the girls in their plain cambric, linsey woolsey, and russet, she looked like a rose among the weeds of the hedge. Few of the gentlemen in the church saw—more fitly dressed. As to them, their eyes plainly said, if eyes can speak, "Saw one ever such presumption?" And on for the baser sort, they first gazed with admiration and envy unspeakable, and then sniffed and tossed their heads, as if nothing would have induced them to put on such fine things, and then they looked at each other, each with the same question trembling on her tongue, each one hanging to ask aloud, "Who gave her the things?" For there is some strange quality in the female conscience (I mean only in a seaport town) which enables every girl to accept joyfully and gratefully whatever a man may give her, and at the same time to flout and scorn all other girls for doing the same thing; on that what is a virtue in herself must be a clear sign of immodesty or forwardness in another.

After dinner, the afternoon being warm and sunny, I took my hat and walked leisurely toward those gardens of which I have already spoken, where were the orchards of plum, pear, apple, and cherry, and where the old summer house overlooked the Creek. It would be, I thought, pleasant in the gardens with no one but myself, and I could walk about among the trees, watching the gray lichen on the bark and the sober tints of the autumnal leaves, and perhaps find, in the view of the Greenwich Reach, something new to observe and note. One whose profession is to paint ships of all kinds can never grow weary of watching them, whether at anchor or in motion; just as one who paints figures loves to be forever contemplating the human figure, whether in action or in repose.

The air was still and soft, the day warm, although it was already the twentieth day of October. The fruit was all picked now, and the leaves beginning to dry at their stalks, because the leaves of apple, plum, and cherry do not turn brown, but drop off while they are yet green, yet the green is quite another hue than that presented in spring and summer, and I wonder that no painter has painted the greens of autumn, or well as the yellow, red, and brown.

This afternoon the tide was high. There was moored close to the mouth of the Creek, and on the opposite bank, a barge, which, with its brown oil lowered, its thick mast, and its hanging ropes, formed so pretty a set off to the trees of the orchard beyond that I stood awhile to gaze upon it. I have drawn many barges, below the bridge at Wapping Stairs, and in Chelsea Reach, and in other places, but I never drew any prettier picture than that of the barge in the Creek at high tide, the woods behind it, only, as artists can, I made a change. For I presently sketched the barge, and waited until the following spring, when I painted a background of apple and cherry or plums in blossom.

Well, when I had looked at the barge and made a note of it, and of one or two other things, being in a leisurely mood, and quite certain that I was alone in the garden, I lifted the latch of the summer house door and walked in.

I declare that I suspected nothing. If I had known who were in the place I should have beat a drum, or blown a trumpet, or fired a cannon, to announce my approach, sooner than steal thus unawares upon them. But I did nothing, and pushed the door open without ceremony. Heavens! There was Bess Westmoreland, her head upon Jack's shoulder, while his hand clasped her waist and his lips kissed her cheek! Who would have suspected them? I was so surprised that I stood speechless, I dare say with mouth wide open, or eyes seen on the stage, where gestures of all kinds are exaggerated. Yet not so amazed but I saw what a pretty picture they made, he in his blue coat and crimson sash and his hat with the King's cockade, she in the pretty frock for which the women were now raging at her behind her back. A young man and a beautiful girl embracing cannot but make a pretty picture. As for this, I made a sketch in oils six months later. Bess stood to me for her portrait very willingly when I promised that the picture should be given to her sweetheart when he should return. As for the Lieutenant, I got a fellow, for a shilling or two, to stand in the attitude I wanted, while the face I drew from memory, with the assistance of Bess. I painted them in the summer house, and through the window you can see a ship slowly going down the river. For a reason, which you will presently learn, I never gave that picture to Jack; and, for my own reason, I have not sold it, but keep it hung up at home in my studio, though Castilla loves it not, and will never, if she can help it, look upon it—perhaps because the picture renders scant justice to the beauty of Bess, whose flushed cheeks, parted lips, and heaving bosom I endeavored, but perhaps with manifest ill success, to portray upon the canvas. Nor, I am aware, is justice done to the passion expressed in the lover's eyes, in his bending head, nay, even in the arms with which he held the nymph to his heart.

"Zounds!" cried Jack, as Bess screamed and started, and pushed him back, and sank upon the bench, her face in her hands. "Zounds and fury!" He stepped forward, his fists clinched, fire and distraction in his eyes. He was or cried away with his wrath that he did not at first even recognize me, and made on if he would draw his sword and make an end of me.

"Why, Jack," I cried, "I know not then were here! How should I know?"

"Pun this he let fly a round dozen or so of sailors' oaths, such as may be heard in Flagon Row or Anchorsmith Alley, sound and weighty oaths, every one more profane than its predecessor. The language of the fo'k'sle is, we know, readily and greedily acquired by every officer, and in two often adopted at his own to the end of his days.

"I knew not, Jack, indeed," I repeated, "that any one was here. What? Should I spy an your actions? As for what I have seen—"

"Let you go, Jack!" cried Bess; "oh, let me go! He will tell my father, who will send me away for a servant. And perhaps he will tell Aaron, who would murder you, if he could, without being hanged? Oh, Jack! what shall I do?"

"I shall tell no one, Bess," I said. "Why, it is no business of mine to go repeating what I have seen accidentally. Am I the town tattler?"

Jack looked doubtfully; then he laughed.

"Cheer up, Bess," he said. "no harm is done. Luke will never betray an old friend. He came here to draw the ships, which is all he thinks about. He will go away, and he will forget all about it."

"Nay," I said, "I shall not forget. But I shall hold my tongue."

"I won't trust on one—only you, Jack," said the girl.

"Hark ye, Luke"—Jack drew her closer to himself, and laid his arm round her neck—"hark ye, lad. Thou hast discovered what was not meant for thee—nor for any one—to know. That signifies nothing for a lad of honor. But for Bess's sake, swear it. Take on oath upon it."

"I swear, Bess," I declared to her, "that I will speak on single word of what I have seen and learned. If there were a Bible here, I would kiss the book to please you. You may trust me, Bess."

"You may, indeed, Bess," said Jack. "Hands upon it, lad."

So we shook hands, and in all that followed afterward I told nobody what had happened, and the thing was so managed that it was never suspected by any one except Aaron. It seems wonderful that no one in Deptford found it out, because it is a place where one half the women are continually employed in watching and spying

upon the other half, and find their chief happiness in detecting things which it was desired to keep secret, forgetting that others are employed in exactly the same inquiry after their secrets. Just as one bath observed a row of monkeys in cages, each thieving from one neighbor's dish, while the other steals from his.

"Trust all or none, Luke," said Jack. "Thou shalt know all, and be a witness between us. Listen. I have told Bess that I love her, and that when I come home again I will marry her. If I had not fallen in love with so much beauty and loveliness, I should have been a most miserable wretch, unworthy to be called a man. Was there ever a more charming nymph?" He leaned her again, while her great eyes swam with the pleasure of so much praise. "Thou shalt point her in me, Luke. And as for Bess, she says that she loves me. I believe she lies, because how such a girl, so soft and tender, can love a rough sea-bear like me, who knows none of the ways to please a woman, passes understanding. But she says she does, and I will question her farther upon this point when thy great ugly phiz is no more blocking up the gangway. And she will not believe that I am in earnest, Luke. That is my trouble with her. She will have that I shall go away and forget her, as many sailors do."

"So he will," said Bess. "They all go away and forget the girls who loved them. And then I shall break my heart and die; if I don't, I shall hang myself."

"So, Luke, listen and be a witness. What do I care who her father is? Such a girl deserves to be the daughter of a Commodore. Talk not to me of gentlewomen here. Where is there any woman, gentle or simple, with such eyes as Bess, such lips as Bess, such hair as Bess?" I declare he kept kissing her at each sentence, she making no manner of resistance. "So I will swear to her, in thy presence, Luke, to make it more solemn, and to make her believe my word. I, Jack Easterbrook"—he took her hand at this point, as if he were actually marrying her in church, and by the minister or priest—"I, Jack Easterbrook, do solemnly promise and vow that I will never make love to any other woman and never marry any other woman than Bess Westmoreland, and that I will never think of any other woman at home or in foreign parts. First, I must get commissioned, and then, when the war is over, I will come back and marry my Bess. Kiss me again, girl. This is my solemn promise and oath, in which I will not fail, SO HELP ME GOD!"

I have often since that day wondered at the amazing force of the passion which could make so young a man pull down upon himself the awful vengeance of offending Omnipotence if he broke a vow of constancy uttered a girl he had seen but twice or thrice, for I count as nothing the time when she was a child, and he came to her father for lessons.

As he spoke the last words his eyes grew dim with tenderness, and he stooped and kissed the girl on her forehead, as if to seal and consecrate the vow. As for her, she was transfigured. I could not believe that love could so powerfully change a woman's face. She had reason for triumph; but it was not triumph in her eyes; rather was it a kind of humble pride—a wondering joy that so gallant a man should love her, with a doubt whether it was not, after all, a passing fancy, and a fear that she should not fix his affections.

"Oh!" she sighed—"oh, Jack!" and could find no more words.

"Bess," I said, "vows ought not to be all on one side. If Jack promises so much, what hast thou to promise in thy turn?"

"Tell me what to say. Oh! I not only a poor girl. What can I promise him? I am so ignorant that I do not know what to promise. Jack, do you want me to say that I will be faithful? No—you cannot. Why, is there any man in the world to compare with you? If a woman cannot be true and constant to you, she can not be true to any man. As for the rest of them, I value not one of them a brass farthing. Oh!" she laughed and clapped her hands. "Why, I am content to be his slave, Luke—yes, his slave, to toil and work for him all day long—he slave—his servant—" She fell on her knees before him. "Oh, Jack, command me what you please! I want nothing more than to obey your orders."

Wonderful! It was her love made this ignorant and willful girl at once eloquent and humble. Jack lifted her up, and held her by both hands.

"You are a King's officer, Jack," she went on, speaking rapidly. "I must try so that you shall not be ashamed of your wife. I am but the daughter of a Penman, I know. He writes letters for sailors, and teaches mathematics to midshipmen and young sailor officers, if there are any. But I have time to learn, and I will find out how to bear myself like a gentlewoman, and to talk like one, and to dress myself as a gentleman's wife ought to dress herself. I will make my father teach me to read and to write, and so for manners—I will go to Mr Brinjes. He will do anything in the world for you, Jack, and for the woman of your choice."

One could not choose but laugh at thinking of Mr Brinjes as a teacher of polite manners and conversation. He had learned the most approved fashion, no doubt, among the Mandingoes and the Ocoomanyms. Yet the earnest and serious manner in which the girl spoke made the matter moving. However, enough was said, and I offered to go, but she caught me by the hand.

"Stay, Luke," she whispered. "Jack, some of you break your vows, but you will not, Jack—you will not? As for me, I need not promise, for I cannot choose but be true to mine."

She laid her head upon his breast, and I left them, shutting the door behind me, and going very softly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

When the cutter *Genesta* was here last season, nothing surprised her owner, Mr Richard Brown, or her captain, Mr Carter, so much as the sad collection of excursion steamers which gathered at the places of start and finish of the races for the *America's* Cup. "We never had anything of this kind in England," said Captain Carter, "our people would not think of turning out in this manner."

The great outside interest taken in this event accounts for the large fleet of steamers which carried such surprise to honest John Carter. A peculiarity of the crowd which thronged the deck of the excursion steamer on an occasion of this kind is that not more than half of those on board can at a glance tell the difference between a cruiser and a yacht, and only a few of those present are able to follow intelligently the movements of the racing yachts. Still, all have their fill of fresh sea-air, and all get more than the full value of their money. In the case at Marblehead this season, at the regatta of the Eastern Yacht Club, as great a is the demand for the excursion steamer that there was not one disengaged in Boston or any of the neighboring ports. New York is generally equal to almost any demand, but in the case of the *Genesta* and *Puritan* races the supply here was exhausted, and Boston had to be drawn upon to satisfy the demand. While a very enjoyable excursion may be had in this democratic fashion, there is no doubt that the most luxurious fashion of going to see a yacht race is to clap it, as Mr. Thackeray has depicted it, from the deck of a steam-yacht.

John Bull is persevering, and not discouraged by defeat. He waited nineteen years after the *American* took the cup that has become the trophy of yachting superiority, before he thought he had sufficiently improved his yacht to make her the equal of the Yankee craft, and then he came for it in the *Cambria*. The boat was all right, but John had much to unlearn and learn about canvas and rigging. It has taken him fourteen years to learn this lesson, but he has learned it very perfectly, and as the matter of set of canvas or ability of rig the Americans have had to take second place, and in many points to copy from the British rigger and sail-maker. The bribles on the gaff, the runners from the mast-head, the short lower mast, long topmast, and long gaff are all "English, you know," but the American prohibitionists have learned to adopt them. In model—well, the *Galatea* and the *Mayflower* look so much alike that an inexpert eye will not detect any difference, and a Boston paper which upon her arrival printed a picture of the *Galatea* was accused of using its old plate of the *Mayflower*.

Before the water-line there is no doubt that the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, and *Atlanta* are improvements of the British cutter. They are not copies of the cutter model, but they are improvements upon it. The centre-board is both an addition and an improvement, but either of the three can go without it as a fast yacht, and the inferiority of the *Priscilla* is that with her centre-board she has no keel; and if the *Galatea* does not carry back the cup, and the *Iris* comes for it next year and meets with disappointment, the yacht that will then be built in Great Britain, designed solely for speed and to capture this world-wide trophy, will, in all human probability, have the centre-board in addition to the keel.

The result, therefore, of the offer of this cup as a challenge prize has been to gradually assimilate the two distinct types of yacht, preserving the best features of each. In 1870, when Mr. Ashbury first came for it in the *Cambria*, what could have been imagined more dissimilar than models like those of the *Vision*, *Gracie*, *Idlewild*, *Fanny*, etc., and single-masted yachts of the same lengths in Great Britain? Gradually they have approached each other, until the red streak and gilt ribbon are necessary to enable the non-professional to distinguish between the *Galatea* and the *Mayflower*. The *Cambria* was not so much unlike the American schooners, and the *Livonia* came still nearer to resemblance. Probably if the cutter rig had not come into such prominence among the racing yachts of Great Britain, and had not proved so superior in speed to all others, the schooner would have been improved upon until a vessel of that rig would have been evolved good enough to capture the cup, for the schooner was by all odds the best for the voyage across the ocean. In fact, the cutter would have been here long before 1885 if it had not been for some doubt as to whether an deep and narrow a model, heavily weighted with lead, could successfully cross the Atlantic.

## LAWN TENNIS AT NEWPORT.

The National Lawn-tennis Association's sixth annual tournament, which was closed at Newport on August 28, brought out a brilliant winner to compete with Mr Sears for the championship of America, but not one who was able to beat that champion. Mr Buckman, who won the All-Comers prize this year, and who in winning it won also the right to be pitted against Mr Sears for the championship, is an exceedingly graceful player, and, as his work in the tournament has shown, a strong one as well. It was not expected by the experts that he would win the All-Comers prize this year, Dr Dwinny being the first favorite and Mr Taylor the second. There was a general desire to see Dr. Dwinny and the champion brought together, but the Doctor was put out of the contest in the first day's play by Mr Taylor, and Mr Taylor himself was obliged to succumb finally to the deck of his young opponent.

In the first day's play, on August 23, Dr Dwinny and Mr Taylor were pitted against each other, the conditions being the best three in five. Each of the players won two sets, the Doctor winning by easy and brilliant and Mr Taylor by swift and fruitful play. The deciding set fell to Mr Taylor after a long and most exciting battle.

It was thought by many, after the defeat of Dr Dwinny, that there could surely be nobody to come between Mr Taylor and the All Comers prize, but this estimate was an unprecedented or many others proved to be in the course of the last tournament. Mr Taylor beat Mr Clark in three straight sets on the fourth day. In the mean time Mr Buckman had beaten Mr Miller in three straight sets, Mr Mansfield in three out of four, and Mr Chase in three straight; and this brought Mr Taylor and Mr. Buckman together for the decisive match for the All-Comers prize on the fifth day. The first set to that match was won by Mr Taylor, and it was still not doubted that the prior would fall to him; but Mr Buckman won the next three sets, and the match, and the All Comers prize, in spite of all thought and all theory. But, as said, when Mr Buckman came to meet Mr Sears on the following day he found the odds too heavy. Mr Sears won three sets out of four, and the championship still rests in the hands that have held it during six uninterrupted years.

Mr Richard Dudley Sears needs to play but one more winning game for the championship in order to hold it finally. He is twenty five years old, and a graduate of Harvard in the class of '83. His record at tennis places him easily at the head of all tennis-players in this country. It is probable that he is twenty per cent. better than the best of the other players here. When he played in England, during the spring and early summer of 1884, it was considered that there were about ten among the English players who could beat him, but it is not probable that there are more than six men in England who can beat him to-day. At doubles, on which he and Dr Dwinny played together, there were only one pair in England who were superior, and they were the famous Renshaw brothers, the English champions. Mr Sears is about five feet nine inches in height, lithe and graceful.

Dr James Dwinny, of Boston, whom so many wished to see pitted against Mr Sears at the close of this tournament, is thirty-six years of age, and about five feet four inches in height. He has probably done more than any other man for the advancement of American tennis playing. For the last year and a half or more he has been playing in England and the south of France. He is, of course, an exceedingly finished player. Like Mr. Sears and the Renshaws, he is a famous volleyer.

Mr R. Livingston Buckman is about twenty years of age, and five feet eleven inches in height. In addition to his triumph at the Newport tournament, he has been the winner of every important tournament held this year. He is the most graceful and easy of all the American players, his style being considered superior even to that of Mr Sears.

Mr Howard A. Taylor is twenty years of age. Like Dr Dwinny, he is a small man, being about five feet five inches in height. Last year he neglected the tennis tournaments, and he neglected them again this year until he entered the one at Newport. It is probable, however, that he has continued his practice privately. He is perhaps a better player than Mr Buckman, with more pluck and nerve, but his style is not equal to that of the last winner of the All-Comers Prize.

In the doubles at the tournament Messrs Sears and Dwinny had little trouble in maintaining first place.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Judging from a newspaper account, there is a great deal of injustice visited upon the physicians of Russia. The Russian physician's fee is a "monument of tyranny," the account says; but it seems out of place to call anything so small a monument, the fee for ordinary visits being a trifle varying between seven and a half and fifteen cents. In China, where there is a like condition of niggardly fees, the physicians have no injurious way of protecting themselves, but the Russian physician is an unprotected slave, according to the account from which we are quoting. The law compels him to answer every summons under penalty of a fine varying from one dollar to twenty, and if he neglects a grave case he is put into jail for three months. Of course it is plain that a Russian physician might wear himself out in making visits at seven and a half cents each, and at the close of a day, being prostrated and utterly unable to answer a final call, find his entire profits swept away and himself deeply in debt by reason of a single fine. It would be better for him to neglect a grave case and go to jail, where he would at least have rest. Still better would it be for him to adopt the device of his professional brother of China, and administer such uncomfortable medicines that people would perish rather than call him in. The smaller the practice, the luckier the doctor, when fees are no bigger than car fares.

The numerous great woodland fires lately have set thought working, and the proposition is submitted that the gum of the pine-tree, acting as a lens, concentrates the sun's rays upon some convenient bit of tinder, and so starts the little flame that speedily smoulders, and finally consumes a forest. Anybody who doubts the probability of this here only to obtain a piece of pine-tree gum, and undertake to kindle a fire with it in the manner stated. It might not do for a person of short patience, in a hurry for the bottle to boil, but it would be just the thing for calm and indefatigable philosophers. It is a wonder that it was never thought of by all the people who have from time to time been caught in the wilderness without matches, and who have almost invariably resorted to the exhausting device of rubbing dry sticks together. Perhaps, by-the-way, the forests that have been burned lately were set on fire by the rubbing of their dry sticks together. That is possible, and it is possible also that some person was abroad in them who was careless with his matches, or in attending to the moderate fire which he had started for the purposes of cooking or otherwise for his own comfort.

The process of exaggeration which goes on with Eastern newspaper reports as they travel West is strikingly shown in a recent instance. A report originating in Philadelphia stated simply that a horse belonging to an oyster dealer in that town had formed a habit of eating oysters, and seemed to like them. When that report reached St. Louis it stated that a horse in Philadelphia regularly ate oysters off the half shell. Now from Denver comes the astonishing information that an enormous oyster in a Philadelphia market recently bit off the leg of a horse!

The difference between what appears to be and what is is sometimes curiously illustrated. While a menagerie was entering the city of Portsmouth, in England, lately, a large elephant broke away and ran into the barracks. From his terrific trumpeting, the snapping of his eyes, and the nervous energy of his movements it was supposed that he was angry and bent on dangerous mischief, and this impression was strengthened when, meeting a sentry, he removed the soldier by winding his trunk about him and tossing him to one side. Nevertheless the intentions of the elephant were quite peaceable and ordinary. After upsetting the sentry he gallaped across the barrack square to a bench upon which a dish of potatoes and a bucket of water were standing, and having eaten the potatoes and drunk the water, returned quietly to his place in the menagerie line. If the sentry had not happened to be between the hungry elephant and this bit of free lunch he would not have been upset.

FIG. "Mr Sullivan seems to be laboring awfully."
SIR. "Is that Mr Sullivan? I now understand what brother Jack meant when he said—he says, you know—'If Sullivan does not take care of his health, he will not be able to meet heavy-weights much longer.'"

THE RUINS OF CHARLESTON.—Photographed by W. E. Weeks, Savannah, Georgia.

1. The Guard House. 2. St. Michael's Church. 3. *News and Courier* Office. 4. St. Philip's Church. 5. No. 27 Broad Street. 6. Hibernian Hall. 7. The Medical College.

THE NIGHT OF THE EARTHQUAKE IN CHARLEST

AUGUST 31, 1886.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

# PATTY? OR THE PISTOL?

## A DRAWING-ROOM COMEDY.

IN ONE ACT

By OLIVE LOGAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Clown*, Mr. RANDOLPH REX, *aged 20. Address, Washington Square, New York.*

*Punch*, *Clown's friend*, SAM SHIVERTREE, *aged 16. Address, the country at large.*

*Reporter for the "Society Spy-Glass,"* Mr. BOSTON, *aged 30. Address, at the office of the paper.*

*Confidential Man-Servant*, Mr. GOSSIP, *aged 36. Address, at present employer's.*

*Patty, the widow (of whom hereafter)*, Miss PATTY PERPLEXITY, *aged —. Address, the Pacific coast.*

SCENE.—A garden at night. Trees hung with Japanese lanterns. Music heard in the distance.

*Enter the* REPORTER *for the "SOCIETY SPY-GLASS."*

*Reporter.* Positively one of the most successful entertainments ever given in New York! So new, too! [*Sits on bench.*] Ladies and gentlemen belonging to the most exclusive circles of society here on illuminated beer garden, and gent having evaluations of well-known pictures, at five dollars a ticket, in aid of the complicated charities of the metropolis. Oh, charity! Rare virtue! Fearfully rare virtue! I never had any myself. Fearfully rare! I never had any virtue whatever; rare or well done.

*Enter a* CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT.

*C. Man-Servant* (*observing* REPORTER). A person sitting on a bench under the trees, and not talking to anybody! Curses George Francis Train should one him for colorable imitation. What, ho! there!

*Reporter.* No hoe whatever. I haven't the smallest article of the kind about me. You can search me if you doubt it. I am not an agricultural tourist at all. True, I unearth things. I am a reporter for the society papers. My business is to dig up scandals, and I always call a spade a spade.

*C. Man-Servant.* A spade a spade! Oh no; a reporter of your stamp would not call a spade a spade. He would allude to the unoffending shovel as a—hem! hem!—agricultural implement.

*Reporter.* Your appreciation of the approved journalistic style is keen. Perchance you yourself are a member of the editorial craft, and may have won your spurs at Cincinnati? If so, your servant, sir! I know how to recognize my superiors.

*C. Man-Servant.* You mistake. I have dealt in muriatic acid, but not that kind. My father left me a chemical works.

*Reporter.* Happy father!

*C. Man-Servant.* True. He had one as a one.

*Reporter.* And surely the chemical works must have been capable of producing antidotes even for the worst mishaps. One of your sort, for instance.

*C. Man-Servant* (*bowing*). You do me proud. But I have seen your face before.

*Reporter.* Possibly. That is where I always carry it.

*C. Man-Servant.* I know I have met your face before. I am certain of it. When I am certain of a thing, I always know it.

*Reporter.* Singular man!

*C. Man-Servant.* I am proud of my singularity, sir—particularly as regards the sex. Partiality to wives I regard as an offence. Mormonism next go.

*Reporter* (*rising*). So must I.

*C. Man-Servant.* One moment, sir. I am not mistaken—you are—?

*Reporter.* I am

*C. Man-Servant.* I was sure of it. When I am dead sure of a thing in that way I always want to find somebody, who thinks the contrary, to bet with.

*Reporter.* Sorry I can't oblige. I never bet myself.

*C. Man-Servant.* You are wise. Your value, as a stake, is trifling. You are not money—reporters never are, you are not even a cup.

*Reporter.* Nevertheless I can hold almost any given quantity.

*C. Man-Servant.* How! Pardon my seeming obtuseness, lest the fact is, the beer sold in this garden is from a bottled firm, which I am bound in honor not to patronize.

*Reporter.* Bound in what?

*C. Man-Servant.* In honor.

*Reporter.* How! Pardon my seeming obtuseness, but the fact is, I do not understand the foreign language you are now amusing yourself by speaking.

*C. Man-Servant* (*sits on bench, with lay up, carelessly*). Come now, Ben Boston, tell me by what extraordinary circumstance you, one of the gilded youth of New York, heir on a fortune and a fine family name, are now seen in the humble and not altogether savory capacity of reporter for the society papers.

*Reporter.* The same not extraordinary but very ordinary circumstance which has reduced you yourself, Gordon Gossip, a man about town, and well known club lounger in every city of the two hemispheres, to some low level in the social world which I do not as yet quite fix. What are you, Gordon?

*C. Man-Servant.* I am a confidential man-servant.

*Reporter* (*in surprise*). Indeed! To whom?

*C. Man-Servant.* You a gentleman of New York

*Reporter.* That statement confines guessing to a narrow circle. I shall call them all off, and when I are your face change I shall know I've hit the right one, or the spiritual medium do when they tell you the Christian name of your dead grandmother on the father's side.

*C. Man-Servant.* I like being a man-servant with a gentleman better than being a gentleman with a man-servant.

*Reporter.* You surprise me. You are democratic indeed. George Washington himself was less so. Even the present President falls short of the Jeffersonian simplicity of which you boast.

*C. Man-Servant.* I'd rather be right than President.

*Reporter.* The people of the United States would rather you would too, I'm sure.

*C. Man-Servant.* Then all are satisfied. What can we wish for more? Shake hands.

[*They shake hands.*

*Reporter.* Is it possible that you have squandered your entire fortune, Gordon?

*C. Man-Servant.* Yes. I have run through the chemical works.

*Reporter.* Dear me! Now I should have thought that, on the contrary, the chemical works—

*C. Man-Servant.* Oh no. I am a wonderful alchemist. I get the whip hand of them. I turned everything into greenbacks.

*Reporter.* And then turned greenbacks into everything. Just my case. Now all's gone—nothing left. But tell me, does your employer move in the very highest circles of society?

*C. Man-Servant.* He seeks the High Cohn of the Alps of American fashion.

*Reporter.* Dear me! How exalted! I wonder if you and I could not make a deal?

*C. Man-Servant.* Don't ask me to write a letter to you saying I will wait upon him as you direct. I do not wish to be indicted.

*Reporter.* No. Something easier than that; something done quite in—in—what was that peculiar word you used just now?

[*Lays his finger on his brow, as if so thought.*

*C. Man-Servant.* Humbug?

*Reporter* (*snaps his fingers*). That's it! Knew I'd heard the word before. Learns it at school. Haven't thought of it since. Forgot it along with my Greek and Hebrew. What I was going to propose is this. You live in luxury, do you not?

*C. Man-Servant.* I do. What in being a servant such as I am? Merely the other side to being a gentleman such as I was. Same pleasures, same table, same carriages, horses, yachts, opera-boxes, and so on. Less the consideration, true; but, on the other hand, less the responsibility, which equalizes the matter to a nicety. What can I do to oblige you?

*Reporter.* Just this. You can give me items for my paper of what goes on in the circles of high life. (Like this, you know. Albert Scotland has given his mother's diamonds to a Parisian notoriety, Mrs. Pompadour Dulcary is a friend of Mr Sovereign King. All that sort of thing. Do you take?

*C. Man-Servant* (*holds out his hand*). Yes, any thing.

*Reporter.* Oh, that's all right. The paper is generous for a beat in scandal. We will go shares in what I earn.

*C. Man-Servant.* Very good. You shall hear from me shortly. I can give you cart-loads of the sort of thing you want. Well, ta-ta.

[*Holds out hand.*

*Reporter.* You are going?

*C. Man-Servant.* Yes: I am my employer yonder. He may come this way.

*Reporter.* And you walk off the other?

*C. Man-Servant.* Quite so. He might want me to do something for him, and I'd rather not.

[*Strolls off leisurely through trees at back.*

*Reporter* (*solus*). Big stroke of luck, my meeting him. I shall dispose of all I can write now, and then I'll be exhibited in the dime museum as the greatest curiosity ever known in the journalistic world. But haste! Let me make some memoranda of this evening scene in the notebook of the society reporter—my shirt cuff.

[*Pulls down shirt cuff, and writes on it with pencil.*

*Enter* CLOWN *and* PUNCH, *with fencing foils.*

*Clown* (*handing fencing foils to* REPORTER). Would you kindly oblige by acting as second to both of us in our approaching duel?

*Reporter* (*aside*). A duel between the Clown and Punch of the most successful picture of the evening! Here's luck! Two columns at least. [*Aloud.*] With pleasure.

*Punch* (*striding about*). Oh, cruel fate! To kill my best friend!

*Clown* (*skipping after him*). To run a man through, when you decidedly prefer him without any holes in him! Oh, remorseless necessity!

*Reporter.* But only on condition that I am fully informed of the particulars of the quarrel.

*Punch.* Particulars! The usual particulars—wears bonnets and gowns.

*Clown.* Is a widow with a lapdog.

*Punch.* To explain the matter briefly, sir, let me introduce myself as Colonel Sam Shivertree, a gentleman of leisure, well known the country through. I have been in Congress, still live, and am sometimes believed on oath. This is a young gentleman named Randolph Rex, a member of an aristocratic family residing in Washington Square. We are firm friends, and have pastured to-night, as perhaps you may have observed, as leading figures in the popular picture called the Duel after the Masked Ball.

*Reporter* (*writing rapidly on shirt cuff*). I wish I had another shirt here. These two cuffs will hardly take all my news.

*Punch.* Last Monday Mr. Rex was kind enough to give me his confidence. He is twenty-three years old, and had fallen in love.

*Reporter.* Remarkable novelty, these circumstances. [*Writes.*

*Punch.* Others are to follow. On Tuesday I, who am fifty-six years old, did the same thing.

*Clown.* Yes a whole week on alternate days we confide to each other the rapture we have experienced in the society of the most fascinating creature that ever acted as tug for a King Charles spaniel—

*Punch.* And to-night, for the first time, we recognize the horror of our situation. We, fast friends, have both fallen in love with the same woman.

*Clown.* And her name is Patty—

*Punch.* A widow—

*Clown.* From the Pacific coast.

*Punch.* A beautiful coquette! She loves me on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—

*Clown.* And me on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Sundays are off-days with her—no for no we know. Now neither of us is satisfied with half her heart. Each wants all of Patty, or none of Patty. So on guard, rival! One, two—

[*They cross swords savagely.*

*Enter* PATTY *precipitately.*

*Patty.* Three! [*Interposes. They cease fighting.*

*Reporter* (*writing*). "The charming cause of contention suddenly appeared upon the scene—"

*Patty.* How dare you attack my admirer of mine, Mr Randolph Rex?

*Clown.* You defied him against me? Oh, Patty!

*Patty.* By what right do you ill treat the young friend of mine, Colonel Sam Shivertree?

*Punch.* You are pulverized by the attractions of the youthful Clown! Oh, Mrs. Perplexity! But a widow! Sure Weller was right.

*Patty.* I am very fond of you both.

*Reporter* (*writing*). "Remarkable peculiarity in a widow—fond of two men—"

*Patty.* Who are you?

*Reporter.* The wizard of the age, the printing-press.

*Patty.* A reporter! I don't want to be interviewed. I was born on the Pacific coast in the year 1848, of poor but dishonest parents; never went to school; remarked for my beauty at the age of sixteen; married at eighteen to a wealthy old scoundrel who died two years after, and left me free, with a large fortune. I am young, opulent, and beautiful. I don't want anything published about me in the newspapers.

*Reporter.* Hum! so I should fancy.

*Punch.* Such charms, you will agree, are worth fighting for. On guard, rival! [*They cross swords.*

*Enter* CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT.

*C. Man-Servant.* Ah, a duel! Pray are these gentlemen from Ohio?

*Patty.* Go about your business.

*C. Man-Servant.* I have none. I'm a New York servant.

*Patty.* A servant? Then you certainly know your employer's business. How does he avoid fighting?

*C. Man-Servant.* He adopts the plan mentioned in "Hudibras"—he runs away.

*Patty.* Come, duellists, run away!

*Reporter.* Allow me to suggest your doing so first. We men have a few words to say together.

*Patty* (*going*). I am now residing, Mr Reporter, in the state drawing rooms of the Martha Washington Grand Hotel, on Cornwallis Avenue, and may be seen without a telescope any day at the dinner-table, attired in a wondrous creation made by Value, the great Parisian man-milliner, which sets off to the fullest degree my remarkable beauty. I am—

*Reporter.* I see you are. This way, madam, will lead you to perfect seclusion. [*Hands her off.*

*Clown.* We have now, each of us, a second. Quite the right thing. Rival, on guard!

[*They cross swords.*

*Punch.* Stop! There's a pin sticking me in my ruff. I must remove it. [*They cease fighting.*

*C. Man-Servant.* Really, gentlemen, these false starts in your duel are becoming a nuisance. You ought to do it or leave it alone. But why fight at all? I know a cent way to accomplish your aim.

*Clown and Punch* (*together*). Name the sum!

*C. Man-Servant* (*drawing a pack of playing-cards from his pocket*). You see these mystic toys of the goddess Chance?

*Reporter* (*writing*). "Mystic toys of the goddess Chance were now drawn from the tail coat pocket of the—"

*C. Man-Servant.* You simply—very simply indeed—draw cards from the pack until one of you draws a heart—

*Clown and Punch* (*breathlessly*). Drawn a heart?

*C. Man-Servant.* And the first man who drawn a heart gets Patty.

*Clown and Punch* (*breathlessly*). And the other?

*C. Man-Servant.* Gets a pistol.

*Reporter* (*writing*). "One duellist is loaded with Patty, the other with—"

*C. Man-Servant.* The man who gets Patty marries her. That's his punishment for being a fool. And the one who gets the pistol blows out his brains with it. That's his punishment for dirty ditto. Do you agree to this plan?

*Clown and Punch* (*breathlessly*). We do!

*C. Man-Servant* (*to* REPORTER). Will you join the lady.

*Reporter.* Trusting that the champagne furnished at this beer garden does not labor under the disadvantage of coming from a firm which Patty, in honor or otherwise, feels herself obliged to boycott. [*They around leisurely, arm in arm.*

*Punch.* Now then, sir! I place the cards upon the ground, face downward. Draw!

*Clown.* After you, sir. Youth after age, beauty after homeliness—

*Punch.* As one after a wise man! I draw. There! [*Draws a card.*] The Ace of Spades!

*Clown.* That gives you a black eye. [*Draws.*] The Queen of Hearts!

*Punch.* You're pulled pretty Patty!

*Clown.* Queen of Tarts! and Queen of Hearts! I'll join them in their carousals. They want this way, I think. [*Exit, skipping joyfully.*

*Punch.* To die, to blow my own brains out! How excessively troublesome!

*Enter* CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT *with a glass of wine.*

*C. Man-Servant.* The Burgundy at this beer-garden is not to be despised. I been brought you a glass. After you have disposed of it, I shall come to you again, accompanied by the pistol.

[*Exit.*

*Punch* (*sits on chair with glass in his hand*). Strange how very desirable life now appears to me, even devoid of the attractions of Patty! Nay, perchance its sweetness would be enhanced by the absence of the widow. I care for the two, though. What fools we both were! [*Laughter and clashing of glasses heard outside.*] Ah! they are enjoying themselves vastly. They care little enough for me.

*Enter* CLOWN.

*Clown.* What, singing! You must feel very gay.

*Punch.* I do. You've no idea how completely to cure one is concerning all such small worldly troubles a man one is about to retract their settlement to that admirable executor, a pistol.

*Clown.* I wish I cropped your pence of mind. I hardly think I shall relish life with a King Charles spaniel.

*Punch.* And Patty

*Clown.* And Patty, of course. Very much of course. Very much of Patty.

*Enter* PATTY.

*Patty.* Oh, my beloved affianced!

[*Embraces Clown vigorously.*

*Clown.* Don't press me too hard; I'm afraid you'll bend me. I'm far from firm, I assure you.

[*Weeps.*

*Patty.* I have forgotten to mention to you that after we are married I intend residing in Arizona.

*Clown.* Do you? How long?

*Patty.* As long as the Indians will permit. Come, future husband. Lead Carlo by his string.

*Clown.* While you lead me by mine.

[*She drags Clown off, and he drags the dog off. Exeunt.*

*Punch.* Patty? Or the pistol? 'Tis Hobson's choice for unpleasantness. I see that now.

*Enter* CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT, *with pistol.*

*C. Man-Servant.* Excuse my keeping you waiting for the pistol.

*Punch.* Don't apologize, I beg.

*C. Man-Servant.* Here it is. A clumsy affair, but a sure one. Belongs to the brewer. He keeps it to shoot his disabled old horses, and put them out of their misery. I've oiled it well.

*Punch.* You are infernally obliging, I must say.

*C. Man-Servant.* Don't mention it. There are the balls, caps, powder. [*Gives them.*] And no good-by to you.

[*Shakes hands, and retires out of sight.*

*Punch* (*charges the pistol with powder and cap*). I don't mind losing the widow, certainly, but why didn't I think of that before I won the pistol? [*Plays with balls.*] To think that these tough pills are to be the final dose for Colonel Sam Shivertree! Um! one last cigarette under the trees yonder. I'll lean the pistol here. The balls will be safe in my pocket.

[*Leaves pistol on table, puts balls in his pocket. Exit leisurely.*

CONFIDENTIAL MAN-SERVANT *descends stage.*

*C. Man-Servant.* He hesitates.

*Enter the* REPORTER *mysteriously, wrapped in long cloak.*

*Reporter.* Is the deed done?

*C. Man-Servant.* He will shoot himself anon.

*Reporter.* Don't let him fail. Think of our bargain. Halves in all our newspaper sensations. There's the Treasury in it! [*Exit.*

*C. Man-Servant.* If he won't shoot himself, I must find some one who will.

*Enter* PATTY, *wildly.*

*Patty.* Have you seen him?

*C. Man-Servant.* No.

*Patty.* Where's the Reporter? This makes me the most celebrated woman in America. Two gentlemen fight a duel for my hand. One shoots one, the other marries himself. No, reversely. No matter, you know what I mean. If you see the Reporter send him to me. [*Exit.*

*C. Man-Servant.* We are sure of no item about her. But the pistol must not miss fire.

[*Picks it up from table.*

*Enter* CLOWN, *who snatches it from him.*

*Clown.* Give it to me! My resolve is fixed! I take the pistol, and leave him Patty.

[*Rushes off with pistol.*

*C. Man-Servant.* Any way you like, so there's a man shot.

*Enter* PUNCH.

*Punch.* I've finished the cigarette. Now for another sort of fire. [*Looks for pistol.*] Gone! [*Pistol shot heard outside.*] What's that?

*C. Man-Servant.* Only this: the friend you wanted to kill in a duel has shot himself.

*Punch* (*weeps*). Ah me, how can I endure life without the friend I wanted to kill in a duel?

[*Loud screaming heard without.*

*C. Man-Servant.* Screaming after shooting one's self with a pistol!

*Punch.* Peculiar, but not inexplicable. The powder acted like snuff. The pistol was not loaded. I have the balls in my pocket.

[*Shows them.*

*Enter* CLOWN, *followed by* PATTY *and* REPORTER.

*Clown.* I am tired of shooting myself. One can have too much of a good thing. Good-by, pistol. [*Throws it on ground.*

*C. Man-Servant* (*picking up pistol, and getting it to* PUNCH). By the terms of the agreement, if he don't kill himself, you must kill yourself.

*Clown* (*snatching pistol from him*). Vampire! Haven't enough people been shot here in the last half-hour?

*Reporter.* The worst of it is that nobody is dead.

*Patty.* I don't care whether they are dead or alive. I am now the most celebrated woman in America. I consent to be interviewed. This way, Mr Reporter, and I will give you my whole history. To begin at the beginning, I was born when I was a mere infant—

[*She takes the arm of the* REPORTER, *and talks to him until they are out of sight, he listening.* CLOWN *and* PUNCH *execute gymnastics of delight, and embrace each other.*

*Clown.* Colonel, my old friend!

*Punch.* Randy, my boy!

*Clown.* No more Patty!

*Punch.* No more pistol!

*C. Man-Servant.* And no more Reporter!

## WILLIAM WARREN.

THE stranger who passes a few days in Boston will be sure to meet in some central street of that city—and will also be sure to notice, if he be an observant person—a tall, well-knit, elderly man, who comes sauntering by him with the air of easy, leisurely familiarity of one who has grown up with the place and watched its every minutest change with some spiritual development of his own—a kind of proprietorship, and yet of undoubtedness, if no fanciful a phrase may be admitted. The gait is slow, but not heavy, no longer free and swinging, like that of even advanced manhood, and yet not indicative of uncertainty. The figure is erect; the head, which bears the shinest of hats poised just the least bit aslant upon an unmistakable wig of glossy brown, is thrown a little back and to one side; the smoothly shaven, rather pallid face has a pleasant mouth and a bright, shrewd eye, while the contour of the cheeks has that squareness and the thrust that fulness which indicate much use of the organs of facial and vocal expression. The dress is not foppish, but is punctiliously exact, neat, and fine, with a possible slight disposition toward a marked style in the overcoat that suits the season to a day, and in the open collar of a coat no longer common.

And if the stranger's curiosity, roused by this encounter, be piqued to inquisitiveness on seeing this same gentleman in the evening standing in the lobby or seated in an orchestra stall at some theatre, with the manner of one who knows all about it, and yet is neither uninterested nor *blasé*, the Bostonian guide, philosopher, and friend will probably reply, with polite toleration and surprise, "That? why, that's WARREN!" and vouchsafe no further information.

Yet, as there may be many to whom the name of WILLIAM WARREN is not known as that of one of the great comedians of the century, or who, knowing thus much, have little notion of his character, capacity, and accomplishments, no outline sketch of these may fitly accompany the portrait of him which is printed elsewhere in this journal.

WILLIAM WARREN was born in Philadelphia November 17, 1812, and came of truly theatrical lineage. His father, who came from England in 1796, at the age of nineteen, and was in his lifetime an actor and manager of repute, married in New York a Scotch girl, ESTHER FORTUNE, who, like her sister EUPHEMIA, the grandmother of JOSEPH JEFFERSON, was a good and popular actress. Young WARREN'S first appearance was made on October 27, 1832, at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, the occasion being a benefit to his father, and his part, Young Norval. He was sufficiently successful to be allowed to give up the mercantile life which had been mapped out for him, and to take to the stage instead. After some irregular exercise at different times and places, he became a member of the Boston Howard Athenæum company, which he joined on October 6, 1846, playing *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. Here he made his mark, and was engaged at the end of this season for the Boston Museum, where he began his work on August 23, 1847, as Billy Lackaday and Gregory Grizzle, and where he remained until his withdrawal from the stage at the end of the season of 1889-3—a period of thirty-four years, broken only by a short time of touring in 1864-5 as head of the "WARREN OXTON combination," under H. C. JARRETT'S management. During all this extended professional life Mr WARREN only played once in New York, on April 14, 1841, when he appeared as Grizzle. He also acted once in London, for a benefit, at the Strand Theatre, in the year 1844, when he played Con Gormley in *The Vermont Wool Dealer*.

When the half-century of his work was nearing its close, Mr WARREN was invited to accept a testimonial benefit tendered him by fellow-citizens who represented the best in Boston society, art, and literature. Performances were given on the afternoon and evening of October 28, 1882, and the Museum was crowded, although to the double price of the seats was to be added in most cases a considerable auction premium. In the afternoon he acted Dr Pangloss, and in the evening Sir Peter Teazle, and a special programme, bearing a fine steel portrait and some biographical details, was distributed. The bill gives printed several appropriate sketches, and it was noted that he had performed, in his thirty-four years at the Museum, 13,345 times, in 577 parts, 5799 of these performances having been in only 68 characters. After the evening performance there was a small gathering of friends at his residence, when some testimonials were presented to him, among them a silver pitcher from the Boston Theatre Company, and a "loving-cup" sent him by BOOTH, JEFFERSON BARRETT, MCCULLOUGH, and MARY ANDERSON, Mr WILLIAM WINTER being the messenger, and accompanying the gift by a sonorous poem.

Shortly after this the regular season closed, and Mr WARREN then severed his long connection with the Museum, and, as the result has proved, withdrew finally from the stage. Some things had occurred to weaken slightly the sympathy and heartiness of his former relations, but his feeling of affectionate association with the scene of his life-work was too strong to admit of his accepting, even for a few exceptional appearances, any of the urgent and flattering offers which were to once made him, and have been often repeated since. Unlike many men of his profession, he tired to not well stored and poised, his sense of just content with what he has done too solid, and his disposition too equable, for him to be restless without the show, the high lights, and the applause of the theatre. His books, his papers, his daily stroll, in which he receives a hearty kind and respectful salutations, a dish of discourse with a friend, and no occasional evening at the play or the opera, fill out his time pleasantly and profitably, and for him age is not as OSSIAN could depict it, "dark and sorrowfully."

In the course of this long, unbroken career, beginning in the time when a single part a year was never as much as dreamed of for an actor's stock in trade and test of his ability, but when, on the contrary, a half-dozen new parts a week were a not uncommon task, Mr WARREN necessarily assumed the enormous number of nearly six hundred different roles—from the trivialities of extravaganza, burlesque, and fairy spectacle, the oddities of farce, and the "character" parts of regular and sensational drama, to the highest walk of elegant comedy and the dignity and wit of SHAKESPEARE. Beginning with a faithful determination always to consider his duty first and himself last, his powers widened, strengthened, deepened, and rounded with each year, until he not only did the old things better every season, but also annually added to his repertory something which until then he could not have mastered. The genuinely ridiculous eccentricities of Poor Pillicoddy, John Small, and Box prepared him for Tony Lumpkin, Fathom, and Dr Pangloss. From these he passed to Touchstone and Polonius, to his Sir Harcourt Courtly, high bred for all its vanity and selfishness, his Sir Peter Teazle, unruffled for finesse, delicacy, and point, and to his Triplet, full almost to excess of irresistible pathos. Acquiring in the mean time the French language, and studying the French character, he was able to make other great successes in such digressions from his vernacular parts as flavors each, M Tourbillon, and Jacques Fauvel, in most of which mere humor was laid aside for deeper and stronger traits.

Comparisons are sometimes necessary in determining an artist's status, and they are not invidious if they are as limited. Therefore, in a passing reference to other great actors, no questions of degree are raised, but only points of difference noted. As compared with JEFFERSON, WARREN has less airiness of speech and manner, and could never have given to Bullfrog, Bob Acres, and Golightly the former's almost fantastic touch; as Jesse Rural he has less ingenuousness, consciousness, and softness than BLAKE; as Sir Anthony Absolute JOHN GILBERT would excel him in tenderness and the intimation of a natural coarseness of fibre, he could never have been as materialistically humorous a Falstaff as HACKETT, as lickerish a Tuckless as BOOTH, as unctuous a Dogberry as CHARLES KEAN, or as *comical* an Illapod as JOHN OWENS. Yet his range of absolute excellence is greater than most of these, while he has made individual and original creations of some such parts as have been already mentioned. In a word, if he and they may properly stand upon the same plane for the eminent merit of certain special characters, WARREN deserves memory as a better "all-round" actor than any of them, with the possible exception of JOHN GILBERT, and as graced with a finer courtliness and more sustained elegance than they.

Mr WARREN'S face is most mobile, and, "better than that wind," belongs to that class through which, as Macbeth said, the "spirits shine," conveying a hundred impressions with comparatively slight modification of feature—like RACHEL'S, NOTTOM'S, SALVINI'S, and EDWIN BOOTH'S. The changes which pass over it can rarely be analyzed and detailed as examples of expression, and yet the thought, the purpose, the meaning, and the feeling of the moment can be read there in fallibly. He was never skilful at dancing or singing, or in any gymnastic accomplishments, but these limitations have seldom impaired his effects. His voice is of a peculiar timbre—rowdy, and with a kind of edge to it, it may fairly be called unique, and is always recognizable on the instant; yet this strange quality is not unpleasant, and the organ is susceptible of many modifications or truly expressive of tenderness and pathos, of woe and weakness, as of piquancy, eccentricity, or dry humor.

One characteristic trait merits record and challenges comparison—his absolute faithfulness to his author. It was never his habit to add to his lines or to take from them, still less to pervert and change their spirit by inconsistent "makings" or "business," or by any innuendo or look, inflection or gesture. No "gag," no "topical" interpolation, no superfluous explosive, can be laid to his charge; no child was ever astonished at his freedom, no modest woman ever blushed for word, inflection, or sign of his, and an familiar part or passage was ever transmogrified to suit his fancy or to give him "a better shot." But if an oath, whether in the older comedy or in some common drama of the day, was set down for him, he spoke it as if it came to his lips by such an irresistible impulse of fallible humanity as would make the recording angel blot it while he wrote, whether the hearers laughed or frowned, they somehow felt that the imaginary personage could not help it, and so forgave him.

Although Mr WARREN has always remained a bachelor, he has nothing of the recluse about him. His residence has been for tens of years in the quiet boarding-house of the Misses Fassett, in central, old-fashioned, almost forgotten Bulfinch Place—a little street of a dozen houses hidden away behind the Revere House, at the foot and back of Beacon Hill. Here he has had really a home, other boarders being few, and then only specially favored members of the dramatic profession, while the mistress of the house has watched his comfort with sisterly care, and made his personal friends welcome heartily. As a consequence of this tranquil, regular life the natural placidity and gentleness of his disposition have been nurtured in the intervals of his study, and he has at the same time preserved a freshness and an original humor which are rare among comedians of the higher and more thoughtful types. He is kind-hearted, generous, quickly responsive to any worthy appeal—often, indeed, more willing to be imposed upon to his own cost than to believe another to be an impostor or a chevalier—and very fond of the nieces who come occasionally to make him happy by a visit. He is a man of good taste, but easily pleased, fond of reading and of friendly unprofessional chat, and takes a real uncritical satisfaction in seeing and encouraging a good amateur performance. Beyond and above these traits, he is honorable, dignified, loyal, and upright, with a constant, a character, and a reputation which many a pillar of a church might honestly wish to parallel. To quote from a leading article on the Boston *Daily Advertiser* of October 28, 1882: "Faithful to every duty assigned, trivial as unimportant though it might be, honest with his author's words and obedient to his wishes, reticent of censure and free of praise; modest and reserved in regard to his own merits, frank and generous toward those of his brethren and sisters in art, considerate of the novice and the jaded, and never unkind to the famous or the great, self-respecting, and kindly and courteous toward others; simple in habits and upright in principle—Mr WARREN is as once a living contradiction to those who assert that the stage necessarily corrupts character, and a living example to others who have chosen the same profession."

HOWARD MALCOLM TICKNOR.

## JOHN GILBERT.

JOHN GILBERT, whose portrait is given elsewhere, is justly entitled to be ranked the father of the American stage, not only because of his age and his half a century of public service, but on account of the veneration in which he is held for his artistic prominence and the purity of his personal character. The fine old veteran is indeed an honor to his profession, and when the day comes—may it be far distant!—for his final withdrawal from the mimic boards, his absence will leave a void which no actor known to present fame, either here or in England, can hope to fill. At this time, happily, he is in full possession of both mental and physical vigor, and promises to rival even the famous MACREADY, who acted with almost undiminished powers at the patriarchal age of ninety, and was not gathered to his fathers for seventeen years after that.

The play lovers of New York have been accustomed for so long to associate the presence of Mr. GILBERT with the interpretation of all that is most valuable in old or modern comedy that they might be excused for regarding him in the light of an institution almost as permanent as the theatre itself. It does not perhaps often occur to any of them to think that the effect of his retirement will be upon the stage, not only of this city, but of the country at large.

It has often been said of eminent actors that particular characters would die with them, but this has rarely proved to be the case when the character itself has been worthy the genius of the player. There may never again be so good a Paul Pry as LISTON, no funny a Toodles as BRUNTON, or even J. S. CLARK, such an admirable Solon Shingle as OWENS, so perfect a Dominecy as SCHOLES, or a Rip Van Winkle like JEFFERSON, but the disappearance of any or all of these characters cannot inflict a serious loss upon the stage in a broad sense, because they are eccentric types only, whose effectiveness depends wholly or chiefly upon the personal characteristics of actors gifted in some peculiar and restricted manner. They have no actual literary or dramatic value, and cannot be said to fulfil the chief function of the stage, which is to hold the mirror up to nature, except in the very narrowest sense. The elder KEAN and the elder BOOTH were greater doubtless in their most famous characters, Shylock and Richard, for instance, than any tragic actors of more recent date, but their genius has not affected seriously the vitality of those parts, and their successors, if inferior, are not as worthy substitutes.

No living man can play Othello as SALVINI plays it, but the Moor will endure for ages after the superb Italian has withdrawn to the quiet of his vineyards. The peculiarity in the case of Mr GILBERT is that there is absolutely no actor in sight who exhibits even a rising capacity for interpreting any of a wide range of characters, whose adequate representation is absolutely essential to the performance of classic old comedy. It is possible, of course, that some of the younger light comedians of the day may, in the course of years, develop unsuspected powers in this direction, but no would be a bold critic who would venture to name them, and it is difficult to see how their presumptuous ability can be fostered and strengthened when the rehearsals of old comedy and the maintenance of correct tradition depend upon the life of one old man. The problem may be stated briefly as follows: "Without good actors of old men's parts old comedy cannot be acted successfully, and if it cannot be acted successfully, it follows obviously that it will not be acted at all. If it is not acted at all, how can a school for old comedy be established in which young actors can be trained to supply the places of the old?"

From this point of view, which seems unhappily to be the only one which has adopted reasonably, it appears inevitable that the survival of many of the masterpieces of English dramatic literature upon the American stage depends upon the health of Mr GILBERT, unless some new player should arise with extraordinary natural powers of a most uncommon kind. Some slight foundation for a hope of this kind is furnished by the example of Mr GILBERT himself, who has been the unrivalled impersonator of old men from his youth up. His first efforts, as must be generally known, inasmuch as outlines of his career have been published repeatedly in the daily press, were made in tragedy and melodrama. As a boy in the high school at Boston, the city of his birth, he studied with avidity whatever theatrical literature he could obtain. Before he was fifteen years old he had committed to memory such parts as Jaffier in *Venice Preserved* and Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest*, and at the age of eighteen his ambition emboldened him to risk parental anger and the loss of his situation in his uncle's dry goods store by appearing in public in these characters in the old Tremont Theatre. His performance was crude, without doubt, but won the approbation of his audience, and his success was sufficiently gratifying to confirm him in his resolution to adopt the stage as a profession.

This important experiment was made in 1828, nearly sixty years ago, and ever since that night, with the exception of a few short intervals, he has labored faithfully and with steadily increasing reputation in the public service. The limits of this article will not permit anything like a detailed history of his theatrical life, nor would there be anything very interesting in a record of places, names, and dates. A mere outline will be sufficient for present purposes. It must not be supposed that his career has been one of uninterrupted success, or that he could need from the first to figure as the chief heroes of stage romances. The finished art which has been so admired in these latter years was acquired in a school of the hardest and most varied experience. After his earliest Boston triumph he went to New Orleans, under the management of the well known JAMES H. CALDWALL, and it was there, when he was still a mere lad, that he manifested his extraordinary capacity for the delineation of old men's characters, and thus drifted naturally into that line of the profession, in which he is without a peer.

For five years he travelled in the West and Southwest, in days when "barn storming" meant all that the term implies, playing anything and everything, and gradually acquiring the self possession and the knowledge of stage resources which are the result of constant practice, and which contribute so largely to the equipment of the perfect artist. Upon his return to Boston he secured an engagement in the Tremont Theatre, where he played old men's and other parts for five years, supporting BOOTH, FORREST, JOHN W. WALLACK, ELLEN TREE, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, and other celebrities then in the height of their glory. Then, with an established reputation, he came to New York, and played a round of his favorite parts in the old Bowery Theatre with great success. Later on, in 1853, after another engagement in Boston, where he was ever a favorite, he went to London, and acted in the Princess's Theatre, playing old men's parts in English comedy, with MARGARET and CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, for an entire season, with brilliant artistic results.

Henceforth he stood at the head of his selected branch of the profession, filling engagements in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities, until 1862, when he became a permanent member of Mr WALLACK'S company, of which he has been ever since one of the greatest pillars. In this last quarter of a century his chief returns, of course, have been won in the old comedies. In the illustration of these he has formulated a gallery of portraits which for minute finish, sustained power of impersonation, and vital force have never been surpassed. His representation of the courtly old time manner is exquisite in its fidelity. No man can wear the costumes of a century ago with no natural an air or comport himself in them with an easier dignity. The Sheridan created by him in such parts as Old Dornton, Sir Peter Teazle, or Sir Anthony Absolute is perfect. The assumption of the fractious character is so complete that the spectator never thinks of the actor, or of the methods by which the deception is effected. This is the supreme test of the player's art, and Mr GILBERT can endure the strictest application of it. Notwithstanding the rigorous precision with which he follows the rules of tradition, each look and gesture and motion seems to be utterly spontaneous. The choleric explosions of Sir Anthony, the pathetic touches of Old Dornton, the testy humor of Sir Peter, are not only studies from the life, but life itself, equally beyond criticism and doubt. There is not an expression upon the mobile face, not an intonation of the perfectly trained voice, not a gesture of the limbs, or a movement of the hands, that has not its proper and deliberate significance. The beauty of Mr GILBERT'S elocution, with its crisp utterance and extreme nicety of emphasis, is one of the most admirable features of his art.

The list of parts with which Mr GILBERT is thus identified might be extended almost indefinitely. His Hardcastle is one of the truest and most delightful impersonations imaginable, full of the rarest humor, and instinct with the spirit of old-fashioned independence and hospitality. Where could be found a more touching portrayal of simplicity and benevolence than his Jesse Rural, a more humorous exposition of generous avarice than his Sir Francis Gripe, or a more affecting exhibition of paternal love than in his performance of old Job Thornberry? Then, again, what a fund of humor in his Lord Duberly, in his Lord Ogleby, in Baron Vanderpotter, in Dogberry, in Beaumouch, in Justice Greedy, and of how compreheensive and varied an order! The versatility displayed is astonishing, and the perfection of workmanship extraordinary. A further illustration of the range of his accomplishments may be found by contrasting his Miles McKenna, the ruffian in *Rosedale*, with his Master Walter in *The Hunchback*, or his Bullerscutch in *The Gnome*, with his Mr Derrimon in *Home*.

It has been the lot of Mr GILBERT to labor in a field which gives small chance for notoriety or large fortune. Other names are printed in larger letters than his, and lesser artists receive more consideration from the crowd of daily scribblers than he; but when he has long and honorable life is closed, and the hour comes for final estimate, it will be acknowledged that to his own especial walk, in respect of solid attainment, constant devotion to a high standard, cultured intelligence, conscientious industry, and personal purity and integrity, he has done as much as any man of his day, if not more, to give dignity and repute to his calling.

J. RANKEN TOWNE.

JOHN GILBERT.—[See Page 587.]

WILLIAM WARREN.—Photographed by C. F. Cosly, Boston.—[See Page 587.]

TREMONT, "THE UNBEATEN TWO-YEAR-OLD."—Photographed by Page Brothers.—[See Page 590.]

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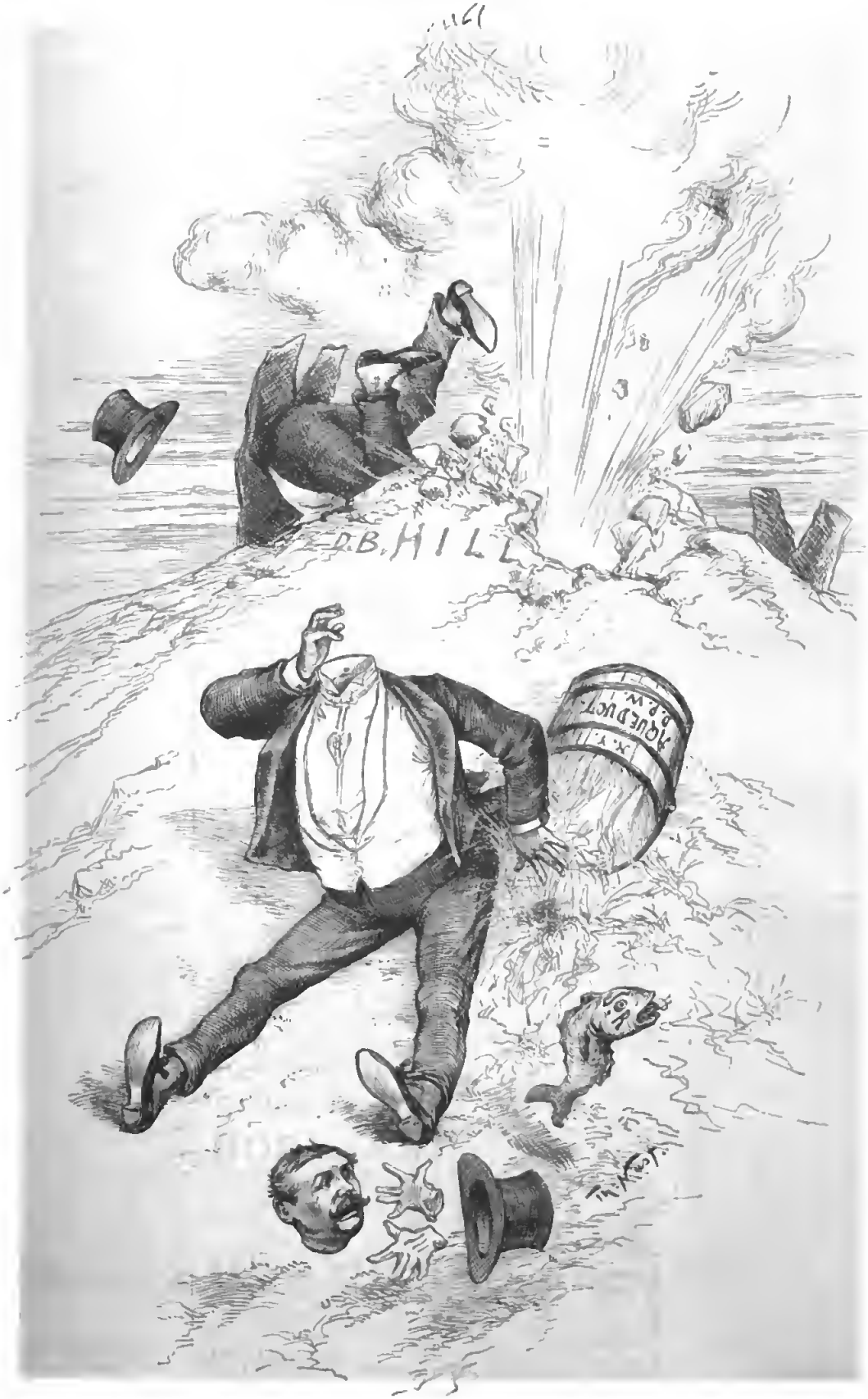


AN ERUPTION AT CAPITOL HILL.

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## TREMONT.

TREMONT, the unbeaten two-year-old of the Eastern racing meetings of 1886, one not a high-priced colt, judged by the prices usually paid for thoroughbred yearlings. He cost the DUKE BROTHERS only $1500 at Swigert's sale near Lexington, Kentucky, in May, 1885. For although Tremont is by the famous Virgil (he by Vandal; dam, Hymenia, by imported Yorkshire), the sire of the great race-horse Hindoo, already himself a one-year-old size, Ann Fief, the dam of Tremont, was a young mare the progeny of which had covered no victories—a fact that materially helped Tremont in winning some of his races, the conditions of which gave him an allowance of three pounds in weight as the produce of a mare that had never produced a winner. Ann Fief was bred in 1876, and is by Alarm (he by imported Eclipse; dam, imported Maid, by Stockwell), dam, Kate Walker by Ember's Lexington (he by the great Lexington). It will then be seen that Tremont is a direct descendant of the two greatest racing strains of blood known in England and America. Ann Fief was never raced, and Tremont was her second foal.

As a race horse Tremont was first seen at Jerome Park in the race for the Juvenile Stakes on Saturday, May 29, when he beat a field of four-teen so easily that he won by six lengths, having run the half-mile in 48½ seconds. Since this time he has gone on, and has now an unbroken record of thirteen straight victories, which are briefly told as follows:

AT JEROME PARK.

| Date | | Name of Race | Distance | Weight. | Net Pounds. Value. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| May | 29. | Juvenile | ½ mile. | 118 | 6,000 |
| June | 8 | Sequence | ½ " | 118 | 1,025 |

AT GRAVESEND.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| " | 10. | Foam | ½ mile. | 118 | 1,000 |
| " | 19. | Surf | ½ " | 118 | 1,000 |
| " | 24. | Zephyr | ½ " | 118 | 1,475 |
| " | 27. | Parkbeck | ½ " | 118 | 1,475 |
| " | 27. | Spring | ½ " | 118 | 1,000 |
| " | 28. | June | ½ " | 118 | 1,000 |
| " | 29. | Great Peal | ½ " | 118 | 1,000 |
| " | 30. | Good Eye | ½ " | 118 | 1,000 |

AT SHEEPSHEAD PARK.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| July | 10 | Atlantic | ½ mile. | 118 | 1,000 |
| " | 15. | Tyro | ½ " | 118 | 1,000 |
| August | 7 | Junior Champion | ½ " | 118 | 1,000 |

The total amount of stakes won by the colt in these thirteen races was $29,125. All of the races were won very easily at the finish. In two only did Tremont really have to make any special exertions, and then only for half a mile, with Mr. BELMONT's Lady Primrose for the Surf Stakes, when Tremont got a bad start, and for the Junior Champion, when PADDEREWSKI & Co.'s Kingston and Mr. WRIGHT'S Juletta colt forced the running in a heavy rain-storm, and over a track deep in mud. After this race Tremont's legs became somewhat swelled, and as he is richly engaged next year, and would have had to carry from seven to twelve pounds penalty in nearly all the stakes that he would have engaged on this autumn, which would bring the weight up to 127 pounds, his owners wisely decided to retire him for the year, thing so, however, with regret, as they would have liked to beat the great record of the English colt The Bard of seven stakes won without a defeat in 1885. Tremont, from the day of his debut, has been a great favorite with the public. At the post he shows no temper, stands where he is placed by his rider, the famous JAMES MCLAUGHLIN, until the flag falls, and then, with a burst of speed—wonderful speed on occasion—he passes all opponents, and with a secure lead "waits in front," winning with uncommon ease.

## THE EARTHQUAKE.

AUTHORITIES during the year 1886 fifty-one earthquakes were recorded as having taken place in the United States, no one of the sixty millions of inhabitants of this country was prepared for the awful phenomenon which manifested itself last week. The science of seismology and the invention of delicate instruments for the detection and measurement of earth shocks had made geologists familiar with the fact that the crust of our quarter of the globe does not enjoy complete immunity from "faults," and that mild disturbances of the earth's surface are frequently occurring on this hemisphere, but that so vigorous an earthquake centre would be established on the Atlantic coast as that which last week wrought havoc and destruction on South Carolina was not anticipated or believed to be within the bounds of probability.

Fortunately—if anything can be considered fortunate in connection with so alarming a subject—the hour at which last week's sudden disturbance of the earth's surface began was at a time of day, or rather of night, when the conditions for its observance, in relation to actual time of beginning and duration at many different points, were most favorable. From hundreds of points in all parts of the country east of the Rocky Mountain chain details of the phenomenon were instantly flashed over the telegraph wires to a common centre. Had science furnished a foreknowledge of the event, no more complete arrangements for its observance in the interest of seismology could have been effected than were furnished through its conjunction with the hour when the great army of telegraph operators in the United States are at their instruments, alert to "wire" every important news event. How much will be added to the limited store of human knowledge concerning earthquakes by last week's experience cannot now be predicted, and there is ever the discouraging thought in connection with the subject that, no matter how much may be learned, human power must ever remain impotent to avert or guard against similar catastrophes.

Accepting the now believed theory that the centre or focus of last week's earthquake was not under the sea—a fact which seems proven by the absence of any tidal wave—the centre must be found at some point in South Carolina or Georgia. Charleston and Savannah are built on beds of low, flat, sandy country, in regions of alluvial deposit, hundreds of miles away from the rocky regions of the Alleghanies, and nearly all of the cities that have been destroyed by earthquakes have been built on soft ground. In the horrible earthquake of 1755, the portion of Lisbon which was built on clay was utterly destroyed, while all the buildings in another part of the city, which were erected on basaltic rock and hard limestone, escaped destruction.

Allowing for the difference of time, or rather accepting the standard time of this city as an arbitrary basis, the first shock of last week's earthquake took place at 9.46 P.M. Its duration differed at different points. It covered a tract of country extending from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi Valley, and from Lake Michigan to the heart of Georgia and Alabama. It was sensibly felt in all the Western and Southern cities, New England being comparatively exempt. It was perceptible only by the aid of imagination in Boston, but it was distinctly felt along the beaches at Cape Cod and Cape Ann. Even in this city, standing as it does upon an island, the action of the earthquake was eccentric. In the lower part of the city the earth waves was distinctly felt, tall buildings being seased so that chandeliers swung backward and forward and clocks were stopped. At the extreme northern end of the island it was also alarmingly apparent, but in the central part of the city it was scarcely observable. Brooklyn caught a sharper shock than Jersey City, and Newark, which is built on the flats, than either of the places just mentioned. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was more plainly shaken than Chicago, Illinois, and Cincinnati felt the disturbance, if telegraphic reports can be relied upon, just about as forcibly as it was felt at Jacksonville, Florida. At Washington, D.C., the shock was alarming, while at Baltimore it was but slightly felt.

These are but random examples of its eccentricities. In the middle Southern States the phenomenon became a catastrophe. It was nearly twenty-four hours after the first shock before any telegraphic communication could be established with Charleston, South Carolina, and then came the horrible news of a city destroyed. Shock succeeded shock at Charleston and at other points in South Carolina, and the inhabitants were rendered nearly frantic with fright. In Charleston, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, all dwelling-houses were forsaken to the dead of night, and the terrified people, half clothed and shivering with fear, sought the parks or the outlying country as places of safety. For several days it was impossible for any one to reach Charleston from the outside world. Railroad tracks had been torn out of shape, and strange rifts and gulfs cut in familiar roads. The damage to the city, wrought in the space of a few minutes' time, ran up into the millions, and many lives were lost. To add to the horror of the scene, the awful grumbling and troubling of the earth continued, with inter ruptions, for thirty-six hours, and hundreds of women and children were driven temporarily insane. The earthquake selected Broad Street, the leading thoroughfare of Charleston, for its cruelest work, and that and other streets were rendered impassable by the debris of wrecked and ruined buildings. Many of the most costly churches and public buildings were either ruined or so shaken that they will have to be destroyed.


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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"JACK SPRANG UPON THE FELLOW, AND CAUGHT HIM BY THE THROAT."

## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XVII.

IN SUPERB NEW

"AARON," Mr Westmoreland said, "is a cruel and revengeful man."

Afterward I remembered these words. For my own part I did [illegible]

life, first as a great bulking boy, and then as the strongest and biggest man in Deptford. On what grounds did Mr Westmoreland consider him cruel and revengeful? The judgments of weak and timid men, like those of women, are shrewd and often true. Yet Aaron had done nothing of which the world knew on account of which he could be called cruel and revengeful. Masterful and headstrong he was, and the world accounted him a brave man, but not revengeful. The present moment, however, was likely to bring out whatever evil passions lay in his soul, for he had been publicly humiliated and brought to shame by the man who had taken from him the woman he loved; and when he met his friends in the [illegible] laughing in thei[illegible]

fore Aaron conceived an act of revenge which was as audacious as it was villanous. If he was revengeful, it must be admitted that he was also bold.

He first showed his teeth on the Monday morning after the fight at Horn Fair. Bess was engaged in making a beefsteak pudding for dinner, her sleeves rolled up, singing over her work. Her father sat at his desk before the window bent over his work, with round spectacles on nose, undisturbed by his daughter's singing. A sudden diminution of the light caused both to look up. Aaron Fletcher's great body was blocking up the doorway.

"Bess," he said, roughly, "come out to me."

would succeed. He voted for the Republican electors. He did everything but say what he did not think—that Mr. BLAINE was a proper candidate. Mr. EDMUNDS is an honorable man, and the alternative at the polls was disagreeable. But he thought that the election even of Mr. BLAINE was better upon the whole than the election of Mr. CLEVELAND, and he voted accordingly. A month after the election he wrote the following letter, which has been recently published, explaining his position:

"UNITED STATES SENATE,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 3, 1884*.

"DEAR SIR,—I have votes of the 25th ult. The courtesy of its tone, I think, entitles it to reply. The newspaper reports of our 'complaisance' on the defeat of our ticket are entirely false. I have never hinted, said, or thought such a thing. If I could have looked with satisfaction on Democratic victory, I should have voted that way, for I believe it is the duty of every honest citizen to vote for the side he wishes to win. I wished the Republican party to succeed at the election, and said so and voted so. As a public speaker I could not say that I believed certain things that I did not believe, but General HAWLEY had beliefs that I had not, and so he could honestly say so. Now neither you nor any other upright Republican could wish me to stand up in the presence of our countrymen and there tell a falsehood or prevaricate in aid of any cause, however good.

"I am thankful that the Power which rules the world gave me sufficient moral courage to resist the temptation to undertake to make speeches in which I would have to speak falsely or dissimulate on certain important points in order to have my remarks useful to our side. I am grateful to you and others for your former good opinion, and am sure I have not desired to lose it.

"Respectfully yours, GEORGE F. EDMUNDS."

The difference between Mr. EDMUNDS and his Republican opponents appears to be that they did wish him to stand up and tell a falsehood or prevaricate in aid of the cause, and he did not choose to do it. The difference is important. It is because those who wished him to do this, or who thought him an unsound Republican because he had an all opinion of Mr. BLAINE, have largely the control of the party, and assume to be the true Republicans, that the party is under a cloud. No amount of fervent devotion to a party as a party, without regard to character or principle, can save a party whose strength and life have always lain in character and principle. The Democratic sneer at the Republican party as a party of moral ideas was a joke at its real strength. But a Republican party which makes deals with Democrats for patronage and plunder, and which truckles to the saloon interest while it sneers at such independence as that of Mr. EDMUNDS as Phariseeism and hypocrisy, is not a party which can long retain the sympathy and support of the convictions and character from which the Republican party sprang. The Republican victory in Vermont is a signal rebuke of the tendency which would be fatal to the Republican party.

## THE NEW YORK ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE Republican Anti-saloon Convention declared itself "proud to acknowledge allegiance" to the Republican party, and demanded that when in power it should adopt measures for the restriction, and at the earliest possible moment for the prohibition, of the liquor traffic. The members pledged themselves as Republicans to induce the party to declare for the adoption of a constitutional amendment outlawing the saloon and prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. The Convention also declared that no reform has ever been accomplished by a third party as against "the two great established parties."

This last means that the objects of temperance men can be obtained only by the Republican party. But with the Republican Presidential candidate of '84 declaring in Maine that temperance is a State issue, and with the Republican Legislature of New York passing laws "to give Republican saloon-keepers the protection to which they are entitled," such a declaration will not satisfy men who believe with the signers of the call for the Anti-saloon Convention that the temperance question is the most important question before the country.

The resolute antislavery men of forty years ago were not content to leave the question of the restriction of slavery to one of "the two great established parties." They formed a third party "for that purpose." They did not "combine with others." They compelled others to combine with them. They were not Whigs or Democrats first, and then antislavery men. And if the temperance men are first of all Republicans, whether the Republican is or is not an anti-saloon party, they will move too and their end just as fast as the party moves, and no faster. But it is not those who engage to support any course which a party may choose who compel a party to take the course which they themselves choose.

## MR. FRYE'S REMARKS.

A FORTNIGHT after the report of Senator FRYE's speech was published, in which he speaks of the smirch upon Mr. BLAINE's skirt, the Senator denies that he said it, and insists that he spoke of him in the highest terms, and compared him to Mr. GLADSTONE. He does not deny that he warned his hearers to suspect men who boasted of their superior honesty, and he is reported to have ended his remarks upon the point by saying:

"Now the people of this country, with an exquisite fidelity to the best interests of the nation, saw the little bit of a smirch on the skirt of Mr. BLAINE's coat, and therefore voted that Mr. CLEVELAND, a man who was smirched from head to foot, should be President."

The Springfield *Republican* very pertinently asks whether Mr. FRYE disclaims the reference to Mr. CLEVELAND. If not, and he did say this, but nothing of spots and smirches upon Mr. BLAINE, what was the pertinence of the remark? The report was printed in a paper especially friendly to Mr. BLAINE, and since Mr. FRYE denies its accuracy, such a very remarkable invention of the reporter must put all readers of speeches reported in the *Journal* upon their guard. Henceforth it will be impossible to know what Mr. FRYE really said until he has had time to read the report.

## "FILL HIGH THE CUP!"

THE *America's* cup still stays in America, and the result of the races is, of course, very gratifying to Americans. Nothing could surpass the courteous good-nature of Lieutenant HESS, of the *Galatea*, and it may be truly said that, next to the *Mayflower*, the American spectators would have preferred to see the *Galatea* win. It is such manly conduct as that of the Englishmen which gives a charm to such a contest, and if the *Galatea* has not won the cup, she has won the admiration of her opponents.

The immediate result of the races is another victory for Boston. The theory that the Puritan city is an aid and solace to excel in sport of any kind has now vanished. It was the *Puritan* that began to demolish it last year, and it is the *Mayflower* that has completed the demolition this year. No two happier characteristic names of the original New England could have been devised to point the peaceful victory of modern New England than those of the two successful yachts.

The result, also, is a remarkable triumph of Mr. BURGESS. It is very great praise for an artist to have designed two such vessels as the *Puritan* and the *Mayflower*, and triumphant one year over one English competitor, to have been triumphant the next year over another. It is a result altogether unaccompanied, so far as we know, with any ugly feeling. If only both could have won! But since that was impossible, success could not have been more graceful, nor the result more good-natured.

## THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER TO OFFICE HOLDERS.

THE acting Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular to all the employés of the Treasury—about fourteen thousand persons—calling special attention to the President's circular prohibiting official interference in political movements. The other heads of departments will issue a similar reminder, and Governor PIERCE, of Dakota, a Republican officer, has issued a circular to Territorial officers, regents, directors of public institutions, etc., in which he cites the President's order, and declares it to be as applicable to Territorial as to Federal officers. This is further evidence of the Executive good faith, and will produce much gnashing of Bourbon teeth. Other Presidents who have issued similar prohibitory orders have been content with the circular, and except in some instances under President HAYES, we think the orders were never enforced by the dismissal of delinquents.

The Democratic organ in Indiana, in condemning the course of Mr. TAYLOR in Tennessee, who resigned a pension agency to stand for the Governorship, and in urging Mr. STOCKSLAGER, who has decided to run for Congress in the Third District of Indiana, not to resign his present office for that reason, says in reference to the President's order, "*The Sentinel* is not in favor of that kind of civil service regulation which emasculates the citizenship of the government's employés." The answer to that fine flourish is that the people are not in favor of allowing office-holders by the prestige of their position and by the bribery of patronage and political favor to overbear the honest popular will in conventions and caucuses. We have seen office-holders "voting their men" in conventions as an overseer used to drive his slave-gang, and that is a business which the President and other good citizens propose to "emasculate."

The President has issued his order, and the heads of departments have announced that it means what it says. It remains only to enforce it against the contumacious. One removal promptly announced as made for violation of the order will make a signal advance in practical reform, and will be gladly hailed by the country. It will be time to rescind the order when such abuse of official position has become impracticable.

## THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

AT the annual meeting of the trustees of the Saratoga Monument, Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE, the secretary of the Association, and chairman of the Committee on Design, presented a very interesting report. The shaft of the monument is erected, and the decorative statues and tablets and the interior work will be soon completed. Two of the three statues, those of GATES, by BUSELL, and of MORGAN, by O'DONOVAN, are ready, and that of SCHUYLER, by DOYLE, would have been ready also, except that the first clay model was unhappily destroyed. There are sixteen bass-reliefs completed, and Mr. STONE illustrates their "realistic" value, which is a vital consideration in such works, by the statement of interesting facts.

The persons represented are drawn from the best portraits. The spinning-wheel in the tablet of "The Women of the Revolution" is modelled from an heirloom in Mr. STONE's family, the broadaxe in "The March through the Forest" is taken from one which was in actual use in the BURGOYNE expedition, the musket held by an old farmer in "The Town Meeting" is drawn from one carried by a minuteman at Lexington, the tomahawk in "The Murder of Jane McCrea" is taken from one found on the spot of the massacre, and the silver buckle on BURGOYNE's shoe in the scene of "Burgoyne reprimanding the Indians" is copied from one found by Mr. STONE on the battle-field near the spot where General FRASER was shot.

The tablets have been executed by Messrs. HARTLEY, KELLY, and PICKETT, from sketches by Mr. J. C. MARSHAM, the architect of the monument, and the committee have spared no time or labor in the performance of their duty, restricted only, as in many such enterprises, by the want of adequate means. The happy completion of the Saratoga Monument will be largely due to the intelligent energy of the Hon. JOHN H. STARBUCK and Mr. STONE, respectively the chairman and secretary of the Association.

## THE BULGARIAN ROMANCE.

THE romance of ALEXANDER the Bulgarian, of which we gave the first chapter last week, has come to a sudden conclusion. His return to his principality was a continuous triumph, in which Russia apparently acquiesced, since she made no protest. But once fairly in his palace, ALEXANDER sent a letter of Oriental blandiloquence to the Czar, who returned a most scornful answer, upon which the Prince announced his intention of abdication. This is strictly in accordance with the alleged letter of the Russian Chancellor Gortz, and shows how completely Russia is master of the situation.

ALEXANDER's abdication makes his return ridiculous. The only excuse for his precipitate return has departure from his capital was required was that he had no choice. But if his people were so resolutely united for him as his return implied, his unprotecting departure had no air of possible necessity. But, again, having left Bulgaria, he should not have thought of returning without some knowledge of the actual situation, and that would have prevented the ludicrous catastrophe.

It must be remembered, however, that he is a mere pawn in the game of the great powers. The situation in Bulgaria is determined by the views of their own interest which are held respectively by Russia, Germany, Austria, England, and France. Each hopes to gain by diplomatic craft, and to avoid the necessity of war. In this case war would seem to depend upon the degree of energy with which Russia may choose to assert her dominion in Bulgaria, with a view to her ultimate object of reaching Constantinople.

## PERSONALS.

MR. EBENEZER T. GRAY, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is a philanthropist, capitalist, lawyer, and yachtsman. He visits the benefaction of the institution twice daily, staying two or three hours each time. Sometimes of a winter morning the clerks are surprised by seeing him enter as early as eight o'clock. He received $500,000 from his uncle, the late PETER GOELET, and all (almost perhaps several times that sum from his mother, who is PETER GOELET's sister, and now occupies the old GOELET brick house at Nineteenth Street and Broadway. He manages her estate and that of his wife. He serves the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children without salary, both as president and as counsel. Some of the Society's friends expect him to erect a magnificent new building for its use. He is an active director of the New York Hospital.

—With his detective camera under his arm, so disposed as to suggest a grip-sack, and thus to disarm suspicion, Mr. W. MAAS too Bissen caught on the fly hundreds of characteristic attitudes, costumes, and facial expressions during his recent trip South. Among his instantaneous photographs are several that illustrate the process of felling the huge cypresses of the Louisiana swamps, views of the express receiving its first blow from the "swamper's" axe, or just beginning to swerve from the perpendicular, or falling with a great splash into the water, or abandoned by the "swamper" in his flight from danger. Some of the old slaves of the whelves of New Orleans—men and women—are extremely picturesque on Mr. GIBSON'S tooth them, and he knows how to use his material in the production of artistic pictures. No pen or pencil sketches could have preserved a hundredth part of Mr. GIBSON'S photographic collection of vital facts.

—Californians are asking themselves how Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER will make the trees grow which he proposes to plant in the form of a Maltese cross on Goat Island, in San Francisco Bay. Goat Island is destitute of water, without a liberal use of which not even the hardy eucalyptus can be induced to flourish.

—Mr. ALMA-TADEMA received no order from an American picture dealer for a figure piece at the price of $6000. The painting when finished did not please the artist. He took a paint-brush and wiped it out. The art dealer has not heard from him since.

—There have been but two deaths from hydrophobia in New York city during the last eight years. The Board of Health has never expressed itself concerning the merits or demerits of M. PASTEUR's method, and does not consider the subject of pressing importance, but the committee appointed by the British government to examine into the method report that they are fully satisfied that it is effective.

—Mr. BALDWIN, of California, who gained the *sobriquet* of "Lucky" because of his many successful ventures, finds the twenty negroes that he brought from North Carolina two years ago more serviceable on his ranch of fifty thousand acres than the Chinese. His mania is tree planting, which he recently gratified by creating an avenue of white-oaks and English oaks six miles long, in the new town of Baldwin, where fruit never fails and roses bloom in December.

—Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER's success in this country has led Mr. FRANK HOLL, another English artist, to resolve to come over here. He may be expected in the autumn. His portrait of Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL, of Philadelphia, was an attraction at the latest Royal Academy exhibition, and he has already received several commissions to paint other American portraits.

—Mr. JOHN BAYNE MACMASTER, the historian, has a body recovered from a very serious illness brought on last spring by overwork.

—The late Bishop GILBERT HAYES was in his youth a salesman in a Boston carpet house, and among his associates were ex-Sheriff CLARK and Mr. E. D. JORDAN, who have now erected a costly monument to his memory.

—COUNT TOLSTOI told an American who recently visited him in Russia that his novels are the least important work of his life, and can be understand only by his religious books. The distinguished author one ploughing a field belonging to a peasant widow, and one dressed in a Russian peasant's shirt and drawers, his object being to put in practice the fundamental principles of Christianity as those were expounded by Christ. For this purpose he had abandoned his magnificent estate, and was laboring with his own hands for those who needed help.

—Mrs. P. D. ARMOUR, of Chicago, is a practical philanthropist. One of her works is a mission school, the maintenance of which costs $10,000 a year.

—Mr. JOHN R. DEW, once prominent in Wall Street, is now living very quietly on Cape Cod. His large and fine country seat near Boston has been unoccupied for several years.

—The walls of the reading-room of a hotel in this city much frequented by dramatic and operatic celebrities are almost covered with framed photographs of well-known singers and players, each of which is inscribed with an autographic dedication to the proprietor of the establishment. Among the inscribed pictures are those of MAVERAS, GERVA, CARLOTTA PATTI, MARIE ROSE, HANSTAENGL, and WACHTEL. Much noticed was a side view of Mlle. NEVARA, beneath which in a vigorous school-boy's hand is written the following: "To dear, good Mr. WHEELE, in kindest remembrance of the attention and comfort received in his charming hotel home. Very sincerely, ERNA NEVARA PALMER." Beneath the signature is the singer's motto, "Fiat fac."

THE BEING THAT HE REALLY BELIEVES IN.

BOB INGERSOLL. "Any time one of your followers is on trial you can count on me for the defence."

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THOMAS C. MANNING.

ALBERT GRIFFIN.—(See Page 606.)

## THE NEW MINISTER TO MEXICO.

THOMAS COURTLANDT MANNING, of Louisiana, lately appointed to succeed Mr HENRY R JACKSON, of Georgia, as United States Minister to Mexico, was born at Edenton, in the eastern part of North Carolina. He was taught at the schools of Edenton until he entered the University of North Carolina, where he completed his college education Taking up the study of the law, he was admitted to the North Carolina bar, and practised in the Edenton circuit until the close of the year 1853, when he removed to Alexandria, in Louisiana, where he has since resided. In 1861 he was elected a Lieutenant of the first military company organized in Rapides Parish, and in May of that year was made aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor MOORE, of Louisiana, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He discharged the duties of this post in New Orleans until the summer of 1863, when he was made Adjutant-General of the State, with the rank of Brigadier General. In January, 1864, he was appointed Associate Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court, and he held this place until the close of the war, when he returned to the practice of the law at Alexandria. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1876, where he was a zealous supporter of Mr TILDEN for the nomination In January, 1877, Governor NICHOLLS appointed him Chief-Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court. He left the bench under Governor WELTZ, and Governor McENERY appointed him to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice LEVY His term expired several months ago, and he was not reappointed

Judge MANNING's law business has been large and remunerative during the many years he has practised He has always interested himself in the affairs of his State, without indulging selfish aims in politics, and he has long been a leader in his party, enjoying the respect and confidence of his associates. The Democratic State Convention in Louisiana in 1872 failed to agree with the Convention of the "Reform party" upon a common ticket. Judge MANNING was a delegate to the State Convention, and upon its adjournment he was sent as a delegate to the Convention of the "Liberal party," which finally united with the representatives of the Democratic party in supporting JOHN McENERY for Governor In the State Convention Judge MANNING would not allow himself to be named as a candidate for Governor, and in the Liberal Convention, when his name was proposed, he declined to allow it to stand He has the reputation in his State of being an able jurist and a man of wide learning, who will fill with dignity and credit the place to which he has been appointed.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.—(See Page 606.)

GERONIMO, THE CAPTURED APACHE CHIEF.—Photo. by A. FRANK REDDALL.—(See Page 606.)

# The World Went Very Well Then.

[Continued from front page.]

"Good-morning, Aaron," said Mr Westmoreland. "The weather still holds up, and keeps fine for the season."

"Come out, Bess," he repeated, taking no notice of her father.

"What do you want to say to me, Aaron? If it is the old thing—"

"No, it is not the old thing. Come out, I say."

She obeyed, rolling her apron over her bare arms, and came out into the street, her father looking after her, apprehensive of mischief.

"Well, Aaron?"

He bent upon her with love in his eyes, had she been able to perceive it, and to be moved by such a gaze. But she had no pity for him, and no feeling.

"It is not the old story, Bess," he said. "As for that, I've had my answer. What I came to say was this. I asked a simple question—twenty times I asked that question. 'Was not only be reason of thy good looks, Bess, though they go for something. 'Was because, of all the Deptford girls, there was none so quiet and so steady. Well, the time has come in honest man will ask thee that question again."

"Have a care, Aaron," she replied, with flashing cheek, because she knew what he meant very well. "Have a care, Aaron. You'd best."

"Bess, it is because I love thee still that I came to see thee. No one else will see it, though they may all think it. You were with him at the Bear all the evening. It was not till nigh upon midnight that he brought thee home. Is that an hour for a respectable girl? You meet him secretly at the apothecary's every day. Therefore I say again—Bess—be-ware."

"Oh! If I were to tell him," she began; "if I were only to tell him what you have dared to say!"

"Nay.... tell him all. I care not a brass button. Tell him I said he is fooling thee. I will tell him that to his face. What care I for any Lieutenant of them all? Ha ha mercy! Why, he has got nothing. He is fooling thee. Mischief will come of it, Bess. Thou art too fine for him, and yet too high."

"Thank you for your pains," she replied. "As for me, I can take care of myself even if all the world should take to spying through key-holes. As for trusting myself with the Lieutenant, I think I am safer with him than with a smuggler—yes, a mere tarpaulin smuggler. You can go, Aaron. 'Tis a fine morning for a run down the river, and I dare say a sail across the Channel will do you good, and cure the headache from last Friday's cudgelling. But take care, Aaron. Some day, perhaps, we may see thee, if thou art not prudent, dangling in chains over there"—she pointed to the Isle of Dogs, where there were then hanging on the gibbets three poor wretches—"or walking after a cart-tail with the whip across your shoulders; no, maybe, marched aboard ship in handcuffs for the plantations. Get thee gone, meddler!"

"I have said what I came to say. As for thy fine lover, Bess, he crows now, but it will be my turn next, and that when he little looks for it. He has not yet dared with me."

She laughed scornfully, and returned to her pudding, tossing her head, and murmuring with wrath that bebolted and bolted over into broken words, inasmuch that her father trembled.

As for Aaron, he stood still for a moment, looking wistfully after the girl. I think he bore no malice on account of the joy with which she witnessed his downfall—nay, I verily believe that this morning he meant the best for her, and only mistrusted the Lieutenant. Then he turned and walked slowly toward the town.

Everybody knows that there are streets in Deptford where honest and sober people would not willingly be seen. They are the resort of the vile creatures which infest every seaport town, and rob the sailor of his money. Barnes Alley, French Fields, and the Stowage are full of these people, the best of whom are oyster wenches, ballad-singers, and traders in smuggled goods. The houses are chiefly of wood, black with dirt; every other door hangs not the chapman as a sign of what is sold within. Here and there may be seen the lattice of the bakes as the pole of the barber. The men in these streets wear for the most part far caps, with gray woollen stockings and speckled breeches. Their shoes are tied with scarlet tape, and they are seen without a cudgel. The women have flat caps, blue aprons, and draggled petticoats. The talk of the people corresponds to their appearance. One of these streets is called Butcher's Row. In the midst of it, on the north side, stands a house superior to the rest, having an upper story, and a sign carved in wood over the door—that of the "Hope and Anchor." There is a broad staircase within, also rich with wood-carving, and a room wainscoted with dark oak, where those sit who drink something better than the common twopenny.

Every tavern hath its own class of frequenters: those who use the Hope and Anchor are the men whom Custom-house officers, the clerks of the Navy Offices, and police magistrates agree in regarding with suspicion. They are, for instance, men who have dealings with smugglers, yet never venture their skins across the Channel; men who traffic in sailors' tickets, and defraud their wives of their pay; men who sell ship-stores of all kinds, and are modestly reluctant to show where they get them; men who hang up, before the Navy Office is ready to pay, sailors' pass-money; those who live by finding recruits for the East India Company's service, and keep crimps' houses, where, according to some, murder is as common as drunkenness and theft.

Into that house, therefore, Aaron walked, and, without any questions, for he knew the place, made his way into the parlor, where was sitting a man who, to judge by his friendly greeting, expected him. He was seated beside the fireplace, where, though it was a sunny day and warm for the season, a great coal fire was burning. He was provided with a tankard of small ale and a pipe of tobacco, though it was still the forenoon, when industrious men have not begun to think of tobacco. In appearance he was about fifty years of age, his cheeks were purple and his eyes were fiery, his neck was swollen; as for his nose, it was battered in the bridge, so that the original shape of it could no longer be guessed. And there was a deep red scar across his cheek, which might be a glorious proof of valor in some great action, and might also be a mark by which to remember some midnight brawl. He wore a crutch-wig and a brown coat with metal buttons, worsted stockings, and a muffler about his neck.

This man was a familiar figure in Deptford, whether he came by boat once a month or so for the transaction of his business. The nature of his business was not known for certain, and there were different reports. It was whispered by some that he stood in with Aaron Fletcher, receiving and selling for him those cargoes of his which he brought across the Channel and landed on the coast of Essex, by others it was said that he ventured on his own account; and again, it was whispered by some that he was a Government spy, a job caught to have his ears sliced; and by others that he procured information for the Navy Office when there was going to be a press, and therefore, if justice was done, should be cashiered. All this might have been true. What every one could observe with his own eyes was—that he bought, and paid a good price for, all those things which sailors hang with them from foreign ports, such as embroidered cloths, brass pots, figures in china, silver ornaments and idols, or even living creatures, as hyenas, apes, monkeys, parrots, mangooses, lemurs, and the like. He was liberal with his money, and generous in the matter of drink; yet he was not regarded with friendly eyes, perhaps on account of that suspicion regarding the Navy Office and the press. As for his name, it was Jonathan Rayment.

He nodded his head when Aaron appeared at the door, and lifting the tankard, drank to him in silence.

"How goes business?" asked Aaron.

"Business," Mr Rayment replied, mournfully, "was never worse. Honest merchants are undone. My next ship sails in a week, and as yet I have but a poor half-dozen in the place."

"That is bad."

"And a sorry lot they are. One is a young parson who hath spent his all, and, in despair, took one night to the road, and now thinks the hue-and-cry is out after him. Another is a 'prentice who hath robbed his master's till, and will be hanged if he is caught, and yet shivels all day because he fears the Great Mogul's black Spahi's almost more than he fears the gallows. One hath deserted twenty-one times from the army, twice from the navy, and once from the marines, but a dissolute fellow, and rotten with disease and drink; the wind whistles through his bones. Yet he would rather cross the seas and fight for the Honorable Company then he taken and receive the five hundred lashes which are waiting for him. He might as well die that way as by disease, for he will certainly drop to pieces before he reaches Calcutta. Another is a lawyer's clerk, who, I believe, hath forged his master's name—a rogue who will fight, though small of stature. Another is a footpad, for whose apprehension ten guineas reward is offered, and so mean and chicken-hearted a rogue that I meet n'an gave up the fellow and content myself with the reward. Sure I am that the first smell of powder will kill him. A sorry lot indeed. Well, if the war continues, I am ruined. For every lusty fellow can now find employment, either in a regiment or on board a ship, and there will soon be no debtors or footpads. Alas! Aaron, I remember, not so long ago, when the peace was proclaimed, and the regiments disbanded, and the ships paid off. Then we had for nothing our choice of the best. Rogues are cheap when 'tis their only choice between the gallows and the Company!"

The meaning of all this was that the respectable Mr Rayment was nothing more or less than a crimp by trade: one, that is, who seeks out and deludes, inveigles, or persuades recruits for the service of the East India Company, whether for their land or sea service, keeping them snug in the house till the ship sails. As regards their navy, the Company hath, I have been told, a fleet of a hundred ships afloat, to man which is difficult, and requires the service of many such men as Mr. Rayment, whose methods are, as is well known, to decoy or persuade young men, and especially young men who are friendless or in trouble through some folly or crime, into their houses, and there keep them, whether they will or no, by violence, if necessary, but more often by keeping them drunk, so that they know not what they have undertaken, or what papers they have signed, until the time comes when they can be put aboard. As for the service of the Company, the young gentlemen who are sent out by the Honorable Council to Calcutta or Madras as writers or clerks do frequently, as everybody knows, arrive at great riches, and return home nabobs. But I never yet heard that any of the poor fellows who have been decoyed into the crimps' houses and shipped on board an East Indiaman for foreign service in the Company have ever returned at all, rich or poor.

Between Aaron and this man there was some understanding or partnership, but of what nature or to what extent I have not learned. Rayment had a shop in Leman Street (quite apart from the houses to which he kept his recruits), where he sold many things besides the curiosities which he bought of the sailors in Wapping and Poplar as well as at Deptford. Perhaps he disposed of Aaron's cargoes for him after a run. Perhaps he arranged, with Aaron's help, for the passage of those gentlemen, whether Jacobites or Freethinkers, who are anxious to get backward and forward between England and France without the observation or the knowledge of the government of either country. There is abundant occupation for such gentry as Mr. Rayment, whose and is often what rogues call a dance in the air. And just as Aaron had his boat-building yard, which in a most innocent and harmless business, so Mr. Rayment had his innocent shop in Leman Street, and was to outward seeming an honest citizen, who went forth from his shop to church on Sunday morning dressed in black cloth, white silk stockings, and japanned shoes, with a neatly curled and powdered wig, like the best of them, and was permitted to exchange the time of day and the compliments of the season with gentlemen of reputation and known piety. Thus many villains walk unsuspected among honest men.

"Well," said Aaron, "I dare say you will not starve. What do you say, now, to a tall recruit?"

"What do you want for him, Aaron?"

"You shall have him for nothing."

Mr Rayment looked suspicious, as one that feareth the gifts of his friends, and shook his head.

"For nothing, Aaron? What do you want me to do for you, then?"

"Nothing. I will give you a tall and lusty recruit. That is plain, is it not?"

"The door is shut, Aaron. Tell me what you mean."

"Give me the man to take him, and he is yours."

"To take him?" Mr Rayment whispered. "Is he not a willing recruit, then? I love a fellow who is in trouble, and deemed to be put into a place of safety."

"I don't know about his willingness," said Aaron, grimly.

"If he is not willing, is he a fellow to be persuaded easily? As far as a shilling of punch is concerned, I care not about the expense, so long as I get a lusty fellow."

"He is in no trouble, and he is not willing. It will take half a dozen men to carry him along, and a week's starvation to make him even pretend to be willing."

"'Tis dangerous, Aaron. I like not this kidnapping work. We crimps have got a bad name, though every one knows my word is honesty. Yet we must not openly rival the Press."

"Why, you have done a hundreds of times."

"Ay, for the picking up of a starving rustic, or a drunken sailor, or a disbanded soldier, and swearing, when they are sober again, that they have enlisted, that is neither here nor there. And it is for the good of the poor fellows. Their pay is regular, and the climate considered by some to be wholesome. It is playing the part of Providence to help the poor men with the service of the East India Company."

"No doubt," said Aaron.

"Give me your recruit who comes red handed, the runners after him, and oths for nothing but to be shipped safe out of the country as soon as possible. I care not how many roguories he hath committed. Give me your lusty villain who hath stolen his master's horse, or the gallant who hath squandered all his stock. Time give on trouble. But with pressed and kidnapped men is to different."

"I doubt if you could persuade this fellow," said Aaron, "not if you made him drink a cask of brandy."

"We have had misfortunes too," Mr Rayment continued. "Only last May there was brought to my house an young country lad as you would desire to see. He was in trouble about a girl, and desired to serve the King. Well, in the morning, when he got sober and learned that he was enlisted in the service of the Company, he behaved shamefully. Nothing would do but he must go free or fight for it. So my honest fellows tried persuasion, and in the end there were collar bones and ribs broken, and that country lad was carried out and laid upon Whitechapel Mount, stripped, and as dead as any gentleman can wish to be. Think of the loss it was to me!"

"Well," said Aaron, "your fellows must not persuade my man this way."

"What does it mean, Aaron?"

"It is a private matter. You need not have anything to do with it. Send me half a dozen stout fellows, and you shall know nothing at all about it, except that another recruit was enlisted, who held at the house till the ship sailed, and was taken on board drunk and speechless. You will have nothing to do with it but to lend me your men and your house."

"I don't like it, Aaron. It may turn out bad. Has the man friends?"

"He has. Yet this his friends will never suspect."

"I don't like the job, Aaron. Kidnapping should only be practised on strangers and rustics. Is he a troublesome?"

"No. It is a private grudge, Jonathan. I will make it worth your while. I must have this man put out of the way. He is a Lieutenant in the King's Navy."

Mr Rayment jumped from his chair.

"A King's Lieutenant! Aaron, would you hang us all?"

"Sit down, you fool. It is a safe job. Besides, you shall have nothing to do with it. Sit down, and listen."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A BAD AUNT'S JOB.

The evenings toward the end of October set in early; and when there is no moon, the nights are as dark as in midwinter. It is therefore a favorable season for the footpads who market the roads outside great towns, the thieves who prowl the streets, and the highwaymen who stop the coaches. At Deptford there are neither footpads nor street prowlers, though robbers enough, Lord knows; but they rob, for the most part, on a different plan, and within the houses. In times of peace, when a sailor cannot readily find a ship, or a disbanded Marion can not find work, there have been known cases of robbery about Deptford and Greenwich. But in such a year as 1756, when the sailors were all too few for the King's ships, and they were continually enrolling new regiments of Marines, no one in these towns gave a thought to the dangers of footpads, and a child might have carried by day or by night a bag full of guineas from the dock-yard gate as the bridge without fear of molestation. Least of all would such a man as Jack Easterbrook trouble his head about robbers.

He left the Gun Tavern, where he had spent the evening with the Lieutenants and Midshipmen who used the house, at a quarter before ten or thereabouts, carrying no other weapon than his hanger, and began leisurely to walk home down Church Lane. The upper part of this road, when you have passed the church and the Trinity Almshouses, is darker than the lower part, by reason of great trees and a high hedge on either hand. Light or dark, 'twas all the same to Jack, who marched along the middle of the road, head in air, his thoughts turned on Bess, as they commonly were at this time, or else wondering how long before he should receive his promised commission. Soon it certainly would be, even though, through favoritism and lack of interest, he should, for the present, be passed over, because officers and men were growing scarce, and our Lords the Commissioners wanted all they could get. And once afloat again, with, if kind Heaven willed, a fighting Captain, there would be prizes and prize-money, and perhaps swift promotion. And then home again, to the arms of his dear girl. This, I take it, is the dream of every sailor; whereas, for many, instead of returning to the arms of a fond mistress, they are lowered, with a cannon-shot at their heels, into the cold ocean, or come home lopped of half their limbs, only to find their inconstant mistress in another's arms.

Now, as he was thus striding along, swinging his stave as he went, he became suddenly aware of shuffling footsteps and whispers, which betokened the presence of men lurking behind the trees; but before he had time to ask himself what this might mean, a fellow rushed out from the darkness, armed with a pistol in one hand, which he pointed at Jack's head, and a lantern in the other, which he turned, unceremoniously, in the manner of one who is afraid, upon his face, crying, "Your money or your life."

Jack was so astonished that for a moment he made no reply. Then he sprang upon the fellow, and caught him by the throat. "Mr money or my life! Impudent dog, I will squeeze thine own life out!" And as he shook him in his grasp—thumb on breathing pipe—as a terrier shakes a rat, on that the man dropped pistol and lantern, and would have experienced the fate of the rat in another minute but for the help of his friends. As it was, he would have cried for mercy, but he could neither cry out nor breathe, so tight were the fingers at his throat. Indeed, when he was rescued half a minute later his face was already purple, his eyes starting from his head like a shrimp's, and his tongue swollen, so that he was fain to sit upon the ground awhile, and for ten minutes or so he knew not whether he were really dead and in the next world, and therefore about to reap the reward of his many villanies, or whether he were still living and ready, for his greater damnation, to swell that long list.

When the light of the lantern fell upon Jack's face there followed a sharp, short whistle, and upon that signal half a dozen lusty fellows sprang from behind at the same moment from both sides of the road. He had no time to draw his sword or to make any resistance of any kind, for one of them fetched him from behind, while the others threatened him in front, so foul a stroke with an oaken cudgel that he fell like a log and without a word somehow upon the ground, dragging with him the man whom he held by the throat.

Then the men all crowded over him ready with their cudgels, and on courageous as you please, their man being down. But it is of no use to cudgel a senseless man.

They were joined by another man—it was Aaron—a tall fellow, truly. He seemed like a giant among these ruffians, who, after the kind of river side villains, were short of stature though stout. This man stood over the fallen Lieutenant, and looked upon the prostrate body with eyes of satisfaction.

"He fell at once," said Aaron, as if dissatisfied. "I looked for more fighting. I thought there would be much more fighting. I hoped as me him do his best before he was overpowered. Show a light here." One of them—not the first villain, who was now sitting on the ground slowly getting his breath and still wondering whether he were dead or not—held the lantern before Jack's face. The eyes were closed and his cheek white.

"Master," said the man, "I doubt the gentleman is killed outright. This is a bad job for all of us."

"Killed! Saw ever one a man killed by a stroke of a cudgel? I wish he was killed. I wish he was dead and buried. Yet he shall never say that I caused him to be killed. Such a man as this does not die of a cracked skull. Show the light again."

This time he looked more carefully. The Lieutenant was in a dead swoon, just as Aaron himself had fallen into at Hors Fair, but it was a far stronger knock and a deeper faint. Aaron raised an eyelid, but there was no sign of life or any shrinking from the light. And now he saw that blood was flowing from the wound.

"He will lie quiet for a while yet. Well, men, here is your new recruit."

The men looked at each other, and murmured that with King's officers—for now they saw the uniform by the light of the lantern—they would not meddle.

"Not meddle, ye villains?" cried Aaron, "why, you have meddled enough fun already, and have wellnigh murdered him, and will very likely hang, every mother's son, for this night's job. Wherefore take him up and carry him aboard: 'tis your only chance to save your own necks. Get him across the river with all despatch, and stang in-doors."

The men hesitated. One of them murmured, with an oath, that they would not hang alone.

"When he comes to his senses," Aaron continued, taking no notice of this threat, "tell him that at the least movement you will brain him. But you are not to brain him, remember, or your master will lose the very best servant he ever had, and will cause you all to swing. What? There is enough against you for every man to swing." This assurance was made more emphatic by the language which this sort most readily understood. Still the men hesitated. The King's uniform frightened them. They had often enough kidnapped a poor drunken sailor, but never before a Lieutenant. Then Aaron swore at them, and stamped his foot upon the ground.

"Quick, I say. What? You dare to argue? Take him up. So. Come him with a jacket to hide his white stockings and breeches, though the night is dark. That will do—now—aye, will."

They took him up, the whole six sullenly bending a hand, and carried him as men carry a drunken man.

"Carry him at the Stairs, and row him across the river as quickly as you may. Bestow him in the upper room at the back, where you keep the chains and the bars for your unruly recruits. Watch him by day and night. He will try to escape, that is certain; as soon as he recovers consciousness he will try to escape. Let him understand that he will be knocked on the head if he makes the attempt. And remember he is a match for any three of you—ay, the whole six, I verily believe—for he is as strong as Samson. If he succeeds in escaping he will have you all in Newgate. He will drag the house down, if he can, in order to escape. You are in great danger, my friends, whatever happens. Yet I would not have him murdered. If he is not put on board alive, there will be a warrant out against you for highway robbery and violence, and hanged you will be, every man. Therefore, I say, take care of him." Thus he spake: now showing that he wished the man dead, and then warning them not to kill him. "It is but three or four days' nursing, with chains and a watch set day and night, and then you shall have his dish and pot like an honest man, and shove the drunken beast down the companion in the lower deck with the recruits, and the ho'n'u'rope's-end first, in case he complains; and the wringles next, in case he is stubborn and mutinous. I should like to see him tied up for three dozen. Now, march!"

The men replied nothing, but slung their burden and prepared to obey.

"March, I say; and, look ye, the Press was last night out on Tower Hill, and the night before they were four at Redriff, where there was hightingo and warm work, so that the men's spirit is up and they will brook no resistance. Perhaps—I know not—they are not to-night at Deptford. If the Press should take you, carrying a King's officer unconscious and sick an open wound in his head, my mates—who—you are dead men and already little better."

The men needed no more, but marched off at the double, as they say, the thought of the Press loading wings to their heels.

"To knock down," said Aaron, when they were gone, "and to kidnap a Lieutenant in the King's Navy, and to ship him, dragged and drunk, on board an East Indiaman for a recruit, is, I should say, high treason, at the least. But none of the fellows know me, and who is to prove that I gave the orders? If the Lieutenant is dead already, they will throw his body into the river. If he is not dead, most of these poor fellows will surely hang, for one or other of them is certain to turn King's evidence. Yet if he tries to escape, they will kill him, being used to murder, and thinking little of it. If they have it, this is their last chance. If they do not kill him—what then? He goes aboard. And then? I know not. He will be put on board in rage. No man will believe him if he calls himself an officer. I doubt if the Lieutenant will come back again to Deptford. Whether he comes back or not, they cannot charge the thing to me."

Certainly there never yet was conceived a more diabolical plot, or one of greater impudence, than to waylay and kidnap an officer bearing his Majesty's commission, to keep him close prisoner in a crimp's house, chained and half starved, watch all day and night, and then, as was intended, to thrust him down into the hold of an East India man, seemingly stupid with drunk (but in reality bereft of his senses by some noxious drug), and at present that he was a volunteer recruit. It is very well known, and matter of common notoriety, that many men have been thus kidnapped and kept prisoners, and then shipped under the pretence. They are carried below, apparently drunk, and laid among the other recruits, for the most part a most desperate, villainous company. Here they lie, and when their parts recover they are already not as one, in the gloomy 'tween-decks, most likely speechless with sickness, among strange and horrible companions, and no one on board who will so much as listen to their story. Have was revenge indeed, if only it could be carried out! And what was to prevent? I have never heard that a King's officer hath been thus treated, which makes it the more wonderful for Aaron to have devised a bold scheme. Yet not so bold as it seems, because if Jack could thus be carried on board, in rage, unassisted, unabusen, his hair about his ears, who would believe his affirmation that he was a commissioned officer? Who, if such a ragamuffin told this tale to the petty officers he would be rope's-ended, and if to the First Lieutenant or to the Captain himself, he would most likely be fled up and accommodated with three dozen, and perhaps six dozen, for insubordination, for the officers of the Company are said to be ready as those of the King's service—who, Heaven knows, are never too benignant—in dealing with refractory recruits. Yet sooner or later, one would think, the thing could be discovered, though not as board the ship. Then the Lieutenant could return home and prefer his complaint, and punishment would follow. But Aaron, only an ignorant fellow, thought of nothing but revenge. There are some men to whom the most terrible punishment in the future seems as nothing compared with the gratification of present revenge.

The gang of rogues had not gone further toward the town than St. Paul's Church, marching quickly along the middle of the road, ready at the least alarm of the Press to drop their burden and to run in all directions, when they encountered another party, consisting of three negroes—one carrying a lantern—and a gentleman with a wooden leg. The negroes were, like these villains, armed with cudgels, but they also carried cutlasses.

"Halt!" cried the gentleman, who was none other than the Admiral. "Turn the lantern on these men, Cudjo."

The negro valiantly advanced and showed a light upon the party. They wore sailors' clothes, namely, slops or petticoats, short jackets, and hats turned up straight on all three sides; and their kinky manes long, and hung about their necks. It was, indeed, their business on the Tower Hill, and in the neighborhood of Ratcliffe, Shadwell, and Wapping, to pretend to be honest sailors, and therefore to wear their dress.

"Why," said the Admiral, "they are sailors! Whither bound, my lads, and what are you carrying?"

"By your leave, your Honor," said one of them, "we are carrying a comrade who is too drunk to walk, and we are fearful of leaving him in the hedge-side by reason of the Press."

"Ay, . . ay . . . the Press—well—my lads, I would that the Press could take you all, and confound you for a poor lotsy, chicken-hearted crew. I wish I knew where the Press is this night, that I might set them on to you. I with my negroes were not fostered of three. Go your ways. March, Cudjo."

The men made no reply, but hurried away as quickly as they could. The Admiral looked after them sadly.

"I doubt," he said, "that all was not right. Thus loaded a pingy cutthroat set of rascals. Perhaps 'twas not a drunken comrade after all."

Thus he continued his way home in the usual marching order, but slowly, because a wooden-legged man who has tongues of gout in his remaining two legs not quite fast. Presently the man who could also lay an open speed something in the road which glittered. He picked it up. "Tone a gold-laced hat with the King's cockade."

"Men," said the Admiral, "this is the hat of an officer. What does this mean? Look about you, every one."

The road was quite dark, owing to the trees and the clouds night. Presently, however, the man found a pistol in the road, and beside it the traces of a falling foot and torn lace and, worse still, pools and pools of blood upon the road.

"Here," said the Admiral, "hath been said work. Torn ruffles—a gold-laced hat—a pistol—and a gang of blood-thirsty cutthroats carrying a body with them. A drunken comrade, forsooth! And afraid of the Press, could to find the Press might take them red handed! Whom have they murdered? For murder, surely, it is, and nothing less. Men!" he turned to his negroes—"I am a wooden-legged, and cannot run. Wherefore do you leave me here, and with what speed you may, hasten after that company, and call upon them to surrender, and if they will not, raise the town upon them. Draw cutlasses—shoulder cutlasses—quick march—double! Run, ye black devils, as if your horny grandfather himself were after you!"

If the Admiral had ordered his negroes to jump from London Bridge or the Monument, they would have done it, I am quite certain, so great was the terror with which they regarded him. Therefore, at the word, they drew their weapons, and set off running with the greatest resolution, and at a pretty brisk pace, showing all the outward signs of zeal and of courage.

Also negroes are in essentials all alike. No man ever yet found courage in the black African, nay more than industry, patience, or honesty, unless the white man was behind him with Father Stick for encouragement.

The night was dark. Nothing more daunts a negro than darkness, because to him the night is peopled—especially when there is no white man present—with all kinds of fearful and terrible creatures, therefore, in their running, they presently began to feel the gloomy loneliness of the lane, and their speed slackened gradually. Next, they were no longer young, and it could be foolish to expect of those whose soul is gray the courage which they never possessed when it was still black. Thirdly, the Admiral was out of sight and out of hearing. And, again, if the enemy refused to surrender, whom were they to alarm? What were they to do? What road were they to take? Lastly—a consideration which weighed with them above all others—what if they were, unhappily, to overtake the men? They were but three to six—and three feeble old blacks to six lusty young whites! Then might occur difficulties as between by the Admiral, who naturally thought that his own crew must always gain the victory.

These doubts and difficulties suggested themselves to the brave fellows at one and the same moments, namely, the first moment when they thought their footsteps out of the Admiral's hearing. They halted and looked at each other.

"Breddren," said Snowball, "let us stop and deliberation ourselves. Where am de enemy? Fled—flown—yah! De pon' coward'—run clean out of our sight!—frad to face brave black men?"

"S'pose," said Cudjo, "we wait just quarter ob an hour; then go back and tell his Honor—men clean gone; run away before us for fear ob us?"

This was agreed to. Nothing more was said, but all three sat on a door step, and waited until they thought the quarter of an hour seemed to be passed, and they thought they might safely return.

Even if they had followed the party across to the Stairs, supposing they knew which direction to take, they could scarcely have mistaken them, as expeditious were the men as getting to the river and in pushing off, the bank being at that time quite deserted.

Therefore, when they thought a reasonable time had elapsed, the valiant negroes returned slowly, but still brandishing their cutlasses. Arrived within five minutes of the house, they broke into a quick trot, as that they reached the doors in a passing and breathless condition, as happens to those who very earnestly and zealously carry out instructions.

They reported that at the bottom of Church Lane they came upon the enemy, and called upon them to surrender at discretion or take the terrible consequences. The enemy chose the latter, and retreated rapidly. In other words, they all vanished, but whether down Butcher Row or in the direction of Rogue Lane, which leads into the open fields, south of Rotherhithe, they could not tell, and in the darkness and uncertainty they thought it best to return for further orders.

"Why," said the Admiral, "'tis a dark night truly. And if they have sailed out of sight, and we have lost them, there is no more to be said," and so put away the torn ruffles, the laced hat, and the pistol, to case they might be wanted for evidence of robbery and violence, of not of murder, and ordered the men an extra ration of rum, and so to bed. Fortunately he had no suspicion that the hat and the ruffles belonged to Jack Easterbrook, otherwise his night's rest would have been disturbed. As for the pistol, however, that he discovered on examination had not been discharged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Berzano school-teacher carried off the laurels in a match at English pronunciation held at Chautauqua recently among a class of fifty competitors. The report of her victory is very brief, and does not tell by what standard the class was graded. If the judges were from the neighborhood of Buffalo, and the other members of the class were from distant parts of the country, the verdict was natural enough, whatever may have been its justice, but how would the Buffalo school-teacher have fared if she had happened to come before judges from Maine, or Ohio, or Texas? Would a judge from the South put up with a person who contended that "kind" was pronounced "can," or called a "cho" a "chow"? And what would an Ohio judge think of anybody who assumed that there were not five or six "r's" on the end of the word "butter," or a judge from Maine of a school-teacher who took liberties with the name of "bean"? There is so much about English pronunciation that "the people" that one can't help thinking the Chautauqua judges must have been very bold and very arbitrary in reaching their decision. Who knows to this day whether we ought to say "Chicago" or "Chicago," or is absolutely certain that there is anything reasonable in calling "Pall Mall" "Pell Mell," or "Cholmondeley" "Chumly"?

The metamorphosis undergone by Eastern newspaper reports travelling West is again illustrated. A Buffalo journal having announced that a new public clock was to be put up in that town, the clock grew bigger and bigger as the report journeyed toward the Rocky Mountains, until now we learn from Arizona that Buffalo is to have a clock seventy-five feet in diameter and chimed six hundred and three feet above the street, with figures eight feet in length, and a steam engine to wind it up, and that it is believed that people in Cincinnati will be able to tell the time by it with the aid of telescopes.

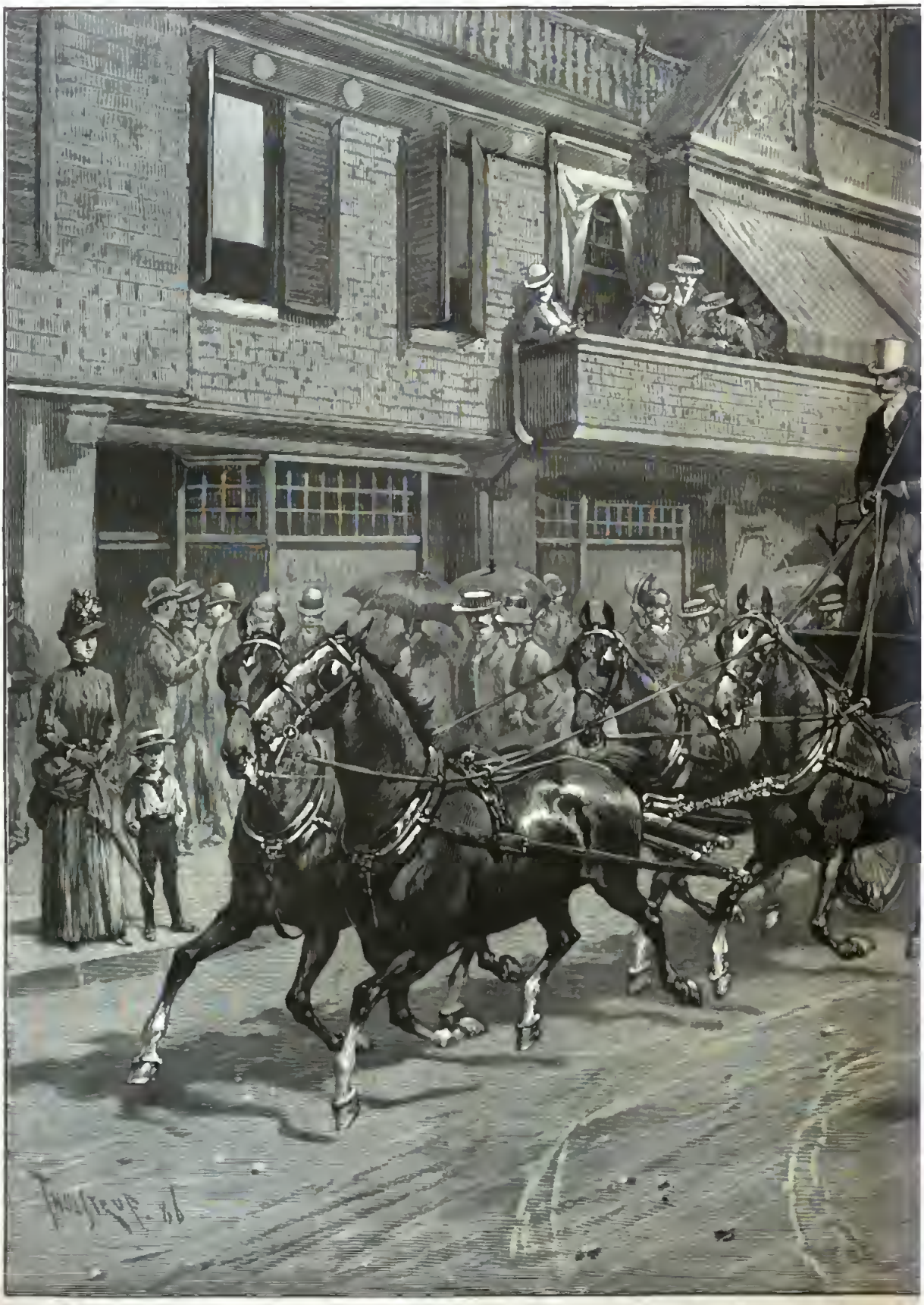
A boring made for coal in Prussia has reached the depth of 4561 feet, and is said to be the deepest in the world. That is almost a mile onto the earth's crust, which persons who pretend to know say is not more than fifty miles thick, so that our inquisitive man has only to bore forty-nine miles further in order to reach the molten interior, or to find that no such interior exists. It will seem to people who are sufficiently hopeful that we are on the verge of a great discovery.

A Connecticut charcoal burner thought his dog was foolish to be barking all night at a June-bug or a cricket that was humming under the bed. To stop the dog's noise he got up at last to drive out the June-bug or the cricket, and found a rat instead. The moral of this is that one is not necessarily a fool because another mistakes a rattlesnake for a June-bug.

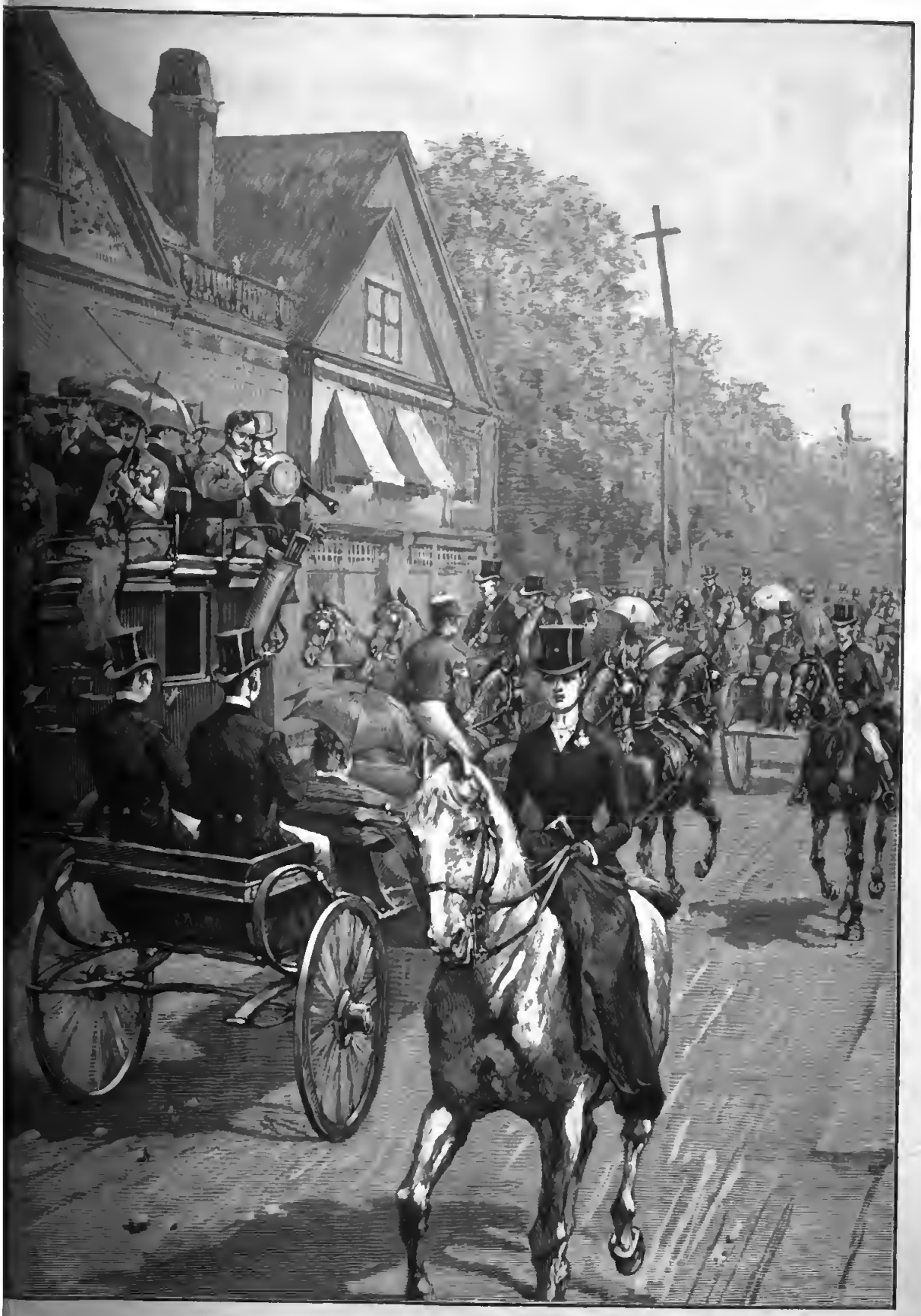
Mr F. Wenchen, the editor of the *International Nautical Magazine* of this city, recently published an "Ice Code for the Vicinity of the Newfoundland Banks," which has been adopted by the leading transatlantic steam-ship lines. The United States Hydrographic Office also recommends it. The new code embodies signals so that navigators are enabled to communicate with one another regarding the ice with great facility. It is an improvement upon the international code of signals, and, in view of the greatly increased speed of steamers, was much needed.

It is declared that a New Jersey inventor has all but perfected a gigantic tricycle which is to roll through the surf in times of terrible storm to the assistance of shipwrecked people. Thirty feet is the height of this astonishing vehicle, and anybody can see that a person on top of it would not be troubled much by any ordinary surf, provided the machine remained right side up. But how is it to be kept right side up in what one cannot understand, unless it is so constructed that all its sides are right sides. It is intended that it shall proceed shore up to the stranded ship, and take off the passengers without the need of cannon and life jackets and other appliances which are nearly as terrible as death itself to nervous people, and that they shall be landed almost as comfortably as though the ship were tied up to a wharf. It is not promised, indeed, that the rescued persons shall be not where absolutely dry, but there is a strong presumption that if they are provided with mackintoshes and umbrellas they will get no wetter than they would in any hard rain-storm. It will be seen that the new life-preserver will have to be more sturdy than the wrecked ship, in order to resist the force of the seas, and lose stationary than an iron pot, in order to reach the place of need. If it could have sliding bolts running in movable slots and riveted to Crane, of course anybody could see that it would be all right.

"Wot! Sam. Er you doan sumbaate to'ep, I'd owine the fiddle ye were playing to' ages."



BELLEVUE AVENUE, NEWPORT. OPPOSITE T



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 606.]

GENERAL PAINE, OWNER OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

CAPTAIN STONE, OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

J. BEAVOR-WEBB, DESIGNER OF THE "GALATEA."

## THE YACHT RACES.

THE result of the two races between Lieutenant Henn's British cutter *Galatea* and General Paine's sloop *Mayflower* for the *America's* cup, on the 7th and 9th of September, once more conclusively proves that the light displacement centre-board yacht is faster than the sloop and never cutter of great displacement. In the first race over the New York Yacht Club course on the 7th the wind was extremely light from the south, giving the yachts a dead beat from the starting line at Bay Ridge to the turning buoys on the Southwest Spit. There was just a light sailing breeze, and a fair tide until a point just below the Narrows had been reached, and from there to the buoy the tide as well as the wind was ahead, and the yachts worked down the ship channel in short tacks. The superiority of the American sloop was apparent, and she gained with every tack. When about two-thirds of the distance to the Spit had been covered, the two yachts were on opposite sides of the channel, the *Mayflower* on the west and the cutter on the east side; the wind backed from south to south-southwest, giving the British yacht a favorable slant, and heading the other yacht off, so that she could not make her full reach, and had to tack when she got to the course—that is, right ahead—of the cutter. She certainly lost half her lead by this shift of the wind, and yet was able to beat the British yacht near five minutes to the southwest Spit buoy.

Admitting that as alleged, and as seemed to be the case, the cutter, sailed by Mr. Beavor-Webb, was kept too close to the wind, and did not have as good a chance as she might have had, it will not explain sufficiently the long lead of the sloop, and it must be admitted by the most ardent advocate of the cutter model that under the conditions then prevailing—that is, a light working breeze and smooth water—the sloop is the superior. She was admirably sailed by Captain Stone.

To the light-ship the yachts went close-hauled, neither of them being able to spike fetch the mark. The sloop fell in about a mile to leeward of it, the cutter about a half-mile, showing that she had been pinched nearer the wind, but had not farreached as fast, for the sloop again beat her about four minutes from the Spit buoy to the ship. Coming in, the conditions were still different, the wind being about abeam, and the yachts reaching with sheets well lifted. No excuse of too much pinching could be made for the passage over this part of the course; each carried the same canvas, and again the gain of the sloop was over three minutes. From the buoy to the finish on a run, and here the cutter had an advantage, the wind freshening, and she catching the sea a little first, and once more the figures show a gain for the sloop, although only by a matter of seconds. In then to windward, at reaching and at running, the centre-board sloop showed herself superior in the conditions then prevailing.

On the 9th the race—or rather the attempt to race—was out on the ocean twenty miles east by north from the *Scotland* Light-ship and return. The wind at the start, east by north, hauling as far south as east southeast, and then backing to east by north again. It was moderate for the whole course, but there was quite a jump of a sea. Previous to the start, the weather looking a bit threatening, the cutter shifted jibs, sending up No. 2, and let her bowsprit come in a bit; she also set No. 2 staysail. As it turned out, she needed the larger sails, but that did not account for the very decided beating she received in the weather work, she being as far behind when the *Mayflower* turned the mark buoy that she here up and ran home. The *Mayflower* kept on for home before the wind, but failed to make the race within the stipulated period of seven hours. September 11, a second attempt to sail this 40 shore race was barely successful, the *Mayflower* making the course in eleven minutes less than seven hours, and the *Galatea* in eighteen minutes more. The difference of twenty-nine minutes was almost equally divided between the run out and the return to windward, the *Mayflower* a gain in the former being thirteen minutes and in the latter sixteen. Much of the latter lead, however, was due to a slant of wind favorable to the sloop.

If the record of the yachts may be taken as a guide to an opinion, it does not seem as though the *Iris*, should she come here next season, will have any very reasonable chance of capturing the *America's* Cup, and that the only hope of British yachtsmen to wrest this trophy—representing the yachting superiority of the world—from the Americans will be to give their designers and builders carte blanche as to model and expense, and, without regard to the restrictive rule of the Yacht Racing Association, let them have a chance to turn out the fastest boat possible. This will not be done, in all probability, for some years to come, and it is tolerably certain that the present contest for the *America's* Cup will be the last that will be sailed for at least five years.

## COACHING AT NEWPORT.

THE annual coaching parade in this city and the annual coaching parade at Newport, although made up as a general rule of identically the same drags and four-in-hands, are quite distinct and distinctive affairs from almost any point of view. The New York parade takes place at that time of the year when summer and midsummer toilets are still delightful anticipations. The ladies who "sit on the ends," as a New York reporter once termed the tops of the coaches, are dressed in those garments which, like the voices of the early robins, record the coming rather than the arrival of the happy season of out-door airing. The Newport parade occurs, if not at midsummer, not very long afterward. There is an airy freeness about that particular part of the spectacle for which the ladies are responsible that is lacking at the parade in this city. There is also a greater air of earnestness about the drive at Newport. This is no doubt explained by the fact that the roads are better. Here in New York the meet of the coaches is in Central Park, and the route is perforce down Fifth Avenue. No matter how skilful you may be as a whip, you can't, or at all events you couldn't prior to the laying of the present new pavement on that thoroughfare, journey up or down Fifth Avenue with that exhilarating sense of motion which has been aptly described as the "hauling along." There is an inevitable decorum and a sense of preliminary practice for future four-in-hand driving about the New York parade. In Newport it is different. It will not do to say that Newport was apparently laid out with a view to the successful enjoyment of driving four-in-hand, for as a matter of fact the streets of what used to be called the city proper are not any too wide nor too smooth nor too level for the easy progress of a green-grocer's wagon or a wheelbarrow. But splendid modern drives and thoroughfares have grown up in and around the historic old town, and it would be difficult now to find a better route for a coaching club parade than is furnished by what is known as the "Ocean Drive."

It was over the Ocean Drive from the Ocean House and back to Bay Street, a distance of about ten miles, that the latest coaching parade took place. No two coaches were alike, and all were splendidly equipped. First came an all-red coach drawn by two browns and a black and white pair. Next came a coach painted a dark blue with stripings of cream-color, which was drawn by a well-matched quartette of bay horses. This was followed by a coach the body of which was pink, with an under-carriage of straw color, to which gorgeous equipage were attached a cream-matched pair of brown and chestnut wheelers, the leaders being bay and gray. A blue coach with bright red under-carriage or running gear was next in line, to which were driven two bays at the wheels and a chestnut and brown pair as leaders. After this came a coach the brown body of which was set upon red running gear, and which was drawn by bay and gray wheel-horses and chestnut and gray leaders. A primrose coach, with four beautifully matched bays was next in the procession, and was followed by a coach of dark green with orange under-carriage, drawn by four high-stepping brown horses. The eighth and last coach had also a dark green body set upon bright yellow running gear, and was drawn by a pair of fine bay wheelers, led by two well-matched grays.

## THE ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT.

KANSAS is a strongholds both of Prohibition and of Republicanism, and it was in Kansas that the anti-saloon Republican movement last year had its beginning. During the temperance agitation, and during the first year of the prohibitory law there prohibition became an article of Republican faith to a large number of the members of the party. But even in Kansas it was not universally so held, and the national Republican party has never become a prohibition party. Having despaired of it as a means of accomplishing the suppression of the liquor traffic, a number of Republicans like ex-Governor St. John have become members of the "third" or national prohibition party. But many more have not yet despaired, they doubt the ability of the third party to accomplish its purpose, and they regard the better regulation as the total abolition of the traffic to drink as the main duty that now awaits the Republican party. Following, therefore, the secession of some Republican prohibitionists to the prohibition party is a movement by other Republican prohibitionists and temperance men to quicken the party to greater activity against the traffic, and this is the origin of the anti-saloon Republican agitation.

This agitation to make hostility to liquor-dealing a part of the national Republican creed was definitely begun early last winter, and a conference was held in Kansas. On December 1 an address was issued, signed by several hundred Republicans in the State, "to all enemies of the drum shop." An organizing committee, consisting of Mr. ALBERT GRIFFIN of Manhattan, Rev. R. WARD, of Abilene, and Mr. L. C. WHEELER, of Topeka, was appointed to secure the cooperation of Republicans in other States. In their address they set forth that "temperance legislation has seldom, if ever, been secured by non-partisan support against partisan opposition, and hereafter non-partisan action in the Northern States will amount to an abandonment of the legislative field," since "an overwhelming majority of Northern prohibitionists are Republicans." They declared that "it is absolutely essential that the Republican party shall be everywhere put on a platform of uncompromising hostility to the saloon." They called a National Convention of Republicans who agree with them, to meet on May 19 at Toledo, Ohio, but a subsequent call set September 16 as the date and Chicago as the place of meeting. Every State has been requested to send four times as many delegates as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress. In this subsequent call stress was laid on the necessity of the Republican party's action, not only for the sake of the temperance movement, but for the sake of the party as well, for "the very existence of the party," it was said, "is at stake," and "it is now losing at both ends of the line, and gaining from nowhere." The opinion of the most active promoters of the movement is that "the party should not be asked to commit itself nationally to or against any specific law," but that it should take such a stand in favor of temperance legislation "that the men engaged in the liquor business will recognize the party as their enemy, and leave its ranks."

The Republican State Conventions of Vermont, Maine, and Iowa approved the call for such a National Conference, and gave their committees authority to appoint delegates to attend it. In New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York, Kansas, and other Northern States, State Conferences have been held, at which delegates were chosen to the National Conference, and from most of the other Northern States, even if no organization has yet been effected, Republicans will go as individualized delegates. The National Conference will therefore not speak as the Republican party, but as Republicans to their party. The promoters of the movement report that more than half the Republican members of the United States Senate and a large number of Congressmen and other prominent party leaders have expressed themselves in favor of this policy, and their hope is that they will cause State Republican Conventions to commit the party either to greater restriction or to abolition of the trade in drink, and the next National Republican Convention to such action as will satisfy all temperance Republicans, and make the party the instrument of this reform. In advance, however, the prohibitionists who have seceded to the third party are taking an part in the movement.

The most active promoter of this plan to retain prohibitionist Republicans in the Republican party, and to use the party to work out the reform, is Mr. ALBERT GRIFFIN, of Manhattan, Kansas. Mr. GRIFFIN was chosen chairman of the Organizing Committee, and he at once went about his work with zeal. He has spent most of his time, since the National Conference was called, in the Eastern States, seeking the cooperation of prominent Republicans, and effecting the organization of the anti-saloon Republicans into State Committees and Conferences. Mr. GRIFFIN became prominent in this movement, was elevated, indeed, to the more prominent position, during that early stage of the agitation, by reason of his zealous work in Kansas to make Republicanism and Prohibition synonymous. He is the editor of a Republican anti-saloon paper, the *National-ist*, at Manhattan, and in all the temperance agitation in his State he has taken an earnest and at times a prominent part. He is a man now past fifty, but as vigorous as he is enthusiastic. The importance of the National Conference will be measurable in two ways—first, by the effect it may have in persuading the Republican party to adopt the policy it advises, and, on the other side, by the effect which a refusal of the party generally to adopt this policy may have in causing a larger secession from the Republican to the Prohibition party.

## GERONIMO'S SURRENDER.

THE capture of the fierce Chiricahua chief Geronimo, through the indomitable energy and endurance of Captain H. W. LAWTON and his command, aided by cooperating forces, will add fresh laurels to the Department Commander, General NELSON A. MILES. The career of this distinguished soldier has been one of remarkable success. Starting in the ranks of a Massachusetts militia company at the outbreak of the civil war, he made his way up to the command of a division of the Second Corps, and fought it from the Rapidan to the Appomattox, becoming known as one of the ablest soldiers in the Army of the Potomac. Adopting the profession for which he had thus disclosed rare aptitude, he showed himself one of the very few who could pluck renown even from Indian campaigns, proverbially prolific of hard work and reproaches rather than of glory. He took part in the expedition against the Cheyennes and Comanches, and then, ten years ago, after the Custer massacre, made a famous campaign into the Sioux country, pursuing the Indians through the deep snows of an exceptionally severe winter, fought several battles with them, and forced SITTING BULL to take flight into Canada. Next General MILES encountered and after a hard battle defeated and captured Chief JOSEPH's band of Nez Perces, who had baffled or beaten off command after command of their pursuers, and were just about to escape to Canada. It was his fortune also to come across the hostile Bannocks, whom he defeated at Clark's Fork. His promotion from the Colonelcy of the Fifth Infantry to a Brigadier-Generalship carried him to the Department of the Columbia, where he succeeded in quieting some Indian complaints. When in July of last year General ATKINS's retirement required a new Commander for the Department of the Missouri to deal with the uneasy Cheyennes and Arrapahoes of the Indian Territory, General MILES was summoned. Again when, last spring, General CROOK applied to be relieved from the Department of Arizona, where he had been fighting the Apaches, General MILES was selected to take up the hard task, which he has now brought to complete triumph.

We may well say, therefore, that the success of General MILES in Indian campaigning has been extraordinary, and of his victories over SITTING BULL, Chief JOSEPH, and GERONIMO, the last is perhaps the most important to the country. The wily and cruel Chiricahua Apache, who has been so often on the war path having broken promises to live at peace, escaped in May, 1880, from his reservation in Arizona, with forty-two warriors and ninety-two women and children, and through and that year spread devastation on the southwest frontier, murdering scores of persons, men, women, and children, after with fiendish cruelty. Last winter Captain CRAWFORD hunted him down in Mexico, where, being worn out and lacking supplies, he agreed to surrender to General CROOK at San Bernardino Ranch. But when, last March, between seventy and eighty of his band, chiefly women and children, although a few famous warriors like CHOUNCHA and NASA were among them, had accepted General CROOK's clemency, the suspicious GERONIMO and his immediate armed followers, fearing punishment, and under the influence of liquor, which they had unfortunately procured, broke away again.

It was then that General MILES came into command and took up the difficult task. During the month of April GERONIMO reentered Arizona, killing many unarmed people on his raid. General MILES sent all his available forces in pursuit, and during six weeks various commands followed the hostiles eight hundred miles in a mountainous country, skirmishing with them indefinitely three times, while the Mexicans, who cooperated, had fought them twice. Troops were stationed at the water-holes, signal detachments placed on the mountains, and the utmost energy exploited.

The prodigious difficulties and hardships of a midsummer campaign in such a country against such a foe have been recently set forth to the readers of the WEEKLY. Although the troops operating against GERONIMO were as a hundred to one, it was only the few at any moment accessible to him that he specially needed to fear. First he got his women and children in a secret stronghold in the Sierra Madre. Then with his warriors, who found enough horses in plundered ranches, but were able to travel fifty miles a day afoot, frequently taking to the mountains, where horsemen could not pursue, tireless, fierce, able to subdue the calls of hunger and thirst till food and water at hand could satisfy them, they for months held their own, armed as they were with the best modern breech-loaders. The troops needed trains to bring up food, and were by no-

means so well acquainted with the country. But at length converging forces drove the hostiles across the line into Sonora, and there LAWTON, heading the relentless chase with his Indian scouts, for weeks together gave them little rest. About the middle of August GERONIMO, worn down, proposed to surrender to the MEXICANS, but finding this impracticable, he yielded to General MILES, Captain LAWTON having meanwhile, with the aid of other troops, completely barred his retreat.

Throughout this trying campaign, whose conduct demands so much praise for the indomitable energy and endurance of our brave officers and men, General MILES has never expressed the remotest doubt that success would one day be assured.

C. BOWYER VAUX,
WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL CANOE CUP.

## THE CANOE RACES.

THE International Canoe Challenge Cup offered by the New York Canoe Club was finally won on the 8th inst. by the canoe *Lassie*, owned and sailed by Mr CALVERT BOWYER VAUX, of this city, whose portrait is published in this issue. The first two races occurred on the 4th inst., and were won respectively by Mr. BADEN-POWELL'S *Nautilus* and Mr VAUX'S *Lassie*. This necessitated a third race, which was attempted on the 6th, but as the distance was not covered within the required time, the *Nautilus*, although crossing the line first, failed to secure the cup, and in the next attempt, two days later, as has been said, victory came to the American canoe. It was an exciting race, and the enthusiasm of the New York Canoe Club in the victory of the *Lassie* over her two English competitors knew no bounds. It was a noticeable fact that Mr. BADEN-POWELL adopted and imitated the tactics of the Yankee skipper in sitting not to windward on the deck of his canoe, instead of lying flat in the cockpit, after the English method.

Mr VAUX, who has won the International Cup, may be regarded as a typical American canoeist. He is a son of CALVERT VAUX, the well-known architect of this city, and he has been devoted to the paddle and the sail ever since he was a small boy at a Massachusetts boarding-school. His first racing canoe, which he purchased in 1877, was built on lines sent to America by the same Mr. BADEN-POWELL who was his chief competitor in the recent contests. The following year he purchased a "Shadow" model canoe designed by Mr. W. L. ALDEN, now United States Consul General at Rome. This was the third "Shadow" canoe ever built by JAMES EVERSON, of Williamsburg, and it proved to be a remarkably speedy craft. It was named the *Dot*, and after its owner joined the New York Canoe Club, and began to take part in their races, the number of prizes won by the *Dot* came almost beyond counting. She raced for three years for the New York Canoe Club Challenge Cup, and finally won the five races necessary to its possession.

In 1884 the *Dot* was sold, and was taken by her new owner to Florida waters, where to-day she is said to be ever in readiness for a race. Mr VAUX'S next craft was called the *Sea Bee*, but finding it too large to handle conveniently, he replaced it in 1885 with the new famous *Lassie*. The *Lassie* won her maiden race at the New York Canoe Club's fall regatta in October last, and later a cup offered for canoes by a member of the Jersey City Yacht Club. Mr VAUX has been an unusually successful sailor, and is the possessor of more prizes than any other canoeist in the country. He has edited the *American Yachtsman*, a monthly paper devoted to this sport, for two years, and is also the author of *Canoe Handling*, a little text-book telling how to use and keep canoes. He was born at Fishkill, New York, in February, 1858.

## EARTHQUAKES IN CITIES.

THE recent calamity to one of our sister cities naturally recalls the story of similar disasters in the past, and it is worthy of notice how seldom cities have suffered severely from earthquakes. London has frequently been shaken by them, but has never known any serious consequences. Its earthquake of February, 1761, is the most startling it has ever known. It was preceded in January by a remarkable aurora. At night an intense red light spread over the northeastern sky, and men fancied a great fire must be raging over the land. In February a fearful storm with peals of thunder, flashes of lightning, a tempest of wind and blinding hail and rain terrified the whole island. At last on the 8th of February the earthquake came. Between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon the city was shaken to its centre. Rooms trembled, furniture moved on the floors, the bells rang of their own accord, china and pewter rattled on the shelves, and a deep sound was heard like that of the fall of some heavy object. The shock was felt only in the city and its environs. The terrified people were soon reassured. But a month afterward, between five and six o'clock in the morning, a still more violent shock aroused them. It was ushered in by flashes of lightning and a low rumbling noise like that "of a carriage rolling over a hollow pavement." Again furniture rocked, bells were rung, houses shook to their foundations, and the terrified people rushed from their beds half-clad into the streets. But this was all. No life was lost; no houses fell. A mad prophet foretold a still greater shock that in a month would destroy London and Westminster, and all was consternation. Thousands left the city. On the 8th of April, the day foretold, people fled from their houses and gathered at night in the parks and fields. But no new shock came. The terror passed, and London has never since felt the destroyer's power.

Rome has quivered at times on its foundations ever since its first settlement. All its neighborhood is volcanic. The Curtian pit that opened in the Forum was no doubt produced by an earthquake. Since then for twenty centuries the city has never ceased at times to tremble. Yet it has suffered no serious disasters. The graceful dome of St. Peter's, hung high on its lofty columns, would seem to invite the first efforts of the destroyer. It has escaped them all. "Its great height," said Stendhal, "makes one tremble when one thinks that lofty is constantly agitated by earthquakes, that the soil of Rome is volcanic, and that in a moment we might be deprived of the finest monument that exists." He tells of two monks who were in the ball of St. Peter's during the earthquake shock of 1730. It produced such intense terror that one of them died on the spot. Naples, apparently still more exposed than Rome to this danger, has never suffered any serious evils. Often its great population have been driven from their homes by terror when Vesuvius has been active, as the earth has trembled around them, but Naples has remained almost unharmed. It has seen its sister cities Pompeii and Herculaneum disappear, and Messina and Catania lie crushed in ruins. It is seated in the midst of volcanic lakes and geysers, under the shadow of Ætna and Vesuvius.

No event ever more startled Europe than the destruction of Lisbon in 1755. It seemed incredible. Dr Johnson refused for some time to believe it. "Why," men asked, "was Lisbon, of all other cities, selected for this dreadful chastisement?" For Lisbon had never known any serious disaster from earthquakes, and had seemed more secure than Rome or Florence, yet the city was almost entirely levelled to the ground. A tidal wave swept over it. Thirty thousand of its inhabitants perished in that awful moment. The shock was felt across the Atlantic. Chimneys fell in Boston, and Charleston trembled. But when the terror passed away, Lisbon was rebuilt; it rose from its ashes, and for more than a century has lived on unharmed and more than ever prosperous. The Sicilian cities Messina, Palermo, and Syracuse have been the favorite victims of the earthquake. The Spanish cities Malaga and Granada, and even Madrid, suffered last year from fatal and incessant shocks. The Greek islands, Ischia (near Naples), and recently all interior Greece, have been ravaged and shaken. It would seem that on earthquake track lies amidst the fairer regions of the earth.

In ancient history the most memorable earthquake was that of the reign of Tiberius. The fairest of the Greek cities along the Ionian shore fell before it. Touched by the common sorrows of humanity, even the cruel Emperor sent lavish aid to the suffering people. Ephesus and its sister cities arose in new splendor only to be stricken again and again by the unseen destroyer. In Justinian's reign all the known world was desolated by a constant succession of earthquakes. The globe itself seemed convulsed by some internal struggle. Yet it is remarkable that amidst this long series of disasters, reaching over a thousand years, the finest works of man has survived them all. The Acropolis and the Parthenon lived until they were wrecked by Turk and Venetian. The Roman roads still bound men together. Roman aqueducts and bridges covered France and Spain. The column of Trajan still stands unharmed at Rome. The Pantheon still lifts its graceful dome, untouched by the storms and earthquakes of nineteen centuries.

It is these tremendous sorrows that teach us we are man, they awaken the instinct of communal love. The whole nation bends in warm affection over the sorrowing people of its afflicted cities. It feels their pain, it shares their grief; and no liberality that the national or State governments can show toward our brothers in their sorrow but will meet with the general support of all our people.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## BATH AND ITS SPRINGS.

By DR. TITUS MUNSON COAN.

BEAUTIFUL Bath! For many years during the last century this was the most famous of English, if not of European, spas, and though less frequented of recent years than formerly, it remains one of the most attractive places in Europe. Many a writer has vied with another in sounding the praises of the place. Carlyle, echoing Landor and others, calls Bath "the prettiest town in all England." It would be hard to find a lovelier place than this city of 53,000 people, situated in a charming valley of Somersetshire, on the two banks of the river Avon. Its vogue is ancient and distinguished. Queen Elizabeth went to Bath. It is fortunate that Shakespeare had on occasion to resort to these healing waters. In that case he might have given us the "Dyspepsia's Pilgrimage" instead of the "Passionate Pilgrim." But since Queen Elizabeth's time nearly all the sovereigns of England have made visits to this attractive place, some twenty royal visits being recorded by chroniclers.

The history of the place dates from the remotest antiquity. Prince Bladud was the traditional founder of Bath. This was in the time of the Trojan war, when, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Brutus, the son of Æneas, conquered the island, and changed its name from Albion to Britain. Bladud, his son, was smitten with leprosy, and hired himself out as a swineherd in the neighborhood of Bath. His pigs took the leprosy of their master. Bladud drove them all up the banks of the Avon, and into the steaming morasses of these springs. They were cured; the invalid prince plunged in after them, and was cured also. His prompt quitted his pigs for his principality. He ascended the throne, and founded the city of Bath on the site of the wonder working springs. His luck did not last forever. He invented wings to fly with. Instead of remaining contented with inventing, he unhappily tried on the wings; and, in attempting to fly, King Bladud fell and broke his neck. But Bath was founded.

Legend aside, it is certain that this neighborhood was frequented at least a thousand years B.C. During the Roman occupation the baths were frequented, for the Romans knew a good thing when they found it. Many of their villas and comfortable mansions have been uncovered by antiquarians; their bones are found in the pleasantest spots in the valley of the Avon. When the Roman legions withdrew from Britain, in the year 410, black night fell again upon the history of the city, as upon that of so many others during the Middle Ages. After being ravished by wars in which King Arthur's name was famous, the place was nearly deserted. It reappears in the tenth century, when King Edgar was crowned in its abbey.

Since then the history of Bath has been that of steady growth, culminating in the eighteenth century in a period of great splendor. It was made the fashion by a dashing young fellow named Richard Nash, a favorite at the court of King William the Third, who lived in Bath a fluid for his brilliant gifts. He provided promenades and music and magnificent "assembly" ball rooms. The fashion of all England followed him. They called him "Beau," or "King" Nash, and he wielded a sway as despotic that not even an English princess ventured to break his rules. Under Beau Nash the splendid streets which are still the glory of Bath were raised by able architects, whose dream was to adorn this valley with the beauties of Grecian architecture. During the eighteenth century Bath was essentially a metropolis; it was as necessary to be known in Bath as in London. Neither came politicians, literary men, theologians—all the world of eminent and famous people. And when the social conditions changed and made London the exclusive metropolis, this prominence passed away; and with it unfortunately passed away too much of the vogue which these excellent thermal waters deserve.

What are these waters themselves, and what are their uses? They are classed among the calcic thermal waters. They are the warmest springs in England, they range from 104° to 120° Fahrenheit. Besides others, one of which is open to the public at a nominal price, there are three principal springs—the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, and the Cross Bath. They pour forth a clear and almost colorless fluid, which sometimes, however, presents a light sea green tint, and sometimes a pale blue. Its taste is very mildly saline. Carbonic acid gas rises through the bathe in large clusters of bubbles; any one who has tried them will remember the delicious sensation they cause.

And how are these waters used? Principally in bathe of many forms and varieties, and they are also used internally. Their effect is stimulating and appetizing. There are four large bath establishments, which are full, though no longer so crowded as in their great time. One of their principal uses is for dyspeptics, among whom the record of cures is something astonishing. In debility resulting from injuries, in morbid forms of gout, in chronic rheumatism, in local paralysis, they always relieve, and often cure, and they have an ancient and well-deserved fame in the cure of uterine obstructions. Some physicians also recommend the bathe for skin diseases; but for these some of the stronger Continental springs are usually preferable. There is no doubt of the efficacy of the springs of Bath for the complaints that I first indicated, and it is unfortunate that the social decline of the place should have involved its neglect as a health resort. It is an indication of the fault registered by Byron in his well-known verse, "The English dearly loved a lord." But of recent years the rehabilitation of Bath is actively going on. So charming a place, such perfectly appointed baths, such undoubted cures, could not have been neglected for all these years in any country less devoted to its aristocracy than England. Bath is one of the pleasantest places in Europe, and it will certainly recover as much of its former vogue as depends upon the natural charm of the place and upon the intrinsic value of its mild but efficacious waters.

The visitor to Bath, as to any other spa, should leave all his troubles at home. Arrived at the springs, he should follow strictly a prescribed regimen as to diet, food, exercise, and recreation. For the choice of residence he will find ample range among houses and hotels. Many of the buildings, indeed, are erected specially for the accommodation of invalids, and they present every refinement of solid English comfort.

Bath is the warmest inland town in Great Britain during the winter season, and the establishments are open throughout the year. The full benefit of the baths is generally not shortly developed until two or three weeks after the commencement of the treatment.

It must be added that some cases are contraindicated for the Bath treatment. Sufferers from plethora, from recent apoplexy, from paralysis, from phthisis, and from scrofula, must avoid these baths; they will be injured instead of benefited. And without expert medical advice no one should take the responsibility of choosing a mineral spring. With such advice, the right spring is an excellent means of cure, and Bath is one of the best of them.

## FIGHTING KITES IN INDIA.

In India there are shops where they sell kites very cheap, so very few people make them at home. Besides, it wants a fine and practised hand to make the thin, well-balanced fighting kites. They are made of one (square) shape, but of various sizes, the smallest being eight inches square, and the largest two feet square. The most common and useful ones are a foot square. Very thin but strong paper, resembling tissue or cigarette paper, of all colors, is used for the purpose. But whether the kite is made of one or different pieces of paper, it must be of the same thickness throughout. The backbone is a straight, flat, strong, well finished lath, and the bow is made out of a cane or a piece of plant about half an inch at the backbone, round and tapering. The latter must be of equal thickness and weight throughout its whole length, as on it mainly depends the balance of the kite. The tail, which is merely a finish or an ornament, is triangular or round, measuring only two to three inches at the longest.

Strong card thread is used to fly kites with. The English manufacturers would be surprised to learn the amount of cotton thread consumed in India for this purpose, one lad using as much as 10,000 yards in the course of a year. Silken thread is also used, though rarely. The knots joining the pieces being made fine, smooth, and strong, the whole length of the thread is drawn through a mixture of fine pounded glass and light starch, which gives it a keen edge. The dried thread, which is now ready for fighting purposes, is then wound up on a wooden frame resembling a spool. Great ingenuity is spent in making this spool as roller light, useful, and handsome.

Next, as in the motion of the kite. Two pieces exactly equal in length off the main thread are tied to the kite, one at the meeting point of the bow and the backbone; the other, a few inches lower, on the backbone only. There are two careful kinds of motion besides the ordinary straight one—the wheeling motion, in which the kite wheels round and round, and the quivering motion, in which its head keeps on quivering sideways on it fire upward—both being very graceful. A practised hand can give to the kite either motion as he pleases. Of course a good deal depends on the proper fastening of the kite. If it wheels too much, you must make the lower fastening thread shorter, or if it leans too much on one side, you should stick a piece of paper as fine linen to the bow on the other side. There are other little means to regulate the motion of a kite.

As in all warfare, great skill and practice are required to fight well with kites, and manœuvring counts a great deal in paper actions. Sometimes the enemy has certain advantages over you: for instance, his house is higher than yours (in India kites are usually flown from the flat tops of houses), commanding a greater sweep, or his kite may be a little bigger than yours, in which case his thread will have a greater tension. These disadvantages one must learn to counteract; but these are details. There are two methods of fighting—the *pull* method and the *loose* method. In the former, which is the quicker and more skilful of the two, you attack the enemy by leading your kite by a deep sweep under the other, and then as a judicious time pulling it so fast that your antagonist will fail to make the point where your thread touches his loose enough by letting out his thread. You have a good chance of cutting his thread then. In the other method, which is more common, and which requires great patience and watchfulness, you lead your kite either over or under his, and then let out the thread, in which he follows. One has to be careful in this kind of fight as to which of the two motions—the wheeling or the quivering—he gives to the kite as different times. The chances of winning are increased by a keener edge, a favorable breeze, as other small advantages. One might think that, everything being equal, is a mere chance that you will cut the thread of your rival. But in this, as in many other things which look simple and seem to depend on chance, a good deal of cleverness and practice go to make up a fair victory. An evenly matched fight in this method lasts a long time, and great is the joy of winning. Sometimes the kites go on far that you can hardly see them, or it gets quite dark; in this case the fight has to end in an unsatisfactory draw.

With some, kite-fighting changes from a pastime into a passion. All ask, and even eating and sleeping, are abandoned in order to perfect one's self in this art. And great is the excitement which follows a good fight; sometimes (fortunately it is not common) high wagers are laid on it. In small towns there are champion kite-fighters, who devote as much time and attention to kites as some people do to boating and wrestling. In kite-flying there is no distinction of rank or caste or age. The young and the old all take an equal delight in it. You do not come into close contact with other kite-fliers, and is being an inexpensive game, anybody can indulge in it.

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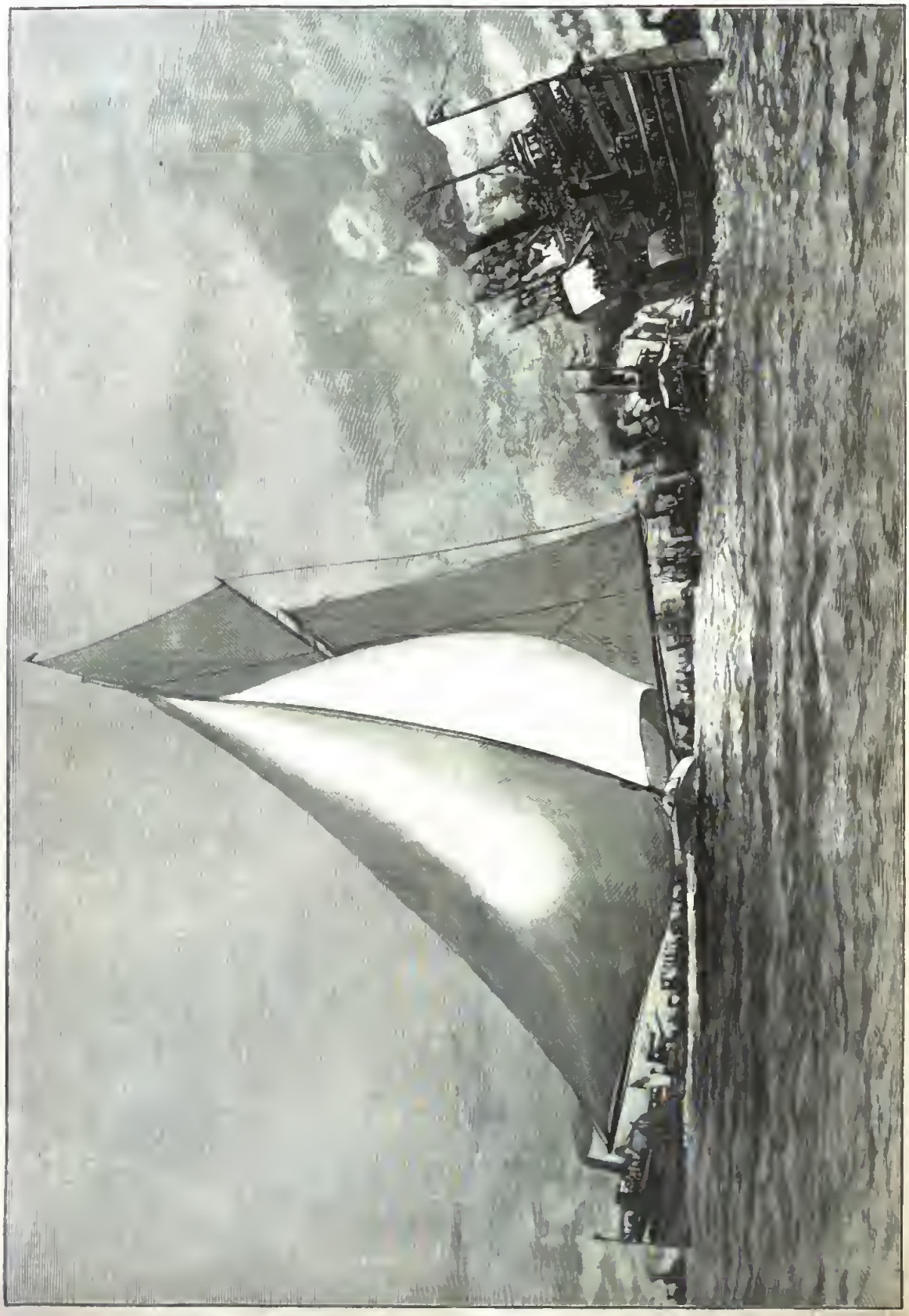

THE FIRST RACE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP, SEPTEMBER 7.—THE "MAYFLOWER" CROSSING THE LINE A WINNER.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 604.]

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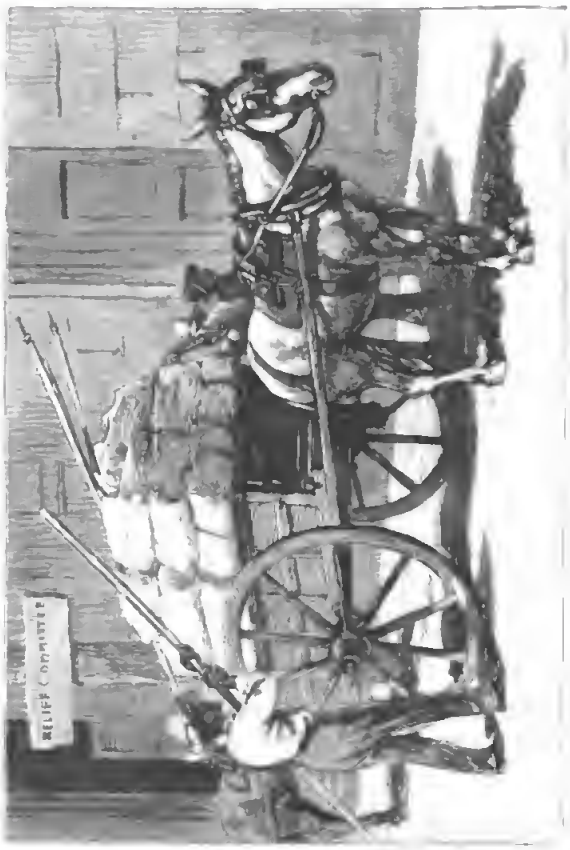


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AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.—DRAWN BY W. A. BOGERS AND W. P. SNYDER FROM SKETCHES BY PROFESSOR RAYMOND AND A. J. GUERIN.—[SEE PAGE 616.]

## THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.

THE first awful shock of the earthquake which destroyed or partially wrecked hundreds of homes in Charleston, South Carolina—illustrations of the effects of which catastrophe were shown in last week's issue of this paper—by no means completed the calamity in that unfortunate city. Had the disastrous visitation ceased with the recovery of the earth from its first alarming fit of trembling, although there would have been a long and pitiful list of casualties and an enormous amount of property destruction to record, the history of the earthquake and its effect upon those who experienced it would have been vastly less heart-rending than it is. It was the repeated manifestations of the phenomenon, which continued for many days, that caused a general demoralization of the inhabitants more terrible to contemplate than the wrecking of a thousand buildings.

The earthquake, it will be remembered, occurred on a Tuesday evening. By the following Friday, although there were occasional small tremblings of the earth, the confidence of the inhabitants of Charleston began to return, and the people who for three nights had camped in the open air ventured once more into their cracked and shaken dwellings. Women pinched up heart to soothe and quiet their terrified children, and men began to investigate the full nature of the injuries to their homes, with a view to shoring up and strengthening weak walls and temporarily repairing damages. The unhealthy, sickening dread which had pervaded all minds and kept the slightest hearts in a flutter began to give place to a more wholesome mental condition, and activity took the place of morbid listlessness. There had been a slight tremor of the ground at 1.30 in the afternoon, but it was comparatively insignificant, and was generally accepted as the last final grumbling of the disquieted earth in resuming a condition of stability. By eleven o'clock that night fully two-thirds of the people of Charleston, worn out by three nights of hardship in the open air, had sought their homes, when suddenly, a moment later, there came a sound like a clap of thunder, and the earth was again perceptibly shaken from one end of the city to the other. People rushed shrieking from their dwellings, amid a shower of bricks and plaster which fell from a hundred badly cracked and wrenched buildings.

A fourth night of camping in the parks and private yards of the city was imposed upon the poor terror-stricken people. Delicate women gave birth to children in the open air, and the frenzied negro population made the night horrid with lamentations and indescribable pandemonium. Then followed another day (Saturday) of comparative freedom from earth trembling, and again as night fell many of the people, now thoroughly worn out, returned to their homes for much-needed rest. But at almost the same hour as on the preceding night (at 11 10 p. m.) there was another shock of the apparently never-ending earthquake. It was milder than the shock of the night before, but it sufficed to drive the inhabitants once more to the open squares.

The uniformity of the hour at which the shocks of Friday and Saturday evenings occurred seemed, when discussed on Sunday, to have a reassuring effect upon the people. It appeared to be accepted as an evidence of some method in the awful phenomenon, and that in itself was a relief. An eleven o'clock on Sunday night drew near, the people waiting in the open squares were prepared for a manifestation of some sort from the uneasy earth. Nor were they disappointed, for at precisely 11.06 o'clock there came a slight rumbling and grating and a small vibration in the ground; and when it was found that no further damage had been done to the shaky walls of buildings, a number of people returned to their homes for the night. The following day (Monday the 6th inst.) brought a fresh misfortune to the people of the stricken city in the shape of a smart rain-storm, which fortunately did not continue long. Had stormy weather set in at that time, the death-rate would inevitably have been very large, for although relief was rapidly being organized throughout the country, the people of Charleston were still without anything like adequate means of shelter.

The War Department, which had been called upon immediately after the first earthquake for tents for the people, was able to furnish but few, and although many people forsook the city as soon as railroad communication with the outside world was established, there were still thousands who were unable to find decent places of shelter.

All this time the absence of one man from Charleston was bemoaned. Mayor WILLIAM A. COURTNEY, the Chief Magistrate of Charleston, who seems to possess the confidence of the people to an unusual degree, was on the steamer *Havana* returning from Europe. He arrived in New York on the Sunday morning following the earthquake, so complete ignorance of the dreadful calamity which had befallen the city in which he lives. Telegraphic despatches awaited him at Quarantine announcing the fact that his home lay in ruins, but that all the members of his family had escaped. The Mayor arrived at Charleston on Wednesday morning the 8th inst., and to his presence was due no small degree the immediate betterment of the condition of the people of that city, although no doubt the reassuring statement of the eminent geologist Professor MCGEE that the worst was positively over, and his scientific explanation of the awful events that had gone before, had a quieting and happy effect upon the people. Briefly stated, the theory of Professor MCGEE, which seems to be generally accepted as the correct one, refutes the idea that the earthquake was in any sense the result of volcanic action. It was merely an enormous landslide, which, once having adjusted itself, is very unlikely to occur again.

Mr. H. W. GRADY, the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, who interviewed the professor, puts the result in his following words: "Professor McGee's theory of the earthquake is generally accepted. Plainly stated it is that east of the Appalachian Mountains are two great formations, the granite and the fragmental. The first extends from the mountains to about Columbia, and the latter from Columbia to the sea. The first is the Piedmont Escarpment, and the other the Coastal Plain. The escarpment is granite, the plain is made up of composite rocks and fragments resting on a granite bed about 3000 feet below. The granite bed that holds this mass of earth is inclined toward the sea, and about 100 miles from shore it dips suddenly. The tendency is increased by the deposits of sand and gravel constantly brought into the fragmental zone by the rivers that flow down from the mountains. Professor McGEE holds that a seaward slip of the coastal plain has taken place, and that the disturbance results from sudden dislocation of an area 100 miles broad and 3000 feet thick. His reasons for believing that such a seaward movement has been taking place steadily in the Middle Atlantic States, and its progress has been accurately noted, that an volcanic action ever disturbed anything like so great an area, nor could possibly do so, that the so-called volcanic mud and sulphurous water are simply marls and salts or sulphurets released from the layers of the earth by the tearing motion, and forced upward through suddenly made rifts, that all the phenomena of this earthquake are explicable by the theory of the landslide, but not by the volcanic theory, and that no volcanic force having operated on that continent in thousands of years, and none being apparent now, volcanic force cannot be taken as the cause."

It must be borne in mind that the earthquake began its work to the heart of the city, and that the greatest destruction has been along the line of the most costly and handsomely built thoroughfares. It is as though there had been an explosion of dynamite in Union Square, the effect of which had been felt for miles in every direction from that point. Imagine the buildings of Broadway to cracked and threatening that you would choose the middle of the street, and keep an eye on the roofs upon both sides while hurrying through the thoroughfare, and you get an idea, only on a larger scale, of the condition of Broad and Meeting streets in Charleston. Of course no reporting of an general an injury as that which overtook this South Carolina city could be begun except in some systematic manner, and so toward the close of last week, nearly ten days after the first effect of the earthquake, a committee of civil engineers was appointed to begin an examination of the condition of buildings. Their examination began first with public buildings—the post-office, telegraph and express offices, depots, etc. Then they turned their attention to factories and like structures, occupied by persons who depend for a living upon constant employment. After this they examined all dwellings which had been abandoned, and then made an examination of all dwellings and business houses in general. The result showed that the newspaper reports had not been exaggerated.


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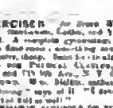
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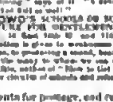
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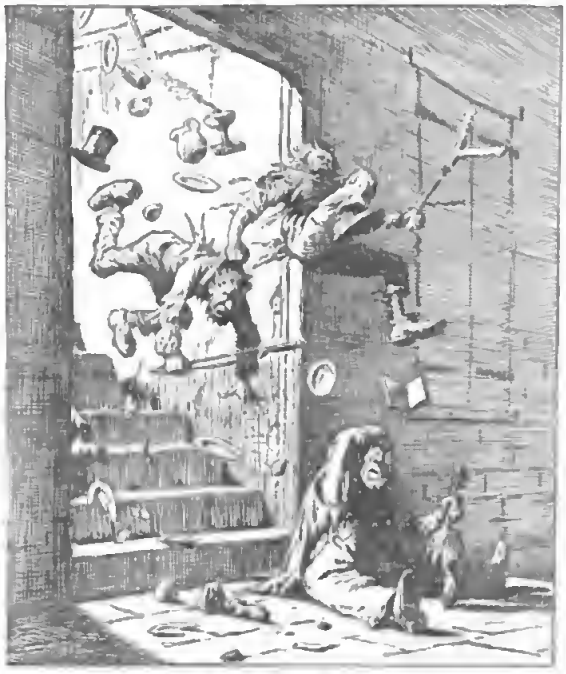

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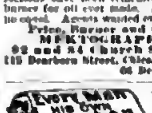

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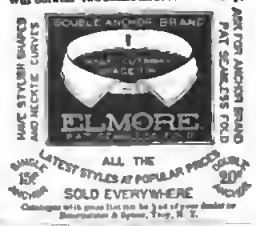

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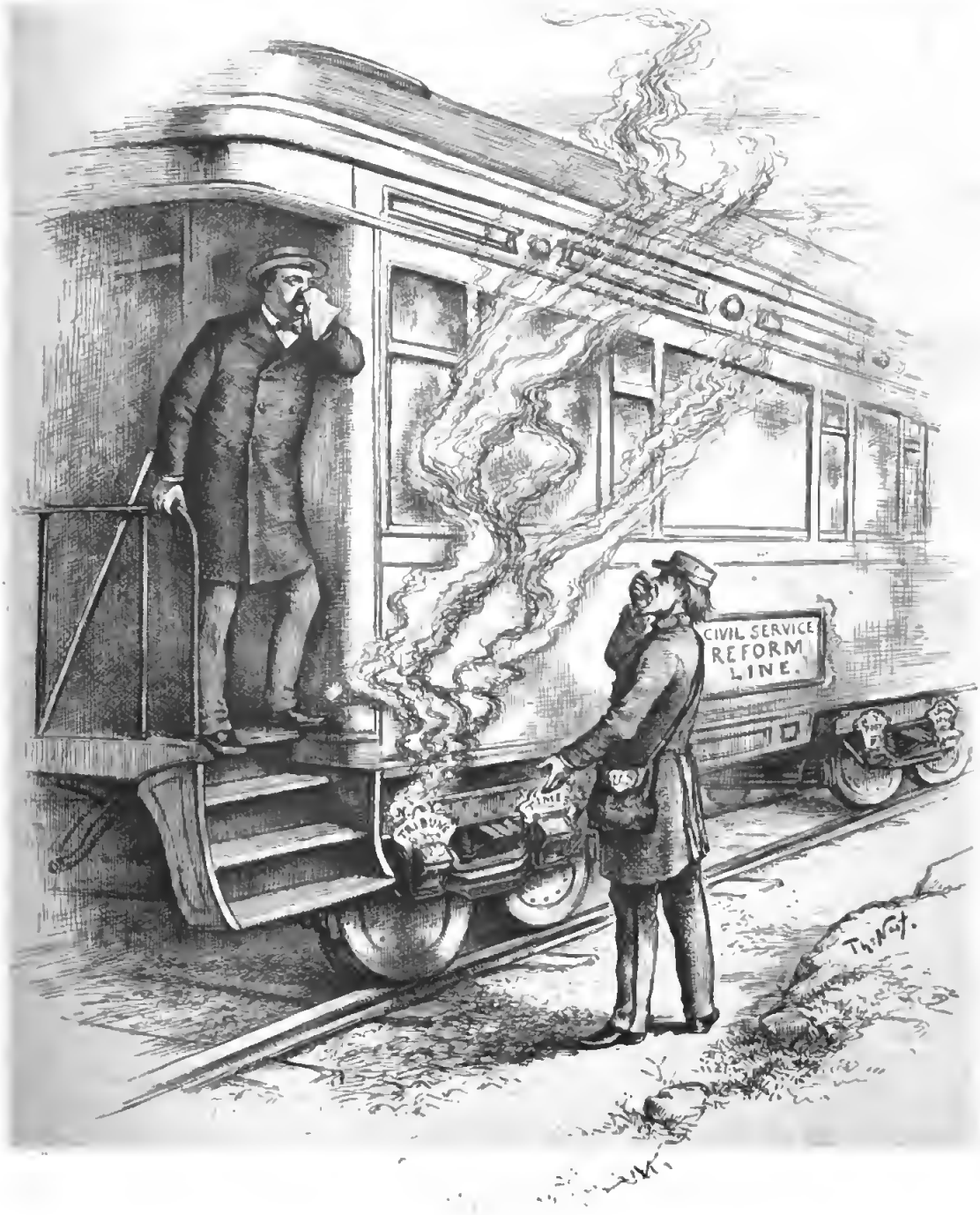


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 25, 1886

## QUALIFICATION FOR PUBLIC OFFICE.

THAT experience is invaluable in every business is universally conceded, but it seems to be held of very little importance in public affairs. If long or permanent tenure of office be undesirable, it is certainly not for the reason that we lately saw alleged, namely, that it deprives other citizens of their equal right to hold office. The only right to office in a republic is fitness, and it is for the people to say how long they will retain a fit officer when they have found him. There is no doubt that the people of this country object to a third term of the Presidency. But the objection is not based upon the theory that a man who is a good President for two terms would not be good for a third term, nor upon the assertion that every citizen has an equal right to the Presidency. The reason of the objection is plain. The people prefer not to expose a President or themselves to the possible dangers of a personal abuse of the enormous power of Executive patronage. Hence that a President shall not serve for a third term is called an unwritten law, and he is in no way discredited because the nomination passes to another.

In minor executive and legislative offices the principle of the third term does not apply, because the conditions are different. In some of the States the Governor has been annually re-elected for many years, to the great advantage of the State. In the old days of the dominance of slavery it was agreed that the Slave States were wiser than the Free States in continuously retaining the same members of Congress. Their practical familiarity with each other, with legislation, and with life at the capital was of the utmost service to them, and gave them a great advantage over the "green" Northern members. The lesson was learned even here at last, and the continuous presence of Sumner and Wilson as Senators from Massachusetts was of very great benefit to the antislavery cause; and to have exchanged John A. Andrew for any other man, however worthy, as Governor of Massachusetts during the war would have been great folly. The reason is not that there was no other citizen qualified to be an efficient and admirable Governor, but that Andrew was such a Governor, and he was perfectly familiar with the practical discharge of the duty.

In selecting successors to men in high public place the same general principle should be observed. Experience should be rated as among the chief qualifications, and with this the taste and aptitude and special preparation for public duties. But all these qualifications are apt to be disregarded in favor of some chance consideration, such as locality, or money, or noworthy popularity. The mischief of this practice is obvious. It assures every man who is inclined to qualify himself properly for high public responsibility that character, ability, and careful preparation for the public service are not the passports to success, and that free spending of money and bargaining with the boys are the high-road to high place. There are no more important questions now before Congress than those which relate to finance and to reform in administrative methods. But how many candidates are selected because of their knowledge of such questions and their ability to advocate their views? One of the ludicrous practices at Congressional elections is that of rotation by locality. If a district is composed of three or four counties, the nomination is allotted to each in turn. An admirable Representative, especially qualified by natural ability and by experience to serve his district, is set aside because it is the turn of another county to designate the candidate. Of course, if he be a man of no significance, it is no matter; and of course, also, such a method of selection tends to produce such Representatives. But when a thoroughly qualified man for the duty is found, the most sensible and American thing that his constituents can do is to retain him as long as he will serve. And for any elective and executive office every excellent and respectable and rich and amiable man of no experience or other qualification should be set aside for the man of special experience and proved ability and fitness.

## MAINE.

THE result of the Maine election was anticipated. That the Republican candidates would be elected has not been doubted. The only curiosity was in regard to the majority and to the Prohibition vote. The appearance and activity of Mr. Blaine in a State campaign of no especial significance was interesting as showing his view of the political situation, and his hopes of the nomination in 1888. The actual result in Maine is a general Republican victory by a plurality of about 12,000, while the Prohibition vote is computed to be about 3500. Mr. Neal Dow anticipated that St John's vote of 1884, which was 2100, would be doubled, but he admitted that the Prohibitionists had no money, which is essential to a thorough canvass. The Prohibition gain is large, but as it is an off year, the vote is not so large as it might have been expected.

The Republican campaign was one of extraordinary energy, and Mr. Blaine was especially active. On the other hand, the Democratic canvass was utterly futile and feeble, and the fishery dispute has turned the opinion of the State against the Democratic Administration. But with all the Republican advantages the falling off of the Republican vote is much greater than that of the Democratic. This is due, doubtless, in some part, to Republican certainty of the result. The fair interpretation of the election is that the Republican party holds its own in Maine, and that there is no serious change of party feeling. It would seem to be a fair inference, also, that the distinctive Prohibition movement is not so strong as has been supposed, and that Republican Prohibitionists are disposed still to be counted as Republicans rather than Prohibitionists. This aspect of the Maine elections will temper the declaration of the anti saloon section of the Republicans elsewhere. The Republican managers have always advocated strong platform denunciations of drunkenness, trusting that party spirit would hold fast the temperance Republicans to the support of the ticket, although nominated by the saloon. The result in Maine will commend this course to them more strongly.

The result is not a surprise in any sense. The Democratic party, indeed, has not done the monstrous things which were prophesied in 1884 as the consequences of its success. But neither has it given any reason for Republicans to prefer Democratic ascendency. The Democratic party in Maine could not offer itself as the party of reform, because it has not sustained the President, and the Republican party has entirely disregarded reform as an issue, no speaker, we believe, except ex Governor Long, having mentioned the question. The vote was large for an off year, and shows the general political situation to be unchanged.

## IRISH EVICTIONS.

IT is more and more evident that the Irish question must be settled before England will feel free to take an influential part in Continental politics, and Mr Parnell has apparently confused the Ministry by his simple proposition to suspend evictions in certain cases. To Americans this seems to be a proposal that the government shall relieve one of the parties to a contract from its fulfillment. But in Ireland the government constantly interferes between landlord and tenant. The present land bill of 1881 was introduced by Mr. Gladstone, and established a land court to readjust rents equitably for a term of fifteen years, during which time non-payment of the stipulated rent should be the sole reason for eviction. The court was also authorized to buy for tenants on favorable terms land which they occupied. The opposition of the Lords to this bill renewed the cry for the abolition of the House of Lords, but the bill became law. Mr. Parnell now pleads the inability of many tenants to pay even this judicial rent, as it is called, in consequence of the decline in the price of products, and proposes that upon payment of one-half of the rent eviction shall be stayed. This is a reduction of fifty per cent. of the rent in such cases.

Mr. Parnell also proposes to admit the long leaseholders—those who do not hold under the fifteen years' arrangement—to the benefit of the act. This is virtually a general revision of rents in all cases that the court decides to be urgent. Of course the necessity of such a provision must be shown by establishing a general suffering which makes payment of the full rent practically impossible. There is, however, little doubt of the existence of such inability in a large number of cases, and if this shall be shown, the government cannot refuse to intervene without serious consequences. Lord Randolph Churchill is understood to lean toward concession of some kind, and even the Tory newspaper, the *Standard*, holds that policy and humanity alike require the relief in cases where tenants are distressed not through any fault of their own. Mr. Gladstone, however, while admitting the desirability of some action, doubts the necessity of including the long leaseholders.

There is no doubt that Mr Parnell has taken a very strong position, and if Mr. Gladstone should return and aid him in the debate, a serious blow may be dealt at the Ministry, either by forcing it to yield or by breeding dissension. Mr. Justin McCarthy, however, who is Mr. Parnell's lieutenant, is sure that even if the bill should pass the House of Commons, it would be defeated by the Lords, and that the coming winter would be a very critical and taying one for Ireland. There would be desperate resistance to evictions, and, if necessary, armed enforcement of the landlord's claim. Mr. McCarthy says that resistance would be for the interest of the Tory party, because it would seem to justify coercion to enforce the payment of just debts. Such a result is greatly to be deplored, and as there is probably no reasonable doubt of the suffering and the inability to pay, and as the government has intervened for relief before, it is to be hoped that it will not refuse to intervene now, however much such action might look like yielding to Parnell.

## CONNECTICUT.

THERE was one point in the speech of Senator Platt in the Connecticut Republican Convention which was well taken. He said that Connecticut did not wish to exchange General Hawley for Mr. W. H Barnum in the Senate. It is not Connecticut alone, however, which would regret to see General Hawley leave his present position. He is a man so upright, so naturally friendly to all good causes, so prompt and ready a debater, and so sympathetic with the forward movement of American politics, although, as Mr Edmunds says, he held views which enabled him actively to support the Republican nomination of '84, that it would be a serious misfortune for the public service to replace him with a successor of the old Democratic school. Honorable, able, of the most just and generous impulses, of great public capacity and experience, his career has been one of which his State may well be proud, for General Hawley is the kind of Republican which greatly commends the Republican party to the confidence of the country. His colleague's speech was a vehement attack upon the Administration. It had a perfunctory tone, as if upon such an occasion it was necessary to "whoop her up." But when Senator Platt says that the President "proceeded to appoint cabinet and other officers whose conduct has produced almost universal public distrust," he seems to us to mistake the fact.

One of the chief cabinet appointments, and the one which was generally derided by the Republican press, was that of Mr. Manning as Secretary of the Treasury. But evidently Senator Platt is not justified in saying that the Secretary's course has produced general distrust, while the President's own course, so far from exciting distrust, has been such as would undoubtedly cause many Republicans who voted against him in '84 to vote for him in '88. Senator Platt evidently forgot the story of the five hundred cats. There was undoubtedly a kitten in the garden, but five hundred cats! However, the exaggeration of a Convention are imperative, and the chairman must not lag. Senator Hawley said that the failure of the administration was not due to the President, but to the fact that the Democratic party is not yet fit to govern, and has no definite policy on any subject, neither the currency, the tariff, civil service reform, nor any other. But, excepting protection, upon which the Republican declarations are generally agreed, the Republican party has no more definite policy upon the real questions of the day than the Democratic. It is certainly not harmonious upon the silver question, and as for reform, the Republican platforms of the year are generally silent, or are merely denunciatory of the President's reform course.

In all his recent speeches in Maine, Mr. Blaine, in discussing what he holds to be the Republican position upon great public questions, did not even allude, so far as we are aware, to the question of reform. Ex Governor Long, a faithful friend of reform, in a speech at Portland, remarked that he was not "ashamed to say" that he is an advocate of reform—a phrase which he could not have used if reform were a party measure. Old Republicans were not accustomed to say that they were not ashamed of advocating the non extension of slavery. Not one of the State Republican Conventions has adopted the declaration of the National Convention of 1884 upon the subject of reform, and even the Connecticut Convention merely demands an honest and thorough enforcement of the existing law, and its extension to municipal and State administrations, not its extension to every branch of the national service, and the strict observance of its spirit beyond the range of the classified service. It is idle to claim that in any distinctive sense reform of the civil service is a Republican principle or policy, or to suppose that Mr. Blaine, had he been elected, would have enforced it more consistently than Mr Cleveland has done. Nobody supposes that if the Republicans carry the Connecticut Legislature they will promptly apply the law to the State

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and municipal service, as they would certainly do if it were a party policy. Of course the Democrats would not. But that fact does not make it a Republican policy. The Republican party does not hold public confidence by any definite policy which it professes, but by its traditions and the general character of its adherents. This, however, as every intelligent Republican leader will admit, is not a secure or satisfactory basis for a party. The Federal party was strong in its traditions and in the character of its adherents, but this was not enough to perpetuate the party.

## THE MAYORALTY.

THE laying out of streets in a city, lighting them and draining them and keeping public order, are no more political duties than the management of the Erie Canal or of the Central Railroad. The instant that party politics are introduced into municipal offices, abuses and corruption and extravagance of every kind follow, and the conviction is very rapidly extending that if we would have economical and efficient city government, it must be separated from party politics. City officers must be voted for, not because they are Republicans or Democrats or Greenbackers, or Baptists or Quakers or Catholics, or merchants or carpenters or lawyers, but because they are men of honesty, courage, energy, and intelligence, who will attend faithfully to the duties with which they are intrusted, which are neither political nor religious duties. It is this conviction which elected Mayor GRACE, and which is strong enough to elect his successor. The SQUIRE FLYNN disclosures have concentrated public attention upon city affairs. The selection of General NEWTON as Commissioner of Public Works has been universally acceptable, because he is believed to be an upright, able, and especially qualified officer. A man of the same kind, if nominated for Mayor, would be certainly elected in the present temper of the public mind.

It is probable, however, that, as usual, party nominations will be made for the Mayoralty. Tammany Hall and the County Democracy and the Republican organization will present candidates. An independent citizens' nomination, like that of Mayor GRACE in 1884, will depend probably upon the situation. Politically the city is overwhelmingly Democratic, and if the Democratic factions should unite, they would elect their candidate. But they will not unite. The Republicans are the minority, and the notorious character of the Republican organization in the city generally covers its nominations with suspicion. The Republican candidates have been usually put forward simply as the basis of a deal. This year, if the Republicans nominate a candidate for Mayor, the kind of man who is selected will show at once and unmistakably whether he is named for a deal or for honest support.

There is one Republican whose selection would doubtless command the hearty support of good citizens of all parties who desire an upright, firm, and courageous conduct of municipal affairs, free from deals and intrigues and corruption. We mean Mr. THOMAS C. ACTON. He is a man of the highest character and executive force, long and peculiarly familiar with municipal affairs, of great official aptitude and experience, who would be distracted by no private business, and would devote himself wholly to his public duty. We doubt if there is a man in the city more peculiarly qualified for the Mayoralty, and with Mr. ACTON at the City Hall, and General NEWTON in the Superintendency of Public Works, the task of redeeming the municipal administration of New York, which Mayor GRACE has happily begun, would be carried steadily forward. Mr. ACTON has served in various municipal departments. For nine years he was Police Commissioner, and for seven years President of the Board. His conduct during the draft riots of 1863 tested the quality of the man and the officer. He was Superintendent of the National Assay Office for twelve years, and Sub Treasurer for four years, discharging his duties without a word of censure or suspicion, and leaving his office with all the vast accounts of his term balancing to a cent. A man so fitted by character, ability, and experience for the Mayoralty of New York as Mr. ACTON is not easily found.

## IRISH AMERICANS.

OUR recent article upon the anomaly of American citizens taking part in British politics under the leadership of British subjects has elicited the following letter from a correspondent at the West, who describes himself as "a Celtic Irishman in his sixtieth year, a Catholic in faith, a Democrat in politics, a republican in its broadest sense by reading and reflection." His letter shows that the dynamite conspirator in America is not the only nor the representative Irish American.

"I snatch a moment from my business to thank you for the article on the Irish League. Permit me to say that the vast majority of those who subscribe to the League fund in America have a very definite idea of the principles which govern them in so doing. They are American citizens owing paramount allegiance to their adopted country. They never will countenance any policy (even if such were at all to be looked for) which could in any degree impeil the international amity existing between England and the United States. Their efforts are auxiliary to those of their brethren in Ireland, and they accept *their* policy as it is presented by the accredited leaders of the Irish people, viz., an agitation within the law to achieve political emancipation by the force of public opinion in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

"Moreover, the mass of educated Irishmen in America believe that that fruition is delayed by the loud-voiced and violent fraction of our people. They believe that the importance of that noisy fraction is declining, and will shortly lose its marketable value to the politician. They believe that the degree of self government which the Irish people desire will be measured infinitely by the civic virtues which they possess. If they shall exhibit courage, steadfastness of purpose, integrity to obligations, joined to a sound and manly tolerance, they will undoubtedly succeed."

## LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

IN a very pleasant article upon the New York Historical Society, in the *Magazine of American History*, Mrs. LAMB, the editor, calls attention to the fact that the origin of such societies in this country is traced to JOHN PINTARD, a noted citizen of New York at the close of the last and the beginning of this century. In 1790 the famous JEREMY BELKNAP wrote from Boston to Postmaster-General PARADE in New York stating that Mr. PINTARD had urged upon him the formation of a society of antiquaries. In 1791 the Massachusetts Historical Society was formed, with the Reverend JEREMY BELKNAP as President, and in 1804 the New York Society was organized.

Its list of presidents is composed of very distinguished citizens. The first name is ROBERT BENSON; the second, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS; the third, DE WITT CLINTON. Its service in collecting historic material and fostering an interest in local historical research has been great, and Mrs. LAMB tells the story with her customary skill and spirit.

The article itself will be very serviceable if it should stimulate the formation of similar memorial societies everywhere. In no country could they be more useful than here, because no population is so largely and constantly increased by immigration as ours, and because nothing develops public spirit more nearly than the pride which springs from honorable local traditions.

## DEAD BIRDS AND NOSE-RINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the fact that stuffed birds are again exhibited in the windows of the fashionable millinery shops, and it is announced that birds will once more be in fashion for hats and bonnets. This is a direct incitement to a cruel slaughter for the gratification of a false and morbid taste. The protest against it has not been unavailing, despite the exaggerations of the monstrous fashion. The agitation has turned public attention to the subject, and the woman who wears a dead bird for ornament is in danger of being regarded by intelligent persons as they regard a fantastic barbarian. Savages wear the scalps of their enemies, but the birds have done the young women no harm, that they should decorate their heads triumphantly with the birds' dead bodies.

More than this, the law happily interferes, and at least attempts to protect the birds against the boys and girls. Under a penalty of fine or imprisonment, or both, it declares that

"No person in any of the counties of this State shall hill, wound, trap, net, snare, catch alive birdlime, or with any similar substance, poison, or drug, any bird of song, or any linnet, bluebird, yellow-hammer, yellow-bird, thrush, woodpecker, cat-bird, pewee, swallow, martin, blue jay, oriole, blackbird, moo bird, grass-bird, grass-finch, yellowish, phebe-bird, humming bird, wren, robin, meadow-lark, or starling, or any wild bird other than a game bird, nor shall any person purchase or have in possession, or expose for sale, any such song or wild bird, or any part thereof, after the same has been killed."

This is a law in accord with the best sentiment of the community, and the existence of such a law in the severest rebuke of a repulsive fashion. The lady who wears a dead bird need not affect contempt of her fellow-savage who wears a nose-ring.

## THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT

JUDGE WALLACE, of the United States Circuit Court, has just rendered a decision upon an interesting and important point of the law of copyright. The case was that of HARPER against SHOPPELL. The defendant had made an electrotype copy of an engraving that appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, the WEEKLY being copyrighted, and had sold his plate, which was afterward published in another periodical. Judge WALLACE, after a full presentation of the facts, decides that, under the circumstances of the case, the defendant is liable in damages as a joint wrong-doer with the publisher of the periodical in which the reproduced engraving appeared.

The point involved was whether the copyright of a "book," as such, protects the engravings published in the same. This point has never come directly before the courts in this country, and Judge WALLACE'S decision establishes here the English rule, which, as stated by Judge JESSEL, is that "a book must include every part of the book; it must include every print, design, or engraving which forms part of the book, as well as the letter-press therein, which forms another part of it."

## PERSONAL.

IN a letter to a gentleman of this city the Rev. R. S. TRANSOM, Rector of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, writes: "The injury done to St. Michael's Church is not as great as at first reported, though it is very considerable. The exact extent cannot be ascertained until we can get the report of experts. The steeple is safe, though the walls of the church building are badly cracked, and the pillars supporting the portico are broken. It must involve a large sum to repair the venerable edifice. The Charlestonians have met the danger with great heroism. Amid many and great sufferings, with patience and energy they are striving to repair damages, in which laudable efforts they are greatly cheered and encouraged by the noble and generous sympathy and aid extended to them from all quarters of the land."

—DR. JOHN E. HANSMANN, Dean of the Philadelphia Dental College, and a physician of large practice, is a man with a dual existence. Generally two days in each week he disappears from the Quaker City, and emerges at a small farm he owns in the midst of a wild district in Jersey. He bought some years ago a few acres of swamp ground, and with the casual assistance of stray tramps and an occasional hired man cleared and by degrees cultivated a pastoral oasis in the midst of the wilderness. Under the pen name of "John Darby" he has published half a dozen successful books of a broad philosophic nature. One, entitled *In Breakland*, in which he describes his farming experiences, has gone through several editions here and in England.

—The leading barber of the metropolis declares that the uglier a man is, the longer it takes him to suit himself with a hat, and the oftener does he look into the glass while buying one. A very unprepossessing customer the other day took two hours and ten minutes, and then came back to return the hat, and to have one made to order.

—Old college graduates will appreciate the phrase in which Mr. K. C. SESSIONS refers to "the dignity of an old graduate who tries to quote Horace before those trained in the latest Roman pronunciation."

—General R. E. LEE's personality is so interesting that Southerners still show local charities about him not than at the period immediately succeeding his death. At the Southern watering places last summer his name was more frequently mentioned than that of any other public man of his era.

—When Mr. WILSON BARRETT, the English actor, comes to this country we shall see an unconventional impersonation of Hamlet. Mr. WILSON BARRETT is not alone using conventional tones in a piece of SHAKESPEARE'S.

—Colonel H. L. HOSMER, the originator of the Boston symphony concerts, has never yet succeeded in making them satisfy themselves. The patronage has always been very large, and handsome pecuniaries have been paid for the choice of seats, but it is understood that the season of 1885-6 resulted in a loss of more than ten thousand dollars, which is a handsome gift from an individual to the general public.

The late Professor GURNEY, of Harvard College, was a nephew of the late Dr. ROBERT W. HOOPER, a considerable portion of whose estate had come to Mrs. GURNEY through his death and that of her sister. The fine new museum at Beverly Farms which Professor GURNEY had just built, and to which he had transferred a large part of his historical library, in order to study there at his ease during the summer, is of stone, so massively housed and set as to be almost like a castle.

—Mr. BENJAMIN CONSTANT, the French figure painter, who came within a few votes of receiving the coveted Medal of Honor at the last Salon, gave his photograph to Mr. ROLAND KNOBLE, of this city, with the following gentle critique on the back of the card: "A l'ami Roland, le peintre Parisien des Américains."

—Mr. W. H. NORTON, the Boston modern painter, has worked his way up from the bottom of the ladder. Not many years ago he was a decorator of common furniture, of the so-called "cottage" styles, and the little meritless views of sea and shore which he put upon the crude surfaces of blue or green attracted attention. As soon as he had the time and the means to spare for something better, his talent was recognized.

—Mr. A. A. SARGENT, ex-Minister to Germany, who will probably be among the candidates for United States Senator from California in the election next winter, is making his leisure by writing articles for the *Overland Monthly* on subjects ranging from irrigation in California to the Chinese question.

—We hear from a more prominent in Germany that the Nestor of English philology in that country, Professor Dr. MATZNER, of Berlin, now past eighty, wishes to dispose of his valuable collection of many volumes on the philology of the European languages in general and English philology in particular. It is an excellent chance for a public library in the United States, or for a private collector.

—A peculiar estate is that of the late THOMAS H. BETTIS, a San Francisco millionaire who was noted for his luck, his parsimony, and his lack of kindred. He died intestate, and since his death more than thirteen score putative relatives have appeared, including three widows. One of the schemes which BETTIS left unfinished was a colony to be established on a grant of 1,200,000 acres at the mouth of the Colorado River in Sonora. He secured this grant for a nominal sum on condition that he settled fifty families on it within five years. There are already forty families on the grant, and as the time expires next January, the Public Administrator is endeavoring to get the ten families needed to perfect the title.

—There was born a few days ago to Mr. and Mrs. JOHN MORGAN WYNN, of this city, a son whose endowment in living ancestry is very unusual, if not unique. Mr. WYNN'S grandmother survives, and Mrs. WYNN is the daughter of the late FELIX W. IRELAND, whose mother is still living, and whose widow is the daughter of Mr. HENRY JONES, of the New York *Times*, whose wife completes the list of four living great grandparents.

—Among the California Knights Templar who will be represented at St. Louis in an week is WILLIAM T. COLEMAN, famous as the leader of the Vigilance Committee which hanged the murderer of Editor KING, and cleared San Francisco of the convicts and ballot-box stuffers who had gained complete control of the municipal government. The organization and membership of the Vigilance Committee have always been close secrets, but they will probably be revealed in H. H. BANCROFT'S history of *Popular Tribunals in California*. When KEARNEY and his sand lot gang threatened to pillage and burn the costly residences of the railroad millionaires in San Francisco, Mr. COLEMAN again rallied together the survivors of the old Vigilance Committee, and it was the knowledge that this dreaded organization was ready for action which cooled the ardor of the bloodless leader, and induced him to forego his burning expedition.

—A superb memorial window of colored glass is now finishing at the rooms of Mr. JOHN LAFARGE. It is intended for a church in the suburbs of Boston, and bears the name of HELEN ANSHER ADAMS. The dimensions are about sixteen feet by eight, and one of the principal life-size groups represents Help ministering to Need and Sorrow. These three figures, in tones of lustrous garnet, blue, and purple, are magnificent examples of fine and color. Mr. LAFARGE is travelling in Japan, and expects to return next October.

—The Atlanta *Constitution* has this to say of Mr. JOHN H. INMAN, of the firm of INMAN, SWAN, & Co., and a well known member of the New York Cotton Exchange: "It is curious to recount what he has done in the way of developing Southern interests. He invested nearly $2,000,000 in the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, he is one of the strongest directors in the Louisville and Nashville railway system; he is the moneyed power back of the Macon and Covington road; he loaned the Georgia Pacific Company $250,000 when it was in straits, and afterward took about $2,000,000 of its bonds; he is a director and leading influence in the Richmond and Danville railway system; he took the entire loan of Atlanta four per cents, and made the first bid for the Georgia State loan of $2,140,000; he has over $200,000 invested in Atlanta real estate and securities, and now lays an investment of $4,000,000 at the gates of Birmingham. What a miracle of courage, sagacity, and success! This career has been! Less than twenty years ago he went into New York, a rebel boy, in an ante-bellum suit which had not been past where moths do not corrupt, and less than $100 in money and property. He has now a fortune of several million dollars, is director in institutions that aggregate more than VANDERBILT'S wealth, and has been instrumental in having brought into the South more millions than he had dollars when he left her."

have put off the matter for the night, because you were senseless, and no man likes to kill another in his sleep, yet to-morrow morning, when they come to themselves and consider the danger they are in, they will, I am certain, resolve to decamp in order to make all sure, and then, after slashing your face, they will tie you in some open and exposed spot, as Whitechapel Mount or the Market Gardens, or very likely, if it seems easier done, they will tie a stone to your feet and drop you into the river. Because, sir, the body once out of the way, and not to be recognized, who is to prove the murder, unless one of the villains turns informer?"

To this Jack could make no reply, but still he marvelled greatly that such a man should be in such a place.

"Certain I am," the Parson continued, "that never man had a more narrow escape than you. And had you been conscious, or showed any signs of life, they would have brained you. Therefore I kept coming and going, because, though the house reeks with murder, I think that they would not go as far as to murder you before my eyes. But come, sir, it is close upon early morning, and already nearly three of the clock. Rise, if you can, and dress yourself in those rags that are left out for you. Indeed, sir, I cannot restore to you your clothes, which are down-stairs, because I wish it to appear that you have escaped by your own wit and daring. Quick, then, and put on those things."

Then, as Jack was unable of himself to stand, this Samaritan, for he was nothing short, brought him a chair, and helped him to move himself into it, and clothed him as if he were a child. The things which he had to put on were so old and ragged that they would scarce hold together, and they were so dirty that no ragamuffin of the street would have picked them out of the gutter; no scarecrow in the fields ever had such clothes. These consisted of nothing more than a pair of corduroy breeches and a dirty old knitted waistcoat, both in tatters and full of holes. Nevertheless, when Jack had them on, his courage came back to him. A man feels stronger when he has put on his clothes. Also, perhaps, he was already somewhat recovered of the blow.

"I feel," he said, "as if I could now make some fight."

"It needs not," the Parson replied. "Talk not of fighting, but lean on me, and we will try to get down the stairs. Remember, he is your only chance to get out of the place before those fellows awake. I have hidden something that may revive you. Try now if you can stand."

He could, though with great difficulty. Surely never was there stranger figure than Jack at this moment. The ragged waistcoat was too light to button round his chest; the corduroy breeches were too short for so tall a man, and showed his bare knees; the white silk stockings and the silver buckles ill assorted with a dress so sordid, and, to crown all, one side of his head, where the Parson had partly washed it, showed his natural hair, with streaks of blood upon the neck; but the other side was powdered and tied back with black ribbon. But Jack thought little of his appearance.

"Good," said the Parson. "Now lean your hand upon my shoulder, and we will go slowly."

"I wish I was strong enough first to knock off and make fast those rogues," said Jack.

"Come, sir, your life is at stake, and mine too—if that mattered. Think not upon revenge."

"Aaron," said Jack, "my turn will come. As for revenge, I care not. I would not kill him, but tit for tat is fair. Easy, Aaron—easy! You would make me prisoner, and ship me for a recruit! Very well, Aaron, very well. I shall get my turn soon! Come, Parson, if that is what you wish to be called."

So this strange Parson supported him slowly and gently down the stairs and into the kitchen, where he found a chair for him, and set upon the table cold meat and bread, and poured from a jar a glass of rum.

"This," he said, "is not drugged. You can drink it without fear. Yet be moderate, for you are still weak. So; now eat a little, but not much, and then you shall go away in safety. But forget not to thank God, who hath delivered you from death and from a den where murders and villainous evil abound for the vengeance which will certainly fall upon it."

Who, thought Jack, would expect an exhortation to religion in a cutpurse's house?

As he ate and drank his strength came back to him, although he still remained dizzy, and somewhat uncertain of step.

"Man," he said, when he had taken his supper, "who and what are you, and why do you live here among these people?"

"I came here because I am a villain, like my masters; and I stay here because, like them also, I have an other way of escaping the gallows. Is this reason enough?"

"They call you Parson, you wear a cassock, you talk like a scholar. What hath brought a scholar to such a place?"

"They may call me Bishop, if they please. I am the servant of these men. They say unto me, 'Go,' and I go; or, 'Come,' and I come. If there be one greater degradation for a scholar than to live as cook and servant to fetch and carry drink for a crew of cutthroat crimps, I would fain know what it is. Rethinks I would offer to exchange."

"Why," said Jack, "for the matter of an exchange you might ship as purser's mate, and see how you like that; but hang me if I understand how a clergyman should get to such a place."

Jack now considered his rescuer more carefully. He was a young man not more than five or six and twenty; his cassock was not old, but it was battered and stained with grease; his shoes had no buckles, but were tied with string and were down at heel; his wig was not one which consorted with his sacred calling, being nothing better than an old 'prentice's bob minor, short in the neck, in order to show the buckle of the stock, as I am old as any of the worn out scratches, pennies, and bob majors which the people hob for at a penny a dip in Petticoat Lane, and even a line who blacks boots might scorn for the purposes of his trade; but his face was delicate and handsome—a face very far from the dissolute looks of the fellows upstairs.

"Look ye, brother," said Jack, "you have saved my life. What can I do for thee?"

"Nothing," the Parson replied. "I am a lost rogue, though not, I hope, beyond the reach of pardon, and you can do nothing, I think you."

"Then hast saved my life. Damme, rogue or not, take my hand. Nay," for the other hesitated, "I will have it. Give me thy hand. Nun, then, we are brothers. What hast done done?"

"It is true," he said, "that I am an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. Unworthy that I am, I may call myself a clerk in holy orders."

"I has in a very pretty rig for an officer in the King's service, but hang me if you are not as worse for a parson."

"Sir," the poor man began, with hanging head, "I lost my curacy by the death of my rector, and I could get no other, nor any preferment at all, but even the smallest, having no interest and being unknown to any bishop or private patron. Then I quickly spent my little stock—not, I can truthfully avow, in extravagance, or waste, or vicious courses, and I presently found that I had nothing left but one poor shilling. This I was unwilling to spend, and I walked about the streets picking up crusts or turnips that had been dropped into the gutter, until I became wellnigh desperate. Sir, you see before you a common footpad. Dressed as I was in the cassock of my profession, I ventured to stop a gentleman in the street, and to demand his money or his life."

"But he gave you his money?"

"No. He turned out to be a man of courage—a thing which I had not looked for. Therefore he drew his sword, and I fled, he running after me, crying 'Stop thief! stop thief!' I escaped, and got home unperceived, as I thought, to my lodging. Never again shall I hear th cry without a knife piercing my heart. The next day I went to the nearest coffee-house, meditating death by my own hands. It is a terrible thing to be a suicide, but worse is it to live among these rogues. I fell in with the Captain, as they call him, the owner of this house and another like it in Chancery Lane. He, perceiving my trouble, accosted me, and presently brought me here and gave me strong drink, under which I told him all."

"But why do you stop here against your will?"

"Because, alas! the hue-and-cry is out after me. In some way—I know not how—the gentleman I thought to rob found means to know my name. If I venture forth I shall be arrested, and presently hanged. For that I must not complain, because the punishment might be taken mercifully in atonement for my offence. But there are others"—here he choked, and the tears came into his eyes.

He drew a paper from his pocket and gave it to Jack. It was a piece of a *Gazette*.

"Last evening an hour that a robber was attempted about ten o'clock in Chancery Lane by a man dressed as a clergyman, who stopped a gentleman and demanded his money or his life, but being confronted by a drawn sword, ran away. The villain succeeded in escaping, but will, it is hoped, be discovered, the gentleman being confident that he knows who he is, and can swear to him."

"How long ago was this?"

"It is now six months. I have entreated the Captain to ship me with the rest, but he will not, saying that he hath never had in the house a servant who would neither steal nor drink."

"Six months! Why, man, a hue-and-cry that is six months old! Courage! Tell me the name."

The poor man made a clean breast of all, telling like his name, and trusting him, in short, with his neck. But no one could converse with Jack or look into his face without trusting him. As for his name, it must not be set down. For the man who had thus sunk to the lowest ignominy was presently enabled to return to his own station and his sacred profession, no one knowing aught of what had happened. Not only did he resume his ministry, but he obtained a curacy, and in time received preferment, being now the incumbent of a London church, and greatly believed his his devotion, eloquence, and learning, so that it is thought by many that if promotion goes by merit he may soon become a bishop. And those no one knows, except myself, this episode of his early manhood, let the thing remain forever a secret.

"And now," said the clergyman, "the time is getting on. Go while the way is clear. Go, sir. And forget this vile house and the unhappy man that are in it."

"As for forgetting the house," said Jack, "you shall see how I will forget the house."

"You must go away dressed as you are, because I would not be suspected. Wherefore I shall leave the door unlocked and unbarred. Here is a cudgel for you, but you will not need it. All the rogues of Wapping—whose name is Legion—are asleep at this hour. Go, then, and remember that never, even in battle, will you be nearer unto death than you have been this night."

He opened the door, which as carefully locked and bolted, and set the prisoner free.

It was now past three o'clock in the morning, and still quite dark. The cold air made Jack shiver in his rags, but it revived and refreshed him. He looked up and down the street. There were no passengers at that hour save the market-gardeners' carts, which were already lumbering along, filled with vegetables, to the markets of the Fleet and Covent Garden; the rest of the world was still sleeping. Then he surveyed the house carefully.

"Forget this house," quoth his reverence? I shall first forget Aaron Fletcher."

It was too dark to observe particularly any distinguishing marks. There was no sign hung out. The ground floor was lower than the street and the upper story, which projected two feet and more, and looked as if it was going to fall any moment, had thick bars notable the windows. "I shall know the house again," said Jack, "by the bars. And now, gentlemen, sleep on and dream—I wish you pleasant dreams—until I come back, which will be, I take it, before you have yet awakened."

[to be continued.]

## ASHER BROWN DURAND.

The death of Asher Brown Durand, which occurred at South Orange, New Jersey, September 17, removes a patriarchal figure from the company of living American artists. Mr. Durand was born August 21, 1796, on the estate on which he passed the closing years of his life, and on which he died. Like most of the American artists of that time, and indeed of a much later time, he began his artistic career as an engraver, having been apprenticed seventy four years ago. The best known of his plates is his engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne"—an admirable piece of work, which, with others of the same class, was for many Durand's reputation of being the first line engraver in America. He painted many portraits which became celebrated, but it is by his landscapes that he won his greatest reputation, and he best known to the younger generation. These belonged to what for of late years been disparagingly called the "Hudson River School," and their manner has been rendered obsolete by works the painters of which had the advantage of a wider and deeper technical knowledge. But if an "examiner them with the bettering of the time," as Shakespeare counselled, we must acknowledge that with whatever technical weakness they may be tax, they exhibit also a sincere love and study of nature, and a power of reproducing poetic impressions with delicacy and grace which the works of younger and better equipped men by no means always show. Mr. Durand succeeded Professor Ross as President of the National Academy in 1845.

## CAPTAIN HATFIELD'S FIGHT.

The surrender of Geronimo and Natchez and their companions gives additional interest to every event of the long Apache campaign thus happily brought to a close. There was no more pathetic episode in the whole chain of those tragedies, which lasted from May till September, than the burial of the dead at Fronteras, Mexico, a sketch of which, made on the spot, is published this week. Nor does any other incident show better the peculiar difficulties and dangers of Indian warfare in the Southwest.

On May 15 Captain Hatfield, in command of the Fourth Cavalry, was ordered from his position on the boundary line between the United States and Mexico to follow a trail of hostiles northward. He struck the trail by the help of a picturesque scout, who has been christened "Johnnie Fewclothes," and he surprised the Indians and captured their horses and saddles. The command then marched back. While passing through a ten-cabin the cavalry themselves were surprised and fired on by Apaches. There was a stampede of the horses, and before order could be restored four men had been killed. The cavalrymen repulsed the Indians, recovered the bodies of their comrades, and carried them to Fronteras, Mexico. There in the night by the light of torches they buried them by an old adobe wall. Some of the Mexicans came as witnesses of the simple ceremony, and the "greasy" women shrieked, as is their custom at a burial. Such her military burials there have often been, but few more impressive ones.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A company is to feed for a submarine railway tunnel, to cost six million dollars, between Sweden and Denmark. We do not know that it is for sale, but there is a piece of tunnel under the North River which the projectors ought be able to buy to start with. It is possible, however, that no tunnel will be attempted, for Denmark seems to be in some doubt about it, as England was when the movement was active to connect her by tunnel with France. Some nations appear to regard tunnels as mere housekeepers the coal holes, that is, as convenient places for rapacious intruders to pop through. New-Yorkers, however, have never felt any particular trepidation at the prospect of being connected by tunnel with New Jersey.

It has been found in Dresden that glass can be cast in the same manner as iron, and experiments are now in progress to see how it will do for railway tracks. Nervous persons who had not considered the matter might feel at first some trepidation at travelling upon glass railway tracks, particularly if the cars were furnished with iron wheels, but it is alleged that cast glass is much tougher and more cohesive than cast iron. In fact it is hoped and expected by the inventors that glass rails will outlast rails of steel. A company of Americans in Russia were lately reported as about to engage in the manufacture of paper car wheels. If these should prove durable, it would be very satisfactory to have them and the glass rails used together. Paper wheels running upon glass rails would seem reasonable enough. But the idea of iron wheels upon glass rails does violence to common-sense, as common sense is at present constituted.

A cow was found dead in a field in East Bradford, Pennsylvania. One of her hind legs had become fixed in one of her horns, which were very crooked, and plainly she had met her death in her violent struggles to extricate it. Almost every newspaper account of this occurrence is headed, "Death of the Cow with a Crooked Horn." It is rare to meet with so general and spontaneous a tribute to a favorite author.

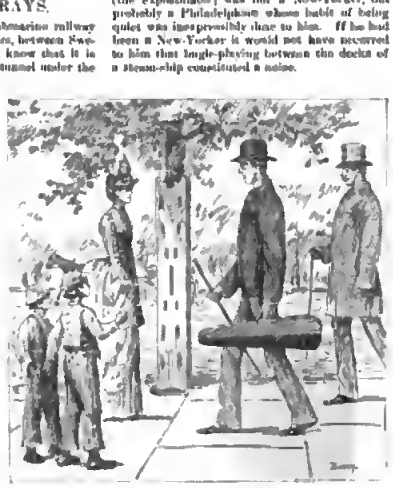
A correspondent says that Ireland has more than twice as many policemen as England, in proportion to her population, and twice three times as many as Scotland. It costs $7,500,000 every year to keep the peace in Ireland, as against $1,700,000 in Scotland, and $17,000,000 in England. The Irish police, as a rule, are very tall men. They wear helmets, and clothes of olive green, and are armed with rifles, short swords, and clubs.

There is a citizen of Texas, according to report, who has in his body several pounds of lead which he received in the shape of bullets. When he was a boy he received thirty six buckshots from a sportsman who mistook him for a deer; during the war he received several bullets, which remain in his body, and in 1878, he mistake, fifty-one duckshot were fired into his back. At the best estimate he carries about in his person sixty bullets ranging in size from a duckshot to an ounce Minie-ball.

It is reported that one of several new cows which have come out in London this season is a "house on fire." Two firemen stand and work a fire-engine, while a third climbs up a ladder to a third-story window, into which he plunges headforemost, subsequently appearing through the ground." There is an explanation accompanying the cow, and why the fireman plunges in at the third-story window and comes up through the ground, instead of plunging through the ground and coming out of the third-story window, is something that cannot now be told.

Germany, in addition to having the deepest hole in the ground, has now the tallest chimney. It is 440 feet high, and is 6 feet higher than the chimney near Glasgow, which used to be the highest. The German chimney is 14½ feet in diameter at the bottom and 16 feet at the top.

Communities differ very much in the measure of their patience, and a musician may find it awkward to offer to one set of people the provocation that he may give to another set with impunity. It is probable that the gentleman who played a fiddle in his state-room on board an ocean steam-ship all the way over from Liverpool was a New Yorker. He had been educated by hearing the whoops and war-cries of the millions and vegetable vendors of this town to believe that people would stand anything. It was natural, therefore, that when a fellow passenger on board the steam-ship expostulated with him and begged him to quit playing on his bugle he should have felt the interference unwarranted and impertinent, and should have resented it accordingly. That the expostulating passenger finally should have been unable to restrain his feelings, and at the conclusion of the voyage, as all were gathered on deck to go ashore, should have struck the bugler violently in the face, is evidence that he (the expostulator) was not a New-Yorker, but probably a Philadelphian whose habit of being quiet was impressibly due to him. If he had been a New-Yorker it would not have occurred to him that bugle-playing between the decks of a steam-ship constituted a noise.



CRUSHING.

Young Swiller, who is a very fine violinist, overhears the following: Uncus. "Hey, Bill, there's one of them orkestry fellers that plays in the Swittzers Summer Garden."

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THE CAÑON OF LAS ANIMAS, ON THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE R

LORADO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. JACKSON, DENVER, COLORADO.—[SEE PAGE 622.]

## CAÑON OF LAS ANIMAS.

THE discovery of silver ore in California Gulch, Colorado, and the subsequent magic rearing of the town of Leadville, were the spurs to civil engineering which put a railroad through the narrow cañon of the Arkansas River, and added to the long list of scenic attractions belonging to the railway system of the United States a passage through the famous "Royal Gorge." The success of this bold undertaking, the difficulty of which will be appreciated when you are told that the granite walls of this great "shadowy pass" rise perpendicularly many hundred feet in the air, and are in places so close together that there is barely room for the little rushing river to pass between them, led very naturally to the conviction that there were no portions of the Rocky Mountains, however seemingly inaccessible, which could not be reached by the iron trail of the narrow gauge railroad. Adventurous prospectors with their pack mules had penetrated into the latter parks and hidden gulches of the Gunnison and San Juan countries, and little settlements were rapidly springing into existence in all parts of the State. It was with the purpose of finding these new towns, and of connecting them with the outer world, by way of Denver's doorway, that the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, like some huge spider clinging to the foot-hills, threw out long, thin limbs or branches in half a dozen directions up into the heart of the mountains.

Among other "pasts" which then inhabitable little narrow gauge road set about reaching was Silverton, which is picturesquely situated in a broad park about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and which is walled in on all sides by lofty peaks. Of course there was more one way of reaching Silverton, and that was through the cañon of the Rio de las Animas, or "River of Souls." Through that cañon, therefore, went the engineers and behind them followed the iron rails. A view of a bit of this road is shown in the illustration on our double page. A traveller who recently returned from a visit to Silverton, in describing to a friend the journey through the Animas Cañon, said: "The rock ledge along which the railroad runs for many miles looks just about such proportion to the great gulch through which you are travelling as that little mantel piece over there bears to this room. The train reminds you of a caterpillar crawling along the top of a narrow picture hung high up as an immense gallery of paintings. It's grand, but it's ticklish."

The cañon of Las Animas, better known on the road as the "Silverton grade," is declared by many to be the most magnificent of all the cañons of the Rocky Mountains. Spread out before you as, moving slowly along the narrow ledge, you look from the car windows across the narrow chasm to a smooth, unscalable wall that gleams like highly polished bronze, but is striped with upright lines of shadow. From apparently unfathomable depths below come up the roar of drawn waters, and leaning from the car window you can just discern the greenish surface of the torrent rushing along the bed of the gorge. Looking upward, you can see where the opposite wall breaks away into receding hills, on whose grassy and wooded slopes in summer time the sunshine seems to be playing at hide-and-seek. From the rear door of the train you get a view of the wall along which, fly like, the cars are creeping. The mountain presents a red granite front perpendicular for nearly a thousand feet. The long balcony or shelf which holds the railroad track, and which is only just wide enough for the purpose, has been chiselled from the solid rock midway between top and bottom of the precipice. Overhead the beetling walls tower ominously in many places projecting so far as to cut off all view of the sky and the sunlight above. In some places the defile closes into so narrow a compass that the tall pines and spruce-trees clinging precariously to the cliffs mingle their branches in a dim arch that spans the chasm. The cost of building of one mile of the railroad through the remarkable cañon was $160,000.

## FROM SEVEN TO NINE OF A DAY

SEVEN o'clock in the morning, and Anabel Clifton's wedding day!

The sunshine drifted through the half-closed blinds and danced upon the white wall of the upper room in the Chamberlain tower of the Clifton's river-side villa. The little apartment, usually in studied order, was strewn with incongruous draperies, and was, as one might say, in disheveled. Anabel was still asleep. She did not stir when her mother and her nurse—the aged nurse of all the family of eight, of whom the seventeen-year-old Anabel was the eldest and the favorite—climbed up the narrow stairway from the nursery, and stood at the curtained entrance gazing in.

It is not in a sleeper to withstand desperately earnest glances, and Anabel's eyelids trembled into unfolding. She had been deeply asleep for she seemed to come slowly back from the mysterious world as she fixed her eyes on the two motionless figures and gradually recognized them. No sooner had one ray of recognizant consciousness passed from her then one of the vivaciousness—the mischief—vanished. There had been something so guileless, so almost baby-like, innocent in the sweet little sleeping face, and something so unspeakably dear in its awakening, that she could not trust herself to linger. She stole down the stairway, and catching up from its cuddle her youngest darling, a girl, and of all her children most like her fresh, faithless, beautiful Anabel, she burst into a paroxysm of weeping.

The old nurse admonished: "Come, Miss Anabel, high time we was astirin. An dis yer weddin' day, an de groom's a-fiddlin' in bosoum. Come, honey, bes' put an yer dressin gown and lebe de fixin' till after breakfus'. For Dinah she gone get sech a breakfus', all de tibbies yer fand oh, Miss Anabel, ba'ked chicken, jubile tart, cherry tang pressing. But dis yare's yer weddin' time, an', honey, dere isn't sech a bride every day."

"Such a happy, happy bride!" said Anabel.

She had slipped from her bed in a twinkling, and stood beside her dusky friend, with her hand on the cumbrous shoulder, and her roseate face fondly near the dark hard, wrinkled, but ever kindly one. She kissed the old goodie a kiss on her forehead.

"Such a happy, happy bride!" said Anabel.

8 *o'clock A M*—Breakfast over, but hardly tasted, in spite of "the tibbies." Oh, why do they keep the pet morsels of life until the exact moment when 'tis impossible to swallow them?

"May the children come in?" asked a voice, chorusly.

A rush of little ones. They climb on Anabel's knee, they kiss her, they hug her. May, the eldest, steals her arm around the white neck, and takes one of the long bright golden coils of "the bride" between her lips. Janney, the favorite brother, blurts out: "Oh, what a fool you are, Nannie, to go and leave us! Such lots of fun as we had about, too!"

"And we love you so!" whispers May.

"Oh, you darlings!" cries Anabel, springing up from her chair, and tumbling down the youngsters without noticing. "Bridget! nursie!" she calls to the maids in the anteroom, "take the children away directly."

She can hardly restrain her tears until the is obeyed, and the door closes upon the little figures. Then murmuring to herself, "But I must not cry and spoil my eyes, for is in my wedding day," she weeps bitterly.

8 *o'clock A M*—The bridal dress arrived at last. "If it had not been for J——'s influence in the custom-house it would never have got through in time, and you would have to be married in——"

"Has it come?" says Anabel, perfectly indifferently.

Yes; a superb *chef d'œuvre* of Parisian costuming. White tulle over white satin, the tulle studded all over with white jasmine and orange blossoms; the veil bordered with orange blossoms; a corsage knot of jasmine and orange, and wreath for coiffure to match.

Anabel rejected the bouquet of the corsage. "I shall wear—them at least—natural flowers," she said.

"An' de nat'ral flowers am here," said the old nurse. "Dey am come fo' sush, 'long wid Mawa Franklin's weddin' gif'. Better late den never; A cross ob candle, Miss Anabel. Mawa jes peeked in, an' I unscovered. A mighty pretty gif' for Mawa Franklin." And the fond creature gave Anabel a strange penetrating glance—a reproach fat glance, if anything, an affectionate could be called reproachful.

10 *o'clock A M*—Anabel has tried on the wedding dress. Her groomsmen and bridesmaids have come to practice the formalities of the ceremony. The eldest brother, Janney, with a look of great seriousness, personates the bridegroom; Mary, with no seriousness at all, personates the overgroom. Then Anabel, alone in the tower room, disencumbered of the bridal dress, glances into the small jewel case enclosing the cross of emeralds, Franklin Monroe's gift. "I would wear it if I could," she says to herself, "only a bride must be in pure white. What a lovely color these stones have! I do not wonder that tired inquirers rest their eyes upon emeralds. I would like to wear it, for I love—oh, indeed I love Cousin Franklin next best to mother—next best in all the world to mother and Eugene."

At the very thought of the name "Eugene," Anabel Clifton colored. She was much in love with the young man Eugene Sands, her chosen husband—deeply in love, although she had known him scarcely three months, and but for his high academicals, his wealth and position, his importunate persistence in hastening the marriage, and the urgent fatality that precipitates a love-match, Anabel's sole guardian, her mother, could not have been persuaded to part so early with her child.

"And to-day I shall be his wife!" gasped Anabel, with a sudden time-stroke on her heart, half dread, half ecstasy.

11 *o'clock A M*—"A note for you, Miss Clifton," says a servant, breaking up Anabel's solitude.

12 *o'clock M*—Anabel is lying motionless in a "dead faint," and the ceremony to be at three!

The news spread through the house like wildfire. The mother, the nurse, and the doctor, hastily summoned, were at her bedside.

"She never fainted afore in her blessed lifetime," said the old nurse. "Somethin's happened fo' sush."

"She had a note sent to her," some one suggested. She distressed somebodies the servant who brought it; then a sharp call was heard—an oath. When the servant room was reached, Anabel lay stretched on the floor in a death-like swoon. Where was the note that a moment before she must have had in her hand? It was nowhere to be found.

1 *o'clock P M*—The flower decorators been in finishing the fragrant ornament of the house, nothing remaining to be done but to hang the shields of camellias in the bells, and twine the balusters of the stairs with pink carnations and smilax. Time for the bride to be at her toilet, the hairdresser is in waiting.

"I must see my mother all alone," said Anabel, still white as a ghost, and almost smothered by the anxious throwing of her attendants. "I must her with me quite alone."

"Den smaller dis yere quietin' bowl ob nourishin', Miss Anabel, an' heat up, honey, mines am trobbled cuof wredde."

Anabel drank the strengthening potion unquestioningly. Then the authoritative crone ordered every one from the tower room, and the mother, pale as her child, came to the bedside.

"Dear mother," said Anabel—and the fond eyes that looked upon her as she spoke seemed to see before their tearful gaze no longer a child, but a woman—a child quickly but surely aged into the lot of woman. "Dear mother, this is my wedding day, but I have changed my mind—changed my mind. Don't be troubled, dear; 'tis only about a *trifle*. I shall be married," she spoke on, hurriedly, "to-day. At three o'clock every one will be here, of course, and I may be a little late. I have changed my mind, dear mother, about my first groomsman." Anabel had *spoken* in this, because her lover, Eugene Sands, was but a stranger in the town—an Englishman accepted upon a pleasure tour by the fascination of Anabel. "I want Cousin Franklin to be sent for immediately."

"My darling," said the mother, with gentle hesitation, "I will do just as you say, for I want everything to please you to-day. But do you think it is quite kind to Franklin, who has loved you so long and faithfully, and who, although we call him no fair affection, is not really your cousin, remember—do you think it is quite kind to you to ask him to accept such a conspicuous place in this ordeal?"

Anabel sank back on her pillow with an ashy hue drawn about her lips, threatening another swoon. "I must see him," she murmured. "Send for him, dear mother, if you love your little Anabel. Send for him at once."

2 *o'clock P M*—"Is Cousin Franklin below? Tell him to please go into the library and take a book. I shall be ready to receive him presently. And now bring the hair-dresser; and then dress me as quickly as possible."

This was Anabel's order. When every touch was complete she went to the mirror, and for five minutes or more—so they said afterward—looked at the reflection of herself steadfastly.

"In this *gown*, Anabel Clifton?" they heard her say, and then she came back to her mother and the children, who waited to view her, and showed herself—dazzling—to them, all smiles.

3 *o'clock P M*—Carriages rolling up to the door. The drawing rooms in splendor; the reception-rooms on the upper floors filling with opera cloaked guests and with gentlemen drawing on their light gloves; the bridesmaids and groomsmen grouped in an anteroom apart.

"Tell Cousin Franklin he may come to me," said Anabel. She was now in the radiance of her beauty, two bright roses glowing freshly upon her cheeks, for no vestal maiden with bloom in fever, her eyes violet-lidded, radiant. She whispered to her mother, who was the last to linger, "Darling, bring him yourself, and then leave us for ten, for twenty minutes." She was gliding toward the dressing table, and added, without change of voice: "Stay a moment, dear mother. Let me see if the ribbon is secure on my hair. Yes, everything is in order." And no, never suspecting the storm that was sweeping over a soul disguised in this smiling calm, Anabel's mother left her.

4 *o'clock P M*—An hour after the time fixed for the wedding. The bridesmaids and groomsmen becoming very impatient. Anabel still lingers in her tower. Franklin Monroe is seated in the window seat at her side. Fortunately for the order of the day, and Anabel's sudden wish, he is in full dress. He had intended to be present at this marriage, cost him what pang it might.

"Cousin Franklin," said Anabel Clifton, "I am in very great sorrow, and naturally in my sorrow I turn to a trusted friend."

At this moment a knock at the door demanded attention. "Every one is waiting," a voice said; "but Mr Sands has not come. Mrs Clifton will send to him instead, if Miss Anabel is willing."

"Send for him," said Anabel. And Franklin thought that he saw her shudder. He glanced at his watch, as at the door he reiterated the almost inaudible order. He returned, troubled.

"Tell me," he said, "the cause of your sorrow. I will help you if I can. You can trust me—you know that, Anabel—as my life's end."

Anabel had allowed him in his earnestness to clasp her little white-gloved hand. He felt that it was ice-cold. Then she went to her bureau—the bureau filled that morning of all its delicately stitched treasures—quite empty now, excepting one drawer, which Anabel unlocked. She took from it an unsealed note—the message that, with a woman's new born instinct of "veiling her heart from the world," she had concealed and turned the lock upon, before, in the uncontrollable alienation of her misery, she had cried for help, and fallen, as they had found her, in a death-like swoon.

She stood still, looking downward, and holding the unsealed note in her hand.

Another knock, another message. "Mr Sands has left his hotel. They thought he was to leave town by the 4 30 express. What shall we do, Miss Anabel?"

"Send to the depot," was the order.

She flew to Franklin's side. She clasped his hand. "Dear friend," she said, "you have loved me truly for—so long. You love me now, do you not?"

Something forbade the loyal soul of Franklin Monroe to say "I love you" to an affianced bride. But his eloquent eyes, his earnest face, gave assurance to Anabel. He said, "I am at your command."

She put the letter into his hand.

He glanced over the passionate protestations, the plea for forgiveness, the breaking of a heart at Anabel's feet, to comprehend the one marked sentence that explained why the announced marriage was unlawful, impossible—why Eugene Sands had fled.

One more message. "No tidings from the railway depot. Mr Sands has not been seen there to-day. The people are very impatient. Mrs Clifton sends to know what we shall say."

"Say *I am coming*," said Anabel.

She closed the door. She was almost fabulous as her brilliant beauty as, in face of her smuggled love and receive, she returned to Franklin.

She tore from the knot of orange blossoms that had accompanied Franklin's gift, and which was already clasped against the bosom of her bridal dress, one flower, and fastened it to his vest.

5 *o'clock P M*—Two hours late; but at last the wedding march strikes up. The bride is coming! The long delay is rounded by the vision. "She looks like an angel," they said.

One riveted gaze at the bride, and then all eyes turned upon the bridegroom.

Already bridesmaids and groomsmen had rallied from the shock of surprise. The throng of guests accepted their astonishment as best they might. Anabel's mother, pale and trembling, glancing toward her darling when the onslaught entered, with its surprising denouement, murmured, "Thank Heaven!" The young bride's loveliness subdued everybody. Even the children behaved discreetly, beyond all precedent, in extreme exigency of children's behavior. The whole household—the whole town, in fact—had known of Monroe's devotion, and there had been no lack of sympathetic indignation when has right to be Anabel's lover was usurped by an arrogant stranger.

6 *o'clock P M*—Under the marriage bell of lilies and white roses, a married woman, Anabel Monroe. And every one pushing up to kiss and congratulate the bride. And the bridegroom? He was equal to the occasion—a good deal to say of a man who, in addition to the usual nervousness ascribed to the unscalise mood upon such an occasion, had known to the rapid experience of a moment the transition from despair to triumph.

7 *o'clock P M*—In her travelling dress, and in the carriage, the adieux all made, the luck-propitiating shoe, May's pet embroidered slipper, to be framed in a glass case eventually, flung after the receding wheels into the highway. The sound of the dance tread and the music pours into the open air. And from between half-barred blinds of a window not far off an anxious, grief-drawn face follows with its guilty eyes the carriage receding in the sunset-reddened dusk.

8 *o'clock P M*—A compartment in a palace-car destined to stop at West Point. Bronze hangings be telegraph, which at morning shall show the dawn's superb outlook upon a wooded path winding to the river's edge, the well known Flirtation Path, freighted for Franklin Monroe with a mystery of first love—a first love buried, as he thought, but awakened by fate at last so strangely, so dazzingly, from the sleeping, not dead, past.

In the car alone, a bride and bridegroom.

"Cousin Franklin," says the new made wife—"cousin" (she cannot drop at once the old-time term), "you are sure, *perfectly* sure, are you not, that you love me?"

"*Perfectly sure*," not very audibly, but very steadily, has sung, to his soul with the blissful assurance of the truth of his assertion, her husband answers.

"I love you!" said Anabel.

9 *o'clock P M*—A moonlight night. All well! Hudson River express train entering the Highlands.

## THE GHOSTS OF LUNAR CRATERS.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

IN Belfast, last spring, I was shown a photograph of a house and the grounds around it in which I noticed a singular feature. The photograph had been taken in the winter-time, when (as I was told by the photographer himself, the owner of the house) the snow lay four inches thick upon the lawns and fields. Yet on one of the lawns, or rather upon the snow covering it, there could be clearly traced the outlines of the courts marked for lawn-tennis. The owner of the house, a gentleman well known in New York (he was one of the most skilful of the team of riflemen sent over from Ireland to America a few years since), told me that he had been surprised to find the forms of the tennis-courts distinctly traceable during the winter months, for they had only been marked with chalk. But that they should in some way be discernible when covered with a four-inch layer of snow would have seemed incredible had not the fact been not only witnessed, but recorded by the faithful eye of photography.

It can not at a first view appear that there is any obvious connection between the craters on the moon and the markings on a lawn-tennis court, but I found in the peculiar circumstances under which these markings were seen, and in their singularly ghostly aspect, the explanation of a lunar feature which I had long noticed without suspecting its significance. In the midst of those broad dark tracts on the moon's face which are still called *seas*, though it has long been known that there is no trace of water upon them, there can be seen markings which correspond exactly in shape and arrangement with the forms of craters and ridges on the lighter parts of the moon when these are seen under a full light, as just no shadows wished the peculiarities of surface contour which really mark these regions. In other words, where there are no craters, no ridges, no valleys—for the surfaces of the broad dark "seas" are as level as the desert regions on the earth—these are seen, under full sunlight, appearances which as strongly suggest craters, ridges, and valleys as do the actual forms of these features when similarly illuminated. Mr Saxby, a skilful and experienced observer, residing at Clevedon, Somersetshire, England, in speaking to me of these strange markings on the so-called inner seas, described them aptly as "ghosts of

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craters," though besides craters other irregularities of surface contour, such as mountain ranges, peaks, ridges, valleys, and so forth, seem pictured in the same ghostly way on the lunar seas. One may compare the phenomenon to what might be expected if a condition of things suggested by Galileo's enemies, and peculiarly accepted by the Florentine astronomer, existed on these dark parts of the moon's surface. When he announced his discovery that there are mountains on the moon, some of the opponents of telescopic observation answered that the moon must necessarily have a smooth surface, for the Greek astronomers said so. "If, then, there seem to be irregularities, these can only be apparent; the real surface is no doubt smooth, but being transparent, mountains and craters underneath it are seen through its crystalline substance." Galileo retorted with a jest well suited as a reply to an absurd no argument. "Let them beware," said he, "how they cover our lunar craters with crystal, or on their crystal surface I will raise crystalline mountains ten times higher than those they have striven to bury."

But there was no such explanation for the ghosts of craters as Galileo's enemies found for the shadow-throwing craters which his telescope had shown. The solar system presents no transparent substances—except, indeed, the atmospheres of planets—such as the ignorant Aristotelians of Galileo's time felt free (because of their ignorance) to imagine. Even the slate-colored inner ring of Saturn, through which, as through a crape veil, the body of the planet can be seen, has long since been recognized as only transparent in the sense in which a cloud of dust may be transparent. It seemed difficult, indeed, to understand how mere surface markings could have the forms, the wide span, the vast dimensions, of lunar craters. On the other hand, if there ever had been craters having the height as well as the span of those still existing on the moon, it seemed impossible that either they could have been removed so completely as the smooth surfaces of the lunar seas seemed to imply, or that, if buried under some kind of deposit, any trace of their forms could be recognized.

But in the light of such an observation as I recorded at the outset, the ghosts of lunar craters seem not only to be readily interpretable, but to throw very curious and interesting light on the past history of the moon. I have long maintained that in all probability the dark tracts on the moon are the floors of lunar seas from which the waters have long since been withdrawn by a gradual process of absorption into the moon's interior. They lie without exception at the lower levels, or, in other words, they occupy just those portions of the moon's surface where the seas, if ever the moon had seas, must have been, and their peculiar tints correspond well with the belief that they represent layers of finely divided matter, washed by the waves of lunar oceans from the rocks and cliffs which once formed their shores. But if this is so, the broad dark tracts speak of immense periods of time. Long as is the time required for depositing the matter which covers to vast depths the sea floors of our earth, the time needed for corresponding work on the moon, with her thinner air, her smaller allowance of water, and her weaker gravity, must have been very much longer. Moreover, when we consider the shorter duration of the moon's planet life, regarded as a whole, we see that the formation of her sea floors, requiring more time absolutely, required relatively much more time, than the formation of any of the Neptunian strata of our own earth. On the earth the changes have many times occurred which the poet has pictured to the lines:

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree;
O, earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea!

"The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt, like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go!"

On the moon such changes have occurred probably but once. In the lunar seas, if, as we may well believe, they are sea floors, we have the record of hundreds of thousands of years, during which rain and wind and storm, the rushing river and the storm-swept sea, did their work, spreading deep layers of finely divided matter over what had once been an irregular surface. But though the craters and the mountain ranges, the ridges and the valleys, of those buried lands are now buried beneath the smooth surface of vast ocean beds, they attest their presence through some strange difference in the texture of the matter lying over former elevations and depressions. To the eye the difference may be so slight as to be barely discernible—though, be it noted, the ghosts of craters were first observed when the moon was under ordinary telescopic scrutiny. But photography strengthens the slight difference of tint, insomuch that one might almost imagine the ghosts of craters to be the buried craters themselves, seen "as through a glass darkly." In some of the photographs taken by the Drapers, by Rutherfurd, and by Delarue the features of the buried continents are seen with singular distinctness, although the surfaces actually photographed are as level as the great deserts of our earth.

It appears to me that these ghosts of craters should afford an admirable subject of study for those observers who are privileged to use telescopes of exceptional power. Photography also, so recently applied to the heavenly bodies by the Brothers Henry at Paris (with results much more valuable than any heretofore obtained), might throw valuable light on the past history of our neighbor world. Already astronomers have felt justified in saying of her, "She being dead, yet speaketh." But only lately have they begun to learn how much she can tell us, not only of her own history, but of stages of the earth's history of which the records have long since been swept away from the earth herself. Such records remain on the moon, because in her case denuding forces have been much weaker and have worked for a much shorter time.

## THE CYCLING TOURNAMENT AT SPRINGFIELD.

The fifth annual Tournament of the Springfield Bicycle Club, at Springfield, Massachusetts, was held during four days of last week, beginning on Tuesday. In point of attendance, and in some of the accomplishments, notably the breaking of the one-mile record in the race for the world's championship, the tournament was a great success. The races were, as usual, run under the rules of the American Cyclist Union, and took place on a half-mile track built inside of the regular trotting track in Hampden Park. The advertised value of the prizes given was $2500, and as ten races were run each day of the meeting, and prizes given not only to the first and second, but also to the third contestant to reach event, it will readily be seen that a large amount of money was apparently needed.

A particularly interesting feature of this year's tournament was the free appearance of the new and recently defined order of wheelmen known as "promateurs." The promateur, as his name suggests, is a cross between a professional and an amateur, and in England is termed a "maker's amateur." He does not race for money prizes, but is employed to ride and display the merits of some particular style of wheel, which is furnished to him free of charge by the manufacturer, who also defrays all his expenses while attending race meetings. Although this method of advertising has long been employed, such riders have, until this season, been classed as amateurs, and in competition with those real, simon-pure amateurs have had but little chance of capturing prizes.

Now that the League of American Wheelmen has properly classified these promateurs, the genuine amateurs have plucked up heart, and attended the recent tournament in greater numbers than ever before, thereby adding an element of interest to the races that has heretofore flagged. On the other hand, the Springfield meeting was nearly deprived, except among the professionals, of the international feature which has in former years been among its most decided attractions, by this new classification. Makers'-amateurs exist in England as well as in America, and most of the crack riders on that side of the Atlantic are to be found among them; but they will not acknowledge themselves to be aught other than genuine amateurs, and, for fear lest they should become tainted with professionalism by coming to America and racing with our promateurs, they have stayed at home. Last year these representatives of English manufacturers proved themselves so much faster than the amateurs whom they met on this side that they carried home most of the prizes offered at the Springfield tournament; therefore the American promateurs, who feel that they have picked up wonderfully within the past twelve months, are greatly disappointed at not having had the opportunity to try conclusions with them again.

The American Cyclist Union this year broke down the division between two classes of riders to the extent of allowing the promateurs to race with the professionals for the world's one-mile championship. The contest, which was conducted in a long series of trial heats, somewhat upon the plan of a billiard tournament, where the contest is gradually narrowed down to two players, attracted more attention than any other feature of the tournament, and resulted in the breaking of the world's one-mile record (his own) by Fred Wood, of Leicester, England, during a trial heat with Woonsnam, the speedy professional rider of Minneapolis, his time being 2.32½.

This heat between Wood and Woonsnam was a pleasing exception to most of the professional trial heats, which were simply "loafs." The management of the tournament deserve great credit, however, for the effort they made to put a stop to all pocketing and lippsdrawing. Indeed, in the very first professional heat for the world's championship, between B. A. Neilson, of Boston, and R. James, of Birmingham, England, the riders were fined $10 each for slow riding, as well they might have been, their time for the mile being 4 minutes 10 seconds.

Among the promateurs the trial heats for the world's championship were hotly contested. In one heat W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, Massachusetts, beat C. E. Fleus, of Jersey City, in the creditable good time of 2 minutes 38 seconds. It was a foregone conclusion from the first that Wood would win in the professional class, and that the contest among the promateurs would narrow down to Rowe and George M. Hendee, and the betting as to which of these riders would be the contestant of Wood in the final and deciding heat of all was very heavy.

Hendee appeared in great form during all the events in which he took part. On the opening day of the tournament he captured the ten-mile American championship for promateurs in 29 minutes 26½ seconds, defeating W. A. Rowe, of Dorchester, Frank W. Brown, of St. Louis, Charles P. Adams, of Springfield, and C. E. Fleus, of Jersey City. Rowe, of Lynn, did not enter for this race, evidently preferring not to meet Hendee until in the best contest for the world's one-mile championship.

Rain prevented racing on Thursday. On Friday, in the final promateur heat for the one-mile championship between Rowe and Hendee, the former won by half a wheel. Rowe and Wood raced the final heat on Saturday, and the championship was won by Rowe in 2.38.

The amateur races were nearly all interesting and well contested. In the one-mile amateur tandem tricycle race for the American Cyclist Union Championship W. E. Crist and F. S. Howe, of Washington, D. C., lowered all previous records, making the mile in 2 minutes 43½ seconds. The fastest time ever before made was 2 minutes 46 seconds. This was a very hotly contested event. A. R. Rich, of Brooklyn, and Fred Frost, of Toronto, Ontario, were second, and F. T. Hendricks and G. H. Collister, of Cleveland, Ohio, third. The five-mile amateur race of the 16 minutes 30 seconds class was one of the most exciting events of the tournament. It brought out ten riders, and was won in 16 minutes 2½ seconds by H. S. Hart, of New Britain, with H. L. Sturges, of Albany, second, and F. S. Howe, of Washington, third. Since nearly all who took part in the Springfield tournament are entered for the opening tournament which is to be given on the new grounds at Roseville Station, Newark, New Jersey, beginning September 30, New-Yorkers will soon have an opportunity to see a repetition of these exciting events.

## THE GORRINGE MONUMENT.

There is something almost tragic in the career of the late Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, so far as that has been made known to the reading world. Smitten down by an incurable disorder in the full strength of his mental powers and manly ambitions, he passed away, leaving, as he thought, much of his life work unfinished. He had planned many enterprises of pith and moment, all of which were left untouched, although the world will be satisfied with his notable achievement of the transportation of the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to this country. In this work he adapted principles of the greatest simplicity, and applied an apparatus that was at once bold, original, and effective, to accomplish what in the hands of other engineers had cost large sums of money and required many months of time. By the simple device of swinging the monolith in a structure erected for that purpose, Captain Gorringe succeeded in lowering the stone to the surface of the earth in safety. Instead of a specious transports, he took an iron ship, cut a hole in her bows, rent in the obelisk, closed up the aperture, loaded the remaining stones by usual means, and sailed away while the baffled and corrupt native officials were studying out schemes for more black mail and further detentions of the venturous American. The same appliances used in the lowering of the monolith were employed to raise it to the position which it now occupies in Central Park.

It has been truly said that, in its way, this feat of engineering was without a parallel. As compared with what had been accomplished by other authors in the direction of obelisk removal, the work of Gorringe was simplicity itself. And then who knew anything of the obstacles, other than purely physical ones, overcome in Egypt by the bluff and undiplomatic naval officer, who understood that it is only faint praise to say that he showed himself a master of other arts than that of engineering when he brushed aside or surmounted all difficulties thrown in his way.

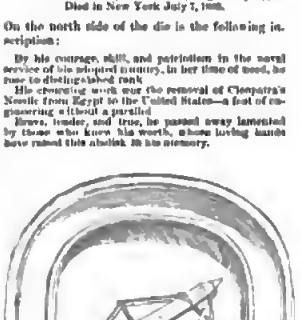
Full of ambitions, eager for time and opportunity to enter and explore other field of curious research, Gorringe was cut down when he was in the midst of heroic efforts to extricate himself from financial difficulties. In life he had endeared himself to those with whom he came in contact. He was a hearty hater of all shams, and an equally hearty lover of all that was good and true and genuine. His friends were kind to him as with hands of steel. His breezy and sunny temperament attracted innumerable persons, and his steadfast friendship was something to be cherished. Such a man, dying in the midst of plans unfulfilled and schemes immatured, could not but leave behind him a wealth of affection and respect. This has shown itself in the erection of a monument over his grave in the picturesque Rockland Cemetery, at Sparkill, on the Hudson River. It is emphatically a memorial raised by loving hands.

The sum of money required for the purpose of setting up the monument was collected from the ready contributions of the friends and personal acquaintances of Captain Gorringe. The monument, which is expected to be unveiled early in October, is an obelisk of granite from the famous Green Mountain Quarries near Barre, Vermont, and is an exact copy of the Cleopatra's Needle, on a reduced scale, the proportions of that work being carefully preserved throughout the whole structure. The monolith is 25 feet 6 inches in height, and 2 feet 9 inches square at the base. It surmounts a die of the same stone, whose faces are 8 feet 9 inches by 8 feet 4 inches. The die rests upon ten lower bases, and these rest upon a platform of dark Quincy granite 6 feet 6 inches square. Two sides of the die bear medallions in bronze, of rectangular form, with rounded corners conforming to the outline of the Egyptian nartouch. These are sunken into the granite surface somewhat deeply. One medallion holds a striking likeness of Gorringe surrounded with a wreath of mingled oak and laurel. The other medallion shows in relief the device of turning the obelisk as invented and used by Gorringe. On the south side of the die, in raised polished letters, is the record:

Henry Honeychurch Gorringe
Born in Barbadoes, West Indies, August 31, 1841.
Died in New York July 7, 1883.

On the north side of the die is the following inscription:

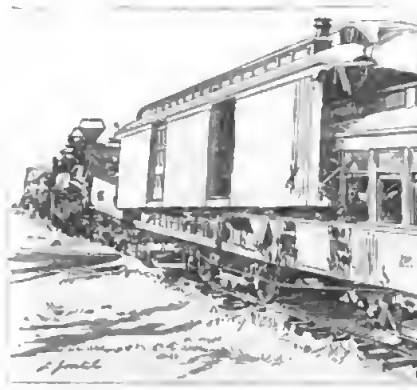
By his courage, skill, and patriotism in the naval service of his adopted country, in her time of need, he rose to distinguished rank.
His crowning work was the removal of Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to the United States—a feat of engineering without a parallel.
Brave, tender, and true, he passed away lamented by those who knew his worth, whose loving hands have raised this obelisk in his memory.



The monument has a total height of about thirty-two feet, cost, $2500. It was executed by the New England Monument Company; the bronze sculpture by Caesar Bellelli. It stands on a knoll overlooking the noble Hudson, the waters of the Tappan Sea being almost directly under the bluff crowned by the work. This shapely and simple obelisk, severe and symmetrical in its statelinesss, is noticeable for a long distance up and down the river. Its immortable finger, white against a background of verdure, and pointing upward to the sky, will be for generations to come a perpetual reminder of the brave and generous nature of him who sleeps beneath.

THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 625.]

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH ON THE GROUND OF THE GERMANTOWN CLUB AT NICETOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 626.]



AFTER THE COLLISION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY B. B. GIFFORD, DUNKIRK, NEW YORK.

## THE SILVER CREEK COLLISION.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred on the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis Railroad, commonly known as the "Nickel Plate" road, on Tuesday of last week. A train loaded with excursionists bound for Niagara Falls ran head on into a heavy west-bound freight train near the village of Silver Creek, about thirty miles distant from Buffalo. At the time of the collision the excursion train was pulling round a curve in a deep rock-cut, and was moving at the rate of only about eight miles an hour. The freight, having clearly the right of way, was travelling thirty miles an hour. The engineers and firemen of both locomotives jumped and escaped with their lives, but Lewis Drew an, engineer of the excursion train, promptly disappeared from the scene, and was not heard of for several days, when a letter, undated, but written in his hand, was received by one of the daily papers at Buffalo, in which letter he said that he had received orders to pass the freight at Silver Creek, but as there was no side-track there, and as he had never before had orders to pass a train there, he proceeded on his way. This seems to put the blame properly and solely upon the engineer and conductor of the excursion train, for there was on earthly excuse for their going on beyond Silver Creek. Wherever the blame may rest, the result of the blunder was awful. The excursion train—an excursion train often are—was made up of unevenly matched cars. The baggage-car coupling was higher than that of the smoking-car, which immediately followed. The result was the complete telescoping of the smoking-car, as shown in the cut above. When the sides of the smoking-car were broken open, bruised and mangled bodies were found doubled up in all sorts of shapes. More than twenty passengers, all men, were killed outright or died in a short space of time from their injuries, and the list of wounded was long. The passengers in all the cars back of the smoker escaped without injury.

## FOREIGN CRICKET TEAMS.

THE visits of both gentlemen and professional English cricket teams to this country and Canada have been so frequent during the past few years that their coming has ceased to be regarded as a novelty in cricket circles. Not so, however, was the advent of the West Indians. They reached here in two instalments about the middle of August, the Jamaica contingent landing at Boston, while the little party of players from Barbadoes and Demerara came by the way of New York city.

Owing to a sufficient number of foreseen and unforeseen obstacles in the way of amalgamating a representative eleven, which would have disheartened any other organizer than the indefatigable Mr Guy Wyatt, of Georgetown, Demerara, the Indians commenced the first match on their schedule at Montreal, Canada, on August 16. Throughout their tour they played with indomitable pluck, no better instance of which could be afforded than in their match with the champion Germantown Club of Philadelphia, when the Indians fielded all day against the 310 runs compiled by the home aggregation, never once weakening or becoming in the slightest degree demoralized while the game lasted. Playing almost every day during their stay here, travelling by night to meet engagements at both ends of the Dominion of Canada, they may be said to have never had a chance to catch their second wind until they found themselves on board the steamers which again split the genial party into its original little bands. They left here on September 18, the Jamaicans sailing on the steamer *Alva*, and the *Barbadoes* carrying away those for Barbadoes and Demerara.

Of the thirteen matches played, the visitors won six, lost five, and had two drawn, one of the latter (with Montreal) in their favor, and one (with the Young America of Philadelphia) against opera.

The great event, however, of the present cricket season is the visit of English gentlemen players, the first of whose two international matches against the Philadelphia gentlemen has been appointed for September 23. Both matches will be played on the International Grounds, of the Germantown Cricket Club, at Nicetown, Philadelphia. The English party consists of Mr W. E. Roller, of Surrey County fame, who captains the team, and was a member of last year's eleven which visited this country (he is a magnificent bat, and has been very successful with the ball during the present tour), Mr S H Buckland, of Oxford University, Mr T K Hine Bateman, who was here last year, the Rev A T Fortescue, Mr K J. Bee, of Oxford University, Mr A R Cobb, of Oxford University; Mr F T Welman, of Somersetshire, Mr C E Cottrell, of Middlesex, Mr H Rotherham, of Warwickshire—and the Marylebone Club, Mr J A Turner, of Cambridge University, and Mr H W Bainbridge, captain of this year's Cambridge University eleven.

The Englishmen arrived here on August 29. Their list of fixtures, arranged by Mr Frederick S Ricoll, president of the Cricketers Association of the United States contains eight matches. The first was played at Staten Island on September 1 and 2, against the home club whom the visitors easily defeated by an inning and 49 runs. The tourists then went to Toronto, via Niagara Falls. The match at Toronto was against the Ontario Association, and was played on September 7, 8, and 9. The Englishmen won by eight wickets. On September 11, 13, and 14, the visitors played sixteen of Montreal, at Montreal. The game was won by the Englishmen by an inning and 116 runs. The fourth match was with fifteen of the Longwood Club, at Longwood, near Boston, and the visitors won by three wickets.

The International Match Committee have selected fifteen men, from whom the eleven to play the English gentlemen at Nicetown will be chosen. Four of those who play to the first match will retire in favor of the four who do not play, so that each may be the following list will play. The team is as follows: Messrs. W Brockin, Jun., H. I. Brown, W. G. Darling, W. P. Morgan, Jun., George S Patterson, and F. W. Ralston, Jun., from the Germantown Cricket Club; F E Brewster, E W Clark, Jun., Howard MacNeil, C A Newhall, and R. S. Newhall, from the Young Americas; J A Scott and W. Scott, from the Belmont; and W C Lowry, Jun, and J B Thayer, Jun, from the Merion. This is undoubtedly the strongest team ever presented by American cricketers, and the matches at Nicetown, which will be attended by thousands of lovers of the game, will be the most interesting displays of cricket ever witnessed in this country.

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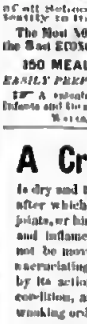

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(No. 437)

FOR OCTOBER, 1886,

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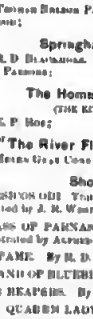

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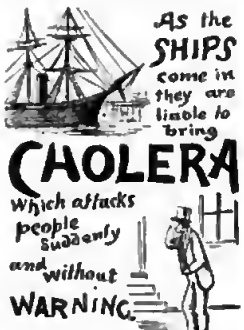

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"'Why did you keep me standing there in the cold?' he asked."

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## INTRODUCTION.

In giving to the world the record of what, looked at from that point of view only, is, I suppose, one of the most wonderful and mysterious adventures ever experienced by mortal men, I feel it incumbent on me to explain what my exact connection with it is. And so I may as well say at once that I am not the narrator, but only the editor, of this extraordinary history, and then proceed to tell how it found its way into my hands.

Some years ago, I, the editor, was stopping with a brother at one of the Universities, which for the purposes of this history we will call Cambridge and was one day much struck with the appearance of two people whom I saw going arm in arm down the street. One of these gentlemen was, I think, without exception, the handsomest young fellow I have ever set eyes on. He was very tall, very broad, and had a look of power and a grace of bearing that seemed as native to him as it is to a wild stag. In addition, his face was almost without flaw—a good face as well as a beautiful one; and when he lifted his hat, which he did just then to a passing lady, I saw that his head was covered with little golden curls growing close to the scalp.

"Good gracious!" I said to my brother, with whom I was walking; "why, that fellow looks like a statue of Apollo come to life. What a splendid man he is!"

"Yes," he answered; "he is the handsomest man in the University, and one of the nicest too. They call him 'the Greek god.' But look at the other one; he's Vincey's (that's the god's name) guardian, and supposed to be full of every kind of information. They call him 'Charon.'"

I looked, and found the older man quite as interesting in his way as the glorified specimen of humanity at his side. He appeared to be about forty years of age, and was, I think, as ugly as his companion was handsome. To begin with, he was shortish, rather bow-legged, very deep-chested, and with unusually long arms. He had dark hair and small eyes, and the hair grew right down on his forehead, and his whiskers grew right up to his hair, so that there was uncommonly little of his countenance to be seen. Altogether he reminded me forcibly of a gorilla, and yet there was something very pleasing and genial about the man's eye. I remember saying that I should like to know him.

"All right," answered my brother; "nothing easier. I know Vincey; I'll introduce you," and he did; and for some minutes we stood chatting—about the Zulu people, I think, for I had just returned from the Cape at the time. Presently, however, a footlab

(Continued on page 664.)

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

## 1888.

THE tone of the BLAINE Republican press since the Maine election shows that Mr. BLAINE will be probably strongly pushed for the Republican nomination in 1888. It cannot be doubted that he desires it, because nothing could be more distasteful to him than to close his public life with such a defeat as that of 1884—a defeat due to personal and not to party reasons. He was not defeated because his party had lost public confidence, but because he was its candidate. But a great many earnest Republicans who disapproved of his nomination for various reasons were yet so persuaded that Republican opposition to a Republican nomination was a kind of treason to the country and to human liberty that they have come to think the election of Mr. BLAINE indispensable to the vindication of the party and to the proper punishment of such offenders, and more than one of them has been heard to say that he now lived to secure that result. A candidate who in addition to this kind of support has the aid of the party machine and the prestige which envelops the chief party leader enters the contest with great advantages. It seems, however, impossible that the wise heads of the party should think Mr. BLAINE'S nomination to be judicious. Many of the leaders who supported him most strongly upon the stump in '84 and who most bitterly denounced the treachery of Mugwumpery, had been more strenuously opposed to his nomination than they knew that the campaign would be necessarily a prolonged and desperate personal defence and apology and explanation, as it was. They have seen that all did not avail, and they know that nothing whatever has occurred to make Mr. BLAINE a more acceptable candidate, while much has happened which would make it easy for many who voted for him in '84 to decline to vote for him in '88.

It is useless to urge in his favor that nothing new can be said against him. What was said in '84 was enough to defeat him, and it was of a kind which does not lose its force with a campaign. If the transactions of which the MULLIGAN letters were the proof to the public mind made him in the public estimation unfit for the Presidency in 1884, they will make him equally unfit in 1888. If the explanations and apologies and defences were fruitless then, they will be equally fruitless again. It was then said that he had been vindicated by his election as Senator. But by the same reasoning he has now been condemned by his defeat for the Presidency. The personal arguments are unchanged. There is no reason to suppose, and so far as we know there is no evidence whatever, that the voters who held him to be personally unfit in '84 will believe him to be any more fit in '88. If this be so, will the party argument be stronger then? Undoubtedly it was the party argument and the Irish Democratic vote which enabled him to contest the result so closely in '84. But few intelligent men can suppose that the mere party appeal against Democratic success as a public danger can be as strong in '88 as it was in '84. In '84 thousands of honest Republicans believed that the election of Mr. CLEVELAND meant payment of the rebel debt, and compensation for slaves, and oppression of colored citizens, and control of the government by its enemies, and radical financial disturbances, and a general panic and prostration of industry and enterprise. In view of such calamities to follow the success of the Democratic candidate, they felt that it was a criminal Phariseeism to object to the character of the Republican candidate. As Mr. FRYE is reported to have put it, what was the ink spot on his skirt compared with what they alleged to be the universal smirch opposed to him?

But all this will be of no avail in '88. It will be alleged, indeed, that the Democratic party has shown itself incapable of governing. But that is the argument of King Stork against King Log. The Democratic party cannot be plausibly denounced as a public enemy in the sense of the cry of 1884. Its comparative administrative capacity is a very much feebler argument, and necessarily the question of personal fitness in the candidate will become of infinitely greater importance. Moreover, whatever may be urged against the Democratic party, the fact will be incontestable that the Democratic President has made a profound impression of honest purpose of good government in the interest of the people, and not of a party. This fact, contrasted with the peculiar objection to Mr. BLAINE, will be of the greatest popular weight. It will be increased by the perception that the President is very much stronger than his party, and has proved his ability to compel its half-reluctant and protesting support. This of itself answers the argument drawn from party, and presents the question for intelligent and patriotic Republicans whether, under the circumstances, and against the renominated President, Mr. BLAINE is the strongest candidate they can offer. Undoubtedly he will be warmly pressed as the most conspicuous leader, as a great party organizer, as the Republican of the largest and most devoted following, as the only Republican who can command an Irish Democratic vote, and the strongest appeal of all in a party convention will be the declaration that in view of his defeat in '84 upon personal grounds, to set him aside in '88 will be to acquiesce tacitly in the personal charges against him. Yet that he will be really a stronger candidate in '88, or that the CLEVELAND administration will have been such as to make the party argument for him more decisive than in '84, cannot be supposed. It will be a hundredfold easier to be an Independent in '88 than in '84. Every form of obloquy and blackguardism and falsehood against Mugwumps has been exhausted, and it is demonstrated that to vote against an unfit Republican is not to vote for national disaster. Men and brethren, let us reflect upon these things.

## THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND PROHIBITION.

THERE is no doubt of the sincerity of the temperance views of Mr. ALBERT GRIFFIN, and of the great mass of his associates in the Republican anti-saloon movement. But Mr. GRIFFIN and his friends cannot expect the action of the Conference at Chicago to satisfy the great body of equally earnest citizens who hold the temperance question to be more important than questions of the tariff, of the currency, or of administrative reform. The anti-saloon Republicans, according to Mr. WINDOM, the president of the Conference, desire, "as true and loyal Republicans, . . . through that party to accomplish" their purpose; that is to say, they are first Republicans, then temperance men. They will try to persuade the party to oppose and abolish the saloon. But if it will not, they are still Republicans. For all that, they say, if the saloon regularly nominates the Republican candidates, the anti-saloon Republicans will support them. They demand, indeed, that the party policy shall be an anti-saloon policy. But if they cannot prevail, they will sustain the policy, whatever it may be. They say only that they are Republicans, whether the party is for or against the saloon. They are, in fact, like the friends of various candidates for a nomination. Each prefers his own man, but each will support any other if he carries the Convention.

The fact that the Chicago Conference was called is the proof that in the opinion of some temperance Republicans the party is not only not a prohibition party, but that it is not even an anti-saloon party. The Conference demands that the Republican party "shall take a firm and decided stand, as the friend of the home and the enemy of the saloon, in favor of this policy and these measures." That is to say, that the party has not yet done so. The anti-saloon Republicans will try to influence it to take that position, as the friends of a forestry policy, or an Indian policy, or any other policy, might try to induce the party to take a stand upon those subjects. Senator BLAIR said in the Conference that as between free rum and high license they were in favor of high license, and as between high license and prohibition they were for prohibition. So Mr. DOUGLAS, a Democrat, said about slavery, that as between the negro and the alligator he was for the negro, and as between the negro and the white man he was for the white man. This is not a doctrine which is acceptable to those who think that antislavery or prohibition is the vital question. The anti-saloon Republicans have no more right to denounce the prohibitionists as impracticable lunatics than the old Whigs, Silver Grays, and "Union Savers" had a right to denounce the Republicans as incendiaries. Mr. FRYE, Mr. BLAIR, and Mr. WINDOM are personally, we suppose, "teetotalers," but politically they think that protection is a more important issue than prohibition or any anti-saloon measure. They act as they believe, but they cannot justly reproach other temperance men who are unwilling to trust the cause to any party which holds the saloon to be a minor and subsidiary issue.

The only argument which is addressed to the Prohibitionists is that the Republican party is more hostile to the saloon than the Democratic. But did any Conscience or Free soil Whig feel it to be his duty to support the Whig party because it was more anti-slavery than the Democratic? The anti-saloon men say that they hope to persuade the Republicans to act against the saloon. But NEAL DOW and his friends say that they have been long hoping and trying to do this, and have decided that it cannot be done. Have they no reason to say so? The last Republican Legislature in New York passed a law to conciliate the saloon interest. In Kansas, where Mr. GRIFFIN lives, and where the Republican anti-saloon movement began, the restrictive liquor law has been construed by Republican authorities to mean that the statement of the buyer is conclusive as to the necessity for the liquor. The Conscience and Free soil Whigs hoped to make the Whig party an antislavery party, but they found it could not be done. The Prohibitionists take the same view of the Republican party. The only way to deal with them is not to denounce them, but to announce frankly the party position upon the subject. The Republican party will certainly not declare for prohibition, and nobody can justly complain. But if it should openly oppose and defy the saloon as a most demoralizing and pernicious force in politics, it would be sustained by the best sentiment of the country. The way to compel the party to do this, however, is not, as Mr. GRIFFIN'S committee proposes, "to work strictly within party lines, and to discourage all bolting and third party movements," because that means to support the saloon whenever it succeeds in controlling Republican nominations. The way to compel the party to oppose the saloon is to beat the party when it is mastered by the saloon.

## LIGHT WANTED.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER ATKINS has made certain important statements in regard to the Pine Ridge Indian Agency, in Dakota, and after plainly insinuating that the late agent, Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY, defrauded the government, he remarks that he makes no charges against him. But if his insinuations are well-founded, it is his duty as a vigilant public officer to bring charges. The insinuation, if a plain statement can be so described, is that during Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY'S agency there was a system of cheating carried on, and that he was removed for insubordination. Mr. ATKINS states that

"the number of Indians reported at the agency during MCGILLYCUDDY and BROWN'S [the clerk] regime was 7114, and their subsistence for the last fiscal year cost $249,634. The agricultural implements he supplied, in addition, footed up a further sum of $68,470, making a total of $318,864, or at the rate of a little over $45 for every man, woman, and child. The total number of Indians that the new Commissioner, with the aid of his new clerk, has been able to find on the reservation is only 4873, a reduction of 2241. Thus, in this one agency alone, by the simple change of agent and clerk, an annual saving of over $157,000 has been effected."

Commissioner ATKINS then proceeds to denounce the Indian Rights Association and its secretary, Mr. HERBERT WELSH, asserting that they had instigated attacks upon him "under the guise of philanthropy, but really for partisan purposes." To this assault Mr. WELSH has made a prompt, temperate, and conclusive reply, putting the Commissioner upon the defensive as regards the charges against Agent MCGILLYCUDDY, and of course disposing of that against the association and himself.

But this ought not to be the end. Such a statement by the Indian Commissioner should of course lead to a thorough exposure of the facts, which is demanded both by the public interest and by Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY himself. He states that during his official term rations were drawn for and issued on the agency register furnished by his predecessor, and corrected annually by the ordinary census, not by regular count. He doubted whether the Pine Ridge or any Sioux agency register was correct, and for that reason he never drew or issued full treaty rations, and he recommended a twenty-five per cent. "cut down" to the Indian Office. Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY asserts that he courts full investigation, and that he is responsible under bond for any fraud in connection with rations or otherwise. Miss ELAINE GOODALE, who is a very active and intelligent friend of the Indian, says that the Sioux are naturally violently opposed to an exact census, and that Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY told her at the Pine Ridge Agency a year ago that he believed the number of Indians to be greatly overestimated, and that he had "repeatedly" recommended a general count, according to a plan of his own, to prevent cheating, but that he had not yet received authority for it from the department. The recent count, however, Miss GOODALE states—and we presume the count to which the Commissioner alludes to justify his insinuation of fraud against Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY—was taken according to Mr. MCGILLYCUDDY'S plan, and with his assistance. Mr. WELSH cites much other testimony to the same general effect. Agent MCGILLYCUDDY was not removed upon charges of fraud, but of insubordination, which consisted in his unwillingness to acquiesce in the dismissal of a competent and tried confidential clerk to make room for an inexperienced and incompetent successor, appointed, as was believed, for political purposes, and not in the interest of the public service.

It is very evident that inquiry is imperative, and by none will it be more desired than by Mr. WELSH

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and the Indian Rights Association, because there is a very strong suspicion that no branch of the public service is more completely demoralized by politics than the present Indian Department. This department has been heretofore one in which there has been very little general interest, and in which, therefore, abuses of every kind were not likely to be disclosed. Mr. ATKINS, who is a clever politician, accuses Mr. WELSH of partisan purposes. Those who know Mr. WELSH know that he is as disinterested as he is efficient and generous in his good work of securing justice for the Indians, and that he is singularly free from any suspicion of political partisanship. But the question raised by the Commissioner is not personal only, it is one of great public interest, and a thorough investigation should not be refused.

## THE COLOR LINE.

THE colored men of New England recently held a conference in Boston to protest against the injustice done to them in society, business, politics, etc., and Mr. JAMES M. TROTTER, who presided, said:

"These conferences and conventions have ceased to do any good toward ameliorating the lot of the colored men by acting upon the sentiment of the white people of the country. The fault," he continued, "is our own more than that of any other race in the country that we are not free and independent men. The time has come when the negro should demand a whole loaf and nothing else. He has played the half-loaf game long enough. The only place to effect the politicians is at the polls."

CHARLES LENOX REDMOND, a cultivated and accomplished colored man, used to say forty years ago that he would willingly be flayed alive if he could be remade with a white skin, and an intelligent colored farm laborer—the cleverest hand in the field—said that it was of no use for him to be skilful or honest or intelligent or industrious, because he was always accounted "a d——d nigger." There was never a race whose fate was so tragic, because their color is accepted as a proof of inferiority. Happily it has ceased in this country to be also the badge of a servile race. But it will be long before the prejudice—for it is nothing more—disappears.

The advice of Mr. TROTTER means apparently that the colored men should vote for the party which will "recognize" them most fully. This means the party that will give them offices. That, however, is a course which would not raise them in their own respect nor in that of the community. It would be merely a price paid for votes—a bribe. It would not correct the injustice which colored men feel to be done to them in society, business, politics, etc. This is a relief which no protest or law or office or any other device can suddenly remove. There must be, of course, perfect equality before the law. The State, as such, must make no discrimination. But the prejudice, which is the real grievance, will disappear only before the fact of self-respect, energy, industry, and intelligence. The same course which is best for all other citizens in this country is best for colored citizens, as long as the laws do not discriminate against them, namely, not to insist upon any distinction or difference of race, but to regard themselves as equal American citizens, and "live down" prejudice.

## A TERRIBLE WARNING.

IN sentencing SAMUEL G. SNELLING to seven years in the State-prison, Judge STAPLES was deeply moved, for the prisoner was personally known to him, and had been believed and respected in Boston for many years. He was accompanied in court by the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS and other friends, some of whom with great emotion testified to his undoubted benevolence and generosity in the past, and did all that sorrow and affection could do in seeking mitigation of punishment.

But the judge did not permit his emotion and profound personal regret to blind him in the least degree to the enormity of the offence, or to the necessity of exemplary punishment, and after stating adequately the peculiar guilt of a man who could plead no kind of extenuation for his betrayal of trust, with a firm voice he solemnly pronounced the sentence. It followed swiftly upon the arrest and arraignment, and it is the emphatic announcement that there is the same impartial law for rich and poor, and that no social advantage shields a man from the just doom of crime.

As Judge STAPLES said, it is especially necessary that this lesson should be taught at this time and in New England. At the very moment of SNELLING's trial the misappropriation of GOULD in Portland was made known, following PLUNKETT's and GRAY's, and the similar crimes of others in the same social condition. If there be any virtue in punishment, not only in actual imprisonment and in the desperation of self-murder, but in the consciousness of unspeakable shame and sorrow inflicted upon the most innocent, beloved, and helpless persons, the fate of GRAY and SNELLING should do something to save others who are tempted to do what they did.

## THE PRESIDENT.

SENATOR PLATT, president of the Connecticut Republican Convention, spoke of the President as an average Democratic politician. Mr. TAGGART, president of the New Hampshire Republican Convention, described him as an Democrat, meaning that he was better than his party—a compliment which, however fomented in fact, the President would doubtless disclaim. Mr. REALS, president of the Agricultural Convention at Philadelphia, said:

"No better, purer ruler, or wiser man has ever filled the highest of all offices, and none ever had a truer conception of its responsibilities. Every pulsation of GROVER CLEVELAND's heart beats for the people of the United States. No unprejudiced man who considers his acts or comes in personal contact with him can have any other opinion. I say this as one who ardently opposed his nomination and election, and I speak of him entirely from the stand point of a farmer, without any political affiliations except those pertaining to agriculture."

These are differing views, but there is little doubt that Mr. REALS expresses the general opinion of what Mr. LINCOLN called "the plain people." Those who supported Mr. CLEVELAND, not as a Democrat, but as an honest, organous, and courageous man, have not been disappointed, and we do not know one man who voted for him for that reason who regrets it, or who under similar circumstances would not do the same thing even more willingly. Mr. REALS is but one of the Republicans who opposed him heartily in '84 who in '88 might vote for the Republican candidate, but who would not ardently oppose Mr. CLEVELAND, and there are many who ardently opposed him in '84 who would gladly vote for him in '88.

There are but two censures of the President's conduct: one is founded upon his course in regard to administrative reform; the other, upon his position vetoes. But beyond question, with all drawbacks allowed, he has done very much more for reform than any other President, and an examination of his vetoes will show that they all aim to save the Treasury from unjust claims. That the President has been sometimes mistaken is possible, but that he had no purpose which every honest soldier would not approve is evident. Every honest Republican will admit that Mr. CLEVELAND is a very much better President than he had believed any Democrat could be, and that is a fact which shows the great necessity for wisdom in Republican counsels.

## A MISREPRESENTATION.

THE New York *Sun* represents HARPER'S WEEKLY as saying:

"If the President had called Mugwumps to office, and if the Democratic leaders had welcomed them as none the less Democrats, although they had always opposed the Democratic party, an irresistible Administration party would have arisen."

Of course the WEEKLY did not say this. It stated it to be the view of a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who exhorted the Independents to join the Democratic party, and in commenting upon this view, the WEEKLY said:

"*He thinks that if* the President," etc.

The *Sun* omits the words "He thinks that," and so makes the WEEKLY appear to be the author of the remark of the *Post*'s correspondent.

The WEEKLY proceeded to say in reply to the correspondent that

"the reason why the Democrats did not take this course is one of the reasons why the Independent voters cannot do what he suggests."

The reason why the Democrats did not take this course is that they had no sympathy with the Independent voters, and the fact that the spirit and purposes and methods of the Democratic party are not those of Independent voters is one sufficient reason why such voters cannot join that party.

## EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.

THE process of eviction in Ireland is often one of great cruelty, because no man is more passionately attached to the land than the Irish peasant, and because the refusal to pay rent is generally due to actual inability and not to a desire to withhold it. But "A Westmeath Landlord," who feels the great force which this fact gives to the demand for adjusting payment to the honest ability to pay, writes to the London *Times* to state what he considers to be the other side.

He says:

"In the first place, an ejectment process for non-payment of rent, which must precede the so-called eviction, cannot be brought until a year's rent is due. If the decree is given in favor of the plaintiff, it is valueless as an instrument for recovering possession of the land until it is put into the hands of the sheriff to be executed, and this is seldom done until some time after it has been given, so as to admit of the tenant coming to terms with the landlord, and so saving the necessity for the presence of the sheriff. When the decree has been executed by the sheriff, possession is given up to the landlord, and the tenant is formally evicted, but in nineteen cases out of twenty he is immediately reinstated as a mere taker, and therefrom has six months' grace within which he is at liberty to redeem his tenancy upon paying the amount of the decree. In the rare majority of cases he either redeems or comes to some arrangement with his landlord which allows him to remain in possession of his holding."

The landlord holds, therefore, that when Mr. MORLEY tells the House of Commons that there were 1968 evictions in Ulster and Leinster in the year 1885, and 1859 in Connaught and Munster, it is not the truth that there were 3827 families thrown out homeless on the road-side. The truth is, he says, that most of them were readmitted on sure takers, and that with few exceptions they are now again in possession of their holdings, having either redeemed or come to some arrangement within the six months' period of grace.

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, the Secretary for Ireland, in reply to a question of Mr. PARNELL the other evening, said that since June 23 of this year 1600 families, comprising 5311 persons, had been evicted in Ireland, and that of these 650 families, including 3006 persons, had been retained as caretakers. Mr. PARNELL disputed these figures, and said that the quarter ending with the month would show a higher average of evictions than any quarter since 1851.

The landlord does not deny that there are cases of hardship, and that tenants are actually evicted who have not the means of paying. But among them, he says, there are some in which the inability is due to a want of thrift, and to the recklessness which results from demoralization. In such cases he asks why the landlord should be the only creditor who is to be prohibited from recovering his debt. The question of rent in Ireland is now so complicated with national feeling and political and religious passion that any policy would be bitterly maligned. The only course is to ascertain facts as nearly as possible, and to act accordingly, despite every kind of clamor.

The emphatic defeat of Mr. PARNELL's bill shows the thorough union of the Tories and of the HARTINGTON Liberals, and it is an evil augury for the winter. It will show to the Irish tenants that no relief is to be expected from the present government, and it will undoubtedly deeply embitter the hostile feeling of the country. It is to be hoped that Mr. PARNELL and his friends will restrain, if possible, outbreaks and outrages, and leave the suffering which they anticipate to plead for itself. At this distance the PARNELL bill did not seem to be unreasonable, and its passage would have been an act of constitution.

## PERSONAL.

MR. PETER PARKER said recently to a friend: "I liked Mr. VANDERBILT because he was generous to himself. Most rich men are stingy to themselves."

—The Rev. Dr. LORIMER, the well known Baptist clergyman, tells this story on himself: "When in London, a few weeks ago, I visited a market, and asked the name of a peculiarly ugly fish that lay on the counter. 'We call these Baptists,' replied the dealer. 'Baptists?' I rejoined; 'why Baptists?' 'Because,' he answered, 'they go to the bad as soon after they come out of the water.'"

—The residence of the late venerable artist ASHER B. DURAND, at South Orange, New Jersey, was to a retired neighborhood, not far from the Orange Mountain, and on its long front veranda he was visible almost daily to passers-by, who craned their necks above the hedge to get a glimpse of him. His favorite diversion consisted of reading French and smoking a pipe. His interest in the companions of his later years—men like HUNTINGTON, MCENTEE, and the late SANFORD R. GIFFORD—was active to the last, but all his earlier artist friends had preceded him to the other world. Notoriety of any kind was distasteful to him, and it was his habit to refuse to see reporters even when they were sent on the kindest errands by his editorial friends.

—A well known capitalist sat down to play a game of cards with the president of a railroad company. After the game was finished, the president unfolded carefully a piece of brown paper, wrapped up the cards, and returned them to his pocket. "A person of so economical a turn of mind must manage his railroad economically," thought the capitalist, and the same day he bought a thousand shares of the railroad's stock. The investment proved very profitable, for the stock has been rising ever since.

—In the morning of the day on which he died, the late Mr. H. H. RICHARDSON was congratulated by a friend on the success of one of his public buildings. "That is all well enough," he replied, "but if you want to see what I can do, wait until the Pittsburgh Court House and MARSHALL FIELD's warehouse in Chicago are completed."

—The personal resemblance between General FRANCIS A. WALKER and Mr. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY is quite striking to a casual observer. Both are stout and square in build, with faces of a dark Italian type, and expressive eyes. Mr. O'REILLY, however, is of lighter frame, and more quick and nervous both in speech and in motion.

—Two of the best-known professors of the University of California are the brothers JOHN and JOHN LE CONTE. The former occupies the chair of geology and the other that of physics. JOHN LE CONTE is also a popular writer on various scientific subjects. Both are South Carolinians, and taught in their native State before they accepted a call to the new Western university.

—Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT reaches his eighty-sixth birthday on October 3. When his wife was alive it was during many years the historian's custom to give a birthday dinner. This year upon his birthday Mr. BANCROFT will be entertained at dinner by Mrs. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

—When Mr. EDWIN BOOTH is at home in his old fashioned Boston house he occupies a suite of rooms on the first floor, which are entered from a landing a little way up on the winding staircase which leads to the second story. These rooms, although provided with every modern convenience, are all supplied with quaint old furniture, and hung with historic bits of armor and old portraits. Mr. BOOTH sleeps upon an enormous antique four-post bedstead, which is furnished with a wooden canopy and deep red draperies. His theatrical wardrobe is kept in the chambers of the third floor, and the second story is reserved for his daughter, Mrs. GROSSMAN.

—Mr. LOUIS WEITZENBLUM, the Austrian gentleman who is about to publish *A Mercijanna Blade*, a Japanese historical romance, is a resident of Boston, where he occupies himself in part with literature and partly in trade with Japan.

—Bishop FOWLER, of the Methodist Church, now travelling in Central America, writes to a friend in Chicago glowing accounts of the Argentine Republic, in which country he spent several weeks. He believes that its soil is the most fertile in the world, and predicts that in the next twenty-five years it will be a formidable competitor of the United States for European trade.

—JOSIAH MEDILL, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, has just returned from his third trip to Europe.

—General SHERIDAN, in addition to being the head of the United States army, is president of the Washington Park race track at Chicago, and never fails to attend the summer racing meeting and to act as one of the judges.

—The Ocean homestead, the only structure on the north side in Chicago which escaped destruction by the great fire, is to be torn down to make room for an apartment-house.

—ADOLPH SUTRO, the engineer of the Sutro Tunnel, by which the lower levels of the Comstock Silver Mines were worked, is doing much to make attractive the ocean beach at San Francisco. On the heights above the well-known Seal Rocks he has laid out a park, which is filled with rare trees and shrubs, and contains a conservatory of tropical plants unsurpassed in the West. He now proposes to build a noble road to this park, and thus add another to the many attractive attractions of the City by the Golden Gate.

—Mr. WILLIAM WARREN, the old Boston comedian, attributes much of his sturdy good health to his daily use of the "health lift" apparatus.

—President HOLDEN, of the University of California, has devoted his summer leisure to the Lick Observatory, and he is sanguine that everything will be ready for the great telescope by the beginning of the new year. The telescope itself, if everything goes well, will be finished by next June.

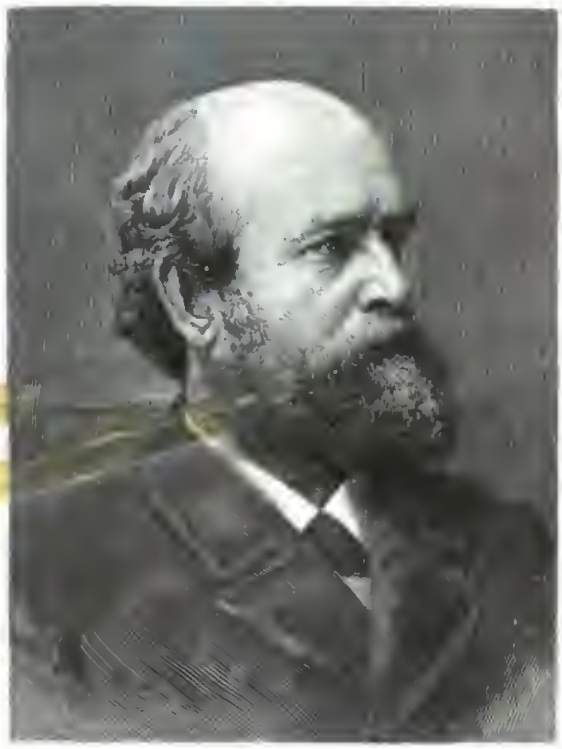
—The Rev. PETER LITE, an aged clergyman of Edinburgh in extended health, has been sent to prison for refusing to surrender two children of his son, who came to him when their father was in poverty. The court had ordered their surrender, but the clergyman refused because their father's religion was different from his. "It is my duty," he said, "to obey God rather than man."

—Mr. EDWIN BOOTH next season will play under the management of Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT, who also will have a company of his own. To those who express a wish that Mr. BOOTH in his masterly interpretations should be supported in a better company than is usually the case, the professional reply is that such a course would not pay; for when it was tried one season, the cost containing three or four excellent actors and actresses, not more than $100 a night was taken in at the box-office on occasions when Mr. BOOTH was not present. This sum, it is argued, would not have been less had his support been of the most ordinary kind. But Mr. BOOTH's personal net profits for twenty-nine weeks were $130,000.

ALFRED A. TAYLOR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—[See Page 638.]

ROBERT L. TAYLOR, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE.—[See Page 638.]

JUDGE JAMES R. LUDLOW.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 638.]



HENRY GEORGE.—[See Page 638.]

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY.—[See Page 638.]

ELIHU ROOT.—[See Page 638.]

MALCOLM W. FORD, CHAMPION ATHLETE.
[See Page 638.]

CAPTAIN HENRY W. LAWTON, FOURTH U. S. CAVALRY.
[See Page 638.]

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The *Albatross*.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION, AT WOODS HOLL, MASSACHUSETTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. W. SKILLIN.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

LIEUT. WOODS. CAPT. LAWTON. GEN. MILES. CAPT. PORTER.

NAPOCHE. GERONIMO.

THE HOSTILE APACHES—THE CAPTORS AND THE CAPTURED.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. FRANK RANDALL, DENING, NEW MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 638.]

## SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

(Continued from front page.)

lady, whose name I do not remember, came along the pavement, accompanied by a pretty fair haired girl, and these two Mr Vincey, who clearly knew them well, at once joined, and walked off in their company. I remember being rather amused because of the change in the expression of the elder man, whose name I discovered was Holly, when he saw the ladies advancing. He suddenly stopped short in his talk, cast a reproachful look at her companions, and, with an abrupt nod to myself, turned and marched off alone across the street. I heard afterward that he was popularly supposed to be so much afraid of a woman as most people are of a mad dog, which accounted for his precipitate retreat. I cannot say, however, that young Vincey showed much aversion to feminine society on this occasion. Indeed, I remember laughing, and remarking to my brother at the time that he was not the sort of man whom one would care to introduce to the lady one was going to marry, since it is exceedingly probable that the acquaintance would end in a transfer of her affections. He was altogether too good looking, and, what is more, he had none of that conveyousness and conceit about him which usually affects handsome men, and makes them deservedly disliked by their fellows.

That evening my visit came to an end, and that was the last I saw or heard of Cheron and the Greek god for many a long day. Indeed, I have never seen either of them from that hour to this, and do not suppose it likely that I shall. But a month ago I received a letter and two packets, one of manuscript, and on opening the first, found that it was signed by "Horace Holly," a name that at the moment was not familiar to me. It ran as follows:

"— College, Cambridge, 1st May, 18—.

"My dear Sir,—You will be surprised, considering the very slight nature of our acquaintance, to get a letter from me. Indeed, I think I had better begin by reminding you that we once met, now some five years ago, when your brother introduced me and my ward Leo Vincey to you in the street at Cambridge. To be brief and come to our business. I have recently read with much interest a book of yours describing a Central African adventure. I take it that this book is partly true, and partly an effort of the imagination. However this is, it has given me an idea. It happens—how, you will see in the accompanying manuscript, which, together with the scarab, the 'Royal Son of the Sun,' and the oriental sherd, I am sending to you by hand!—that my ward, or rather my adopted son, Leo Vincey and myself have recently passed through a real [illegible] of a nature so much more marvellous than the one which you describe that, to tell you the truth, I am almost ashamed to submit it to you for fear lest you should disbelieve me. You will see it stated in this manuscript that I, or rather we, had made up our minds not to make this history public during our joint lives. Nor should we alter our determination, were it not for a circumstance that has recently arisen. We are, for reasons that, after perusing this manuscript, you may be able to guess, going away again, this time to Central Asia, where, if anywhere upon this earth, wisdom is to be found, and anticipate that our sojourn there will be a long one. Possibly we shall not return. Under these altered conditions it has become a question whether we are justified in withholding from the world an account of a phenomenon which we believe to be of unparalleled interest, merely because our private life is involved, or because we are afraid of ridicule and doubt being cast upon our statements. I hold one view about this matter, and Leo holds another, and finally, after much discussion, we have come to a compromise, namely, to send the history to you, giving you full leave to publish it if you think fit, the only stipulation being that you shall disguise our real names, and so much concerning our identity as is consistent with the maintenance of the bona fides of the narrative.

"And now what am I to say further? I really do not know, beyond once more repeating that everything described in the accompanying manuscript is exactly as it happened. As regards She herself I have nothing to add. Day by day we have greater occasion to regret that we did not better avail ourselves of our opportunities to obtain more information from that marvellous woman. Who was she? How did she first come to the Caves of Kor, and what was her real religion? We never ascertained, and now, alas! we never shall, at least not yet. These and many other questions arise in my mind; but what is the good of asking them now?

"Will you undertake the task? We give you complete freedom, and as a reward you will certainly have the credit of giving to the world the most wonderful history, as distinguished from romance, that its records can show. Read the manuscript (which I have copied out fairly for your benefit), and let me know.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"L. Mortimer Holly.

"P.S.—Of course if any profit results from the sale of the writing, should you care to undertake it, you can do what you like with it, but if there is a loss, I will leave instructions with my lawyers, Messrs. Geoffrey & Jordan, to meet it. We intrust the sherd, the scarab, and the parchments to your keeping till such time as we demand them back again. L. M. H."

This letter, as may be imagined, astonished me considerably, but when I came to look at the MS., which the pressure of other work prevented me from doing for a fortnight, I was still more astonished, as I think the reader will be also, and as soon made up my mind to press on with the matter. I wrote to this effect to Mr Holly, but a week afterward received a letter from that gentleman's lawyers, returning my own, with the information that their client and Mr Leo Vincey had already left this country for Thibet, and they did not at present know their address.

Well, that is all I have to say. Of the history itself the reader must judge. I give it him, with the exception of a very few alterations, made with the object of concealing the identity of the actors from the general public, exactly as it has come to me. Personally I have made up my mind to refrain from comments. At first I was inclined to believe that this history of a woman on whom, clothed in the majesty of her almost endless years, the shadow of Eternity itself lay like the dark wing of Night, was some gigantic allegory of which I could not catch the meaning. Then I thought that it might be a bold attempt to portray the possible results of immortality grafted on the substance of a mortal who yet drew her strength from the earth, and in whose human bosom passions yet rose and fell and beat as in the undying world around her the winds and the tides rise and fall and beat unceasingly. But as I went on I abandoned that idea also. To me the story seems to bear the stamp of truth upon its face. Its explanation I must leave to others; and with this slight preface, which circumstances make necessary, I introduce the world to Ayesha and the Caves of Kôr. The Editor.

P.S.—There is no consideration one circumstance that, after a reversal of this history, struck me with so much force that I cannot resist calling the attention of the reader to it. He will observe that, so far as we are made acquainted with him, there is nothing in the character of Leo Vincey which, in the opinion of most people, would have been likely to attract an intellect so powerful as that of Ayesha. He is not even, at any rate to my view, particularly interesting; indeed, one might have imagined that Mr Holly would, under ordinary circumstances, have easily outstripped him in the favor of She. Can it be that extreme most, and that the very excess and splendor of her mind led him, by means of some strange physical reaction, to worship at the shrine of matter? Was that ancient Kallikrates nothing but a splendid animal, beloved for his Greek beauty? Or is the true explanation what I believe it to be, namely, that Ayesha, seeing further than we can see, perceived the germ and smouldering spark of greatness that lay hid within her lover's soul, and well knew that under the influence of her gift of life, with all by her to fan, and above upon with the sunshine of her presence, it would bloom like a flower and flash out like a star, filling the world with fragrance and with light?

Here, also, I am not able to answer, but must leave the reader to form his own judgment on the materials before him.

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### I.

#### MY VISITOR.

There are some events of which every circumstance and surrounding detail seems to be graven on the memory in such fashion that we cannot forget it, and as it is with the scene that I am about to describe. It rises as clearly before my mind at this moment as though it had happened yesterday.

It was in this very month, something over twenty years ago, that I, Ludwig Horace Holly, was sitting one night in my rooms at Cambridge, grinding away at some mathematical work, I forget what. I was to go up for my fellowship within a week, and was expected by my tutor and my college generally to distinguish myself. At last, wearied out, I flung my book down, and going to the mantel-piece, took down a pipe and filled it. There was a candle burning on the mantel-piece, and a long, narrow glass at the back of it; and as I was in the act of lighting the pipe I caught sight of my own countenance in the glass, and paused to reflect. The lighted match burnt away till it scorched my fingers, forcing me to drop it; but still I stood and stared at myself in the glass, and reflected.

"Well," I said aloud, at last, "it is to be hoped that I shall be able to do something with the whole of my head, for I shall certainly never do anything by the help of the outside."

This remark will doubtless strike anybody who reads it as being slightly obscure, but I was in reality alluding to my physical deficiencies. Most men of twenty-two are endowed at any rate with some share of the comeliness of youth, but to me even this was denied. Short, thickset, and deep-chested almost to deformity, with long, sinewy arms, heavy features, deep-set gray eyes, a low brow half overgrown with a mop of thick black hair, like a deserted clearing on which the forest bad once more begun to encroach—such was my appearance nearly a quarter of a century ago, and such, with some modification, is it to this day. Like Cain, I was branded—branded by nature with the stamp of abnormal ugliness, as I was gifted by nature with iron and abnormal strength and considerable intellectual powers. So ugly was I that the spruce young men of my college, though they were proud enough of my feats of endurance and physical prowess, did not even care to be seen walking with me. Was it wonderful that I was misanthropic and sullen? Was it wonderful that I brooded and worked alone, and had no friends—at least only one? I was set apart by Nature to live alone, and draw comfort from her breast, and here only. Women hated the sight of me. Only a week before, I had heard one call me a "monster" whom she thought I was out of hearing, and say that I had converted her to Darwin's theory. Once, indeed, a woman pretended to care for me, and I lavished all the pent-up affection of my nature upon her. Then money that was to have come to me went elsewhere, and she dismarried me. I pleaded with her on I have never pleaded with any living creature before or since, for I was caught by her sweet face, and loved her; and in the end, by way of answer, she took me to the glass, and stood side by side with me, and looked into it.

"Now," she said, "of I am Beauty, who are you?" and I cursed her and fled. That was when I was only twenty.

And as I stood and stared, and felt a sort of grim satisfaction in the sense of my own loneliness—for I had neither father nor mother nor brother—and as I did so there came a knock at my door.

I listened before I went to open it, for it was nearly twelve o'clock at night, and I was in no mood to admit any stranger. I had lost one friend in the college, or, indeed, in the world; perhaps it was he.

Just then the person outside the door coughed, and I hastened to open it, for I knew the cough.

A tall man of about thirty, with the remains of great personal beauty, came hurrying in, staggering beneath the weight of a massive iron box which he carried by a handle in his right hand. He placed the box upon the table, and then fell into an awful fit of coughing. He coughed and coughed till his face became quite purple, and at last he sank into a chair and began to spit up blood. I poured out some whisky into a tumbler and gave it to him. He drank it and seemed better, though his better was very bad indeed.

"Why did you keep me standing there in the cold?" he asked, "you know the draughts are death to me."

"I did not know who it was," I answered.

"You are a lion visitor."

"Yes; and I verily believe it is my last visit," he answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "I am done for, Holly—I am done for. I do not believe that I shall see to-morrow!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Let me go for a doctor."

He waved me back imperiously with his hand. "It is sober sense; but I want no doctors. I have studied medicine, and I know all about it. No doctors can help me. My last hour has come! For a year past I have only lived by a miracle. Now listen to me as you never listened to anybody before, for you will not have the opportunity of getting me to repeat my words. We have been friends for two years; now tell me how much do you know about me?"

"I know that you are rich, and have had a fancy to come to college long after the age that most men leave it. I know that you have been married, and that your wife died, and that you have been the best, indeed almost the only, friend I ever had."

"Did you know that I have a son?"

"No."

"I have. He is five years old. He cost me his mother's life, and I have never been able to bear to look upon his face in consequence. Holly, if you will accept the trust, I am going to leave you the boy's sole guardian."

I sprang almost out of my chair. "*Me!*" I said.

"Yes, you. I have not studied you for two years for nothing. I have known for some time that I could not last, and since I realized the fact I have been searching for some one to whom I could confide the boy and this," and he tapped the iron box. "You are the man, Holly, for, like a rugged tree, you are hard and sound at core. Listen; the boy will be the last survivor of one of the most ancient families in the world, that is, as far as families can be traced. You will laugh at me when I say it, but one day it will be proved to you beyond a doubt that the founder of the family, my sixty-fifth or sixty-sixth lineal ancestor, was on Egyptian prince of Isis, though he was himself of Grecian extraction, and was called Kallikrates, or the Strong and Beautiful, or, to be still more accurate, the Beautiful to Strength! His father was, I believe, one of the Greek mercenaries raised by Baker, a Mendesian prince of the twenty-ninth dynasty, in or about the year 332 before Christ, just at the time of the final fall of the Pharaohs, this Kallikrates broke his vows of celibacy and fled from Egypt with a princess of royal blood who had fallen in love with him, and was finally wrecked upon the coast of Africa, somewhere, as I believe, in the neighborhood of where Delagoa Bay now is, or rather to the north of it, he and his wife being saved, and all the remainder of their company destroyed in one way or another. Here they endured great hardships, but were at last entertained by the mighty queen of a savage people, a white woman of peculiar loveliness, who, under circumstances which I cannot enter into, but which you will one day learn, if you live, from the contents of the box, finally murdered my ancestor, Kallikrates. His wife, however, escaped, how, I know not, to Athens, bearing a child with her, whom she named Tolathenes, or the Mighty Avenger. Five hundred years or more afterward the family migrated to Rome under circumstances of which no trace remains, and here, probably with the idea of preserving the idea of vengeance which we find set out in Tolathenes, they appear to have pretty regularly assumed the cognomen of Vindex, or Avenger. Here, too, they remained for another five centuries or more, till about 770 A.D., when Charlemagne invaded Lombardy, where they were then settled, whereon the head of the family seems to have attached himself to the great Emperor, and to have returned with him across the Alps, and finally to have settled in Brittany. Six generations later his lineal representative crossed to England in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and in the time of William the Conqueror was advanced to great honor and power. From that time till the present day I can trace my descent without a break. Not that the Vinceys—for that was the final corruption of the name after its bearers took root in English soil—have been particularly distinguished—they never came much in the face. Sometimes they were soldiers, sometimes merchants, but on the whole they have preserved a dead level of respectability, and a still slender level of mediocrity. From the time of Charles II. till the beginning of the present century they were merchants. About 1790 my grandfather made a considerable fortune out of brewing, and retired. In 1821 he died, and my father succeeded him, and dissipated most of the money. Ten years ago he died also, leaving me a net income of about ten thousand a year. There was that I undertook an expedition in connection with that," and he pointed to the iron chest, "which ended disastrously enough. On my way back I travelled in the south of Europe, and finally reached Athens. There I met my beloved wife, who might well also have been called the 'Beautiful,' like my old Greek ancestor. There I married her, and there, a year afterward, she died."

He paused awhile, his head sank upon his hand, and then continued:

"My marriage had deserted me from a project which I cannot enter into now. I have no time, Molly—I have no time! One day, if you accept my trust, you will learn all about it. After my wife's death I turned my mind to it again. But first it was necessary, or at least I conceived that it was necessary, that I should attain to a perfect knowledge of Eastern dialects, especially Arabic. It was to facilitate my studies that I came here. Very soon, however, my disease developed itself, and now there is an end of me." And as though to emphasize his words, he burst into another terrible fit of coughing.

I gave him some more whisky, and, after resting, he went on:

"I have never seen my boy, Leo, since he was a tiny baby. I never could see him, lest they tell me that he is a quick and handsome child. In this scrap," and he produced a letter from his pocket addressed to himself, "I have jotted down the course I wish followed in the boy's education. It is a somewhat peculiar one. At any rate, I could not intrust it to a stranger. Once more, will you undertake it?"

"I must first know what I am to undertake," I answered.

"You are to undertake to have the boy, Leo, to live with you till he is twenty five years of age—not to send him to school, remember. On his twenty-fifth birthday your guardianship will end, and you will then, with the keys that I give you now" (and he placed them on the table) "open the iron box, and let him see and read the contents, and see whether or no he is willing to undertake the quest. There is no obligation on him to do so. Now, as regards terms. Mr present income is two thousand two hundred a year. Half of that income I have secured to you by will for life, contingently on your undertaking the guardianship—that is, one thousand a year remuneration to yourself, for you will have to give up your life to it, and one hundred a year to pay for the board of the boy. The rest is to accumulate till Leo is twenty five, so that there may be a sum in hand should he wish to undertake the quest of which I spoke."

"And suppose I were to die?" I asked.

"Then the boy must become a ward of Chancery and take his chance. Only be careful that the iron chest is passed on to him by your will. Listen, Holly, don't refuse me. Believe me, this is to your advantage. You are not fit to mix with the world—it would only imbitter you. In a few weeks you will become a Fellow of your College, and the income that you will derive from that, combined with what I have left you, will enable you to live a life of learned leisure, alternated with the quest of which you are so fond, such as will exactly suit you."

He paused, and looked at me anxiously, but I still hesitated. The charge seemed so very strange.

"For my sake, Holly. We have been good friends, and I have on time to make other arrangements."

"Very well," I said, "I will do it, provided there is nothing in this paper to make me change my mind," and I touched the envelop he had put upon the table by the boys.

"Thank you, Holly, thank you. There is nothing at all. Swear to me by God that you will be a father to the boy, and follow my directions to the letter."

"I swear it," I answered, solemnly.

"Very well, remember that perhaps one day I shall ask for the account of your oath, for though I am dead and forgotten, yet shall I live. There is no such thing as death, Holly, only a change; and so you may perhaps learn in time to come, I believe that even here that change could under certain circumstances be indefinitely postponed;" and here again he broke into one of his dreadful fits of coughing.

"There," he said, "I must go. You have the chest, and my will will be found among my papers, under the authority of which the child will be handed over to you. You will be well paid, Holly, and I know that you are honest, but if you betray my trust, by Heaven I will haunt you!"

I said nothing, being indeed too bewildered to speak.

He held up the candle, and looked at his own face in the glass. It had been a beautiful face, but disease had wrecked it. "Food for the worms," he said. "Curious to think that in a few hours I shall be stiff and cold—the journey done, the little game played out. Ah me, Holly! life is not worth the trouble of life, except when one is in love—at least men has not been; but the boy Leo's may be if he has the courage and the faith. Good-by, my friend!" and with a sudden access of tenderness he flung his arm about me and kissed me on the forehead, and then turned to go.

"Look here, Vincey," I said, "if you are so ill as you think, you had better let me fetch a doctor."

"No, no," he said, earnestly. "Promise me

that you won't. I am going to die, and, like a poisoned cat, I wish to die alone."

"I don't believe that you are going to do anything of the sort," I answered. He smiled, and with the word "Remember" on his lips, was gone. As for myself, I sat down and rubbed my eyes, wondering if I had been asleep. As this supposition would not bear investigation, I gave it up, and began to think that Vincey must have been drinking. I know that he was, and had been, very ill, but still it seemed impossible that he could be in such a condition as to be able to know for certain that he would not outlive the night. Had he been so near dissolution, surely he would scarcely have been able to walk and carry a heavy iron box with him. The whole story, on reflection, seemed to me utterly incredible, for I was not then old enough to be aware how many things happen in this world that the common-sense of the average man would set down as so improbable as to be absolutely impossible. This is a fact that I have only recently mastered. Was it likely that a man would have a son five years of age whom he had never seen since he was a tiny infant? No. Was it likely that he could foretell his own death so accurately? No. Was it likely that he could trace his pedigree for more than three centuries back, or that he would suddenly confide the absolute guardianship of his child, and leave half his fortune, to a college friend? Most certainly not. Clearly, Vincey was either drunk or mad. That being so, what did he mean? and what was in the sealed iron chest?

The whole thing baffled and puzzled me in such an extent that at last I could stand it no longer, and determined to sleep over it. So I jumped up, and having put the keys and the letter that Vincey had left over into my dispatch-box, and stowed the iron chest in a large portmanteau, I turned in, and was soon fast asleep.

As it seemed to me, I had only been asleep for a few minutes when I was awakened by somebody calling me. I sat up and rubbed my eyes; it was broad daylight—eight o'clock, in fact.

"Why, what is the matter with you, John?" I asked of the guy who waited on Vincey and myself; "you look as though you had seen a ghost."

"Yes, sir, and so I have," he answered, "leastways I'm soon a corpse, which is worse. I've been in to call Mr Vincey, as usual, and there he lies stark and dead!"

[SO AS CONTINUED.]

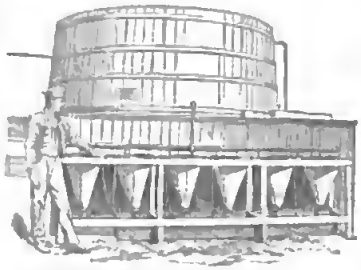
## THE NEW QUARTERS OF THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

THE work of Professor S. F. Baird as United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries is popularly thought of mainly as one of propagation and the restocking of vacant streams with fish, but at the beginning the Commission did not mean to undertake any such labor. The duties of the Commissioner were defined by the law of February 9, 1871, creating his office, to be an investigation whether any and what diminution of food fishes of the coasts and lakes of the Union had taken place, and to inform Congress what ought to be done about it.

For three years previously, in fact, Baird had been making such investigations privately, and his first official work was to examine into the condition of the fisheries and fishermen of New England. The wide knowledge thus obtained led to the despatch of himself and staff to Halifax in 1877 to serve as witnesses and experts during the examinations which resulted in the existing treaty between Canada and the United States in regard to fishing.

Only a short time had elapsed, however, after the appointment of the Commissioner before a proposition was made by the American Fish-Cultural Society, which resulted in an appropriation by Congress, and instructions requiring Baird to begin the introduction and propagation of useful fishes throughout the country. The inland streams and the Great Lakes received the earliest attention in this direction, carp, trout, salmon, and whitefish being raised in government hatcheries and distributed. Such hatcheries now exist in all parts of the country, and the most beneficial results have followed in the restocking of depleted waters. Parallel with this, and necessary to its success, went constant study into the characteristics and habits of the fresh-water fishes, the earlier reports teeming with this kind of information.

Professor Baird had been a student of fishes for many years, and for ten years anterior to his appointment as Commissioner had spent each summer in scientific study on the Northern coast and earnest attention. At Gloucester and other fishing ports statistics and information were gathered at all seasons. In addition, the Commission each summer established itself at some shore station, and by spade, net, and dredge, dissecting knife, microscope, and experiment, made itself



SHAD-HATCHING.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. A. LEE.

thoroughly acquainted with the whole life of the seven adjacent to the shores, seeking to discover the breeding, migratory, or feeding habits, the subsistence, enemies, or associates, and the influences generally which effected the presence or absence, plenty or paucity, of all the cetaceans, fishes, mollusks, and crustaceans useful to us. An enormous quantity of specimens of marine life were gathered—hundreds of novel forms every year. These were all properly preserved for the National Museum, while any duplicates obtained were distributed to prominent institutions of learning throughout the country, thus bringing to the assistance of teachers and learners everywhere (and especially in the interior) specimens of many classes of animal life wholly inaccessible to the ordinary collector. Probably half a million specimens have thus been sent out by the National Museum—a fact not generally known.

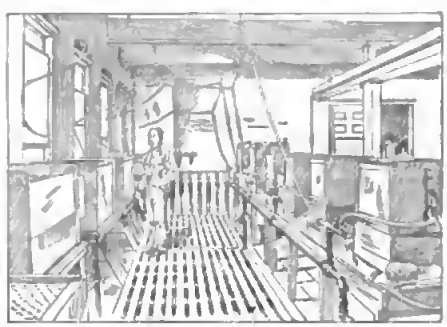
At each summer station a temporary laboratory would be fitted up, where the staff of naturalists and experimenters could work. This staff includes not only those few in pay of the Commission, but many volunteers—special students or teachers in colleges—who were glad to contribute their help in order to get sights of the pelagic zoology and profit by it. This volunteer co-tangent increases from year to year, to the advantage of the government work, as well as to those who embrace the opportunities offered by the operations of the Commission, and as the latter are principally teachers, the good they get is passed on to their classes in better and better instruction. This is another important educational influence exerted by this bureau.

A third flow from the elaborate publications of the Commission. The Annual Reports since 1871 number twelve illustrated volumes averaging 1000 pages each; since 1882 five illustrated volumes of Bulletins—publications distributed at frequent intervals to persons specially interested, a signature at a time—each containing 500 pages. There are other publications. In these pages is contained a vast quantity of exact scientific and thoroughly practical information, written by specialists or translated from investigators abroad, which forms the basis not only, but almost the entirety, of what is known in regard to the fishes and deep-sea life of our Atlantic and inland waters.

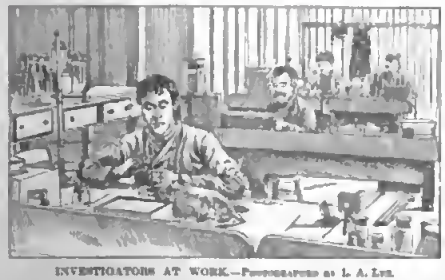
Dredging and net-towing were at first done by hand from row boats or hired sail boats. Then the Navy Department loaned a little steamer or two, and deeper water could be traversed. Finally the Commission got money to build or lease steamers of its own, of which it now has four. One of them (the *Albatross*) is a splendid sea-going vessel of a thousand tons, fitted with every modern appliance for the dredging, sounding, and experimental fishing in the profoundest parts of our ocean. Her work has been mainly in the Gulf Stream, and in the deep waters surrounding the Antilles, and has been highly successful.

To do the oceanic work of the Commission, and take care of its steamers and property, it became necessary to fix upon a settled sea-shore station, and Wood's Holl, at the head of Cape Cod, was chosen as the best point. The water there is of remarkable clearness and extent, and is as neat and tasteful as the people like to see their governmental quarters, nothing of effectiveness has been sacrificed for ornament; and it is amusing to hear Professor Baird recount the ingenuity he resorted to in order to accomplish certain desirable things cheaply enough. The expenditures of the Fish Commission since its organization have amounted to about $3,000,000, and no waste, much less out fraud, has been charged in regard to a dollar. It is doubtful whether even the "private business man," of whom one hears so much nowadays, could have set up this station for what it has cost the government (less than $70,000, all told, if I am not mistaken); and it is certain that no one could manage it more economically, and that no investment of an equal sum by the government is productive of greater or more wide-spread benefit.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.



THE AQUARIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. A. LEE.



INVESTIGATORS AT WORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. A. LEE.

He will know, therefore, the bulk and value of the sea fisheries of New England, and had been watchful of their decrease in some directions. To these the Commission therefore turned early

## A FRATERNAL RIVALRY.

IF the Democrats win in the enthusiastic political contest now going on in Tennessee, a son of the Rev. N. G. TAYLOR will be Governor, and if the election is carried by the Republicans, the next Governor will be a son of the same Mr. TAYLOR. Of course there is some explanation of such a condition of things as this, which is that the rival candidates for the office of Governor of Tennessee are brothers. ALFRED A. TAYLOR and ROBERT L. TAYLOR are the eldest of the Rev. Mr TAYLOR's six children. The father is an old and well-known minister of the Northern Methodist Church, most of whose life has been passed in the northwestern counties of Tennessee in preaching and farming. In politics he is a Prohibitionist, and at one time it was suggested that he should make a third candidate in this curious contest, running upon a Prohibition ticket in opposition to his two sons. Of the sons, the Democratic candidate is ROBERT L. TAYLOR, and the Republican ALFRED A. TAYLOR. ROBERT TAYLOR in about thirty-six years of age. His start in politics was made in 1878, when he defeated Parkinson for Congress. His reputation as a campaign orator was made at that time, and has been well sustained since. In the canvass which terminated in the election of HOWELL E. JACKSON to the United States senate, ROBERT TAYLOR, who was the candidate of East Tennessee, lacked but three votes of being himself chosen. He has been East Tennessee's representative in every State contest for the past six years, and is said to be conspicuously the candidate of the young Democracy of the State. He is called a very attractive public speaker, versatile and romantic, and furnished with an inexhaustible fund of good anecdote. ALFRED TAYLOR is said to be more sedate and conservative than his brother. Both are described as men of stalwart mould and good intellect, and as natural orators. Both have black eyes and dark complexions. Since the canvass opened, the two candidates have travelled together, and carried on their discussion of politics in the form of a connected debate. They have spoken several hours daily at the conclusion of journeys which could be made only at the cost of great physical fatigue. It is reported that in one period of seventy-two hours they rested only five hours. The difficulty of their campaigning will be understood when it is said that in order to speak in Woodbury on September 16 they were obliged first to ride forty miles over rough country roads. Their discussion throughout has been conducted with true brotherly sensibility, and is described as "a duel of principle, not personality." Each debate has been closed by a duet upon fiddles, the brothers being the performers. It was known in Tennessee that they were skilful players, and the audiences they met among the mountains were not willing to let them go without an exhibition of this very popular accomplishment.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is reported in a North Carolina paper that the companions of a negro boy who had been bitten in the leg by a rattlesnake dug a hole in the ground, placed the sufferer in it, packed him closely round about with mud as high as his waist, and finally carried him to his home in fair health, the poison having been entirely extracted by this treatment.

During the last few months, according to reports, at divers times and in divers parts of New England, farmers working in the field have been attracted by the sound of a bell tinkling far up in the air, and have been astonished at learning that the bell ringer was an eagle, somebody having fastened a bell about the neck of the noble bird. The wonder is that an eagle could have obtained food during several months with such a tell-tale attached to him. One would think that any prey which was not deaf would have been told very plainly by the bell when it was time to scamper to shelter. It is not reported, however, that the eagle in question was in a hard way, and is it possible that hanging a bell about an eagle's neck is not such a cruelty as it would seem.

It is reported from Ohio that since the recent earth disturbances a certain well in that State has yielded nothing but vinegar. It is something to be thankful for not to be told that oil and mustard go along with the vinegar, and that a company has been formed to put the product into barrels and supply the wholesale market with a natural salad dressing.

The deepest Artesian well in the world is at Pesth. It has reached the depth of 3120 feet, and is not yet finished. At present it yields water at the temperature of 168° Fahrenheit. It is intended that it shall reach such a depth that the water shall have a temperature of 176° Fahrenheit. The well supplies 176,000 gallons of water daily.

A bench in the kitchen of an English farmer is made of oak that did duty as a roof beam in a church for three hundred and sixty four years, and that has been in the shape of a bench since the year 1824.

Harvard is more venerable than a number of German universities which are famous. The University of Halle was founded in 1694 that of Berlin in 1702, of Göttingen in 1737, Berlin in 1810, and Bonn in 1818, all being younger than Harvard, which was founded in 1636. The oldest of the German speaking universities is that of Prague, which was founded in 1348; the next in that of Vienna, founded in 1365; and Heidelberg, founded in 1386, is the third, and is the oldest university in the German Empire.

English newspaper reporters are a long way behind the reporters out West in rounding out occurrences by means of powerful descriptions, and making them seem of more importance than would attach to them if it were not for the reporters' assistance; still, that the English reporters are not without spirit in their art is occasionally made manifest. One in describing a meeting held recently in an English town, declares that the seats had been newly varnished, and that "there was almost a panic at the conclusion of the meeting, when the audience found that they were unable to rise." "Almost a panic" is a neat stroke here. If there had been quite a panic in the circumstances, it would undoubtedly have been one of the safest and most satisfactory panics ever recorded. A congregation fixed firmly at intervals upon benches by means of varnish could be relied upon to give way to panic with the least serious results possible. Probably the entire meeting could be carried out bench by bench, with the utmost ease and deliberation, before the panicky feeling could run into any dangerous expression. Even with the wildest disposition on the part of the congregation to heap themselves together and trample on another underfoot, melting could come of it so long as the varnish held fast.

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A NIGHT SCENE AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM AND W. P. BEVERE.—[SEE PAGE 642.]

THE "TUB PARADE" AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 21.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 641.]

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captains of the Press," "So Near Yet Some Memories," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A SIDE AWAKENING.

About six o'clock in the morning, when, at this time of year, it is already daylight, there marched down the High Street of Wapping a company seen there often enough in the evening, when they are expected and man are prepared for them, but seldom so early. Who indeed expects a Press-gang at daybreak? The party consisted of a dozen sailors, armed each with a short cudgel, and a Lieutenant in command, with a drawn cutlass. With the officer walked a tall man, young, bareheaded, and strangely attired in a ragged knitted waistcoat, tattered breeches tied up with a string and loose at the knees, and yet with white silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, and, on one side only, powdered hair. The streets at this time are already full of those who are hastening to the day's work; most of the houses are open, and the maids are at the doors twirling their mops, or at the windows throwing open the shutters, or, in the more genteel houses, they are plastering the door steps with yellow ochre.

Thus indeed the Press-gang, more dreaded than revenue officers or Bow Street runners, and its appearance at this early hour caused every one the liveliest curiosity and the greatest consternation. Those who met them either stopped still to look after them, their faces full of apprehension, or they ran into open houses, or they fled without a word, or they turned into a side street or court, for fear of being taken for sailors. Many of those who fled were handymen and honest mechanics, because, when the Press is hot, it does not always respect handymen, although the law is peremptory against taking any but sailors. This company, however, paid on heel to any, whether they ran or whether they stood, marching along without attempting to raise them, though some of the men were Thames watermen, and others were lightermen, and some dockmen, and others were other pirates and plunderers, or, as they call them, receivers, coppersmiths, rat-catchers, coopers, and hacks, light horsemen, and hangers, all of whom have been held to be sailors within the meaning of the Act.

Presently the man in rags, who seemed to be leading the party, stopped and looked about him.

"Ay," he said, "I believe this to be the house. Now, my lads, steady all; for we have 'em, neat and tidy, just as if they were as many rats caught in a bag."

As soon as the people in the street understood—this took them no long time—that the Press [illegible] doubt on some [illegible] of the [illegible] was actually [illegible] ing to [illegible] probably in search [illegible] sailors, or cowardly skulk[illegible] hiding there, in hope to be snug and out of the way, there was a lively curiosity. For shallows these people entertain a mingled curiosity and contempt—the former on account of their cunning at disguise and hiding, and the latter because, the sea being their trade, they will not bravely follow it. The workman, as longer fearful of his own safety, stopped to look on, his tools in his bag, careless if he should be late at his shop; the waterman, who, at first sight of the party, trembled for himself, stopped on his way to the Stairs where he plied, though he might therefore lose an early fare, and stood curious to see what might happen, blowing into his fingers to keep them warm; the maids came out from the house doors and stood around, nop in hand, expressing at first their opinions of the Press, without any fear of the Lieutenant, or respect to authority—these are certainly no such enemies of good government as the women. But when these honest folk found that the Press was not come to carry off their lovers, but to order to visit the house about which there was so much mystery, and concerning which there were told so many stories, they stopped their abuse, and waited to see what would come of it. Within these barred windows strange things were carried on. Terrible stories are told of crimps' houses. Fearful sounds had been heard proceeding from their hours; shrieks and cries for mercy, and the trampling of feet. Sometimes there was singing, with laughter, and the noise of men making merry over drink; sometimes there were loud quarrels, with the noise of fighting. Those who entered this house were generally carried in, those who came out were generally carried out. It was said that sometimes those who were carried out were not drunk, but dead; and that they were not put into the boat to be shipped on board an East Indiaman, but to be dropped into the river at mid-stream, with a stone tied to their feet. Therefore the crowd, which increased every moment, looked on with satisfaction. They might now be troubled to see for themselves what manner of house this was.

"I think, sir," said Jack to the Lieutenant in command, "that if you would leave two men to the door, we can with the remainder very easily dispose of the rogues in the house, whether they are awake or asleep."

The house was not astir yet; the door was not yet opened; the shutters of the ground-floor windows were not yet thrown back. It looked, in the broad daylight, a dirty, disgraceful den; the doors and shutters black with dirt and want of paint, the windows of the upper stories seemed as if they had never been cleaned since they had first been put up, and some of the panes of glass were broken.

"If they are awake, they will fight," said Jack. "But they have no pistols, so far as I could see."

This time obeyed to a push. The Parson had, therefore, left the door as if Jack had escaped by unlocking and unbarring it.

Jack led the way upstairs, and throw open the door of the room in which he had so nearly met a horrid and violent death. Behold! All the men were lying just as they had fallen, some on their faces, some on their backs, their mouths open, and breathing heavily. The fire was out, and the air of the place was horribly close and ill-smelling.

"Here they are," said Jack, as the Lieutenant followed him. "Saw one ever better rogues? Here is a haul for you."

"They are dressed like sailors," said the Lieutenant, looking at them with curiosity and misgiving. "But I doubt it. I have never known crimps' men to be sailors. Mostly they are river side rogues, and to take them on board would only be to put into the fo'k'sle so many past masters in all villany."

"That is true," Jack replied, "and I doubt they will want continual smartening from the bo's'n; and such awkwardness does that they will at first spend half their time in the triangles. Yet if you refuse them I must needs have them hanged; and this I am not, I confess, willing to do, because there is one other who must thus hang with them. And I would not, if I could avoid it, compass his death."

"Then I will press them," said the Lieutenant, making up his mind. "Ready with the handcuffs! Stand by! Handcuff every man!"

The sailors pulled them up one after the other, waking them with kicks and roffs, and made each man safe. Thus, shaken violently out of their sleep, they stood gaping stupidly at each other, still only half awake, and not knowing what had befallen them, or where they were, or anything at all.

"Bring them down-stairs, and into the open," the Lieutenant commanded. "Rouse up every one of them with the pump. Now for the rest of the house."

"I believe there are no other sailors here," said Jack, "only two or three poor devils in hiding till they can be shipped for the East Indies."

The men went through the house, and presently returned, bringing four or five prisoners—namely, the recruits of the Company. A most valuable addition they would have made to the service truly, for a more scarecrow, terrified crew could not be found anywhere. As for the 'prentice, a white-faced puny wretch, who had robbed his master's till, at the sight of the officer with a drawn sword, and the men, their faces fierce and wondering, standing round, he immediately imagined that they were all come for his own arrest, and that this was the first step toward Newgate and the gallows. Wherefore he fell upon his knees blubbering.

"Alas," he cried, "I am a [illegible] sinner, a confess all. I have robbed my master. Oh! let me have mercy. Let me live, and I will pay all back. Only let me live!" And so on, as if the noose was already ready for him, and the rope hitched to the gallows.

The next was a sturdier rogue. He would have been hanged for coining false money had he been caught. But he understood that a company of sailors is not met forth to arrest one charged with civil offences. Therefore, and in order to save his neck, he very readily volunteered, and, being a brisk, smart lad, though a rogue from childhood, and a thief, forger, coiner, and pickpocket, I dare say he turned out no good a sailor as can be expected of a landsman; and if he could not go aloft to bend or reef a sail, he could help or man a gun and carry a pike. The third man was the deserter, who represented himself as a man collinet, and was suffered to go free, because collinets are of little use on a man-o' war; the next was a bankrupt, once a substantial tradesman, who had ruined himself with drink and vicious courses, and came voluntarily to the crimp's to be enlisted in the Company's service, in order to escape his creditors. But his face was so puffed and purple with drink, his limbs so trembled beneath him, that I doubt whether he might have lasted the voyage. There was another, whose wife was a termagant, and extravagant at home, and he was flying from her and from her debts. He, too, offered to volunteer, saying that he would rather dwell with the devil than with his wife; but the Lieutenant would not have him. And another there was who was a broken gamester, a gentleman by birth, and a physician from Glasgow University, a native of Jamaica, where he had at first a good fortune, but was now fallen from his former conditions, without friends, estate, or money, and held no other hope except to take service with the Company. There were one or two others, but all of them, except the false coiner, the Lieutenant, without inquiring further into their characters or their histories, ordered to go about their business; but as for the 'prentice, who still blubbered that he was a repentant sinner, and asked permission only to live, he fetched him a box a' the ears and a kick, and bade him go his way and be hanged.

This poor wretch, a lad been torn partly with terror at the thought of going to the Indies to fight, being a desperate coward, and partly with remorse, made haste to obey the Lieutenant, and departed; and what became of him, whether he went to his master and confessed and obtained pardon, or whether he was thrown into Newgate and hanged, or whether he fell into worse courses, I know not—"The way of transgressors," saith Holy Writ, "is hard."

There remained the Parson, who said nothing, but waited patiently for his fate.

"As for this man," said Jack, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "he is my prisoner. Leave him to me."

This, then, was Jack's revenge. He might have seen the men swing—and they deserved nothing short of hanging—but it pleased him better to think of these fat, tender-skinned, delicate, unerring, and drunken rogues, as cowardly as they were pampered, howling under the lash, and mutinously grumbling under the discipline of a King's ship. They were mere bladepoms, who had never been to sea at all, even if they had ever been as board a ship if they had, it was only to look for something to steal. But they had lived on the river-side all their lives, and knew the talk of sailors; and they equipped themselves—a part of their trade—in slops and round jackets, the better to decoy their victims.

The men were still so stupid with the drug they had taken that they understood nothing of what was done until they had first had their heads held under the pump for a quarter of an hour. Then they began to remember what had happened; and, seeing their late prisoner with the party of captors, they cast rueful looks at one another, and, like the poor 'prentice, looked for nothing short of Newgate, and for the fatal cart and the ride to Tyburn—which, indeed, for this and many other crimes, they richly deserved.

It would have been hard with Aaron had this been the destination intended for them by their victim. Nothing is more distasteful to a rogue than to hang alone, when his brother rogues have escaped. It offends his sense of justice. Perhaps, however, the going out of the world in as violent a manner, in company with an old friend, is felt to be less cold and comfortless than to go alone. But Aaron, as well as these men, was reserved for another fate.

This business despatched, and the men, now fully awake, drawn up two and two in readiness to march, Jack addressed them with great courtesy, though the others of the Press grinned and put tongue in cheek.

"Gentlemen," he said, "last night your honors were good enough to offer me the hospitality of your house; you also debated very seriously whether you should not murder me; that yet did not do so is the cause why your honors are turn handcuffed. You will go with these honest sailors, and you will thank me heretofore every day of your lives for my goodness in getting yer impressed. Such brave lads as you will rejoice to run up aloft in a gale of wind; and the mercy's shot you will value on more than a waterman's jest. You are as sweet that the bo's'n's supple-jack will never cut about your shoulders, nor his rope's-end make your lat legs jump. As to drink, I fear there has been more punch served out in this house than is good for your health; that is better ordered aboard. And it will do your honors good to see each other made fast to the triangles while the cat-o'-nine-tails sweetly tickles his fat back. Perhaps you fresh-water sailors know not the tickling of the cat. Gentlemen, you have a truly happy life before you. I wish your honors farewell."

It was the first speech Jack ever made. If it was not eloquent, it was to the point and intelligible.

I do not think that the fellows understood one word of what he said, being fully possessed with the belief that they were going to Newgate and afterward to be hanged. And when they presently found themselves taken on board the tender and shoved below-deck, and understood that they were pressed for sailors, at first they grinned with joy. One who is threatened with death counts escape on any conditions, even the hardest, a thing to be welcomed with joy unspeakable. But when they discovered, after a few days' experience on board, what was meant by service at sea—a life of little ease, hard work and short time for sleep, and rough food, with the kicks and contempt which all true man-o'-war's-men show for lubbers, a limited ration of rum, and the necessity of immediate obedience—some of them fell into despair, and wound shalls below till they were driven upward by the bo's'n's supple-jack and the gunner's rattan, and these had as in an attitude or beggard spirit. Some became mutinous and insubordinate; some of them knew anything of a seaman's duties, in spite of their sailor's dress, and were useless save for the simplest work. Therefore it naturally came to pass that before long, one after another, they were tied up and soundly bunneled, whereupon, their backs being soft and tender and unused to the lash, and their dispositions cowardly, and being ignorant of discipline and respect to their officers, when prayers for pity failed, they fell to cursing the Captain and the Lieutenants, the bo's'n, and the ship's crew, shrieking and screaming like mad women. So they staid where they were for another six dozen, and this admonition and instruction were repeated until they were finally made to understand that a man-o'-war is not a crimp's house, nor a tavern at Wapping, where every man can call for what he chooses, sleep as long as he pleases, and take his pleasure; but a place where work has to be done, orders must be obeyed, and punishment in default is as certain as the striking of eight bells. Whether any of them ever returned I know not, but the house was broken up and their old occupation was destroyed, though no doubt other crimps' houses were soon established in their place.

When the Press-gang were gone, there remained Jack, still in his rags, and the unlucky recruits.

"As for you fellows," he said, "my advice is, sheer off. This house is closed. There is no more shelter for you here. Go and hide elsewhere."

"Where shall we go?" asked the poor gamester. "There at least we got meat and drink. Whither shall we go?"

They obeyed, however, and went out together, parting at the door and skulking away in different directions, perhaps to be picked up by another crimp.

"Brother," said Jack to the Parson, "come with me. First let me put on my own clothes, and then we will find a lodging for thee. Thou hast saved my life. Therefore, as long as I have a guinea left, thou shalt have the half."

At first the poor man refused. He burst into tears, declaring that kindness was thrown away upon a wretch so disgraced and degraded as himself; that it would be better for him to stay where he was, and to receive with resignation the cruel which he had brought upon his own head. "What," he asked, "can be done for a man for whose apprehension a reward is offered and the hue-and-cry is out?"

"Back ye, brother," Jack repeated, "thou hast saved my life. If thou will not come with me willingly, hang me but I will drag thee along! What! wouldst remain alone in this due? Come, I say, and be treated for thine own good. What! There was no robbery, after all. As for the hue-and-cry, leave that to me. I will tackle the hue-and-cry, which I value not an inch of rogues' yarn."

I do not know what he understood by the hue-and-cry, or how he was going to tackle it, but being always a masterful man, she would never have his own way, he overcame the Parson's scruples, and presently had him away and safely bestowed in a tavern at Aldgate, where he engaged a room for him, and sent for a tailor, making the Parson put off his tattered cassock and his old wig, and sat in a nightcap and shirt sleeves until he was provided with clothes suitable to his profession, and a wig such as prevailed in. Then Jack bade him rest quiet a day or two, and be careful how he stirred abroad, while he himself made inquiries into his case, and the matter of the hue-and-cry.

So they, too, went away, Jack being restored to his own garments, though his purse, containing four or five guineas, was not in his pocket. And now the house was empty.

One thing remains to be told about this eventful day. In the evening, work being over, Aaron Fletcher was sitting alone, his pipe in his mouth, in the cottage where he lived, at the gates of his boat-building yard. He was in good spirits, because the Lieutenant had reported unfavorably. Perhaps he was dead. It would be the best thing in the world, if he was dead. What then? No one could say that he had any hand in it.

"Aaron!" cried a voice he knew—"Aaron Fletcher, open the door!"

Aaron obeyed, his cheeks ashy white, and his heart in his boots.

"Aaron," said the Lieutenant, "or Cain the murderer, if you like the name better, there was, last night, a purse in my pocket, containing, as near as I can remember, the sum of five guineas and a crown. Your friends have taken it from me. Give me back those five guineas and that crown."

"What friends? I know nothing about any friends or any five guineas. What mean you? I know nothing about the matter. It was not I that knocked you on the head, Lieutenant."

"What—ay—you are self-convicted and condemned. Who spoke of knocking on the head? How should you know what was done unless you were one of them? Five guineas, Aaron, and a crown, or"—here he swung a great oath—"you go before the magistrate to-morrow with your friends the crimp's men, and answer to the charge of highway robbery, and thence to Newgate. And so, in due time, to Tyburn in a comfortable cart. Five guineas, Aaron."

Aaron fagged out his purse and counted five guineas, which he handed over to Jack without a word.

[to be continued.]

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.

## CAPTORS AND CAPTURED.

THIS number of the WEEKLY contains portraits of General NELSON A. MILES and his staff, mounted; of Captain H. W. LAWTON, Fourth Cavalry, who conducted the successful pursuit of the Chiricahuas, and of GERONIMO and NATCHEZ, the two most famous hostile chiefs.

NATCHEZ, hereditary chief of the Chiricahuas, is the son of the renowned COCHISE, one of the ablest warriors this band of Apaches ever produced. Since the death of COCHISE in 1874, two years after his surrender, GERONIMO has come to the front as a war chief, and in all his murderous campaigns the crafty and tricky chief has shown leadership of a high order. Ten years ago he took a prominent part, with Chief JUH, in an escapade marked with murders, and culminating as usual with a fight into Sonora. There he returned quietly to the reservation. The following year, 1877, he broke out again, and running a lawless career until the end of 1878, surrendered in 1879, and was again recessed on the reservation. In 1881 he broke out a third time, and with CHATTO and NANA began a raid full of atrocities. General CROOK at last, with Captain CRAWFORD's command, surprised the Indians in the Sierra Madres, where they surrendered, and were as usual escorted to the reservation. GERONIMO was able to escape a fourth time in the spring of 1885, and pursued his favorite career of murdering unarmed men, women, and children, until General MILES put an end to it.

Lieutenant DAVIS, who had charge of the Indians when they escaped in 1885, ascribed their outbreak then to getting drunk on tiswin. He says that they expected to be punished for this in some way, and so came to him to ask what he was going to do. He replied that he would report the matter to General CROOK. They did not wait for the result, but took to the war path, MAGOOS and GERONIMO working upon the apprehensions of NANA and CHAT ATTA. They had plenty of rifles and ammunition, and helped themselves from the ranches to all the stock and supplies they needed. It is clearly time to put an end to these performances, which have been going on for so many years, half the time on the reservation, with government rations, and half the time on the war-path, with the plunder of ranches whose peaceful owners were butchered with fiend-

ish atrocities. No part of General MILES's work in Arizona is more satisfactory than his inserting on gathering up all the Chiricahua and Warm Spring Indians, nearly five hundred in number, and packing them off to Florida. Only he breaking up and absolutely clearing the west was safety possible for Arizona. "Reform within the reservation" was a practicable policy for other Indians, but not for the Chiricahuas.

General MILES, aided by his accomplished staff, conducted the campaign with the greatest vigor and good judgment. The Territory was distributed into sections for thorough patrolment. The valuable resources of telegraphy were brought into play. Signal detachments were kept on the highest peaks to communicate all intelligence. Infantry was used in constant hunting through the mountains and occupying passes. Cavalry was made ready for scouting by supplying relays of horses. The most rigid precautions were taken to prevent the hostiles from getting ammunition from their friends on the reservations. The scouting system was reorganized, so as to bring only the most trustworthy to well as capable Indians employed in it. Co-operating commands drove the hostiles across the line into Mexico, where LAWTON's force of scouts kept at GERONIMO without rest until the fugitives were worn out. "I have all confidence in his ability and untiring energy," wrote General MILES of Captain LAWTON; and in fact, after a pursuit of thousands of miles, lasting from April into August, the resolute and unflinching subordinate was able to send word to General MILES to come and make terms for the surrender. Captain LAWTON entered the volunteer army in April, 1861, as a sergeant of the Ninth Indiana Infantry, and at the end of the war had become Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment. Then he entered the regular service as Second-Lieutenant of Infantry, and was transferred to the Cavalry in 1870. During the last seven years he has been Captain of Company H, Fourth Cavalry, and was much esteemed for his soldierly qualities by General R. S. MACKENZIE, an chief staff, we believe, he served. In his great pursuit of GERONIMO, LAWTON "kept him shooting until he had nothing left to shoot with," as General STANLEY once expressed it, and it was no doubt their lack of ammunition this largely influenced the surrender of the Apaches. When once GERONIMO and his son CHAPPA came in, and the hereditary chief NATCHEZ followed, the campaign was crowned with complete success.

## ELIHU ROOT.

Mr. ELIHU ROOT on September 21 was elected Chairman of the Republican County Committee of New York, in place of Hon. LEVI P. MORTON, who had refused to accept the Chairmanship. Mr. ROOT, who is now forty-one years of age, was born in Madison County, New York. He graduated from Hamilton College, where his father was a member of the faculty. He was well prepared for the law, and became a successful and even prominent lawyer in this city at an unusually early age. Ten years ago he had already attained such prominence in his profession as to be counsel for a number of large corporations, the Bank of North America and the Hannibal and St. Joseph Rail and Company among others. In 1879 he was nominated by the Republican County Convention for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and though he was defeated, he polled a very large vote, a good part of which was cast as a personal compliment to him. President ARTHUR appointed him United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, and he held this position with credit to himself until President CLEVELAND's appointee succeeded him. In 1871 Mr. ROOT was prominently identified with the reform movement in the Republican party. He has always been a Republican, but never a politician in the sense that he has made politics his business or got a livelihood by it.

Portraits of the prominent personages of the Republican County Committee, who are the "boys" of the "machine," were published in the WEEKLY in June, and a description of the method by which the "machine" has been managed. With this kind of politics and this kind of politicians Mr. ROOT has never had anything to do. His election to the Chairmanship of the Committee is therefore a new departure in recent years for the Committee. He has gained prominence through his profession and not by practical political work.

## THE CHAMPION ATHLETE.

ATHLETIC sports in this country have advanced rapidly within a decade, and in many important branches the American records are also the world's records. This result has been attained by the pursuit of specialties, but while most athletes generally addict themselves to one particular branch, there are among them those who are "all 'round." That is to say, many men perform as well at all field games. To obtain the title of champion all-'round athlete one needs to be far above the standard at a variety of games, and to possess in a high degree strength, endurance, and courage. That these qualities are possessed by Mr. MALCOLM W. FORD is evident from the remarkable record which he made on September 18, when he won the championship for the second time from a field of competitors of acknowledged ability.

Mr. FORD is really an athlete in the old Greek rather than in the modern sense. His physical development has not been attained by sacrificing one set of muscles to another, but is uniform and symmetrical, and he combines strength of limb, fleetness of foot, agility, and unexpanded lung power. He is a resident of Brooklyn, is twenty-four years old, 5 feet 6½ inches tall, and weighs about 148 pounds. He first became prominent as an athlete in the sports of the New York Athletic Club about five years ago, when he engaged in the short-distance running races. Although a novice, he showed great speed, and he rapidly improved until he became "scratch" man to all handicaps in which he took part. Early in his career he won the diamond badge given by Mr. BRADLEY OLLBRICHS for 220 yards running, and he also won the TAYLORS diamond medal for 100 yards racing. In 1881 he was the representative of the New York Athletic Club in the sprint races at the annual championship meeting, where he won the 100 yards race and also the broad jump. The next year he won the 100 yards and 220 yards races and the broad jump, it being the third consecutive year in which he proved champion at the latter sport. At the last championship meeting he again proved victorious at his favorite branches, and became the first man to win the broad jump four years in succession.

Unlike many other famous athletes, Mr. FORD has not a long string of broken records to his credit, but his performances have all been worthy of recognition. His standing jump without weights, in which he cleared 10 feet 2½ inches, has never been approached by an amateur. His feat of clearing 24 feet 1½ inches in three standing jumps is also the best on record in the world for an amateur. In vaulting with one hand as a bar he has cleared 6 feet 3½ inches—a feat never equalled.

In the competition, September 18, to decide the all-'round championship of America, Mr. FORD ran 100 yards in 10¾ seconds; a quarter of a mile in 54¾ seconds; 120 yards, over 10 hurdles 3 feet 6 inches high, in just over 17½ seconds, throw a 56-pound weight 19 feet 4½ inches; cleared 5 feet 5½ inches in a high jump; put a 16-pound shot from the shoulder 36 feet 7½ inches; vaulted with a pole 9 feet 3 inches; threw a 16-pound hammer 76 feet 4 inches; and cleared 20 feet 10 inches in the broad jump. The competition was decided by allowing five points to the winner of a single event, three points to second man, and one point to third man. Mr. FORD secured forty-one points in nine competitions, and being thus assured of the championship, did not compete in the two other events.

## JAMES R. LUDLOW.

JUDGE JAMES R. LUDLOW, who died at his residence in Philadelphia September 20, at the age of sixty-one, had been continuously a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in that city for twenty-nine years, having been first elected by the Democratic party in 1857, and then twice afterward reelected, in 1867 and 1877. On the last mentioned occasion, as a fitting reward for his twenty years of faithful service on the bench, he received the nomination of the Republican and the Democratic conventions, and received the full vote of both parties. When the constitution of 1873 went into effect, and an additional judge for the Common Pleas bench was authorized, Judge LUDLOW became the President Judge of Court No. 3, which position he held at the time of his death. The only defeat which Judge LUDLOW ever sustained at the polls was in itself a triumph, for being in 1873 received the Democratic nomination for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, he ran nine thousand votes ahead of his ticket in the city of Philadelphia, and was defeated in the State at large by a much smaller majority than any of the other Democratic candidates. Throughout his long career on the bench Judge LUDLOW at all times sustained his reputation as a learned jurist and an impartial administrator of justice. His death, which followed an illness of several months, was due to an affection of the heart, said to have been brought about by overwork.

## HENRY GEORGE.

Seven years ago a book entitled *Progress and Poverty*, published in San Francisco, created a stir throughout the country. It dealt with the old problem of labor and capital, which it treated, especially in its relations to the ownership of land and the obligations and functions of government, in a striking way. Its author, Mr. HENRY GEORGE, then about forty years old, became at once a man of note, and after a remarkable subsequent career on both sides of the Atlantic, was nominated on the 23d of September by a Conference of the Labor and Trades organizations as their candidate for Mayor of New York.

Born in Philadelphia September 2, 1839, of English stock, Mr. GEORGE was educated in the public schools of that city until the age of fourteen, when he found employment for a short time in a mercantile house, and then went to sea for several years, beginning as cabin-boy. Next he learned the trade of a printer in his native city, but before his apprenticeship was completed he sailed for California, thence went with a prospecting party to British Columbia, and finally settled down steadily, at the age of twenty-seven, to work at his trade in San Francisco. From a compositor he became a reporter, and finally managing editor of the *Post* of that city. In this paper he bitterly attacked the management of the Pacific Railroad and other corporations, lost his position, and then joined with others to found a weekly paper called the *State*. This had a precarious life, marked, however, by Mr. GEORGE's anti-monopoly opinions. While on the *Post* he had been a delegate to the Baltimore Convention of 1872 which nominated Mr. GREELEY, and in 1876 he spoke for Mr. TILDEN, and the following year obtained a position under the city government of San Francisco, where he found leisure to write and to bring out the work which proved the foundation of his reputation.

The following year—1880—Mr. GEORGE came to New York and made speeches for General HANCOCK's candidacy. In 1881 he went to Ireland as the correspondent of the *Irish World*, and was twice arrested as a suspect in small villages of Galway, but was promptly released on both occasions through the intervention of the American consul. On his return to this country he received a public dinner at Delmonico's. In 1884 he lectured through England for the English Land Reform Association and in 1885 through Scotland for the Scottish Land Restoration League. Well-known pamphlets of his are *The Irish Land Question*, *Social Problems*, and *Protection or Free Trade*. He is connected with the Typographical Union and is a Knight of Labor.

Mr. GEORGE is short, stout, with reddish beard and hair, rather careless in his attitude and poor before an audience, but holding his hearers by energetic and striking phrases. He married Miss MARY TOX, of Australia, and they have two sons and two daughters.

## FESTIVITIES AT ST. LOUIS.

SINCE September 8, when its Grand Annual Exposition was opened, literally with a great flourish of trumpets—Signor LIBERATI, the renowned cornetist, leading the trumpeters—St. Louis has been and is now undergoing a season of unusual and pleasurable excitement. There have been more strangers within her gates during the past three weeks than in any equal length of time in the city's history. The throng was the largest and the excitement at its highest pitch during the progress of the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templars last week. It was then that the public festivities assumed such proportions that the conduct of the music connected therewith passed beyond the province of merely local leadership, and was intrusted to the national bands of Mr. P. S. GILMORE, who marshalled an army of 2000 musicians, and assumed musical command of the Exposition.

The presence in any city of the United States of the Knights Templars of America in Triennial Conclave assembled insures an overrunning of the favored city, and a season of general public excitement, and when this important event coincides with the progress of a popular State Exposition, as is the case at St. Louis, the month must of necessity occasion unusually stirring and exciting times. St. Louis has not been herself for many days. The illustration on another page shows a night scene in front of the Exposition Building during the stay of the Knights Templars. The famous Flambeau Illumination of St. Louis is aiding to making the night brilliant, and thousands of people from all parts of the country are pouring into the great fair.

As has been told, this Exposition was opened September 8; it will be continued until October 23, making a continuous season of forty-six days. The Knights Templars, after a very successful Conclave, have put spurs to their steeds and scattered to the four quarters of the land, but much that is interesting is promised for performance before St. Louis's "Grand Autumnal Festival" is brought to a close. For example, next week promises a variety of attractions. On Tuesday, October 5, the annual pageant of the Veiled Prophets is to take place, followed by a ball in the evening, and Thursday is to be a general holiday in the city. GILMORE concerts on a magnificent scale are to be given by day and at night, with the April Chorus to be picturesquely rendered by the famous Busch Zouaves. Before the festival is brought to a close by the chill days of late October, there are to be public receptions, flower displays, Old Folks' concerts, German Singing Society contests, and rendezvous of the April Chorus by several other Missouri military organizations in pleasant rivalry of the Busch Zouaves.

## "GENERAL" BOOTH.

THE success of the Salvation Army has been so decided that its recent statistics will surprise those who have not carefully observed its operations. Last year the head of the Army, General BOOTH, reported seventeen companies occupied, ten hundred and fifty corps (whatever that term may mean), two thousand six hundred and fifty paid officers, and twenty ten publications, of which nineteen are newspapers. The satisfaction of the Queen of England has been formally expressed to General BOOTH that he has won as many thousands of her subjects to temperance, virtue, and religion. The heads of the Church of England have seriously considered the question how to connect the Salvation Army and its work with the state Church. Canon FARRAR has made the Army the topic of one of his eloquent discourses in Westminster Abbey. So that despite the criticism—much of it just, some of it unjust—which the General and his followers have received, their progress, at least throughout Europe, is one of the facts which cannot easily be set aside. It will be of interest, therefore, to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to know something of the man who is the leader of this body and the organizer of its peculiar methods of work.

WILLIAM BOOTH is a native of Nottingham, England, where he was born in the year 1829. While quite a youth he became a Methodist, and in accordance with Methodist customs was licensed as a local preacher while still engaged in a secular occupation. This was in 1846, when he was only seventeen years of age. At the age of twenty-four he entered the ministry of the Methodist New Connection, one of the smallest of the Wesleyan bodies of England. He became quickly noted for his success as an evangelist, and his services as an evangelist were in constant demand. After serving in circuits according to the rules of the New Connection Conference until 1861, he requested in that year to be made an evangelist for the country at large. This request being refused, he resigned his membership in that body, and prosecuted to carry out his plans independently and in his own way.

The first scene of his independent evangelism was Cornwall, where he and Mrs. BOOTH spent two entire years. Their success in Cornwall was so great that there was no lack of invitations from all parts of England. In 1865 he directed his attention to the poor of the East End of London. His first preaching was in the open air, on a piece of waste land. Here as elsewhere, great changes were wrought in the character of the people who crowded to hear him. "They behaved," says an English writer, "to the outcasts of mankind—harlots, sailors, gypsies, drunkards, thieves, dog fanciers, the coughest, wildest, most ignorant, and degraded of the population of London." That hundreds and thousands of these persons have been changed in heart and life there can be no question. The drunkards have quit their drinking, thieves try to live honestly, and the rough, degraded inhabitants of this part of London have shown unmistakable signs of enlightenment to the laws of civilization. Some of these converts became very quickly effective rough rough public speakers, and be their homely way of describing the change wrought in themselves persuaded many of their companions to go with them.

The rules given by Mr. BOOTH to these helpers were that they should hold meetings out of doors, marching singing through the streets, that they should visit public-houses, gin-shops, and like places of common resort, exhorting and praying with all whom they could reach; that they should use popular song tunes, and the plainest speech; and finally that every convert should be set at once to work.

Necessity compelled some form of organization, and the organization was effected in 1878, the name "Salvation Army" being chosen by Mr. BOOTH himself. Mr. BOOTH now became General BOOTH; his soldiers were put into uniform. They are organized under the care of majors, captains, lieutenants, and sergeants; their places of meeting are termed "barracks"; their praying is known as "knee drill."

All this seems fanciful, but it accomplishes results which might not be reached readily in any other way. The sergeant, whose office resembles that of the Methodist class leader, takes care of the converts, and especially watches over their mode of living. Captains hold the public services in well defined districts. The majors, who correspond to the Methodist presiding elders, have charge of districts. This system is no doubt in its way despotic. The word of command must be obeyed, but perhaps it is the best conceivable system for the rough population with which the Salvation Army has to deal. The theology in which the members of the Army are instructed is the theology of Methodism. It is in respect to general lines has no departure from his old associations. He left the Methodist New Connection in order to find a broader field; whatever novelties he has originated pertain to the methods of his work, not to the substance of his teaching.

This is an important point, and its importance has not been sufficiently appreciated by some of General BOOTH's critics. We might have had in the Salvation Army an outbreak of religious fanaticism; but underneath all the eccentricities and extravagances of the Salvationists there is to be found New Testament truth. To be sure, some of their phrases and terms are simply shocking. To hear them speak of "hallelujah lasses," "hallelujah merry go-rounds," and a "hallelujah free-and-easy" is enough to repel every man of intelligence and sober common sense.

Their music, so called, is very often nothing more than caterwauling noise. Their singing processions are as grotesque as a circus parade. But if beneath all this there be a sober purpose to do men good, and evident self-denial endured in order to do them good, and if it be proved by facts that men are made worthier members of society, who shall say say to it all? We know that Providence often uses rough instruments for the accomplishment of its work. Jesus himself was not a man to ask a polished taste, but also will deny him his place among the heroes of our time and country? There never was a great popular movement, religious or secular, which had not its aspects of extravagance.

Some of the measures of SAVONAROLA for the reformation of Florence were as fantastic as General BOOTH's for the reformation of the lower classes of England, but who can doubt for a moment the inestimable value of SAVONAROLA's life and work? The early Quakers in their wild enthusiasm went often clear beyond the bounds of decorum, but who would wish English history to be without the beauty and purity of Quakerism? John WESLEY's early converts, despite all his efforts to the contrary, sank into convulsions or broke out into extravagance of word and action; but those phenomena, which were in their nature transient, passed away; the good remained.

Sober living, well ordered homes, peaceful dispositions, kindness to neighbors, reconciliation with enemies, take the place of debauchery and riot; the power of a new life comes into benighted souls; the members of the classes usually described as dangerous become good citizens. What judges, juries, police, and prisons could not effect is effected by the simple proclamation of truth. Who would quarrel with these results, even though the preacher should wear cap and bells? The objectionable features of the Salvation Army are merely superficial; its work, at least in England, speaks for itself. No doubt the methods which have been so successful in England will prove not to be well adapted to the United States, but we may trust General BOOTH's shrewdness to make the necessary modifications.

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ONLY A *DROP*, AFTER ALL, MY COUNTRYMEN.

## PATCHOGUE'S OYSTER FLEET.

THE men of Patchogue are famous for getting their living out of the waters. It is said that more of the mess-bunker fishermen come from Patchogue than from anywhere else. Any number of the muscular, clear-eyed young fellows who open oysters so deftly in the New York eating-houses hail from Patchogue. Every Patchogue man is an authority upon the subject of oysters. Great South Bay is carpeted with oysters, and Patchogue is an oyster capital. The town has a great fleet of sail boats, which perform a dual service. In the summer they are trim and neat, shining with fresh paint, and gayly decorated. But with the coming of September they are transformed into a fleet of oyster-boats. Decks appear upon them, and they assume a rough and fish-like air.

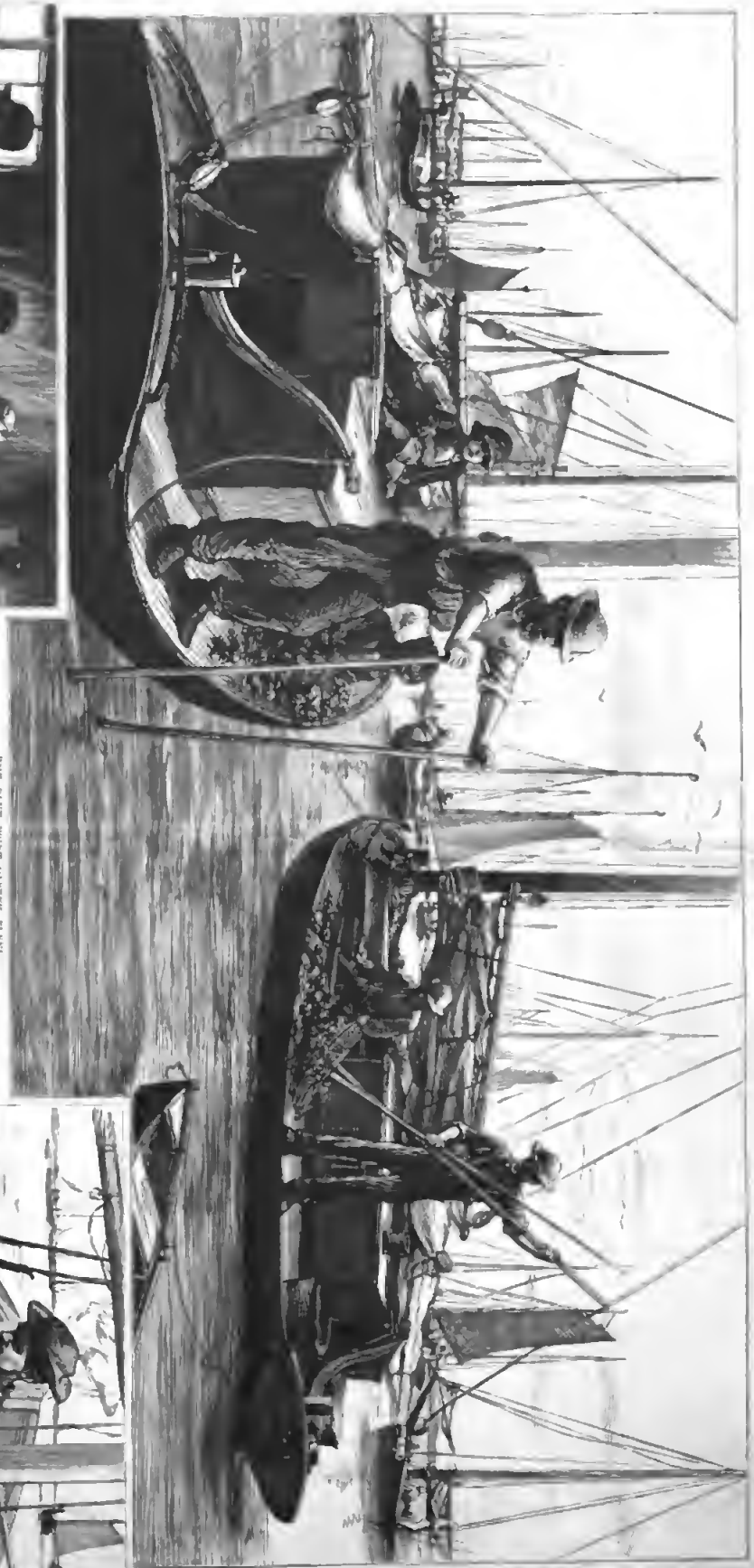
Mr. DURLAND's picture affords a view of this very picturesque fleet. The Patchogue oyster-men are at work gathering Blue Points. Blue Point oysters, once upon a time, were oysters that came from a particular place of that name, just as the Saddle Rock oysters once came from Saddle Rock; but nowadays Blue Point oysters are simply small oysters, and Saddle Rocks are merely big ones.

It will be seen that the Patchogue fleet does not appropriate all the picturesqueness of the neighborhood, but that a considerable quantity of it lies with the Patchogue oyster-men. Oyster-man or fisher of blue-fish or fisher of the mess bunker, the man of Patchogue is a striking person. The following extract from a description by a newspaper reporter will give an idea of the genus. The reporter went down the New Jersey coast on the mess-bunker steamer *Henry Simms*, whose entire crew were from Patchogue. After a night's run from Barren Island, the crew of the *Simms* turned out, ready for the mess-bunkers, at sunrise. "They were flannel coats, scarred and venerable trousers, and boots of all degrees of dilapidation. The effects of recent sound sleep were observable in their shining rugged features, and in their hair, which on every head pointed nine ways for Monday. A rusted tin basin and a huge chunk of powerful yellow soap went the rounds, and after literal ablution by all hands at the sunny leeward rail, a bell rang below, and the instructor crew of the *Simms* tumbled down to breakfast. A dish of steaming brown beans and a platter of smoking johnny-cake emitted pleasant odors. There was cold meat besides, and a mug of hot coffee stood on every plate. The men seated themselves solemnly before this repast, and held their hands in their laps; not a knife or a fork was touched. The reason of this odd restraint was forth-coming. The natures of the Patchogue fishermen are shot with a very noticeable tinge of religion. They do not fish on the Sabbath, lying up invariably on that day at their moorings at Locust Grove, in the bay; and they never omit grace before eating. Engineer Jones pronounced the grace at breakfast. Then the crew of the *Simms* fell to with zeal, and beans, meat, johnny-cake, and coffee disappeared."

—COUNTING IN THE SUN.

THE MASCOT DOCK, PATCHOGUE.

—CUTTING ON BOARD.



THE BLUE POINT OYSTER FLEET.

OYSTERING ON LONG ISLAND—Drawn by F. Dielman.—[See Page 640.]

## SEPTEMBER AT LENOX.

With all Berkshire, Lenox has long been celebrated in both prose and verse. Fanny Kemble devoted to it melliflous adjectives, and Hawthorne shed his glamour over it in *Tanglewood Tales*. But nothing has secured for it such a claim on public interest as the seal of fashion, which has stamped it for a brief period each year Stockbridge—loveliest village in the plain—and over Williamstown, lying under the shadow of Greylock. There could be no more fitting scene for elegant diversion. The scenery is illustrative of lovelinesse, and readily amenable to the touches which wealth and fashion give to the landscape, and which a more untamed region would resent and proclaim incongruous.

The village lies poised midway between cliff and valley, and overlooks the beautiful valley of the Housatonic and its placid lakes, with the spires of Lee and Stockbridge in the distance. On every side the slopes which commend this view disclose handsome country seats. Now while the sunshine and fresh breezes of Lenox remain impartial, the view can be estimated in dollars and cents. Then man pays one of the highest compliments to nature.

But this is only the background. Lenox, as the name is best known, signifies a social organization, meeting after the summer hurly-burly, when the rest of the world has gone back to toiling and spinning. During September and October, the two most enchanting months in Berkshire, it fills in its continued course with varied and interesting gayeties. Some of these are produced only in Lenox, and if followed elsewhere would lose with their exclusiveness something of their distinctiveness. The kinship between Newport and Lenox is one so near. Lenox revolves on a shorter radius, and is less cosmopolitan. For the same reason its organization is more complete, and its routine more quickly adjusted. The threads dropped the last of October are quickly gathered up in the new September, and so time is lost—if an instance like a phrase may be used of the business of pleasure.

The weekly "at homes" are early announced. They begin on Monday morning at one hospitable house, and are followed in the afternoon at another, and the gay throng pursues its non trail from day to day during the week. These receptions are formal, semi formal, or informal, on the taste or fancy of the hostess may incline. At one there is to be always heard good music; at another, conversation in some less arduous mode of entertainment. This routine is interrupted by dinners, teas, and luncheons, prompted by some special mood or incident, morning concerts, in which both amateurs and professionals engage, for some worthy object, and the usual subscription balls, which this year are held in private halls rooms instead of Sedgwick Hall, transformed from the old Berkshire County Court house when Lenox was judicial, not in name only. Each year some special diversion distinguishes itself. One year it is private theatricals, last year it was a dance in a barn made glorious with pumpkins and other autumn fruits and foliage, this year, [illegible] which, along [illegible] the setting sun, has captured strongholds after [illegible] the [illegible] season [illegible]. The prizes have been both beautiful and costly, and the zeal which they inspire seems to intimate that the success of progressive euchre seems to be at our national taste in requisition.

But the taste of Lenox is for out-of-door life. This is and of a robust character, but it is pleasing and well chosen. On any bright autumn day the village presents a series of pictures changing with the hour and alike attractive. At mail-time the space in front of the little post-office is as brilliant as a parade, with blood horses and all those many and varied equipages of which fashion approves, while from the hotel, which appropriately preserves a touch of austerity, come forth as the same talent gayly dressed groups from the late breakfast—for Lenox hours are not country hours—and the cheerful hum as of a reception rises in the air. Later, men in tennis flannels, racket in hand, saunter under the elms with young women alike equipped, and here and there on the green lawns are groups at play. The Lenox Club gives an annual tournament, which attracts the professional amateurs, and makes of it a week of festivity, while the Indian organizes a modest competition among themselves. The Ladies' Archery Club meets once a week, and with its targets, archeresses, and lively groups dotting lawn and clustering on balconies, affords the prettiest rally of youth, beauty, and fashion in Lenox.

The "tub parade" is the late touch of distinction that the feminine contingent gives to Lenox. This, as the term implies, is an importation of three years' date from England, and a pretty enough picture to have warranted thirty per cent. duty. The "tub" is the village cart, which exists under every guise in Lenox, and whose ship is for the most part a woman. The parade of this year took place on Wednesday, the 23d. The meet was at Sedgwick Hall at four o'clock, and thither they came, each transformed and often half hidden in flowers, foliage, and ribbons, with horses and drivers alike bedecked. The contests were very pretty. One car wreathed with golden-rod and purple asters, with yellow and purple ribbons floating from the whip. Another was garlanded with cedars and studded with hollyoaks and ribbons of yellow and red. A third was embowered in lycus, white asters, and hydrangeas. Others were enhanced in hydrangeas, and again in maple leaves mingled with flowers. Sheaves of dried grasses fastened with red ribbons adorned another, in which not two ladies in brilliant red costumes. On one the horse bore the burden of adornment, with collar crowned in flowers. On another the wheels were painted in white and scarlet geraniums, flashing as they rolled. The pretty pageant was quickly over, but it was worth bringing together the village and country-side that witnessed it.

Mr. Walter Satterlee's well-known class in oil and water-color painting will open October 9th. For all information, address 36 East 23d st., N. Y City.—[Adv.]

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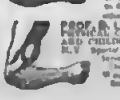

PROF. R. L. DOWD'S SCHOOLS OF SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND CHILDREN, in East 14th St. and 7th Ave., N.Y. Special attention is given to weakness and curvature, plan, in producing a sound, healthy body out of the weak, a form to egg over a [illegible] Sandow, author of "How to Be Strong." Send for circular of schools and testimonials.

**LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS**

BACK-GATE LOVER. "So the old gent has put a padlock on, has he? I'll climb the fence, and show him that Love laughs at locksmiths."

But when he does climb, he finds a smile awaiting him which indefinitely postponed future visits.

**ANGLOMANIA AT A FRONTIER POST**

THE MAJOR (*to young subaltern at his first appearance at drill after a "leave"*) "Mr Blank, may I ask why you use any bridle at all with that horse?"

MR BLANK. "Beg pardon, sir?"

THE MAJOR (*sarcastically*). "Why, by the cut of your horse's tail, sir, I should think he could steer himself!"


## A BRAVE LADY.

Mrs. Schoonmaker, of Creek Locks, N. Y., had the misfortune to lose the sight of one of her eyes through an accident, and endured painful inflammatory action therein for two long years. The other eye finally became sympathetically affected, her health seriously suffering; indeed, she was a mere wreck, a walking skeleton.

**In this Terrible Strait**

she consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who told her at once that the injured eye must be removed. She quietly, but firmly, said: "All right, Doctor, but don't give me any chloroform. Let my husband sit by my side during the operation, and I will neither cry nor stir." The work was done, and the poor woman kept her word.

**TALK OF SOLDIERLY COURAGE.**

This showed greater pluck than it takes to face a hundred guns. To restore her general health and give tone and strength to the system Dr. Kennedy then gave the Favorite Remedy, which cleansed the blood and imparted new life to the long-suffering woman. She rapidly gained health and strength, and is now well.

**Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.**

is a priceless blessing to women. No family should be without it. The laboring man, the merchant, the student, and literary man, should have this medicine. It will build up a system wh[illegible] overwork. It

Cholera
Cramps
Colic

THE IMPROVED
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## FINANCIAL.

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RANDALL recommended a successor should have been satisfactory evidence that the successor would be a political agent of Mr. RANDALL. The President, indeed, cannot know the details in all such cases. He must necessarily trust the representations which are made to him, as in the case of Collector HEDDEN in New York, and he cannot justly be held responsible for sometimes making a bad appointment. His true responsibility begins only when he is made aware of the facts, and the removal or resignation of Mr HEDDEN was the natural result of such knowledge upon the part of the President. Yet Mr. GORMAN, of Maryland, is not a more conspicuous opponent of the principles of the President than Mr RANDALL, and it is impossible that acquiescence in their recommendations should not be fatal to those principles. There is no good reason why the people of Philadelphia should suffer the extreme annoyance and loss of the present situation at the Post-office. The appointment was plainly a mistake. The evidence of it is produced, and the remedy is prompt removal of the Postmaster. There is no kind of personal imputation upon him known to us, and in the case of another he would undoubtedly agree that the public is not bound to wait without complaint while he is learning how to perform his official duties and striving to gratify Mr RANDALL.

In this case the Senate is quite as much at fault as the Executive. When the law prescribes a term for an office, and the Senate has consented to his appointment, it should not consent to his removal within its term except for satisfactory reasons. If the President urges that he has such reasons, the Senate may certainly reply that until it knows them it cannot act upon them. If the President pleads his responsibility, the Senate must plead its constitutional duty. In the discredit of such an appointment as that of MORRIS THOMAS the Senate was an equal sharer with the President, and is agreeing to the removal of officers for whose removal the Senate declared that upon inquiry it knew no adequate reason except difference of political opinion, the Republican majority abandoned the principle of reform in order to taunt the Democratic Executive with its betrayal. As we did not doubt that when the President was satisfied, upon careful inquiry, that he had been deceived in the case of the New York Collector he would promptly apply the remedy, we do not doubt that he will pursue the same course in the case of the Philadelphia Post-office.

## THE EXCISE COMMISSION.

THERE could be no better authority upon the efficiency of the Excise Commission in the city than the Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, whose energy, intelligence, and courage have done much to create and direct a sound public sentiment upon the honest enforcement of the liquor law. Dr CROSBY says:

"They have recognized the fact that they were appointed to restrict and not diffuse the retail traffic in liquor. They are the first board we have ever had that recognized this fundamental principle of all excise law. They have restricted the traffic as far as the law has permitted them. Wherever an application could be rejected on account of the bad repute of the place or the applicant they have rejected it. Wherever they could find a reason for refusal in the number already existing in a locality they have done so. They have not waited for protests from indignant citizens, but have themselves initiated the most careful and searching examinations before granting licenses. Wherever the law has been broken the license has been revoked. This is the utmost that Excise Commissioners can do under the present law."

He adds:

"It is a rare and most agreeable sight to see three gentlemen sitting in the chairs of the Excise Commissioners, men who are in sympathy with truth and righteousness, and who earnestly and humanly seek the good of the community. Let us be aware of our blessings when we have them. It is very easy for a thoughtless citizen, seeing the abominations in the city wrought by rum, to blame the Excise Commissioners. The fault is in our law. No Excise Commissioners could do better under the law than our present three are doing. They deserve the regard and encouragement of all good citizens."

## FOREIGN-BORN AMERICA.

THERE is so much said in England of the greater Ireland beyond the sea, meaning America, and as New York has the largest Irish population of any city, and as Cleveland is in population the second of Bohemian cities, it is worth while to see from the census what are the facts in regard to the foreign-born population in this country. From a convenient summary, compiled from authentic sources, recently published in the *Voice*, it appears that 37½ per cent. of our increase in population from 1880 to 1885 was the result of immigration, and in 1885 the proportion of the foreign-born to the total population was 16.72 per cent. In 1850 it was 9.63 per cent. In the thirty years from 1850 to 1880 the proportion of the foreign-born to total population increased in thirty States, the largest increase in the proportion being in Utah, 12.95 per cent., and the smallest in Maryland, .07 per cent. The proportion decreased in seventeen States; the largest decrease in Idaho, 21.99 per cent., and the smallest, .03 per cent., in Georgia.

In 1885 there were eighteen States which had more than 20 per cent. each of foreign population, and fourteen of these were Western States, with Nevada at the head with 44.55 per cent., and the remaining four States were Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New York, in which States the city population is large in proportion to the whole. In 1880, of twenty cities having each more than 100,000 population, San Francisco was at the head with 44.55 per cent. of foreign-born people. Chicago followed with 40.71 per cent., Milwaukee with 39.86 per cent., New York with 39.68 per cent., and Detroit with 39.23 per cent. The Southern cities show the smallest proportion. Baltimore had but 16.99 per cent., and New Orleans but 13.04. From 1850 to 1880, while the total population of the United States increased 148 per cent., the foreign-born population has increased 331 per cent., and the chief increase is in Northern and Western States. More than 20 per cent. of the foreign-born population is found in the twenty principal cities. Five of these cities have about 40 per cent. of such population, and seven others 30 per cent. The total of this population in the country is about 10,000,000, and while the whole population has increased in the last five years about 8,000,000, the foreign immigration has been about 2,000,000.

The total Irish immigration from 1820 to the close of 1883 was a little more than 3,300,000. The larger part came between 1848 and 1870, and about 600,000 between 1870 and 1884. It is a striking fact that while Chicago and Milwaukee, which are second and third upon the list of cities with the largest foreign-born population, were the seats of the late anarchical disturbances, it was the Irish element of the police which was one of the most heroic and effective forces in suppressing the outbreak. The letter which we published a fortnight ago from an Irish American in Chicago is another illustration of the ameliorating effect of long residence in the country. It is the newly arrived and un-Americanized immigrants who are the disorderly element. Anarchy here is fostered in meetings which are animated by a foreign spirit and addressed in a foreign tongue. On the other hand, the greater Ireland beyond the sea is but a small part of the greater transatlantic English-speaking nation whose greatness has been developed from English traditions. It is an Americanized Ireland, which patriotically sympathizes with its brethren in the old country, but which contemplates an un-American policy.

## THE COURT OF APPEALS.

IT is to be regretted that the choice of a judge of the highest court in the State of New York should not be made without opposition. The excellent practice of uniting upon judicial nominations has prevailed in New York to a considerable extent. It should have been continued in the election now pending, and it might have been if the Democratic State Committee had promptly and heartily united upon a single unexceptionable name. Such a union was prevented by factious discussions in the Committee itself. It was generally admitted that if but one candidate was to be presented to the voters he should be a Democrat, inasmuch as he was to succeed a Democrat, and as the political balance of the court would thus be maintained. But it is asking too much of a party to require that it should recognize the pre-eminent fitness of a candidate upon the question of whose fitness his own party does not spontaneously agree.

While the competition of two candidates for such a place is unfortunate, it is fortunate that two candidates have been chosen from neither of whom the bench of our highest court can suffer injury or discredit. In character and in judicial service both Judge DANIELS and Judge PECKHAM are worthy to rank with the judges now upon the bench, themselves for the most part fit successors of the eminent jurists who have adorned it in the past. In experience Judge DANIELS has the advantage. With Republican voters he will have the further advantage of the natural disposition of men to choose the candidate of the party which, upon the whole, they prefer, even for a judicial office, when there is nothing, or little, to choose between him and his competitor in merit and fitness.

## THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

As we may show here, the best augury of relief for the Philadelphia Post-office is the situation at the New York Custom-house. Since the movement for civil service reform began there have been Six Collectors—MOORE, ARTHUR, MERRITT, ROBERTSON, HEDDEN, and MAGONE. The first three were Republicans, and they had no honorable regard for the laws and for the instructions of their superior officers. Within their limits they confounded to the requirements of reform, but possibly they did not believe in the divorce of the Custom-house and politics, nor in the separation of subordinate public employment from the party machine.

Mr. HEDDEN's appointment was a compromise and a mistake. But when the President perceived it—and his course throughout was perfectly just and considerate toward the Collector—he made a change which was a signal proof of his fidelity to his convictions. It is remarkable that in adhering to the convictions which he announced before his nomination by a Democratic Convention—the convictions to which he owed his nomination and election—he is assailed by Democrats as false to his party. The fact is that the President's policy in regard to appointments and removals is in strict accordance with the Democratic platform of 1876—a platform which of course no more proves the Democratic party to be a party of reform than similar Republican platform declarations make the Republican a reform party. But the President may justly claim—and Democratic politicians are stupid to deny it—that in reappointing Mr. PEARSON as Postmaster of New York he merely enforced the Democratic declaration at St. Louis in 1876, that such offices are "posts of honor assigned for proved competency, and held for fidelity in the public employ."

It is an undeniable truth that the first thorough civil service reformer at the head of the chief Custom-house of the country, which collects two-thirds of the foreign revenue, and which has been for half a century the great partisan political head-quarters in the country, is a Democrat, appointed by a Democratic President, and cordially sustained by a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. This is the present situation. The "bosses" and the "boys" and the "hails" no longer quarter their men in the Customs service. The strongest argument for the Democratic party and the plainest proofs of the President's good faith and purpose are the New York Custom-house and Post-office. If the Philadelphia Post-office and Custom-house are not yet managed upon the same principles, the situation in New York is the forecast of relief.

## PERSONAL.

A NEW YORKER who supports a young relative at Harvard College declares that the expenses of a course of study in that institution are very much what the student chooses to make them, and that it is a mistake to suppose that they are necessarily higher there at other colleges.

—Mr. A. M. PALMER's intention of giving outre performances in the afternoons at the Madison Square Theatre provides for the presentation of many new American plays which otherwise would never see the light. Those of them that bear the test will have further opportunities of pleasing the public and profiting the authors.

—Mr. PORTER PALMER, of Chicago, having learned that a firm of decorators had lost money in carrying out a contract to finish one of the rooms in his new house on Lake Michigan, forwarded his check for $1000 to the firm without solicitation on their part. He explained to a friend that had he not done so he would feel that he was defrauding the firm.

—In his first political speech General GRANT confessed himself unaccustomed to public speaking and "without the desire to cultivate that power"; but practice soon made him an adept.

—A successful lawyer one asked to run for Congress, but declined, on the ground that if elected he would nevertheless feel superior to trying a case of horse-stealing, and that he could not do nothing that would make him feel too big for his profession.

—The Rev. HERMAN VANDENWERT, pastor of the Dutch Church in Hackensack, New Jersey, recently preached a sermon commemorative of the two-hundredth anniversary of the erection of the edifice. The auditorium was decorated with the flags of Holland and the United States.

—"As to anybody taking the *America's* cup," says ex-Commodore James D. Salter, "I have got to thinking that the spirit pervading American yachtsmen is such as to render them about invincible against all comers."

—The proprietor of a celebrated restaurant out West is described by a local journal as being, in appearance and dress, a combination of an English lord, a United States Senator, an American poet, and a French painter.

—A profitable attraction of several State and county industrial exhibitions this season has been the public marriage of a young couple within the walls of the building. Governor HILL recently signed the marriage certificate in such an occasion, and the Hon. R. P. FLOWER saluted the bride and presented the groom with three ten dollar bills on another occasion. The managers of some of the exhibitions, together with the principal exhibitors, have given the happy pairs a series of valuable wedding presents. It is expected that next year the custom will be general.

—Dr. N. S. DAVIS, the Nestor of Chicago physicians, had a reception which was attended by more than one hundred of his professional associates on his return from Europe recently. Dr. DAVIS is a noted worker in temperance circles, and has for nearly half a century been prominent in the councils of the Methodist Church.

—Managers insist that it is a mistake for a theatrical star to play in combination with another star. It sometimes the public is too much of a good thing, and when either star plays afterward alone, his audience is inquisitive because the support is inferior to what it once was. Those who have seen SALVINI and BOOTH play together in *Othello* still, they say, experience a sense of disappointment in seeing either of these great actors in that drama unaccompanied by the other.

—The costly residence of Mr. JAMES C. FLOOD, of San Francisco, is nearly ready for occupancy. It has been building for over two years. The house is of Connecticut brown stone. The cost of the building and decorations is estimated at $2,000,000.

—Mayor HARRISON, of Chicago, is a Kentuckian, and dresses in the blue-grass region fashion. He wears a slouch hat on all outdoor occasions.

—The Rev "SAM" JOHN has written to friends in San Francisco that he proposes soon to go not to the Pacific coast and arouse the unrepentant.

—General VAN BUREN, ex-United States Consul-General to Japan, has written a letter to Secretary BAYARD protesting against the trial and conviction in Yokohama of Captain FULLERT, a German subject upon a boat schooner the defaulting Paymaster WAUGAN of our navy on captured. VAN BUREN declares that the United States Consular Court in Japan had no jurisdiction over the case, and that the conviction was also illegal in that there was no proof that FULLERT knew WAUGAN was a deserter. The case has excited much interest in Japan, and it will no doubt be reopened.

—Dupont H. OLMSTEAD and General FRANCIS A. WALKER are perfecting plans for the college buildings which Senator STANFORD, of California, proposes to erect at his Palo Alto ranch in the heart of the Santa Clara Valley. It is thought that work will be begun in a few weeks on what promises to be one of the largest industrial colleges in the country.

—There is an attractive field for the ethnologist and the paleontologist in the islands which fringe the coast of southern California. All around is remains of little-known animals and birds and in relics of the early Indian dwellers on the Pacific coast. One of the richest in these remains is San Nicolas, which is uninhabited, and is visited only at rare intervals. It is celebrated in tradition as the home of an Indian woman who spent eighteen years there in solitude. She was finally discovered by a Santa Barbara fisherman, who carried her to his home. She had gone on a fishing expedition with her tribe, and having accidentally left her infant on the island, had returned to get it, and had been abandoned. In her long Crusoe life she forgot her native tongue, and became as wild as the animals she captured for food. Civilization proved fatal to her, as she died two months after her rescue.

—Mr. ARCHIE FISHER, of Chicago, who purchased the famous schooner yacht *Idler* in New York three years ago, has not had her in commission this year. Pleasure-sailing on Lake Michigan has so little to recommend it that even enthusiastic yachtsmen have given up the sport. The *Idler* is the only first-class schooner yacht that has ever been owned in Chicago.

—Miss KATE CLAXTON denies that after the Brooklyn Theatre fire, where she nearly lost her life, she encountered fires in several other theatres. Her only additional experience at fires was when the St. Louis Hotel burned down; but if a stove-pipe in a theatre where she was acting got hot, or a lighted match fell on the floor, the newspapers were sure to make a sensational paragraph about it. She has never relished the notoriety that the Brooklyn Theatre fire gave her, although it was the means of putting thousands of dollars into her pockets. For some years she has been managing a dramatic company of her own, and she predicts that a fortune awaits the man who will invent some new method of theatrical advertising to take the place of the huge bill boards and shop-window cartoons, which of late have become most extravagantly expensive.

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OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

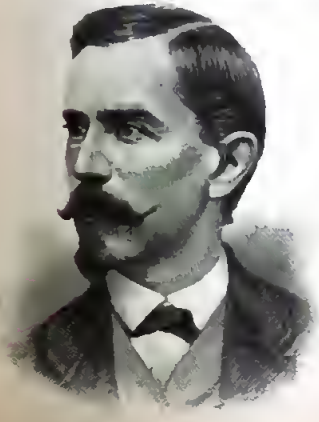
JUDGE CHARLES DANIELS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS.
(See Page 647.)

## THE FOUNDER OF THE BOSTON "POST."

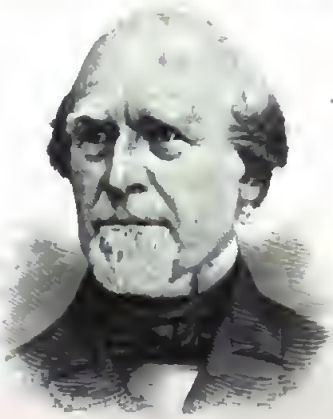
CHARLES GORDON GREENE, who died in Boston, September 27, came of good New Hampshire stock, having been born in Boscawen, July 1, 1804, his father, NATHANIEL GREENE, being a lawyer, an uncle having been at one time Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and his elder brother, NATHANIEL, having early taken up journalism as a business, for it had scarcely then become a profession. His father died when he was about eight years old, but he was sent to school at Bradford Academy. When he was thirteen his brother took him from school and set him to learn the printer's trade in the office of his own paper, the Essex *Patriot*. In 1821 NATHANIEL, at the suggestion of some leading Democrats, came to Boston, and began to publish the weekly *Statesman*, calling to him CHARLES as an assistant in the publication. In 1827 the younger brother went to Philadelphia, and with JAMES A. JONES brought out the *National Palladium*, which was the first daily newspaper in Pennsylvania to advocate the Presidency of ANDREW JACKSON. In 1828 he had won an important place on the then leader of the Democratic press, the *United States Telegraph*, of Washington. But Boston was his home and the centre of his interests after all, and he soon returned there, to found the *Post*, the first number of which appeared on November 9, 1831. The *Post* represented truly the character, principles, and views of its founder from that time until he sold it in 1875. President PIERCE made Mr. GREENE Naval Officer of Boston, and BUCHANAN reappointed him. In all these years the paper had been growing; its staff was large, its talent well maintained, and it was read everywhere—by the Democrats for its politics, and by men of other parties for its spicy "All Sorts," which Colonel GREENE devised, thus setting an example which the myriad paragraphers of to-day follow. In politics Colonel GREENE was honest, courteous, fair, and high-minded. Satire and jest were accepted weapons as well as logic and exhortation; but scurrility, meanness, and brutality were never tolerated, and though his opinions might be unacceptable, his tone and temper were welcome. When the rebellion broke out he resigned his place in the Custom-house, and threw all the weight of his personal and professional influence on the side of the Union.

JUDGE RUFUS W. PECKHAM, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[See Page 647.]

DOLLY EXPLORES THE SILVER CASKET.—(See Serial "Sue: A Romance of Adventure," Page 660.)



JOHN ESTEN COOKE.—(See Page 661.)



CHARLES GORDON GREENE.

JUSTIN McCARTHY.—(See Page 661.)

# SHE:*

## A History of Adventure

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

### II

THE THREE ROLL IN

Of course poor Vincey's sudden death created a great stir in the College, but as he was known to be very ill, and a satisfactory doctor's certificate was forth-coming, there was no inquest. They were not so particular about inquests in those days as they are now; indeed, they were generally disliked, as causing a scandal. Under all these circumstances, as I was asked no questions, I did not feel called upon to volunteer any information about our interview of the night of Vincey's decease, beyond saying that he had come into my rooms to see me, as he often did. On the day of the funeral a lawyer came down from London and followed my poor friend's remains to the grave, and then went back with his papers and effects, excepting, of course, the iron chest which had been left in my keeping. But a week after this I heard no more of the matter, and, indeed, my attention was amply occupied in other ways, for I was up for my Fellowship, a fact that had prevented me from attending the funeral, or seeing the lawyer. At last, however, the examination was over, and I came back to my rooms and sank into an easy-chair with a happy consciousness that I had got through it very fairly. Soon, however, my thoughts, relieved of the pressure that had crushed them into a single groove during the last few days, turned to the events of the night of poor Vincey's death, and again I asked myself what it all meant, and wondered if I should hear anything more of the matter, and, if I did not, what it would be my duty to do with the curious iron chest. I sat there, and thought and thought till I began to grow quite disturbed over the whole occurrence: the mysterious midnight visit, the prophecy of death so shortly to be fulfilled, the solemn oath that I had taken, and which he had called on me to answer for in another world to this. Had the man committed suicide? It looked like it. And what was the quest of which he spoke? The circumstances were almost uncanny, so much to that, though I am by an means nervous, or apt to be alarmed at anything that may seem to cross the bounds of the natural, I grew afraid, and began to wish I had had nothing to do with it. How much more do I wish it now, over twenty years afterward!

As I sat and thought, there was a knock at the door, and a letter in a big blue envelop was brought in to me. I saw at a glance that it was a lawyer's letter, and an instinct told me that it was connected with my trust. The letter, which I still have, runs thus:

"SIR,—Our client, the late M. L. Vincey, Esq., who died on the 9th instant, at —— College, Cambridge, has left behind him a will, of which you will please find copy enclosed, and of which we are the executors. By this will you will perceive that you take a life-interest in about half of the late Mr. Vincey's property, now invested in Consols, subject to your acceptance of the guardianship of his only son, Leo Vincey, at present an infant, aged five. Had we not ourselves drawn up the document in question in obedience to Mr. Vincey's clear and precise instructions, both personal and written, and had he not then assured us that he had very good reasons for what he was doing, we are bound to tell you that its provisions seem to us of so unusual a nature that we should have felt bound to call the attention of the Court of Chancery to them, in order that such steps might be taken as seemed desirable to it, either by contesting the capacity of the testator or otherwise, to safeguard the interests of the infant. As it is, knowing that the testator was a gentleman of the highest intelligence and acumen, and that he has absolutely no relatives living to whom he could have confided the guardianship of the child, we do not feel justified in taking this course.

"Awaiting such instructions as you please to send us as regards the delivery of the infant and the payment of the proportion of the dividends due to you, we remain, sir, faithfully yours,

"GEOFFREY & JORDAN."

As this letter added nothing material to my knowledge, and certainly raised no further objection to my mind to undertaking the task I had promised my dead friend to undertake, there was only one course open to me, namely, to write to Messrs. Geoffrey & Jordan, and express my readiness to enter on the trust, stating that I should be willing to undertake the charge of the lad in ten days' time. This done, I proceeded to the authorities of my College, and having told them as much of the story as I considered desirable, which was not very much, after considerable difficulty succeeded in persuading them to stretch a point, and, in the event of my having obtained a Fellowship, which I was pretty certain I had done, allow me to have the child to live with me. Their consent, however, was only granted on the condition that I vacated my rooms in College, and took lodgings. This I did, and with some difficulty succeeded in obtaining very good apartments quite close to the College gates. The next thing was to find a nurse. And on this point I came to a determination. I would have no woman to lord it over me about the child, and steal his affections from me. The boy was old enough to do without female assistance, so I set to work to hunt up a suitable male attendant. With some difficulty I succeeded in having a most respectable sound-faced young man, who had been a helper in a hunting-stable, but who said that he was one of a family of seventeen and well accustomed to the ways of children, and professed himself quite willing to undertake the charge of Master Leo when he arrived. Then, having taken the iron box to town, and with my own hands deposited it at my banker's, I bought some books upon the health and management of children, and read them, first to myself, and then aloud to Job—that was the young man's name—and waited.

In a very little while (for, as I expected, I got my Fellowship) the boy became the favorite of the whole College—where all orders and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, he was continually in and out—a sort of chartered libertine, in whose favor all rules were relaxed. The offerings made at his shrine were simply without number, and I had a serious difference of opinion with one old resident Fellow, one long dead, who was usually supposed to be the crustiest man in the University, and to abhor the sight of a child. And yet I discovered, when a few quantity recurring fit of sickness had forced Job to keep a strict lookout, that this unprincipled old man was in the habit of enticing the boy to his rooms and there feeding him upon unlimited quantities of brandy-balls, and making him promise to say nothing about it. Job told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, "at his age, too, when he might have been a grandfather if he had done what was right," by which Job understood had got married, and thence arose the row.

The child grew into the boy, and the boy into the young man, as one by one the remorseless years flew by, and as he grew and increased, so did his beauty and the beauty of his mind grow with him. When he was about fifteen they used to call him Beauty about the College, and nor they nicknamed the Beast. Beauty and the Beast was what they called us when we went out walking together, as we used to every day. Once Leo attacked a great strapping butcher's-man, twice his size, because he sang it out after us, and thrashed him too—thrashed him fairly. I walked on and pretended not to see, till the urchin got too exasting, when I turned round and cheered him on to victory. It was the chaff of the College at the time, but I could not help it. Then when he was a little older the undergraduates got fresh names for us. They called me Charon, and Leo the Greek god. I will pass over my own appellation with the humble remark that I am never handsome, and did not grow more so as I grew older. As for him, there was no doubt about its fitness, Leo at twenty one might have stood for a statue of Apollo. I never saw anybody to touch him in looks, or anybody so absolutely unconscious of them. As for his mind, he was brilliant and hard-witted, but not a scholar. He had not the dullness necessary for that result. We followed out his father's instructions as regards his education strictly enough, and on the whole the results, especially so far as the Greek and Arabic went, were satisfactory. I learnt the latter language in order to help to teach it to him, but after five years of it he knew as much as I did—almost as well as the professor who instructed us both. I always was a great sportsman—it is my one passion—and every autumn we went away somewhere shooting or fishing, sometimes to Scotland, sometimes to Norway, once even to Russia. I am a good shot, but even in this he learnt to excel me. When Leo was eighteen I moved back into my rooms, and entered him at my own College, and at twenty one he took his degree—a respectable degree, but not a very high one. Then it was that I, for the first time, told him something of his own story, and of the mystery that loomed ahead. Of course he was very curious about it, and of course I explained to him that his curiosity could not be gratified at present. After that, to pass the time away, I suggested that he should get himself called to the bar; and this he did, reading at Cambridge, and only going up to London to eat his dinners.

And so the time went by, till at last he reached his twenty-fifth birthday, at which date this strange, and in some ways awful, history really begins.

### III.

THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS.

On the day preceding Leo's twenty fifth birthday we both proceeded to London, and extracted the mysterious chest from the bank where I had deposited it twenty years before. It was, I remember, brought up by the same clerk who had taken it down. He perfectly remembered having hidden it away. Had he not done so, he said, he should have had difficulty in finding it, it was so covered up with cobwebs.

In the evening we returned with our precious burden to Cambridge, and I think that we might both of us have given away all the sheep we got that night and not have been much the poorer. At daybreak Leo arrived in my room in a dressing-gown, and suggested that we should at once proceed to business. I secured the door as showing an unworthy curiosity. The chest had rested twenty years, I said, it could very well continue to wait until after breakfast. Accordingly at nine—an unusually sharp nine—we breakfasted, and an occupied one I with my own thoughts that I regret to state that I put a piece of bacon into Leo's tea in mistake for a lump of sugar. Job, too, to whom the contagion of excitement had of course spread, managed to break the handle off my Sevres china teacup, the identical one, I believe, that Marat had been drinking from just before he was stabbed in his bath.

At last, however, breakfast was cleared away, and Job, at my request, fetched the chest, and placed it upon the table in a somewhat gingerly fashion, or though he mistrusted it. Then he prepared to leave the room.

"Stop a moment, Job," I said, "if Mr. Leo has no objection, I should prefer to have an independent witness to this business, who can be relied upon to hold his tongue unless he is asked to speak."

"Certainly, Uncle Horace," answered Leo, for I had brought him up to call me uncle, though he varied the appellation sometimes disrespectfully by calling me "old fellow," or even "my venerable relative."

Job touched his head, not having a hat on.

"Lock the door, Job," I said, "and bring me my despatch box."

He obeyed, and from the box I took the keys that poor Vincey, Leo's father, had given me on the night of his death. There were three of them—the largest a comparatively modern key, the second an exceedingly ancient one, and the third entirely unlike anything of the sort that we had ever seen before, being fashioned apparently from a strip of solid silver, with a bar placed across to serve as a handle, and some nicks cut in the edge of the bar. It was more like a medal of some antediluvian railway key than any thing else.

"Now, are you both ready?" I said, as people do when they are going to fire a mine. There was an answer, so I took the big key, rubbed some salad-oil into the wards, and after one or two bad shots, for my hands were shaking, managed to fit it, and shoot the lock. Leo bent over and caught the massive lid in both his hands, and, with an effort, for the hinges had rusted, heaved it back. Its removal revealed another case covered with dust. This we extracted from the iron chest without any difficulty, and removed the accumulated filth of years from it with a clothes-brush.

It was, so appeared to be, of ebony, or some such close-grained black wood, and was bound in every direction with flat bands of iron. Its antiquity must have been extreme, for the dense, heavy wood was actually in parts commencing to crumble away from age.

"Now for it," I said, inserting the second key.

Job and Leo bent forward in breathless silence. The key turned, and I flung back the lid, and uttered an exclamation, as did the others, and no wonder, for inside the ebony case was a magnificent silver casket, about twelve inches square by eight high. It appeared to be of Egyptian work manship, for the four legs were formed of sphinxes, and the dome-shaped cover was also surmounted by a sphinx. The casket was of course manifestly tarnished and dinted with age, but otherwise in almost perfect condition.

I drew it out and set it on the table, and then, in the midst of the most perfect silence, I inserted the strange-looking silver key, and pressed this way and that, until at last the lock yielded and the casket stood open before us. It was filled to the brim with some brown shredded material, more like vegetable fibre than paper, the nature of which I have never been able to discover. This I carefully removed to the depth of some three inches, when I came to a letter enclosed in an ordinary modern-looking envelop, and addressed in the handwriting of my dead friend Vincey:

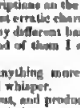
"*To my son Leo, should he live to open this casket.*"

I handed the letter to Leo, who glanced at the envelop and then put it down upon the table, making a motion to me to go on emptying the casket.

The next thing that I came to was a parchment carefully rolled up. I unrolled it, and seeing that it was also in Vincey's handwriting and headed "Translation of the Uncial Greek Writing on the Potsherd," put it down by the letter. Then followed another ancient roll of parchment, that had become yellow and crinkled with the passage of years. This I also unrolled. It was likewise a translation of the same Greek original, but in black-letter Latin this time, and appeared to me from the style and character to date from the end of the fifteenth, or perhaps the middle of the sixteenth, century. Immediately beneath this roll was something hard and heavy, wrapped up in yellow linen, and repeating upon another layer of the fibrous material. Slowly and carefully we unrolled the linen, expecting to view a very large but undoubtedly ancient potsherd of a dirty yellow color! This potsherd had in my judgment once been a part of an ordinary amphora of medium size. For the rest, it measured eleven inches in length by ten in width, was about a quarter of an inch thick, and densely covered on the convex side, that lay toward the bottom of the box, with writing in the later Uncial Greek character, faded here and there, but for the most part perfectly legible, the inscription having evidently been executed with the greatest care, and by means of a reed pen, such as the ancients often used. I must not forget to mention that in some remote age this wonderful fragment had been broken in two, and repaired by means of cement and eight long rivets. Also there were numerous inscriptions on the inner side, but these were of the most erratic character, and had clearly been made by different hands and in many different ages, and of them I shall have to speak presently.

"Is there anything more?" asked Leo, in a kind of excited whisper.

I groped about, and produced something hard, done up in a little linen bag. Out of the bag we took, first, a very beautiful miniature done upon ivory, and secondly, a small chocolate colored composition scarabeus, marked thus:



symbols which, we have since ascertained, mean "Satem ra Ra," which is, being translated, the "Royal Son of Ra, or the Sun." The miniature was a picture of Leo's Greek mother—a lovely, dark-eyed creature. On the back of it was writ ten, in poor Vincey's handwriting, "My beloved wife, died May, 1866."

"That is all," I said.

"Very well," answered Leo, putting down the miniature, at which he had been gazing affectionately; "and now let us read the letter," and without further ado he broke the seal, and read aloud as follows:

"MY SON LEO,—When you open this, if you ever live to do so, you will have attained to manhood, and I shall have been long enough dead to be absolutely forgotten by nearly all who knew me. Yet in reading it remember that I have been, and for anything you know may still be, and that in it, through the link of pen and paper, I stretch out my hand to you across the gulf of death, and my voice speaks to you from the unutterable silence of the grave. Though I am dead, and an memory of me remains in your mind, yet am I with you in this hour that you read. Since your birth to this day I have scarcely seen your face. Forgive me this. Your life supplanted the life of one whom I loved better than woman are often loved, and the bitterness of it endureth yet. Had I lived I should in time have conquered this foolish feeling, but I was not destined to live. My sufferings, physical and mental, are more than I can bear, and when such small arrangements as I have to make for your future will being are completed it is my intention to put a period to them. May God forgive me if I do wrong! At the best I could not live more than another year."

"So he killed himself!" I exclaimed. "I thought so."

"And now," Leo went on, without replying, "enough of myself. What has to be said belongs to you, who live, not to me, who am dead, and almost as much forgotten as though I had never been. Holly, my friend (to whom, if he will accept the trust, it is my intention to confide you), will have told you something of the extraordinary antiquity of your race. In the contents of the casket you will find sufficient to prove it. The strange legend that you will find inscribed by your remote ancestress upon the potsherd was communicated to me by my father on his death-bed, and took a strong hold upon my imagination. When I was only nineteen years of age I determined—as, to his misfortune, did one of our ancestors about the time of Elizabeth—to investigate its truth. Into all that befell me I cannot enter now. But this I am with my own eyes. On the coast of Africa, in a hitherto unexplored region, some distance to the north of where the Zambesi falls into the sea, there is a headland, in the extremity of which a peak towers up, shaped like the head of a negro, similar to that of which the writing speaks. I landed there, and learnt from a wandering native, who had been cast out by his people because of some crime which he had committed, that far inland are great mountains, shaped like cups, and caves surrounded by measureless swamps. I learnt also that the people there speak a dialect of Arabic, and are ruled over by a *beautiful white woman*, who is seldom seen by them, but who is reported to have power over all things living and dead. Ten days after I had ascertained this the man died of fever contracted in crossing the swamps, and I was forced by want of provisions and by symptoms of the illness which afterward prostrated me to take to my illow again.

"Of the adventures that befall me after this I need not now speak. I was wrecked upon the coast of Madagascar, and rescued some months afterward by an English ship that brought me to Aden, whence I started for England, intending to prosecute my search as soon as I had made sufficient preparations. On my way I stopped in Greece, and there, for 'omnia vincit amor,' I met your beloved mother, and married her, and there you were born and she died. Then it was that my last illness seized me, and I returned hither to die. But still I hoped against hope, and set myself to work to learn Arabic, with the intention, should I ever get better, of returning to the coast of Africa, and solving the mystery of which the tradition has lived so many centuries in our family. But I have not got better, and, so far as I am concerned, the story is at an end.

"For you, however, my son, it is not at an end, and to you I hand on these the results of my labor, together with the hereditary proofs of its origin. It is my intention to provide that they shall not be put into your hands until you have reached an age when you will be able to judge for yourself whether or no you will choose to investigate what, if it is true, must be the greatest mystery in the world, or to put it by as an idle fable, originating in the first place in a woman's disordered brain.

"I do not believe that it is a fable; I believe that, if it can only be rediscovered, there is a spot where the vital forces of the world visibly exist. Life exists, why, therefore, should not the means of preserving it indefinitely exist also? But I have no wish to prejudice your mind about the matter. Read and judge for yourself. If you are inclined to undertake the search, I have no provided that you will not lack for means. If, on the other hand, you are satisfied that the whole thing is a chimera, then I adjure you destroy the potsherd and the writings, and let a cause of troubling be removed from our race forever. Perhaps that will be sinless. The unknown is generally taken to be terrible, not, as the proverb would infer, lest the inherent superstition of man, but because it is often is terrible. He who would tamper with the vast and secret forces that animate the world may well fall a victim to them. And if the end were attained, if at last you emerged from the trial ever beautiful and ever young, defying time and evil, and lifted above the natural decay of flesh and intellect, we shall say that the awesome change would prove a happy one? Choose, my son, and may the Power who rules all things, and who says 'Thus far shalt thou go, and

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1554.

then much shalt thou learn,' direct the choice to your own happiness and the happiness of the world, which, in the event of your success, you would one day certainly rule by the pure force of accumulated experience. Farewell!'"

Thus the letter, which was unsigned and undated, abruptly ended.

"What do you make of that, Uncle Billy?" said Leo, with a sort of gasp, as he replaced it on the table. "We have been looking for a mystery, and we certainly seem to have found one."

"What do I make of it? Why, that your poor dear father was off his head, of course," I answered, testily. "I guessed as much that night, twenty years ago, when he came into my room. You see, he evidently carried his own end, poor man. It is absolute balderdash."

"That's it, sir," said Job, solemnly. Job was a most matter-of-fact specimen of a matter-of-fact virtue.

"Well, let's see what the potsherd has to say, at any rate," said Leo, taking up the translation in his father's writing, and commencing to read:

"I, Amenartas, of the Royal House of Hakor, a Pharaoh of Egypt, wife of Kallikrates (the Strong and Beautiful, or the Beautiful in Strength), a Priest of Isis, whom the gods cherish and the demons obey, being about to die, to my little son Tsisthenes (the Mighty Avenger). I fled with thy father from Egypt in the days of Nukhi-nebl,* causing him through love to break the vows that he had vowed. We fled southward, across the waters, and we wandered for twice twelve moons on the coast of Libya (Africa) that looks toward the rising sun, where by a river is a great rock carven like the head of an Ethiopian. Four days on the water from the mouth of a mighty river were we cast away, and some were drowned and some died of sickness. But we wild men took through waves and marshes, where the sun fell did the sky, bearing us ten days' journey, till we came to a hollow mountain, where a great city had been and fallen, and where there are caves of which no man hath seen the end; and they brought us to the Queen of the people who place pots upon the heads of strangers, who is a magician having a knowledge of all things, and life and loveliness that does not die. And she cast eyes of love upon thy father, Kallikrates, and would have slain me, and taken him to husband, but he loved me and feared her, and would not. Then did she take us, and lead us by terrible ways, by means of dark magic, to where the great pit is, in the mouth of which the old philosopher lay dead, and shouted to us the rolling Pillar of Life that dies not, whereof the voice is as the echoes of thunder, and did stand in the flames, and come forth unharmed, and yet more beautiful. Then did she sweet to make thy father undying, even as she is, if he would but slay me and give himself to her, for me she could not slay because of the magic of my own people that I have, and that prevailed then far against her. And he held his hand before his eyes to hide her beauty, and would not. Then in her rage did she smite him by her magic, and he died, but she wept over him, and here him thence with lamentation, and being afraid, me she sent to the mouth of the great river where the ships come, and I was carried far away on the ships, where I gave thee birth, and hither to Athens I came at last after many wanderings. Now I say to thee, my son, Tisisthenes, seek out the women, and learn the secret of life, and if thou mayst find a way slay her, because of thy father Kallikrates; and if thou dost fear or fail, this I say to all of thy seed who come after thee, till at last a brave man be found among thee who shall bathe in the fire and sit in the place of the Pharaohs. I speak of those things that, though they be past belief, yet I have known, and I lie not."

"May the Lord forgive her for that!" groaned Job, who had been listening to this marvellous composition with his mouth open.

As for myself, I said nothing, my first idea being that my poor friend, being demented, had composed the whole thing, though it scarcely seemed likely that such a story could have been invented by anybody. It was too original. To solve my doubts I took up the potsherd and commenced to read the close uncial Greek writing on it, and beautiful Greek it is to have been written by an Egyptian born. The translation was, as I discovered on further investigation, both accurate and elegant.

Besides the uncial writing on the convex side of the sherd, at the top, painted in dull red, on what had once been the lip of the amphora, was the cartouche already mentioned as being on the *scarabæus*, which we had also found in the casket. The hieroglyphics, or symbols, however, were reversed, just as though they had been pressed on wax. Whether this was the cartouche of the original Kallikrates, or of some Prince or Pharaoh from whom his wife Amenartas was descended, I am not sure, nor can I tell if it was drawn upon the sherd at the same time that the uncial Greek was inscribed, or copied at more recently from the scarab by some other member of the family. Nor was this all. At the foot of the writing, painted in the same dull red, was the outline of a somewhat rude drawing of a sphinx wearing two feathers, symbols of majesty, which, though common enough upon the effigies of sacred bulls and gods, I have never before met with on a sphinx.

On the right-hand side of this surface of the sherd, painted obliquely in bright red on the space not covered by the uncial, and signed in blue paint, was the following quaint inscription:

IN EARTH AND SKIE AND SEA
STRANGE THYNGES THYSSEN THEE DO.
HIC FECIT
DOROTHEA VINCEY.

* Nectanebo or Nectanebo II., the last native Pharaoh of Egypt, fled from Ochus to Ethiopia B.C. 361.—Editor.

Perfectly bewildered, I turned the relic over. It was covered from top to bottom with notes and signatures in Greek, Latin, and English. The first in uncial Greek was by Tisisthenes, the son to whom the writing was addressed. It was: "I cannot go. To thee, my son Kallikrates."

This Kallikrates (probably, in the Greek fashion, so named after his grandfather) evidently made some attempt to start on the quest, for his entry, written in very faint and almost illegible uncial, is: "I started to seek, but the gods were against me. To thee, my son."

Between these two ancient writings, the second of which was inscribed upside down—that, had it not been for the transcript of them executed by Vincey, I should not have been able to read, since, owing to their having been written on that portion of the tile which had, in the course of ages, undergone the most handling, they were nearly worn out—was the bold, modern-looking signature of one Lionel Vincey, "*Ætate* ano 17," which was written thereon, I think, by Leo's grandfather. To the right of this were the initials "J. B. V.," and below came a variety of Greek signatures, in uncial and cursive character, and what appeared to be some repetitions of the sentence "to thee my son," showing that the relic has been passed on from generation to generation.

The next legible thing after the Greek signatures was the word "ROMÆ, A.U.C.," showing that the family had now migrated to Rome. Unfortunately, however, the date of their settlement there is forever lost, for just where it had been placed a piece of the potsherd is broken away.

Then followed a dozen or more of Latin signatures, jotted about here and there, wherever there was a space upon the tile outside to their inscription. These signatures were, almost without exception, ended with the name "Vindex," or "the Avenger," which seems to have been adopted by the family after its migration to Rome as a kind of equivalent to the Greek "Tisisthenes," which also means an avenger. Ultimately, of course, this Latin cognomen of Vindex was transformed, first into De Vincey and then into the plain modern Vincey. It is very curious to observe how the idea of revenge, inspired by an Egyptian before the time of Christ, is thus, as it were, embalmed in an English family name.

A few of the Roman names inscribed upon the shard I have actually since found mentioned in history and other records. They were, if I remember right,

SYMPHYX VINDEX
SEX. CARYIS MARVELLUS.
C. PUTIDIUS C. S. CERDOX.

and

LAURELIA PUMPILIANA. CONIUX. SACRISE. VINDICIS.

the last being, of course, that of a Roman lady. After the Roman names there is evidently a gap of very many centuries. Nobody will ever know now what was the history of the relic during those dark ages, or how it came to have been preserved in the family. Mr poor friend Vincey had, it will be remembered, told me that his Roman ancestors finally settled in Lombardy, and when Charlemagne invaded it returned with him across the Alps, and made their home in Brittany, whence they crossed to England in the reign of Edward the Confessor. How he knew this I am not aware, for there is no reference to Lombardy on Charlemagne upon the tile, though, as will presently be seen, there is a reference to Brittany. To continue: the next entries on the sherd, if I may accept a long splash either of blood or red coloring matter of some sort, consist of two crosses drawn in red pigments, and probably representing Crusaders' swords, and an almost obliterated monogram ("D. V.") in scarlet and blue, perhaps executed by that same Dorothea Vincey who wrote, or rather painted, the doggerel couplet.

Then came what was perhaps as curious an entry as anything upon this extraordinary relic of the past. It is executed in black letter, written over the crosses or Crusaders' swords, and dated fourteen hundred and forty-five. As the best plan will be to allow it to speak for itself, I have give the original Latin, of course without the contractions, from which it will be seen that the writer was a fair mediæval Latinist. Also we discovered, what is still more curious, a modernized version of a black-letter translation of the Latin which we found inscribed on a second parchment that was in the coffer, apparently older in date than that on which was inscribed the Latin black-letter translation of the uncial Greek.

*Expanded Version of the Black-Letter Inscription on the Sherd of Amenartas.*

"Iste reliquia est vable mistionis et myrificum opus, quod majorus mei in Armorica, scilicet Brittannia Minore, secum convehebant, et quidam sanctus clericus semper patri meo in manu ferebat quod penitus illud destruere, affirmans quod esset ab ipso Sathana conflatum prestigiosis et dyabolica arte, quare pater meus confregit illud in duas partes, quas quidem ego Johannes de Vincetto salvas servavi et adaptari sinit apparet die luna proxime post festum beato Maria Virginis anni gratie MCCCCXLV."

*Modernized Version of the Black-Letter Translation.*

"Thys rellike ys a rychte mistycall werke and a mervaylous, the whyche myne auncesters aforetime dyd conveigh hider with them from Armorykye which ys to seien Britayne the Lesse and a certayne holye clerke alwayes bare my fadir on honde that he oughte utterly for to frumsche the same, affyrmynge that yt was fourmed and conflatyd of Sathanas hym selle by arte magike and dyvellysshe wherefore my fadir dyd take the same and to-brast yt yn twayne, but I, John de Vincey, dyd save whoel the tweye parties thereof and topocryd them togrydder agayne soes a yee se, on this dare mondaye as at folowynge after the fesone of Seynte Marye the Blessed Vyrgyne yn the yeere of salvacioun foureteene hundreth and fyve and fowerti."

The next and, save one, last entry, was Elizabethan, and dated 1564: "A most strange historie, and one that did rent my father his life; for in seeking for the place upon the east coast of Africa, his pinnace was sunk by a Portuguese galleon off Lorenzo Marquez, and he himself perished.—JOHN VINCEY."

Then came the last entry, apparently, to judge by the style of writing, made by some representative of the family in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was the well-known quotation by Hamlet, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio!"*

"Well," I said, when I had read these paragraphs out, at least those of them that were still legible, "that is the conclusion of the whole matter, Leo, and now you can form your own opinion on it. I have already formed mine."

"And what is it?" he asked, in his quick way.

"It is this. I believe that potsherd to be perfectly genuine, and that, wonderful as it may seem, it has come down in your family since the fourth century before Christ. The entries absolutely prove it, and therefore, however improbable it may seem, it must be accepted. But there I stop. That your remote ancestress, the Egyptian Princess, or some scribe under her direction, wrote that which we see on the tile I have no doubt, nor have I the slightest doubt but that her sufferings and the loss of her husband had turned her head, and that she was not right in her mind when she did write it."

"How do you account for what my father saw and heard there?" asked Leo.

"Coincidence. No doubt there are plenty of bluffs on the coast of Africa that look something like a man's head, and plenty of people who speak bastard Arabic. Also, I believe that there are lots of swamps. Another thing is, Leo, and I am sorry to say it, but I do not believe that your poor father was quite right when he wrote that letter. He had met with a great trouble, and also he had allowed this story to prey on his imagination, and he was a very imaginative man. Anyway, I believe that the whole thing is the most unmitigated rubbish. I know that there are curious things and forces in nature which we rarely meet with, and when we do meet them, cannot understand. But until I see it with my own eyes, which I am not likely to, I never will believe that there is any means of avoiding death, even for a time, or that there is or was a white sorceress living in the heart of an African swamp. It is bosh, my boy, all bosh. What do you say, Job?"

"I say, sir, that it is a lie, and if it is true, I hope Mr Leo won't meddle with no such things, for no good can't come of it."

"Perhaps you are both right," said Leo, in a quiet voice. "I express no opinion. But I say this. I am going to set the matter at rest once and for all, and if you won't come with me, I will go by myself."

Four day three months we were on the ocean, bound for Zanzibar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

* Another thing that strikes me in the date of this entry at the middle of the eighteenth century is that I have an acting copy of *Hamlet*, written about 1740 in which these two lines are misquoted almost exactly in the same way, and I have little doubt that the Vincey who wrote them on the potsherd may have heard them so misquoted at that date. Of course the lines really run:

## TESTING FIREMEN.

THE Fire Department of the city of New York has long been recognized both at home and abroad as among the best in the world as to efficiency, activity, system, apparatus, and progressiveness. It has escaped more than any other department the various influence of party politics, even at the time when that influence was the most powerful and pervading. The reason for this is not very far to seek. It lies in the fact that this department, more than any other in the city, comes under the direct and vigilant inspection of a body of active and intelligent citizens who have a strong and immediate pecuniary interest in its efficiency.

It so happened, therefore, that when the act of May, 1884, brought the Fire Department within the range of the Civil Service Law, there was less to be done than anywhere else to secure its application. Nevertheless the reform system has been of great advantage in this, that it has perfected and systematized the methods already in use, has added new features, and has given them permanence and authority. For instance, certain physical tests were already in use. Before full appointment to the "uniformed force," as it is officially called, men were put into an auxiliary branch of the service, and at once trained and tested for the severer duties of the permanent service. This plan is still continued, but there is a practical and severe physical examination before any appointment, which thoroughly sifts the applicants.

Among the special tests the applicants are required to climb a long post reaching to the ceiling, using their arms, hands, and legs the best they can—an exercise in which the fellows who have had the advantage of nutting as a sport in boyhood notable succeed. Then the men are asked to walk the edge of a plank some eighteen inches from the floor, and are given three trials, account being taken of their quickness and security. Then they must pass along suspended from a horizontal ladder, taking the rungs with their hands. Then one of the men lies down inert, and each applicant is required to pick him up and carry him a certain distance in a manner which is carefully explained to them. They are also asked to lift dumb bells as weights of from 50 to 250 pounds, as prescribed positions, testing the strength of the arms, of the legs, and of the back and trunk, and to raise their own weight alone by one foot placed at a height a little above that of an ordinary chair. It is obvious that these tests, with even a very moderate minimum of requirement, are sure to weed out from the applicants who have passed the ordinary medical examination about all who are physically unfit for the work of firemen. It is equally plain that they give an excellent basis for choice among those who pass the minimum, and that both these results are very substantial benefits.

## JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE, the son of JOHN ROGERS COOKE and MARIA PENDLETON COOKE, was born at Winchester, Frederick County, Virginia, on November 3, 1830, and died on September 28th, of typhoid fever, in his home, "The Briars," near Boyce, Clarke County, Virginia. His father, a lawyer of distinction, imposed his profession upon his two boys, the first born of whom, PRIOLEAU PENDLETON, was fourteen years older than JOHN ESTEN, whose early years were passed at Glengary, the country-seat of his father, near Frederick, where he remained until the destruction of the house by fire in his ninth year, when the family removed to Richmond. At the age of sixteen he left school, and studying law with his father, was admitted at the bar, as his brother had been before him. Where his earliest writings were published we are not told, but probably in the periodicals of the time, and without doubt in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which for years was the only Southern magazine. Like his brother he wrote verse, specimens of which will be found in the old editions of *Griswold's Poets of America*. His calling, however, was prose, and his walk the primrose path of fiction. That he wrote easily, but without incurring the condemnation which SHAKSPEARE pronounced upon easy writing, was evident from the rapidity with which his stories succeeded each other, for for four years (1854-8) he produced six, to say nothing of his miscellaneous writing in different periodicals. Their titles are *Leather Stocking and Silk*, *Youth of Jefferson*, *Virginia Comedians*, *Ellen*, *a Human Comedy*, *Lost of the Forestern*, and *Henry St John, Gentleman*. That he was a copious contributor to the periodicals I infer from the fact of his writings in the index to the HARPER'S MAGAZINE—where nineteen are specified. He was one of the few authors whom I have known who was always happy when he sat at his desk, with paper before him and pen in hand, jotting down his thick-coming fancies; he wrote from the pure love of writing.

But one day he dropped the pen. His as many of the literary guild at the South, and the North too, for fighting blood was running then in the veins of every American man, and girding on his sword, rode away to the battle-field. All who knew JOHN ESTEN COOKE knew on which side he would be found when the irrepressible conflict began, for, Southern to his heart's core, the love which he bore his native State, and which was entwined with every fibre of his being, was a passionate adoration that expressed itself in deeds, not words. This young Virginia gentleman went out of the Union with Virginia. It was as an author, not as a soldier, that I knew COOKE, so I will not speak of him in his militant character except to say that he served in the Confederate ranks on the staff of that dashing leader General J. E. B. STUART, was present at most of the battles in Virginia, and at the surrender at Appomattox Court House, where I hope he was glad to sheathe his sword and return to his pen. His later writings consist of a *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, a *Life of General Lee*, and upward of twenty novels, only two at time of which I have read. I liked them less than his earlier stories, which have, I think, a charm not to be found in the stories of any other American writer—the charm of elegant comedy, the pathos of pastoral tragedy, sparkles of wit, flashes of humor, and everywhere the amenities of high breeding. They are romantic, poetic, delightful.

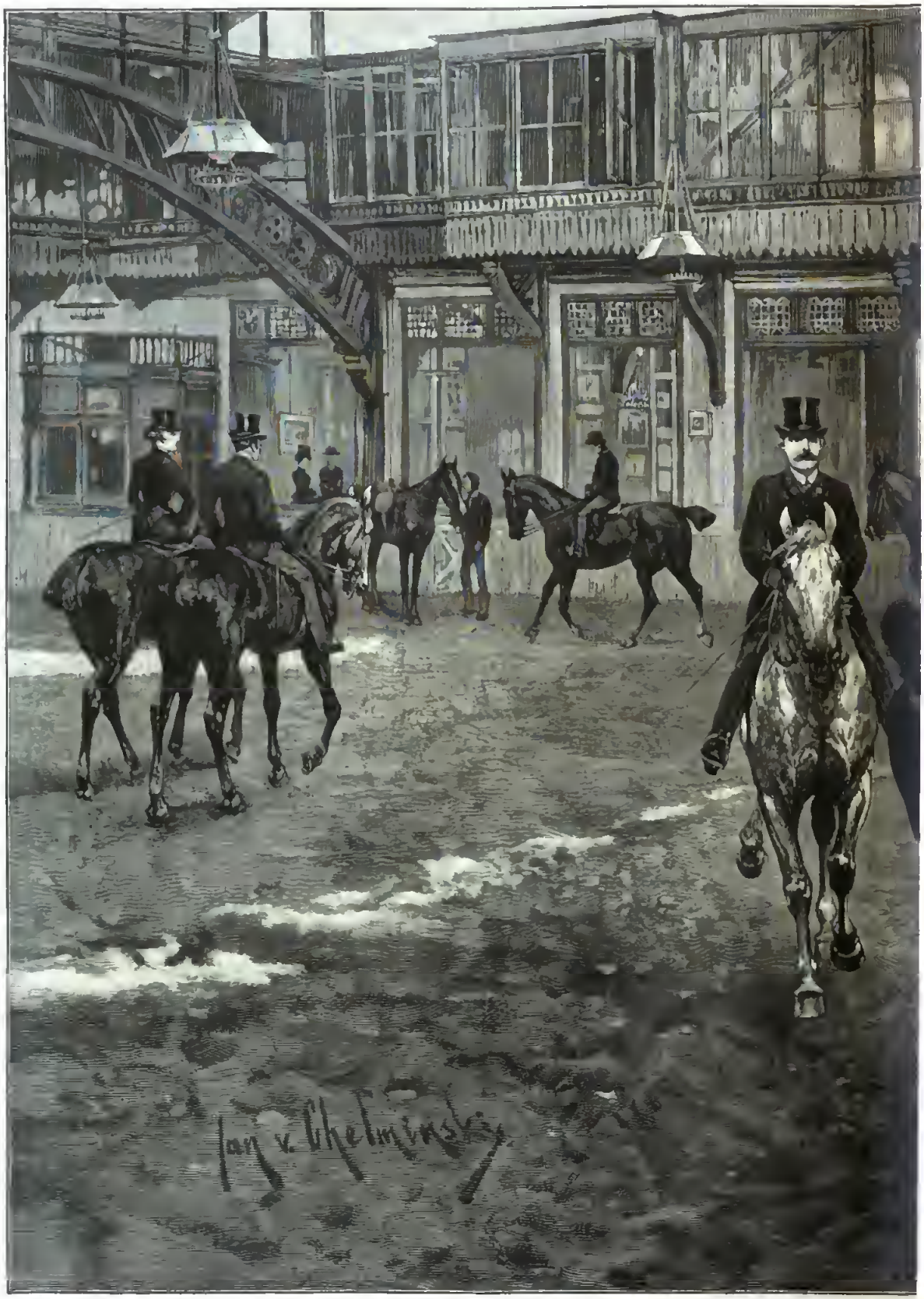
R. H. STODDARD.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A GEORGIA farmer has for years protected his chickens from hawks and owls by means of a scythe blade attached, edge up, to a perpendicular pole. The hawks and owls light upon the blade, the farmer says, and straightway their toes are shaved off, so that they are unable to carry away the fowls. It never means to occur to hawks and owls outside of Georgia to stop and roost for a spell on the edge of a sharp scythe.

A citizen of Philadelphia complains in the *Ledger* that his little daughter, who attends a grammar-school in that city, was recently required to give the meanings of and to employ properly the words, "abbreviature, abbeanance, aberrance, aberrant, aberrate, and aberration." It is safe to say that these words were unknown to Solomon, or to the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Two Western girls having heard that if any one counted seven stars on seven consecutive nights, and on the seventh night also had a dream, the dream would surely "come to pass," were perplexed and horrified on comparing notes after the observance and occurrence of everything precisely in accordance with the rule, to learn that one of them was to be married to the Emperor of New Jersey, and that the other was to be made into wine jelly for a picnic, and ran into models representing Bunker Hill Monument and the Central Park Obelisk.



THE NEW YORK RIDING CLUB.—I

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J. v. Chelemiski.—[See Page 655.]

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captains of the Fleet," "No Time Were Merrier," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRIVATEERS.

The time allowed to a sailor in which to make love is short, being no more than the interval between two voyages (He generally makes up for brevity by the display of an ardor unknown to landsmen.) And now the hour approached when Jack must tear himself from the arms of his mistress, and go forth again to face the rude blast, the angry ocean, and the roaring of the enemy's guns. Regardless of his former sufferings, he desired nothing better than to put to sea once more, and he was not one to go away crying because there would be no more kisses for a spell.

Among the King's ships laid up in ordinary at Deptford, during the seven years' peace, was a certain twenty-eight-gun frigate, called the *Tartar*. I know not what had been her record up to this period, but that matters nothing, because it will be allowed that she is now very well known to all French sailors, and regarded by them with a very peculiar terror. She was built on lines somewhat out of the common, being sharper in the bows and narrower in the beam than most ships. She rode deep, but she was so fast a sailor that nothing could escape her when she crowded on all her canvas and gave chase; a beautiful ship she was, to my eyes, even while laid up in ordinary, with the ironmasts taken out of her, and her upper deck covered with tarpaulin, like a long tent.

"She is," Jack said, "a swift and useful vessel, and wants nothing but a fighting Captain, who will not wait for the enemy, but will sail in search of him and make him fight. I would she had such a Captain, and I was on board with him!"

He presently got his desire, as you will hear, and the ship got such a Captain as he wished for her.

Meanwhile the days passed by, and still his appointment was delayed, so that, in spite of his amour, he began to fret and to grow impatient. The great man on whose word he relied had made him a clear and direct promise from which there could be, one would think, no departing. "Trust me, Lieutenant," he said, "I assure you that you shall be appointed to a ship with as little delay as possible." Yet appointments were made daily, and his own name passed by.

"Of one thing," he declared, "I am resolved. If I do not get my appointment before many months, I will seek the command of a privateer, or at least the berth of Lieutenant on board of one. There is, I know, no discipline aboard a privateer, the men are never flogged, and are generally a company of mutinous dogs, only kept in order by a Captain who can knock them down. But they are merely rascals, and will fight. I hear they are fitting out a whole squadron of privateers in Bristol; and there is a craft building at Taylor's yard, in Redriff—I saw her yesterday—which is never intended to carry coals between Newcastle and London, or sugar between Kingston and Bristol. She means Letters of Marque, my lad. Perhaps I could get the command of her. I am young, but I am a King's officer; and if you come to navigation, well, one must not boast. I will not stay at home doing nothing—what! when there is fighting? No. I must go too, and take my luck. If they will not have me either in the King's service, or on board a privateer, or in the Company's navy, why, my lad, there is nothing left but to volunteer and go before the mast. They would not refuse me there, I warrant, and many a poor fellow has done no much already."

Fortunately our Lieutenant was not called to embark on board a privateer, for he found a friend who proved able and willing to assist him. This was the Resident Commissioner of the Yard, Captain Petherick, who took up Jack's case for him, and that so effectually, though I know not in what way, that he presently procured for him the appointment promised him, and a berth most to be desired—namely, that of third Lieutenant to the frigate *Tartar*, to which Captain Lockhart was now appointed. And he was a fighting Captain indeed, if ever there was one.

I am sure that on the day which brought him his commission there was no happier man in Deptford than Lieutenant Easterbrook. He had now been in the service for nearly ten years, and for seven of them had been, through no fault of his own, debarred from every opportunity of distinction. Behold him, therefore, at last with his foot well on the ladder, albeit very near the lowest rung, holding his Majesty's commission as Lieutenant to H M frigate *Tartar*. On that day it happened that the bells were ringing and the guns firing—to commemorate I know not what event. To Jack and to his friends it seemed on if the bells were ringing and the cannon were fired in his honor, and to celebrate his appointment.

"As for her orders," said Jack, "I care little whither we are sent, because it is certain that there will be hot work to do, wherever we go. The French, they say, are strong in North American waters, and they are reported to be fitting out a great fleet at Toulon; they are also reported to be collecting troops at Boulogne and at Havre for embarkation, no doubt for the invasion of the English coast, if they pluck up spirit enough. Well, Bess, we shall be among them, never fear."

At this time, besides the preparations for invasion, which were perhaps exaggerated, the Channel swarmed with French privateers, and these full of courage and spirit. At the first outset, and until we had taught them a lesson or two, they were bold enough to attack anything, without considering disparity of numbers, that flew the English flag. Had the French King's Navy been handled with as much resolution as these privateers, commanded and manned often by simple fishermen, the result of the war might have been very different. They put to sea in vessels of all kinds: nothing came amiss for a craft of war with Letters of Marque when these rogues first went a privateering; nothing in their earliest flush of success seemed too small or too badly armed for a venture against the richly laden, slow sailing English merchantmen, which, taken by surprise, offered at the beginning of the war, it must be confessed, but a cowardly resistance. Again, nothing was too big to be fully manned and equipped. Every craft that lay in the ports, from Dunquesque to Bordeaux, became a privateer, from a simple fishing smack, a fast-sailing schooner, an unarmed sloop carrying two or four six pound carronades and thirty or forty men, to a tall frigate of thirty guns, well gunned, and manned by three hundred sturdy devils, emboldened by the chance of plunder, and eager to attack everything, from an East Indiaman to a potato coaster. Very good service was done during the course of this war by our own privateers, of whom there were presently a great many, though it must be owned that the French beat us hollow for the number of their piratical craft and their success. Certainly they had a better chance, since for every French merchantman there are fifty English. We were always capturing their privateers, but their number never seemed to lessen, however many lay in our prisons. Why, in one year—I think it was the year 1761—we took no fewer than 117 privateers, manned by 6000 sailors; yet in the same year, in spite of their conquests, we lost over 800 merchantmen, taken from us by those hornets swarming under our very noses.

"Kiss me, Bess," said Jack; "we sail on Sunday, or Monday at latest. Kiss me again, my girl. Our orders have come. We join the Channel Fleet, where there will be rubs for some, as is quite certain."

"Among the privateers, Jack?" Bess was an brave a girl as any, yet she shuddered, thinking of this dangerous service, in which one has not to take part in a great battle once in the cruise, and on boam again to brag about the broadsides and the grape-shot, but to fight daily, perhaps, and always with a desperate crew, whose only chance is victory or escape. "Well"—for her eyes clouded at the first appearance of fear in her face—"if thou art happy, Jack, then will I try to be happy too. Alas! why cannot women go into battle with their lovers? I could fire a pistol, and I think I could thrust a pike with any who threatened thee, Jack. But we must still sit in home and wait."

"Now you talk nonsense, Bess. Do you think I could fight with thee at my side? Why, I should trouble the whole time, lest a splinter should tear thy tender limbs. Nay, my dear; sit in home and wait, for there is nothing else to do. And sometimes think of thy lover. Let me read the future in thine eyes." She turned them to him obediently, and as if the future really could be read in those great black eyes. "I see, my dear, a sailor coming home again, safe and sound, prize-money in his pocket, promotion awaiting him. His girl waits for him at home. He rushes into her arms and kisses her—thus, my dear, and thus, a thousand times. Then he lays her a house as fine as the Admiral's, and furnishes it for her with his prize-money; and there is a garden for salads and for fruit. She shall not off china—no more pewter then. She will have the finest pew in church and the most boring husband at home, and—what? I see a dozen boys and girls, and every boy in his Majesty's service, and every girl married to a sailor. There shall be no woman in the world handsomer or happier. Give me a kiss again, my dear."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

A SAILOR'S PRAYER.

That evening Bess did a thing which is forbidden by the Church—in what part of the Prayer-book I do not know, but I have always understood that it is prohibited as a grievous sin. She went to seek the advice of a witch.

The old negro woman knew, of a certainty, many secrets, whether they were those of the black art or no. Mr Brinjes would talk to her in her own Mandingo language, which he had acquired while on the west coast of Africa. She it was who assisted him in the compounding of those brews which used to simmer on his hob, to be tasted by the shuddering assistant. By these and other secrets of which he was always in search, and forced the woman to reveal by terror of his magic stick with the skull, he hoped to cure disease, to arrest decay, and to prolong life. I suppose that it was by conversation with him that Bess was led to consider Philadelphy as much wiser in witchcraft than Mr Brinjes. Therefore she resolved to consult her, and went to her that very evening with all the money she had in the world—namely, a crown-piece and a groat.

The negroes of the Admiral's household occupied quarters of their own, built for them without the house, in West Indian fashion, containing a common kitchen and sleeping-rooms. Here Bess found three of the men, one of them being on guard, with the old woman. They were squatted on the floor, in the kitchen, round a dish containing their supper—a mess of couscousso, which is made of flour roasted by some art in small grains, and served with salt fish, onions, red pepper, and butter—a strong-tasting food, but not displeasing to the palate nor unwholesome. Every race has its own dish. The Spaniards have their olla podrida, the Hindoos their rice, the Chinese their birds'-nest soup and dried sea slugs, and the Mandingos their couscousso. There was no other light in the room than the glow of a great coal fire, which these negroes love to have burning all the year round, and in the winter never willingly bear. As for candles, why should negro servants have luxuries which poor white folk cannot afford to buy? Candles are for those who wish to read, play music, cards, and practise the polite accomplishments; not for those who sit about the fire for warmth.

"Hi!" said Philadelphy, looking up curiously. "'Tis Bess, the Freeman's girl."

"I want to speak with you, Philadelphy," said Bess.

The old woman nodded, and the man rose, took up the dish of couscousso, and retired, as if they were accustomed to these consultations, and knew that their absence was expected. A witch must, in fact, be quite alone with those who inquire of her.

When they were gone, the old woman crept closer to the fire, the light of which seemed to sink into her skin, and there to become absorbed (the blackness of Philadelphy's cheeks not being shiny, as is that of some negroes, but dull), while her eyes shone by the fire-light like two balls of fire.

"What is it, dearie?" she asked. "Is thy lover inconstant?"

"How do you know I have a lover?"

"It is written on thy face and in thine eyes, dearie."

"I have come for a charm," she replied, blushing to think that she carried her secret written on her face as that all could read.

"Hush! The Admiral he say, 'No charms here, Philadelphy.' Whisper. What kind of charm? Is it a charm to make thy sweetheart love then?"

"He loves me already." Bess hesitated a little. Then she added: "He is a sailor. I want a charm for a sailor."

"I sell very fine charm—proper gri-gri charm. Eh! When Massa Brinjes wants pow'ful charm for gout and toothache he sends for Philadelphy, and pass his thall-stick on the table. Then I give him what he wants. I got charm for most everything. Massa Brinjes very good Obeah doctor: he learn in Mandingo country when he live among the rovers. Hi! Fine times then, when he went to land, mus' come to de nigger. Hi!" As she spoke, her eyes telling about so that the whites in the fire-light were glowing red, she held out her hand for the money, but went on talking and asking questions without waiting for a reply. "Mus' come to de ole woman. Everybody comes to de ole woman. Some day I die—what you do then? Hi! What kind of charm you want? I sell very fine charm. Will you buy charm for true love? Once your man get that charm upon him he can't even look at another woman. That charm make all other women ole and ugly. Hi! Tell me, dearie, will you have that charm? I sell charm again' drowning. No man drown with my charm on him. Will you buy that charm? I sell charm again' shot and wound. No man ever killed who carry my charm. I sell charm to bring him home again. Hi! You like your sweetheart come home again? How much money you got for de ole woman, dearie?"

"I've got a crown and a groat. Is that enough?"

"Give it to me!" She clutched the money greedily. "S'pose you rich lady, too little. S'pose you poor girl, 'nuff for kind ole Philadelphy."

"Will the money buy all the charms?"

"Buy all?" The old witch laughed scornfully. "She think she a queen, the girl, for sure. Buy all? Dearie, if your crown and your groat was a bag of golden guineas you couldn't buy but only one charm."

"Then, if I won only have one, which shall it be?"

"Take the love charm, dearie. That the best for ch'ry girl."

"No," said Bess, proudly, "I will not buy a love charm. If my sweetheart cannot remain constant without a charm to keep him, I want no more of him. Well . . . then . . . he might be drowned. But he has passed through so many dangers already that I do not think he will ever be drowned. He might be killed in action. Let him come home safe and sound, whether he loves me or not. Yes, I will have the charm against killing and wounding."

"Most girls," said the old woman, "rather see their sweethearts die than be false."

"I will have the charm against shot and cutlass," said Bess.

"Very well. I make fine gri-gri—pow'ful charm. Hi! charm to turn aside every bullet. You wait."

Then the old woman rose slowly, being, in spite of her magic powers, unable to charm away her own rheumatism, and fumbled in her pocket, a vast sack hanging beneath her dress, which contained so many things, and convenient, as a housewife's cupboard. From the rubbish lying in its vast recesses she produced a small leather bag, apparently empty, tied with a long string, which, after securing the bag with half a dozen knots, was long enough to be slipped round the neck. To untie these knots and to open the bag was to destroy the whole charm. More than this, it was to invite the very danger which was sought to be averted. Ten or three years afterward I was present when the bag was opened. It contained nothing more than a small piece of parchment, inscribed with certain characters, which I believe to have been Arabic, and very likely a verse of the False Prophet Mohammed's book, the Koran; there was the head of a frog, dried; the leg bone of some animal, which may have been a cat or a rabbit, the claw of some wild creature, a nutmeg, and a piece of clay. This was a famous collection of weapons to interpose between a man's body and a cannon shot.

"Take the bag in your hand," said the old woman. "Now go down on your knees and shut your eyes, and take care not to open them whatever you hear or feel, while you say the words after me:

"'Shot and bullet pass him by;
Pike and cutlass strike in vain;
Keep him safe, though all may die;
Bring my sweetheart home again.'"

Bess did as she was commanded, holding the bag in her hand, and keeping her eyes tightly closed, while she repeated these words on her knees. She declared afterward that while she said the words there was a rushing and whirling of the air about her ears and a cold breath upon her face, and, which was strange, though she held the bag tightly by the neck, she felt that things were being dropped inside it.

"Now, honey," said the old woman, "gri-gri done made. You open eyes, and stand up."

So Bess obeyed, looking about her fearfully. But there was nothing to see, and the old woman was now crouching beside the fire again. But the bag, which had been empty when she took it in her hand, was now filled with something.

"Give your lover," said Philadelphy, "this bag. Hang it round his neck. And say the words again, with your eyes shut and his as well. Let him never take it off, or look inside it, or tell anybody of it. Hi! you very fine girl, for sure; yet sometimes men go away and forget. Hi! Den you fly roun' like a wild cat in a trap. Well, dearie, come to me s'pose he does go natrie. I make beautiful figure for girls when sweethearts prove false: put him 'fo' the fire, an' stick pins into him. Den he all over pain." Bess told me this she thought of Aaron, and of a way to punish him; but, fortunately, she had no more money, else I fear that Aaron would have passed a bad winter.

When she had the charm, the old woman offered to tell her for nothing, by several methods, the fortune of her lover. All her methods led to surprising results, on you shall hear, and then Bess went away, carrying with her the precious bag. The next thing was to persuade Jack into putting it on. Now every sailor is full of superstition; and the bravest man afloat is not above carrying a charm if one is given to him. But, of course, he would not have it known.

"Jack," said Bess, "don't be angry with me for what I have done."

"What have you done, child?"

"I've been . . . I've been—Jack—to a witch. Oh! a real witch! But she does not know your name or anything about you. And I've got a charm for you! Here it is!" She lugged the precious thing out of her bosom. "No, Jack; don't touch it yet. You must never try to open it or to find out the secret of what is inside it, or else the charm will be broken. And, Jack—promise me—promise me—if you will wear this round your neck, close to your skin, you shall never be hit by shot nor shell."

Jack laughed, but he took the little black bag out of her hand and looked to it doubtfully.

"Why," he said, "as for such a trumpery thing as this, is it worth the trouble of hanging it about one's neck?"

"I might have had a charm to keep you safe from drowning, Jack; but I thought that you have had so many dangers already that there can be no more for you. And I might have had one to keep you true to me; but oh! Jack, what good would it do to me if you are true only to be killed? Besides, if you cannot keep true to me without a charm, you cannot love me as you say you do—yes, Jack, I know you do. I scorn witchery to keep my lover true."

"A lock of thy hair, Bess, is all I ask. I will tie that round my wrist. Twill be quite enough to keep me true, and to save me from drowning, and to turn aside the bullets."

There is, indeed, a common superstition among sailors that a lock of their mistress's hair tied round the wrist will carry them safely through the action.

"You shall have a lock of my hair as well, Jack. Oh! you should have it all if I thought it would keep you safe. Only let me hang this round your neck. There: now I take off the corsaut and substitute the shirt, and drop it in—so. Shut your eyes, and keep them shut while I say,

"'Shot and bullet pass him by;
Pike and cutlass strike in vain;
Keep him safe, though all may die;
Bring my lover home again.'"

No phenomena attended this incantation.

"Some men carry a Testament," said Jack. "Many a bullet has been stopped by a Testament, which is natural, on against the devil and all his works, of which the Frenchman and the Spaniard are the chief. Some of them carry a caul to escape drowning. But they commonly get shot; though why a caul should attract the bullets, or whether it is better to be shot or drowned, I know not. But give me a true-love knot, my girl, to keep me safe, with a lock of thy black hair to tie about my arm, and a kiss of thy dear lips for charm to keep me true. And tell no one about this charm of the black witch."

She let down her long and beautiful hair, which fell below her waist, and cut off a lock three feet long. Then Jack bared his arm—why, the lowest had tattooed it all over with the name of Bess. There was Bess between an anchor and a crown, Bess between two swords, Bess under a Union-Jack—well, there could be no denying, for the rest of his life, his vows of love for Bess. She laughed to see these signs of passion, and tied him lock of hair round and round his arm, securing the two ends tightly with green silk. With this, which is every wo-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1561.

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man's amulet, and the old witch's charm, surely her Jack would be safe.

"When I had gotten the charm," the girl went on, "I asked Philadelphy to tell my sweetheart's fortune. So she said she would read me his fortune for nothing."

"And what was the fortune that she told you, Bess?"

"She said, 'Come what may come, thou shalt marry thy lover.' So I am satisfied. Come what may come. What care I what may come?—oh! what one come that will harm me?—so that I keep the man I love? What more can I desire? What more can I ask? I am so poor that I can lose nothing. Fortune cannot hurt me. And come what may come, I shall keep the man I love. You will come back to me, Jack, and I shall be so—oh! I shall have—my heart's desire."

It was on Saturday morning that the ship dropped down the river with wind and tide, her company and armament complete, new rigged, new painted, fresh and sweet as a lady just from her dressing room, while the cannon roared the parting salute. I remember that it was a misty morning in December, a light southwest breeze, and the sun like a great red copper pan on round shield in the sky. And as the ship slowly slipped down Greenwich Reach the shrouds and the sails shone like gold, and were magnified by the mist.

The Admiral stood on the quay with Castilla, and with them Mr. Brinjes.

"Go thy way," said the old sailor. "Go thy way and do thy duty. Castilla, my dear, there is only one good thing for a man—'tis to sail away from the land of thieves and land-sharks, out into blue water to fight the French."

"And what is good for a woman, sir?"

"Why, my child, to marry the man who goes to sea. Farewell, Jack. Maybe we shall never see them more. Let us go home, Castilla."

I went on board an hour before they sailed. Jack could do no more than whisper a word as he held me by the hand. Oh, heavens! my heart leaps up within me, even now, as I remember those eyes of his so full of love and tenderness. "Take care of her, Luke"—this was what he said—"take care of her until I come home to marry her. My pretty Bess! 'Tis a loving heart, Luke. She is thy charge, lad. Good-by, dear lad, good-by!"

I knew that she must be sitting in the old summer-house waiting to see the ship go by, and there, indeed, I found her. Jack parted with her early in the morning. I know not what passed between them, but it was surely very moving, because no pair loved each other more deeply than these two.

"He is gone," she said. "It is all over. But he loves me. Oh! I am sure he loves me. Yet something will happen. Philadelphy saw the devil and herself. Between the two something is sure to happen. Oh! we shall never be so happy again together—never again."

"Why," I told her, "people always think that the future can never be like the past. There are plenty of happy days before you, Bess. Jack will come home again sometime, maybe a First Lieutenant—who knows?—or a Captain in command. Then we shall have peace, I suppose, once more, and Jack will remain ashore, and you will be his wife."

"Yes. What did Philadelphy say? Come what may come, thou shalt marry thy lover. Oh, I am not afraid. I saw him on the quarter-deck as the ship sailed past. Oh! he is the bravest and the handsomest man in all the King's service; and who am I that he should love me? Luke, you know how ladies talk and what they say. Teach me that way. Oh! Luke, teach me, so that he shall never be ashamed of his sweetheart. My Jack! my sailor Jack! Steel nor lead shall not harm him; but the ship may wreck or sink. Oh! my heart! my heart! When shall I see thy dear face again?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE RIDING CLUB.

The English have always been pre-eminent in all out-of-door sports. In every part of the world, wherever the Briton unfurls the Union-Jack and drinks the Queen's health, the games and sports which he "goes to for" at home are among the earliest habits to become domesticated. Even on the sunny slopes of Tennessee Rugby the lush, lassitude native wondered at the superabundant energies of lawn tennis, cricket has invaded the Sandwich Islands, and fox hunting has been made a favorite recreation among the villas and ruins surrounding the Italian cities. Indeed, the very language of every Continental nation has been Anglicized by a large vocabulary of sporting terms. Those sports which are the outcome of the British love of horseflesh are the ones which have gained the most admirers among civilized communities; and so strong is English influence in the matter of equestrianism that the officers of most European armies are in part adopting the cross-country style, despite the fact that the two arts—military or manège riding and riding to hounds—are diametrically opposed to each other. It is absurd enough to see a mounted officer, not to speak of an orderly carrying despatches, with dangling sabre and in full uniform, with his feet "home," leaning over his horse's withers and riding to a trot; yet one may daily witness this odd spectacle in France or Germany. For the military seat is the one which enables a man to use his weapon, and keep his horse with his one hand and two heels as all three collected and ready. It is a close seat of sheer necessity; while the hunting seat is the one which gives the horse the utmost liberty to use his powers and intelligence, and which enters to his endeavors by taking him the least. Each belongs to its place, and is best of its kind.

No doubt in this country the love of the horse was fully inherited from our English ancestors. In the South the expression of this fondness kept to the old form of saddle-work, owing, no doubt, to the always execrable roads. Until the early part of this century the same was true of the North. Just why this superior kind of exercise disappeared in favor of trotting and driving it might be hard to say, except that improving roads enabled one horse to haul as many as four persons, whereas he could at most carry two; and that we have taken pleasure in perfecting one admirable means of locomotion when we had once originated it. Riding had become a lost art.

But the mother country has reconquered her revolted children, and if she cannot dictate to us in politics, she is managing to do so in social matters. If she cannot make our laws, she can at least impose on us her grooms, her tailors, and her cooks. Though, indeed, the dictation threatens to be modified by our beating one good conceit at their own games, for surely, in view of the fact that we are all but novices in most of the English sports, we have captured more than our fair share of honors, from the magnificent sports of yachting and racing, down to the humblest "one-man" running and bicycling. And it is noteworthy that not only is the Kentucky horse to-day probably the finest specimen of the thorough-bred in the world, but that the stiffest country over which any man hunt may be found on Long Island or in Western New York and the vicinity of Philadelphia.

We can well afford to forgive our British friends many an ill turn for the sake of the healthful exercises they have taught us. Among these easily the first is equestrianism. And no doubt, for all civilian purposes, the English style is the best, and the one upon which those niceties of the art which add such a charm to the saddle may be most readily grafted. And we have taken the style up vigorously and done it justice. A little overdoing of the flattery of imitation has, to be sure, bred some Anglomaniacs among us; but the mania needs no asylum, and the genuine article is good of its kind. A dozen years ago, in Northern parks, one could hardly meet with a man in the saddle; a lady was a rare sight indeed. To-day it means to be the aspiration of every one to bestride his steed, and wonderful are the diverse ailments which arise as excuses for the fashionable exercise.

In foreign cities there have always been fine riding schools or manèges. But just such schools, though they are now many and good in New York, did not suffice for the needs of that class which always does things in the handsomest way. What was started but a short time ago among a few gentlemen who did not want to lose their exercise on rainy days, and who sought improvement by riding in company, for which purpose they hired for a couple of afternoons a week the most available riding school, has grown into one of the most delightful of associations, and perhaps the finest club of its kind in existence, as it is certainly unique. The peculiar charm of the Riding Club is that it is essentially a family gathering-place. The accommodations for the ladies and children are as ample and lavish as those for the men; and the handsome and baths on the ladies' side are fitted up with a view to luxury and comfort scarcely equalled by the smoking and card rooms for the stronger sex. A generously equipped restaurant adds to the completeness of the whole. The parlor, with its large windows facing the ring, is peculiarly well devised, and the architectural features of the building are as marked as its luxurious furnishings. The stables are large and perfectly kept. It is a pleasure to walk through the lines of stalls and observe all that can be done for the health and content of our equine friends.

But the main feature of the Riding Club is its beautiful ring, of which an illustration is given on another page. It has scarcely a superior in any European city; few, indeed, equal it. Substantially square in shape, it is yet large enough to afford distance for a hand gallop or for jumping, and hurdles of all heights are ready at hand to be used by either the small boy who fears to trustle off his shelve over two feet, or by the Meadow Brook Hunt Club man who wishes to test the quality of his new hunter over fifteen. Here at times may be witnessed so pretty drill as a squadron of regular cavalry can display; or, again, the driving of tandem in the saddle—a dramatic clever and pretty performance. The timid horseman may get the bearings of his new steed before trusting himself to the bridle-paths of the Park, or the bolder equestrian may take the superfluous devil out of his high strung thoroughbred mare before he faces the music of the street. And best of all, rain or shine is all alike in this well ventilated, lighted, and ample ring. Whatever the weather outside, one may here enjoy his daily ride untrammelled by the vagaries of the Signal Service, and with the added convenience of the Park, but a few squares away, if cloudless skies inside.

Take it for all in all, in the midst even of the gorgeousness of the New York clubs, the Riding Club, at least in the eyes of all who love the most intelligent and useful of the companions of man, stands pre-eminent in contributing to our American health and enjoyment. It is to be hoped that this club will be the prototype of many others in all our largest cities. The fullest credit is due to its originators and officers, and the community will be indebted to its enterprise for the revival of thousands of glowing complexions and rounded limbs, and for the return of thousands of hearty appetites and elastic nerve centres. THEODORE ALBERT DUDOE.

## ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

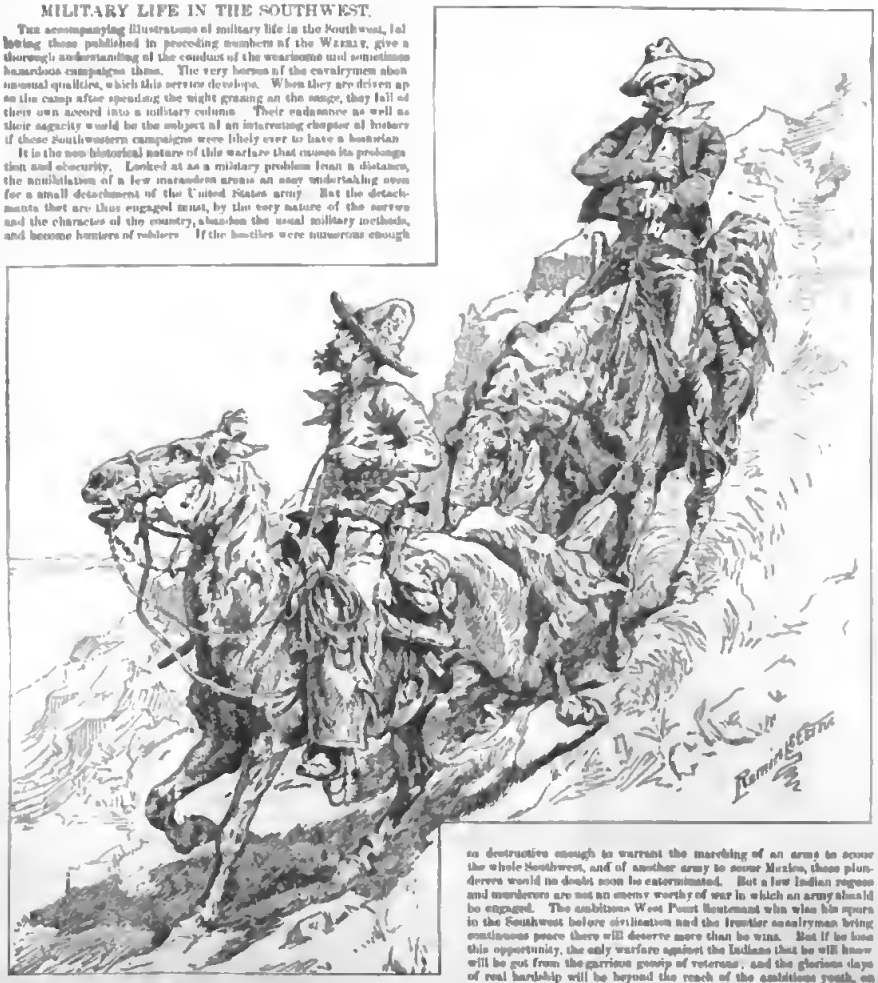
LIVINGSTON, in Montana, is the point on the Northern Pacific Railway whence the branch road diverges to the Yellowstone National Park. It is just half-way from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, and is a thousand miles from each. When the traveller going westward has reached Livingston he has already passed through the granary of the world and the Northern pasture-lands whence the herds of the ranch kings have driven the buffalo, and he has already had visions of mountain as well as of prairie scenery. But it is here that he begins the steep ascent of the Rocky Mountains, near the summit of which, and at an elevation of 5600 feet, the road runs through Bozeman Tunnel. It is yet 120 miles westward to the Rocky Mountains proper, and this 120 miles affords perhaps a richer variety of scenery than can be seen anywhere else in the West within a similar territory. It is of this irregular stretch of table land between the Rocky Mountains and the Rocky Mountains that our artist gives a view.

The Northern Pacific is "the valley route" to the Pacific, and the number and the beauty of the cañons that the road follows are the distinctive features of the scenery. The elevation is not as great as the elevation of the Colorado railway routes, but Colorado lacks the surprising variety of this North Rocky Mountain scenery. These cañons are the sources of the head waters of the Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson rivers, which are the extreme eastern sources of the waters that finally make their way to the Atlantic.

## MILITARY LIFE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

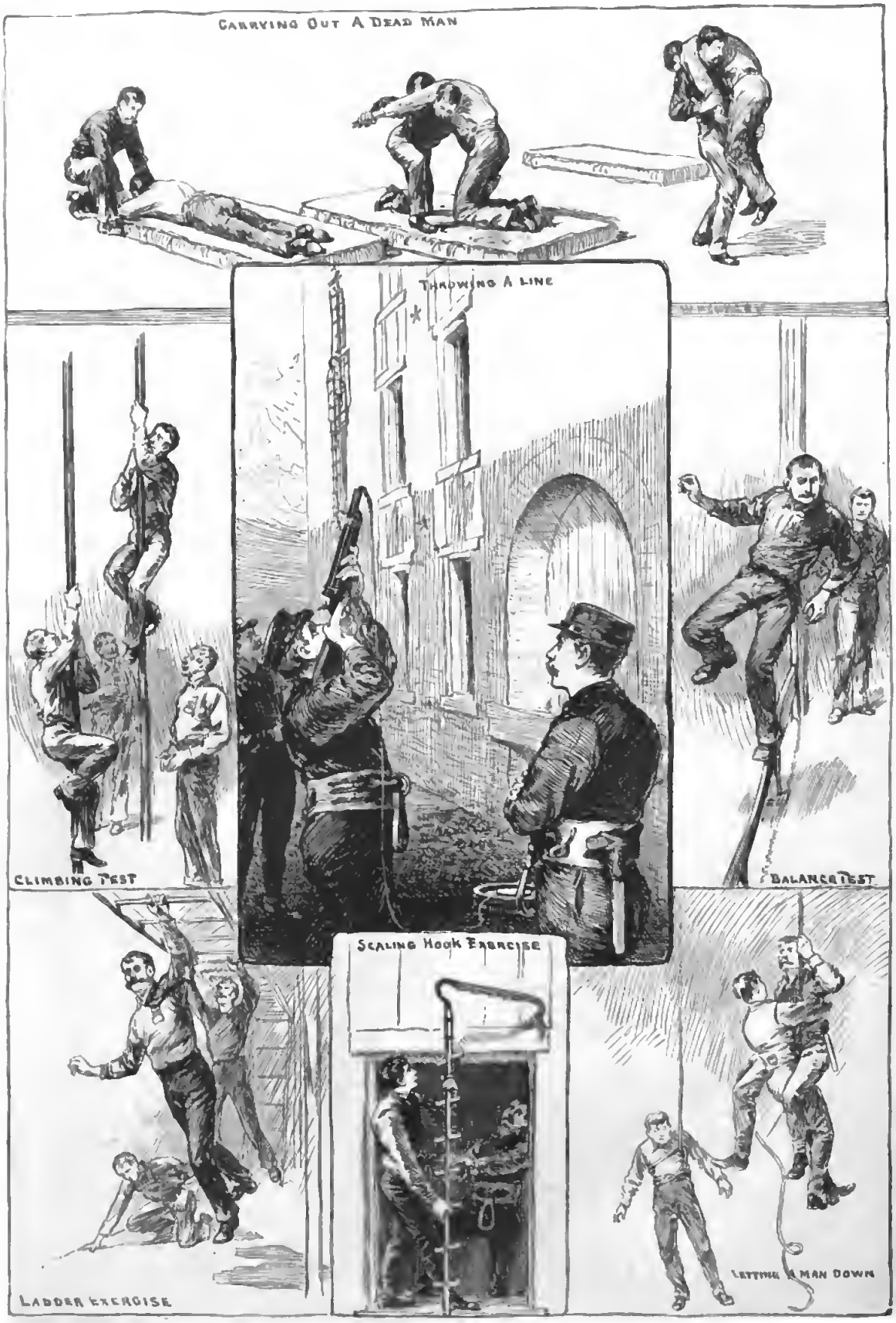
THE accompanying illustrations of military life in the Southwest, following those published in preceding numbers of the WEEKLY, give a thorough understanding of the conditions of the wearisome and sometimes hazardous campaigns there. The very horses of the cavalrymen show unusual qualities, which this service develops. When they are driven up on the camp after spending the night grazing on the range, they fall of their own accord into a military column. Their endurance as well as their sagacity would be the subject of an interesting chapter of history if these Southwestern campaigns were likely ever to have a historian.

It is the non-historical nature of this warfare that causes its prolongation and obscurity. Looked at as a military problem from a distance, the annihilation of a few marauders seems an easy undertaking compared for a small detachment of the United States army. But the detachments that are thus engaged must, by the very nature of the service and the character of the country, abandon the usual military methods, and become hunters of robbers. If the hostiles were numerous enough



THE COURIERS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

as destructive enough to warrant the marching of an army to scour the whole Southwest, and of another army to scour Mexico, these plunderers would no doubt soon be exterminated. But a few Indian regents and murderers are not an enemy worthy of war in which an army should be engaged. The ambitious West Point lieutenant who wins his spurs in the Southwest before civilization and the frontier sensationalism bring continuous peace there will deserve more than he wins. But if he loses this opportunity, the only warfare against the Indians that he will know will be got from the garrison gossip of veterans, and the glorious days of real hardship will be beyond the reach of the ambitious youth, on the days of historical Indian fighting already are.




THE CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION FOR NEW YORK FIREMEN.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 651.]

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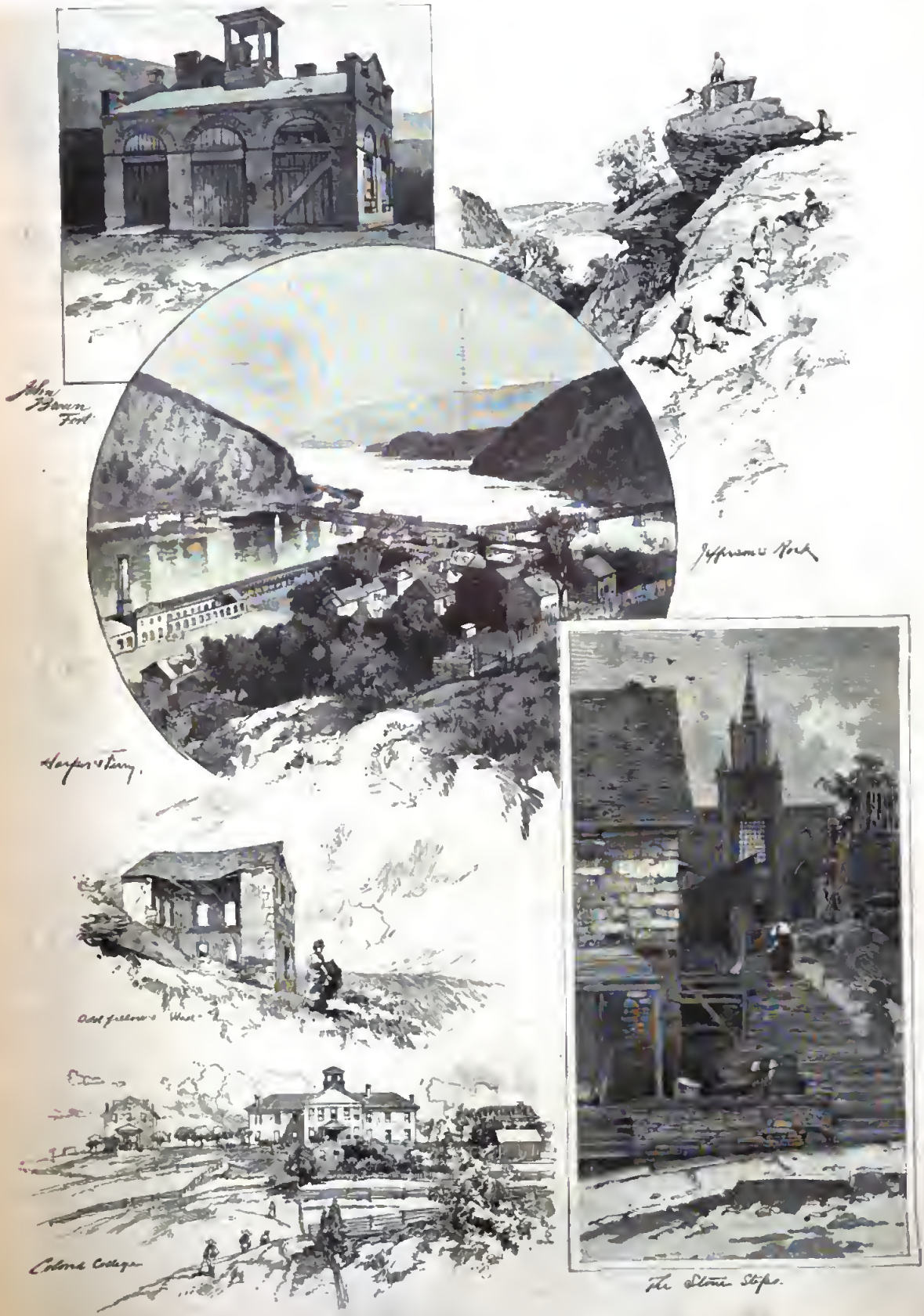


HARPER'S FERRY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 656.]

## JUSTIN McCARTHY.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, the well known novelist, historian, and Irish political leader, now visiting this country on a lecture tour during the recess of Parliament, will find many old friends to greet him. He passed the greater part of three years in the United States, from 1868 to 1871, and was then editorially connected with the *Independent*, and a frequent contributor to the leading magazines.

He was born in Cork, November 22, 1830, and there educated. From 1846 to 1853 he contributed to the Cork *Examiner*, and to the latter year became an editorial writer on the Liverpool *Northern Times*. In 1860 he was a House of Commons reporter for the London *Morning Star*, then foreign editor of that paper, and from 1864 its chief editor until he came to this country in 1868, as already spoken of. On returning to England he connected himself again with the press, particularly the London *Daily News*, and in 1879 was sent to Parliament for the county of Longford, in Ireland, and on the dissolution was returned in 1880, in both cases without opposition. In the late elections he was again triumphantly renominated.

A most industrious and facile writer, his works include *Waterdale Neighbors*, published in 1867; *My Enemy's Daughter*, 1869; *Lady Judith*, 1871; *A Fair Saxon*, 1872; *Lindsay Bickersteth*, 1874; *Dear Lady Disdain*, 1875; *Miss Misanthrope*, 1877; *Donna Quixote*, 1879; *Camp of a Season*, 1881; *Maid of Athens*, and *Paul Massie*. *The Right Honorable* was written in collaboration with Mrs. Campbell-Praed.

The principal publication of Mr. McCarthy is a *History of Our Own Times*, from the accession of Queen Victoria to 1880. This the London *Daily News* describes as "a rare achievement of literary workmanship," and as "done without being careless, and accurate without being dry." Another historical work is his *History of the Four Georges*, to be completed in four volumes, of which one has been published. He has written *Con Amore*, a collection of essays, *Prohibition Legislation in the United States*, the *Epoch of Reform*, reviewing the political period from 1830 to 1880, and articles in the *Westminster*, *Fortnightly*, *Nineteenth Century*, and other reviews and magazines. His son, Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, inherits his literary facility, and has produced several works of fiction and of political history.

## HARPER'S FERRY.

Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, occupying a few acres of side-hill between two shallow and rapid rivers, a straggling village that is relatively less important than it was fifty years ago, is a spot, nevertheless, that charms the traveller by the boldness of its scenery, and interests every student of history who has read the story of John Brown of Ossawatomie. One hundred years ago, when Thomas Jefferson prepared his *Notes on the State of Virginia* for an inquiring friend of distinction from abroad then living in this country, he wrote of what is now Harper's Ferry these words: "The passage of the Patowmac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Patowmac in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rent it asunder, and pass off to the sea." The "very high point of land" from which Jefferson saw this picture still bears his name, and from Jefferson Rock can be seen the rushing, brawling Potomac, modified as to its spelling, but as noisy as ever, and the unchanged Shenandoah, hastening together on their way through the narrow defile. All visitors who go to Harper's Ferry get the same beautiful glimpse through the valley that he did. They see the sundered mountain at their feet, the stream rushing over masses of rock, and the "distant fishing" that arrested the appreciative eye of Jefferson. "It is a true contrast to the foreground," he wrote. "It is so placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being sheven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small patch of smooth blue horizon at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below."

Since Jefferson's time, and when the commerce of the West began to seek an outlet by the gap in the Blue Ridge, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and later the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, crowded their way through it. The town began when the ferry that bears its name was established by a man named Harper, of whom none of the people in the place can now give any information. When it was still young, a hamlet of a few hundred houses, the government established an arsenal and armory at the point where the two rivers meet, and the houses and shops of the tradesmen and operatives accumulated along the banks of the Potomac and Shenandoah, necessarily limited to one street by the steepness of the hill-side. Behind the town rises the Blue Ridge, covered with pine and oak to its crest, and across the Potomac are the high, bolder bluffs of the Maryland shore. During the war of the rebellion Harper's Ferry was alternately in the possession of the Union and Confederate forces. The armory and the arsenal buildings were destroyed, but the old engine-house in which Brown held the combined forces of the State of Virginia and the Federal government at bay for more than twenty-four hours remained as the conspicuous relic of the history of the town.


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European plan. Restaurant unsurpassed. Best location for transient and permanent guests.—[Adv.]

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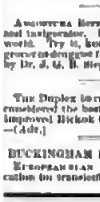

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I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

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I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed, until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been entirely healed, and my health is fully restored. I am grateful for the good this medicine has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brien, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

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All the benefits of Sulphur Springs at your own home. Cures all skin diseases, beautifies the complexion. Found packages, twenty baths, $1; trial package, 6 bs., 25c. by mail. THE MIDDLETOWN CHEMICAL CO., No. 108 Boundary, N. Y.

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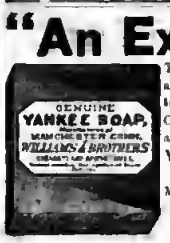


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DATSILLA (*to Cousin Miriam, down from Little Rock*). "Why, Mir'm, yo' dress is all crumpled up in de back whey yo'a set on't. Trabellin's ha'd on cio'es, any—"

MIRIAM. "Lawa, hain' yo' folks ober been out de woods? Dat's draped like de style is, yo' know."


## SURGICAL OPERATION.

The operation of lithotomy (removal of stone from the bladder), one of the most severe and critical operations known to the science of surgery, was successfully performed on Simeon Tiesell, of Rondout, N. Y., by Dr. David Kennedy. Several friends of the patient

**Witnessed the Operation.**

Mr. Tiesell has suffered several years from this difficulty, but it was only a week before the operation that he was made aware of the real cause of his complaint. Mr. Tiesell has recovered from the effects incident to the operation, the closing of the wound being completed on the 19th day. His general health is good—better than it has been for years, while he is perfectly free from all those distressing symptoms so characteristic of the disease with which he suffered. Had this and similar cases used

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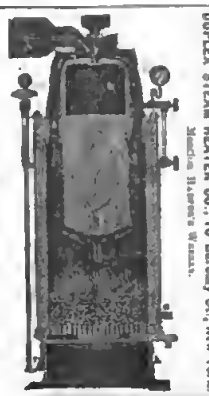

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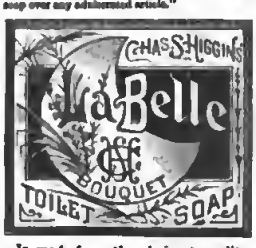


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1886

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE passage of a resolution by the New York State Democratic Committee "cordially and heartily" approving the administration of President CLEVELAND, and the rejection by the Committee of the Tammany amendment excepting his reform course, was a great surprise. Mr. COCKRAN, who offered the amendment, said that it expressed the real feeling of all the members of the Committee, if they only dared to express it, and the wording of the resolution and the equally hearty correspondence of Governor HILL's administration suggest a suspicion that Mr. COCKRAN was not far from right, and give a very perfunctory tone to the praise. But the individual views of members of the Committee are of little importance. The significance of their action is its revelation of their consciousness that the opinion of their party demands such an expression. That is to say, Tammany Hall, which is the seat and centre of Democratic hostility to the President, is convinced that he is supported generally by the Democratic party of New York, and that even silence is not permissible to the Committee, because it would imply condemnation of his course. This is a small fact in itself, but it is very suggestive. The hope and aim of the anti CLEVELAND Democrats have been to show that the President is not sustained by his party in New York, and consequently that it would not be safe to renominate him. But the action of the Committee, which was supposed to be a HILL or anti CLEVELAND committee, both in commending the President and in nominating Judge PECKHAM, one of his warm supporters, shows that it feels this ground to be no longer tenable.

It is a fair assumption, therefore, from the general tone of Democratic conventions, that unless some unforeseen and decisive event occurs, Mr. CLEVELAND will be renominated by his party in 1888. It is also clear that the chances are greatly in favor of the renomination of Mr. BLAINE by the Republicans, and that the choice will lie practically between those candidates, as in 1884. The Democratic party was not especially friendly to Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, and there has been a resolute and outspoken Democratic protest against his administration from the beginning. It now appears, however, that his administration is very generally commended by Democrats and by the independent feeling of the country, and that he is very much stronger than when he was elected. In this situation the course of the Republican party to recover the confidence of the country, so far as it has been developed, becomes of great interest. This course is to be seen in its nominations, in the State platforms, and in the speeches of its leaders, and these all taken together show merely implicit reliance upon the party tradition. For instance, in Massachusetts the platform assumes that administrative reform is a Republican principle. The Convention then nominates Mr. AMES, because he is rich, and demands support for him on the ground that he is a Republican and therefore a reformer. Again, the Prohibition sentiment in Massachusetts is strong. The platform therefore denounces intemperance, and declares that a prohibitory amendment should be submitted to the people. But this means nothing. The New York Republican Convention did the same thing three years ago, and the Republican Legislature refused to submit the amendment, and even if it should be submitted in Massachusetts, every Republican upon such a platform might vote against it. It is a mere recommendation to ask the opinion of the State, not the positive declaration of a party.

At the same time Republican leaders on the stump argue for protection, denounce the pension vetoes, declare that the Republican vote is suppressed in the Southern States, and decry the Administration as the rebellion in power. But the Democrats, as a party, do not repudiate protection, the President has signed more special pension bills than were passed during the administration of General GRANT, and his vetoes, as a rule, are fully justified by his explanation; the rebellion in power is the merest party gag, while the Republican vote is no more oppressed at the South than it was under Republican administration. This fact, of course, is not an excuse for crimes against the ballot, but we are considering the probabilities of a campaign, and the argument drawn from alleged crimes at the polls did not avail in 1884, and will be no more effective in 1888. This summary shows that as against the increasing general confidence in the President, the disappearance of the open Democratic opposition to him, the total miscarriage of the anticipations of disaster in the event of his election, and the consequent dissipation of the vague distrust of the Democratic party as such, the Republican party reiterates the allegations of the campaign of 1884, and apparently intends to renominate the same candidate. But it is the party response to earnest convictions upon the newer questions that arise, regard for the party mind and conscience, which assure its continuous power. These convictions were denied and derided in '84, and the party was defeated. Denial and derision and evasion will certainly not secure success in '88. If Mr. CLEVELAND should be renominated by the Democrats, the only Republican candidate who could really contest his election would not be some Republican who, like Mr. AMES, merely "stands for the Republican party," but a man of personal significance, of strong reform convictions, and of a courage and tenacity which, as in the case of Mr. CLEVELAND, would be the guarantee of honest and progressive government. With such a candidate the Republican party could make a vigorous fight. But with Mr. BLAINE the defeat would be even more significant than before.

## A RECENT COMEDY.

MR. LODGE, the chairman of the recent Massachusetts Republican Convention, has a shrewd sense of humor, and upon reflection he must have been greatly amused by the comment of facts upon some of the statements of his speech. Thus he said in speaking of civil service reform, "To this reform the Republican party is deeply committed." We can imagine him smiling at his own forgetfulness when he came to remember that the Republican Legislature in his own State of Massachusetts last winter so modified the reform law as practically to repeal it, and the reform to which the party is so "deeply committed" would have been frustrated by the party except for the veto of the Governor. Mr. LODGE said also, "To our party all civil service legislation is due, and we cannot be unfaithful to this principle." Here again he must have smiled irrepressibly upon remembering after his speech that there are but two State civil service reform laws in the country—one in Massachusetts and the other in New York—and that while the first was passed by a Republican Legislature, the second was passed by a Democratic Legislature, and two years ago a Republican Legislature in New York, like the Republican Legislature in Massachusetts last year, tried to annul and practically to repeal it.

Mr. LODGE proceeds to say, and with truth, that the reform is thoroughly American and sensible, and that it will be established. But he adds that the reform press has retarded its progress, because in regard to the violation of reform principles by the Democratic party that press has "defended, apologized, or been silent." Once more the chairman must have smiled when he reflected that the three journals especially devoted to the interests of reform—the *Civil Service Record* in Massachusetts, the *Civil Service Reformer* in Maryland, and the *Freeman* in Indiana—have fully exposed and strongly condemned such violations of principle, while the daily and weekly journals which are conspicuous advocates of the reform have spoken of them in the plainest terms, but in the interest of reform, and not like partisan orators and conventions, merely for the purpose of making a partisan point. The reform press has recognized, as of course party opponents of the Administration do not recognize, the fact that with all violations of sound principle, and with all the abuses that still remain, the advance of the reform under Mr. CLEVELAND's administration has been very much greater than under any Republican administration. The chief illustration of the evils of the spoils system has been for many years the Custom-house at New York, and two days before Mr. LODGE's speech was delivered, Mr. POTTS, the Secretary of the National Reform League, wrote to the New York *Times*, "It is of no small account to the public interest to find the responsible customs officers at this port [the Surveyor's action requires the approval of the Collector] in entire harmony with each other and with the Secretary of the Treasury, and engaged simply in attending to the duties of their respective offices in the collection of the revenue." The New York Custom-house has been practically taken out of politics by the Democratic Administration. Mr. LODGE, with his keen sense of humor, has doubtless smiled to think how completely this one fact covers with ridicule his whole treatment of the subject of reform under this Administration.

But his love of fun must have been immensely gratified by the fact that his grave assertion of the deep committal of the Republican party to reform was immediately followed by the virtually unanimous nomination of Mr. OLIVER AMES as the representative reformer of the Commonwealth, and by the declaration of the great body of the Convention that they preferred Mr. BLAINE for the Presidency, while the next day the Democrats nominated Mr. JOHN F. ANDREW, on earnest and devoted civil service reformer, who made it a condition of his acceptance that they should strongly approve the reform, and the great body of the Convention warmly declared for the President, of whom Mr. LODGE truly said, "We may also admit that he is a believer in a reformed civil service, and that his intentions in this respect are most excellent." The comedy of all this can be appreciated by nobody more fully than by Mr. LODGE. For whether we are to judge by professions or by acts, the Democratic Convention in Massachusetts showed itself to be quite as deeply committed to reform as the Republican, and we are confident that however Mr. LODGE's sense of humor may have been moved by the nomination of Mr. AMES as a reformer and a type of Massachusetts Republicanism, he would frankly admit that civil service reform would be quite as safe in the hands of Governor ANDREW as in those of Governor AMES.

## THE CITY ELECTION.

SEVERAL independent bodies have made nominations for the Mayoralty of New York, and the other nominations will be made immediately. The principle that ought to govern them is plain enough, and so is the purpose that will govern them. Politics in the proper sense has nothing to do with the city government, but the political parties will none the less make partisan nominations, and such is the system of party politics in the city that the selection of a good candidate by party managers is no guarantee whatever that those who nominate him either desire his election or could vote for him. The best Mayor that the city has had for a long time is Mayor GRACE. But he was brought forward and sustained by a movement independent of party, and his efficient and admirable course has secured its best tribute in the hostility of two of the party machines, the Tammany and the Republican, and of those organs in the press. The County Democracy, which is the wing of the party to which Mayor GRACE belongs, is evidently disposed to insist upon his candidacy again, although the Mayor has expressed a strong desire to retire from the office. There have been suggestions of union between the County Democracy and Tammany. But a union between them upon a really good candidate would only throw doubt upon his election, because of the probability that he would be "sold out."

The hope of the Republican machine is that Tammany and the County Democracy will each present a candidate, because that would offer the most promising chance of a trade to the Republican managers in the city. Should two Democratic nominations be made, the Republican machine would probably put forward an excellent candidate, both as a mask for its own game and as an attraction for good citizens. But it would probably "sell him out." We presume that nobody, Republican or Democrat, supposes that the managers of either party machine in the city have any political principles whatever, or are engaged in active politics for the public advantage. They are men who are banded together for their own profit, and who engage in politics as other gamblers engage in sports. They are pleasant, good-natured, plausible players. But there is no joke more exquisite than the serious supposition that they have any views upon tariff, or finance, or the negro vote, or any public question whatever. Their politics consist in the control of the regular party organization, and the command of votes upon which they make their trades. They provide candidates to suit their own purposes. They elect or defeat there as may be most advantageous for their game. But while they work the voters whom they command as their interest dictates, the more intelligent voters are exhorted for the sake of the party, and in the interest of the oppressed colored citizen in Mississippi, to support the candidates whom the machine has put forth. The Republican who dares to bolt the ticket which Tom, Dick, and Harry have put up for their own private gain is, of course, a Judas Iscariot, a Benedict Arnold, a renegade, a traitor, a mollycoddle, and a milk-whey statesman.

In this situation the sensible New-Yorker at a municipal election cannot be safely governed by party names or regular nominations. The strength of a candidate like Mayor GRACE is that his success has been independent of both. He is a Democrat, but in 1884 he was nominated under the auspices of a non-partisan committee, whose character commended him to public support, and whose recommendation he has well justified. Should he be renominated this year by the County Democracy, his claim to the votes of good citizens will not be the character of that political organization, but his own administration. He has just proved himself to be a capable and capital Mayor, and no man who should vote for him would vote in

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the dark. This fact of an excellent administration, based upon non-partisan nomination, would secure for him a non-partisan support, although he should now be the nominee of a party faction, and it would probably supersede any independent nomination. Mr GEORGE's candidacy, indeed, is, in the Republican or Democratic sense, non-partisan, but it forecasts a new party movement, and his vote may be large enough to derange all calculations. A vote for him will be either a profession of faith in a certain form of socialism, or an expression of sympathy with the desire of a large class of citizens to improve their condition. But these feelings, however excellent, are not legitimate considerations to affect a municipal election. In the competition of candidates the citizen has only to decide which of them, under the circumstances, would probably use his official authority most wisely, honestly, and economically for the city.

## MR. POWDERLY'S ADDRESS.

THE General Assembly of the Knights of Labor at Richmond was welcomed by the Governor of Virginia, and then listened to the address of Mr. POWDERLY. The address will be very generally read, because the movement of which he is the official head is one of great significance, and the definition of its purposes and methods as stated by him will be sought with great interest. The address upon these points, however, is somewhat vague as to details, while its general tone, however ardent, forecasts only legal, peaceful, and legitimate redress. The events of the last year have undoubtedly disturbed the good opinion which was once entertained of this organization. But Mr. POWDERLY warmly deprecates holding the order responsible for the offences of some of its members, as he would not hold all employers accountable for the oppression of individuals. He states distinctly that the movement is not one of labor against capital. It is manhood against monopoly. This is epigrammatic and suggestive, but it is not precise.

"The monopolist of to-day is more dangerous than the slave-owner of the past. Monopoly takes the land from the people in million-acre plots; it sends its agents abroad and brings hordes of uneducated, desperate men to this country; it imports ignorance and scatters it broadcast throughout the land; it and it alone is responsible for every manifestation of anarchy that our country has witnessed. All men may not be willing to admit that this statement is true; but when monopoly dies, no more anarchism will be born unto this country, for anarchy is the legitimate child of monopoly. While I condemn and denounce the deeds of violence committed in the name of labor during the present year, I am proud to say that the Knights of Labor, as an organization, are not in any way responsible for such conduct. He is the true Knight of Labor who with one hand clutches anarchy by the throat and with the other strangles monopoly."

This is not a definite statement. By monopoly Mr. POWDERLY apparently means organized and corporate capital. But this in itself is no greater wrong than organized labor, while organized capital alone makes great enterprises and improvements possible, which are advantageous to everybody, rich or poor.

The general object of the Knights of Labor Mr. POWDERLY states to be to give to labor its fair share of the common product. The methods to this end which he especially emphasizes are education and the creation of a healthy public opinion. Nothing could be more American than such a purpose and such methods. But in the passages of his address where Mr. POWDERLY appeals to the feeling of the poor against the rich he has the tone of a demagogue.

That feeling is one which needs no stimulating, and the invocation of prejudice and class hatred is fatal to any just settlement of the question of labor, and greatly injures the cause which Mr. POWDERLY represents. He enters at length into the consideration of the rule of the order which prohibits the employment of children under fifteen years of age. Its purpose is not that the child may live in idleness, nor that more adults may be employed, but that the child may obtain the education without which he is fitted neither for his duties as a man nor as a citizen. Our object, Mr. POWDERLY says to his associates, is co-operative. But the essential element of co-operation is education and business training.

Mr. POWDERLY lays great stress upon the duties of citizenship, and the spirit and aim of the republic. To this he returns more than once, and he looks to this as the hope of the movement. Just here, therefore, is a serious defect of his address, and in no report that we have seen does he mention, much less enforce, the great object of the republic, which is the security of individual liberty, and first of all in that liberty is the right of disposing of one's own labor. Mr. POWDERLY calls the illicit power of capital a new slavery, and he properly denounces the frequent injustice and oppression of corporate capital. But the injustice and oppression of organized labor are not less fatal to manhood. There were hundreds of men forced last winter to see their families suffer because the tyranny of organized labor denied them the liberty of disposing of their own labor as they chose. This is a wrong as heinous as the wrong reflected by employers. Striking, or the refusal of a man or of many men together to work except upon terms satisfactory to them, is an unquestionable right. But forcing other men to strike is an equally unquestionable wrong. This is a truth which is not treated by Mr. POWDERLY, but it is one of the most pressing points of the controversy, and it is the one which, as experience has shown, demands the most constant and urgent statement. There is much yet to be said of the fair adjustment of the product of labor and capital. But to incite the poor against the rich, as if wealth were necessarily a crime or a rich man a tyrant, and to hold that two sons may properly prevent a third man from honestly working as he chooses, is not the way to advance a just and reasonable settlement of "the labor question."

## EXECUTIVE GOOD FAITH.

WE quote elsewhere a statement from a letter upon the New York Custom-house, addressed to the *Times* by Mr. WILLIAM POTTS, the Secretary of the National Civil Service Reform League, which is well worthy of attention. Mr. POTTS has evidently made careful observations, and his conclusions justify the favorable estimate of the situation which was presented last week. This is the most striking indication of the Executive good faith, which is constantly questioned by party opponents.

If the sole test of that good faith be that at every point throughout the entire civil service a complete reform has been accomplished, that all abuses have been corrected, and that there is not even any violation or disregard of sound principle, then it must be conceded that the President has not justified the confidence of the friends of reform. Or if the fact of appointments and removals which seem inexplicable to a sincere reformer, and an apparent surrender to the old spoils system which practically vested the control of State patronage in certain political hands, be the final condemnation of the Executive, the President must be condemned.

But no candid judgment will impose such tests as these. Indeed, those who urge them most stringently would be utterly confounded by them, because they claim for themselves exclusive credit for civil service reform on the ground that a very slight inroad was made under their auspices upon the vast complicated and traditional evils of patronage. Try them at this one point, the New York Custom-house. For nearly twenty years after the demand for reform began they had the continued and absolute control of the New York Custom-house. But a Republican Administration declined to reappoint the most efficient friend of reform in the Custom-house, and not withstanding all professions and opportunity, the party never took the Custom-house out of politics. This is the work which, as Mr. POTTS shows, a Democratic Collector in concert with the Administration is rapidly accomplishing, and he shows also the many and intricate difficulties with which the Collector must contend. This fact does not prove, indeed, that everywhere in the service the reform is achieved, nor that there are not flagrant instances of violated principles. But it does prove, to every man who is not determined to deny it, both the good faith and the honest reform work of the Administration.

## MINNESOTA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

A STRIKING illustration of the fact that political parties are not divided even upon the question of protection is found in the recent resolutions of the Minnesota Republicans and the Massachusetts Democratic conventions. The Minnesota Republicans say:

"The producers of the great Northwest demand a lower rate of taxation upon the necessaries of life than that of the war period. We favor, therefore, as a just and necessary lightening of their burdens and as aid to their prosperity, an early and judicious revision of the tariff, with a simplification and reduction of customs duties."

The Massachusetts Democrats say:

"We demand a judicious reform of the tariff. All needed protection to capital and labor engaged in the various industries can be assured under a revised scale of duties which will afford all the revenues required by the government, and relieve the great body of the people of the heavy weight of taxation."

The Massachusetts Democrats then nominated a late Republican for Governor, while in Minnesota the four Republican Representatives in Congress who voted according to the Minnesota platform, and whose votes Mr. BLAINE declared to be contrary to the wishes of a large majority of their constituents, have either been renominated by their constituents or replaced by one of similar views, while the chief Republican paper in the State says that those votes of the Representatives were the main cause of their renomination, and the State Convention, in a separate resolution, expressly approved their conduct; and a representative of the same views has been nominated in the Detroit district in Michigan.

Either the Minnesota Republicans are renegades and traitors, etc., etc., etc., or protection in the BLAINE sense is not a cardinal principle of the party.

## JAHNE.

THERE was general satisfaction among all good citizens that the Court of Appeals sustained the sentence of JAHNE, and that he will be duly punished for a great offence. It is understood that the suits against the other Aldermen implicated will be pressed, and justice will be done upon them also. This is an event which cannot but be of great service, for it teaches the trading politicians in the only way which they heed that political fraud is not always sure to escape.

But it should be borne in mind that the case of JAHNE and the other "boodle Aldermen" is but one illustration of that use of money in politics which is one of the most menacing tendencies of the time. The candidate for Congress who gives money to his agent without inquiry, but with full knowledge how it is to be used, is a briber, and belongs with the "boodlers." He knows that the money will be used corruptly, and he gave it with that knowledge. Morally he merits the striped suit which the "boodlers" will presently wear.

The last year has witnessed very encouraging events in city affairs, and chief among them are the exposure and impending punishment of the Broadway Railroad scandal and the revelation of the SPITZE-FLYNN bargains. The appointments of General NEWTON as Commissioner of Public Works and the break up of the SPITZE Aqueduct Commission are also subjects of congratulation. We should not forget Mayor GRACE's honest support and enforcement of the reformed system of appointments in the municipal service, which is another happy fact. We are not yet at the millennium, but all these facts are stimulants to general interest in the city election, because they show that even in New York punishment of betrayal of public trust is still possible, and that progress and reform are yet practicable.

## PERSONAL.

MISS COURTNEY FERRIER WOOLSON has rented for the autumn and early winter a part of an old stone villa on the hill called Bellosguardo, outside the Roman gate of Florence, Italy. In the same villa reside Miss GRASSETTI, sister of the sculptor, and Mr. FRANCIS BOTTA, of Boston, with his daughter and son in law, FRANK DUVENECK, the painter. Miss WOOLSON's quarters have an old garden in front of them, and are very romantically situated. Across the western end of her reception-room is a broad parapet, just elbow high, to lean upon, and from this parapet the distinguished novelist gazes upon the most beautiful landscape in Italy—the valley of the Arno eastward, with the strange outlines of the Carrara Mountains at its end, and the river like a silver ribbon winding down toward Pisa and the sea. This parapet is, in fact, the broad top of an old stone wall, which plunges straight down on the other side forty feet or more. The next villa to Miss WOOLSON's is the Villa Mostanto, where HAWTHORNE wrote the *Marble Faun*, and which he describes as the home of BENVENUTO. The shadow of its old stone tower moves across Miss WOOLSON's garden every day like that of a sundial. Not far distant is the smaller villa where Miss WOOLSON's great-uncle, JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, spent two summers with his family sixty years ago. He was very fond of Italy, and the days he passed there were the happiest of his life. Miss WOOLSON's genius is unfolding under circumstances particularly felicitous.

—An unusually interesting collection of more than one hundred oil-paintings by the old Dutch masters is now hidden away in a storage warehouse in this city. It was gathered, picture by picture, by a young merchant of New York, Mr. LUCAS E. EMMICK, who during several vacations in Europe amused himself with the task. Mr EMMICK has gone to Colorado Springs for his health, and expects to stay there but before removing his collection to his new home he has signified his willingness to have it exhibited free to the public at some suitable place in New York. It is in all respects the most comprehensive and valuable collection of Dutch masters ever seen in this country. It has been examined by President HUNTINGTON of the National Academy, and other leading experts, who commend it warmly. Mr EMMICK is now preparing a *catalogue raisonné* of the collection.

—THOMAS HILL is recognized as one of the artists who can reproduce in some measure the grand scenery of the Yosemite Valley. He is a sincere business man as well, for he has a studio on the road into Yosemite where the tourist tarries half a day on his return from the valley, prone to buy pictures when fresh from the Sierra.

—Mr DUFFIELD SMITH, the poet, playwright, and *Editorator*, has returned from Europe, where he has been spending the summer. He recently published *Cyclopedia of Boston* is a quaint and useful companion to travellers in "The Hub."

—Senator LYMAN TRUMBULL lives in a modest wooden cottage on the south side of Chicago, near the DOUGLAS monument. He is very democratic in his ways and appearance, and a few days ago was seen superintending some repairs in the sidewalk in front of his house. His figure is erect, and he looks as young as he did thirty years ago.

—Mr CHARLES F. BURNS, of the Brush Electric Light Company, owns one of the largest and costliest stone residences in this country. He is determined that the walk leading through his grounds from the street to his front door shall describe a true geometrical curve, and he has spent some hours of his busy days in instructing his workmen how to lay it, often getting down on his hands and knees in order to draw the line.

—The pastor of one of the magnificent new churches in Minneapolis congratulates himself that the structure is out of debt. The land on which the former structure was situated was bought a number of years ago for a song, and sold recently for $100,000. Several new churches in Minneapolis and St. Paul can show a similar record.

—A well known novelist of this city is a sensitive person. A short time ago he kept a modest account at a bank, but withdrew it, and has since had no bank account anywhere, because, he says, "the teller had a way of throwing down my pass-book at me after I had made a deposit. The action was unspeakably irritating, and I would not stand it."

—All the six "Preachers to the University" who have now charge of the religious interests of Harvard College are graduates of the institution, and all but one, Rev. RICHARD MONTAGUE, of Providence, are Boston men. Two are Unitarians, two orthodox, one Baptist, and one Episcopalian. Mr EDWARD E. HALE, colleague of Rev. Dr. E. E. HALE, but not his son, has been elected secretary of the Board and lay assistant.

—Mr C. P. HUNTINGTON has been examining the California railroad properties in which he is largely interested. He believes the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys need more branch railroads for their development. With Mr CHARLES CROCKER he is now on an inspection tour of the California and Oregon road, the new northern route to Portland.

—In a characteristic letter to a friend in this city, from which we are permitted to make an extract, Mr GEORGE H. BOKER writes from Kilmalis House, Inverness-shire, Scotland, under date of September 7: "I have just come on to this place (an old haunt of mine, by the way), after a most delightful and interesting skirmish of some three weeks among the islands of the Orkneys, and a touch of the Hebrides as passant, and found the Orkneys, particularly that isle of the blessed called Pomona—I know not why, as it was named thus centuries before *Rudder Grange* was written—a perfect haven of healthful rest for the town-wearied mind and body, and a fresh mine of unworked picturesqueness, when the working fit came on again. And the working fit soon did come, thanks to the marvellously scarifying and rejuvenating air. I intended to give myself a perfect rest of at least a fortnight, but at the end of three days I was at work again with the wild order of one-and twenty, and the healthy appetite of it as well. I intend returning in boon by way of the western coast line of Scotland, taking the outlying Hebridean groups of islands by the way, right on to Arran. By that time I hope to get the last particle of London soot blown clean out of me." It is to be hoped that Mr. BOKER will give the public his impressions of these wanderings in Ultima Thule.

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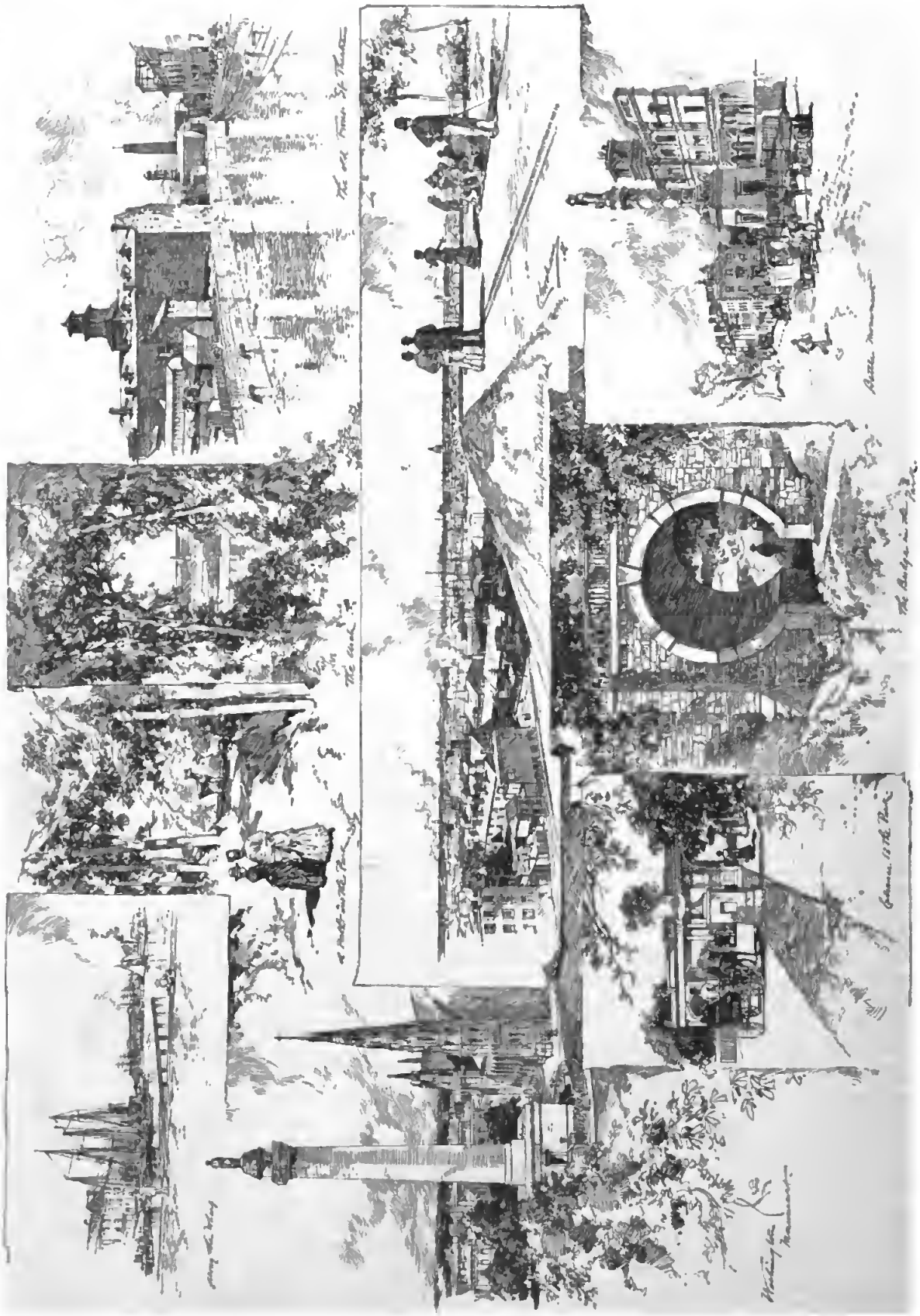

BALTIMORE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAYSON.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

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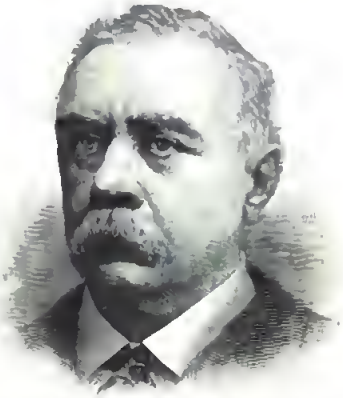
OLIVER AMES, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.—(See Page 667.)

JOHN F. ANDREW, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.—(See Page 667.)

ANDREW R. McGILL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.—(See Page 667.)

JOHN F. SWIFT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.—PHOTO. BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO.—(See Page 667.)

BENJAMIN F. HOWEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—(See Page 667.)



ROBERT S. GREEN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—(See Page 667.)

"THERE WERE THE THICK LIPS, THE FAT CHEEKS, AND THE SQUAT NOSE STANDING OUT WITH STARTLING CLEARNESS."—(See Serial "Sue: A Romance of Adventure," Page 668.)

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# SHE:*

## A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

### IV.

THE ORACLE.

How different is the scene that I have now to tell from that which has just been told! Gone are the quiet college rooms, gone the wind-swept English elms and cawing rooks, and the familiar volumes on the shelves, and in their place there rises a vision of the great calm ocean gleaming in shaded silver lights beneath the beams of the full African moon. A gentle breeze fills the huge sail of our dhow, and drawn as through the water that ripples musically against our sides. Most of the men are sleeping forward, for it is near midnight, but a stout swarthy Arab, Mahomed by name, stands to the tiller, lustily steering by the stars. Three miles or more to our starboard or a few days' sail lies Ibo. It is the eastern shore of central Africa. We are running to the southward, before the earthwest monsoon, between the sandy land and the reef that for hundreds of miles fringes that perilous coast. The night is quiet, so quiet that a whisper can be heard fore and aft the dhow; so quiet that a faint booming sound rolls across the water to us from the distant land.

The Arab at the tiller holds up his hand, and says one word: "*Simba!*" (lion).

We all sit up and listen. Then it comes again, a slow, majestic sound that thrills on to the marrow.

"To-morrow, by ten o'clock," I say, "we ought, if the Captain is our not in his reckoning, which I think very probable, to make this mysterious rock with a man's head and begin our adventure."

"And begin our search for the ruined city and the Fire of Life," corrected Leo, taking his pipe from his mouth and laughing a little.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "You were asking your Arabs with that man at the tiller this afternoon. What did he tell you? He has been trading (slave-trading, probably) up and down these latitudes for half of his iniquitous life, and once landed on this very 'main' rock. Did he ever hear anything of the ruined city or the caves?"

"No," answered Leo. "He says that the country behind, full of swamp, and full of snakes, especially pythons, and game, and that no man lives there. But then there is a belt of swamp all along the east African coast, so that does not go for much."

"Yes," I said, "it does—it goes for malaria. You see what sort of an opinion three gentlemen have of the country. Not one of them will go with us. They think that we are mad, and upon my word I believe that they are right. If ever we see old England again I shall be astonished. However, it does not greatly matter to me, my age, but I am anxious for you, Leo, and Job. It's a Tom Fool's business, my boy."

"All right, Uncle Horace. So far as I am concerned, I am willing to take my chance. Look! What is that cloud?" and he pointed to a dark block upon the starry sky, some miles astern of us.

"Go and ask the man at the tiller," I said.

He rose and stretched his long arms, and went. Presently he returned.

"He says it is a squall, but it will pass far on one side of us."

Just then Job came up, looking very stout and English in his shooting suit of brown flannel, and with a sort of perplexed appearance upon his honest round face that had been very common with him since he got into these strange waters.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his sun hat, which was stuck on to the back of his head in a somewhat ludicrous fashion, "to us have got all those guns and things in the whale-boat astern, to say nothing of the provisions in the lockers, I think it would be best if I got down and slept in her. I don't like the looks"—here he dropped his voice to a portentous whisper—"of those black gentry, they have such a wonderful thirsh way about them. Supposing, now, that some of them were to slip into the boat at night and cut the cable, and make off with her? It would be a pretty go, that would."

The whale-boat, I may explain, was one that we had built at Dundee, in the north of England, and brought with us, as we knew that this coast was a net-work of creeks, and that we might require something to navigate them with. She was a beautiful boat, thirty feet in length, with a centre-board for sailing, copper bottomed to keep the worm out of her, and full of water tight compartments. The captain of the dhow had told us that when we reached the rock, which he knew well, and which appeared to be identical with the one described upon the sheepskin, he would not probably be able to run up to it on account of the shallows and breakers, as we had employed three hours that very morning, whilst we were totally becalmed, the wind having dropped at sunrise, in transferring most of our goods and chattels to the whale-boat, placing the guns, ammunition, and preserved provisions in the water-tight lockers specially prepared for them, so that when we did sight the fabled rock we should have nothing to do but step into the boat and run her ashore. Another reason that induced us to take this precautionary step was that Arab captains are apt to run past the point that they are making, either from carelessness or owing to a mistake in its identity. Now, as sailors will know, it is quite impossible for a dhow which is only rigged to run before the monsoon to beat back against it. Therefore we got our boat ready to run for the rock at any moment.

"Well, Job," I said, "perhaps it would be as well. There are lots of blankets there, only be careful to keep out of the moon, or it may turn your head or blind you."

"Lord, sir! I don't think it would much matter if it did, it is that turned already with the sight of those blackamoors and their filthy, thieving ways. They are only fit for much, they are; and they smell bad enough for it already."

Job, it will be perceived, was not attached to the manners and customs of our dark-skinned brothers.

Accordingly we hauled up the boat by the tow-rope till it was right under the stern of the dhow, and Job bundled into her about as gracefully as a sack of potatoes. Then we returned and sat down on the deck again, and smoked and talked in little gusts and jerks. The night was so lovely, and our brains were so full of suppressed excitement of one sort and another, that we did not feel inclined to turn in. For nearly an hour we sat thus, and then, I think, we both dozed off. At least I have a faint recollection of Leo sleepily explaining that the head was not a bad place to hit a buffalo, if you could catch him exactly between the horns, or send your bullet down his throat, or some nonsense of the sort.

Then I remember no more, till suddenly—a frightful roar of wind, a shriek of terror from the awakening crew, and a whip-like sting of water in our faces. Some of the men ran to let go the halyards and lower the sail, but the parrel jammed, and no yard would not come down. I sprang to my feet, and hung on to a rope. The sky aft was dark as pitch, but the moon still shone brightly ahead of us and lit up the blackness. Beneath its sheen a huge white-topped breaker, twenty feet high or more, was rushing on to us. It was on the break—the moon shone on its crest, and topped its foam with light. On it rushed beneath the inky sky, driven by the awful squall behind it. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, I saw the black shape of the whale-boat cast high into the air on the breaking wave. Then—a shock of a star, a wild rush of boiling foam, and I was clinging for my life to the shroud—ay, swept straight out from it like a flag in a gale.

We were pooped.

The wave passed. It seemed to me that I was under water for minutes—really it was seconds. I looked forward. The blast had torn out the great sail, and high in the air it was fluttering away to leeward like a huge wounded bird. Then for a moment there was comparative calm, and in it I heard Job's voice yelling wildly, "Come here to the boat."

Bewildered and half drowned as I was, I had the sense to rush aft. I felt the dhow sinking under me—she was full of water. Under her counter the whale-boat was tossing furiously, and I saw the Arab Mahomed, who had been steering, leap into her. I gave one desperate pull at the tow-rope to bring the boat alongside. Wildly I sprang also, and Job caught me with one arm, and I rolled into the bottom of the boat. Down went the dhow badly, and as she did so Mahomed drew his carved knife and severed the fibre rope by which we were fast to her, and in another second we were drifting before the storm over the place where the dhow had been.

"Great God!" I shrieked, "where is Leo? *Leo! Leo!*"

"He's gone, sir, God help him!" roared Job into my ear, and each was the fury of the squall that his voice sounded like a whisper.

I wrung my hands in agony. Leo was drowned, and I was left alive to mourn him.

"Look out!" yelled Job; "here comes another."

I turned; a second huge wave was overtaking us. I hoped it would drown me. With a curious fascination I watched its awful advance. The moon was nearly hidden now by the wreaths of the rushing storm, but a little light still caught the crest of the devouring breaker. There was something dark on it—a piece of wreckage. It was on us now, and the boat was nearly full of water. But the wave buoyed in air-tight compartments—Heaven bless the man who invented them!—and lifted up through it like a swan. Through the foam and turmoil I saw the black thing on the wave hurrying right at me. I put out my right arm to ward it from me, and my hand closed on another arm, the wrist of which my fingers gripped like a vise. I am a very strong man, and had something to hold to, but my arm was nearly torn from its socket by the strain and weight of the floating body. Had the rush lasted another two seconds I must either have let go or gone with it. But it passed, leaving us up to our knees in water.

"Bail out! bail out!" shouted Job, suiting the action to the word.

But I could not bail just then, for as the moon went out and left us in total darkness, one faint, feeble ray of light fell upon the face of the man I had gripped, who was now half lying, half floating, in the bottom of the boat.

It was Leo. Leo brought back by the wave—back, dead or alive, from the very jaws of Death.

"Bail out! bail out!" yelled Job, "or we shall founder."

I seized a large tin bowl with a handle to it, which was fixed under one of the seats, and the three of us bailed away for dear life. The fierce tempest drove over and round us, flinging the boat this way and that, the wind and the storm wreaths and the sheets of stinging spray blinded and bewildered us, but through it all we worked like demons with the wild exhilaration of despair, for even despair can exhilarate. One minute! three minutes! six minutes! The boat began to lighten, and our fresh wave swamped us. Five minutes more and she was fairly clear. Then, suddenly, above the awful shrieking of the hurricane came a duller, deeper roar. Great heavens! It was the voice of breakers.

At that moment the moon began to shine out again—this time behind the path of the squall. Out far across the torn bosom of the ocean shot the ragged arrows of her light, and there, half a mile ahead of us, was a white line of foam, then a little space of open moonlit blackness, and then another line of white. It was the breakers, and their roar grew clearer and yet more clear as we sped down upon them like a swallow. There they were, boiling up in envoy sports of spray, smiling and gnashing together like the glittering teeth of hell.

"Take the tiller, Mahomed!" I roared, in Arabic, "we must try and shoot them." At the same moment I seized an oar, and got it set, motioning to Job to do likewise.

Mahomed clambered aft, and got hold of the tiller, and with some difficulty Job, who had sometimes pulled a tub upon the homely Cam, got out his oar. In another minute her head was straight on to the ever-nearing line, toward which she plunged and dove with the speed of a racehorse. Just in front of us the first line seemed a little thinner than to the right or left—there was a gap of rather deeper water. I turned and pointed to it.

"Steer for your life, Mahomed!" I yelled. He was a skilful steersman, and well acquainted with the dangers of this most perilous coast, and I saw him grip the tiller and bend his heavy frame forward, and stare at the foaming terror till his big round eyes looked as though they would start out of his head. The speed of the sea was driving the boat's head round to starboard if an struck the line of breakers fifty yards to starboard of the gap we must shoot. It was a great field of twisting, spouting waves. Mahomed planted his foot against the seat before him, and glancing at him, I saw his brown toes spread out like a hand with the weight he put upon them as he took the strain of the tiller. She came round a bit, but not enough. I roared to Job to back water, whilst I dragged and laboured at my oar. She answered now, and none too soon. Heavens! we were in them. And then followed a couple of minutes of heart-breaking excitement such as I cannot hope to describe. All I remember is a shrieking sea of foam, out of which the billows rose here, there, and everywhere, like ravenging ghosts from their ocean grave. Once we were turned right round, but either by chance, or through Mahomed's skilful steering, the boat's head came straight again before a breaker filled us. One more—a minute. We were through it or over it—more through than over—and then, with a wild yell of exultation from the Arab, we shot out into the comparative smooth water of the mouth of our between two teeth like lines of gnashing waves.

But we were half full of water again, and not more than half a mile ahead was the second line of breakers. Again we set to and bailed furiously. Fortunately the storm had now quite gone by, and the moon shone brightly, revealing a rocky headland running half a mile or more out into the sea, of which the second line of breakers appeared to be a continuation. At any rate, they boiled around its foot. Probably the ridge that made it ran out into the ocean, only at a lower level, and formed the reef. This headland was terminated by a narrow peak that curved out to be more than a mile away from us. Just as we got the boat pretty clear, for the second time, Leo, to my immense relief, opened his eyes, and remarked that the clothes had tumbled off the bed, and that he supposed it was time to get up for chapel. I told him to shut his eyes and keep quiet, which he did without in the slightest degree realizing the position. As for myself, his reference to chapel made me reflect, with a sort of sick longing, on our comfortable rooms at Cambridge. Why had I been such a fool as to leave them? This is a reflection that has several times recurred to me since with ever-increasing force.

But now again we are drifting down on the breakers, though with lessened speed, for the wind had fallen, and only the current or the tide (it afterwards turned out to be the tide) was driving us.

Another minute, and with a sort of howl to Allah from the Arab, a plane ejaculation from myself, and something that was not pious from Job, we were in them. And then the whole scene, down to our final escape, repeated itself, only not quite so violently. Mahomed's skilful steering and the air-tight compartments saved us thus. In five minutes we were through, and drifting—for we were too exhausted to do anything to help ourselves except keep her head straight—with the most startling rapidity round the headland which I have described.

Round we went with the tide, until we got well under the lee of the point, and then suddenly the speed slackened, we ceased to make way, and finally appeared to be in dead water. The storm had entirely passed, leaving a clean-washed sky behind it; the headland intercepted the heavy sea that had been occasioned by the squall, and the tide, which had been running so fiercely up the river (for we were in the mouth of a small river), was sluggish before it is need, so we floated quietly, and before the moon went down managed to bail out the boat thoroughly and get her a little ship-shape. Leo was sleeping profoundly, and, on the whole, I thought it wise not to wake him. It was true he was in his wet clothes, but the night was now as warm that I thought (and so did Job) that they were not likely to injure a man of his unusually vigorous constitution. Besides, we had no dry ones at hand.

Presently the moon went down, and left us floating on the waters, one only bearing like some troubled woman's breast, which gave no leisure to reflect upon all that we had gone through and all that we had escaped. Job stationed himself at the bow, Mahomed kept his post at the tiller, and I sat on a seat in the middle of the boat close to where Leo was lying.

The moon sank slowly down in chastened loveliness; she departed like some sweet bride into her chamber, and long, veil-like shadows crept up the sky, through which the stars peeped shyly out. Soon, however, they too began to pale to turn a splendor in the east, and then the quivering footsteps of the dawn came rushing across the new-born blue, and shook them from their places. Quicker and more quick grew the sea—quick as the soft mina that brooded on her bosom and covered up her troubling, as the illusive breathe of sleep broad upon and cover up a pain racked soul, causing it to forget its sorrow. From the east to the west sped the angels of the dawn, from sea to sea, from mountain top to mountain-top, scattering light with both their hands. On they sped out of the darkness perfect, glorious, like spirits of the just breaking from the tomb, on, over the quiet sea, over the low coast line, and the swamps beyond, and the mountains beyond them, over those who slept in peace, and over those who woke in sorrow; over the evil and the good; over the living and the dead, over the wide world and all that breathes or has breathed thereon.

It was a wonderfully beautiful sight, and yet sad, perhaps from the very excess of its beauty. The arising sun! the setting sun! There we have the symbol and the type of humanity, and all things with which humanity has to do. The symbol and the type, yes, and the earthly beginning, and the end also. And on that morning this came home to me with a peculiar force. The sun that arose to-day for us had set last night for eighteen of our fellow voyagers—had set for ever for eighteen a man we knew!

The dhow had gone down with them; they were moaning about now among the rocks and sea-weed, so much human drift on the great ocean of death! And we four were saved! But one day a minute will come when we shall be among those who are lost, and then others will watch those glorious rays, and gross and in the midst of beauty, and dream of Death in the full glow of arising Life.

For this is the lot of man.

### V.

THE HEAD OF THE ETHIOPIAN.

At length the breakfast and forecastle of the royal sun had done their work, and, searching out the shadows, had caused them to flee away. Then up he came in glory from his ocean bed, and flooded the earth with warmth and light. I sat there in the boat and listened to the gentle lapping of the water and watched him rise, till presently the slight drift of the boat brought the odd-shaped rock, as peak, at the end of the promontory, which we had sailed with as much peril, between us and the majestic sight, and blotted it from our view. I still continued to stare at the rock, however, absurdly enough, till presently it became edged with the fire of the glowing light behind it, and then I started, as well I might, for I perceived that the top of the peak, which was almost eighty feet high by one hundred and fifty thick at its base, was shaped like a negro's head and face, on which was stamped a most foolish and terrifying expression. There was no doubt about it; there were the thick lips, the fat cheeks, and the squat nose standing out with startling clearness against the flaming background. There, too, was the round skull, cushed into shape perhaps by thousands of years of wind and weather, and, to complete the resemblance, there was a scrubby growth of weeds or lichen upon it, which against the sun looked for all the world like the wool on a colossal negro's head. It certainly was new odd—so odd that now I believe that it is not a mere freak of nature, but a gigantic monument, fashioned, like the well-known Egyptian Sphinx, by a forgotten people out of a pile of rock that lent itself to their design, perhaps as an emblem of warning and defiance to any enemies who approached the harbor. Unfortunately we were never able to ascertain whether or not this was the case, inasmuch as the rock was difficult of access both from the land and the water side, and we had other things to attend to. Myself, considering the matter by the light of what an afterward saw, I believe it was fashioned by man, but whether or not this is so, there it stands, and silently stares from age to age out across the changing sea; there it stood two thousand years and more ago, when Amenartas, the Egyptian Princess, and the wife of Leo's remote ancestor Kallikrates, gazed upon its devilish face; and there I have no doubt it will still stand when as many centuries as are numbered between her day and our own are added to the year that bore us to oblivion.

"What do you think of that, Job?" I asked of our retainer, who was sitting on the edge of the boat, trying to get as much sunshine as possible, and generally looking uncommonly wretched, and I pointed to the fiery dissolution head.

"Oh Lord, sir," answered Job, who was perfect of the object for the first time, "I think that the old gentleman must have been sitting for his portrait on those rocks."

I laughed, and the laugh woke up Leo.

"Hullo," he said, "what's the matter with me? I am all stiff. Where is the dhow?"

"You may be thankful that you are not stiff, my boy," I answered. "The dhow is sunk, and everybody on board her is drowned, with the exception of us four, and your own life was only saved by a miracle," and whilst Job, now that it was light enough, searched about in a locker for the brandy, for which Leo asked, I told him the history of our night's adventure.

"Great heavens!" he said, lightly; "and to think that we should have been chosen to live through it!"

By this time the brandy was forth-coming, and we all had a good pull at it, and thankful enough we were for it. After the sun was beginning to

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1550.

get strength, and warm our chilled bones, for we had been wet though for five hours or more.

"Why," said Leo, with a gasp, as he put down the brandy bottle, "there is the head the writing talks of—'the rock shaped like the head of an Ethiopian.'"

"Yes," I said, "there it is."

"Well, then," he answered, "the whole thing is true."

"I don't at all see that that follows," I answered. "We knew this head one here, your father saw it. Very likely it is not the same head that the writing talks of, as if it is, it proves nothing."

Leo smiled at me in a superior way. "You are an unbelieving Jew, Uncle Horace," he said. "Those who live will see."

"Exactly so," I answered; "and now perhaps you observe that we are drifting across a sand bank into the mouth of the river. Get hold of your oar, Job, and we will row in and see if we can't find a place to land."

The river mouth which we were entering did not appear to be a very wide one, though as yet the long banks of steaming mud that cling about its shores had not lifted sufficiently to enable us to see its exact width. There was, as in the river with nearly every east African river, a considerable bar at the mouth, which, on doubt, when the wind was on shore and the tide running out, was absolutely impassable even for a boat drawing only a few inches. But as things were it was manageable enough, and we did not ship a capful of water. In twenty minutes we were well across it, with but slight assistance from ourselves, and being carried by a strong though somewhat variable breeze, well up the harbor. By this time the mast was being stepped up by the sun, which was getting uncomfortably hot, and we saw that the mouth of the little estuary one here about half a mile across, and that the banks were very marshy, and crowded with crocodiles lying about on the mud-like edge. About a mile ahead of us, however, we saw what appeared to be a strip of firm land, and for this we steered. In another quarter of an hour we were there, and making the boat fast to a beautiful tree with broad shining leaves, and flowers of the magnolia species, only they were rose-colored and not white,* which hung over the water, we disembarked. This done, we undressed, washed ourselves, and spread our clothes and the contents of the boat to the sun to dry, which they very quickly did, and then taking shelter from the sun under some trees, we made a hearty breakfast off a "Payanda" potted tongue, of which we had brought a good quantity with us from the Army and Navy Stores, congratulating ourselves enormously as our good fortune in having loaded and provisioned the boat on the previous day before the hurricane destroyed the show. By the time that we had finished our meal our clothes were dry, and we hastened to get into them, feeling not a little refreshed. Indeed, with the exception of weariness and a few bruises, none of us were the worse for our terrifying adventure, which had been fatal to all our companions. Leo, it is true, had been half drowned, but that is no great matter to a vigorous young athlete of five-and twenty.

After breakfast we started to look about us. We were on a strip of dry land about two hundred yards broad by five hundred long, bordered on one side by the river and on the other three by endless desolate swamps, that stretched as far as the eye could reach. This strip of land was raised about twenty five feet above the level of the surrounding swamps and the river level, indeed, it had every appearance of having been made by the hand of man.

"This place has been a wharf," said Leo, dogmatically.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "Who would be fool enough to build a wharf in the middle of these dreadful marshes in a country inhabited by savages, that is, if it is inhabited at all?"

"Perhaps it was not always marsh, and perhaps the people were not always savage." he said, drily, looking down the steep bank, for we were standing by the river. "Look there," he went on, pointing to a spot where the hurricane of the previous night had torn up one of the magnolia-trees, which had grown on the extreme edge of the bank just where it sloped down to the water, by the roots, that had lifted a large cake of earth with them. "is not that stone-work? If not, it is very like it."

"Nonsense!" I said again, and we clambered down to the spot, and got between the upturned roots and the bank.

"Well?" he said.

But I did not answer this time. I only whistled. For there, laid bare by the removal of the earth, was an undoubted facing of solid stone laid in large blocks and bound together with brown cement, so hard that I could make no impression on it with the file in my shooting knife. Nor was this all; seeing something projecting through the soil at the bottom of the bared patch of walling, I removed the loose earth in my hands, and revealed a huge stone ring, a foot or more in diameter and about three inches thick. This fairly staggered me.

"Looks rather like a wharf where good-sized vessels have been moored, does it not, Uncle Horace?" said Master Leo, with an excited grin.

I tried to say "Nonsense!" again, but the word stuck in my throat—the ring spoke for itself. In some past age vessels had been moored there, and the stone wall was undoubtedly the remains of a solidly constructed wharf. Probably the city to which it had belonged lay buried beneath the swamp behind it.

"Begins to look as though there were something in the story after all, Uncle Horace," said the exultant Leo; and reflecting on the mysterious negro's head and the equally mysterious stone-work, I made no direct reply.

* There be a known species of magnolia with pink flowers. It is indigenous in Sikkim, and known as *Magnolia Campbellii*.—EDITOR.

"A century like Africa," I said, "is sure to be full of the relics of long dead and forgotten civilizations. Nobody knows the age of the Egyptian civilization, and very little is had off shoots. Then there were the Babylonians, and the Phoenicians, and the Persians, and all manner of people, all more or less civilized, to say nothing of the Jews whom everybody 'wants' nowadays. It is possible that they, as may one of them, may have had colonies or trading stations about here. Remember those buried Persian cities that the camel showed us at Kilwa."

"Quite so," said Leo; "but that is not what you said before."

"Well, what is to be done now?" I asked, turning the conversation.

As on nearer and forthcoming we proceeded to the edge of the swamp, and looked over it. It was apparently boundless, and vast flocks of every sort of water-fowl came flying from its recesses till it was sometimes difficult to see the sky. Now that the sun was getting high, it drew thin, sickly looking clouds of poisonous vapor from the surface of the marsh and from the scummy pools of stagnant water.

"Two things are clear to me," I said, addressing my three companions, who stared at the spectacle in dismay, "first: that we can't go across there" (I pointed to the swamp), "and secondly, that if we stop here we shall certainly die of fever."

"That's as clear as a bay stack," said Job.

"Very well, then, there are two alternatives before us. One is to 'hent ship, and try and run for some port in the whale-boat, which would be a sufficiently risky proceeding, and the other to wait or row on up the river, and see where we come to."

"I don't know what you are going to do," said Leo, setting his mouth, "but I am going up that river."

Job turned up the whites of his eyes and groaned, and the Arab murmured "Allah!" and groaned also. As for me, I remarked, sweetly, that as we seemed to be between the devil and the deep sea, it did not much matter where we went. But in reality I was as anxious to proceed as Leo. The colossal negro's head and the stone wharf had excited my curiosity to an extent of which I was secretly ashamed, and I was prepared to gratify it at any cost. Accordingly, having carefully fitted the mast, restowed the boat, and put out our rifles, we embarked. Fortunately the wind was blowing on shore from the ocean, so we were able to hoist the sail. Indeed, we afterward found out that as a general rule the wind set on shore from daybreak for some hours, and off shore again at sunset, and the explanation that I offer of this is that when the earth is cooled by the dew and the night the hot air rises, and the draught rushes in from the sea till the sun has once more heated it through. At least that appeared to be the rule here.

Taking advantage of this favoring wind, we sailed merrily up the river for three or four hours. About mid-day the sun grew intensely hot, and the stench drawn up by it from the marshes which the river drains was sickening one awful, and caused us instantly to swallow prodigious doses of quinine. Shortly afterward the breeze died away altogether, and as towing our heavy boat against stream in the heat was out of the question, we were thankful enough to get under the shade of a group of trees—a species of willow—that grew by the edge of the river, and lie there and gasp till at length the approach of sunset put a period to our miseries. Seeing what appeared to be an open space of water ahead of us, we determined to row there before nothing what to do for the night. Just as we were about to launch the boat, however, a beautiful water-buck, with great horns curving forward, and a white stripe across the rump, came down to the river to drink, without perceiving us hidden away within fifty yards under the willows. Leo was the first to catch sight of it, and being an ardent sportsman, thirsting for the blood of big game, about which he had been dreaming for months, he instantly stiffened all over, and pointed like a setter dog. Seeing what was the matter, I handed him his express rifle, at the same time taking my own.

"Now, then," I whispered, "mind you don't miss."

"Miss!" he whispered back, contemptuously; "I could not miss it if I tried."

He lifted the rifle, and the roan-colored buck, having drunk his fill, raised his head and looked out across the river. He was standing right against the sunset sky on a little eminence or ridge of ground that ran across the swamp, evidently a favorite path for game, and there was something very inspiring about him.

Bang! Away he goes with a mighty bound. Leo has missed him. Bang! right under him again. Now he is shot. I must have one, though he is going like an arrow, and a hundred yards away and more. My Jove! over and over and over. "Well, I think I've wiped your eye there, Master Leo," I say, struggling against the ungenerous exultation that in such a supreme moment of one's existence will rise in the best-tempered sportsman's breast.

"Confound you, yes!" growled Leo; and then, with that quick smile that is one of his charms lighting up his handsome face like a ray of light, "I beg your pardon, old fellow! I congratulate you; it was a lovely shot, and mine were vile."

Near Kilwa, on the east coast of Africa, about four hundred miles south of Zanzibar, is a cliff which has been recently washed by the waves. On the top of this cliff are Persian tombs known to be at least seven centuries old by the dates still legible on them. Beneath these tombs is a layer of debris representing a city. Further down the cliff is a second layer representing an older city, and further down yet a third layer, the remains of a still more ancient city of vast and unknown antiquity. Beneath the bottom city were found some specimens of glazed earthenware, such as are occasionally to be met with on that coast to this day. I believe that they are now in the possession of Sir John Kirk.—EDITOR.

We got out of the boat and ran to the buck, which as we shot through the spine, and stone-dead. It took us a quarter of an hour or more to clean it and cut off as much of the best meat as we could carry, and having packed this away, we had barely light enough to row up into the lagoon like space, into which, there being a hollow in the swamp, the river has been expanded. Just as the light vanished we cast anchor about 600 yards from the edge of the lake. We did not dare to go ashore, not knowing if we should find dry ground to camp on, and greatly fearing the poisonous exhalations from the marsh, which we thought we should be freer from on the water. So we lighted a lantern, and made our evening meal off another potted tongue in the best fashion that we could, and then prepared to go to sleep, only, however, to find that sleep was impossible. For, whether they were attracted by the lantern, or by the unaccustomed smell of a white man, for which they had been waiting for the last thousand years or so, I know not; but certainly we were presently attacked by tens of thousands of the most blood thirsty, pertinacious, and huge mosquitoes that I ever saw or read of. In clouds they came, and pinged and buzzed and bit till we were nearly mad. Tobacco-smoke only seemed to stir them into a fiercer and more active life, till at length we were driven to covering ourselves with blankets, head and all, and sitting in steady stew and continually scratch and swear beneath them. And as we sat, suddenly rolling out like thunder through the silence came the deep roar of a lion, and then of a second lion, moving among the reeds within fifty yards of us.

"I say," said Leo, sticking his head out from under his blanket, "looks we don't on the bank, eh, Assuerdus?" (Leo sometimes addressed me in this disrespectful way.) "Curse it! a mosquito has bitten me on the nose," and the head vanished again.

Shortly after this the moon came up, and notwithstanding every variety of roar that echoed over the water to us from the lions on the banks, we began, thinking ourselves perfectly secure, to gradually doze off.

I don't quite know what it was that made me poke my head out of the friendly shelter of the blanket—perhaps because I found that the mosquitoes were biting right through it. Anyhow, as I did so I heard Job whisper, in a frightened voice, "Oh, my stars, look there!"

Instantly we all of us looked, and there was what we saw in the moonlight. Near the shore were two wide and ever-widening circles of concentric rings rippling away across the surface of the water, and in the heart and centre of the circles were two dark moving objects.

"What is it?" asked I.

"It is those damned lions, sah," answered Job, in a tone which was an odd mixture of a sense of personal injury, habitual respect, and acknowledged fear, "and they are swimming here to beat us," he added, nervously picking up an "ir" in his agitation. I looked again, there was no doubt about it; I could catch the glare of their ferocious eyes. Attracted either by the smell of the newly killed water-buck meat as of ourselves, the hungry beasts were actually storming our position.

Leo already had his rifle in his hand. I shouted to him to wait till they were nearer, and meanwhile grabbed my own. Some fifteen feet from on the water shallowed on a bank to a depth of about fifteen inches, and presently the first of them—it was the lioness—got on to it, and shook herself and roared. At that moment Leo fired, and the bullet went right down her open mouth and out at the back of her neck, and down she dropped, with a splash, dead. The second lion—a full grown male—was some ten paces behind her. At this second he got his fore-paws on to the bank, when a strange thing happened. There was a rush and disturbance of the water, such as one sees in a pond by England when a pike takes a little fish, only a thousand times fiercer and larger, and suddenly the lion gave a most terrific snarling roar, and sprang forward on to the bank, dragging something black with him.

"Allah!" shouted Mahomed. "A crocodile has got him by the leg." And sure enough he had. We could see the long snout with its gleaming lines of teeth, and the reptile body behind it.

And then followed a scene that absolutely baffles description. The lion managed to get well on to the bank, the crocodile half standing and half swimming, still gripping his hind-leg. He roared till the air quivered with the sound, and then, with a savage, shrieking snarl, turned round and clawed hold of the crocodile's head. The crocodile shifted his grip, having, as we afterward discovered, had one of his eyes torn out, and turned slightly over, and instantly the lion got him by the throat, and held on, and then to and over they rolled upon the bank, struggling horribly. It was impossible to follow their movements, but when next we got a clear view the tables had turned; for the crocodile, whose head seemed to be a mass of gore, had got the lion's body in his iron jaws just above the hips, and was squeezing him and shaking him to and fro. For his part, the tortured brute, roaring in agony, was clawing and biting madly at his enemy's scaly head, and flying his great hind-claws in the crocodile's comparatively speaking soft throat, ripping it open as one would rip a glove.

Then all of a sudden the end came. The lion's head fell forward on the crocodile's back, and with an awful groan he died; and the crocodile, after standing for a minute motionless, slowly rolled over on to his side, his jaws still fixed across the carcass of the lion, which we afterward found he had bitten almost in half.

Thus died to the death was a wonderful and a shocking sight, and one that I suppose few men have seen, and thus it ended.

When it was all over, leaving Mahomed to keep a lookout, we managed to spend the rest of the night to quietly as the mosquitoes would let us.

(to be continued.)

## GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OLIVER AMES has been nominated for Governor by the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, and he received on the first ballot 345 of the 694 votes cast. He is a son of the late STEARNS AMES, he was born February 14, 1831, at Easton, Massachusetts, and he finished his academic career as a graduate of Brown University. Trained to a business like by his father, with his brother he succeeded to the management of the large Ames Shovel Works at North Easton. He was for many years a member of the School Committee of Easton, and his political career began when in 1866 he was elected to the State Senate. He was re-elected the following year, and in 1868, when General BUTLER was elected Governor as a Democrat, Mr AMES was elected Lieutenant-Governor as a Republican. Every year since then, until this, he has been renominated and re-elected to the same position. Mr AMES is a man of wealth, noted for his hospitality, and an abstainer from all intoxicating beverages.

JOHN F ANDREW, son of JOHN A ANDREW, the war Governor of Massachusetts, has been nominated by the Democrats as Mr AMES's opponent. He was born in 1839, was graduated at Harvard College, and at the Law School in 1858, and he has since practised his profession in Boston. In 1880 he was elected, as a Republican, a representative of one of the wards of Boston in the lower branch of the Legislature, re-elected twice, and then elected to the Senate. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1876, but he bolted the nomination of Mr BLAINE, and was elected President of the Young Men's Independent organization in Boston, and took an active part in the CLEVELAND campaign. He failed in consequence to receive the Republican nomination for the Legislature, but as an Independent with Democratic support he was returned to the Senate. He declined to become a candidate last year, and was appointed Park Commissioner of the city of Boston. He has been a zealous friend of the civil service reform law.

ROBERT STOCKTON GREEN, the Democratic nominee for Governor of New Jersey, was born at Princeton, in 1831, of a distinguished New Jersey family. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1850, and was admitted to the bar three years later. In 1857 he became City Attorney of Elizabeth—a position that he held for eleven years. From 1862 to 1867 he was Surrogate of Union County, and for the five following years he was the Presiding Judge of the County Court of Common Pleas. At the end of his service in that capacity Judge GREEN was made a member of the commission to suggest amendments to the Constitution of New Jersey. In 1876 he was admitted to the New York bar, becoming a member of the law firm of BROWN, HALE, & VANDERPOEL, and later of the firm of VANDERPOEL, GREEN, & CUMMINS. Mr GREEN was a delegate to the National Democratic conventions of 1860 and of 1880. In 1884 he was elected to Congress from the Third District of New Jersey.

BENJAMIN F HOWEY, the Republican nominee for Governor of New Jersey, was a member of the Forty-eighth Congress from the Fourth District, the adjoining one to Congressman GREEN's. He was a native of the State, and was born in Gloucester County in 1828. His uncle was the first Governor of New Jersey elected under the Constitution adopted in 1846. After completing a common-school education, he went to Philadelphia, and was engaged in mercantile pursuits for a number of years. In 1855 he made his home in Warren County, and engaged in quarrying slate—a business in which he is yet interested. Mr HOWEY was Captain of Company H, Thirty-first Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers. His political career began when, in 1876, he was elected Sheriff of Warren County as a Republican. He was the first Republican ever elected to an office in the county. In 1882 he was elected to Congress, and served one term.

ANDREW R. MCGILL, Republican nominee for Governor of Minnesota, comes of an old Pennsylvania family, and was born in Crawford County, in that State, in 1840. In 1860 he emigrated to Kentucky, and made his home near Covington until 1861, when he removed to St. Peter, Minnesota. After teaching school for a time, he volunteered, and as a private did military service for a year. On his return he edited the St. Peter *Tribune*, of which he is yet the owner. Having served one term as Clerk of the District Court, he was admitted to the bar. He became Governor ALGER's Private Secretary, and was appointed Insurance Commissioner of the State in 1873—a post that he has held ever since by three reappointments.

JOHN F SWIFT the Republican candidate for Governor of California, has long been identified with San Francisco and its growth. He was born at Bowling Green, Kentucky, February 28, 1829, but spent most of his childhood at Keokuk, Illinois, whither his father, Judge NATHAN SWIFT, removed in 1842. Mr SWIFT went to San Francisco, and he began life there as a dealer in produce. He was successful in business, and retiring from it after four years, he was admitted to the bar in 1856. He was a member of the Legislature in 1862, again in 1873, and again in 1877. In 1880 he was appointed by the President a member of the commission to make a treaty with China. Mr SWIFT returned two years ago from a journey around the world, and he is the author of a book of travels entitled *Going to Jerusalem*. Age has his eminent position as a lawyer prevented him from so far engaging in literary pursuits as to be the author also of a novel.

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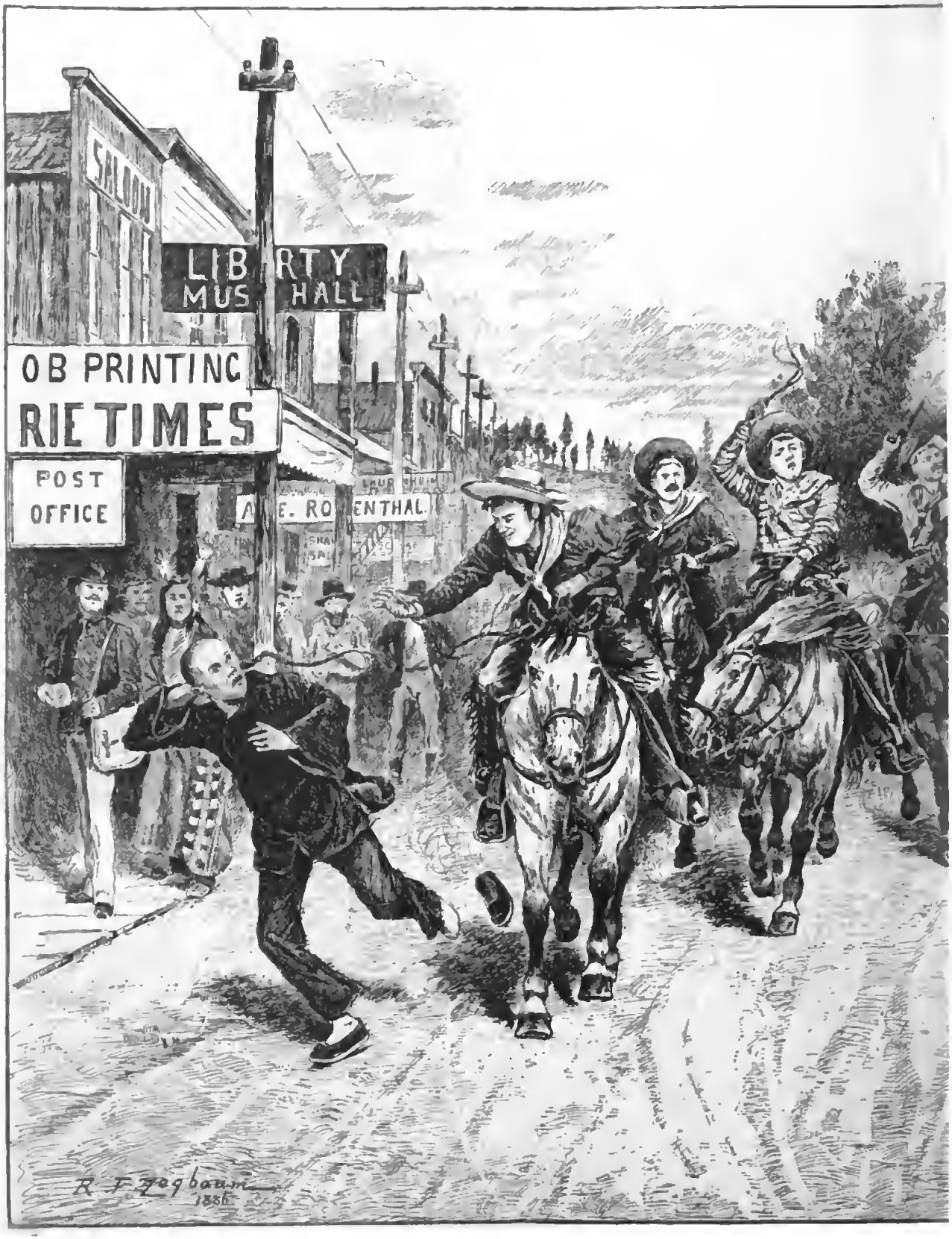


"PAINTING THE TOWN RED."—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum

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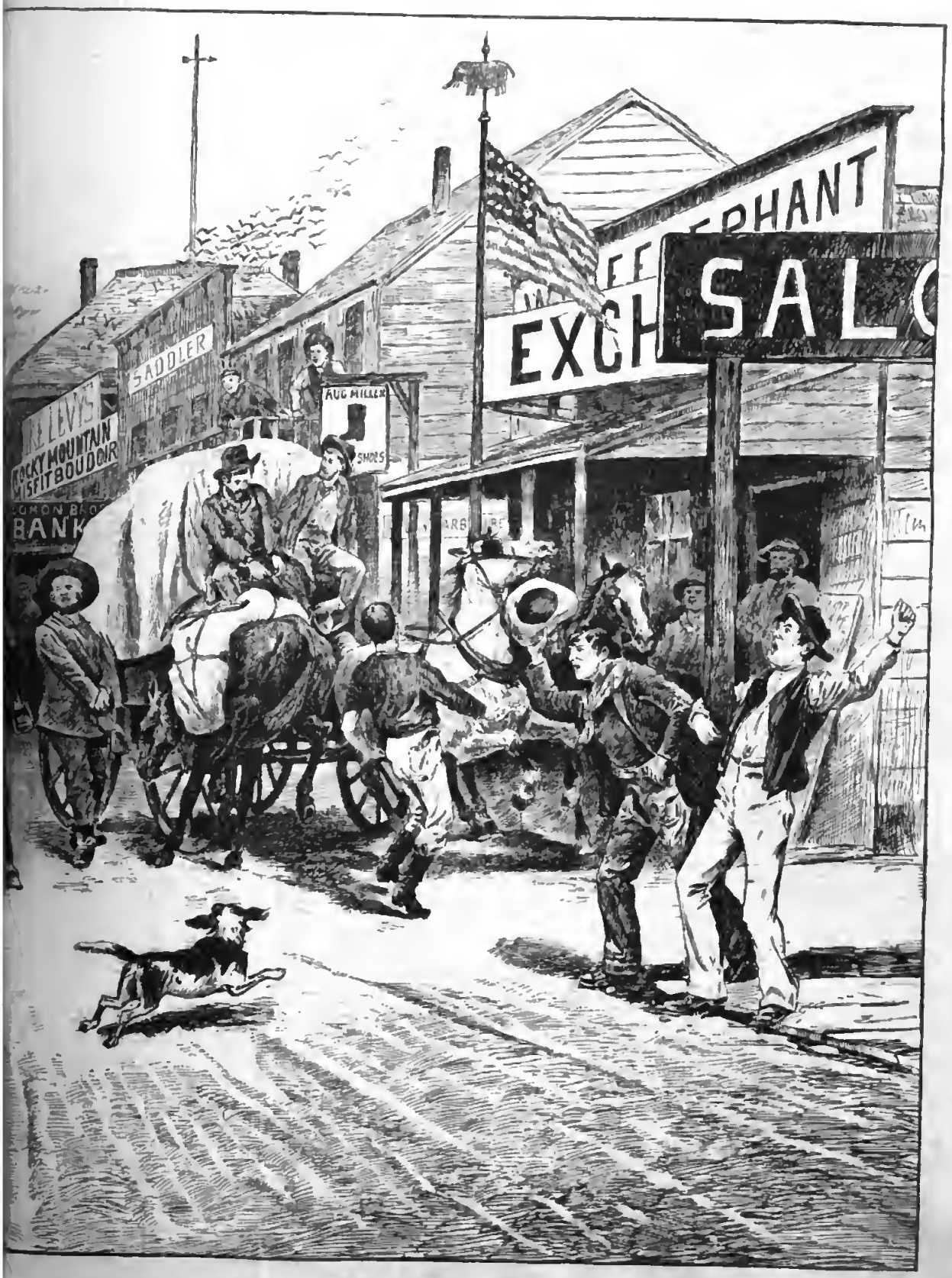



ICLE ENTITLED "SOME FACTS ABOUT COW-BOYS," PAGE 671.)

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captains of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### AFTER JACK'S DEPARTURE.

When Jack was gone I suppose that Deptford remained just as full of noise and business as before. As much hammering went on in the Yard; there was as much piping and shouting on the river; there was as much drinking and brawling in the town. But to some of us the place seemed to have become suddenly and strangely quiet. Our Lieutenant had been ashore three or four months in all, yet he filled the town with his presence—a thing which only strong and masterful men can do. Most of us when we go are not missed at all, and our places are quickly filled up, whether we sail away to sea upon a cruise or are carried to the grave.

Bess, keeping mostly at home, applied herself diligently to acquire the arts of reading and writing so that her lover might never be accused of marrying an illiterate woman. These arts, mastered even in childhood with great difficulty and painful labor, are far more difficult to acquire after one has arrived at maturity. By great pains, however, Bess so far succeeded that, after two years' application, she was able to make her way slowly through a page of large and clear print, leaving out the hard words. This achievement satisfied her, because she was not in the least degree curious concerning the contents of books, and did not desire information on any subject whatever. She also learned to write her own name, her father teaching her, 'twas, I remember, to a fine flowing hand, with flourishes after the Penman's style, but she could write nothing else, nor could she ever read the written character.

She begged me to tell her what other things, if any, a gentlewoman generally learns, so that she might teach herself these things as well. Willingly would I have done this, but on inquiry I could not discover anything—I mean any serious study—which was necessary or possible for her to undertake. I knew but one gentlewoman with whom to compare Bess. This was Castilla. Certainly Castilla had commenced the study of the French language; but I know not how far she advanced, and I have not learned that she was ever able to read a book in that tongue. Then, in the matter of arts and sciences, Castilla was certainly as ignorant as Bess. And when I came to consider the subject, I could not discover that the one any further than Bess of reading, or more desirous to extend her knowledge by means of books. There are, it is true, certain accomplishments in which a young gentlewoman is instructed. Castilla had learned to dance, and in the Assembly there were none who performed a minuet with more grace, though sense, perhaps, with more satisfaction, because she was short of stature. In a country-dance she had no equal. But Bess, for her part, she had never been taught by one dancing-master, could dance a jig, a hay, or a hornpipe, rolling like a sailor, snapping her fingers, and singing the while, so as to do your eyes good only to see the unaudled grace and spirit of her movements. Then Castilla had been taught the harpsichord, and could play at least three, if not four, tunes. But Bess had never even seen a harpsichord, and as she did not possess one she could not be taught to play upon it. Then there is singing. Nothing is more pleasant to the ear than the singing of a beautiful woman. Castilla had a low voice, but it was sweet and musical; she had been taught to sing by the same master who had taught her the harpsichord, and she could sing several songs. To please my father she used to sing "Drink to me only with thine eyes"; to please the Admiral she sang "To all you ladies now on land"; to please me she sang "Sweet, if you love me, let me go"; and all so charmingly, never dropping a note, making no mistakes in word or tune, and with such grace of voice and pretty gentle ways that it ravished those who heard her. But as for Bess, she had a full rich voice, and she sang out loud, so that the night have been heard half-way across the river. She knew fifty songs, and was always learning new ones. She would listen to the ballad-singer in the street, and to the sailors hauling in the taverns, and could then go away and practise the song by herself till she was perfect. She sang them all to please Jack, but after he was gone she sang no more—setting mum, like a mocking-snarry-bird. As regards housewifery, Castilla could make conserves, cakes, puddings, and fruit pies, and she could distil strong waters for the still-room. Bess, for her part, could make bread, pies of all kinds, including sea-pie, onion pie, salmagundy, and lobscouse; she could cook a savory dish of liver and bacon, of beefsteak and onions, of chicks stuffed; she could make tansy puddings, and many other pleasant things for dinner. She could also brew beer, and had many secrets in flavoring it with hops, ivy-berries, yew-berries, and other things. As for needle-work, Castilla could, it is true, embroider flowered aprons, and do Turkey work, and tent stitch, work handkerchiefs in catgut, and such pretty things. But Bess could knit stockings for her father or herself; she made her own frocks and trimmed her own straw hats. As to playing cards, Castilla knew a great many games, such as Quadrille, Whist, Ombre, Pope Joan, and Speculation, but Bess, for her part, could play All fours, Put, Slap-sap-snorum, Laugh-and-lie-down, and Crib-bage. Then, but this signified little, Castilla collected shells, which my Lady brought to the house by sailors, and made grottoes; she could also cut out figures, and even landscapes, in black paper; she could make screens for sticking pictures on paper; and she knew several pretty girls' games, such as Draw-gloves, and Questions, and Command. Bess knew none of these little accomplishments, and as for games, she loved best the boys' sports, such as Tag and Through-a-through, which she used to play with Jack, and no ill-will we were young. The chief difference, so far as I could understand, in the education of the two girls was that one could carry a fan, manage a hoop, and behave after the manner of gentlewomen, which the other could not do. And I could not recommend Bess either to put on a hoop, or to buy a fan, or to powder and paint, or to lay on patches, by all of which things she would have made herself ridiculous.

There are some things, however, which cannot be learned. Such are sweetness of disposition, that inner kind of modesty which belongs to gentle breeding, grace of carriage, respect to elders, and the equal distribution of favors and smiles, so as not to show too openly the secret preferences of the heart. In all these things Bess was naturally inferior to Castilla, and these, unfortunately, I could not teach her, nor could Mr. Brinjes.

I could therefore advise her nothing but to study at every opportunity, and especially in church, the carriage and demeanor of the quality and the fashion of their dress, which I recommended her to adopt at such a distance as her means and station would allow.

You may be sure that there were many at Deptford who waited anxiously for news of the *Tartar*—most of the crew belonging to the town, and most of them being pressed men, but all volunteers, who took the King's bounty. But for three or four months we heard nothing. Then news came to the Dock yard, and was taken to the Club in the evening by the Resident Commissioner.

"Admiral," he said, "and gentlemen all, I bring you good news. 'Tis of the *Tartar*."

"Good news?" cried the Admiral. "Then the boy's well. Bring more punch, ye black devil!"

"The *Tartar* has put into Spithead with a thumping prize. Twelve men killed, and the master and mate. Twenty wounded, but only the second Lieutenant among the officers, and he slightly."

"This is brave bearing, gentlemen," said the Admiral.

"The prize is a privateer from Rochelle, 20 guns and 120 men. She made, it is reported, a gallant resistance. No doubt we shall hear further particulars by private despatches."

In two days there came by the post two letters, both from Jack. One of them was for the Admiral, which I do not transcribe, although I was privileged to read it; and another for me. I know very well that the latter was not for me, but for another. Wherefore I made no excuse for not opening it before the company, and carried it off to Mr. Brinjes, where I found Bess sitting, so was her wont in the afternoon.

"I have heard," she said, "that there has been fighting on board the *Tartar*. The people in the town are talking about it."

"Jack is safe, and the *Tartar* has taken a prize, Bess; and here is a letter."

So I sure it open in her presence. It was exactly as I thought. That is to say, there were a few words directing me to give the enclosed packet to his dear girl, the mistress of his heart, and she very joyfully received it, snatching it out of my hands with a strange jealousy, as if she grudged that anybody should have to his hands, even for a minute, what belonged to her and was a gift from her lover.

First, like a mad thing, she fell to kissing the letter. "Oh!" she cried, holding it with both hands, but kindly permitting me to scent its fragrance, which was, to say the truth, like a mixture of bilge-water, lamp-oil, cheese, rum, and gunpowder. "Oh, it actually smells of the ship!" In fact, the letter, no doubt from having been written on paper long kept below with the purser's stores, smelt of that part of the ship where the stores are kept. "It is just like violets," she added; but the smell of Jack's ship was better to her than that of any violets. And so she kissed it again.

"Shall we read it?" I said. "The letter, I suppose, was meant to be read as well as to be kissed."

She gave it to me reluctantly. I do not think she wanted to know the contents. Enough that Jack had written her a letter. What greater proof of love could he given to any girl?

"Mistress of my heart," I began, reading the letter.

"Mistress of my heart and queen of my soul! My dearest Bess,—Since I sailed from Deptford I have thought of you every day and every night. If I were by your side I should give you a thousand hugs and kisses. There never was a more lovely maid than my Bess. My dear, we have had one first tussle, and warm work it was, but the enemy is now snug and comfortable under hatches, where he will remain until we come to anchor in the Solent, and carry him up Porchester Creek to rest awhile. I think he has got a headache, Bess, after the noise of the guns; and perhaps the small shot have given him a toothache, and the cannon-balls have very likely made his legs rheumatic. We had a free time the last bout ashore, hadn't we, Bess? I shan't forget the room behind the shop, nor the summer house where Luke caught us kissing, and you blushed crimson. Well, I dare say I shall get ashore again some time, though not, I hope, like one poor carpenter's mate, who has had both legs amputated, and will run forever on stumps. If your Jack runs bound on stumps, would you send him about his business, Bess?

"We fell in with the enemy on the morning of the 19th, this being February the 20th. We should have missed her altogether, but, by the blessing of Providence, the fog cleared away and showed us the ship, half a mile or thereabouts off the weather bow. Twas in full Channel. She hoisted the French flag, and we returned the compliment—such was our politeness—with a cannon shot, pitched a yard or two wide of her. The enemy answered to show her heels (wherefore I know her, and give her what is due), perhaps because she carried heavier weight of metal and a larger complement than the *Tartar*. As for the engagement which followed, it lasted for an hour or thereabouts; and then, on our coming to close quarters and preparing to board, Monsieur hauled down his colors, finding he had no stomach for pikes and cutlasses. Which was his stratagem, and mark the treachery of this bloody villain. For while we prepared leisurely and unsuspecting to take possession, he bore up suddenly and boarded us. Fortunately, he had to do! with a well-disciplined crew; but the fighting was hard to hand for a while before they gave up the job, and tried to hack again to their own deck. There were fifty of them in the boarding party, and not one got back, nor never a prisoner made, such was the rage of our men. So we gave them no more chance for treachery, but boarded in one turn; and hand to hand it was again, till all that was left of them were driven under hatches, where they now remain. There were a hundred and twenty of them when the action began, and we've thrown eighty bodies overboard. Consequently, there are ninety prisoners. Our master, who is as tough a seaman as lives, calculates that at this rate—namely, and first is to say, every ship in the King's service taking one French ship a week, killing or disabling half the crew, and taking prisoner the other half—we shall be less than a twelve-month leave his French Majesty never a sailor or a ship to his back, and so he must surrender at discretion. But I doubt, for my one part, whether we shall have such good luck on this; and it may be a year and a half or even two years before we are able to make an account of all the French fleets. We have lost twelve, killed and wounded; the second Lieutenant has parted with half an ear, sliced off by a French cutlass, and the master's mate is killed, his brains being blown out by a pistol fired in his face. But we have revenged him, my dear Bess. When the fight was over I drank your health in the ward room in a tot of rum, being, thank God, without a scratch."

Here was a gap, as if the letter had been interrupted at this point, and resumed later on.

"We are now, my dearest Bess, anchored at Spithead, and about to transfer our prisoners up the harbor to Porchester Castle, where they are to lie by until the war is ended or they are exchanged. To tell be a change for them and a rest, and no doubt they will be glad to be out of danger. 'Tis a convenient place for a prison, having two great towers, besides a smaller one, with a high wall all round and a ditch. And if the prisoners do escape, they will find the country-side rejoiced at the opportunity to murder them, being a savage people, and much incensed with all French privateers. So, my sweetheart, no more at present from thy faithful Jack.

"Postscriptum.—Thy true-love knot is round my arm, and I wish my arm was round thy neck. I forgot to say that the prize is the *Boat Runner*, of La Rochelle; she is, we hope, to be purchased for the King's Navy—a handy, useful ship, well found. Her Captain was killed in the second part of the action. Otherwise, I think he would have been hanged for treachery. I love thee, Bess—I love thee!"

This was the only letter which Jack ever wrote to his mistress. Other letters he wrote to the Admiral, telling him of the wonderful exploits of the *Tartar*, and of his share in the actions, but never a word more to Bess. The days passed on, and the girl sat, for the most part in silence, waiting. So sat Penelope expectant of her lord. Still she spoke of him, still she carried his letter in her bosom, wrapped in silk, and would take it out and gaze upon it, the tears rolling down her cheek. If she hoped for another letter, if she felt herself neglected, if she doubted his fidelity, I know not, for the maid nothing.

Poor Bess! What would she say and suffer if she should learn that her Jack had ceased to love her? Yet what other interpretation could be put upon his long silence? It was at Christmas, 1756, when the *Tartar* sailed. It was in August, 1760, that Jack returned, and all that time only this one letter, though there had been many written to the Admiral.

"He will find," said Bess, "when he comes home, that I can read very well. And I know the charts of the seas where he has sailed. If only he still will think me beautiful."

"Why, Bess," I told her, "as to beauty, there is no doubt about it. So it has is all there is to hear, have no pain on that score." There was, however, a great deal more to fear; but this one dared not so much as to hint in her presence.

"There is a mum brewing," said Mr Brinjes; "I feel it in the air. I know not what he may think when he comes home: she is a handsome creature, and he may be for beginning all over again. Yet my mind misgives me. Why is there no letter, nor never a word to you, unless he has forgotten her? As for falling in love with another woman, that is hardly likely, seeing the busy life the poor lad both led. But he hath forgotten her, Luke. Most women look for nothing else than to be forgotten when their husbands and lovers go to sea, they forget and are forgotten. Well, why not? Better so, then they suffer the less when one of the men is knocked o' the head and another goes off with some one else when his ship is next paid off. But Bess is different, and we have encouraged her; there will be no by any other man in the world for her, except Jack. So, my lad, look out, I say, for squalls."

Of course we heard news of the *Tartar*. Did she not fill half the *Gazette*? There never was so fortunate a ship, nor one more gallantly commanded. One cannot mismeasure or remember half the prizes that the made in her first year's cruise in the Channel. These achievements greatly disheartened the French, and raised our own spirits. They did not, it is true, quite reach the ambitious aims of the Master of the *Tartar*; yet they called forth the gratitude of the nation. Therefore, at the end of the year, the merchants of London and Bristol combined to present Captain Lockhart with pieces of plate; the First Lieutenant of the *Tartar* was transferred to the command of the *Tartar's* prize the *Melampe*, which was renamed the *Sapphire*; Jack was transferred to this ship, with the First Lieutenant, and the Master of the *Tartar* was promoted to be Lieutenant. As for the prize money due to the officers and men, that amounted to a very pretty sum; but I do not know how much fell to Jack on his share.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### LIEUTENANT AARON FLETCHER.

We, who are always slower than the French—"but," said Jack, "we hold on the tighter"—now began to send out privateers on our own account, though for the most part neither on numerous nor so well found as the French. The men were not wanting, nor the spirit, but the prizes were not so many, and the prospect of gain not so attractive to our English sea-coast men as to the French. Mention has been made of a ship build ing in Mr Taylor's yard at Rotherhithe; Jack was right when he pronounced her fit for something better than a lubberly sugar-ship. She was, in fact, the venture of a company of London merchants, and she was intended from the first for Letters of Marque. A dangerous venture; but there was revenge in it, as well as the hope of profit; and, besides, two or three successful cruises will sometimes cover the whole cost of ship and crew, even if on the next voyage the ship is wrecked or taken. As for a crew, there is not much difficulty in getting volunteers for a privateer, where there is no flogging, and for the most part no discipline, and an officer has very little more authority than he can command with fist and rope's-end. The prospect of taking some rich merchantman from Martinique, laden with a great cargo of spices and sugar, is attractive, to say nothing of the fighting, the chance of which, happily, ever lulls an Britain's heart. Moreover, a fat merchantman is a far richer prize to bring home than a boat load of kegs. Therefore, when the *Porcupine* (so they called her) was launched, and fitted, and armed with eighteen nine-pounders and ten six-pounders for her quarter deck, there was no difficulty in finding a crew of picked men as good as any on board a King's ship, though lacking to discipline—a hundred and twenty in all. The crew of the *Porcupine*, indeed, showed the stuff of which they were made before the ship sailed. It was in September of the year 1757, when the hottest press ever known in the Thames was undertaken, and not only were the lanes and alleys of Deptford, Wapping, and Ratcliff scoured for shulking watermen and seamen—the river being wholly deserted for fear of the press-gang—but also the cellars and ships in the Pool were boarded, and their men taken, leaving on more than two ship masters for every hundred tons, according to William the Third's Act. The gang boarded the *Porcupine*, but the men seized their arms and threatened to fight for their liberty, whereat the Lieutenant in command withdrew his men and shoved off, judging it prudent not to engage his company of a dozen or twenty with sixscore resolute fellows.

Meanwhile Mr Brinjes's prediction of misfortune as regards Aaron Fletcher came true—one knows not whether he did anything by his own black arts to bring about the calamities which fell upon him at this time. For, first of all, he lost, as last a sailor on might be found for crossing the Channel, was picked up by a French privateer, who cared nothing for her being engaged in smuggling or to conveying information or spies backward and forward from France to England or from England to France. All in fish that comes to the Frenchman's net. Therefore the *Willing Maid* was taken in tow, and presently sold at auction to Boulogne Harbor, and so Aaron lost not only his boat but also his crew of three men, who were like rats for warmens, and could speak both French and English.

That was the greater part of his business; and he hung his head, going to great heaviness, and in his cups cursing the apothecary, whose blood he thousanded to spill, for causing his boat to be taken. But worse followed. His boat-building yard had become slack of work, and most of his hands were discharged. This was caused by his own neglect, and might have been repaired by steady attention to business. Unhappily, one night the yard took fire, and everything was burned except the little cottage within the gates, where Aaron lived alone. And then, indeed, he raged like a lion, swearing that he would kill, maim, and torture that devil of an apothecary who thus pursued him. But Mr Brinjes was as wise terrified.

Despite these things, we were all surprised to hear that Aaron was going on board the *Porcupine* privateer; and still more astonished when we learned that he was appointed Third Lieutenant, his proper place being before the mast, or, at best, bo'sn's mate, or gunner's mate, for he was quite an illiterate fellow, who had learned nothing of taking an observation, except how to make it mean, and knew nothing save by rule of thumb of navigation. However, he knew the coast of France as well as any Frenchman, which was, I suppose, the reason why he was appointed an officer; and besides, he had acquired (and truly deserved) in Deptford, Greenwich, and Rother-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.

tribe the reputation of being a brave, reckless dog, who would fight like a bull-dog. For such work he was wanted of him, no doubt he was to good as any man who had passed his examination in Settling Lane.

Then Aaron got himself a coat of blue, like that worn by the King's officers (but without the white facings), edged with gold—very fine. This he put on, with white stockings, white breeches, and a crimson sash, with a hanger—for all the world as if he were Lieutenant of the Royal Navy—and a hat trimmed with gold lace. Thus attired, he strutted up the street, the boys shouting after him till he came to Mr Westmoreland's shop, where Bess sat at the door, her work in her hand. "Well, Bess," he said, "nothing was good enough for thee but an officer and a gentleman. I am an officer now, and if any man dares to say I am not a gentleman, I will fight him with any weapon he pleases. Since one officer has gone away, Bess, take an with another. Don't think I bear a grudge. Nay, I have thee still, lass, in spite of thy disloyal unfriendly ways."

"You an officer, Aaron?" Women like fine feathers for themselves, but they are never dazzled with fine feathers in others. "You an officer?" She surveyed him calmly from head to foot. "White stockings do not make a gentleman. Your clothes are grand, to be sure. Pity you have not a better shirt to match so fine a coat." Aaron's linen, in truth, had neither lace nor ruffles, and his cravat was but a speckled handkerchief. "Go change thy linen, Aaron, before pretending to be a gentleman. Well," she continued, perceiving that he was, as she desired him to be, abashed by the discovery of this deficiency, "go for thy dress, 'twill serve for a privateer. Go fight the French, Aaron, and bring home plenty of prize-money. But think not thyself a gentleman."

So the went in doors and left him. I know not whether he bought himself a shirt to match the coat, but I am sure that on board the white stockings and the white breeches were safely stowed away, and a homelier garb assumed.

Aaron's sea-going lasted no great while. The Captain of the *Porcupine* was a certain Stephen Murdoch, who had commanded an armed merchantman in the China trade, to which he had seen fighting with the pirates, Chinese and Malay, which infest the narrow seas. He was a very brisk, courageous fellow, skilful in handling his ship, and she being a fast sailer, he was generally able to choose or to decline an engagement, as suited him best. For instance, he would not engage a French privateer if he could avoid so doing, on the principle that it is foolish for dog to bite dog, and because it is the business of the King's ships to clear the Channel of privateers; but with a merchantman, however strong, he was like a bloodhound for the chase, and a bull dog for fighting. I do not know how much prize-money he would have made for himself, but his owners were at first very much pleased with their venture, and promised themselves great returns. Unfortunately a circumstance happened which brought the *Porcupine's* cruise to an untimely end. There were many complaints from Holland against the English privateers, who mistook Dutch for French colors, and treated them accordingly. Captain Murdoch was one of those who were suspicious of Dutch colors. Unfortunately, he one day overhauled a Dutch vessel conveying to Amsterdam no less a personage than the Spanish Ambassador, and, on the pretence that she was sailing under false colors, plundered the ship, taking out of her, on the complaint of the Captain set forth, a purse containing seventeen guineas, twenty deal boxes containing valuable stuffs, and three bales of cambric, the whole valued at two hundred guineas. Not one this alone, but this audacious Captain Murdoch helped himself as well to his Excellency's chests and cases containing jewels and treasures.

There was a great outcry about this affair, and Captain Murdoch (who was very well known to have done it, but it was pretended there was no evidence) hastened to hand over the *Porcupine* to her owners, paid off his crew, and recommended his officers to be hung for a while. I know not who had the booty, but the officers and crew had none. As for himself, he was provided with a ship in the East India trade, so as to get more speedily out of the country. The government offered £30 reward for the discovery of the ship which had thus resulted a friendly Power, but no one took the offer seriously, and war immediately afterward breaking out with Spain, no further trouble was taken in the matter. But thus Aaron's chances of prize-money were lost, and he himself returned to Deptford little richer than when he went away. Captain Murdoch offered him, if he would be on board his new ship; but Aaron had no desire to go fighting Chinese pirates, and therefore staid at home. Then he began to pretend that he was putting up his building-sheds again; but, as you shall see, he had no luck: his fortune had deserted him.

(to be continued.)

## SOME FACTS ABOUT COW-BOYS.

Cow-boys as a class are boisterous and running over with wit, merriment, good-humor. They are always ready for any bit of innocent fun, but are not perpetually spoiling for a fight, as has often been said of them. They are at peace with all men, and would not be otherwise from choice. As a rule, if a man quarrel with one of them, he forces the war, and is himself to blame. Their love of fun often leads to trouble, though generally because the victim of it does not know how or is not willing to either "chip in" or excuse himself. They are fond of "plying off" anything that is particularly conspicuous, or vice versa, no matter to whom it belongs, and they dislike to see unchaste airs assumed in their country, though such might pass current in any Eastern city.

I once saw a dude step out of a hotel in Cheyenne wearing a silk hat, lavender trousers, red sunny coat, high-pressure collar, scarlet velvet scarf, patent-leather shoes, etc. Several cow-boys were riding through the street, and spied him.

"Say, Dick," said one of them, "what do yo a'pose it is?"

"Let's tackle it and see," said Dick. "It looks alive."

"Pard, hadn't you better put thims togs on ice?" queried another of the party. "They're liable to spile in this climate."

The youth very highly offended, gave them a haughty, withering look, and without deigning a reply of any kind, turned to walk back into the hotel.

"Let's hound it," said Dick; and as quick as a flash a rosta fell about the dude, closed around his slender waist, and he was a prisoner. The boys gathered round him, chaffed him good-naturedly, took his hat and exhibited the scrap the wrong way, put some alkali mud on his shoes, and then releasing him and bidding him "go in and put on some clothes," rode off. A little good natured repartee on his part, or an invitation to drink or smoke, or a pleasant reply of any kind, would have "let him out" without any unpleasant treatment; but he scorned them, and they considered it a duty to anxiety to post him on how to act when away from home.

A friend relates having seen an eccentric individual with a long plaid ulster walking along the principal street in Miles City, and as the sun came out from behind a cloud and began to beam down with a good deal of force he raised a green umbrella. A "cow puncher" rode up, and pointing to the green umbrella, asked: "What is she, pard? Fetch her in and put a drink in 'er."

The man was hath scared and mad. He thought he had been insulted by one of those "notorious, ruffianly cow-boys." He called "Police!" but the police was not at hand, and in the disturbance that followed his umbrella was spirited away, he knew not whither or to whom, and his plaid ulster was somewhat damaged by contact with mother earth. All he would have had to do to preserve the peace and his self respect would have been to answer the fellow good-naturedly in the first place, either declining or accepting his invitation, and he could have gone on his way unmolested, but he brought a small-sized riot on himself by assuming a dignity that was out of place in that country and under such circumstances.

In common with all other human beings, the cow boy requires and must have amusement of some kind, and his isolated condition depriving him of the privileges of theatres, parties, billiards, and other varieties of amusements that young men in the States usually indulge in, is in her entirel that his exuberance of spirits should vent him to find spare of other kinds. His only sources of amusement on the ranch are his rifle, revolver, bronchs, lariat, and cards, and in course of time he tires of these and seeks a change.

He goes to town, and meets there some of his comrades or acquaintances, and they indulge in some wild practice which to Eastern people, and especially those who happen to fall victims to these practical jokes, appears ruffianly. Their love of excitement and adventure sometimes gets the better of their judgment, and they carry their fun to excess. They corral the crew of a train which has stopped to the station, and arouse themselves and the passengers by scaling the conductor, brakeman, baggage-man, engineer, and fireman dance a jig to the music of six-shooters. In one instance they boarded a train and made the Theodore Thomas orchestra give them an extemporaneous concert. They have been known to carry their revels to still worse excesses than these, and to resort to acts of real abuse and injury against defenceless people. But such acts on the part of genuine cow-boys are rare, and are rigorously condemned by all the respectable element in the business. I would much rather take my chances as to safety of life and personal property in a country inhabited only by cow boys than to any Eastern town or city, with all its police "protection."

An incident may serve to illustrate how suddenly Eastern people change their opinions of cow boys on closer acquaintance. I was going West a few years since on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and stepping off the train at Dickinson, Dakota, I met Howard Eaton, an old-time friend and fellow hunter, a typical cow boy, who has charge of a ranch and a large herd of cattle on the "bad lands" on the Little Missouri River. He was dressed in the regulation costume of the craft—navy trousers and jacket, leather chaparejos, blue flannel shirt, and broad brimmed white felt hat. His loins were girt about with a well filled cartridge belt, from which hung his six-shooter—a weapon that may almost be termed a badge of the order. Large Mexican spurs rattled at his heels as he walked. He had ridden thirty-five miles under the spur, arriving at the station just in time to catch the train, and having no time to change his apparel, even if he had wished to do so. He was going some distance on the same train, and I invited him into the sleeper. As he entered and walked down the aisle the passengers became suddenly alarmed, imagining that the train had been corralled by a party of the terrible cow-boys; but when I conducted him to our section and introduced him to my wife, they began to feel easier. We had a well-filled lunch basket with us, and my wife hastily spread its contents before him. He ate as only a cow-boy can eat. Our fellow passengers became interested spectators, and after our friend had finished his repast we introduced him to several of them. They were agreeably surprised at his polished manners, his finest and well-chosen language, his handsome though sun-browned face, and his kind, genial nature—at finding, in fact, that he was an educated and cultivated gentleman. Before we had been an hour together they had learned to respect and admire the wild, picturesque character whom at first they had feared.

Altogether cow-boys are a whole-souled, large-hearted, generous class of fellows, whom it is a genuine pleasure to rule with, eat with, and associate with; and it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the hard things that have been said of them have come from men who never knew intimately a single one of them. I contend that a year spent on the hurricane deck of a cow pony is one of the most useful and valuable pieces of experience a young man can possibly have in fitting himself for business of almost any kind; and if I were educating a boy to fight the battle of life, I would secure him a cow boy's situation as soon as he was through with his studies at school. A term of service on a frontier cattle ranch will tone the conceit out of any boy; it will be the same time teach him self-reliance; it will teach him to endure hardships and suffering. It will give him nerve and pluck; it will develop the latent energy in him to a degree that could not be accomplished by any other apprenticeship or experience I know of. Many of the most successful business men in the Western towns of to-day served their first years on the frontier as "cow-punchers," and to that school they owe the firmness of character and the ability to surmount great obstacles that has made their success in life possible.

I contend that the constant communion with nature, the study of her broad, pure domains, the days and nights of lonely crossing and mapping on the prairie, the uninterrupted communion with and study of self which this occupation affords, tend to make young men honest and noble, much more so than the same men would be if deprived of these opportunities, confined to the limits of our boasted "civilization," and compelled to constantly breathe the air of adroitness, of strategy, of competition, of suspicion and crime. If every young man reared in town or city could have the advantages of a year or two of constant study of nature, we should have more honest men.

G. O SHIELDS.

## UNION MARKET ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

A COMMENTARY on the size of this town is the fact that there are places in it which are familiar to everybody by name, but which scores of old and well informed citizens could no more direct a stranger to than they could tell him the way to Brobdingnag or the Desert of Leth. Such a place is Union Market. Without much doubt it is owing particularly to the circumstance of its containing a police station that the name of this market has come to be so widely known. Having to do with a populous and colonized precinct, the police of Union Market are are idle, and of a consequence the market's name is forever turning up in the newspapers. The market itself is not large—no larger than scores of the private butchers' shops scattered along the city's avenues—and the building into which it is tucked is not particularly conspicuous or impressive, although it stands isolated and has something of a public look. It occupies one of those little irregular left-over places which crop up occasionally in the face of the severe rectangular genius of the town's laying out. Contrary to the square plan of the recent city, Houston and Second streets incline upon coming together to a point a little short of the East River, and Union Market rises between them just before their meeting, as if to an effort to prevent it.

For six days in the week the market part of Union Market, on has been intimated, is nothing to attract particular attention. Every Saturday night, however, it undergoes the singular metamorphosis of being enlarged about twentyfold. There is no room for such an enlargement in the interior, and consequently the growth occurs outside of doors. The entire building becomes lined with vendors' wagons, heaped with miscellaneous merchandise, and illuminated by naphtha torches that fill about a quarter of a mile of neighborhood with a tremendous glare. It has been told that many old New-Yorkers would be unable to direct a stranger to Union Market, but any stranger who should happen within a mile of the market on a Saturday night would have no difficulty in finding his way thither. He would be aware of a dense line of market baskets, one empty and one laden, borne by women, and moving in opposite ways, and he would need only to follow along with the empty baskets. The crim of the vendors are lusty and penetrating, and one learns blocks away that onions may be obtained for three cents a quart, and in inside acquaintance with other moderate prices that fully account for the Saturday night market's great popularity. No article of the large variety that is urged for sale has anything like the price that would be demanded in the usual places of trade. Great purveyors of most reasonable crockery are spread out upon the sidewalks, and cranberries, pickled and smoked fish, chestnuts, sausages, and horseradish roots are brought within the means of all. Apples have been offered at Union Market for two cents a bushel; of course they were not very good apples, but such a price attached to any apples is extraordinary, and was rarely be heard except at Union Market on Saturday night.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

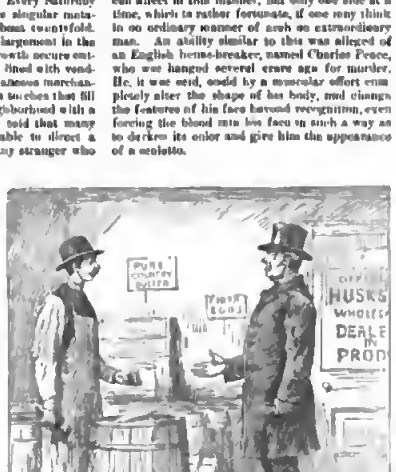
Ten smoking room of a Russian millionaire is lined with bank notes. They are of all denominations. The ceiling is decorated with Austrian money, and the walls with the paper currency of France, England, Italy, and Russia. The notes are arranged in designs which are thought by some to be pleasing. The old and very popular design of a fat roll is not visibly among them, though of course it is strongly suggested. The decoration has to be watched very carefully to prevent it from coming off. It is believed that it would prove to be of a highly evanescent nature under certain conditions of heedlessness concerning who ought be in the room.

There are 5,500,000 school children in Prussia, of whom 4,800,000 attend the public schools. Seventy thousand teachers are required for the instruction of this multitude. Six languages besides German are spoken by the little Prussians who go to school in the various districts of the state.

According to the last census published in France, there are in that country 68,500 idiots and persons of notoriously weak minds. The number is not large, not nearly as large as to warrant the declarations of rural statesmen and writers in regard to one another. If no man erred in calling his enemy an idiot, it would be necessary to build the asylum much larger.

A newspaper paragraph says that there is a five-year old girl in Cincinnati who "reads anything that is printed in the English language, notwithstanding she has never been taught even her ABC's." It must be something to set the inquisitive mind a thinking to see this little child engaged in the perusal of "The Canterbury Tales" or "The Faerie Queene," to say nothing of the English translations of Sponsus or Kyot. The question that is opened as to the necessity of the alphabet in learning to read is one of great interest. It does not follow that a nation is reasonable merely because everybody accepts it, as is shown in the case of the phlogistic theory, and of the theory which assumed that the earth had corners. If it comes to be shown beyond doubt that alphabets are an unnecessary fancy, people who have learned to read in the way now usual will feel him pinching themselves, particularly the Chinese, whose alphabet is longer than the Yang-tse-Kiang River.

The French newspapers report the examination by an eminent naturalist of a singular person, a native of Provence, named Simeon Aiguin, who calls himself the Protean Man. He has a control of his muscles which enables him to distort himself in a surprising manner. He can at any moment make of himself a portly personage, and the next moment contract himself to the proportions of a skeleton. He can at will make his flesh as soft as putty or as hard (the reports say) as marble. So rigid and hard can he cause himself to become that one could believe he was made of stone, and to strike him with a stick produces a sound as when wood and stone are struck together. Presumably men could crack walnuts upon him without giving annoyance, although the French newspapers do not say that. Perhaps his most singular ability is the power to contract the muscles of an entire side of his body to such a degree as to stop the circulation of the blood in that side. Either side of his body he can affect in this manner, but only one side at a time, which is rather fortunate, if one may think in an ordinary manner of such an extraordinary man. An ability similar to this was alleged of an English bone-breaker, named Charles Peace, who was hanged several years ago for murder. He, it was said, could by a muscular effort completely alter the shape of his body, and change the features of his face beyond recognition, even forcing the blood into his face in such a way as to darken its color and give him the appearance of a negroto.




NOT THE SAMPLE END.

New Chum. "These apples seem to be very small."
Parsimonious (irritably). "W-ll, what do you expect when you open the wrong end of the barrel?"

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THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION—PROCESSION OF THE "VEILED PROPHET."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM SKETCHES BY H. R. HEATON.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE UNION MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—(SEE PAGE 681.)

## "THE VEILED PROPHET."

The pageant of the Veiled Prophet at St Louis suggests the carnival processions at New Orleans and the parades which have marked the anniversary celebrations of numerous American cities in recent years. The turn of the Prophet in the autumnal festivities of St Louis—which began on September 8 and will close on October 23—came on the evening of the 5th instant, when he emerged from the subterranean cavern at Twelfth and Chestnut streets punctually at seven and a half o'clock. It was the Prophet's eighth annual parade, and afforded a fine spectacle. Colored fires and fireworks that furiously traversed the air brilliantly illuminated the twenty-one "floats" that made up the procession. Upon twenty of these were represented events of importance in American history, and the Prophet himself was borne upon the last, which was the most magnificent in the pageant. The discovery of America by the Northmen, the landing of COLUMBUS at San Salvador, the formal presentation of America to FERDINAND and ISABELLA, the discovery by PONCE DE LEON of the fountain of youth, the surrender of the city of Mexico to CORTEZ, the discovery of the Mississippi River by DE SOTO, the story of POCAHONTAS and Captain John SMITH, the discovery of the Hudson, the landing of the Pilgrims, Washington crossing the Delaware, DANIEL BOONE in his log cabin, a mining camp of the California pioneers, and a cotton plantation were among the matters represented. The Veiled Prophet sat on a throne of gold in a covert studded with gems. Before him lay trays of jewels and chests of gold and silver, and he was attended by slaves in magnificent apparel. After threading the principal streets of the city the Prophet came to the Merchants' Exchange, where a highly successful ball was given in his honor.

## BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE is individual. It may have its superior, but not its counterpart. First, it is a city of merchants. The commercial credit of Baltimore has always stood high, and nowhere in this country does a man's business standing so affect his social standing as there. Sons succeed their fathers in business, daughters marry the clerks in the establishment, who are young men of good standing, and whose ambition is a partnership in the business. "The *store*" in Baltimore may mean a great counting-house where a dozen or so young men are employed, each the social equal of his employer, but who have to begin at the bottom of the ladder, as the employer himself did forty years ago. The leaders of society are nearly all families whose head is yet engaged in mercantile life, and whose sons at seventeen were put at an office desk to learn "business." And it is a very genuine and legitimate kind of business too, which results in making Baltimore a city of well-to-do people. Ten o'clock is still the popular dinner hour, and five is considered ultra fashionable.

The beauty of the Baltimore women has not been exaggerated. They spend more time on the street than most women, and a walk downtown, arrayed in a charming walking costume, is a part of every girl's daily amusement. Charles Street at one o'clock in the day is what Hyde Park is in London at six o'clock during the season.

Druid Hill Park is almost deserted in winter, but as soon as the apple blossoms come it is alive with carriages. Nobody walks in the Park; everybody drives. It is nearly a thousand acres in extent, and with extraordinary natural advantages, it is already one of the loveliest pleasure-grounds in the world. For some years it was supported by a tax of one cent out of every car fare, but latterly this has been done away with.

The Washington Monument long disputed with the Bunker Hill Monument the glory of being the tallest obelisk in the United States. Around it are congregated the most magnificent houses in Baltimore—the homes of the GAZETTE, the WATTSONS, the TIFFANYS, the MCKEES, the PRATTS, and others. Mr. W. T. WALTERS, who owns what is acknowledged to be the finest collection of French *genre* paintings in the world, has lately given the city a group of BARYE's best sculptures, which have been placed in one of the open squares surrounding the Monument. Farther down, in what was once the centre of the town, stands the Battle Monument, to commemorate the defence of Baltimore in 1814, when the British troops landed at North Point, twelve miles below the city, and were driven back to their vessels by the gallant volunteers of Baltimore. It was then that FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, a prisoner on board a British ship, composed "The Star-spangled Banner."

The Peabody Conservatory of Music is richly endowed, and ranks with the great conservatories of the world. Baltimore now possesses a fine Opera house and a large Academy of Music, but until the last ten or twelve years the Front Street house, quite over in "Old Town," was the largest theatre in the city. Here JENNY LIND sang and FANNY KEMBLE read.

As in New York, the local magnates first built their houses near the water. WILLIAM PATTERSON, the father of Madame BONAPARTE, lived on South Street, where his fine old fashioned house is now turned into offices. Here also the CARROLL, the CARDELLA, the HOWARDS, the CALVERTS, and the O'DONNELLS lived. The houses are changed in some altogether, but the names remain, for Baltimore is nothing if not conservative.

One of the most interesting spots in Baltimore is the old Cathedral. This was the first cathedral in the United States, and its imposing proportions, designed so long ago as 1806, emphasize the fact that in Baltimore the Roman Catholic wing of society had a wealth and importance quite unknown in other cities. The Cathedral possesses some valuable paintings, the gift of LOUIS XVIII. of France.


HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

Dr. A. L. HAIS, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "I have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary troubles."—[Adv.]

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Say their object is simply to retain good men in office when you find them. This theory may be safely applied to the organs of the human system by means of health tea. Those who have once tried Dr. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery" for scrofulous swellings and sores, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, spitting of blood and consumption, will happy be in the real principle of Civil-Service Reform and "hold fast to that which is good."—[Adv.]

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

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is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles.—E. Brogden, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.

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New Patent New No. 10 is self-adjusting. Strong spring secures easy adjustment and firmly clasps the fully boned front edges, by means of this button hole improvement. Sent by mail, Price $1.00, to any part of the world, on receipt of price. Sold by all leading dealers. Ask for them or send to L. O. NOYES, 341 & 101 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

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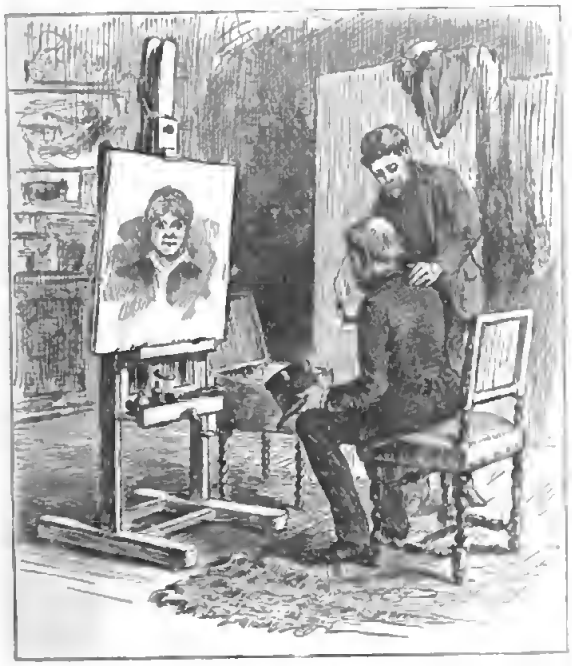

*(A countryman has ordered a picture of his deceased mother, and comes to look at it.)*

ARTIST. "Poor fellow!" (patting him on the back). "Is it a good likeness, then, that it affects you so much?"

COUNTRYMAN. "No, sir. Poor mother!—to think she has been dead only six months and looks like that!"

1ST STEAMBOAT PASSENGER. "What ever do you think of the Anti-Saloon Movement, mister, anyhow?"

2ND STEAMBOAT PASSENGER. "Don't know nothin' 'bout it. Never been inter the saloon. I always sits forrid here on deck, where I can smoke."


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There are few diseases with which the poorest is called upon to endure greater pain than with Kidney diseases, and in its more advanced stages the agony it produces is often intense. A cure is now before the public in

**Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.**

"I was long troubled with a severe affection of the kidneys and bladder. Despite all the professional help I could get I grew steadily worse. I was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and now I want to make known the good it has done me. The disease has relaxed its hold, and I look forward to spending the balance of my life free from pain, and with a heart grateful for the medicine which afforded me so pleasant a prospect." Rev. S. C. CHANDLER, Lebanon Spr., N.Y.

"I suffered intensely from Gravel. I tried many medicines, but kept on sinking downwards in spite of them. Having heard much of the wonderful

**CURES**

performed by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy in this kind of disease, I determined to try it. I am now completely cured. I acknowledge Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy as the cure for gravel—and, so far as I know, the only cure." J. M. ALLEN, Charlotte, N. Y.

"I can speak with the utmost confidence of the great value of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for all

**Kidney Disorders.**

I had Hemorrhage of the Kidneys and stone in the Bladder. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the stone and delivered me from it, and I am now well. If I had not taken Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy I should long ago have been six feet under the sod." D. H. HOAG, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

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Colored Woollen Hosiery.

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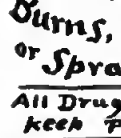


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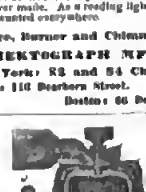

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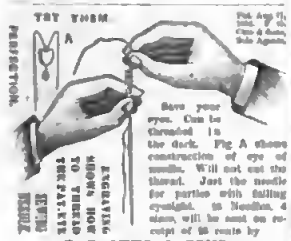


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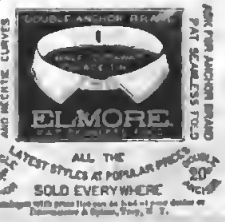


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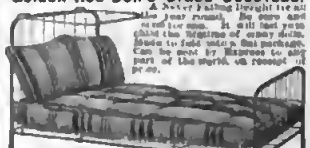

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1557.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

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THE REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.—[See Page 688.]

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

## A SIGNIFICANT ELECTION.

NO State election this year is more interesting than that in Massachusetts. The Republican party has nominated MR OLIVER AMES for Governor, and apparently for no reason but that he is rich. The Democratic party has nominated MR ANDREW, a Republican who supported MR. CLEVELAND. Republican organs promptly said that he too was selected only because he was rich. This statement was instantly disposed of by a letter of Mr. ANDREW to MR. RICHARD H. DANA, in which he said:

"I am happy to reply that I have long thought that the extent to which money is used in political campaigns is very injurious, and that candidates for office should not be called upon to supply funds. The leaders of the Democratic party were informed of my views upon this subject before the Convention tendered me its nomination, and they recognized their entire propriety. They knew that money would not be furnished by me directly or indirectly for campaign purposes, and they perfectly understood that this is my fixed determination."

This is very characteristic and unmistakable. The general situation MR. ANDREW describes in his letter of acceptance as follows:

"Two years ago the Republican party, which for a quarter of a century had controlled the national government, was deprived of its power by the deliberate action of the people, because it sought only its own preservation, and stood for nothing but a political machine. Since then that party has shown an absolute unwillingness or incapacity to profit by the lesson of defeat, while the Democratic party has given the country an honest, able, and fearless Administration, satisfactory to the people, and has shown a progressive spirit ready to deal with the issues of the day. The intelligence of the nation, irrespective of political parties, heartily approves the earnest efforts of President CLEVELAND to divorce the civil service from politics, to reduce the tariff to the requirements of times of peace, to lessen the burden of taxation, and to prevent the coinage of a debased currency. These are the principles for which we contend, and Massachusetts, foremost in all reform, is sure to give them her cordial support. I heartily endorse the principles declared in the platform of the Convention, and conscious of the great honor paid me with a deep sense of the responsibility which it implies, I accept the nomination with the single pledge that if elected I will do my utmost to promote the best interests of all good citizens and the good government of the Commonwealth."

The Democratic nomination was not sought by MR. ANDREW, and not only did he refuse to make any contest for it, but it was known that he would accept it only by a general desire, and only upon the condition that the platform of the Convention should be in accord with his known views. He was a strong supporter of the President's policy, the friend of a peace tariff, an early and proved civil service reformer, and a man of political courage and independence. If any organized body of his fellow-citizens wished him to be their candidate, with those views and without any pledges, he would not decline. These are the circumstances and conditions of his nomination, and it is not surprising that the independent voters in Massachusetts—and nowhere are they a more earnest, intelligent, and efficient body of citizens—instantly and enthusiastically decided to support their associate, MR. ANDREW. Certainly there was nothing in the nomination of MR. AMES which was likely to attract Independent Republicans and others who have seen the decline of the old Republican spirit and character, of which the AMES nomination was a further proof. Three years ago Colonel CODMAN was President of the enthusiastic Republican Convention that nominated MR. ROBINSON against General BUTLER, and never was the General's political course more scathingly exposed than by Colonel CODMAN on that occasion. This year Colonel CODMAN is one of the Independent leaders who declare for MR. ANDREW as against MR. AMES, and for the same general reasons of political honesty and progressive politics that led him to sustain ROBINSON as against BUTLER.

Massachusetts is a Republican State, the State of the Conscience Whigs of forty years ago, of the anti-slavery impulse and movement, the State of ADAMS, of ANDREW, and of SUMNER. It is a State, therefore, in which conscientious conviction and intelligent independence play an essential part in politics. The first emphatic Republican and Independent protest against the nomination of MR. BLAINE came from Massachusetts, as promptly as the report follows the flash. It was the protest of the old Republican conscience and purpose against a fatal tendency. That it was made in vain, so far as the Massachusetts party machine is concerned, is shown by the Republican nomination of this year. But that it spoke for a strong feeling in the party we do not doubt, and instead of carrying the State by a vast majority, the Republicans under their present control can expect to carry it, if at all, only after a sharp contest. In 1884 the vote in Massachusetts was, for BLAINE, 146,724; for CLEVELAND, 122,352; for BUTLER, 24,382; for ST. JOHN, 9925. This made BLAINE's plurality 24,372, which is exactly ten votes less than BUTLER's total, and if the BUTLER vote had been cast for CLEVELAND, it would have given CLEVELAND just ten more votes than BLAINE. The BUTLER vote would be thrown, probably, under ordinary circumstances, for the Democratic candidate. It was, however, an assistant Republican vote in 1884, aimed at the defeat of CLEVELAND, and for the same reason that it opposed CLEVELAND it will be partly cast against ANDREW. The Republican vote that went to CLEVELAND in 1884 will go generally to ANDREW this year. The general Republican vote will be diminished by apathy. Disgust with the party action will lead some Republicans to vote for ANDREW, while not only is the Democratic falling off in off years less than the Republican, but this year the fair "fighting chance" will naturally make it larger. There will be the usual Prohibition diversion, but, excepting that, the total vote of the State will be thrown between the two great parties, and it is obvious that MR. ANDREW's election would not be surprising. No personal attack can be made upon him. His sincerity and courage in refusing to support MR BLAINE are unassailable, and his acceptance of the Democratic nomination, under the circumstances that we have described, is in accordance with his position. The Democratic party is denounced as insincere for nominating so good a candidate. But if Republican sincerity is proved by the nomination of bad candidates, the Republican prospect is not improved. No Republican would assert that any interest of the State or of the country would suffer by MR. ANDREW's election, while nationally his election would show that Massachusetts approves the honest purpose and political courage of President CLEVELAND.

## THE MACHINE.

THE *Civil Service Reformer*, which is published in Baltimore, takes an active and fearless part in the discussion of local politics in Maryland and Baltimore, which it treats from a thoroughly honest and independent point. In a striking article in the October issue upon "The Machine and Machines," the *Reformer* says that in Maryland the Democratic machine is now practically the party, and that it does not hesitate to declare openly that it will continue to be the party "so long as the registration can be doctored, the ballot box stuffed, and the count made conformable." The *Reformer* proceeds to say:

"When it is considered that absolute political power in the State is wielded as we have described, and that among all the men who wield it there is not a single one conspicuous for either ability, or intelligence, or meritorious and disinterested public service, or honorable ambition, or any gift or quality that wins the love or commands the respect or earns the confidence or gratitude of a community, we find ourselves face to face with a problem none the less bewildering because it has ceased from familiarity to startle us."

The *Reformer* explains that it is not as a party organization, which no practical man will consent to forego, that it denounces the machine, but that in Maryland, under pretext of organizing the Democratic party for victory over the Republican, the machine has merely organized a body of camp-followers to plunder its own.

The general description, however, applies to the machines of both parties everywhere. The New York *World* recently published a list of "the city bosses"—the names of the three great party committees of the city, the Republican, the County Democratic, and the Tammany. To read them, and to read the names of the active party leaders in the city eighty years ago, is to perceive how entirely the system of party management has changed. Upon the three committees almost all the names are those of small place-holders or place seekers, and there is scarcely the name of a citizen who is publicly known except as a small politician. Well known, conspicuous, and representative citizens are wholly absent. The body of the committees, as a body and with a few individual exceptions, are leaders in politics of no political principle whatever, as their conduct proves. Yet they are the managers whose action is the "regular" action of the party, which all members of the party must support under pain of losing all chance of political preferment. These are the men whose favor nominates, without whose favor there is no chance, and whose favor is bought with a price. These are the men whose nominations, made for their own purposes, intelligent and honorable members of the party are called upon to sustain and these same intelligent and honorable members denounce other honest men, who refuse to be led by the nose by such leaders, as traitors and renegades. Party government, which we are told on all sides is absolutely indispensable in a free country, has come to be government by these men. The painful spectacle, which has been too frequent of late years, of generous and high minded young men, with a noble ambition to serve the state, beginning with brave honesty and independence, and gradually sinking into abject subserviency to unprincipled political hucksters, is explained by the facts that we state, and which the *Reformer* truly says present a bewildering problem.

The machine, as we said is composed generally of placemen and of place seekers. Its strength and cohesion lie in the power of patronage. In other words, it maintains itself out of the public treasury in two ways—by the direct emoluments of place, and by the indirect opportunities of contract and employment. Men like FLYNN put their creatures into place, and these creatures in turn open to their masters the opportunity of public plunder in the form of supplies and work. It is a system which in Maryland puts MR GORMAN in the place of WILLIAM PINKNEY and REVERDY JOHNSON, and which necessarily degrades party standards and political morality. The beginning of its correction lies in destroying favoritism and personal service as the ground of appointment to public employment, and substituting for it proved merit. The President's order to office-holders, strictly enforced, would be one great step toward the solution of the problem, and we suggest to those who think a machine of some kind to be indispensable in practical politics that the only way in which they can keep it in order is to defeat its nominations when they are unfit. If a machine be unavoidable, let it be a servant, not a master; and let no man suppose, because organization is essential to effective action, that therefore such machines as those in New York, Massachusetts, and Maryland are essential to efficient organization.

## DRAM DRINKING.

THE Osage City *Free Press*, in Kansas, has prepared a table which is interesting as an illustration of the various pretexts under which liquor is sold in a State where the law is very stringent, and of the extraordinary zeal and diligence with which the prohibitory movement is prosecuted. The Kansas law makes the buyer of liquor the judge of its necessity, and whatever may be his plea, there is no one legally authorized to prevent the sale when he has stated the cause for which he wishes the liquor. The *Free Press* confines its inquiry to the month of June, 1886. The population of Osage County is 25,839, and there are nineteen druggists in the county authorized to sell liquor. They reported 2812 sales of liquor during the month. The lowest number made by any one druggist was 23, and the highest number was 516. There were 315 different purposes declared, ranging from 1 for "whiskey broth for congestion of the brain," and 1 for "spinal trouble," and 1 for "lame back," and many other ones, up to 270 for "indigestion," and 257 for "biliousness."

As to liquors preferred, there were 2154 bottles and 788 quarts of beer sold, 622 pints and 244 ounces of whiskey, and 388 pints and 78 ounces of alcohol. There were but 15 pints and 12 ounces of wine, 2½ ounces of sherry wine, 20 ounces and 10½ pints of port wine, 1 pint of Holland gin, 31 pints and 6 ounces of common gin, 54 pints and 45 ounces of brandy. The greater number of alleged diseases and troubles for which liquor was sold are those for which no intelligent physician prescribes liquor, and they are obviously merely excuses for obtaining a drink. In some States where prohibitory or restrictive liquor laws have been passed there are social clubs established, with a liberal admission fee, and liquor is furnished free to the members. The "striped pig" appeared with the first restrictive law, and the progeny of that pig is multiform. But evasions of the law, however ingenious, do not prove that restrictive laws are useless. It is a common sneer that men cannot be made virtuous by an act of Congress. But a stigma can be thrown upon a traffic by law combined with public opinion, and this is the effect of the restrictive liquor laws. The consequences of such a stigma are great and valuable. To make dram-drinking difficult and discreditable is to save many a youth from drunkenness and disgrace.

It is that practical benefit, not virtue by act of Congress, which a stringent restrictive law promotes. It deprives dram-drinking of all its ease and glamour, and it is because of the actual and important effect of such laws upon the traffic that the liquor interest has entered politics, and seeks to control parties for its own ends. Here it is a common enemy. Its object is not Republican or Democratic, but to use both Republican and Democratic votes to protect itself and increase its power. The Legislature may elect either

a Republican or a Democratic Senator, and the saloon will not care. But it does care that the same Legislatures should not pass laws unfriendly to what Mr. SHOOK holds to be the just rights of the saloon. The overthrow of this malign power is a public duty, whatever may be a man's view of prohibition. The present agitation will be undoubtedly of great public service, and in many districts it will certainly amaze politicians who neglect it as the wild whim of foolish fanatics.

## FOR MAYOR

THE nomination of Mr. HEWITT for Mayor of New York was so good, and from Tammany Hall so ludicrously unexpected, while the office of Mayor is so essentially non-political, that the course for the Republicans to pursue was to recognize the situation and refrain from making a nomination. It is true Mr HEWITT's nomination was partisan, but its general acceptance by the opposing party would have justified him when elected in disregarding mere partisan appeal. He is undoubtedly a strong partisan, but he is a perfectly upright and sagacious man, and he knows that partisanship in municipal government is not consonant with the most effective administration.

And he is, moreover, a very strong friend of civil service reform. In reply to letters from the Reform Association when nominated for Congress, Mr HEWITT declared himself upon the subject in a most earnest and positive manner. There is no reason to doubt that the reform system instituted by Mayor GRACE would be faithfully enforced by Mayor HEWITT, but the common support of both parties would have made the enforcement easier. The situation is now such that as the election of the Republican candidate is highly improbable, many Republicans who desire to make sure the election of Mr. HEWITT as against Mr GEORGE by an emphatic majority will vote for Mr. HEWITT with the most friendly feeling for Mr. ROOSEVELT.

Mr. GEORGE's speeches, as reported, are a grievous surprise to many who had held a very different estimate of him from that which his speeches justify, and they must necessarily alienate from him the support of the great body of intelligent citizens.

## CHANGES IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE very valuable statement of the number of appointments and removals in the national service published in the *Civil Service Record*, issued in Boston, is a striking proof of the fidelity with which the reform law has been observed in the departments at Washington. There are in the classified service—that is, the services to which the reform law and rules apply—about 13,913 places, of which 5660 are in the Washington departments. In them places the whole number of removals to June 16 (and there have been very few since) is 308, or about one in fifteen. In some departments, as in the Post-office and War departments, the record of reasons is kept, and the reasons are satisfactory. In the Interior Department the aggregate removals and resignations are about thirty per cent., promotions fourteen per cent., and deaths one per cent. The appointments are about forty-two per cent. This is very far from the clean sweep which was predicted, and which is even now often alleged to have taken place, and the facts attest the good faith of the President in his pledge to enforce the reform law.

In the range of office beyond the classified service, and especially in the Post-office, the proportion of changes is very much greater. About half of the postmasters have been changed, and the changes have been about sixty-six per cent. in the Department of Justice. Certain bureaus, notably the Indian Bureau, have been treated much in the old way, and in Indiana, Maryland, and elsewhere there has been much that is irreconcilable with sound principles of administration. On the other hand, again, in the Foreign Department the changes have been proportionally much fewer under a party change of administration than under a new administration of the same party. The Democratic Mr BAYARD has made a change of forty-four per cent. among his party opponents in fifteen months; the Republican Mr. BLAINE made a change of eighteen per cent. among his party friends in four months.

No fair man who considers these facts as illustrating the general treatment of the civil service under this Administration will deny that it has observed much more faithfully the principles of reform than any Administration since that of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Under what other modern Administration, in its second year, have half the places in the civil service been held by the opposite party? This is not absolute reform, indeed, but it is a great practical advance made in a year and a half by an Administration which is denounced by Republican partisans, who practically excluded their opponents from place for twenty-five years, as false to reform; and it will greatly commend that Administration to many Republicans who honestly thought that Mr. CLEVELAND would be unable, even if he desired, to withstand the pressure of his party. He is proving the truth of what President HAYES said: He serves his party best who serves his country most.

## A BOURBON VICTORY.

THE Democrats of the Louisville district in Kentucky, under the lead of that genuine old Kentucky Bourbon Democrat the *Courier-Journal*, have defeated the renomination of Mr. WILLIS to Congress, because he recommended the retention of an efficient postmistress at Louisville whose political views were Republican. There was no complaint that there was any "offensive partisanship" in the management of the office, but the lady's views were not of the orthodox Bourbon type, and Mr WILLIS proved himself to be no Bourbon in asking that a good public servant should be retained.

This is another Democratic blow at reform, and like Mr. COX, of North Carolina, Mr WILLIS pays the penalty of his fidelity to the good cause. He has been a very efficient representative, and an able advocate of reform, whose interests in Congress will greatly suffer by his absence. The contest in Louisville was very warm, and the result draws the line more definitely between the Democratic Bourbons and reformers.

## MORE PHARISEEISM.

IT is announced that "the National Anti-saloon Republican Committee has adopted a resolution asking all Republicans everywhere to cook and vote against the nomination as electors of any saloon keeper to any office." This is undoubtedly the way to compel Republican caucuses and conventions to overthrow the power of the saloon in Republican politics. But it is sheer Mugwumpery, for it advises voting against such candidates. We trust that Senators FAVE and BLAIR and their associates upon the committee are fully aware that by this action they subject themselves to the same fate of being denounced as Pharisees and holier-than-thou men.

## THE BULGARIAN CRISIS.

THE result of the Bulgarian dispute is still obscure. But the declaration of Austria and of England seems to show that actual Russian interference in Bulgaria would be resisted. It is doubtful whether Russia is ready to begin a general war in furtherance of her fixed purpose to cross the Balkans, so that the probable conclusion of the matter will be the removal of ALEXANDER, that is, of a Prince of Bulgaria who was distinctively to Russia. What Russia desires in Bulgaria is a Prince whom it can control. But under the Treaty of Berlin it cannot be certain of securing such a Prince.

The Treaty of Berlin constitutes Bulgaria a self-governing principality, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, but with a Christian government and a national militia. Bulgarian independence is guaranteed by the great powers, which have the right of ratifying the choice of the reigning Prince. But the organic law is placed in the control of an Assembly of Notables. This scheme is not the basis of an actual independent state, for it is the arrangement of the great powers among themselves to prevent any one of them from acquiring an undue ascendency in the country.

The social condition of Bulgaria was set forth a few years since in Mr GLADSTONE's pamphlets, and it has not essentially changed because of the Treaty of Berlin. So long as the designs of Russia are unaccomplished, the country must be the seat of intriguers and efforts like those of General KAULBARS, the present special Russian envoy. Should Russia, as General KAULBARS intimates, refuse to acknowledge the authority of the Bulgarian Assembly to elect a Prince, the crisis, in the language of diplomacy, might easily become "acute": and we observe that Mr COX, our Minister at Constantinople, anticipates war at any moment.

## STEALING CLOTHES.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has shown either that his party has no principles and no policy, or that he is not a party leader. His sudden importance as a political figure is one of the extraordinary incidents of the moment, and the practical substitution of a flippant and blackguard youth for one of the most distinguished in the long list of British Prime-Ministers is an amazing spectacle. Mr SHALLEY, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, who has been long resident in England, and who is a close and experienced political observer, says that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has taken the leadership of the Tory party out of Lord SALISBURY's hands, and he adds that the party adopts as its own the total change of front which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL announces.

One of the capital caricatures of DISRAELI represents him as stealing the clothes of the Whigs while they were bathing. DISRAELI has been always the model of Lord RANDOLPH, and he now gravely declares the measures of the Liberal party to be the Tory policy, excepting the Irish home rule scheme of Mr. GLADSTONE, and for that he proposes to submit a home rule scheme of his own. There has been no more grotesque demonstration than this performance of Lord RANDOLPH that in the game of party "naught is everything and everything is naught." It has been hitherto impossible to take him any more seriously than DISRAELI. Everybody felt that DISRAELI was merely an actor, and it has been the general feeling that Lord RANDOLPH is a harlequin.

But this view must change if his declaration be accepted by his party, because that would show both his sagacity and his power—his sagacity in justly apprehending the situation, and his power in compelling his party to follow him. He is apparently aware that he and his Tory friends are in office, not because the country prefers Toryism to Liberalism, but because it did not like one Liberal measure. He sees, what is so evident enough, that the general sentiment of England in ordinary times is Liberal and not Tory, and finding himself and his party fortuitously in office, he adopts the Liberal policy as that of the country, and then virtually says that on all questions but that of Ireland the Tory government represents national opinion as well as a Liberal government, while on the Irish question the country trusts the Tories more than the Liberals. The real sentiment of the country, therefore, he holds, can be best carried out by the Tory government. This is perfectly unprincipled sophistry, but it is plausible, and it may succeed if the country can make up its mind to trust Tories to do the work of Liberals. The vice of Lord RANDOLPH's manœuvre is his forgetfulness that party tradition, spirit, and character are very strong, and that the reasons which produce parties prevent a sudden change of party feeling and action. But his game is daring and interesting.

## PERSONAL.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, whose *Ben Hur* has had a wider circulation and a greater success than any other religious book produced in this generation, has given us a continuation in the Detroit *Jose and some interesting reminiscences*. He had completed, he says, the first part of *Ben Hur*, which carries the story down to the birth of Christ, when he chanced to meet Colonel INGERSOLL. At that time the General did not trouble himself to inquire into the truth of religious doctrines, but immediately a talk determined him to investigate and decide for himself as to the divinity of Christ. For five years he studied the life of Christ and the history and customs of Judea and the Jews. He had gone but a few steps when he came to the conclusion that Christ was divine. When *Ben Hur* was completed he went to the Holy Land, and spent months in visiting every place referred to, in order to verify his work. Not one word required to be changed.

—President DWIGHT, of Yale College, tells his students that his chief ambition is to be of service to them, and that the blessing of his life is to do good to them. He hopes that they will go as him wherever he can assist them.

—Mr Justice FIELD, of the United States Supreme Court, wants Mr W W. STORY to make a bust of WASHINGTON, from the Houston life cast, for the National Museum. Mr FIELD is satisfied that most of the existing portraits of WASHINGTON do him injustice.

—An extremely remarkable exhibition of magnificent portraits is now to be seen at the American Art Association Rooms, 6 East Twenty-third Street. The collection comprises fifteen paintings, being the entire set of the famous SHARPLES portraits (thirteen in number), and two superb works by MINGARD, which are loaned by their English owners for a visit to this country under the care of Major JAMES WALTER. Here is the only existing portrait of MARY the mother of WASHINGTON, which amply justifies the remark made to her son that "she is as the most beautiful woman he ever beheld." Surrounding her is a galaxy of female beauties of her day. ROBERT FULTON is here shown in his only portrait, side by side with his wife and Miss HARILTON. There are also portraits of PRESCOTT, Chief Justice MARSHALL, PATRICK HENRY's daughter, and MARY PHILIPSE (WASHINGTON's early love). Everyone fond of these of the collection that he would willingly cross the Atlantic to see them. The exhibition closes on October 23.

—Ex President PORTER, of Yale College, has been spending several months in Europe, visiting the principal cities of England, France, and Germany, and seeking in change of scene that perfect rest which this country does not offer as her foremost citizens.

—Mr OSWALD OTTENDORFER and his late wife have been liberal benefactors of the Free Circulating Library, and now the latter's daughter, Mrs C. F. WOHLSCHLEGER, contributes $10,000 as its funds.

—The damage done by the earthquake at St Michael's Church in Charleston, South Carolina, turns out to be greater than was at first supposed. The rector, Rev Dr TRESCOT, writes to HARPER'S WEEKLY that the steeple alone is uninjured, the body of the church being a wreck. It will be necessary to rebuild almost entirely, and at a cost that at present cannot be estimated.

—In a society drama like *A Wife's Peril* Mrs LANGTRY now appears to advantage. Time and study have ripened her artistic capacities, and she pleases the imagination as well as the eye.

—The monument which his friends have erected, at a cost of $2500, over the grave of the late Commander H. H. GOODRICH is appropriately designed after the Egyptian obelisk which his engineering skill brought from the banks of the Nile. It commemorates a brave, noble, and scholarly man, whose death was a national loss.

—"For several months," said an invalid man of letters, "on here bed quickly a dry northeast wind—a nor'easter without rain—and I do not remember another season like this one. What are we coming off?"

—Minister S. S. COX publicly expresses his thanks to General LEW WALLACE, through whom the way was well paved for him at Constantinople.

—Mr JOHN G WHITTIER is at work arranging and editing all the various letters and documents of historical interest which he has collected during his lifetime.

—The Algonquin Club, the latest and soon to be the largest Boston club, is to provide its members with a *table d'hôte* breakfast after November sets in.

—"Was she his wife?" asked a married woman of an acquaintance. "Yes. Why do you ask?" "Because they were so jolly together. You don't often see married people so jolly together in public, you know."

—SAMUEL BOYD, editor of the Panama *Star and Herald*, now in San Francisco, believes that the canal will be finished in 1892. He declares that the next three years will be devoted mainly to the great Colombian cut. Not long ago Mr Boyd had a disagreeable experience of the uncertainty of journalism on the Isthmus. His paper was suppressed for several weeks because he criticised the Colombian authorities for failing to protect foreigners during the riots at Colon.

—Dr JAMES B. CHADWICK, who was delegated to represent Harvard University at the recent festivities at Heidelberg, tells a story of the "republican austerity" which he was supposed to illustrate. For while other delegates presented their credentials emblazoned upon parchment and enclosed in cases of velvet and gilt, all that he had in offer was an informal note written on a half sheet of paper by President ELIOT, and bearing date at his summer residence on Mount Desert.

—Mr JAMES C. FLOOD, the mining millionaire, will soon move into his new and costly residence on "Nob Hill," San Francisco. The house is notable as the only structure in that city faced entirely with Connecticut brown stone. The wall about the large lot is also of brown stone, with an artistic fence of bronze. The architect is ALESSANDRO LAPRA, who drew the plans of the New York State Capitol, and most of the decorations was by New York designers. The total cost will not be less than $2,500,000.

—On arriving at Louisville, Kentucky, a Northern traveller observed that the railway depot was less commodious and convenient than some structures he had seen elsewhere. "Certainly," replied a Kentuckian; "after you have been in Louisville a few days you will find that our guests scarcely see the inside of a depot or a hotel. We take care of them ourselves. And besides, we are a great can-please sort of people down here."

—No neighborhood in any other American city can show such a collection of elegant residences as is to be found within a radius of five blocks on what is known as "the North Side" in Chicago. Beginning on Pine Street, near Erie, is the marble house erected by the late PERRY H. SMITH, and on the next block stands the great brown stone mansion of CYRUS H. MCCORMICK, inventor of the reaper which bears his name. Opposite the Smith mansion is the $250,000 one of GEORGE SCOVILLE, the banker, and a block east S. M. NICKERSON, president of the First National Bank, has a home where not only are the walls and floors of marble, but the ceilings are marble set in oak frames. R. R. CARLE, of the Rock Island road, lives diagonally across the street from Mr NICKERSON, and in the south is the residence of Judge TREE, United States Minister to Belgium, which cost $400,000. The FARWELL brothers, dry-goods men, have houses near by which cost a quarter of a million apiece, and PETER PALMER, hotel proprietor and capitalist, overshadows them all with a brown-stone castle on the lake shore which cost $1,000,000.

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THE VILLAGE FIRE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

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"MR. BRINJES SURVEYED HER CRITICALLY. THEN HE SIGHED AND SAID, 'THOU ART, I SWEAR, BESS, FIT FOR THE GODS THEMSELVES!'"

# THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW MR. BRINJES EXERCISED HIS POWERS.

It was on Saturday, the last day of June, in the year of grace 1760 (our Lieutenant having then been away at sea two years and a half), and on the stroke of seven, that Mr. Brinjes sallied forth from his shop. He was dressed—being now on his way to the Club at the Sir John Falstaff—in his black velvet coat with lace ruffles; he carried his laced hat under his arm, and had upon his head his vast wig, whose threatening foretop, majestic with depending knots, before and behind the shoulders, proclaimed his calling. In his hand he bore his gold headed stick (not the famous shell-stick); his stockings, which in the morning were of gray woollen, knitted by the hands of Bess, were now of white silk; and his shoes were adorned with silver buckles. He was no longer Apothecary to the scum of Deptford: he was in appearance a grave and learned Physician. Yet, if one looked more closely, it might be discovered that the wig was ill dressed, the ruffles at his wrist torn; that one or two of the silver buttons had fallen from his coat sleeves; that his stockings were splashed a little, and there was a rent in one, and that his shoes were only smeared, not brightened. These, however, were defects which Mr Brinjes did not heed. It was enough for him as possess and to wear a coat and a wig which became the company which met at the Sir John Falstaff.

He stood awhile looking up and down the street, first casting his eye upward to note the weather—a thing which no one who has been a sailor neglects, whether he goes upon deck or leaves the house. The sky was clear, the wind southerly, and the new declining sun shone upon the houses, so that, though warm and low, they glowed in splendor, and the Apothecary's silver pestle showed as if it were of pure solid silver, and the Pewterer's golden quill as if it were indeed of burnished gold, and the Barber's brass vessels across the way, catching the sun by reflection, shone as if they too were of gold; while the diamond panes of the upper latticed windows were all on fire, and one's eyes could not brook so gaze upon them; the red tiles of the gables, though they were overgrown with moss, seemed as if they had newly left the potter's hands; and the timber-work of the house fronts was like onto black marble or porphyry. No painting was ever more splendid than these mean houses under the summer evening's sunlight. At the Barber's door there arose a curious cloud, which produced an effect as of a white mist rising from the ground. It was, however, nothing but one of the 'prentices flouring the vicar's wig for Sunday. Lower down the street there was leaning against a post the tall form of Aaron Fletcher. He had nothing new in his appearance of the gallant privateer, being dressed as becomes a tradesman, in a fur cap, gray stockings, round shoes, and a dragget waistcoat; yet there was in him something that looked like a sailor: however you disguise him, the sailor always betrays himself. His hands were in his waistcoat pockets, and his eyes were fixed upon the Golden Quill, because he hungered still for a sight of the girl who lived beneath that sign. In spite of his strength and his courage, one word from Bess could have made this giant as weak as a reed. But as for her, she would on more as much as speak friendly with him, being angered at his importunity.

Bess sat in the open doorway, partly screened from the glare of the evening, and partly sitting in the open sunshine, because she was not one of those who fear to hurt their complexions. She was working at something which lay in her lap, and sat with her back turned to Aaron, as if she knew that he was there, and would not as much as look at him. Through the door one might see her father at his work, spectacles on nose.

Mr. Brinjes looked at her, still standing before his own door. Then she raised her head, hearing his footstep, and laughed. She always laughed at sight of Mr Brinjes in the evening, because, in his great wig and velvet coat, on his way to the Club, he was so different from Mr Brinjes in his scratch or his nightcap, sitting in his parlor or his shop.

"Saucy baggage!" said the Apothecary. "Stand up, Bess, and let me see how tall thou art."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1841.

Mr Brinjes narrowed her critically. Then he sighed and said, "Thou art, I swear, Bess, fit for the gods themselves! Well, child?"—and then he sighed again.

"Is there news?" she asked.

"I hear of none," he replied, gravely. "Bess, the time goes on. Is it well to waste the youth on a man who comes not back? There are rather men—"

"Talk not to me," she cried impatiently—"talk not to me of other men. There is no other man in the world for me but Jack. As for other men, I scorn 'em."

She drew from her bosom half a sixpence, tied in a piece of black ribbon. This she kissed and put back again.

"It is long since we had news of him," Mr. Brinjes went on, doubtfully, and dropping his voice, because Mr Westmoreland sat within, poring over his books.

"He loves me," she replied in a whisper. And the thought caused her cheek to glow, and her eyes became humid. "He told me he should always love me. Why, a man version he continually writing letters. He wrote to me once—which is enough—to tell me again that he loves me. And I think of him all day long."

"Well said, girl! That is only what is due to so gallant a lover."

"I belong to him—I am all his. Why else should I desire to live? Why do I go to church, if not to pray for him?"

"Good girl! Good girl! Would that all women had such constant hearts! I have known many women, whether at home, or at Kingston, or on the Guinea Coast. Some I have known jealous; some full of tricks and tempers; but never a one among them all to be constant. Good girl, Bess!"

"Sometimes I think—oh!—suppose he should never come back at all! or suppose I should learn that another woman had entrapped him with her horrid arts?"

Mr Brinjes smiled, as one who knows the world. "Sailors do sometimes fall into traps," he said. "They are everywhere laid for sailors. But what though his thoughts may have gone a-roving—though I say not that they have—they will come home. The Lieutenant will be true. God! There cannot be a single Jack of all the Jacks afloat who would not joyfully come back to such a sweetheart."

"Oh yes!" She made to if she would draw something also from her bosom, but refrained. "I have his letter, his dear letter. Jack is true. He swore that no one should ever come between him and me."

"There is another thing, child. He left there, Bess, a ship of a girl seventeen years old, with little but great black locks and roguish tricks. When he comes back, he will find another Bess."

"Oh!" she cried, in alarm. "But he will expect the same."

"And such a Bess—such a beautiful Bess—fit for a Prince's love."

"I want no Prince but Jack," said Bess, her eyes soft and humid, and her lips parted.

"He will be satisfied. Rosy lips and black eyes, shapely head and apple cheek, dimpled chin and smiling mouth, and such a throat! I have seen such, Bess, in the girls of the Guinea Coast when they are young; just such a throat as thine—as slender and as round, though shiny black. For my own part, I love the color."

"Happy boy! happy girl!" he cried, after sighing heavily. "I would I were young again, to fight this lover for his mistress. Tritons it is to look on at the game which one would still be playing."

"There is one thing which troubles me," she said. "It is the importunity of Aaron, who will never take nay for his answer. He comes every evening—nay, sometimes in the morning—telling me the Lieutenant has forgotten me, and offering to take his place. And he will still be saying things of Jack (who enlighted him so famously). If I were a man I would beat him till he roared for mercy." Her eyes now flashed fire, I warrant you, sleepy and calm as they had looked before. "But I can do nothing, and Luke is too small and weak to fight so great a man. He stands there now—look at him."

"Patience, my girl—patience. I will tackle this lovesick shepherd."

Mr Brinjes walked slowly down the street until he came to Aaron Fletcher. Then he stopped, and surveyed the man from head to foot.

"Aaron," he said, "have a care—have a care. Thou hast been warned already. A certain girl, who shall be nameless, is fond fun thy betters, master boat builder—fond for thy betters."

Aaron muttered something.

"Why, it is but two years and a half agone, if thou will remember, good Aaron, that a certain thing happened. Wherefore I warned thee that trouble would follow. Has it followed? Where is the *Willing Maid?* Captured by the French. Where is the prize-money thou want to get from the privateer? Her cruise was cut short. Where is thy building yard? It is burned down. Where is thy business? It is gone. Thou would-be murderers are rightly punished. Wherefore, good Aaron, again I say, have a care."

Aaron made no reply, but shuffled his feet.

"And what do we here?" Mr Brinjes asked, sternly. "Do we walk about the street in hopes of catching a look—a caresses and a woman look—upon a face that belongs to another man? Aaron Fletcher, Aaron Fletcher, I have warned thee before."

"With submission, sir," said the young man, "the street is free to all. As for my business, a boat-builder is as good as a gentman, I take it."

"Go home, boy; go home. Leave Bess alone, or it will be the worse for thee."

"I take my answer from none but Bess."

"She hath given thee an answer."

Here the young man plucked up courage, and fell to smiling and coaxing at Mr Brinjes himself.

"Have is fine talk!" said Mr Brinjes at length, and after hearing him without the least signs of anger. "Here is a proper game cock! Aaron, thou must have a lemon. So! That hollow tooth of thine, my lad—the one at the back the last best one in the left-hand lower jaw!" The fellow started and turned pale. "Go home now quickly." Here Mr Brinjes shook the gold head of his walking-stick threateningly, while his one eye burned up like a train of powder. "Go home, on thy way the tooth will begin to shoot and prick as with fiery needles. Go, therefore, to bed immediately. It will next feel as if a red-hot iron were clapped to it and held there, and thy cheek will swell like a hasty-pudding. The pain will hurt all night. In the morning come to me, and perhaps, if I am merciful, and thou showest signs of grace and repentance, I will pull out the tooth. Thou canst meditate all night long on the incomparable graces of the girl who can serve as thy sweetheart."

Strange that a doctor should be able to cause on well as cure disease! As Aaron Fletcher drew near to his workshop he felt the first sharp pang and pricking of toothache. When he reached his bed the misery was intolerable. All night long he rolled upon his palate, groaning. In the morning he repaired to Mr Brinjes, dumfounded, his face tied up, seeking for nothing but relief.

"Also!" said Mr Brinjes. "Here is one lad of spirit—here is our lover! Lave bath his thorns, Aaron, as well as its roses. Sit down—sit down. The bason, James—and cold water. It is a grinder, and will take a strong pull. Hold back his head, James—and his mouth wide open. So—with a will, my lad. It is done. Go no more to the neighborhood of Bess Westmoreland, my lad. 'Tis a brave tooth, and might have lasted a lifetime. The neighborhood of Bess Westmoreland is draughty, full of toothache and rheumatisms. I think I saw another hollow grinder on the other side. Take great care, Aaron. Avoid Church Lane, especially in the evening. Go thy way now, and be thankful that things are no worse."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### IN COMMAND.

When Mr. Brinjes had disposed of this importunate swain, he went on his way, and presently entered the Blue Parlor, where some of the gentlemen were already assembled, waiting for the arrival of their presidents as chairman, the Admiral, who was not long in coming, with his escort of negroes.

When he had taken his seat, his pipe filled, his gold-headed stick within reach, he rapped upon the table once.

"Gentlemen," he said, "good-evening, one and all."

Then he rapped upon the table twice.

Immediately the landlord appeared at the door, bearing in his hand a great steaming bowl of punch, which he placed before the president. One of the negroes filled a brimming glass and gave it to his master. Then he filled for the others, and passed the glasses round, and the Admiral, standing up, shouted, "Gentlemen, his Majesty's health, and confusion to his enemies!"

This done, he sat down, and prepared to spend a cheerful evening.

By this time it was eight o'clock, though not yet sunset, though the western sky was red and the sun low in the west. With much whistling of pipes and ringing of bells the day's work at the Yard hard by was brought to a close. Whereupon a sudden stillness fell upon the air, broken only by the hoarse cries and calls from the ships in mid-river now working slowly up stream, with flow of tide and a light breeze from the south en southeast.

"Gentlemen," said the Admiral, with importance, "I have this day received despatches from Jack Easterbrook, my ward, which I have brought with me to gladden your hearts as they have gladdened mine." He tugged a packet out of his pocket, and laid it on the table before him. "He writes," continued the Admiral, "from his ship, the *Sapphire* frigate, Captain John Strachan, and, to begin with, this letter is dated November, but appears to have been written from time to time as occasion offered. At that time he was with Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, whose health, gentlemen, we will drink."

They did so. The Admiral proceeded, with the deliberation which belongs to one-armed men, to open the letter, and after calling for a candle, to read it.

"'*November* 22, 1759.'—The box writes, gentlemen, as I said before, from aboard the frigate *Sapphire*, Captain Strachan, then forming part of Commodore Duff's squadron, and of Sir Edward Hawke's fleet, blockading the port of Brest. It is his account of the action, whereof intelligence reached the Admiralty six months ago. Humph! At the beginning, the boy presents his duty and respect, which is as it should be. He is well, and without a scratch. But the news is six months old, and of the utmost. Yet it is welcome. Now listen.

"'I wrote to you last when we were driven by stress of weather to raise the blockade of Brest, and put in at Torbay.'—Be dul, gentlemen, and you heard his letter read—'I hope my letter came to hand.'—It did—'By stress of weather to raise the blockade of Brest.'—This letter-reading is tedious work." The Admiral took another drink of punch, and proceeded, folding the letter so as to catch the light, and reading very slowly. "'When the gale abated we put to sea again, but found that the Frenchman had slipped his cables and was off. 'Twas a fisherman of Beer, a little village on the Devonshire coast, who saw the French fleet under full sail, and brought the news. We found out afterward there were twenty sail of the line and five frigates that sailed out of Brest, being bound, as was conjectured, for Quiberon Bay. But this we could not rightly tell. However, we crowded sail and after them, the wind blowing fresh, the water lumpy, and the weather thick, so that we made a poor reckoning, and the fleet was much scattered. However, on the sixth day, being the morning of the 20th, the signal was hoisted of the enemy's fleet, and the Admiral gave his signal to close up for action. Well, there thus were in full sight, but apparently with mighty little stomach for the fight; and instead of shortening sail and accommodating as like gentlemen, they scudded before us. However, toward eight bells, when the men had taken their dinners and their rum, and were in good fighting trim, and ready to meet the devil himself on his three-decker'—the devil of a boy, gentlemen—'the *Warspite* and the *Dreadnought* had the good luck to come up first with the French rear, and the action began. Very soon we all drew up, and pounded away. As for the *Sapphire*, we, with the *Resolution*, 74, were specially engaged with the *Formidable*, 80, Rear-Admiral Verger; and a very brisk engagement it was, the Frenchman being full of spirit. But he had the sense to strike after three hours of it, and after losing 200 men killed and wounded. There was a very good account made of the other ships, though not without misfortunes on our part. The *Thésée*, 74, thinking to fight her lower-deck guns, shipped a heavy sea, and foundered, with all her crew. She would have made a splendid prize indeed, and a magnificent addition to his Majesty's Fleet. But it was not to be!—The decrees of Providence, gentlemen," said the Admiral, "are not to be questioned or examined. But it passes human understanding to see the means of sinking the *Thésée* instead of letting her become a prize and an ornament to King George's Navy, and useful for the cause of justice." Then he continued reading: "'The French ship *Superbe*, 70, also capsized—dear, dear, gentlemen! another loss to us—'and went down, I think from the same cause. So here were two good ships thrown away, as one may say, by lubberly handling. We had bad luck with two more noble ships: one of them, the *Heros*, so beautiful a 74 as ever clapped eyes on, struck; but the waves were unbuckle, running too high for a boat to be lowered, and in the night she ran aground. So did the *Soleil-Royal*, 80, and next day we had to set fire to them, though it was enough to bring tears to the most hard-hearted for thinking how they would have looked sailing up the Solent, the Union jack at the stern, above the great white Royal. Our misfortunes did not end here; for H M S *Resolution* unfortunately went ashore too, and now lays a total wreck, and all her crew drowned. The *Blake* also went ashore and is lost, but her crew saved. As for us, it was stand by, load, and fire, for nearly three hours, but only two officers killed and three wounded, with twenty men killed and thirty wounded. I think the Monsieurs, who were safe within the bar of the river, still stay there so long as we are in sight. For though they pounded us, we'n mauled them, as I hope you will allow. 'Tis thought that we may be despatched in search of Thurot's squadron. So no more at present from your obedient and humble John Easterbrook.' Well, gentlemen, this is my letter, and what do you think of it?"

"Always without a scratch," said Mr Brinjes.

"Well, the lad is as lucky as he is brave. Every bullet has an billet. Pray that the bullet is not yet cast which will find its billet in Jack! Admiral, let us drink the health of the gallant lad."

And then they fell to talking of Jack's future, and how they should all live to see him an Admiral and a Knight, and in command of a fleet, and achieving some splendid victory over the French. But Mr Brinjes checked them, because, he said, that to anticipate great fortune is as the ingrosser of the Gold Coast knew full well, to draw down great disaster. But still they talked of the brave boy who had grown up among them, and was now doing his duty like a man.

Now, in the midst of this discourse, the landlord ran into the room, crying, "Admiral and gentlemen, here comes a French prize up the river!" And all, leaving their pipes and punch, hurried forth into the garden.

There is no more gallant sight than the arrival of a prize, especially when, as then happened, she comes up the river at the sunset of a glorious summer day, when the yellow light falls upon her sails and colors every rope of her rigging, and when, as then happened, she bears about her all the marks of a long and terrible battle—her bulwarks broken away, her mainmast gone, great rents and holes in her side, her sails shattered, and even the beautiful carved group which once served for a figure-head, such as the French love, broken and mutilated.

"A French prize, truly, gentlemen," said the Admiral. "There is a French cut about her lines—and look! there is the white flag with the Union-jack above."

She came up Greenwich Reach, her sails furled, slowly, as if she was ashamed of being seen a prisoner in an English port. At her stern floated the flag of the French navy, the great white flag with the royal arms in gold. But above this flag there floated the Union-jack. And every gentleman in the company tossed his hat and shouted at the sight.

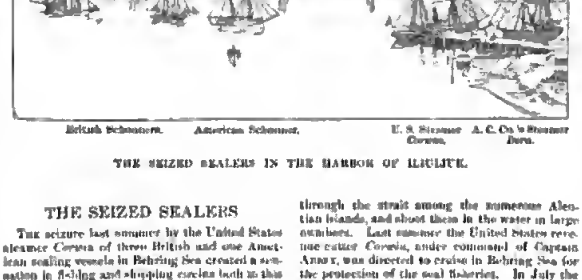
"Landlord," said the Admiral, "fetch me your glass, and quick. The evening falls space."

The landlord brought a sea telescope.

"She's a 38-gun ship, gentlemen. There has been warm work. Mainmast gone; to gallant yards carried away; bows smashed; rigging cut to pieces. Seems hardly worth the trouble of bringing up the Channel. But"—here he wiped the glass with his coat sleeve, and applied it more curiously—"who is that upon the quarter deck? Gentlemen—gentlemen all—it is... it is... it is none other than Jack Easterbrook himself in command! Damn that boy for luck! Cudjo, you lubber, bring me my stick! Gentlemen, we all all hasten to the Yard, and hand the ship as soon as she drops her boater. Landlord, more punch! Jack's home again, and in command of a prize! And, landlord, if I find any negroes sober when I come back, gad! I'll break every bone in your body!"

In this triumphant way did Jack come home, in charge of a splendid frigate, the *Cubanos*, taken after an obstinate an action as one may desire to expect, by the *Sapphire*, in the Chops of the Channel, and sent to Deptford under command of Lieutenant John Easterbrook, to be repaired and added to his Majesty's navy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



British Schooner. American Schooner. U. S. Steamer *Corwin*. A. C. Co.'s Steamer *Dora*.

THE SEIZED SEALERS IN THE HARBOR OF ILIULIUK.

## THE SEIZED SEALERS

THE seizure last summer by the United States steamer *Corwin* of three British and one American sealing vessels in Behring Sea created a sensation in fishing and shipping circles both in this country and Great Britain, and was severely criticised in certain quarters, until the causes of the action had been fully explained. An interesting picture of the harbor of Iliuliuk, Oonalaska, showing the four vessels in harbors and their captor, is published in connection with this article. According to the terms of the lease which the Alaska Commercial Company holds from the United States, that company has, among other rights, the exclusive right of taking seals on the islands of St. George and St. Paul which are the summer-quarters of thousands of fur seals, and as the Alaska Commercial Company pays the good round sum of $350,000 a year for their lease, it is natural that they should desire to be fully protected in all privileges obtained under the lease. Although the illegal slaughter of seals on the islands mentioned was some time ago effectually stopped, piratical sealers have of late adopted a plan whereby the injury to the Alaska Company is just as great. Schooners fitted out at Victoria, and provided with skilled Indian marksmen, go up into Behring Sea, and there lie in wait for the seals as they come up through the strait among the numerous Aleutian islands, and shoot them in the water in large numbers. Last summer the United States revenue cutter *Corwin*, under command of Captain ABBEY, was directed to cruise in Behring Sea for the protection of the seal fisheries. In July the *Corwin* came upon the American schooner *San Diego*, and merchandising her, found the skins of upward of 500 seals which had been slaughtered in this manner. The schooner was promptly seized, and her cargo confiscated. A month later the *Corwin* detected three British vessels, the *Thornton*, *Onward*, and *Caroline*, in the very act of killing seals. The British flag did not prevent Captain ABBEY from seizing those vessels, upon which were found about 1500 seal-skins.

The only question at issue as to the right of this government to take the action described lies in the construction of the treaty with Russia, by which the Territory of Alaska was ceded to the United States. It has been a disputed point as to how much of the Aleutian waters came into the possession of the United States under that treaty. Six years ago the Treasury Department announced its construction of the law to be that the United States was the absolute owner of Behring Sea, and the government, in protection of the Alaskan Commercial Company's interests, has ever since acted under that construction.

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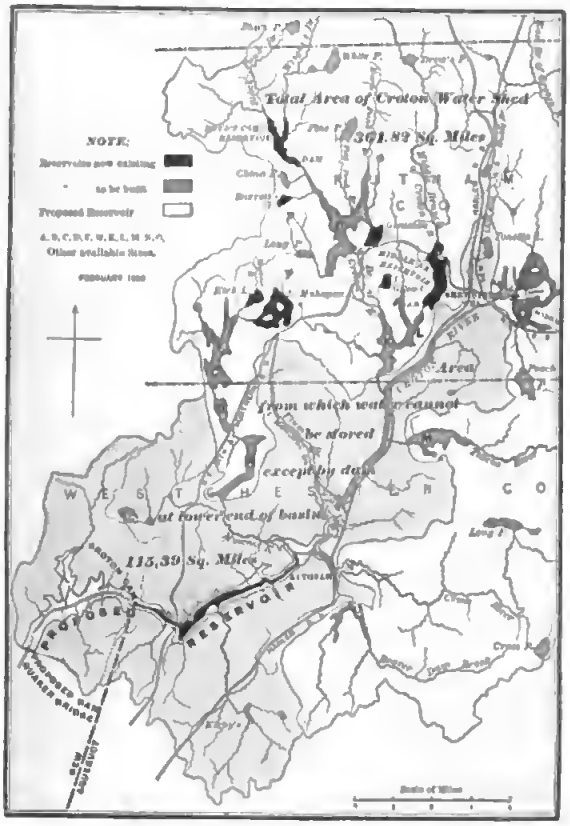


WATER-SHED OF THE CROTON RIVER.

## THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

THE pivot upon which the entire scheme of the future water supply to this city rests is the Quaker Bridge Dam, so called; not that the name indicates, as some have supposed, a peculiar method of construction, but that the locality chosen for this dam is in the immediate vicinity of an old wooden structure near the Croton River known as the "Quaker Bridge." This dam will be unprecedented in its magnitude, and in connection with the new aqueduct will provide a volume of water at all seasons far beyond that of any single structure either in ancient or modern times.

In 1842 the present Croton Aqueduct was opened for use, the population of the city then numbering some 350,000. The enormous increase in population and manufactures in the city, far beyond anything anticipated, brought about a demand for water, which could only be partially met by deepening the flow through the aqueduct, subjecting the structure to a pressure which it was never designed to sustain.

Some one soon, a charter was obtained in June, 1883, known as "An Act to provide new reservoirs, dams, and a new aqueduct, with the appurtenances thereto, for the purpose of supplying the city of New York with an increased supply of pure and wholesome water."

Anticipating the authority to be derived from the Legislature, the city authorities had for some years previously been studying the situation and preparing plans, and it was concluded that instead of following the contour of the surface, as in the old aqueduct, economy, and safety against the elements and malicious depredations, would be furthered by constructing the aqueduct wholly in tunnel.

Accordingly the conduit, except at a few points, is to be excavated by tunnel in the solid rock; and in order to avail of the utmost flow possible from the water-shed of the Croton River, a dam to impound water to a level of 200 feet above tide was proposed, covering an area of over 3000 acres, giving a storage capacity, when filled, of thirty-two thousand million gallons, the top water-line of this reservoir being 34 feet above the lip of the present Croton Dam. Such was the scheme in general which was recommended.

The Croton is a very variable stream, and subject to extreme variation in the total yearly flow. In 1880 there were 206 days in which no water ran over the dam, and other days when millions of gallons ran to waste, there being no means for retaining it in store for the drier months; and but for the water stored in Boyd's Corners Reservoir, Middle Branch Reservoir, Lake Mahopac, and Croton Lake (those shown in the illustration), and others, aggregating 9500 million gallons, there might have been positive suffering in the city. This illustrates the operation of storage.

The New Aqueduct Commission, in their effort to utilize as great flow from the basin as possible, have fixed the dimensions of the new aqueduct as equivalent to a circle of 14 feet in diameter, or a discharge of 321,000,000 gallons daily. This, together with the old aqueduct, will give a daily supply of 400 million gallons, to supply which in a dry year, such as 1880, will require nearly 70,000 million gallons of stored water on the Croton Basin. We come now to the necessity of the Quaker Bridge Dam and Reservoir.

In 1868 a survey of all the possible sites for reservoirs on the Croton basin was made, and carefully re-examined in 1872. Two of them, Boyd's Corners and Middle Branch, have been built, of a total capacity of 6700 million gallons. This, with fourteen smaller lakes, constitutes the extent of storage now available, referred to previously as 9500 million gallons. An additional one at Brewster's, to hold 1000 million gallons, has been ordered to be built. The alternative plan in opposition to the Quaker Dam project was to continue this method of small reservoirs as the needs of the city might require. Aside from the objection to so many comparatively shallow receptacles, no sites for dams for over a hundred square miles of the basin can be found, except by means of the Quaker Bridge Dam, and as hence, to avail of the entire drainage area of the basin, the dam at the lowest part of the valley must ultimately be built, it would seem as wise as economical to first build this deep and capacious reservoir to hold 32,000 million gallons, and subsequently, as the increasing wants of the city may require, add to the supply by smaller reservoirs above. It should be remarked that the Commission have not yet officially approved the Quaker Dam project.

The Quaker Dam is located in a deep rocky gorge of the Croton River about four miles below the present Croton Dam. Extensive borings indicate solid rock for the foundation at about 90 feet below the bed of the river. The dam proper being 178 feet high above this level, makes the total height from the rock about 270 feet. The width of the gorge at the bottom is 400 feet, and the top of the dam is 1400 feet in length, to be occupied by a road, as seen in the view, 23 feet wide between parapets. No water will flow over the dam itself, all freshets and waste will pass by an ample spill-way cut in the rock to the south and west of the dam. There will be about 500,000 cubic yards of stone masonry laid in hydraulic cement, and it is estimated to cost between four and five millions of dollars, and require short of five years to build. If it be said that such a structure is unprecedented, so is the East River Bridge, and so was the Hell Gate Channel.

The new aqueduct commences near the present Croton Dam, in tunnel of a horseshoe section, equivalent to that of a circle of 14 feet in diameter within the brick lining, which lining will extend throughout from end to end. The excavation is at times necessarily in excess of the required dimensions, and slips may extend high into the roof, and at other places heavy timbering is required. The normal section taken out per running foot is 204 cubic feet. The capacity of the finished tunnel, as above, of 324 million gallons is preserved from the starting-point until the New York city boundary is reached. It is expected at this point that for the annexed district a distributing reservoir will be built, which will divert a portion of the flow, and hence the flow below this point toward New York will be but 250 million gallons daily; the finished diameter of the tunnel thence is reduced to a circle of 12 feet 3 inches in diameter.

This portion of the tunnel for a length of 6½ miles, owing to the falling away of the surface, is depressed, and being under pressure, will be reduced in size and more heavily lined with masonry; it includes the section under the Harlem River, which, owing to the character of the rock, is carried 160 feet below tide-level, and the tunnel here, in addition to the heavy brick lining, will also be secured by an interior lining of cast-iron two inches in thickness, the section of the tunnel below the river being 16½ feet in diameter. On the south side of Harlem River the tunnel will resume its dimensions of 14 feet 3 inches, and terminate in a gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street. Thence iron pipes will convey the water to Central Park Reservoir. The entire length of tunnel to One hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street will be 30½ miles, being over 3 miles less than the old aqueduct between the same points. It will be worked through 34 shafts and 10 open portals; and the progress may be estimated as 22 feet forward per week at each heading. There are 19 miles of tunnel excavated, and some 3 miles of brick lining completed. At the shafts and portals, where extensive steam machinery is located, pumps are erected for draining the work, pipes laid for conveying the air to the drilling machines at the headings, as also for ventilation, power provided for electric lighting, and for working the cages in the shafts, to remove debris from the excavation, to supply the workmen with materials (cement, bricks, etc.), and for the convenience of the workmen at the end of the shifts. There are such shifts of workmen every 12 hours, and the work continues night and day. The shafts range in depth from over 60 to 350 feet, and the sandy, and labor-saving expedients, and the energy shown to make progress must be seen to be appreciated.

The contracts for excavation amounted to some $12,000,000, but to this must be added the accessories. No less than six extensive gate chambers will be required for the purpose of emptying portions of the aqueduct, if it should be found necessary, and for regulating the flow of water from the Storage Reservoir into the city. One of these, near the Croton Dam, is a most intricate structure, calculated to meet the wants of a most unprecedented water service, and will alone cost some $500,000. Others, while not so intricate, are on a scale commensurate with the great work toward the efficiency of which they are essential factors. And it may be safely said that this entire work will represent the advanced state of the art and science of hydraulic construction at the era of its completion.

## WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

THE city of New York has been for many years exceedingly fortunate in the men who have occupied its important pulpits. Church-goers of our generation still recur with fondness to the names of JAMES W. ALEXANDER, the elder TYNG, BETHUNE (who spent his last years in the metropolis), and JOHN CORNIS SMITH. Dr JOHN HALL, Dr WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, and others whom we cannot stop to name, are not a whit behind them in eloquence and power. Dr TAYLOR was born in the district of Ayrshire, Scotland, October 29, 1829. He is a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and a graduate who distinguished himself in scholarship. Between the years 1849 and 1854 he studied theology in the school of the United Presbyterian Church at Edinburgh. In 1853 he was settled over the United Presbyterian Church at Kilmarnock, a village near Kilmarnock, his birthplace. In 1854 he was called to the charge of the United Presbyterian Church at Derby Road, Liverpool. Here he spent sixteen years in active pastoral labors. His church was near one of the great docks of the city, and the population about him was not of the kind to promise a young minister great success. Dr. TAYLOR, however, did succeed, and built up a large congregation, his zeal and ardor overcoming all difficulties.

He first became known to the people of this country by his occupancy of the pulpit of Mr BEECHER'S church during the summer of 1871. He at once established his reputation as a preacher of unusual breadth and force. A call to the Broadway Tabernacle quickly followed, and in 1872 he was settled as pastor over that church, which, under the care of Dr. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, had become one of the most prominent in the city. Here the popularity which he first won as a stranger and visitor to the United States has been fully maintained to the head of this great congregation.

In preaching, the impression which Dr. TAYLOR first makes upon his hearer is that of great strength. His well-knit frame is itself a promise of the energetic expression of his thoughts. His movements preparatory to the delivery of his discourse are in no way suggestive of nervousness; all is quiet and calm. The prayer is tender, and Scriptural in much of its diction. The sermon opens with a clear exposition of the passage in hand. As the speaker proceeds, the fervor of his nature finds expression in the forcible delivery of emphatic passages. He is all aglow with ardor, but perfectly self-restrained. While using manuscripts, the action is as free as that of the ordinary extemporaneous speaker. It is in this combination of the accuracy of careful composition with the energy of extemporaneous speech which has contributed much to Dr TAYLOR'S extraordinary success. He has learned CHALMERS'S art of putting life and fire into the written sermon. The discourse is a sermon, by which we mean the exhibition and enforcement of some truth contained in the Bible. Dr TAYLOR'S sermons are not drawn from the depths of his consciousness, nor from philosophy, nor poetry, nor history, but from Scripture. Philosophy, poetry, and history are all pressed into his service, and his inner Christian life has obviously contributed to his apprehension of the meaning of the Sacred Text, but that Text is his supreme authority. His theology is that accepted by all evangelical Churches, and within its limits he is content to remain. This feature of his preaching is the charm which attracts to it a large proportion of his hearers. There are thousands of intelligent persons in our day who have heard the Bible much talked about with very little satisfaction to their minds, and really want to know what is in it. They would not stop for ten minutes to hear a defense of its inspiration, or an attempt to reconcile Moses with modern science, but will listen with intense delight to a preacher who makes the old heroes of the Bible live before the eyes of modern men. Old and New Testament personages, who were before but names to many, have become real, with their same life exhibited in its beauty and power by the eloquent Tabernacle pastor. Dr. TAYLOR preaches the Bible as if he believed it, as if his mind lived and moved and had a home among its truths, and as if Peter and Paul and John and Elijah were men of flesh and blood like the rest of us.

The range of Dr TAYLOR'S labors often he runs to America has been very broad. For a time he was the editor of a religious newspaper, giving to it regularly the products of his pen. He is always a laborious pastor, and renders to his people as pastor the most faithful service. His church is thoroughly organized for Christian work, and is especially devoted to the promotion of the cause of home missions in the United States. He is a frequent speaker on the platform, and is known for the vigor of his platform lectures and addresses. His busy pen has already since his coming to the United States produced seven volumes, the fruit of his preaching upon the leading historical characters of the Bible. They are *David King of Israel, Peter the Apostle, Paul the Missionary, Joseph the Prime-Minister, Moses the Law-Giver, Daniel the Beloved, Elijah the Prophet.* These titles show that Dr. TAYLOR regards these heroes of the faith as typical men, and as typical men he presents them to the view of modern hearers. These sermon volumes are by no means researches into archæology as disquisitions upon ancient customs, but are full of direct applications to our own modern life. Scripture is held up before us as a mirror, and we are shown how essentially alike are the perils of life and the ways of Divine deliverance in all the ages of the world.

Dr. TAYLOR is an illustration, if another illustration were needed, of the debt which American Christianity owes to Scotland. Either through its direct influence, or in the form of Irish Presbyterianism, Scotland has been an important factor in American culture. WITHERSPOON and NISBET in the last century, and McCOSH, HALL, and TAYLOR in this, are identified with all that is best in our country's progress. They have proved that the Scotch American is no American of the very finest type. To this result the quick sympathy between Scotch and American Presbyterianism has very largely contributed. The debt of obligation which we owe to the Scotch and Scotch Irish immigrants to the United States, from the colonial period until now, is one that we can hardly estimate. It is encouraging to know that this wholesome influence is likely to be perpetuated. Such men as Dr TAYLOR reach more persons than are embraced in their congregations; they reach American society throughout its length and breadth. They are known as representatives of whatever is best in Christian morals and potent in Christian faith. It is especially serviceable to the young men of our great city to have the vital truths of the Christian religion upheld in their hearing, and to see a deep reverence for the Bible, as God's Word, inspiring all the utterances of one of the foremost preachers of our time.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE London *Lancet* awaits with somewhat languid interest the result of the discussion of the new scientific proposition that it is just as well to bolt one's food as not. It advises people who are desirous of avoiding dyspepsia to the worst forms to continue in the mean time to chew their food in the old-fashioned way.

Ex-King Theebaw of Burmah mildly complains of Ratnagherry, his place of exile, on the ground that it is dreary and dull, and infested with snakes and scorpions, and asks to be removed to his throne. Until he can prove his remarkable allegation that a place which is infested with snakes and scorpions is dull, it is not probable that his British conqueror will comply with his request.

The annual cost of maintaining the two royal theatres at Berlin is one million dollars. Nearly one-fifth of this sum is annually contributed by the Emperor. All the members of the royal family pay for their boxes.

"When the steamer *O'Kanogan* loaded here," says an Oregon paper, "and left a man to put up a tent and dig a road down the bank to the landing, there was no house within one hundred miles, except at the Lapwai Agency and one at El Pomeroy. One week after the steamer loaded, there was a town of three hundred people, living in tents and stick and mud houses, with streets regularly laid out, and city lots at a high figure." Of course there have been instances of more rapid growth than this in the far West, but still the birds of Oregon must consider that a good deal is going on in that State as they fly about.

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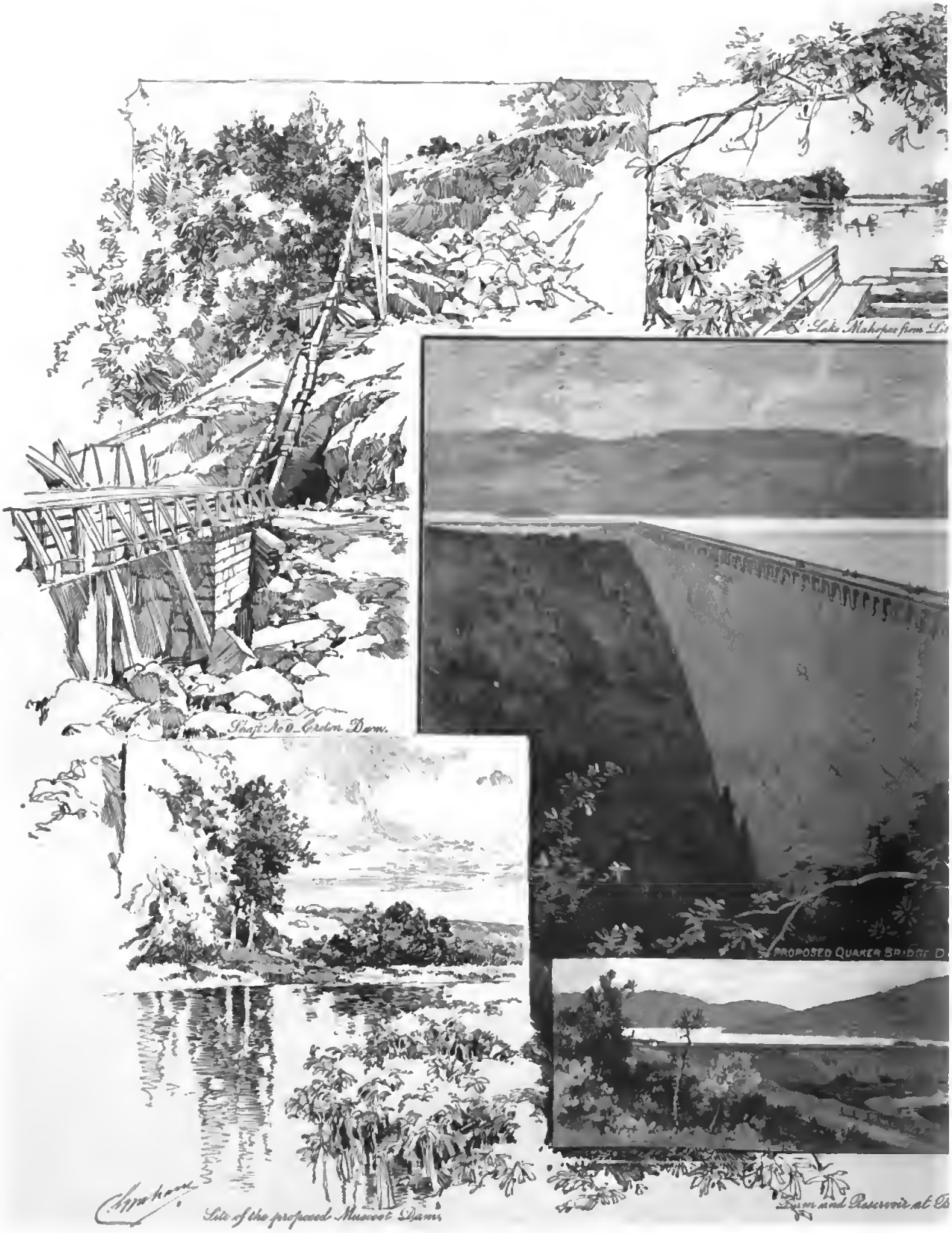


THE NEW AQUEDUCT—VIEWS IN THE CROTON WATER-

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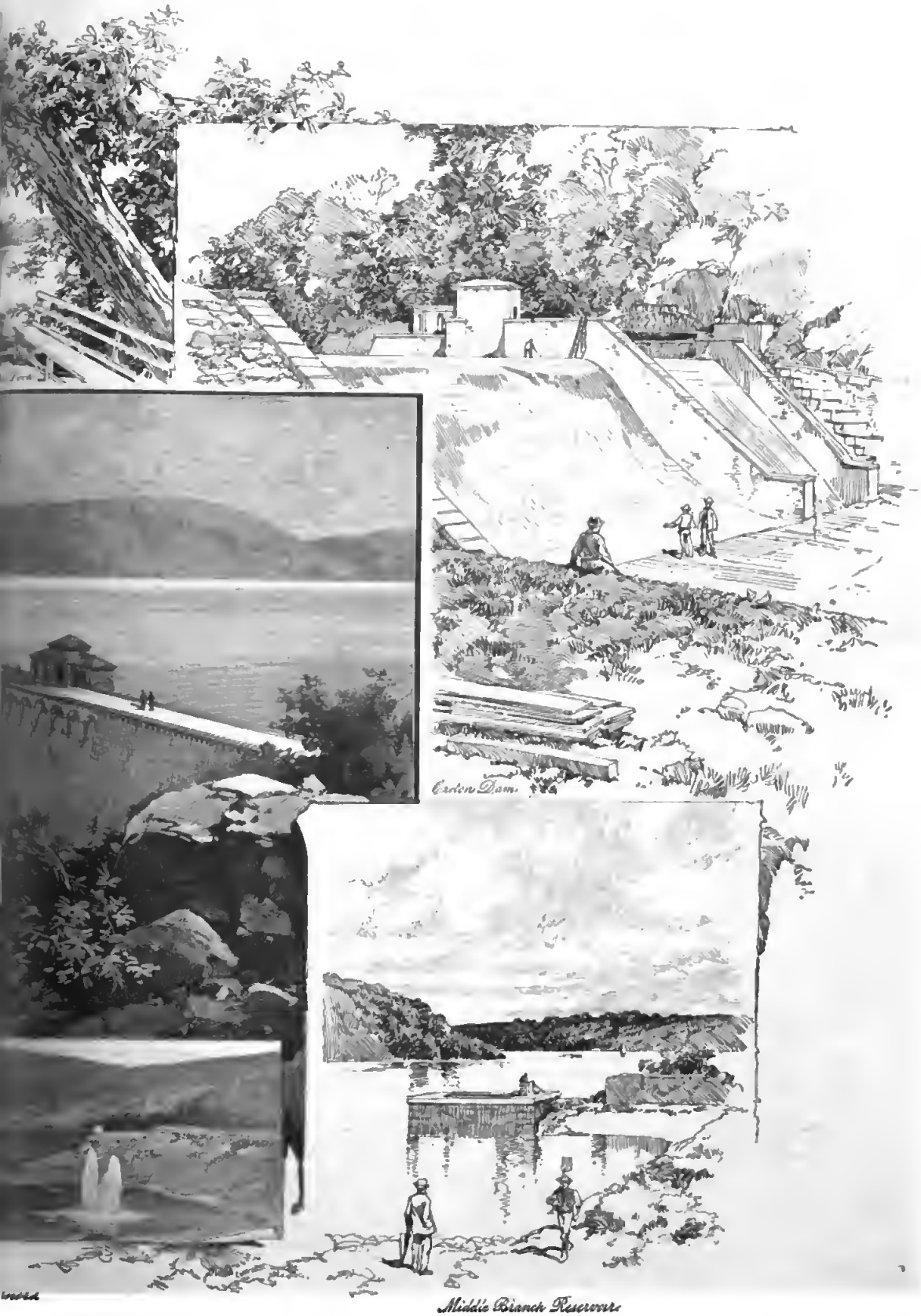


REGION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 683.]

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# SHE:*

## A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

### VI.

#### AN EARLY CHRISTIAN CEREMONY.

Next morning, at the earliest blush of dawn, we rose, and performed such ablutions as circumstances would allow, and generally made ready to start. I am bound to say that when there was sufficient light to enable us to see each other's faces, I, for one, burst out in a roar of laughter. Job's fat and comfortable countenance was swollen not to nearly twice its natural size from mosquito bites, and Leo's condition was not much better. Indeed, of the three I had come off much the best, probably owing to the toughness of my dark skin, and to the fact that a good deal of it was covered by hair, for since we started from England I had allowed my naturally luxuriant beard to grow as its nature sweet will. But the other two were, comparatively speaking, clean shaved, which of course gave the enemy a larger extent of open country to operate on, though as for Mahomed, the mosquitoes, recognizing the taste of a true believer, could not touch him at any price. How often, I wonder, during the next week or so did we wish that we were flavored like an Arab!

By the time that we had done laughing as heartily as our swollen lips would allow, it was daylight, and the morning breeze was coming up from the sea, cutting lanes through the dense marsh mists, and here and there rolling them before it in great balls of fleecy vapor. So we ate our salt, and having first taken a look at the ten dead lions and the dead alligator, which we were of course unable to skin, being destitute of means of curing the pelts, we started, and sailing through the lagoon, followed the course of the river on the further side. At mid-day, when the breeze dropped, we were fortunate enough to find a convenient piece of dry land on which to camp and light a fire, and here we cooked some wild duck and some of the water-buck's flesh—not in a very appetizing way, it is true, but still, sufficiently. The rest of the buck's flesh we cut into strips and hung in the sun, to dry into "biltong," as I believe the South African Dutch call flesh thus prepared. On this welcome patch of dry land we stopped till the following dawn, and, as before, spent the night in warfare with the mosquitoes, but without other troubles.

It was on the fourth day of our journey, when we had travelled, so far as we could reckon, about one hundred and thirty-five to a hundred and forty miles westward from the coast, that the first event of any real importance occurred. On that morning the wind had failed us about eleven o'clock, and after pulling a little our we were forced to halt, more or less exhausted, at what appeared to be the junction of our stream with another of a uniform width of about fifty feet. Some trees grew near at hand—the only trees in all this country were along the banks of the river—and under them we rested, and then, the land being fairly dry just here, walked a little way along the edge of the river to prospect, and shoot a few water-fowl for food. Before we had gone fifty yards we perceived that all hopes of getting farther up the stream in the whale-boat were at an end, for not two hundred yards above where we had stopped was a succession of shallows and mud-banks, with not six inches of water over them. It was a watery *cul-de-sac*.

Turning back, we walked some way along the banks of the other river, and soon came to the conclusion, from various indications, that it was not a river at all, but an ancient canal, such as is to be seen above Mombasa, on the Zanzibar coast, connecting the Tana River with the Ozy, in such a way as to enable the shipping coming down the Tana to come to the other river, and reach the sea by it, and thus avoid the very dangerous bar that blocks the mouth of the Tana. The canal before us had evidently been dug out by man at some remote period of the world's history, and the results of his digging still remained in the shape of the raised banks, that had no doubt once formed towing-paths. Except here and there, where they had been hollowed out or had fallen in, the banks of stiff, binding clay were at a uniform distance from each other, and the depth also appeared to be uniform. Current there was little or none, and, as a consequence, the surface of the water was choked with vegetable growth, intersected by little paths of clear water, made, I suppose, by the constant passage of water-fowl, iguanas, and other vermin. Now, as it was evident that we could not proceed up the river, it became equally evident that we must either try the canal, or else return to the sea. We could not stop where we were, to be baked by the sun and eaten up by the mosquitoes, till we died of fever in that dreary marsh.

"Well, I suppose that we must try it," I said; and the others assented in their various ways—Leo, as though it were the best job to the world; Job, in respectful disgust, and Mahomed, with an invocation to the Prophet, and a comprehensive curse upon all unbelievers and their ways of thought and travel.

Accordingly, as soon as the sun got low, having little or nothing more to hope for from our friend, the wind, we started. For the first hour or so we managed to row the boat, though with great labor; but after that the weeds got too thick to allow of it, and we were obliged to resort to the primitive and most exhausting resource of towing her. For two hours we laboured, Mahomed, Job, and myself, who was supposed to be strong enough to pull against the two of them, on the bank, while Leo sat in the bow of the boat and brushed away the weeds which collected round the cut-water with Mahomed's sword. At dark we limited till midnight to rest and enjoy the mosquitoes, but when the moon got up we went on again, taking advantage of the comparative cool of the night. At dawn we halted for three hours, and then started once more, and laboured on till about ten o'clock, when a thunder-storm, accompanied by a deluge of rain, overtook us, and we spent the next six hours practically under water.

I do not know that there is any necessity for me to describe the next four days of our voyage in detail, further than to say that they were, on the whole, the most miserable that I ever spent in my life, forming one monotonous record of heavy labor, heat, misery, and mosquitoes. All the way we passed through a region of almost endless swamp, and I can only attribute our escape from fever and death to the constant doses of quinine and purgatives which we took, and the excessive toil which we were forced to undergo. On the third day of our journey up the canal we had sighted a round hill that loomed dimly through the vapors of the marsh, and on the evening of the fourth night, when we camped, this hill seemed to be within five and twenty or thirty miles of us. We were by now utterly exhausted, and felt as though our blistered hands could not pull the boat a yard further, and that the best thing that we could do would be to lie down and die in that dreadful wilderness of swamp. It was an awful position, and one in which I trust no other white man will ever be placed; and as I threw myself down in the boat to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion, I bitterly cursed my folly as ever having been a party to such a mad undertaking, which could, I saw, only end in our death in this ghastly land. I thought, I remember, as I slowly sank into a dose, of what the appearance of the boat and her unhappy crew would be in two or three months' time from that night. There she would lie, with gaping seams and half filled with fetid water, that, when the mist-laden wind stirred her, would wash backward and forward through our mouldering bones, and that would be the end of her, and of those in her, who would follow after myths and seek not the secrets of nature.

Already I seemed to hear the water rippling against the desiccated bones and rattling them together, rolling my skull against Mahomed's, and Mahomed's against mine, till at last Mahomed's stood straight up upon its vertebræ, and glared at me through its empty eye-holes, and cursed me with its grinning jaws, because I, a dog of a Christian, disturbed the last sleep of a true believer. I opened my eyes, and shuddered at the horrid dream, and then shuddered again at something that was not a dream, for two great eyes were gleaming down at me through the misty darkness. I struggled up, and in my terror and confusion shrieked and shrieked again, so that the others sprang up too, reeling, and drunken with sleep and fright. And then all of a sudden there was a flash of cold steel, and a great spear was held against my throat, and behind it other spears gleamed cruelly.

"Peace," said a voice, speaking in Arabic, or rather some dialect into which Arabic entered very largely. "Who are ye who come hither on-stream on the water? Speak, or ye die," and the steel pressed sharply against my throat, sending a cold chill through me.

"We are travellers, and have come hither by chance," I answered, in my best Arabic, which appeared to be understood, for the man turned his head, and addressing a half dozen that stood up in the background, said, "Father, shall we slay?"

"What is the color of the men?" said a deep voice in answer.

"White is their color."

"Slay not," was the reply. "Four suns since was the word brought to me from '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*,' 'White men come; if white men come, slay them not.' Let them be brought to the land of '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*.' Bring forth the men, and let that which they have with them be brought also."

"Come," said the man, half leading and half dragging me from the boat, and as he did so I perceived other men doing the same kind office to my companions.

On the bank we were gathered a company of some fifty men. In the light all I could make out was that they were armed with huge spears, were very tall, and strongly built, comparatively light in color, and nude, save for a leopard-skin tied round the middle.

Presently Leo and Job were handled out and placed beside me.

"What on earth is up?" said Leo, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh, Lord! sir, here's a rum go!" ejaculated Job; and just at that moment a disturbance ensued, and Mahomed came tumbling between us, followed by a tiedown form with an uplifted spear.

"Allah! Allah!" howled Mahomed, feeling that he had little to hope from man, "protect me! protect me!"

"Father, it is a black one," said a voice. "What said '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*' about the black one?"

"She said aught, but slay him not. Come hither, my son."

The man advanced, and the tall shadowy form bent forward.

"Yes, yes," said the other, and chuckled in a somewhat blood-curdling tone.

"Are the three white men there?" asked the form.

"Yes, they are there."

"Then bring up that which is made ready for them, and let the men take all that can be brought from the thing that floats."

Hardly had he spoken when men came running up, carrying on their shoulders neither more nor less than palanquins—four bearers and two spare men to a palanquin—and in these it was promptly indicated we were expected to stow ourselves.

"Well!" said Leo, "is it a blessing to find anybody to carry us after having to carry ourselves so long."

Leo always takes a cheerful view of things.

There being no help for it, after seeing the others into theirs, I tumbled into my own litter, and very comfortable I found it. It appeared to be manufactured of cloth woven from grass fibre, which stretched and yielded to every motion of the body, and hung hood top and bottom to the bearing pole, gave a grateful support to the head and neck.

Scarcely had I settled myself when, accompanying their steps with a monotonous song, the bearers started at a swinging trot. For half an hour or so I lay there reflecting on the very remarkable experiences that we were going through, and wondering if any of my eminently respectable fossil friends down at Cambridge would believe me if I were to be miraculously set at the familiar dinner-table for the purpose of relating them. I don't want to convey any disrespectful notion or slight when I call these good and learned men fossils, but my experience is that people are apt to fossilize even at a university if they follow the same paths too persistently. I was getting fossilized myself, but of late my stock of ideas has been very much enlarged. Well, I lay and reflected, and wondered what on earth would be the end of it all, till at last I ceased to wonder and went to sleep.

I suppose I must have slept for seven or eight hours, getting the first real rest that I had had since the night before the loss of the dhow, for when I woke the sun was high in the heavens. We were still journeying on at a pace of about four miles an hour. Peeping out through the mat-like curtains of the litter, which were ingeniously fixed to the bearing-pole, I perceived, to my infinite relief, that we had passed out of the region of eternal swamp, and were now travelling over a rolling grassy plain toward a cup-shaped hill. Whether or not it was the same hill that we had seen from the canal I do not know, and have never since been able to discover, for, as we afterward found out, these people will give little information upon such points. Next I glanced at the men who were bearing me. They were of a magnificent build, none of them being under six feet in height, and yellowish in color. Generally their appearance had a good deal in common with that of the East African Somali, but their hair was not frizzed up, and hung in thick black locks upon their shoulders. Their features were aquiline, and in many cases exceedingly handsome, the teeth being especially regular and beautiful. But notwithstanding their beauty, it struck me that, on the whole, I had never seen a more evil looking set of faces. There was an aspect of cold and sullen cruelty stamped upon them that revolted me, and which in some cases was almost uncanny in its intensity.

Another thing that struck me about them was that they never seemed to smile. Sometimes they sang the monotonous song of which I have spoken, but when they were not singing they remained almost perfectly silent, and the light of a laugh never came to brighten their sombre and evil faces. Of what race could these people be? Their language was a bastard Arabic, and yet they were not Arabs; I was quite sure of that. For one thing, they were too dark, or rather yellow. I could not say why, but I knew that their appearance filled me with a sick fear, of which I felt ashamed. While I was still wondering, another litter came up alongside of mine. In it—for the curtains were drawn—sat an old man clothed in a whitish robe, made apparently from coarse linen, that hung loosely about him, who, I at once jumped to the conclusion, was the shadowy figure that had stood on the bank and been addressed as "Father." He was a wonderful-looking old man, with a snowy beard so long that the ends of it hung over the sides of the litter, and he had a hooked nose, above which flashed out a pair of eyes as keen as a snake's, whilst his whole countenance was instinct with a look of wise and sardonic humor impossible to describe on paper.

"Art thou awake, stranger?" he said, in a deep and low voice.

"Surely, my father," I answered, courteously, feeling certain that I should do well to conciliate this ancient Mammon of Unrighteousness.

He stroked his beautiful white beard and smiled faintly.

"From whatever country thou comest," he said, "and, by-the-way, it must be from one where somewhat of our language is known, they teach their children courtesy there, my stranger one. And now wherefore comest thou unto this land, which scores an alien foot has pressed from the time that man knoweth? Art thou and those with thee weary of life?"

"We came to find new things," I answered, boldly. "We are tired of the old things, we have come up out of the sea to know that which is unknown. We are of a brave race who fear not death, my very much respected father—that is, if we can get a little fresh information before we die."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman; "that may be true, it is rash to contradict, otherwise I should say that thou wast lying, my son. However, I dare say that '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*' will meet thy wishes in the matter."

"Who is '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*?'" I asked, curiously.

The old man glanced at the bearers, and then answered, with a little smile that somehow sent my blood to my heart,

"Surely, my stranger son, thou wilt learn soon enough, if it be her pleasure to see thee at all in the flesh."

"In the flesh?" I answered. "What may my father wish to convey?"

But the old man only laughed a dreadful laugh, and made no reply.

"What is the name of my father's people?" I asked.

"The name of my people is Amahagger" (the People of the Rocks).

"And if a one might ask, what is the name of my father?"

"My name is Billali."

"And whither go we, my father?"

"That shalt thou see"; and at a sign from him the bearers started forward at a run till they reached the litter in which Job was reposing (with one leg hanging over the side). Apparently, however, he could not make much out of Job, for presently I saw his bearers trot forward to Leo's litter.

And after that, as nothing fresh occurred, I yielded to the pleasant swaying motion of the litter, and went to sleep again. I was dreadfully tired. When I woke I found that we were passing through a rocky defile of a lava formation with precipitous sides, to which grew many beautiful trees and flowering shrubs.

Presently this defile took a turn, and a lovely sight unfolded itself to my eyes. Before us was a vast cup of green, from four to six miles in extent, shaped like a Roman amphitheatre. The sides of this great cup were rocky, and clothed with bush, but the centre was of the richest meadow-land, studded with single trees of magnificent growth, and watered by meandering streams. On this rich plain grazed herds of goats and cattle, but I saw no sheep. At first I could not imagine what this strange spot could be, but presently it flashed upon me that it must represent the crater of some long-extinct volcano, which had afterward been a lake, and was ultimately drained in some unexplained way. And here I may note that from my subsequent experience of this and a much larger but otherwise similar spot that I shall have occasion to describe by-and-by, I have every reason to believe that this conclusion was correct. What puzzled me, however, was that, although there were people moving about herding the goats and cattle, I saw no signs of any human habitation. Where did they all live, I wondered. My curiosity was destined soon to be gratified. Turning to the left, the string of litters followed the cliffy sides of the crater for a distance of about half a mile, or perhaps a little less, and then halted. Seeing the old gentleman, my adopted "father," Billali, emerge from his litter, I did the same, and so did Leo and Job. The first thing I saw was our wretched Arab companion, Mahomed, lying exhausted on the ground. It appeared that he had not been provided with a litter, but had been forced to run the entire distance, and, as he was already quite worn out when we started, his condition now was one of great prostration.

On looking round we discovered that the place where we had halted was a platform in front of the mouth of a great cave, and piled upon this platform were the entire contents of the whale-boat, even down to the oars and sail. Round the cave stood groups of the men who had escorted us, and other men of a similar stamp. They were all tall and all handsome, though they varied in their degree of darkness of skin, some being as dark as Mahomed, and some as yellow as a Chinee. They were naked, except for the leopard-skin round the waist, and each of them carried a huge spear.

There were also some women among them, who, instead of the leopard-skin, wore a tanned hide of a small red buck, something like the oribe, only rather darker in color. These women were, as a class, exceedingly good-looking, with large dark eyes, soft-cut features, and a thick bush of curling hair—not crisped like a negro's—and ranging from black to chestnut in hue, with all shades of intermediate color. Some, but very few of them, wore a yellowish linen garment, such as I have described as worn by Billali, but this, as we afterward discovered, was a mark of rank rather than an attempt at clothing. For the rest, their appearance was not quite so terrifying as that of the men, and they sometimes, though rarely, smiled. As soon as we had alighted they gathered round us, and examined us with curiosity, but without excitement. Leo's tall, athletic form and clear-cut Grecian face, he never, evidently excited their attention, and when he politely lifted his hat to them and showed his curling yellow hair, there was a slight murmur of admiration. Nor did it stop there, for, after regarding him critically from head to foot, the handsomest of the young women—one wearing a robe, and with her of a shade between brown and chestnut—deliberately advanced to him, and in a way that would have been winning had it not been so determined, quietly put her arm round his neck, bent forward, and kissed him on the lips.

I gave a gasp, expecting to see Leo instantly speared; and Job ejaculated: "The hussy! Well, I never!" As for Leo, he looked mightily astonished; and then remarking that we had got into a country where they clearly followed the customs of the early Christians, deliberately returned the embrace.

Again I gasped, thinking that something would happen; but, to my surprise, though some of the young women showed traces of vexation, the older men and the men only smiled slightly. When we came to understand the customs of this extraordinary people the mystery was explained. It then appeared that, in direct opposition to the habits of almost every other savage race in the world, women among the Amahagger are not only upon terms of perfect equality with the men, but are not held to them by any binding ties. Descent is traced only through the line of the mother, and while individuals are as proud of a long and superior female ancestry as we are of our families in Europe, they never pay attention to or even acknowledge any man as their father, even when their male parentage is perfectly well

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known. There is but one titular male parent of each tribe, as, as they call it, "Household," and he is its immediate ruler, with the title of "Father." For instance, the old man Billali was the father of this "household," which consisted of about seven thousand individuals all told, and no other man was ever called by that name. When a woman took a fancy to a man, she signified her preference by advancing and kissing him publicly in the same way that this handsome and exceedingly prompt young lady, who was called Ustane, had done to Leo. If he kissed her back, it was a token that he accepted her, and the arrangement continued till one of them wearied of it.

## VII.

### STRANGE SIGHTS.

When the kissing operation was finished—by-the-way, none of the young ladies offered to pet me in this fashion, though I saw one hovering round Job, to that respectable individual's evident alarm—the old man Billali advanced, and graciously waved us into the cave, whither we went, followed by Miss Ustane, who did not seem inclined to take the hint I gave her that we liked privacy.

Before we had gone five paces it struck me that the cave that we were entering was none of nature's handiwork, but, on the contrary, had been hollowed by the hand of man. So far as we could judge, it appeared to be about one hundred feet in length by fifty wide, and very lofty, resembling a cathedral aisle more than anything else. From this main aisle opened passages at a distance of every twelve or fifteen feet, leading, I supposed, to smaller chambers. About fifty feet from the entrance of the cave, just where the light began to get dim, a fire was burning, and three huge shadows upon the glossy walls around. Here Billali halted, and asked us to be seated, saying that they would bring us food, and wearedly we squatted ourselves down upon rugs of skins which were spread for us, and waited. Presently the food, consisting of goat's flesh boiled, fresh milk in an earthen-ware pot, and boiled cobs of Indian corn, was brought by young girls. We were almost starving, and I do not think that I ever in my life before ate with such satisfaction. Indeed, before we had finished, we literally ate up everything that was set before us.

When we had done, our saturnine host, Billali, who had been watching us in perfect silence, rose and addressed us. He said that it was a wonderful thing that had happened. No man had ever known or heard of a like strangers arriving in the country of the People of the Rocks. Sometimes, very rarely, black men had come here, and from them they had heard of the existence of men much whiter than themselves, who sailed on the sea in ships, but for the arrival of such there was no precedent. We had, however, been seen dragging the boat up the canal, and he told us frankly that he had at once given orders for our destruction, seeing that it was unlawful for any stranger to enter here, when a message had come from "*She-who-must-be-obeyed*," saying that our lives were to be spared, and that we were to be brought hither.

"Pardon me, my father," I interrupted at this point; "but if, as I understand, '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*' lives yet further off, how could she have known of our approach?"

Billali turned, and seeing that we were alone—for the young lady, Ustane, had withdrawn when he began to speak—said, with a curious hide laugh:

"Are there none in your land who can see without eyes and hear without ears? Ask no questions; *She* knows."

I shrugged my shoulders at this, and he proceeded to say that no further instructions had been received on the subject of our disposal, and this being so, he was about to start to interview "*She-who-must-be-obeyed*," generally spoken of, for the sake of brevity, as "Hiya," or *She* simply, who he gave us to understand was the Queen of the Amahagger, and learn her wishes.

I asked him how long he proposed to be away, and he said that by travelling hard he might be back on the fifth day, but there were many miles of marsh to cross before he came to where *She* was. He then said that every arrangement would be made for our comfort during his absence, and that, as he personally had taken a fancy to us, he sincerely trusted that the answer he should bring from *She* would be one favorable to the continuance of our existence, but at the same time he did not wish to conceal from us that he thought this doubtful, as every stranger who had ever come into the country during his grandmother's life, his mother's life, and his own life had been put to death without mercy, and in a way that he would not harrow their feelings by describing, and this had been done by the order of *She* herself—at least he supposed it was by her order. At any rate, she never interfered to save them.

"Why," I said, "but how can that be? You are an old man, and the time you talk of must reach back three men's lives. Here, therefore, could *She* have ordered the death of anybody at the beginning of the life of your grandmother, seeing that she herself would not have been born?"

Again he smiled—that same faint, peculiar smile—and with a deep bow departed, without making any answer; our did we see him again for five days.

When he had gone we discussed the situation, which filled me with alarm. I did not at all like the accounts of this mysterious Queen, "*She-who-must-be-obeyed*," or, more shortly, *She*, who apparently ordered the execution of any unfortunate stranger in a fashion as unmerciful. Leo too was depressed about it, but proceeded to console himself by triumphantly pointing out that this *She* was undoubtedly the person referred to in the writing on the potsherd and in his father's letter, in proof of which he advanced Billali's allusions to her age and power. I was by this time so overwhelmed with the whole course of events that I had not even got the heart left to dispute a proposition so absurd; as I proposed that we should try and go out and get a bath, of which we stood sadly in need.

Accordingly, having indicated our wish to a middle-aged individual of an unusually saturnine cast of countenance, even among the saturnine people who appeared to be deputed to look after us our that the Father of the household had departed, we started in a body—having first lit our pipes. Outside the cave we found quite a crowd of people, evidently catching for our appearance, but when they saw us come not smoking they vanished this way and that, calling out that we were great magicians. Indeed, nothing about us created as great a sensation as our tobacco smoke—not even our fire-arms. After this we succeeded in reaching a stream and taking our bath in peace, though some of the women, not excepting Ustane, showed a decided inclination to follow us even there.

By the time we had finished this most refreshing bath the sun was setting; indeed, when we got back to the big cave, it had already set. The cave itself was full of people gathered round fires—for several more had now been lighted—and eating their evening meal by the hard light, and by that of curious lamps which were set about or hung up on the walls. These lamps were of a rude manufacture of baked earthen-ware, and of all shapes, some of them grotesqueness enough. The larger ones were formed of big red earthen-ware pots, filled with clarified melted fat, and having a reed wick stuck through a wooden disk which filled the top of the pot, and this sort of lamp required the most constant attention to prevent its going out whenever the wick burnt down, as there were no means of turning it up. The smaller hand-lamps, however, which were also made of baked clay, had a wick manufactured from the pith of a palm-tree, or sometimes from the stem of a very handsome variety of fern. This wick came up through a round hole at the end of the lamp, to which a sharp piece of hard wood was attached to pierce and draw it up with whenever it showed signs of burning low.

For a while we sat down and watched this green people eating their evening meal in silence as green as themselves, till at length, getting tired of contemplating them and the huge moving shadows on the rocky walls, I suggested to our new keeper that we should like to go to bed.

Without a word he rose, and taking us politely by the hand, advanced with a lamp to one of the small passages that I had noticed opening out of the central cave. This we followed for about five paces, when it suddenly widened out into a small chamber, about eight feet square, and hewn out of the living rock. On one side of this chamber was a stone slab, about three feet from the ground, and running its entire length, like a bunk in a cabin, and on this he indicated I was to sleep. There was no window or air-hole to the chamber, and no furniture, and on looking at it more closely I came to the disturbing conclusion (in which, as I afterward discovered, I was quite right) that it had originally served for a sepulchre for the dead rather than a sleeping-place for the living, the slab being designed to receive the corpse of the departed. The thought made me shudder in spite of myself; but seeing that I must sleep somewhere, I got over the feeling as best I might, and returned to the cavern to get my blanket, which had been brought up from the boat with the other things. There I met Job, who, having been inducted to a similar apartment, had flatly declined to sleep in it, saying that the look of the place gave him the horrors, and that he might as well be dead and buried in his grandfather's brick grave at once, and expressed his determination of sleeping with me if I would allow him, which, of course, I was only too glad to do.

The night passed very comfortably on the whole. I say on the whole, for personally I went through a most horrible nightmare of being buried alive, instead, no doubt, by the sepulchral nature of my surroundings. At dawn we were aroused by a loud trumpeting sound, produced, as we afterward discovered, by a young Amahagger blowing through a hole bored in its side into a hollowed elephant tusk, which was kept for the purpose.

Taking the hint, we got up, and went down to the stream to wash, after which the morning meal was served. At breakfast one of the women, no longer quite young, advanced and publicly kissed Job. He sprang to his feet, and pushed the woman, a raw party of about thirty, from him.

"Well, I never!" he gasped; whereupon she embraced him again.

"Be off with you! Get away, you man!" he shouted, waving the wooden spoon with which he was eating his breakfast up and down before the lady's face. "Beg your pardon, gentlemen. I am sure I haven't encouraged her. Oh Lord! she's coming for me again. Hold her, Mr Holly; please hold her! I can't stand it; I won't indeed. This has never happened to me before, gentlemen, never! There's nothing against my character;" and here he broke off, and ran as hard as he could go down the cave; and for once I saw the Amahagger laugh. As for the woman, however, she did not laugh. On the contrary, she seemed to bristle with fury, which the mockery of the other women about only served to intensify. She stood there literally snarling and shaking with indignation; and seeing her, I wished Job a scruples had been at Jericho—forming a shrewd guess that his admirable behavior had endangered our throats. Nor, as the sequel shows, was I wrong.

The lady having retreated, Job returned in a great state of nervousness, and keeping his weather eye fixed upon every woman who came near him. I took an opportunity to explain to our hosts that Job was a married man, and had had very unhappy experiences in his domestic relations, which accounted for his presence here, and his terror at the sight of women; but my remarks were received in grim silence, it being evident that our recanter's behavior was considered as a slight to the "household" at large, although the women, after the manner of their more civilized sisters, made merry at the rebuff of their companion.

At first we were much puzzled as to the origin and constitution of this extraordinary race, points upon which they were singularly uncommunicative. As the time went on—for the next four days passed without any striking event—we learnt something from Leo's lady friend Ustane, who, by-the-way, stuck to that young gentleman like his own shadow. As to origin, they had none, at least so far as she was aware. There were, however, she informed us, mounds of masonry and many pillars near the place where *She* lived, which was called Kor, and which the one and had once been houses wherein men lived, and it was suggested that they were descended from these men. No one, however, dared go near these great ruins, because they were haunted they said, looked on them from a distance. Other similar ruins were to be seen, she had heard, in various parts of the country, that is, wherever one of the mountain rose above the level of the swamp. Also the caves in which they lived had been hollowed out of the rocks by men, perhaps the same who built the cities. They themselves had no written laws, only customs, which was, however, quite as binding as law. If any man offended against the customs, he was put to death by order of the Father of the "Household." I asked how he was put to death, and she only smiled, and said that I might see one day soon.

They had a Queen, however. *She* was their Queen, but she was very rarely seen, perhaps once in two or three years, when she came forth to pass sentence on some offenders, and when seen was muffled up in a big cloak, so that no-body could look upon her face. Those who waited upon her were deaf and dumb, and therefore could tell no tales, but it was reported that she was lovely as no other woman was lovely, as ever had been. It was rumored also that she was immortal, and had power over all things, but she, Ustane, could say nothing of all that. What she believed was that the Queen chose a husband from time to time, and as soon as a female child was born, this husband, who was never again seen, was put to death. Then the female child grew up, and took the place of the Queen when its mother died and had been buried in the great caves. But of these matters none could speak for certain. Only *She* was obeyed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and to question her command was certain death. She kept a guard, but had no regular army, and to disobey her was to die.

I asked what the land was, and how many people lived in it. She answered that there were ten "Households" like this that she knew of, including the big "Household," where the Queen was; that all the "Households" lived in caves, in places like this stretch of ruined country, dotted about in a vast extent of swamp, which was only to be threaded by secret paths. Often the "Households" made war on each other until *She* sent word that it was to stop, and then they instantly ceased. That and the fever which they caught in crossing the swamps was what kept their numbers from increasing too much. They had no connection with any other race; indeed, none lived near them, or were able to thread the vast swamps. Once an army from the direction of the great river (presumably the Zambesi) had attempted to attack them, but they got lost in the marshes, and at night, seeing the great halls of fire that move about there, tried to come to them, thinking that it was the enemy's camp, and half of them were drowned. As for the rest, they soon died of fever and starvation, not a blow being struck at them. The marshes, she told us, were absolutely impassable except to those who knew the paths, adding, what I would well believe, that we should never have reached this place where we then were had we not been brought thither.

These and many other things we learnt from Ustane during the four days' pause before our real adventures began, and, as may be imagined, they gave us considerable cause for thought. The whole thing was exceedingly remarkable, almost incredibly, so indeed, and the oddest part of it was that so far it did more as less correspond to the ancient writing on the sherd. And now it appeared that there was a mysterious Queen clothed by rumor with awful and wonderful attributes, and commonly known by the impersonal but to my mind rather awesome title of *She*. Altogether, I could not make it out, nor could Leo, though of course he was exceedingly triumphant over me because I had persistently mocked at the whole thing. As for Job, he had long since abandoned any attempt to call his reason his own, and left it to drift upon the sea of circumstance. Mahomed, the Arab, who was, by-the-way, treated civilly, indeed, but with chilling contempt, by the Amahagger, was, I discovered, in a great fright, though I could not quite make out what he was frightened about. He would sit crouched up in a corner of the cave all day long, calling upon Allah and the Prophet to protect him. When I pressed him about it, he said that he was afraid because these people were not men and women at all, but devils, and that she was an enchanted land; and, upon my word, once or twice since then I have been inclined to agree with him. And to the time went on till the night of the fourth day after Billali had left, when something happened.

We three and Ustane were sitting round the fire in the cave just before bedtime, when suddenly the woman, who had been brooding in silence, rose, and laid her hands upon Leo's golden curls and addressed him. Even now when I shut my eyes I can see her proud imperial form, clothed alternately in dense shadow and the red flickering of the fire, as she stood, the wild centre of so wild a scene as I ever witnessed, and delivered herself of the burden of her thoughts and forebodings in a kind of rhythmical speech that ran something as follows:

"Thou art my chosen—I have waited for thee from the beginning!
Thou art very beautiful. Who hath hair like unto thine, or skin so white?
Who hath so strong an arm? who is as much a man?
Thine eyes are the sky, and the light in them is the stars.
Thou art perfect and of a happy face, and my heart turned itself toward thee.
Ay, when mine eyes fell on thee, I did desire thee.
Then did I take thee to me—thee, my Beloved,
And held thee fast, lest haply death come nigh thee.
Ay, I did over shine head with mine hair, lest the sun should strike it;
And altogether was I thine, and thou wast altogether mine
And so it went for a little space, till Time was to labor with an evil Day;
And then what befell upon that day? Alas! my Beloved, I know not!
But I, I saw thee no more—I, I was lost in the darkness.
And she who is younger did take thee; ay, she who is fairer than I Ustane.
Yet didst thou turn and call upon me, and let mine eyes wander in the darkness.
But, nevertheless, she provided by Beauty, and led thee down horrible places;
And then, ah! then, my Beloved—"

Here this extraordinary woman broke off her speech, as chant, which was as much musical gibberish to us, for all we understood of what she was driving at, and seemed as fit her flashing eyes upon the drop shadow before here. All in a moment they acquired a vacant, terrified stare, as though they were trying to realize some half-seen horror. She lifted her hand from Leo's head, and pointed into the darkness. We all looked, and could see nothing, but the one something, as thought she did, and something evidently that affected even her iron nerves, for, without another sound, down she fell senseless into our arms.

Leo, who was growing really attached to this remarkable young person, was in a great state of alarm and distress, and I, as he perfectly candid, was in a condition not far removed from superstitious fear. The whole scene was an uncanny one.

Presently, however, she recovered, and sat up with an extraordinary convulsive shudder.

"What does thou mean, Ustane?" asked Leo, who, thanks to years of tuition, spoke Arabic very prettily.

"Nay, my chosen," she answered, with a little forced laugh; "I did but sing onto thee after the fashion of my people. Surely I meant nothing. How could I speak of that which is not yet?"

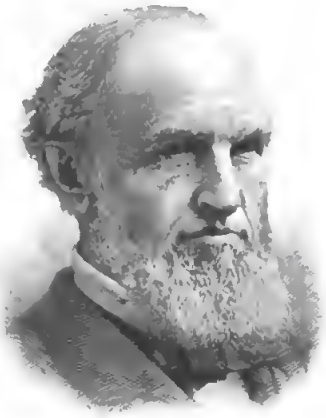
"And what didst thou see, Ustane?" I asked, looking her sharply in the face.

"Nay," she answered again, "I saw naught. Ah me not what I saw. Why should I fright ye?" And then turning to Leo with a look of the most utter tenderness that I ever saw upon the face of woman, civilized or savage, she took his head between her hands, and kissed him on the forehead as a mother might. "When I am gone from thee, my chosen; when at night then scratchest out thine head and canst not find me, then shouldst thou think at times of me, for of a truth I love thee well, though I be not fit to wash thy feet. And now let us love and take that which is given us, and be happy, for in the grave there is no love and no warmth, nor any touching of the lips. Nothing perchance, or perchance but bitter memories of what might have been. To-night the hours are our own; but know we to whom they shall belong to-morrow?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOME OF THE MOONSHINERS.

Considering the extremely romantic character of their surroundings, and the highly poetical and melodious appellation which has been bestowed upon them, one in ignorance of their calling would hardly imagine that the "moonshiners" of the South are, after all, only illicit distillers of wretched spirits. The home of one of these "moonshiners," which is illustrated in this issue, could, by the aid of a little imagination, be converted into the inaccessible stronghold of some romantic bandit of maiden stealing proclivities. The moonshining district lies in the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee, and western North Carolina. It is a region more picturesque than will be found anywhere else in the whole South, and it is inhabited by a strange class of rough, ignorant, and peculiarly superstitious people. As a matter of fact, the business of the moonshiners is at the present time rapidly dying out, since in a few of the most remote and inaccessible localities. Strangely enough, the wave of prohibitory sentiment which has of late swept throughout the South, becoming a mighty issue in the politics of several States, has seemed to find its way even into the mountains, with a salutary effect upon a class of people who would have been supposed to be invulnerable to good influences of any kind. Them, too, the Revenue Department has of late been especially active in the pursuit of illicit distillers. Of course as long as that amber fluid made from corn, which the moonshiners call whiskey, is regarded as palatable, illicit stills will run by night in the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, but the heyday of the moonshiners has passed. The scene of the illustration is taken from a point in the Great Smoky range, in which magnificent mountain chain there are no gaps that fall below the level of five thousand feet.



SENATOR AUSTIN F. PIKE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.

GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FAGE BROTHERS.—[See Page 690.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. B. WILLCOX.
[See Page 690.]

## CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, is a native of the city, and a member of the well-known and wealthy family of ROOSEVELTS, and is only twenty-eight years of age. He is a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1880, and studied law after graduating. He took an immediate interest in politics, and joined the Republican association of his district, and in the fall of 1881 was chosen as a member of the State Assembly. During the session of 1882, though his party was in the minority in the Legislature, he took an active part in the proceedings, and became well known for his energetic opposition to all corrupt schemes, of which many were proposed. He also led an unsuccessful effort to secure the impeachment of Judge WESTBROOK, of the Supreme Court, for alleged malfeasance in office. He was re-elected to the Assembly of 1883, when the Democrats had a large majority, and became the recognized leader of the minority. He made an effective opposition to many partisan and otherwise objectionable measures, and was largely instrumental in carrying through the State Civil Service Law and an act for the regulation of primary elections.

It was in 1884, when the Republicans had regained control of both branches of the Legislature, that Mr. ROOSEVELT found opportunity for the exercise of his peerless qualities as a legislator, and for turning to advantage the experience he had acquired. He was a candidate for Speaker of the Assembly, but being defeated in the caucus by TITUS SHEARD, of Herkimer County, was by him made chairman of the Committee on Cities, the position most acceptable to himself. He at once proposed an investigation by his committee of the management of the various departments of the city government of New York. The result was a series of reform measures, only a part of which were adopted. Among the latter were acts abolishing the fees of the County Clerk and Register, and providing for their payment by salaries, and curtailing abuses in the Sheriff's and Surrogate's offices. Not the least benefit of the investigation was the thorough exposures made in the committee's report. Mr. ROOSEVELT personally introduced and secured the passage of the far-reaching measure which deprived the Aldermen of the power to confirm appointments to office, and centred in the Mayor the responsibility for the administration of municipal affairs.

In the preliminary canvass of 1884, Mr. ROOSEVELT took an active part in national politics, securing the selection of delegates as large by the New York Convention favorable to the nomination of Senator EDMUNDS for President. He himself headed the delegation to the National Convention, and was an outspoken opponent of the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE. After the nomination had been made, however, he did not continue the opposition. For the last two years Mr. ROOSEVELT has been out of public life, and has not taken a conspicuous part in politics, though he has retained an influential position in the Republican organization of the city, especially in his own district.

ABRAM S. HEWITT, the Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York, was born in the town of Haverstraw, on the Hudson River, on the 31st of July, 1822. He entered Columbia College at the age of sixteen, having obtained a scholarship by competition, and was graduated in the class of 1842. He was a tutor in mathematics for a time in the college, and studied law. He became a private tutor in the family of PETER COOPER, and travelled abroad with the son of that well-known philanthropist, and subsequently married his daughter. He was admitted to the bar in 1845, but gave up the practice of law, on account of trouble with his eyes, and went into business with his father-in-law. He was associated with him in the manufacture of glue, and also in the iron business. In connection with his brother-in-law, Mr EDWARD COOPER, he established extensive iron and steel works in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and for many years was actively engaged in business. In 1852 he went to England to learn the process of making gun-barrel iron, and in 1867 he was a Commissioner to the Paris Exposition. In 1869 he was actively engaged with Mr PETER COOPER in organizing the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, and has ever since been interested in the promotion of its educational work. He first entered politics as a member of the Tammany Society, and was at one time chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He was first elected to Congress in 1874, and was re-elected in 1876. He strongly espoused the cause of Mr. TILDEN in the latter year, and took a prominent part in the electoral controversy which followed the national election. Not agreeing with Mr JOHN KELLY, the Tammany leader, he left that organization, and was associated for a time with that known as Irving Hall. Subsequently he took part in the organization of the County Democracy. He was not elected to the Forty-sixth Congress, but in 1880 became a candidate again, and has served continuously ever since, having the support of both the Democratic factions in his district. In Congress Mr HEWITT has specially distinguished himself as a consistent advocate of a sound currency and of reform in the tariff and the shipping laws. He has been especially strenuous in favor of freeing raw materials used in our manufactures from the burden of duties, and reforming the administrative features of the tariff laws. He was last year presented in the New York State Convention by the County Democracy as their candidate for Governor in opposition to Mr. HILL. His nomination for Mayor came to him unexpectedly from the Tammany Convention, and was ratified by the County Democracy, with the alleged understanding on his part that he should be under no pledges to either organization, and that the remainder of the ticket should be satisfactory to him. Just before his nomination he had expressed his consent to be a candidate for Congress again, notwithstanding his anxiety to retire on account of the state of his health.

## SENATOR AUSTIN F. PIKE.

UNITED STATES Senator AUSTIN F. PIKE, of New Hampshire, who died suddenly at his farm near Franklin Falls on October 8, within a few days of his sixty-seventh birthday, was born in Hebron, New Hampshire, and received his early education in his native town. He received private tuition in law from GEORGE W. NESMITH, in Franklin, and made that town his home. He received a good practice at an early age, and five years after his admission to the bar he began his political career by a successful candidacy for the Lower Branch of the Legislature in 1850. He was re-elected the two following years; in 1857 and 1858 he was a member of the State Senate, and its presiding officer during the latter year; and in 1864 and 1866, having again become a member of the Lower House, he was elected Speaker. Mr PIKE was a delegate to the first National Republican Convention, in 1856, and from that time till his death he was a staunch member of the Republican party. In 1872 he was elected to Congress, and served one term. For many years thereafter he gave his whole attention to his profession, and he became one of the most prominent lawyers in his State. In 1883 the long contest for the United States Senatorship in the New Hampshire Legislature—which continued during more than a month's balloting—between Mr. ROLLINS, Republican, and Mr. BURNHAM, Democrat, ended in the election of Mr PIKE. His term would not have expired till 1889, and his death makes an unexpected vacancy on the Republican side of the Senate. Mr PIKE's periods of service to Congress were both too short to enable him to become prominent; but his qualities, which were eminently of the "working" kind, made him a useful member while he was in the House and during his brief period to the Senate.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NEWMAN, ALBANY.

ABRAM S. HEWITT, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. BOGARDUS.

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THE MOONSHINER'S HOME.—DRAWN BY JULIAN RIX.—[SEE PAGE 687.]

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## GENERAL WILLCOX.

On the 13th of October the President appointed General ORLANDO B. WILLCOX, commanding the Twelfth Infantry, to be Brigadier-General, in place of General JOSEPH H. PORTER, retired the day before. General WILLCOX has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, to command the Department of the Missouri.

Born in Detroit April 18, 1829, General WILLCOX graduated from West Point in 1847, eighth in his class, and as Second Lieutenant, Fourth Artillery, immediately took part in the war with Mexico. Ten years of frontier and garrison service followed, including the ANTHONY BEAUX riot of 1854 in Boston, and the BILLY BOWLEGS Florida war, and then, at the close of 1857, Lieutenant WILLCOX resigned, and began the study and practice of law at Detroit, where he was admitted to the bar in 1858. Three years later the civil war broke out, and he set out for Washington as Colonel, commanding Michigan's first regiment. In May, 1861, he was engaged in the capture of Alexandria and of Fairfax Court House. At Bull Run he commanded a brigade, and as the extreme advance was severely wounded while in the saddle, and was captured. He was held thirteen months in close confinement in the prisons of Richmond, Charleston, and Columbia, a part of the time as hostage for privateersmen. Immediately on his exchange, in August, 1862, he received a lucrative offer to write an account of his prison experience, but declined it in order to hurry into the field. Appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 21, 1861, he received command of a division of the Ninth Corps, with which he performed noteworthy service at South Mountain and Antietam. He took part in BURNSIDE'S Fredericksburg campaign, and moved with the corps to Kentucky in 1863, after having had temporary command of it in Virginia. Throughout the year he held important district commands at the West, and took part in several campaigns, including the one at Blue Springs.

From the opening of GRANT'S Virginia campaign in May, 1864, to its close, General WILLCOX commanded a division of the Ninth Corps, rendering distinguished services, particularly in the battles around Spottsylvania and Petersburg. In the actions at the Tolopotomoy, at Bethesda Church, at the first attack on Petersburg, at the Mine, at the Weldon Railroad, at Pegram Farm, at the Gurley House, at Fort Steadman, and in the final assault on Petersburg, General WILLCOX was conspicuous. He entered Petersburg as the eventful morning of April 3, and the flag of the First Michigan Sharp-shooters floated from the court-house, it is said, by half past four. General WILLCOX was brevetted Major General of Volunteers for distinguished and gallant services in this campaign, and in 1866 was made Colonel of the Twenty-ninth Infantry in the regular army. He then received two additional brevets, those of Brigadier and Major General in the army, for gallant and meritorious services at Spottsylvania and at the capture of Petersburg respectively.

During the last twenty years General WILLCOX, transferred to the command of the Twelfth Infantry, has had various important duties to perform, particularly in Arizona. He was the ranking colonel of the army at the time of his recent promotion, and is one of its oldest active officers, retiring for age next April.

## THE NEW POSTMASTER AT BOSTON.

The postmastership of Boston is a desirable office to hold, not because it is particularly remunerative in emoluments, but because the incumbent has it in his power to win himself much repute on an administrative officer and an efficient public servant.

General COGGS, the new Postmaster, is a Democrat, but he belongs to that class who, like the late Colonel GREENE, of the Boston *Post*, always put patriotism first and party second, and who have a war record of which, in its unqualified freshness and courage, any Republican might be proud. He comes of sound stock, tracing his line back to a Huguenot ancestry, whose first representatives in this country immigrated to Virginia about a century ago. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, April 27, 1835. His early education was in the municipal schools of St. Louis and Burlington, Iowa, and in due course of time he became a cadet at West Point in 1853. He was regularly and creditably graduated in 1857, but resigned his appointment, and entered the Albany Law School. As soon as he went home he impressed men favorably, and in 1860 was nominated for Lieutenant Governor of Iowa, with SYLVESTER A. DOUGLAS heading the ticket. In 1861 he was Major of the 36th Iowa Infantry, serving under FREMONT, and he was then joined to General JOHN POPE'S staff as Judge-Advocate-General and Inspector General. But after the campaigns of Island No. 10 and Shiloh he wanted active service, and went back to his regiment.

He was brave and efficient, and got promotion, commanding the Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Corps at Memphis. He was severely wounded at Missionary Ridge, but after three months of hospital went back to duty, serving in SHERMAN'S Atlanta campaign, and being appointed to command the Second Division of the Sixteenth Corps. He was brevetted Major-General for Allatoona, and after this campaign was assigned to the Department of the Northwest. After the war he declined a Lieutenant Colonelcy of Regulars, and went into railroading in Chicago, also serving there as Collector of Internal Revenue during a part of the interim, until 1869, when he went abroad for four years, losing his wife by death soon after his return, and marrying in 1872 a niece of the late President PIERCE, with whom he settled in Winchester. He has been prominent in Massachusetts Democracy as chairman of the State Executive Committee, and as sturdily opposed to the demagogism of General B. F. BUTLER. His nomination has been received with favor in Boston by men of all parties, and fine discretion and prompt, intelligent service are considered as certain during his term.

## THE VILLAGE PEST.

The village pest is a common character. Perhaps the name "pest" is rather too strong a one for the individual in question, though undoubtedly there are a great many persons who would so think of him. Villagers who own fruit orchards or watermelon patches in the North are apt to consider that the entire lot of healthy and adventurous boys are pests, which is an idea quite beyond reason, of course. The village pest, or in other words the boy who makes the village lively, is of no particular race or complexion. He is oftener white than black, and always of a sanguine temperament and a stirring, enterprising disposition. Mr. FROST'S admirable humorous picture presents a locality which the most careless observer will understand is south of MASON and DIXON'S line, and his so called pest is a person of color. This time it is the chicken roost instead of the orchard or the melon patch which has suffered by somebody's activity. It is beyond question that there has been here a direption of chickens, but one cannot help feeling that justice in this case is groping in a wrong direction, and that the abstracted fowls have no connection with the accused boy. This, plainly, is the view of the boy's mother, who is stating her convictions to the magistrate. The prisoner's innocence seems herein almost to be established, for, it may be asked, who better than a mother is fitted to answer for her own child? There can be little doubt that the case will be dismissed.


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Dr C. Rossman, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in insomnia and dyspepsia, and am well pleased with its effects."—[Adv.]

A HARD FATE

It is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of as high as $5 to $20 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $20 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.—[Adv.]

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THE BOSTON CALORIC STOVES, which had a large sale last season, has been vastly improved, and is now considered the best heater for Bedrooms all over invented.—[Adv.]

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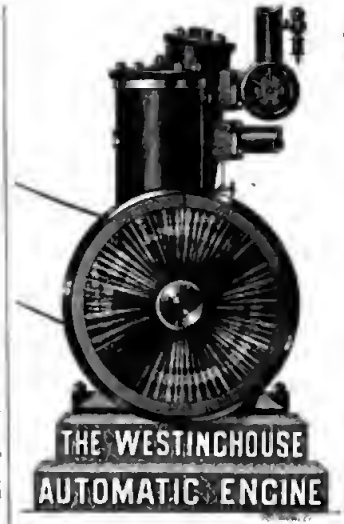


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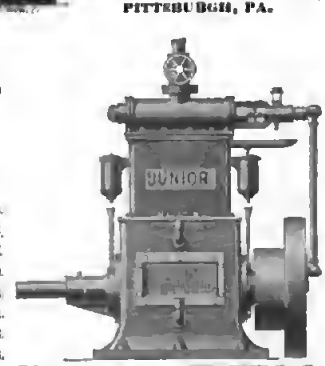


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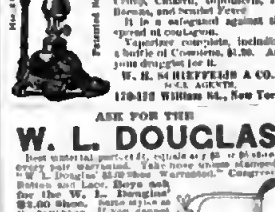


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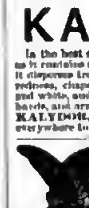

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1538.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

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"I SPRANG TO MY FEET WITH A YELL OF HORROR, AND DRAWING MY REVOLVER, FIRED IT."

# SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "JESS," ETC.

## VIII.

### THE FEAST, AND AFTER!

On the day following this remarkable scene, a scene calculated to make a deep impression upon anybody who behold it, more because of what it suggested and seemed to foreshadow, than for what it revealed, it was announced to us that a feast would be held that evening in our honor. I did my best to get out of it, saying that we were modest people, and cared little for feasts, but my remarks being received with the silence of displeasure, I thought it wisest to hold my tongue.

Accordingly, just before sundown, I was informed that everything was ready, and, accompanied by Job, went into the cave, where I met Leo, who was, as usual, followed by Ustane. These two had been out walking somewhere, and knew nothing of the projected festivity till that moment. When Ustane heard of it I saw an expression of horror spring up upon her handsome features. Turning, she caught a man who was passing up the cave by the arm, and asked him something in an imperious tone. His answer seemed to reassure her a little, for she looked relieved, though far from satisfied. Next she appeared to attempt some remonstrance with the man, who was a person in authority, but he spoke angrily to her, and shook her off, and then changing his mind, led her by the arm, and sat her down between himself and another man in the circle round the fire, and I perceived that for some reason of her own she thought it best to submit.

The fire in the cave was an unusually big one that night, and in a large circle round it were gathered about thirty-five men and two women, Ustane and the woman to avoid whom Job had played the *rôle* of another Scriptural character. The men were sitting in perfect silence, as was their custom, each with his great spear stuck upright behind him, in a socket cut in the rock for that purpose. Only one or two wore the yellowish linen garment of which I have spoken; the rest had nothing on except the leopard's skin about the middle.

"What's up now, sir?" said Job, doubtfully. "Bless us and save us, there's that woman again! Now surely she can't be after me, seeing that I have given her no encouragement. They give me the creeps, the whole lot of them, and that's a fact. Why, look, they have asked Mahomed to dine, too. There, that lady of mine is talking to him in as nice and civil a way as possible. Well, I'm glad it isn't me, that's all."

We looked up, and sure enough the woman in question had risen, and was escorting the wretch Mahomed from the corner, where, overcome he some acute persistence of horror, he had been seated, shivering, and calling on Allah. He appeared unwilling enough to come, if for no other reason, perhaps, because it was an unaccustomed house, for hitherto his food had been given to him apart. Anyway, I could see that he was in a state of great terror, for his tottering legs would scarcely support his stout, bulky form, and I think it was rather owing to the resources of barbarism behind him, in the shape of a huge Amahagger with a proportionately huge spear, than to the seduction of the lady who led him by the hand, that he consented to come at all.

"Well," I said to the others, "I don't at all like the look of things, but I suppose that we must face it out. Have you fellows got your revolvers on? because, if so, you had better see that they are loaded."

"I have, sir," said Job, tapping his Colt, "but Mr Leo has only got his hunting knife, though that is big enough, surely."

Feeling that it would not do to wait while the missing weapon was fetched, we advanced boldly, and seated ourselves in a line, with our backs against the side of the cave.

As soon as we were seated, an earthen-ware jar was passed round containing a fermented liquid, of by no means unpleasant taste, though apt to turn upon the stomach, made of crushed grain—not Indian-corn, but a small brown grain that grows upon the stem in clusters, not unlike that which is the southern part of Africa is known by the name of Kaffir-corn. The vase in which this liquid was handed round was very curious, and as it more or less resembled many hundreds of others in use among the Amahagger, I may as well describe it. These vases are of a very ancient manufacture, and of all sizes. None such can have been made in the country for hundreds, or rather thousands, of years. They are found in the rock tombs, of which I shall give a description in their proper place, and my own belief is that, after the fashion of the Egyptians, with whom the former inhabitants of this country may have had some connection, they were used to receive the viscera of the dead. Leo however, is of the opinion that, like the Etruscan amphorae, they were merely placed there for the spiritual use of the deceased. They are mostly two-handled, and of all sizes, some being nearly three feet in height, and running from that down to as many inches. In shape they vary, but are all exceedingly beautiful and graceful, being made of a very fine black ware, not lustrous, but slightly rough. On this groundwork were inlaid figures much more graceful and life-like than any others I have seen on antique vases. Some of these inlaid pictures represented love scenes with a child-like simplicity and freedom of manner which would not commend itself to the taste of the present day. Others again were pictures of maidens dancing, and others again were hunting scenes. For instance, the very vase

(Continued on page 691.)

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1534.

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*Poems may be expected from the pens of* MARGARET E. SANGSTER, MARGARET VANDEGRIFT, MARY E. WILKINS, EDGAR FAWCETT, H. T. LANMAN, MARGARET DELAND, GEORGE COOPER, MARY E. VANDYKE, *and others whose work in this direction is well known and highly appreciated.*

*Articles combining instruction with entertainment will be written by* GEORGE MARKHAM TOWLE, MRS. S. R. HERRICK, SARAH COOPER, ERNEST INGERSOLL, LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA, U. S. A., PROFESSOR HOLDEN, *etc.*

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

*AN ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## THE CITY ELECTION.

IT is very long since the citizens of New York have had the choice of such candidates for the Mayoralty as Mr. HEWITT and Mr. ROOSEVELT. We except Mr. GEORGE, not because he is not also an honest and upright man, nor because a vote for him is mainly a profession of faith in certain social theories which have nothing to do with municipal administration. Doubtless he is supported by many honest men. But a candidate who is adopted as especially their own by anarchists and enemies of public order; who declares that his bearers have no rights because they have not asserted them; that his candidacy is that of working-men against rich men; that with all its drawbacks and horrors and shortcomings the French Revolution is about to repeat itself here; and that if elected Mayor he will loosen the bonds of the police and make them the servants of the people—the candidate who addresses such remarks, not only to sensible American working-men, but to the most dangerous and disorderly foreigners in the city, however sincere and upright his purpose may be, merely warns other honest and intelligent citizens that he would not be a proper Mayor of New York.

Mr. HEWITT and Mr. ROOSEVELT are both men of the highest character and public spirit, and each is nominated by his party for a wholly non-political office. Each also is precisely the kind of public man which is most cordially detested by a party machine, and for the same reason, which is that they are both resolutely hostile to jobbery of every kind. Their nomination is a striking illustration of the necessity which party machines occasionally feel of "pandering to the moral sentiment of the community." The good result of such "pandering" is now most obvious. Few Democrats in the city could be more distasteful to the rulers of Tammany Hall than Mr. HEWITT. He was not selected because he represented either the Tammany spirit or purpose, but because, in the actual situation arising from the existence of the County Democracy, the nomination of Mr. GEORGE, and the growing independence of action in municipal elections, success was impossible without such a candidate. He was nominated, and the good result for the community was immediate. The excellent impression upon the public mind was so pronounced that the Republican machine acquiesced at once in the nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT. Both candidates accepted the nomination in the true spirit. Mr. ROOSEVELT said that he should aim to do his best to serve the Republican party by serving the city well, and Mr. HEWITT said.

"From the nature of this issue, and the unusual manner in which my nomination has been made, no pledges to any party or set of men have been asked, nor under any circumstances would I make any other pledge than that which I now freely give—that if elected I will discharge the duties of the office according to law to the best of my strength and ability, keeping in view the interests of the whole people, without distinction of party and class, and in strict conformity to the spirit of the legislation affecting the civil service, and the just demands of the great mass of the people for the removal of abuses which impose taxation without corresponding benefit."

The result of the enforced machine action in this instance, therefore, is one in which all good citizens can rejoice so far as this, that whether Mr. HEWITT or Mr. ROOSEVELT shall be elected, the city is sure of a Chief Magistrate whose administration all good citizens can undoubtedly support.

But there is one serious drawback to the situation, and that is that the vote of such citizens should be divided between two such candidates. Municipal government is not political, and the choice of Mayor should not be determined by political or partisan considerations. Consequently, when an admirable and satisfactory candidate has been nominated, the legitimate purposes of municipal government will be best attained by his united support by men of all parties who desire such government. Even if he has been nominated by a party, such general support tends more than anything else to secure his official independence, and if we are ever to raise the city government out of the range of mere party contention, the opportunity offered by such a nomination must be promptly improved. This view becomes all the stronger when, as in the present situation, a candidate has been nominated who announces that he stands as the representative of the poor against the rich. It is then of the utmost importance that the issue raised by such a candidacy should be met directly, and not confused by personal or partisan considerations. The very fact that two such excellent candidates as Mr. HEWITT and Mr. ROOSEVELT are proposed increases the chance of the election of a Mayor who would be acceptable to the friends of neither of those gentlemen.

## THE MASSACHUSETTS INDEPENDENT ADDRESS.

THE address of the Independent voters in Massachusetts, stating the reasons of their support of JOHN F. ANDREW, the Democratic candidate for the Governorship, and of certain Democratic candidates for Congress, is a very significant document, and one which will greatly impress intelligent Republicans by the force of its statements, the sobriety and moderation of its tone, and the character of the names attached to it. The alienation of such a representative body of citizens from any party is a very serious event for the party, but the reasons of the alienation are still more suggestive. The Independent movement is not a "sore head" bolt, or the revenge of disappointed personal ambition. On the contrary, the road to the gratification of ambition lay not in bolting, but in quiet acquiescence. This was shown by the course of some conspicuous Republicans who were in complete sympathy with the Mugwumps, but who were also very desirous of political promotion, and who therefore postponed independence until a more convenient season. Had Mr. ANDREW accepted the muzzle and yoke to which others submitted he could have gone to Congress. But, as he said, "the price is too high," and the Democratic nomination which he has now received was entirely unsought by him. There was never a more unselfish and patriotic political course than that of the Massachusetts Mugwumps, and the sharpest rebuke of the Massachusetts Republican management is that it has lost their support in the present campaign.

The Independent address presents three public questions as immediately pressing—revision of the tariff, reform of the civil service, and the currency. Both parties, it says, are pledged to tariff revision; but the Democrats alone have sought to redeem the pledge, while the Republicans have attempted to prevent even discussion of the subject. Both parties, says the address, declare for administrative reform; but while the course of each is inconsistent, the Democrats are turning to honest leaders of reform like CLEVELAND and ANDREW, while the Republican leaning is toward men of proved hostility to reform. Both parties in Massachusetts, the address says, agree in opposing a debased currency. The Democratic Administration has taken the highest ground upon the subject, and should be supported. But beyond all questions of administration the address finds the Republican party engaged in rivalries for place, not with a view to the public benefit, but to personal advantage, while the Democratic party selected for the Presidency a candidate who had proved that he regarded public office as a public trust, and bravely and sincerely, amid enormous difficulties, has endeavored to administer his great office in that spirit. All citizens, says the address, who believe this are bound to show their approval by their votes, and they are equally bound to censure by their votes politicians who, instead of honestly applauding and sustaining honest endeavor, sneer and carp and oppose, and seem "not to rejoice that their country is governed well, but to regret that it is not suffering all the evils which they predicted, in order that its misfortunes might pave the way for their return to power."

This document and the movement for which it speaks are very important signs of the political situation. It does not seem to us to imply, nor do we suppose that all who sign it intend to say, that it would be best for Independent voters everywhere under existing circumstances to identify themselves with the Democratic party, even with the hope and aim of influencing its action. As things now are, the Independent voter is more influential while unattached. But this strong and calm statement of the address will be deeply pondered. As against its view appear Mr. BLAINE's speeches in Pennsylvania. They forecast his platform if 1888—a high tariff, and an appeal to Northern feeling against the alleged suppression of the colored vote, and consequent pauperization of colored labor in the Southern States in immediate rivalry with Northern labor. But whatever force there may be in these issues as stated by Mr. BLAINE, they will not be strong enough to carry into the Presidency any candidate to whom the same kind of objection exists as to the candidate of 1884. Except upon Mr. LOGAN'S fantastic theory, it cannot be held seriously that the course of the Republican party since Mr. CLEVELAND'S election has strengthened it, nor, on the other hand, that events and the course of the President have weakened Democratic prospects.

## LIGHT FROM NASHVILLE.

THE city of Nashville, in Tennessee, has adopted a municipal policy which from its admirable results is well worthy of general attention. The story is well told by Mr. A. S. COLYAR, of Nashville, in the October number of the *Southern Bivouac*. Until three years ago the city was governed upon the ward system—a system which pushes local government to an absurd extreme, but which is common in many villages. It divides the municipal area into small sections, just large enough to be "worked" successfully by small men in the usual venal way. The representative of each ward is taken from the ward, and "works" for the ward, not for the city. In Nashville there were two municipal Houses, of forty-two members in all, elected by wards. "When a man made up his mind to be a professional politician," says Mr. COLYAR, "he established a grocery in the ward, or had a friend do it, and with one year's work his election to the City Council was assured over the best man in the world." The result was a city government of small "bosses," which became intolerable.

A City Relief Association of 2100 members was formed, which prepared a charter abolishing the two Houses, and creating a City Council of ten, to serve without salary. This Council was to be elected upon a general ticket, and was empowered to enact ordinances for the government of the city, and to elect a Board of Public Works composed of three men, in whose hands the entire business of the city was placed. The members of the Board were to devote themselves exclusively to its duties, and were each to receive a yearly salary of $1000. As the duties of the Council would require very little time, it was believed, as the result proved, that thoroughly competent men could be induced to serve, and that the salary of the members of the Board of Public Works would secure equally fit men, which also proved, happily, to be the fact. The ward politicians fought the proposed charter in the Legislature, but they were defeated, and the Relief Association, nominating well known and trusted citizens for the Council, prevailed over the ward bosses.

The secret of the success of the new government, according to Mr. COLYAR, lay in intrusting the business management of the city to business men. In other words, it lay in treating the city as what it really is—a corporation for certain common purposes of convenience and order which have no connection whatever with politics. Mr. COLYAR expresses some cardinal truths upon this subject with great force and freshness, not to say with extreme pertinence to the city of New York:

"The management of a city's affairs is simply business, and ward politicians cannot transact business. The experience of all our cities, without exception, is that ward politicians have as more fitness for the business to be transacted by a city than pirates would have for holding religious services. It must be set down as a fact that a gang of ward politicians could not run a hen house."

He specifies some of the good results of the new system after three years' trial:

"Taxes have been reduced, streets have been well paved, the Fire Department has been greatly improved, a magnificent bridge across the Cumberland has been built, water-works have been undertaken, the bank account is all right, the city bonds have gone above par, and what is unusual, the people pay their taxes cheerfully, knowing the money will be usefully expended."

As Mr. COLYAR truly says, city government is a trust of a purely business character, and the sooner this truth is generally perceived, the sooner city government everywhere will become more honest, economical, and efficient. Nothing could illustrate more plainly the comical confusion of the party mind upon this subject than the recent attempt to make the election of Mayor of New York turn upon the question of protection—an attempt which ended when all the

candidates were found to be in different degrees revenue reformers. To argue that a free trade candidate for the Mayoralty should be opposed by a protectionist is as wise as to hold that if one candidate for a Greek professorship has no ear for music, he ought to be opposed by another candidate who is color-blind. What is wanted in a Greek professor is a thorough knowledge of the language, a gift for teaching, and urbane manners. If the question were of a candidate for Congress, his objection to a heavy tax upon the raw material of manufactures would be a legitimate reason for the opposition of those who approve such taxes. But the Mayor of New York has no more to do with regulating the tariff than with cleaning the Bunker Hill Monument. What is wanted in the Mayoralty is great experience, sound judgment, knowledge of municipal affairs, administrative ability, inflexible honesty, and courage.

## THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

THE completion of the symbolic statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and its due commemoration, are events of great interest and significance. If the day should be fair—one of the mellow, genial, delightful days of late October—which may be justly anticipated, the spectacle will be very imposing. Great preparations have been made for an aquatic pageant which ought to be more striking than any which the waters of the bay have ever seen, and as Senator EVARTS is the chairman of the American committee and Mr. DEPEW is the orator of the day, there can be no doubt that the most fitting words will be most eloquently spoken, and that the significance of the work and the circumstances of the gift will be adequately and memorably set forth. The original suggestion of such a monument came from France, and although the statue is not the gift of France as a government, it is especially the gift of French citizenship, and illustrates the survival of the old amity which was warmly cherished by our fathers, while the statue itself commemorates a timely succor of men and money without which the success of the Revolutionary struggle would have been seriously delayed.

There is, of course, and there has always been, a great deal of sentimentality in the talk about the friendship of France for the colonies, and sentimentality is unreal. Nations, as such, have little actual friendship for each other, although in the United States the ties of direct descent from England produce a common feeling, based upon traditions of blood, of race, of language, and of civil and religious institutions, which binds the two nations as no other nations are bound together. France undoubtedly aided the colonies not from friendship for colonial revolutionists, but from hatred of England. The actual feeling was plainly shown subsequently in negotiating the treaty of peace at Versailles, when France did her utmost to cripple the young nation. But it is no less true that the French aid was actual and most serviceable and opportune, that the French episode is one of the pleasantest chapters of the Revolution, and that France, personified in LAFAYETTE, was very dear to the old Continentals, whom the British redcoats and the Indians of BURGOYNE had thoroughly alienated from England.

This is the feeling which the great statue recognizes and perpetuates. Without analyzing the facts in detail, it commemorates an actual and triumphant alliance, which resulted in American independence. France, the youngest, offers this gift to the greatest of republics, in token of the fact that her aid gives her a part, and makes it in a certain sense a common grandeur. The essential truth of the symbolic figure to American, at least, will deny. American liberty has enlightened the world, and its light was never steadier and purer than at this moment. May the day and every omen which attends the celebration of the completed statue be auspicious!

## MR. SWIFT'S REPORT.

THE careful and detailed report of Mr. L. B. SWIFT in regard to the violation of the civil service law and regulations by office-holders in Indiana was of a character not to be disregarded, and it is announced that the President has sent a copy of the charges to every incriminated officer, asking an explanation. There is always a very natural and proper desire for peremptory Executive action in all such cases, and a very sharp taunting of the President if the statement of the alleged offence is not followed the next day by a notice of punishment. But the President has the responsibility of removal, and he certainly should not remove without satisfactory evidence, which is much more difficult to obtain than vehement assertion of wrongdoing. Mr. SWIFT, with the highest public spirit, has made private and careful and detailed study of the situation in Indiana. With the most friendly disposition toward the President, he has sought only facts, and he presents names and dates and affidavits drawn up in an array which commands that attention from an Executive of good faith which it has received.

It is such statements, made with no personal or political motive, but from the highest regard to sound principles of the public service, that are of real weight. The reports of official delinquency constantly published by party organs for a party purpose are properly distrusted, and they may be properly disregarded until they are presented in a form which shows them to be the serious charges of good citizens, made in the public interest, and not the mere allegation of partisan opponents, in which case the just presumption is against their truthfulness. One of the first cases of minor removal under this Administration was declared to be a wanton and arbitrary and cruel exercise of power, and the alleged damaging facts were set forth at length to hinder party hostility to the Administration. It was, nevertheless, in all who knew the facts, one of the most justifiable of removals. Yet undoubtedly the statement as published, and the fact that the dismissed officer was not instantly replaced, seriously discredited in many honest minds the good faith of the Administration. Official conduct cannot be fairly judged by the allegations of a hostile public press. We naturally look to such a press for arguments against the policy of an Administration, and criticism of the reasons upon which its friends rest their support of it. But statements of its wrong conduct in any individual instance of appointment or removal must be received with the closest scrutiny.

There have been undoubtedly many instances of flagrant violation of the President's circular order in regard to the interference of office-holders in politics. There is no doubt that the Executive has had such cases under consideration, and we think that there is no doubt that action will be taken in representative and signal instances. Should we be mistaken, as we should not hesitate to express our own disappointment at what would seem to us to be a serious injury to the cause of reform, as certainly it would be to the Administration itself. There is no doubt that the friends of reform in Indiana and in Maryland have had reason for dissatisfaction. They have seen appointments made which they could not reconcile with sound principles or with their confidence in Executive fidelity to such principles, and their disappointment has been great. There may have been satisfactory explanations in each case, but such explanations have not been made public. Yet the general course of the Executive has been such as to create a strong favorable presumption in any case where all the circumstances are not known. Notwithstanding local disappointment and signal instances, it is impossible to deny that very great progress has been made in enforcing reform. Senator INGALLS, of Kansas, one of the most ardent Republican advocates of the old spoils system, said in a recent interview that before leaving Washington in new the President, and told him that he should watch closely the course of every office-holder in Kansas during the election campaign, and report his conduct to the President. The President said that he should be glad to see such a report, that he meant just what he said, and "that he would promptly remove any one violating his orders." There is no good reason to doubt that he will make such removals as will secure general obedience, and also that he will make them only when the evidence is satisfactory.

## SENATOR HAWLEY.

THE election of a Senator from Connecticut is locally an affair which concerns that State alone; but the whole country is properly concerned with the character of the Senate of the United States. And no Senator, in unbending integrity, high public spirit, general intelligence, and ready ability, with great public experience, is superior to Senator HAWLEY, who is a candidate for re-election.

In the campaign of 1884 Senator HAWLEY's advocacy of Mr. BLAINE's election was surprising, because if a sense of party obligation held him to the support of the candidate, a silent vote was the course naturally expected of those Republicans, like Senator EDMUNDS, with whom Senator HAWLEY was supposed to be in sympathy. But, as Senator EDMUNDS has himself said, Senator HAWLEY took his course without the least suspicion, and his defeat for re-election to the Senate, and the substitution of W. H. BARNUM for JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, would be regarded by Mugwumps as well as other good citizens as a serious public misfortune.

The Senate is becoming too much an assembly of rich men and of men not times a as national public leaders. It is exposed, moreover, to the constant assaults of a powerful and unscrupulous and insidious lobby. Among the Senators who are absolutely impervious to every form of solicitation, whom jobbers instinctively avoid and detest, Senator HAWLEY is conspicuous. He is a strong partisan, but he is sturdily honest where honesty is essential; he was the champion of the Civil Service Reform Bill, and his defeat would be a loss to the country as well as to Connecticut.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL POLITICS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL politics, in other words, honesty and decency in politics, are having their turn in the city of New York. The nomination, with whatever purpose upon the part of the political machines, of two such candidates for the Mayoralty as Mr. HEWITT and Mr. ROOSEVELT, and the arrest and indictment of JACHNE and some of the bondle Aldermen, with the flight of others, are now followed by the arrest of SHARP, RICHMOND, and FOSTER, charged with bribing the Aldermen—an arrest which would hardly have been made without such evidence as will probably lead to their conviction.

The laws against bribery at elections and bribery of public officers have been generally ineffective, because of the difficulty of procuring evidence. But the illicit use of money in politics, and on the largest scale, is a perfectly familiar fact. At the late Republican Convention in the First Congressional District of New York a prominent Republican from Suffolk, Mr. E. A. CARPENTER, proposed that no Republican nomination should be made, on the ground that the district is Democratic, and that if Mr. PERRY HELMONT, the Democratic candidate, were compelled to stake no active canvass, he would flood the district with money, which would result in the election of Democratic Assemblymen as well as of a Democratic Representative in Congress.

Whether the allegation were true or not, the incident is a striking illustration of the general understanding that white votes are bought in the Northern States as colored votes are declared to be suppressed in Southern States. Sending the bribers and the bribed of all kinds and degrees to the State-prison will be a corrective procedure which the most contemptuous enemy of Sunday-school politics can understand. In fact, the Sunday school has every reason to be proud of the present political situation in the city.

## PERSONAL.

In a recent essay Mr W H MALLOCK writes: "Could moral science, as at present taught, be shown to the world to depend on theologic religion, instead of being opposed to or independent of it, the principles of theologic religion would be in a fair way to recover themselves, and would probably obtain by and-by a new verdict in their favor from the intellectual jury of mankind." Mr. MALLOCK will be interested to learn that an American painter, Mr. GEORGE INNESS, has written a philosophic essay to demonstrate that moral science is dependent on theologic religion, and not independent of it. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr INNESS read his essay in his impassioned manner hope that he will publish it.

—Among the treasures of Mr GEORGE HUNT'S Persian drawing-room is a selection of porcelains from Mr SAMUEL COWAN'S collection, arranged by that artist in as to set forth to advantage their gamut of color.

—The widow of this paragraph saw the bride of the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition a few minutes before her public marriage in the Exposition Building. She had just succeeded in forcing her way through a large crowd at the entrance gates, and though leaning on the arm of her husbandelect, looked very flustered. Her white satin gown and tulle veil had been adjusted satisfactorily, but her countenance was disturbed, and the people who followed her to the verge of a private office before the ceremony had taken place were disposed to jest. She was successfully married, however, a few minutes later, in the presence of ten thousand spectators, and her wedding presents included a long list of useful articles, contributed by the exhibitors at the fair and by the managers thereof.

—Mr EDWARD OPPENHEIMER'S handsome Moorish pavilion, which commands a view of twenty miles of the Hudson River to the north, and of its south and New York Bay to the south, with the Palisades directly in front, is closed for the season. Its hangings, lamps, and elaborate mural decorations are all Moorish.

—Mr F S CHURCH will soon ask some of his fellow painters to organize for the protection of the copyright of their paintings. Several leading architects, who are tired of seeing their designs appropriated and reproduced, would gladly accept an invitation to co-operate with the painters on the business of self-preservation.

—Mr P. D ARMOUR, the great Chicago packer, against whom the strike at the stock-yards in that city was waged, is a native of New York, and was educated at Cheonseco Seminary. He is a portly man, whose nine whiskers give breadth to his face, and whose possessions are estimated at $20,000,000.

—The great Phi Beta Society of Harvard College, which has been a power in the class-day elections for some years past, has been pushed aside this year by the small but aristocratic Hasty Pudding, which has gained all the members of the class committee, and some other important officers.

—Professor THOMAS H SAYWARD, the astronomer, says that he prefers to study science in French above all other languages, although he finds great exactitude in the Russian also.

—Large numbers of his former parishioners at Park Street Church have been attending Mr W H H MURRAY'S Adirondack lectures in Boston, and there is talk of recalling him, if he should desire to resume preaching.

—Mr WHITELAW REID'S new house, built by Mr HENRY VILLARD several years ago at a cost of $300,000, exclusive of the ground, is believed to be unique in the wealth of sculpture, wood-carving, mosaic, and inlaid work used in its interior decoration. In some respects it is much more lavish in finish than the late Mr W. H. VANDERBILT'S house.

—A New York broker just returned from a visit to the battlefields of Virginia brings back a trophy of material interest—the mouldy nap of a Confederate soldier, perforated by the bullet that struck him in the top of the head as he was leaning over the breastworks of a rifle pit. For twenty-two years the cap had lain on the ground, until found by a farmer who was ploughing the soil.

—Mr. F H HAIN, of the editorial staff of the Chicago *Tribune*, is an excellent Sanscrit scholar, and speaks French, German, Italian, and Norwegian fluently.

—Bishop MCILVAINE, of the Episcopal Church, also is popular with all denominations, was an earlier days a newspaper reporter, serving several years on the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, and afterward as city editor of the paper, when he was a co-worker with Artemus Ward, to whom the Bishop frequently refers in terms of praise.

—WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, General Manager of the Western Associated Press, whose home is in Chicago, although his business headquarters are in New York has just returned from a European trip of four months. Mr SMITH'S special pride is a herd of Jersey cattle.

—Mr MOSES KIMBALL, proprietor of the Boston Museum, began business to a small way as a dealer in men's furnishing goods, and is now rich. In person he resembles the late Mr JAMES T. FIELDS, and except that he is not so tall, and wears his hair short, the likeness would be striking.

—Mr FRANCIS PARKMAN the historian has been for a considerable time a victim to insomnia, but his summer spent in camps among the woods of Maine and of the Adirondacks appears to have benefited him.

—Mr JOSEPH MCCARTHY says that he shall probably decline all requests from American publishers, on the modest ground that his present addresses are neither so similar nor so numerous as to demand reproduction in book form after the elaborate newspaper reports.

—An esteemed Philadelphia contemporary quotes from HARPER'S WEEKLY a paragraph concerning the successful career of MISS NELLIE EVERSOY, of that city, who has recently returned home from a course of musical study abroad, and adds "Perhaps we violate confidence alike as we say that Mr GEORGE W CHILDS, the philanthropist, is the patron and friend of this sweet girl. He has borne her expenses, and is more than repaid by her dutiful conduct and progress in art. This is but one of a hundred of Mr. CHILDS'S benefactions."

—Mr C S REINHART the artist spent last summer on the Normandy coast, then took a trip to Switzerland, and is soon to return to Normandy. For seven years his head quarters have been in Paris, his visit to America last year having been only temporary, for the purpose of collaborating with Mr CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER in the production of "Their Pilgrimage." Mr REINHART is now picturing the Seine in the midst of their mountains, with a MS. of Mr HOWELLS'S in his pocket. An unfinished oil painting, containing eight or ten life-size figures, awaits his return to Normandy, where he hopes to complete it out-doors before the cold weather sets in. The subject is an episode in the lives of the French fishermen, who will appear on canvas under the light of their own sky, and not in the chastened environment of a studio. Their rude faces will be bronzed by the sun and scarred by the storm.

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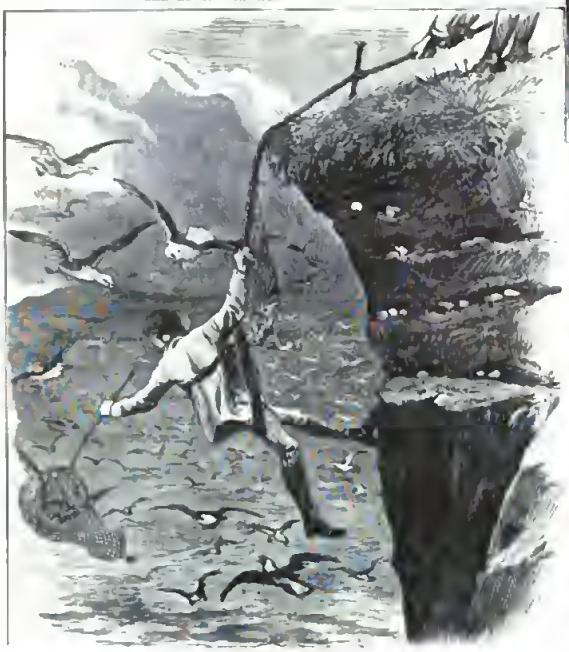
SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A HAZARDOUS LANDING.



"DREADFUL TRADE."

A COLONY OF PUFFINS.

PUFFIN-CATCHING OFF THE IRISH COAST.—[See Page 397.]

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## A USEFUL MONUMENT.

The beautiful structure illustrated below has been erected by Mr. WILLIAM A. SLATER, of Norwich, in commemoration of his father, the late JOHN F. SLATER.

It is now more than four years since Mr. SLATER senior devoted a fund of $1,000,000 to the education of freedmen. He died May 7, 1884, little more than two years after he had made his great gift, having seen the wise and far-reaching plans for the distribution of the income of the fund well matured. Among the home institutions in which Mr. SLATER had a special interest was the Norwich Free Academy, of which he was one of the original corporators, and to which he gave at different times more than fifteen thousand dollars. The new building is designed to supplement the work of the Free Academy, and at the same time to contribute to the intellectual advantage of the community at large. It is a stately structure of brick and brown sandstone resting upon a foundation of Monson granite. Its dimensions on the ground are 150 feet by 68 feet, and the height of its round tower is 145 feet. It contains on the lower floor a large hall for public lectures and for anniversary occasions, and two smaller halls, or lecture rooms, which, when desired, can be thrown into the large hall, increasing its capacity to a total of 1000 persons.

The second and third stories are occupied by a magnificent Museum Hall—one of the finest interiors in the country—by an exquisite Library-room, to which the valuable library of the Academy has been transferred, and by two class-rooms.

The walls of the exterior, throughout their whole extent, are faced with pressed brick and terra-cotta. The materials used in finishing the interior are hard wood and marble. As respects solidity of construction and beauty of finish, the Memorial Building is unsurpassed in New England.

The Library and the Museum Hall merit a more extended description. The former has a doubly arched ceiling of cherry, a beautiful terra-cotta fireplace and mantel, and low bookcases of cherry. There is at present accommodation for 8000 volumes, and the shelf-room can easily be increased. The windows are so arranged that the light comes from above, and the impression made upon one who enters the room is singularly calming and delightful. The Museum Hall is a lofty room forty-seven feet in height, and a gallery eighteen feet wide, accessible by four flights of steps, runs around its four sides.

The architect of the Slater Building is STEPHEN C. EARLE, of Worcester, and the contractors were the Flynt Building and Construction Company, of Palmer, Massachusetts. The cost has been about $150,000. The building is to be formally transferred to the Free Academy on the 4th of November, when the thirtieth anniversary of the opening of the Academy is to be celebrated. One of the addresses on that occasion is to be delivered by President GILMAN of Johns Hopkins University, a native of Norwich, and it is hoped that many friends of secondary and higher education will be present.

## PUFFIN-CATCHING.

The puffins whose capture is illustrated on the opposite page inhabited a group of rocks off the west coast of Ireland. Innumerable other puffins and birds of their kind swarm upon all the rocky coasts of Great Britain. The puffin is a member of a great bird family which is at home in the arctic circle. Auk is the generic name. The true auk, it is recorded, rarely quits its frigid surroundings. It is a bird of the sea, and only when breeding does it forsake the water. Its wings do not seem to have been

COMMODORE GHERARDI, U.S.N.

intended to fly with, but to serve as paddles or oars to assist the webbed feet of the bird in propelling it through the water. So swift a swimmer is the auk of the arctic seas that it has been known to beat a ship's boat manned by six strong rowers.

The black-billed auk is a variety that is common both in the far North and about the British and neighboring coasts. The Esquimaux look to it for food and clothing, and during the breeding season it swarms in the northern latitudes in such numbers that the Esquimaux are rarely disappointed. On the British and Irish coasts it inhabits the rocks, sitting in interminable rows, one above another, along the ledges, and looking astonishingly stupid. This variety of auk has wings which it can fly with, but which it uses also as paddles, after the fashion of the true auk of the icy sea. In color it is dark along the back and white beneath. Its beak is perhaps its most striking feature. It is a massive beak, very long and broad, with a hook at the end, and a tooth-like process along its mandibles which enables it to take a firm hold upon the elusive fishes which are its prey. The black-billed auk bears also the name of "razor-bill," which is a name intended to suggest the beak's broad and trenchant shape.

A third variety of this bird is the Labrador auk, which is the puffin. The puffin is a good deal like its brothers; it is dark above and white below, with a black collar about its neck, yellow legs, and a beak that begins by being gray and ends in an overwhelming scarlet. It stops in the British isles during the summer, when it breeds, and toward winter it departs with its young for Spain and the south of France. It chooses the rabbit not of its burrow, which it uses as the depository of the single egg it lays. This egg is of a size out of all proportion to the size of the puffin itself. Nobody seeing a puffin's egg could believe that anything smaller than a swan could result from it, whereas a puffin is only twelve inches long; but it must be remembered that the egg which contains a puffin contains also a puffin's beak. Notwithstanding, however, that the puffin is only one foot in length, it is a very brave and pugnacious bird, and particularly during the breeding season it is not altogether a pleasant business to interfere with it. The experience of the expedition whose work forms the subject of our illustration demonstrated the fact that Rogers must hired freely when puffins are to be netted. Several of the puffins caught by this expedition are on exhibition in the Bird-house of the Zoological Gardens in London, and very singular-looking and interesting birds they are.

## COMMODORE GHERARDI.

The Brooklyn Navy-yard has an importance among naval stations such as sought his inferred from its position at the commercial centre of the New World, and the Department recognizes this fact in habitually selecting to take charge of it officers of well-attested capacity and experience. The late commandant of the yard, Commodore (now Rear Admiral) RALPH CHANDLER, was transferred to the charge of the Asiatic Station on his recent promotion. He has now been succeeded at Brooklyn by Commodore BARNEY GHERARDI.

Born in Louisiana November 10, 1832, Commodore GHERARDI entered the navy from Massachusetts in the summer of 1846, during the Mexican war, as Midshipman, before he had completed his fourteenth year. He was attached for about four years to the frigate *Ohio*, of the Pacific Squadron, then to the steam sloop *Saranac*, of the Home Squadron, and then, according to the custom of those days—the reverse of the present—having been half a dozen years at sea, entered the Naval Academy in 1852. He was made a Passed Midshipman that year, a Master in 1855, and was commissioned as Lieutenant in that year.

The outbreak of the civil war found Lieutenant GHERARDI attached to the *Lancaster*, of the Pacific Squadron. Returning to the Atlantic coast, he was made a Lieutenant-Commander in 1862, and took part in the bombardment of Fort Macon that year. Next he commanded successively the steamers *Chocura* and *Port Royal*, in the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, in 1863 and 1864. In the latter vessel he took part in the battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864, under FARRAGUT. Captain THORNTON A. JENKINS, commanding the *Richmond*, thus speaks of his conduct on that occasion: "The *Port Royal* was lashed on the port side of this vessel. . . . To Lieutenant-Commander GHERARDI I am greatly indebted for his cool and courageous conduct." He adds that all his directions to the helmsman of the *Richmond* and to the officer at the engine bell were seconded by GHERARDI on the *Port Royal* with a promptness and coolness "that could not but excite my admiration." During the course of the action GHERARDI, by the orders of JENKINS, cast off his vessel and went to chase of the enemy's wooden gun-boats *Morgan*, *Gaines*, and *Selma*. Later in the war he commanded the *Pequot*.

In 1866 he was promoted to be Commander, and in 1874 was commissioned as Captain, while he reached his present grade November 3, 1884. During the twenty years since the end of the war he has performed duties commensurate with his various grades, the *Jamestown*, *Pensacola*, and *Lancaster* being among the vessels he has commanded, while for a time he had charge of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia. Commodore GHERARDI is a fine-looking, dignified officer.

THE SLATER MEMORIAL BUILDING AT NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAMSON BROTHERS, NORWICH.

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## SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

[Continued from front page.]

from which we were now drinking had an one side a most spirited drawing of men, apparently white in color, attacking a half-elephant with spears, while on the reverse was a picture, not quite so well done, of a hunter shooting at a row at a sneaking antelope, I should say from the look of it either or cland or a hyaba.

This is digression to a critical moment, but it is not too long for the occasion, for the occasion itself was very long. With the exception of the periodical passing of the vase, and the movement necessary to throw fuel on to the fire nothing happened for the best part of a whole hour. No body spoke a word. There we all sat in perfect silence, staring at the glare and glow of the large fire, and at the shadows thrown by the flickering northern-way lamps (which, by the way, were not uncouth). On the open space between us and the fire lay a large wooden tray, with four short handles to it, exactly like a butcher's tray, only not hollowed out. By the side of the tray was a great pair of long-handled iron pincers, and on the other side of the fire was a similar pair. Somehow I did not at all like the appearance of the tray and the accompanying pincers. There I sat and stared at them and at the silent circle of the three mummy faces of the men, and reflected that it was all very awful, and that we were absolutely in the power of that alarming people, who, to me at any rate, were all the more formidable because their true character was still very much of a mystery to us. They might be better than I thought them, or they might be worse. I feared that they were worse, and I was not wrong. It was a museum sort of a feast, I reflected, to appearance—indeed, an entertainment of the Barmecide mamp, for there was absolutely nothing to eat.

At last, just as I was beginning to feel as though I were being mesmerized, a move was made. Without the slightest warning, a man from the other side of the circle rolled out at a loud voice:

"Where is the flesh that we shall eat?"

Thereon everybody to the circle answered in a deep measured tone, and stretching out the right arm toward the fire as they spoke,

"*The flesh will come.*"

"Is it a goat?" said the same man.

"*It is a goat without horns, and more than a goat, and we shall slay it,*" they answered with one voice, and turning half round, they one and all grasped the handles of their spears with the right hand, and then simultaneously let them go.

"Is it an ox?" said the man again.

"*It is an ox without horns, and more than an ox, and we shall slay it,*" was the answer, and again the spears were grasped, and again let go.

Then came a pause, and I noticed, with horror and a rising of the hair, that the woman next to Mahomed began to fondle him, patting his cheeks, and calling him by names of endearment, while her fierce eyes played up and down his trembling form. I don't know why the sight frightened me so, but it did frighten us all dreadfully, especially Leo. The caressing was so snake like, and so evidently a part of some ghastly formula that had to be gone through.* I saw Mahomed turn white under his brown skin, sickly white with fear.

"Is the meat ready to be cooked?" asked the voice, more rapidly.

"*It is ready; it is ready.*"

"Is the pot hot to cook it?" is mentioned, in a sort of scream that echoed painfully down the great recesses of the cave.

"*It is hot, it is hot.*"

"Great heaven!" roared Leo, "remember the writing, '*The people who put pots upon the heads of strangers*'"

As he said the words, before we could stir, or even take the matter in, two great ruffians jumped up, and seizing the long pincers, plunged them into the heart of the fire, and the woman who had been caressing Mahomed suddenly produced a fine noose from under her girdle, or mocha, and slipping it over his shoulders, ran it tight, while the men next him seized him by the legs. The two men with the pincers gave a heave, and scattering the fire this way and that upon the rocky floor, lifted from it a large earthen-ware pot, heated to a white heat. In an instant, almost with a single movement, they had reached the spot where Mahomed was struggling. He fought like a fiend, shrieking in the abandonment of his despair, and notwithstanding the noose round him, and the efforts of the men who held his legs, the unfeeling wretches were for the moment unable to accomplish their purpose, which, horrible and incredible as it seems, was *to put the red-hot pot upon his head.*

I sprang to my feet with a yell of horror, and drawing my revolver, fired it by a sort of instinct straight at the distributed woman who had been caressing Mahomed, and was now gripping him in her arms. The bullet struck her in the back and killed her, and to this day I am glad that it did, for, as it afterward transpired, she had availed herself of the anthropophagous customs of the Amahagger to organize the whole thing in revenge of the slight put upon her by Job. She fell dead, and as she did so, to my terror and dismay Mahomed, by a superhuman effort, burst from his tormentors, and springing high into the air, fell dying upon her corpse. The heavy bullet from my pistol had driven through the bodies of both at once, striking down the murderess, and saving her victim from a death a hundred times more horrible. It was an awful and yet a most merciful accident.

* We afterward learned that his object was to persuade the victim that he was the object of love and admiration, and so soothe his frightened feelings, and cause him to evince in a happy and contented frame of mind. L. H. H.

For a moment there was a silence of astonishment. They had never heard the report of a fire-arm before, and its effects dismayed them. But the next a man close to us recovered himself, and seized his spear preparatory to making a lunge with it at Leo, who was the nearest to him.

"Run for it!" I bellowed, setting the example by going up the cave as hard as my legs would carry me. I would have bolted for the open air if it had been possible, but there were men in the way, and besides, I had caught sight of the forms of a crowd of people standing out clear against the sky line beyond the entrance to the cave. Up the cave I went, and after me came the others, and after them thundered the whole crowd of cannibals, mad with fury at the death of the woman. With a bound I cleared the prostrate form of Mahomed. As I flew over him I felt the heat from the red-hot pot, which was lying close by, strike upon my legs, and by its glow saw his hands—for he was not quite dead—still feebly moving. At the top of the cave was a little platform of rock three feet or so high by about eight deep, on which two large lamps were placed at night. Whether this platform had been left as a seat, or as a raised point afterward to let out away when it had served its purpose as a standing-place from which to carry on the excavation, I do not know—at least I did not then. At any rate, we all three reached it, and jumping on it, prepared to sell our lives as dearly as we could. For a few minutes the crowd that was pressing on our heels hung back when they saw on face round upon them. Job was on one side of the rock to the left, Leo in the centre, and I to the right. Behind us were the lamps. Leo bent forward and looked down the long lane of shadows, terminated in the lies and lighted lamps, through which the quiet forms of our would be murderers flitted to and fro, with the faint light glinting on their spears, for even their fury was silent as a bull-dog's. The only other thing visible was the red-hot pot still glowing angrily in the gloom. There was a curious light in Leo's eyes, and his handsome face was set like a stone. In his right hand was his heavy hunting knife. He shifted his thong a little up his wrist, and then put his arm round me and gave me a good hug.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said, "my dear friend—my more than father. We have an chance against those scoundrels; they will finish us in a few minutes, and not an afterward, I suppose thank-he. I feel you into this. I hope you will forgive me. Good-by, Job."

"God's will be done," I said, setting my teeth, as I prepared for the end. At that moment, with an exclamation, Job lifted his revolver and fired, and hit a man—not the man he had aimed at, by-the-way; anything that Job shot at was perfectly safe.

On they came with a rush, and I fired two as fast as I could, and checked them—between us, Job and I killed or mortally wounded five men with our pistols before they were emptied, besides the woman. But we had no time to reload, and they still came on in a way that was almost splendid in its rash boldness, seeing that they did not know but that we could go on firing forever.

A great fellow bounded up upon the platform, and Leo struck him dead with one blow of his powerful arm, sending the knife right through him. I did the same by another, but Job missed his stroke, and I saw a brawny Amahagger grip him by the middle and whirl him off the rock. The knife, not being secured by a thong, fell from his hand as he did so, and, by a most happy accident for Job, it upon its handle on the rock, just as the body of the Amahagger, being underneath, hit upon its point, and was transfixed upon it. What happened to Job after that I was sure I do not know, but my own impression is that he lay still upon the corpse of his deceased assailant, "playing 'possum," as the Americans say. As for myself, I was soon involved in a desperate encounter with two ruffians, who, luckily for me, had left their spears behind them; and for the first time in my life the great physical power with which Nature has endowed me stood me in good stead. I had hacked at the head of one man with my hunting knife, which was almost as big and heavy as a short sword, with such vigor that the sharp steel had split his skull down to the eyes, and was held so fast by it that as he suddenly fell sideways the knife was twisted right out of my hand.

Then it was that the two others sprung upon me. I saw them coming, and got an arm round the waist of each, and down we all fell upon the floor of the cave together, rolling over and over. They were strong men, but I was mad with rage, and that awful lust for slaughter which will creep into the hearts of the most civilized of us when blows are flying, and life and death tremble on the turn. My arms were round the two swarthy demons, and I hugged them till I heard their ribs crack and crunch up beneath my grip. They twisted and writhed like snakes, and clawed and battered at me with their fists, but I held on. Long on my back there, so that their bodies should protect me from spear-thrusts from above, I slowly crushed the life out of them, and as I did so, strange as it may seem, I thought of what the amiable Head of my College at Cambridge and my brother Fellows would say if by chance they could see me, of all men, playing such a bloody game. Soon my assailants grew faint, and almost ceased to struggle, their breath had left them, and they were dying, but still I dare not leave them, for they died very slowly. I knew that if I relaxed my grip they would revive. The other ruffians probably thought—for we were all three lying in the shadow of the ledge—that we were all dead together, at any rate they did not interfere with our little tragedy.

I turned my head, and so I lay gasping in the throes of that awful struggle I could see that Leo was off the rock now, for the lamp-light fell full upon him. He was still on his feet, but in the centre of a surging mass of struggling men, who were striving to pull him down as wolves pull down a stag. Up above them towered his beautiful pale face crowned with its bright curls (for Leo was six feet two high), and I saw that he was fighting with a desperate abandonment and energy that was at once splendid and hideous to behold. He drove his knife through one man—they were so close to him and mixed up with him that they could not get at him to kill him with their big spears, and they had no knives or macha. The man fell, and then somehow the knife was wrenched from his hand, leaving him defenceless, and I thought the end had come. But no; with a desperate effort he broke loose from them, seized the body of the man he had just slain, and lifting it high in the air, hurled it right on the mob of his assailants, so that the shock and weight of it swept some five or six of them to the earth. But in a minute they were all up again, except one, whose skull was smashed, and had once more fastened upon him. And then slowly, and with infinite labor and struggling, the wolves bore the lion down. Once even then he recovered himself, and felled an Amahagger with his fist, but it was more than man could do to hold his own for long against so many, and at last he came crashing down upon the rock floor, falling as an oak falls, and bearing with him to the earth all those who clung about him. They gripped him by his arms and legs, and then cleared off his body.

"A spear," cried a voice—"a spear to cut his throat, and a vessel to catch his blood."

I shut my eyes, for I saw the man coming with a spear, and myself, I could not stir to Leo's help, for I was growing weak, and the two men or one were not yet dead, and a deadly sickness overcame me.

Then suddenly there was a disturbance, and involuntarily I opened my eyes again, and looked toward the scene of murder. The girl Ustane had suddenly thrown herself on the top of Leo's prostrate form, covering his body with her body, and fastening her arms about his neck. They tried to drag her from him, but she twisted her legs round his, and hung on like a bull dog, or rather like a creeper to a tree, and they could not. Then they tried to stab him in the side without hurting her, but somehow she shielded him, and he was only scratched.

At last they lost patience.

"Drive the spear through the man and the woman together," said a voice, the same voice that had asked the questions at that ghastly feast, "or of a verily shall they be wed."

Then I saw the man with the weapon straighten himself for the effort. I saw the cold steel gleam on high, and once more I shut my eyes.

As I did so—I heard a voice of a man thunder out in tones that rang and echoed down the rocky way—

"*Cease!*"

Then I fainted, and as I did so it flashed through my darkening mind that I was passing down into the last oblivion of death.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### A LITTLE PUGT.

When I opened my eyes again I found myself lying on a skin mat, not far from the fire round which we had been gathered for the dreadful feast. Near me lay Leo, still apparently in a swoon, and near him was bending the tall form of the girl Ustane, who was washing a deep spear wound in his side with water preparatory to binding it up with linen. Leaning against the wall of the cave behind her was Job, apparently unhurt, but bruised and trembling. On the other side of the fire, tossed about this way and that, as though they had thrown themselves down to sleep in some moment of absolute exhaustion, were the bodies of those whom we had killed in not frightful struggle for life. I counted them: there were twelve, besides the woman and the corpse of poor Mahomed, who had died by my hand, which, the bruised pot at its side, was placed at the end of the irregular line. To the left, a body of men were engaged in binding the arms of the survivors of the cannibals behind them, and then fastening them two and two. The villains were submitting with a look of sullen indifference upon their faces that recorded ill with the baffled fury that gleamed in their sombre eyes. In front of these men, directing the operations, stood no other than our friend Billali, looking rather tired, but particularly patriarchal with his flowing beard, and as cool and unconcerned as though he were superintending the setting up of an ox.

Presently he turned, and perceiving that I was sitting up, advanced to me, and with the utmost courtesy said that he trusted that I felt better. I answered that at present I scarcely knew how I felt, except that I ached all over.

Then he bent down and examined Leo's wound. "It's a nasty cut," he said, "but the spear has not pierced the entrails. He will recover."

"Thanks to your arrival, my father," I answered. "In another minute we should all have been beyond the reach of recovery, for those devils of yours would have slain or we they would have slain one servant," and I pointed toward Mahomed.

The old man ground his teeth, and I saw an extraordinary expression of malignity light up his eyes.

"Fear not, my son," he answered. "Vengeance shall be taken on them such as world make the flesh twist upon the bones merely to hear of it. To *She* shall they go, and her vengeance shall be worthy of her greatness. That man," pointing to Mahomed, "I tell you that man would have died a merciful death to the death these hyena-men shall die. Tell me, I pray of thee, how it came about."

In a few words I sketched what had happened.

"Ah, so," he answered. "Thou seest, my one, here there is a custom that if a stranger comes into this country he may be slain 'by the pot,' and eaten."

"It is hospitality turned upside down," I answered, feebly. "In our country we entertain a stranger, and give him food to eat. Here ye eat him, and are entertained."

"It is a custom," he answered, with a shrug. "Myself I think it an evil one, but then," he added, by an after thought, "I do not like the taste of strangers, especially after they have wandered through the swamps and lired an ague-fever. When *She who must be obeyed* sent orders that ye were to be saved, she said naught of the black man, therefore, being hyenas, these men lusted after his flesh, and the woman is one whom them didst rightly slay who put it into their evil hearts to but-pot him. Well, they will have their reward. Better for them would it be if they had never seen the light than that they should stand before *She* in her terrible anger. Happy are those of them that died by your hands.

"Ah," he went on, "it was a gallant fight that ye fought. Known then that thou, long-armed old Baboon that thou art, hast crushed in the ribs of those two who are laid out there as though they were but as the shell an or egg." And the young one, the lion, it was a beautiful fight that he made—one against so many—three did he slay outright, and that one there," and he pointed to a body that was still moving a little, "will die anon, for his head is crached across, and others of those who are bound are hurt. It was a gallant fight, and ye and he have made a friend of me by it, for I love to see a well fought free. But tell me, my son, the Baboon—and now I think of it the face, too, is hairy, and altogether like a baboon's—how was it that ye slew those with a hole in them? Ye made a noise, they say, and slew them—they fell down on their faces at the noise?"

I explained to him as well as I could, but very shortly—I was terribly wearied, and only persuaded to talk at all through fear of offending one so powerful if I refused to do so—what were the properties of gunpowder, and he instantly suggested that I should illustrate what I said by operating on the person of one of the prisoners. One, he said, never would be missed, and it would but only be very interesting to him, but would give me an opportunity of an instalment of revenge. He was greatly astonished when I told him that it was not our custom to avenge ourselves in cold blood, and that we left vengeance to the law and a higher Power, of which he knew nothing. I added, however, that when I recovered I would take him out shooting with us, and he should kill an animal for himself, and at that he was so pleased as a child at the promise of a new toy.

Just then Leo opened his eyes beneath the stimulus of some brandy (of which we still had a little) that Job had poured down his throat, and our conversation came to an end.

After this we managed to get Leo, who was in a very poor way indeed, and only half conscious, safely off to bed, supported by Job and that brave girl Ustane, to whom, had I not been afraid the might resent it, I would certainly have given a kiss for her splendid behavior in saving our dear boy's life at the risk of her own. But Ustane was not the sort of young person with a bom one would care to take liberties unless one were perfectly certain that they would not be misunderstood, or I expressed my indifferences. Then, bruised and battered, but with a sense of safety to my breast to which I had for some days been a stranger, I crept off to my own little sepulchre, not forgetting before I laid down in it to thank God from the bottom of my heart that it was not a sepulchre indeed, as, were it not for a merciful combination of events, that I can only attribute to Him, it would certainly have been for me that night. Few men have been nearer their end and yet escaped it than we were on that dreadful day.

My dreams that night when at last I got to sleep were not of the pleasantest. The awful vision of poor Mahomed struggling to escape the red-hot pot would haunt them, and then in the background, or is were, a veiled form was always hovering, which, from time to time, seemed to draw the coverings from its body, revealing now the perfect shape of a lovely blooming woman, and now again the white bones of a grinning skeleton, and which, as is veiled and unveiled, uttered the mysterious and apparently meaningless sentence:

"*That which is slain hath known death, and that which is dead yet can never die, for in the Circle of the Spirit life is naught and death is naught. Yes, all things live forever, though at times they sleep and are forgotten.*"

The morning came at last, but when it came I found that I was too stiff and sore to rise. About seven Job arrived, limping terribly, and with his face the color of a rotten apple, and told me that Leo had slept fairly, but was very weak. Two hours afterward Billali (Job called him "Billygout," to which, indeed, his white beard gave him some resemblance, or, more familiarly, "Billy") came too, bearing a lamp in his hand, his towering form reaching nearly to the roof of the little chamber. I pretended to be asleep, and through the cracks of my eyelids watched his sardonic but handsome old face. He stood his bowl like eyes upon me, and stroked his glorious white beard, which, by-the-way, would have been worth a hundred a year to any London barber or an advertisement.

"Ah!" I heard him mutter (Billali had a habit of muttering to himself), "he is ugly—ugly as the other is beautiful—a very Baboon; it was a good name. But I like the man. Strange, now, at my age, that I should like a man. What says the proverb?—'Mistrust all men, and slay him whom thou mistrustest overmuch; and as for

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women, flee from them, for they are evil, and in the end will destroy thee.' It is a good proverb, especially the last part; I think it must have come down from the ancients. Nevertheless I bin this Baboon, and I wonder where they taught him his tricks, and I trust that *She* will not bewitch him. Poor Baboon! he must be wearied after that fight. I will go lest I should awake him."

I waited till he had turned, and was nearly through the entrance, walking softly on tiptoe, and then I called after him.

"My father," I said, "is it thou?"

"Yes, my son, it is I; but let me not disturb thee. I did but come to see how thou didst fare, and to tell thee that those who would have slain thee, my Baboon, are by now well on their road to *She*. *She* said that ye were to come also at once, but I fear ye cannot yet."

"Nay," I said, "not till we have recovered a little; but have me borne not into the daylight, I pray thee, my father. I like not this place."

"Ah, so," he answered, "it hath a sad air. I remember when I was a boy I found the body of a fair woman lying where you lie now, yea, on that very bench. She was so beautiful that I used to creep in here with a lamp and gaze upon her. Had it not been for her cold hands, almost would I think that she sleps, and would one day awake, on fair and peaceful was she in her robe of white. White was she too, and her hair was yellow, and lay down her almost to the feet. There are many such still in the tombs at the place where *She* is, for those who set them there had a sort I know naught of, of keeping their beloved out of the crumbling hand of Decay, even when Death had slain them. Ay, day by day I came hither, and gazed on her, till at last—laugh not to me, stranger, for I was but a silly lad—I learnt to love that dead form, that shell that once had held a life that we move in. I would creep up to her and kiss her cold face, and wonder how many men had lived and died since she was, and who had loved her and embraced her in the days that long had passed away. And, my Baboon, I think I learnt wisdom from that dead one, for of a truth is taught me of the littleness of life, and the length of Death, and how all things that are under the sun go down one path, and are forever forgotten. And as I mused, and it seemed to me that wisdom flowed into me from that dead one, till one day my mother, a watchful woman, but hasty-minded, seeing I was changed, followed me, and saw the beautiful white one, and feared I was bewitched, as, indeed, I was. So half in fear, and half in anger, she took the lamp, and standing the dead one up against the wall there, set fire to her hair, and she burns fiercely, even down to the feet, for those who are thus kept burn excellently well. See, my son, there on the roof is yet the smoke of her burning."

I looked up doubtfully, and there, sure enough, on the roof of the sepulchre was a peculiarly unctuous and sooty mark, three feet as more or less. Doubtless it had in the course of years been rubbed off the sides of the little cave, but on the roof it remained, and there was no mistaking its appearance.

"She burnt," he went on, in a meditative way, "even to the feet, but the feet I came back and saved, cutting the burnt bone from them, and hid them under the stone bench there, wrapped up in a piece of linen. Surely, I remember it as though it were but yesterday. Perchance they are there, if none have found them, even to this hour. Of a truth I have not entered this chamber from that time to this very day. Stay, I will look," and kneeling down, he groped about with his long arm in the recess under the stone bench. Presently his face brightened, and with an exclamation he pulled something forth that was entirely dust, which he shook on to the floor. It was covered with the remains of a rotting rag, which he undid, and revealed to my astonished gaze a beautifully shaped and almost white woman's foot, looking as fresh and as firm as though it had been placed there yesterday.

"Thou canst, my son, the Baboon," he said, in a sad voice, "I spake the truth to thee, for here is yet one foot remaining. Take it, my son, and gaze upon it."

I took this cold fragment of mortality in my hand, and looked at it in the light of the lamp with feelings which I cannot describe, as mixed up were they between astonishment, fear, and fascination. It was light, much lighter I should say than it had been in the living state, and the flesh in all appearance was still flesh, though about it there clung a faintly aromatic odor. For the rest, it was not shrunk or shrivelled, or even black and unsightly, like the flesh of Egyptian mummies, but plump and fair, and, except where it had been slightly bent, perfect as on the day of death—a very triumph of embalming.

Poor little foot! I set it down upon the stone bench where it had lain for so many thousand years, and wondered whose was the beauty that it had upborne through the pomp and pageantry of a forgotten civilization—first as a merry child's, then as a blushing maid's, and lastly as a perfect woman's. Through what halls of life had its soft step echoed, and in the end, with what courage had it trodden down the dusty ways of death! To whose side had it stolen in the hush of night when the black slave slept upon the marble floor, and who had listened for its stealing? Shapely little foot! Well might it have been set upon the proud neck of a conqueror bent to last to woman's beauty, and well might the lips of nobles and of kings have been pressed upon its jewelled whiteness!

I wrapped up this relic of the past in the remnants of the old linen rag, which had evidently formed a portion of its owner's grave-clothes, for it was partially burnt, and put it away in my Gladstone bag, which I had bought at the Army and Navy Stores—a strange combination, I thought. Then with Billah's help I staggered off to not Leo. I found him dreadfully bruised, worse even than myself, perhaps owing to the excessive whiteness of his skin, and faint and weak with the loss of blood from the flesh-wound in his side, but, for all that, cheerful as a cricket, and asking for some breakfast. Job and Usaan got him on to the bottom, or rather the sacking, of a litter, which was removed from its pole for that purpose, and carried him out into the shade at the mouth of the cave, from which, by the way, every trace of the slaughter of the previous night had now been removed, and there we all breakfasted, and indeed spent that day and most of the two following ones.

On the third morning Job and myself were practically recovered. Leo also was so much better that I yielded to Billah's often expressed entreaty, and agreed to start at once upon our journey to Kôr, which we were told was the name of the place where the mysterious *She* lived, though I still feared for its effects upon Leo, and especially lest the motion should cause his wound, which was scarcely skinned over, to break open again. Indeed, had it not been for Billah's evident anxiety to get off, which led us to suspect that some difficulty or danger might threaten us if we did not comply with it, I would not have consented to go.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NEW YORK VOTERS.

THE peculiar trait in the misgovernment of cities is that a very large majority of the citizens are always in favor of good government. They would never vote for the incompetent or the criminal official if they had the choice. They would naturally select a mayor or an alderman who would faithfully perform the duties of his office; who would have no desire to plunder the city or tarnish its good name; who would care for the health of the people, repress crime, and shriek with disdain from every project of disreputable gain. The majority of the voters of every city is opposed to extravagance, and hates fraud, because on the voters falls the cost of every corrupt contract, every needless waste of money, every theft from the public treasury.

Of the 230,000 voters of the city of New York at least 100,000 are in favor of good laws and just government. The remainder probably include all the criminal classes, the office-seekers, those who vote from sectarian motives, from bribes, from intimidation as favor. Of the honest voters some are led away by the name of party, some by prejudice and friendship, most by a complete ignorance of the effect of the votes they give. They know nothing of the candidates as their purposes or their characters. Nothing is cast so inconsiderately as the ballot at least if we read the history of our city for thirty years, we must conclude that for thirty years the majority has never unstuffed it. The majority is composed of respectable nothing-men who wish, for the sake of their wives and children, to see the offices they select do their duty, of clerks who, living on moderate salaries, earnestly wish to be robbed in taxes and rent, of professional men who in general desire good government, of traders large and small who depend upon the security given them of life and property for their profits. But it is absurd to suppose that any of this class of voters can have known, in the past thirty years, for whom as for what they voted. They have put into office too often criminals and thieves. On this point there can be no doubt; the recent records of our courts prove the fact; the story of the city from the days of Tweed only makes it plainer.

If every voter of New York would remember that the ballot he casts will probably cost him a large sum of money if he votes for a dishonest candidate, he must pause—he must see that this is a kind of extravagance he cannot afford. He can never afford to pay tribute to corrupt office holders as seekers, as waste the money that is to maintain his family in taxes and rent. Yet this is exactly what he has been doing in New York for many a year. He has paid his annual tribute to the Tweeds and officials of that class as regularly as in any despotism. The great mass of the honest voters have given their votes for dishonest men. To vote hastily is the most absurd extravagance. It is to put thieves and corrupt men in office, and mint one's family or one's self to pay for their defalcations.

The painful revelations in the courts recently only enforce the necessity of some immediate change. The criminal classes have evidently gained the control of our politicians. The secrets of our city politics have only been partly disclosed, yet proof enough appears to show the fearful immorality that has existed for many years our city rulers. The commonest rules of honesty and good conduct are unknown to them. Even apparently respectable men have consented to associate with thieves, and dealers in stolen goods have filled our highest offices, and this has happened, not by the will of the people, but against it. The majority has not been suffered to rule, as its members have been careless of their own money at their own welfare as to vote at the direction of others. The streets, the wharves, and the drainage are neglected, and swell the death rate. The schools are overcrowded because there is no money to provide seats for the children. Only the official plunderers flourish, until they are found out.

The chief problem in modern politics, therefore, is how to instruct and unite the majority in one good end. No doubt this will be done in the future by an early training in politics. But at least it would seem wise to learn from the enemy the most effective tactics, and to form a plan of union. A league for the public good, with clubs and branches in every ward, would rouse the working classes to care for their own interests, and bring out the honest vote.

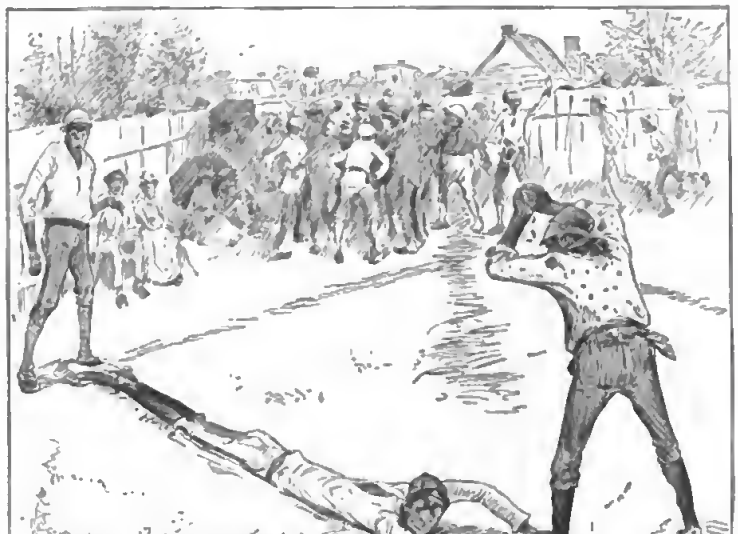
EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## FELLING THE CALIFORNIA RED-WOODS.

"Now *she* takes it! Keep clear!" shouted Jim Lane, a muscular Sonoma "bull-whacker," in warning to the group of wood-choppers in the redwood forest at the northern end of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, as the death-rattle of a California giant was heard. After hours of under-cutting and cross-sawing, they had cut through all but one and a half inches of the monstrous trunk, fifteen feet in diameter, and the cracking of the wood announced that the monarch was about to fall. Its lofty top, 275 feet above the ground, quivered a moment, and bowed gracefully and with stately air, like a grand lady courtesying, then gathering impetus as it left the perpendicular, the great trunk rushed to the earth with terrific force. Keeping to the course marked out for it by the woodsmen, it tore the foliage from the protruding limbs, filled the air with flying branches and bits of bark, swept away every obstacle in its path, and descending with tremendous force, struck the ground with a thud to be heard a mile. Clouds of dust shot up sixty feet; the earth shook and rumbled. The prostrate giant trembled once from top to stump, and all was over. It was a death-scene of awful grandeur and solemnity. Even the lumbermen, accustomed to the sight daily, dropped their sledges, double-bitted axes, mauls, goads, and water-buckets, and gazed in silence at the overthrow of the many-centuried monarch. The cutting of the redwoods is the mammoth lumbering of the world. California has no competitor in big trees. They belong to the genus *Sequoia*—a name derived from Sequoyah, a Cherokee, who invented an alphabet and written language for his Indian tribe—and now of two species. They are found in the tract west of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, between the 34th and 42d degrees of latitude, ranging in height from 200 to 400 feet, and in diameter from eight to twenty-five feet. The famous big trees of Calaveras and Mariposa belong to the *Sequoia gigantea*, while those along the coast north of San Francisco are *Sequoia sempervirens*, as red wood.

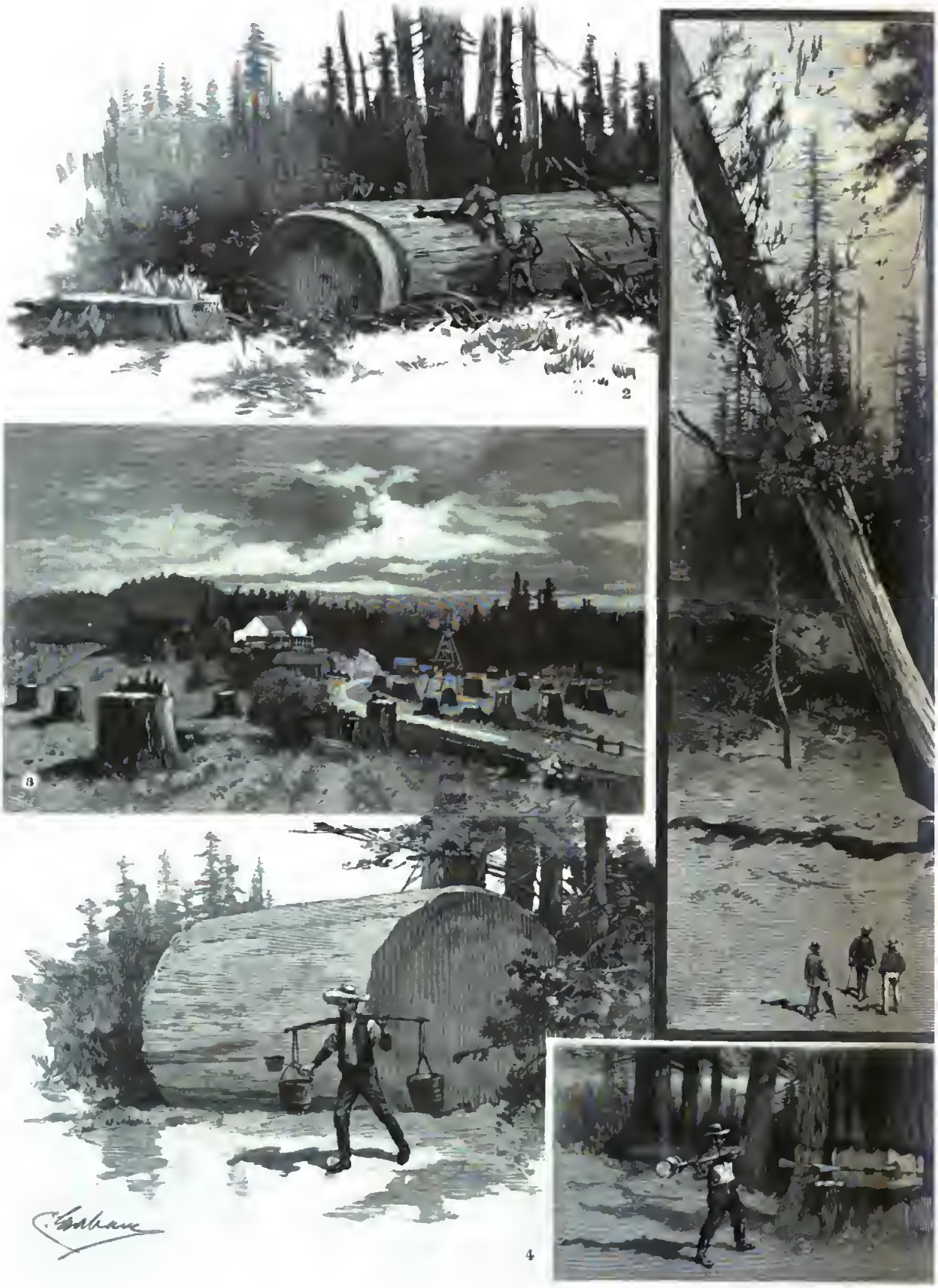
In Sonoma, Mendocino, and Humboldt counties, reaching from the Golden Gate to Oregon, are immense red wood forests covering an area from two to twenty miles wide and nearly two miles long, from which millions of feet of lumber are now cut annually. Red wood is the most valuable timber in the State. As yet no railroad traverses this territory, but work has been begun on lines which will soon bring the lumbering camps within easy reach of the market. The red-wood is a coniferous evergreen, resembling in some respects the cypress. The wood, which is extensively used on the Pacific slope for building, and is seen in recent houses in Boston and Chicago, is of a fine red color, but fades slowly when exposed to the light. The shrinkage is principally lengthwise, and in California the wood is very popular. The timber land is exceedingly valuable, as single trees are often worth $500 or $700, the current price of red-wood being $16 to $20 per thousand. A trip on a red-wood lumbering camp is full of interest. The operations are on a scale unknown in other regions, and the hauling is entirely overland. As one drives near the choppers' settlement the half charred stumps give the first adequate idea of the immense size of the red-woods. Although their circumference is not so great as that of the Yosemite trees, many measure 60 feet around, and have an area on a cross section six feet from the ground of 200 feet. In height they have no equals. When a man stands at the base of a tree 350 feet high he is a mere pigmy, and feels his insignificance. Great skill is exhibited in felling a red wood. Early in the work a ten-foot post will be erected in the ground fifteen or twenty feet from the base, which the falling tree will drive out of sight. It rarely fails to do so. The choppers under-cut it about one-third of the way through on the side toward the post, then with a cross-cut saw they work from the opposite side toward the first incision.

Leaving a narrow strip uncut, they drive wedges to topple the giant over into the prescribed path. When felled, the tree is quickly stripped of the scant foliage on the upper third of its length, and sawed into sections twelve and twenty-four feet long. The bark, one to two inches deep, is removed with wedges and iron bars by the strippers, and then the "bull whackers" take charge of the sections to transfer them to the mills. Sixteen and often twenty two oxen are required to move the enormous logs. It is a scenic to handle such a tree, yet expert bull whackers, who receive from $150 to $200 a month, do it by word of mouth, rarely applying the goad. The track to the mill tramway is "greased" behind the oxen by the water-pachers, who wet the ground from buckets of water carried across the shoulders in Chinese fashion. By great exertions a gang of ten men can fell and transport one red-wood to the mill in a day. Within a year the lumbermen's attache on the "big trees" here increased very rapidly, and whole forests are now being devastated as fast as the choppers can work. At present twenty-seven lumber companies are operating in the red-wood region. In ten years, if this destruction is not checked, big trees will exist in California only as curiosities.



BASE-BALL AT CROWTOWN.

Much consternation is occasioned among the home club and its friends when it is discovered that the foreign nine contains a member of such extraordinary length that he can keep the foot on one base and reach to the next. Nothing being found in the rules relative to such a contingency, and an extension of the diamond being prevented by real estate considerations, the contest ends in a free fight, in which the Crowtown lines come off victorious, but the Cherrily Mayonns win the ball match.



FELLING THE RED-WOOD-TREES OF CALIFO

1. A Giant's Fall. 2. The Giant fallen. 3. Korbell's Ranch. 4. Watering t

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DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 699.]

5. Hauling Logs. 6. On Russian River. 7. Driving in the Wedges.

## LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

WARDER at ocean's gate,
Thy feet on sea and shore,
Like one the skies await
When time shall be no more!
What splendors crown thy brow!
What bright dread angel Thou,
Dazzling the waves before
Thy station great!

"My name is Liberty!
From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
At ocean's gate I stand
Nor bend the knee.

"The dark Earth lay in sleep,
Her children crouched forlorn,
Ere on the western steep
I sprang to height, reborn:
Then what a joyous shout
The quickened lands gave out,
And all the choir of morn
Sang anthems deep.

"Beneath yon firmament,
The New World to the Old
My sword and summons sent,
My skyey flag unrolled:
The Old World's hands renew
Their strength; the form ye view
Came from a living mould
In glory blent.

"O ye, whose broken spars
Tell of the storms ye met,
Enter! there are no bars
Across your pathway set:
Enter at Freedom's porch,
For you I lift my torch,
For you my coronet
Is royed with stars.

"But ye that hither draw
To desecrate my fee,
Nor yet have held in awe
The justice that makes free,—
Avaunt, ye darkling brood!
By Right my house hath stood:
My name is Liberty,
My throne is Law."

O wonderful and bright,
Immortal Freedom, hail!
Front, in thy fiery might,
The midnight and the gale;
Undaunted on this base
Oused well thy dwelling-place.
Till the last sun grow pale
Let there be Light!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAINS OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW BESS LISTENED FOR ONE STEP.

IT was not until nearly midnight that Mr. Brinjes came home—a late hour even in London, where they turn night into day; but at Deptford there is not as much as a single drinking house open at that hour, and every one, rogues and honest men, the virtuous and the abandoned, are all alike in bed and asleep. The moon was full, and the street was as light as day. Over the Penman's shop the latten window was partly open.

"It is Bess's room," said Mr Brinjes. "She is asleep, and dreaming of her Lieutenant. And he hath forgotten her. Thy pity she had not listened to Aaron's voice. He hath surely forgotten her, seeing that he hath wellnigh forgotten me, and asked no questions at all concerning her. Sleep on, Bess; sleep on, my girl. To-morrow thou wilt not sleep at all, and the next day, the next, will come the whirlwind! Perhaps the night of thy charms . . . but I know not—I know not. Our honest lad is changed."

He opened the door of his shop, and went into his own den.

At nine of the clock or thereabouts, when the early chins had been shaved, and the wigs dressed and sent round to the gentlemen, Mr Peter Shipworth, the Barber, found time to run across the street to his gossip and neighbor, the Penman.

"Great news, Mr Westmoreland!" he cried. "Great news for Deptford!"

"Why?" asked the Penman. "Is another Cray coming here?"

"No, no. But the Lieutenant has come home."

"Lieutenant Easterbrook?"

"What other? He came up the river last night, in command—think of that! the Lieutenant in command!—of a prize sent here to be repaired and added to his Majesty's Navy. The Admiral ordered his negroes to get drunk, as great was the worthy gentleman's joy, and now they lie like hogs at the Sir John Falstaff, and cannot yet be awakened, though 'tis nigh twelve hours since they rolled over."

"Lieutenant Easterbrook, who once was Jack, whom I taught the elements of navigation—he hath returned?" Mr Westmoreland was slow of catching news, being always wrapped in the study of mathematics.

Bess stopped her work at the first mention of his name, and listened, her heart beating, and her cheek now flushed, now pale. Oh! he was come home again!

"We have not yet seen him," the Barber continued, "though I expect he will come to have his hair dressed and his chin shaven. None other hand but mine shall touch them, I promise yet. The landlord of the Sir John Falstaff says that a more gallant gentleman he hath never set eyes upon."

"Ha!" said Mr. Westmoreland. "That the Lieutenant is safe and sound, I rejoice. But the brave boy who was as good at his figures, he, neighbor, still no more return to us. He is gone, and will never come back again. Where is he now—that boy? Where are now all the boys who have since grown into men? What has become of them? I doubt he will forget his humble friends and well-wishers." The Barber ran back to his own shop. "Dost remember the Lieutenant, Bess?"

But Bess made no reply. He was come back—her splendid lover! How could she answer her father's prattle, or think about anything but Jack and love? Already she felt his arms about her neck, and his kisses on her cheek; and she was suffused with blushes and the glow of happiness.

She put on her Sunday best—with the coral beads which Jack had given her to hang round her neck, and the ribbons—also his gift—would he remember them as well? She dressed her hair in the way he used to love, and then, when all was ready, she stole down the stairs, and so out by the back way to the apothecary's parlor, that home of love, though it was not also a bower of roses and fragrant flowers.

The room was empty. In the shop sat Mr Brinjes, in his place, the great book before him; the assistant, James Hadlow, stood at the counter rolling and mixing, and the shop was filled with women who had brought sick children.

"Mr Brinjes," cried Bess.

"Ay, ay, my girl," he replied.

"He has come home!" she cried, heedless now of the women and their gossip.

"Very like—very like—so they tell me."

"So they tell me!" she echoed, laughing. "As if it mattered nothing. Yet he will but shake hands with the Admiral and come here. 'So they tell me,' he says."

"I come, Bess," he replied, looking at her sadly; "I come in a few minutes. Now, ye women who have had your answer and your physic, take your beats away. This morning I am benevolently disposed, and will cure them all. Go away, therefore, and pester me more. I come in a few minutes, Bess."

So the waited, glowing with the anticipation of her lover's welcome, her eyes soft and humid, her bosom heaving, and what with the tumult of her soul and her finery—for, as I have said, she had put on her coral and her ribbons—and all his gifts, looking truly a most beautiful creature. At half past twelve Mr Brinjes closed his great book, descended from his stool, and came into the parlor.

"I have seen him, Bess," he said. "I saw him last night."

"Oh! you have seen him, and you did not wake me up to tell me. You have spoken to him. What did he say? How doth he look? What did he ask about me? What messages did he send? And is he wounded? Is he safe and well? Oh! but he will be here directly. Even now his step may be in the street. Listen!—no—not yet—he will come to tell me! Why, you tell me nothing. Once you said that my Jack might forget me. I will not tell him that, Mr. Brinjes, because he is masterful, and I would not anger him against you. Who, you tell me nothing. I have put on all the things he gave me. Am I looking well? Do you think he will find me changed?"

"For your questions, Bess, he looks strong and well, though somewhat changed in manner, and colder than of old; and to some of us he might have shown more civility. For me, I complain not, though he gave me but a cold hand; but Mr Shelvocke may justly complain, and Mr Underhill—though one, truly, was but a supernarge, and the other lost the purser."

"Jack can never forget his old friends," said Bess, "any more than he can forget his old love. But he is now in command of a prize."

"Bess, my girl," said Mr. Brinjes, very earnestly, "don't build hopes on the promise of a sailor. My dear, I know the breed, all my life, being one past fourscore and ten. I have lived among sailors. I tell thee, child, I know them. With them, it is out of sight out of mind. When a man goes fighting, hath he room in his mind for a woman? And the more a woman loves a sailor, the less he loves her. If he hath forgotten thee, my dear, let him go without a tear or a sigh, for there are plenty other men in Deptford who would gladly possess thy charms."

"Stop!" she cried, flying out suddenly. "Why, you are talking like a mad thing! You don't know my Jack. How should you know him? How should you know any men except the pirates, poor old friends, and the rough turpaulins who come here to be healed? Who are you, a little common apothecary, to talk of men like the Lieutenant? How are you to know the ways of the King's officers? Why, if you have been to sea in a King's ship, 'twas only to mess with the Midshipmen and the Purser's Mate."

"Well, Bess, well," he replied, not angry, but bearing the attack with meekness. "That shall be as you please. If your man is constant, he will seek thee here, in the old place. If he is not, we will, I say, be reasonable, and expect no better than others receive."

"Oh! If you were a young man—a man like Aaron," cried Bess, "Jack should beat you to a jelly for this."

"Ay, ay—very like, very like. You shall beat me if you like, my girl. Bess," said Mr Brinjes, looking her earnestly in the face, "if it would give you any pleasure, and bring your lover back, you should beat me yourself till you could lay so no longer."

"My lover will come back to me," she replied. "He will be here this morning or this afternoon. Of course he will come as soon as he can."

"Perhaps. But he is changed. He not among the gentlemen of the Club last night, but is was to please the Admiral, not himself. He wanted none of our company. I sat beside him, but he asked me no question at all. What!—should I not know the lover's eyes? Bess, he hath forgotten thee."

"You are a liar!" she replied, springing to her feet as if she would take him at his word and lay an till she could lay on no longer. "You say this because you are old and ill-tempered, and envious of younger people's happiness. Who are you that Jack should remember you? Who but a common sailors' apothecary—and he a Lieutenant in Command?"

"Ay, ay, my girl; pass it out. I am a sailors' apothecary. I am old and envious. Pass it out. I value not thy words—no, not even a rope's yarn—because, Bess, I love thee, my dear, and I would not see thee unhappy about any man. What is a man worth beside a lovely woman? If I were a woman, would I throw me him away upon a single man? Two years and more been thou wasted upon this fine lover, also, when he comes back, hath never a word to ask—not even, 'How fares my Bess?'"

"Why," said Bess, "how could he ask concerning me before those gentlemen? Say no more, Mr. Brinjes, for I would not be angered and show a red cheek when he comes. You know that I am easily put out. Besides, you are only laughing at me, and I am a fool to fly out. Jack will come to me as soon as he can leave his ship. Very likely he will not get away until the evening."

So she sat down on the window-seat, and recovered her spirits, feeling no doubt at all, nor any misgivings, and began talking merrily of what she would say when he came, and what he would say to her, and how they would brew him a glass of punch such as he loved, before they suffered him to say a word of his own adventures, and how she would fill for him a pipe of tobacco, thinking—poor wretch!—that her love was unchanged not only in his affections, but also in his manners.

Then Mr Brinjes made his dinner; that is to say, he fried his beefsteak and onions, and presently sat them up, with a mahogany of black beer. After dinner he took a glass of punch, filled and smoked a pipe of tobacco, and then, rolling himself in his pillows, fell fast asleep, as was his wont.

Bess meantime, her wrath subdued, sat in the window-seat, waiting. But the step she looked for came not.

So passed the afternoon.

Toward three o'clock Mr Westmoreland, who had been so much occupied with his work that he forgot his dinner, began to feel certain pangs in the internal regions, which he at first attributed to colic, and blamed himself for greediness at noon; but as the pain increased and became intolerable, he pushed away his papers and sat up, suddenly remembering that he had not had any dinner at all, and that these were pangs of hunger. Three o'clock, and no dinner! Where in the world was Bess?

He was accustomed, however, to small consideration from women, and proceeded to rummage in the cupboard, where he found some cold provisions, off which he made a very good dinner. Then, as the day was fine and the sun shining, he stood in the doorway enjoying the warmth.

As he stood there he saw, marching up the street, no sailor then the Lieutenant himself, whom he recognized, though he was greatly changed, having now not only filled out in figure and become a man, who when last seen was a stripling, but having acquired the dignity of the quarter-deck and the assurance which comes of exercising authority.

However changed, Jack did not forget his old friend.

"What!" he said, "Mr Westmoreland! Then art well, I hope, my friend?"

"I am better than I deserve to be, sir, and glad to see your Honor safe home again."

"Why, Mr. Westmoreland, the bullet that has my heart for its billet hath not yet found me, though it may be already cast for aught I know. Then art still busied with logarithms?"

"By the blessing of Heaven, sir," said Mr. Westmoreland, "I have had much to do, both in the advancement of fine penmanship and the calculation of the logarithmic tables."

Jack nodded and passed on; but he remembered something and laughed. Then he hesitated, and looked back into the Penman's room.

"You had a daughter, Mr Westmoreland—Bess, her name was, and a comely girl. I hope she is well. But I see her not in the shop. No doubt she is married long ago, and the mother of thumping twins."

He laughed and nodded and went on his way.

"My daughter, your Honor—" Mr Westmoreland began, but the Lieutenant was already out of hearing.

"Now," said the Penman, "saw one ever a better heart? He not only remembers me, which is natural, seeing that I was his instructor, but he remembers my girl as well. Where is Bess? She will laugh when I tell her. Mother of twins! Ho! ho! 'Thumping twins!' he said. Bess will laugh."

About four in the afternoon Mr Brinjes woke up, and slowly recovered consciousness, until he felt strong enough to take his afternoon punch; after which he sat up and became brisk again, looking about the room, and remembering all that had been said.

"Bess," he cried, "hath your lover come?"

She shook her head.

"Courage, my girl, courage. Perhaps when he sees thy comely face again he will remember. What? To be loved by such a girl would fan an Esquimaux or a Laplander. Take courage, therefore. There is no more beautiful woman in Deptford, Bess. Take courage."

"I am waiting for me sweetheart," she replied, coldly. "Why should I take courage? He hath been delayed by his affairs. He will come presently."

"Bess," Mr Brinjes whispered, "there is a way to bring him back."

"To bring him back? This old man will drive me mad!"

"There is a way, Bess. The old negro woman gave thee a charm to keep him safe from shot and steel. She will give thee one if I compel her, to bring him to thy knees. Nay, she will not at the bidding. And for why? Because she wants Miss Castilla to marry the Lieutenant. Yet if I compel her, she will make thee such a charm. Then he must needs come straight to thee, his heart mad with love, though a hundred fine ladies tried to drag him back."

But Bess shook her head.

"I will have no charm," she said. "If Jack will forget me, let him forget me. But he has got my name tattooed upon his arm, and he has got my lock tied round his wrist. If these will not charm him back, nothing else shall."

So she fell into silence. But at seven in the evening, when Mr. Brinjes put on his wig and coat for the club, she arose and went home.

"Why," said her father, "where hast been all day, girl? There was no dinner. Well, it matters not," because her face warned him not to rebuke her, "it matters not, and, indeed, I found enough cold bits in the cupboard. But, Bess, thou hast missed a night."

"What sight?"

"The sight of a galloof gentleman. I have seen the Lieutenant. He passed by this way to the Admiral's. 'Tis a brave officer now; so taller, perhaps, than when he left as last; but then he was a stripling, and now he is well filled out, and set up as brave and comely as one would wish to set eyes upon."

"And he came to the shop to see me, then?"

"You, Bess? Why should he wish to see you? No, no . . . A gentleman like that cannot be expected to remember a mere girl. But he had not forgotten me, for when I saw him, and took off my cap to him, he stopped and kindly asked me how I fared. His Honor is not one who forgets his humble friends."

"Did he ask after me?"

"He did, I warrant. He said, 'You had a daughter, Mr Westmoreland?' So he looked into the room as if he would give you too a greeting; but no one was there. So he said, 'But she is married long ago, I dare swear, and hath thumping twins by this time.' 'Thumping twins,' he said, Bess. His Honor was always a merry lad. He remembered me directly; and he hath not even forgotten thee, Bess. Do not think it."

He had not, indeed. But his remembrance was worse than his forgetfulness. Better to have been forgotten than to be thus remembered.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

"HE HATH SUFFERED A SEA-CHANGE."

Our Lieutenant was engaged all the morning with the Port Admiral and with the Navy Office, but in the after-part of the day the Admiral made a great feast for him, as he had done on his last return, to which I was bidden with the rest. But the change which I perceived in him greatly surprised me, and indeed all of us. For the young sea-cub, rude in speech and careless of behavior, was quite gone. Behold in his place a gentleman of polite manners, and as careful of his speech as if he had been all his life in St. James's Street. This was indeed astonishing.

There are, it is certain, too many Captains in the King's ships who have never known better company than they find in a Portsmouth tavern, so that the ridicule which but been lavished upon naval Captains is not undeserved; there are also ships which are so better, as a school of manners for the young officers, than Portsea Hard, so that the Lieutenants and Midshipmen in such vessels hear nothing but rough language with profane swearing, and even at the Captain's table, which is copied in the ward-room and the gun-room, find the manners of a Newcastle collier. There are also Captains who should never have left the police part of town, because they pine continually for the pleasures of the theatre and Ranelagh, the clubs of St. James's Street, Covent Garden suppers, and gambling houses, who rock of bergamot, and appear daily on the quarter-deck dressed as if for the park, and in their hair not a curl out of place, or a single touch of pomatum and powder abated. There men are not those who crowd all sail in pursuit of the enemy, and batten to lay yard-arm to yard-arm. The sailors call them Jacky Fal-las, and respect nothing in them but their authority over the not-o'-nine-tails. Other Captains again there are (under one of them it was Jack's good fortune to serve) who possess such manners, and in their cabins exhibit and aspect such conversation and behavior, as one finds

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in the most polite assembly, yet on an whit behind the most old fashioned sea-dog as courage. What could we expect of Jack when he came home to us, after four years spent in wandering among savages, and in a French prison among common sailors, but that he should be rude and rough? What also could we expect, after sailing under a commanding officer of good birth and breeding, than that he should return with polished manners and softened language?

This fact explained part of the change which had taken place in him. But it did not explain all, for Jack, who had formerly avoided the society of ladies, now astonished us by his demeanor award Madam and Castilla, especially the latter, whose conversation he courted, addressing himself to her continually, so that she was fain to blush under his manifest and undisguised adoration.

"Now," cried the Admiral, when Madam retired with Castilla, "'fore God! we'll make a night of it. Clean glasses, ye black devils, and brisk about! Jack, I hope the liquor is on your liking. I love the Mediterranean, for my own part, because the wine is cheap and strong and plenty. Drink about, gentlemen, and when you are tired of the port, we will have in the punch. Gently, men, let us drink the health of the Lieutenant!"

So the bottle began to fly, and the company presently grew merry, and all began to talk together, every man speaking of the glorious actions in which he had taken part, and, as is natural when the heart is uplifted with generous wine, every man thinking that the victory was won by his own valor. Thus the Admiral related how he had planted the British flag on the island of Tobago; and before he had finished the narrative Mr Shelvocks interrupted in order to tell the company that is was he alone who had with his own hand cooked and horsed the town of Payta, and it was he who boarded the Spanish ships on their escape from Juan Fernandez, next, the good old Admiral struck in again to explain who it was that had made Sir Cloudesley Shovel's victories possible. But our hero, who had seen already more engagements than any man present, though he was not yet twenty-four, spoke little, and I observed, which was indeed remarkable in a naval officer, and would be, in this drinking age, remarkable in any man, that he did not drink deep. Presently, when the others were flushed in the cheeks, and some of them think of speech—the first signs of drunkenness—Jack rose, saying, "By your leave, Admiral, I will join the ladies."

The ladies, who expected nothing but an evening to themselves, as is generally their lot when the men are drinking together, were greatly astonished at our appearance.

Then Castilla asked him a hundred questions about his cruise and his battles, which Jack answered modestly and briefly, while still in his eyes I marked that look of admiration—I knew it well—growing deeper and more hungry, and Castilla, observing it too, continually blushed and stammered, and yet went on prattling, as if his looks fascinated her, as they say that in some countries a snake will so charm a bird that it will sit, still singing, until he darts upon it and swallows it up.

After this he asked her to sing. Her voice was gentle and sweet, but of small power, and in the old days it had an charms for him compared with the strong, full voice which was at his service in the apothecary's parlor. But she complied, and sang all the songs she knew in succession.

Jack listened, enthralled. "'Tis well," he said, with a deep sigh, "that we have on Castilla on board."

"Why, Jack?"

"Because life would be so sweet that the men would not fight, for fear of being killed."

"Thank you, Jack," she said. "I never expected so fine a compliment on my poor singing."

"There never were any sirens on board ship," I said, clumsily. "They are always on land, and sing to lure poor sailors to destruction."

"Fie for shame, Luke!" cried Castilla. "That was not prettily said. Am I trying so here Jack to his destruction, pray?"

We all laughed; and yet, when one comes to think of that evening, I perceive that this innocent creature was actually and unconsciously playing the part of the ancient siren, because she certainly lured the Lieutenant on the fate that awaited him.

Then Jack offered to sing, somewhat to my dismay, because I remembered certain songs which he had formerly bawled at the Gun Tavern and in the apothecary's parlor. However, he now sang, his voice being modulated and greatly softened, an old sea-song, with a burden of "As we ride on the tide when the stormy winds do blow," very movingly, so that the tears stood in Castilla's eyes.

We heard, in the next room, the voices of the Admiral and his guests growing louder and faster, and conjectured that the evening would be a short one. This speedily proved true, and the negroes wheeled every man home to his own house, except the Admiral, whom they carried upstairs. As for us, Madam went to sleep in a chair, and we sat down to a game of Ombre, Jack showing himself so pleased with the simple game we played as he had been with the tea and the singing. At the same time his eyes wandered from his cards to Castilla's face, and he played his cards badly, losing every game.

"I cannot remember, Jack," said Castilla, when we finished, "that you were fond of cards when last you came at home, unless it were All Fours."

"He also played," I said, "Cribbage, Put, Laugh-and-Lie-Down, and Snip-Snap-Snorum"—all of those being games over which, when played with Bess, he had shown great interest.

"Nay," he replied, earnestly, "I entreat you, Castilla, to forget wholly what manner of man that was who came home to you in rags. Think that he had been for two years among the Midshipmen, and then for three years among the savages and the Spaniards, and then was thrown into a French prison to mess with common sailors. If you do not forget that rude savage, forgive him, and understand that he has gone, and will on more be seen. As for the things he did, I look upon them with wonder. Why, if I remember aright, Luke, that sea-swab did not disdain to fight a smuggler fellow at Horn Fair before all his friends."

"He did not, Jack," I said. "But we loved the sea-swab."

"We should here loved him better, Luke," said Castilla, gently, "if he had given more of his company to ourselves and less to the apothecary. I know how his afternoons were spent, sir," she nodded and laughed, and he changed color and started; but of course Castilla knew nothing about Bess.

"He is gone," Jack repeated, "and I hope that a better man has taken his place. As for your society, Castilla, he must be an miscreate wretch indeed who would not find himself happy when you are present."

"Thank you, Jack," she made him a courtesy and smiled, yet blushed a little. "I perceive that another man indeed has taken his place. Poor honest Jack! He spoke his mind, and loved not girls. Yet on loved him—perhaps;" she looked up at him, but dropped her eyes beneath his ardent gaze. "Perhaps, before long—"

"Perhaps, Castilla," said Jack, earnestly, "you may be able to love the new man better than the old."

"It is fate," she said, blushing again. "Good-night, Jack." She gave him her hand, which he held for a moment, looking down upon the pretty, slender creature with eyes full of love. And then she left us, and went to bed.

I declare solemnly that I had loved Castilla ever since I could talk; yet in can evening this sailor made fervor and more determined love to her than I in all those years. Indeed, as she hath since confessed to me, she knew not, and did not even so much as suspect, that I loved her.

"Come into the open, dear lad," said Jack, presently, after a profound sigh. "Let on go into the garden and talk."

In the garden, what with the twilight of the season and the full moon, it was no bright as day, though eleven o'clock was striking by St. Nicholas's Church clock. We walked upon the trim bowling green, and talked.

"There is her bedroom," said Jack, looking at the light in Castilla's chamber. "See! she has put out the candle. She is lying down to sleep. What—oh, lad!—what can a creature like that, so delicate and so fragile, think of such rough, coarse animals as ourselves? Do you think that she can ever forget or forgive the rude things I have said to her? Do you think she remembers them, and would pay them back?"

"Jack, Castilla has nothing to remember or to forgive. Do you think she harbors resentment for the little rubs of her childhood?"

"She is all goodness, Luke; of that I am convinced. She is as good as she is truly beautiful; of that I need not to be told. As for her beauty, there is nothing in the world more lovely than the English blue eye and fair hair. It is by special Providence, I suppose, and to award an for hating the Pape and the French, that they are made so good as they are beautiful."

"Did you always prefer fair hair to dark, Jack?" I asked, in wonder that a man should have so changed, and should have forgotten so much.

"As for what I used to say and think, dear lad, let that never be mentioned between us. Why, it shames me to think of what on unmanerly ass I must have seemed to all in those days. Talk not of them, Luke, my lad."

Poor Bess! She was included among the things belonging to those days. I dared not question him further.

"It is our unhappiness," he went on, "that though we willingly remain on shore, honor and our own interest call us to go to sea again. Therefore I know not how far a man who is at present only a Lieutenant might hope to win an fair a prize as Castilla. To be sure, she is a sailor's daughter, and known what she would expect as a sailor's wife. Yet to leave her alone, and without protection! She would have you, to be sure, for her protector while I am gone."

Heavens! It was not yet three years since he had solemnly committed another woman to my care. Had he quite forgotten that?

"In a word, Jack," I said, with bitterness in my heart, "you have seen Castilla, since your return, but three or four hours, and you are already in love with her."

"That is true," he replied. "I am in love with her. Why," he laughed, "you are thinking, I dare swear, of three years ago, when you caught me in a certain summer-house, kissing another girl."

I acknowledged that I remembered the fact. "Is she," I asked, "quite forgotten? Yet you assure that you loved her, and vowed constancy."

"Well, my lad, every sailor is allowed to be in love as often as he comes ashore, for that matter. And as for the girl—what was her name?—I believe I did make love to her for a while. And now I hear that she is married, and already the mother of twins."

"Who told you that?"

"Her father, the Penman."

"But it is not true, Jack. How could he have told you such a thing? Bess hath never forgotten you."

"True or not true, I care not a rope's-end. I am in love with Castilla. Already, you see? Why, a man who did not fall in love with this sweet creature at the very first sight of her would not be half a man. I expect to fight my way through a hundred suitors to get her hand. The Admiral loves me, and I think he would willingly make me his son-in-law. But I must go to sea once more before I can offer to marry her. Therefore, for her sake, I shall go to London and turn courtier. I shall attend the noblemen who once promised me an appointment. He hath now, doubtless, forgotten both the making and the breaking of that promise. That matters nothing. I shall pay my court to him. I shall practice those arts by which men creep into easy places; it needs but a supple back and an oily tongue. Come to see me in a week or two, and I will wager that I shall be his lordship's obedient servant, and that he will presently give me a command, if only of a pink; and that Castilla shall be promised to me."

All these things came to pass, indeed. Yet the result ones not, as you shall learn, what he looked for.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BARTHOLDI'S COLOSSAL STATUE.

As will be well remembered by its readers, HARPER'S WEEKLY of June 27, 1885, contained on account of the reception on June 19, in New York Harbor, of the French transport *Isère*, which brought to this country BARTHOLDI'S famous statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and the brilliant and imposing marine ceremonies in connection with the reception of the French vessel were fully illustrated in that issue. Now, after a lapse of sixteen months, the noble statue, which was then disjointed and dissected, its fragments being boxed up in the hold of the *Isère*, and which had but a half-completed pedestal upon which to stand, has assumed an erect position, and stands towering high above Bedloe's Island, its face turned toward the entrance of New York's splendid harbor, and the torch in its uplifted hand shedding light in all directions—a perpetual monument of the good-will which exists between the sister republics France and the United States of America. In the supplement issued with this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY the statue is shown as it appears to-day, and its relation to surrounding objects made fully and strikingly apparent.

It was said in those columns on the date mentioned above that it would require four weeks to unload the disjointed figure of Liberty from the *Isère*, and that length of time, or very nearly, was occupied in the task. Had the pedestal been in readiness for the reception of the statue, the work of setting Liberty upon her feet would have proceeded at race; but, as everybody doubtless remembers, the building of the pedestal was a work which the American public did not take hold of with either becoming or reasonable alacrity. At the time of the arrival of BARTHOLDI'S gift the last $100,000 needed for the completion of the pedestal had not been entirely subscribed.

It was evident, therefore, that Liberty's standing place could not be completed in time for the beginning of the erection of the statue before the following spring. Throughout the fall and winter of 1885 and 1886 the building of the huge and monumental pedestal went forward, and early last summer the iron frame for the support of the statue was put up. All persons who during the season journeyed back and forth across the harbor are familiar with the singular spectacle which the great statue presented in its various forms of growth toward completion.

Meantime, even at this early date, preparations for a suitably magnificent dedication of the statue were being made. With considerable reluctance, and after much coaxing, Congress had been induced, just before its adjournment, to appropriate $50,000 to cover the expense of the ceremonies, and although the committee in charge of the statue were obliged to withhold a sufficient portion of this amount to pay for the lighting of the statue until such time as Congress shall make a further appropriation for that purpose, there was nevertheless a fund available large enough to insure a grand and successful ceremonial. The date of the dedication of the statue was fixed for October 28, and an elaborate programme, including a grand naval parade, was arranged. At the last moment President CLEVELAND signified his intention of being present, and a number of eminent Frenchmen, including a one less distinguished person than the Comte de Lesseps, set sail for America on the steamer *La Bretagne*, on the 17th inst., to attend the interesting ceremonies. Major-General SCHOFIELD, who was appointed by the President to assume charge of the dedication and to disburse the money appropriated by Congress, conferred with General CHARLES P. STONE, the chief engineer of the construction of the pedestal, and with other members of the American committee, on the arrangement of the programme. General STONE was made Grand Marshal of the military and civic parade, and the naval parade was placed in charge of Rear Admiral LEVE, of the North Atlantic Squadron. Mr GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was invited to deliver the commemorative address as the unveiling of the statue, but was compelled to decline the honor on account of previous engagements, and Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW was selected in his stead. Senator WILLIAM M. EVARTS, as chairman of the American committee which has had charge of the erection of the pedestal, was selected to deliver the address of presentation. As Grand Marshal of the military and civic parade, General STONE several weeks ago issued an appeal to each State and Territory in the Union to be represented at the grand international parade, and the invitation was largely accepted.

More imposing ceremonies than were called for by the programme as arranged could scarcely be desired. They included a magnificent procession down Broadway, and then, after the embarkation of the troops and civic societies on a flotilla of steamers, a grand naval procession down the harbor to Bedloe's Island, the United States steamer *Dispatch*, with the President on board, leading the way, followed by French and American men-of-war, with a multitude of steam-yachts and other craft in their wake, salutes from all the war ships and forts in the harbor, and a superb display of fireworks at night.

## BATEAU RACING.

THE bateau of the Canadian lumbermen would hardly win a race against the eight-oared shells on the Thames at Putney and Mortlake or on the Thames at New London; the canoe men at Staten Island would probably consider it a clumsy craft; but it is well fitted for its purposes, and at times it seems speedy and agile in a high degree. Started at the upper end of a stretch of angry rapids, undoubtedly it would have a great advantage over an eight-oared shell in running to the lower end. Perhaps, also, it could beat a long shall in rapidity of turning, although it is not every set of paddles who can get one of these boats about in the quickest manner possible. Its shallow keel is lowest at the middle, so that the bateau may by good handling be swung around as though it moved on a pivot. Say that the two men who are propelling the bateau wish to turn it as quickly to possible: the man in the bow thrusts his paddle into the water as far out to one side as possible, and makes a sweep in toward himself, while the man in the stern, working upon the same side of the boat, at the same time puts in his paddle close alongside, and using the gunwale as a point of purchase, forces the blade from him, whereupon the bateau spins about much in the manner of a top. In the race represented in Mr. MARMADUKE'S picture only one of the boats engaged went around in this way at the turning-point, the others sweeping around deliberately, and performing a considerable curve, after the usual fashion; as it will be understood that it is not every Canadian boatman who knows all the skilful points of bateau management.

Every fall, as a sort of final jubilation before the ice locks up the waters, the "drivers" engage in races. The drivers are the men who drive the armies of logs down the rivers from the forests in which they have been felled to the centres whence they are transported by ship and rail whithersoever the call comes for them. Their races are very wholesome and picturesque events. The men are brawny and agile, and the skill of some of them in the management of their bateaux is wonderful. The bateau is their best of work, of course, as well as their best of pastime. It is the "drive boat" employed in conducting the logs along the streams. The motives are love of athletic strife and natural rivalry. Lake Magantic (a lake loved of sportsmen) is the scene of Mr. MACDONALD'S picture.

PRIZE DESIGN FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT AT CHICAGO.
Lorin T. Ramsey, Sculptor.

A BATEAU RACE.—DRAWN BY J. MACDONALD.—[SEE PAGE 705.]

SALT LAKE CITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. HAYNES & CO., SALT LAKE CITY.—[SEE PAGE 706.]

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## SALT LAKE CITY.

Long after civilization, helped forward somewhat by the Republican anti-polygamy act, shall have overthrown the Mormon hierarchy, and after Mormonism shall have been forgotten, the Mormon capital will perpetuate the fame of Brigham Young, and be proof of his great qualities as a pioneer and the builder of a city. Indeed, it was by building Salt Lake City that he gave the Mormon Church birth the inspiration and its machinery for resisting civilization as stubbornly as it has. The City of the Saints has a history that has been written and read in every civilized tongue, it attained commercial importance even before its founder died, and it is one of the most beautiful of all modernly built cities. For its romance (and its founding was decidedly romantic, unless the Mormon point of view be taken, and it be called the result of an inspiration), for its commerce, and for the selection of so fine a site and for its laying out, we are indebted to Brigham Young. When the band of "Saints" were driven from Missouri they began their long march westward without definite purpose. But when in their journey across the great American desert their leader came to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, which is hemmed in on every side but one by high mountain ranges, he recognized in the alkali plain the proper site for a great city. He was "inspired" to build it, and he went about it with a vigor and a comprehension of the art of building a city which go far toward justifying his claim to a superhuman suggestion. Having irrigated the land and proved its fertility, he laid out the town precisely as it has been built. On a commanding position he set the Tabernacle with its oval roof. Near by was the Tithing house, and nearer still the walls of the beautiful Temple have since been reared on the site selected by him. The "Beehive," which is the row of adobe houses where his numerous family resided, is but one block away. And round about all this he built a wall, lest indolence should give time for discontent, and in order to carry out the parallel to Biblical town-building.

The streets were made wide, so that the holy city should not lack attractiveness, and down every street a mountain stream was turned, which constituted an ideal surface system of waterworks and drainage. As the bishops and apostles became thrifty—and thrift is the prime virtue of the "Saints"—they erected finer adobe residences, and later wooden ones of pretentions to architectural beauty on the hill-sides at the base of the mountains. Through the yard of every one a mountain stream runs, which makes its way into a surface sewer, thence into the Jordan River, and thence into the Great Salt Lake itself. Within sight of perpetual snow, the flower yards of the Saints bloom early in spring, and keep their freshness till the late-coming frost in this rainless atmosphere. The air is as dry and wholesome as the air of Colorado, and nature does its own sanitary plumbing. Pavements have been laid now, of course, and magnificent drives lead out of the city. Residences of the rich have been built alike in the Mormon and in the Gentile section, large mercantile establishments have taken the place of adobe huts; but the stalwart with which the city was laid out has become plainer with every improvement.

The street whereon the "Beehive" was built was planned for the fine official residence of the President of the Church, which has been completed more recently, and the square that was set aside for the Tabernacle is large enough to hold the new Temple also. There is nothing lacking in site or plan to make the city a religious capital. And all that appeals to the religious zeal of the Mormons has appealed to the appreciation of the Gentiles. It appeals to the admiration also of all visitors. There are no hills nor hollows in the city proper, except where its outskirts have begun to extend up the slope of the mountains, which not much farther backward becomes inaccessible. It is on one of these slopes that the founder of the city is buried, and around his grave is a plain iron fence. From this eminence a view is commanded of the whole city. It is extending year by year further over the valley, but there is not yet a single narrow street, not a house wherein the sunlight cannot find its way, nor one whereby a stream does not run, and from which perpetual snow is not visible.


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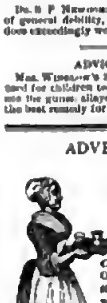

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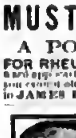

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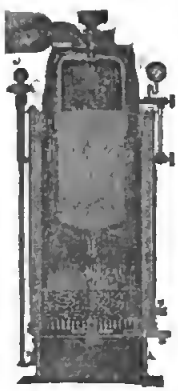

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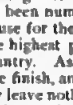

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*Dear Sir,*—Please receive my thanks for the very excellent pair of shoes received to-day. They could not fit better, and are very satisfactory. I am obliged to you for your kindness and promptness. Yours very respectfully, JAMES L. STEVENS, Westerville, Wis. (P.O. Box 104.)

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. FAIRMONT, W. Va., Aug. 16, 1880.

*Dear Sir,*—I received my shoes some days ago by registered letter, and am well pleased with them. One of our dealers said that he would have to sell the same shoes here for $4.00. Now, I wish to thank you for your kindness in sending the circular to me, and thereby saving me $2.00. Hoping to be a customer of yours in the future, I remain, yours truly, WM. A. BRAZIE.

Mr. DOUGLAS. PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 1, 1880.

*Dear Sir,*—I purchased of your agent of this city, R. Warburton & Co., North Main Street, a pair of your $2.00 Lace Shoes, one year and four months ago. I have worn them every day in all weather since; have had them tapped and heeled once during that time, and have had them tapped and heeled to-day for the second time. The uppers are as good as the day I bought them, there are no cracks or breaking out, and they are the best $2.00 Shoe I ever purchased, and I have purchased some more $3.00 ones. I think, if a man is making an honest article at a fair price (in these times of fraud and deceit), he ought to be encouraged. I shall recommend the Douglas $2.00 Shoe. Yours truly, C. LIVERMORE, Providence, R. I.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1559.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. F. RYDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE MR. ARTHUR'S ARTICLE ON "THE LABOR MOVEMENT," PAGE 714.]

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*A brief prospectus was printed in this column last week of some of the attractions that may be expected in the new volume, from which it will be seen that the conductors of this popular periodical have spared neither thought, pains, nor expense in order to provide for their young readers the best and most interesting reading, accompanied by the most attractive illustrations.*

*In the opening number is given the first installment of a story in three parts, entitled*

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*The serial story for boys, entitled "The Flamingo Feather," is continued, and will run for several weeks in the new volume.*

*The principal illustrations in the current number are "Come, O Come with Me!" by F. S. CHURCH, N. A., and*

OUR LITTLE LOVE,

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

*The latter is accompanied by a poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

*Other interesting articles in this number are "Winter Training for Athletes," by J. A. HODGE, JR., "Music and the Brute Creation," by* FRANK BELLEW, *and "One Little Injun," by* MARGARET EUBA DITTO.

*The fact that* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *comes every week, instead of at a longer interval, is one of the reasons for its great popularity among its youthful public.*

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1886

## THE CITY ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

THE result of the Mayoralty election in New York will be known when this paper is issued. It has been a contest of extraordinary interest and excitement, and it has disposed effectually of the objection to a separate municipal election, that it would be impossible to awaken general interest in it. This year the general interest has been overwhelming, and it has entirely superseded that in the election of Judge of Appeals or of members of Congress and the Legislature. This would be still more remarkable since the city vote is very largely Democratic, and the nominations were made by the two parties, except for the fact that the nomination of Mr. HENRY GEORGE by the labor unions introduced an incalculable element into the canvass, and the estimates of his probable vote ranged from 15,000 to 60,000. The registration was very large, amounting to 20,000 more names than last year, and almost equalling the great registration of a Presidential year. Upon this number, and upon the probable distribution of the vote according to its party proportion and a guess at the GEORGE vote, the computations were made, and they were probably very unsatisfactory to those who made them.

It was also impossible to agree upon the real issues of the canvass. The nomination of Mr. GEORGE seemed to us to present the simple question whether parties to carry a city election should be organized upon a recognized hostility of class, as of the poor against the rich, or of labor against capital, and as that is an intolerable basis for organization for such a purpose, the support of Mr. HEWITT as a man of the highest character, courage, and conviction, and of proved executive ability, seemed to be the natural course of all citizens who wished to accept the challenge offered by the nomination of Mr. GEORGE. That challenge lay not in the fact of an organization of men who live by wages to secure what they hold to be their rights, but in the fact that the proposed organization had no definite or intelligent policy of city government, but was a mere combination of heterogeneous elements ranging from anarchists to philanthropists, and in the further fact that by no possibility could the wrongs which were said to exist be redressed by the Mayor, who is merely the head of a municipal corporation. This challenge should have been accepted, but as it was supposed that Mr. GEORGE'S vote would be drawn mainly from the Democrats, the Republicans decided that there was at least a chance of electing a Republican Mayor, and so nominated Mr. ROOSEVELT, and raised a cry against Mr. HEWITT as a feeble tool of Tammany corruption, insisting that the GEORGE vote was unimportant, and that the real contest lay between Mr. HEWITT, enslaved by Tammany, and Mr. ROOSEVELT, an acknowledged and proved municipal reformer. Yet if the GEORGE vote were really unimportant, Mr. HEWITT, the sole Democratic candidate in a Democratic city, was sure to be elected, and the hope of electing Mr. ROOSEVELT was chimerical; while if the GEORGE vote were not unimportant, the candidacy of Mr. ROOSEVELT would divide the opposition, and aid Mr. GEORGE. It was a game in the dark, played with a great deal of fury. But the situation was one in which honest men might very sincerely differ.

Whatever the result may prove to be, there is one thing that should be remembered: Mr. GEORGE, whether elected or not, will be found to have received undoubtedly a very considerable vote. He has been opposed by a very large number of good citizens not because of any doubt of his sincerity or of his humane purpose, but because, as we have said, of the total irrelevance of his social and industrial views to the purposes of a city election, and because of the fact that his candidacy was supported as their own by the most disorderly and dangerous classes in the community, whose passions must have been perilously stimulated by what he was daily reported to have said. But the thing to be remembered is that his vote, however large it may prove to be, is not a vote exclusively of anarchists and communists and wild revolutionists. While such persons undoubtedly voted for him, he was supported also by men like the Rev. HEBER NEWTON, and the Rev. JAMES HUNTINGTON, and Father MCGLYNN, and Mr. WINGATE, and Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW, who represent very many citizens who are no more anarchists or revolutionists than the supporters of Mr. HEWITT or of Mr. ROOSEVELT. The danger of their position in such a controversy is its association. They do for the occasion make common cause with the worst elements of society—by which, of course, we do not mean labor unions and organizations—and such associations would, in case of success, overpower the voters of whom we speak, and not be controlled by them. The GEORGE vote also includes that of multitudes of honest and earnest working-men, who hope in this way peacefully and legally to assist movements for the general improvement of their condition. All these different views and motives must be borne in mind in looking at the result, whatever it may be. There is no doubt of the existence of a large criminal and dangerous class in New York which has rejoiced in what it felt to be its opportunity in the contest which is just closed. But while this is never to be forgotten, if Mr. GEORGE'S vote should be as large as has been anticipated by some sanguine speculators, it must not be held to show that there are twenty or sixty thousand anarchists in the city.

## PARTIES.

LORD ROSEBERY, the especial friend of Mr. GLADSTONE, who is supposed to express Mr. GLADSTONE'S views most truly, has made a speech looking to a reunion of the Liberal party in England. But such a result is hardly attainable without a sacrifice upon one side or the other which would be very difficult, if not impossible. Lord ROSEBERY intimates that he might accept almost any conditions of reunion except two: first, renunciation of Mr. GLADSTONE as leader, and second, abandonment of his Irish policy. But as these are the two precise points upon which the Liberal breach occurred, the prospect of reunion by general acquiescence upon them is most improbable. Moreover, a party seldom unites after such a breach so long as the old leaders remain leaders still. In a certain sense, indeed, the great English parties are indissoluble. There is always a Tory party and a Liberal party, and certain great houses are traditionally attached to one or the other. There are Tory or Conservative families, and Whig or Liberal families. But the party course or policy may change from time to time. Mr. DISRAELI, as the Tory leader, adopted the Whig policy of an extension of the suffrage, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL now aims to adopt a large part of the Liberal programme. So far as parties are based upon individual temperament or interest, rather than upon measures or a specific policy, they are continuous.

In this country the Federal, Whig, and Republican parties have represented the national and progressive spirit; the Anti-constitutionalists, Jeffersonian Republicans, and JACKSON Democrats, the separatist and reactionary tendency. But the measures favored by these two general divisions have not been always strictly harmonious with this original and essential character, and party leaders like CALHOUN and WEBSTER, so far as policies were concerned, have changed sides without renouncing their fundamental political disposition. The English Liberal party has divided upon the great and vital question of Ireland, as the Whig party in the United States divided and disappeared upon the question of slavery, and as the Democratic party divided upon the question of the war for the Union. When the dividing question is settled, and the partizan tend by the temperament and sympathy of voters to cohere again, the new form is not the same. In this country the disintegration of the parties as they were organized and acted upon the issues growing out of slavery is surely proceeding. There is sometimes an impatient demand for a new party, or a man decides to act with the existing party which is most satisfactory to his convictions upon certain questions. But identification with a party can be the result only of a strong sympathy with its great object and its general spirit and character. Neither of our parties, however, now has a chief purpose. The majority of Republicans probably are protectionists, but the Republican party was not organized upon that issue. The majority of the Democrats are perhaps revenue reformers, but reform is not the party policy. A man may be a protectionist like Mr. RANDALL, but he is still a Democratic leader. He may be a revenue reformer like the Republicans in the four Minnesota districts, but he is no less a Republican. In party association, tradition and character count for much. But when a question or a group of questions sweeps a man forward by his strong convictions out of a party, he does not naturally join another, but he is drawn to other men of the same sympathy from other parties, and such men together form a new party.

This is a result not to be hastened or improvised. Dissatisfaction with one party is not a reason for joining another, which may be for other reasons equally unsatisfactory. No intelligent man, of course, will expect all the men with whom he acts to be models of virtue, nor all the measures of a party to be the embodiment of celestial wisdom. But certainly he will not permit that consideration to drive him to vote for Jonathan Wild because he doesn't like Captain Kidd. A political orator recently said that independent voters think themselves to be made of finer clay than the ordinary pottery of humanity. Oh no! They merely think that common honesty and ordinary decency are not altogether impracticable in politics, and that your vote must be determined by your conscience and your common-sense. That is not a principle incompatible with identifying yourself with a party, although it will preserve your independence and self-respect in political action. Lord HARTINGTON is a hereditary English Liberal. He was a warm friend and admirer of Mr. GLADSTONE, of whom he did not permit himself to say an unkind word while he opposed his return to power after he proposed his Irish policy. But Lord HARTINGTON will hardly allow the argument, that if he would accomplish anything he must belong to a party, to force him to renew his connection with Mr. GLADSTONE, whom he thinks to be a dangerous leader, or to support an Irish policy which he holds to be a dissolution of the empire. He has accomplished a good deal by refusing to belong to a party in a situation where he could not identify himself with either. But Lord HARTINGTON does not deny, probably, that great public results are to be achieved only by organization. Perhaps he would say, however, that the fact that you can cross the ocean only in a boat is not a reason for embarking in a leaky tub.

## MONEY IN POLITICS.

DURING the recent canvass the nomination for the Governorship of several States of candidates whose only apparent qualification was money, and who certainly would never have been nominated if they had not been rich, is another illustration of the growing power of money in politics. Mr. SCHURZ called attention to this fact in a letter upon the Massachusetts election, and Mr. ANDREW, who was nominated by the Democrats in that State, took a manly and self-respecting course by declaring immediately that he should spend no money to secure his election. His word suddenly silenced the charge so far as he was concerned, for his word is as unquestionable as his father's. The general consciousness of the danger was illustrated by the comments upon the PAYNE debate in the Senate last spring, and a communication of Mr. W. M. DICKSON to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, in the form of a petition to the Governor of Illinois for the commutation of the sentence of the anarchists at Chicago, says plainly what is widely felt: "'Boodle' is king, dominating Legislatures, and now enthroned in the Senate."

At the late election Mr. JAMES WOOD, of Mount Kisco, in New York, was nominated by the Republicans for Congress in the Fourteenth or Westchester District. His letter of acceptance was mainly a vigorous exposition of the evil arising from the use of money in elections, and he declared plainly that he should not spend a dollar in the canvass beyond the necessary expenses for printing. In the Fishkill Assembly District Mr. J. HERVEY COOK was nominated by the Democrats, and his letter of acceptance also declared that a candidate should be selected for his fitness, and should not be expected to humiliate and degrade himself by yielding to the demand for money. These were plain recognitions of the fact that elections are now often decided by money. Such corruption, of course, is no new thing. Even in Massachusetts a quarter of a century ago a Republican member of Congress said that a first election to Congress would cost the candidate the salary for his first term. It is the present extent of the evil, and the general acquiescence in it as unavoidable, which are startling. The number of fitting men who can now afford to serve the public is constantly smaller, and as it dwindles, the number of those who make a trade of politics rapidly increases.

The remedy for this peril lies finally, of course, in public opinion. A first practical step has been taken in the restriction of patronage effected by the civil

service reform law. This, when duly extended, will prevent at least the use of the public money for private and personal political ends. This, however, still leaves the prostitution of private wealth to political corruption untouched. But it is possible to restrict this in a great degree by stringent laws limiting election expenses, which can be rigidly enforced when public opinion demands. The absolute extinction of such evils, as of all other crimes for which the laws provide penalties, is not to be expected. But the laws are none the less serviceable. The penalties for theft and murder are not abolished because there are still burglaries and homicides; and strict laws regulating the sale of liquor greatly reduce the evil and the enormous cost of drunkenness, although there are saloons and sots still. A sound and energetic public opinion can make it as discreditable to open a "bar'l" for political purposes as it is to drink at a public bar.

## MR. HENRY GEORGE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY for the week ending October 23 there was a cartoon illustrating a remark of Mr. HENRY GEORGE, as reported in the New York *Sun*, as follows: "With all its drawbacks, and horrors, and shortcomings, the great epoch of the French Revolution, now but a century gone, is about to repeat itself here." Mr. GEORGE immediately addressed the following note to the proprietors of the WEEKLY:

"GENTLEMEN,—It is impossible for me to reply to the many misrepresentations I find in the daily press, but the high character of your WEEKLY prompts me to ask you that the quotation from the *Sun* of October 14, which is made the subject of a cartoon in the current issue of the WEEKLY, is utterly false, as you may see by reference to the reports of other papers of the same date. Were it true, your artist might with propriety have given me an ass's head. With much respect, yours truly, HENRY GEORGE."

We should be very sorry to misrepresent the views or words of Mr. GEORGE or of any other man. Upon referring to the reports of other papers we find that the *Herald* of the 14th reports Mr. GEORGE as saying:

"With all its drawbacks, with all its shortcomings, with all its horrors, the noblest epoch in modern history is the great French Revolution. And this movement that is beginning here is but the continuation of that work. 'Liberty, equality, and fraternity,' the motto of the republic of France that breathes freedom, is the platform that embodies the ideas and aspirations of this movement."

The *Times* of the 14th reports the remark as follows:

"The noblest epoch in modern history was the great French Revolution, and this movement beginning here is but a continuation of that work."

The *Evening Post* of the 14th quotes the report of the *Sun*. The *Sun* of the 15th October reports Mr. GEORGE as saying on the evening of the 14th:

"Some of you have heard me say that this is to be the forerunner of the coming revolution. The revolution is to be a peaceful one. This is a class movement—the uprising of the working-men, the revolt of the disinherited class claiming their share of the wealth their toil produces."

Mr. GEORGE'S letter reached us too late for publication in our issue of last week, and we regret that he did not immediately and peremptorily denounce to the *Sun* the falsity of its report, although, as reported in the other papers, the remark was most unfortunate. A public speaker has great responsibilities, and nothing could be surer of perversion to the worst purposes than such remarks addressed to such audiences. They are like Governor SEYMOUR'S speech at the Academy of Music a few days before the draft riots of 1863, which the speech, however designed, certainly stimulated. Mr. GEORGE will not forget that the worst crimes of the French Revolution were committed in the name of liberty, equality, and fraternity. It is true that the savagery and unspeakable atrocities of that Revolution were the reaction against horrible and hereditary oppression. They are the eternal and terrible warning against every form of tyranny, whether of organized rank, or organized capital, or organized labor. But no intelligent man, speaking to an excited multitude of less intelligent men, will appeal to the French Revolution as the noblest epoch in modern history without preventing by the most careful discrimination and explanation the disastrous effect which otherwise his words must produce upon such hearers. He may mean legality and peace. They will mean dynamite and the torch; and he is morally bound to know it, and if he takes the attitude of a teacher, to teach according to that knowledge.

## THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

We call attention to an article under this title in another part of this paper. It is by Mr. P. M. ARTHUR, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and it is well worthy the most attentive reading and consideration. It takes sides neither against labor nor capital, because it does not admit any essential hostility between them, while it concedes that there is an ancient and irremediable controversy between work and idleness.

Mr. ARTHUR holds that when industrial differences arise they cannot be settled by fury and violence, but only by moderation and arbitration. Capital, he truly says, cannot afford in the long-run to be oppressive and unjust, because persistence in injustice precipitates violence and injury to both sides. Mr. ARTHUR speaks with authority when he says that the questions of wages and hours of work—questions, we may remark, from which strikes and boycotts spring—with all other differences, have been satisfactorily settled by the Brotherhood.

But this, he thinks, would have been hardly possible had the Brotherhood permitted itself to become also a political organization. It is a labor association exclusively, and such, he thinks, every such fraternity should be. The moment politics are introduced there is an end of that harmony of feeling and action which springs from a common purpose. Mr. ARTHUR'S paper is a timely and very valuable contribution to a discussion which can only be beneficial to every interest in the country.

## A CHANGE.

ONE of the signal achievements of the reform movement is the utter discredit thrown upon political assessments in the civil service. They are not entirely abolished, but they are at an end as a legitimate and general campaign resource. They are forbidden by law, and the public service of the United States is so far relieved of a sore disgrace. The Commissioner of Pensions has recently replied to a letter from the pension agent at San Francisco as follows:

"Your favor of October 15 is just before me. I quote therefrom:

"'The Federal office-holders here have been assessed a fixed amount of their salaries for political purposes, and I am warned that I would consult my interests by paying what I am ordered to pay. Now I desire to do what I have always done, voluntarily pay what I can afford for the proper and necessary expenses of the party, but I dislike to be stood up and ordered to deliver an amount arbitrarily fixed, under the implied threat that my official position is at stake. The committee has come to my office while his demand, which, I think, is an act discountenanced by the civil service law. I would like your advice in the matter.'

"Replying, I beg to state that your view of the situation, to expressed in the above extract from your letter, is in all ways consonant with existing law. There are no circumstances under which any assessment can be levied upon a Federal office-holder and payment thereof compelled. Your official position is not at stake in consequence of the attitude which you have assumed. If you had yielded to the demand of any self-constituted committee, and had paid an assessment, so called, your official position would have been at stake.

"The money earned by a Federal official in the discharge of his duties is as entirely his as is that accumulated from any other source, and is as little subject to be drawn upon by any committee, organization, or individual save its rightful owner."

This is the strongest and most satisfactory document of the kind that we recall as proceeding from the Pension Office.

But the change of public feeling is shown almost as significantly by the tone of the following letter from the Democratic Committee of Indiana:

"ROOMS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE
(THE HENDRICKS CLUB ROOMS),
CORNER ILLINOIS STREET AND KENTUCKY AVENUE,
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, September 21, 1886.

"DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on receiving some of the fruits of our grand victory in 1884. We are again in the midst of a hotly conducted campaign, with the same formidable and active party contesting our power and ability to hold control of the State. While you hold a Federal office it is not proper to engage in politics in an offensive way, as to the neglect of your official duties; but, in the language of President CLEVELAND, 'individual interest and activity in political affairs are by no means condemned. Office-holders are neither disfranchised nor forbidden the exercise of political privileges.' Your assistance and counsel, to the end that a thorough organization of the party may be accomplished, is solicited. The preferment you now enjoy is the result of the Democratic victory. Please let me hear from you, and oblige, yours truly,
ED. HENDRICKS, Chairman."

Nothing could be more direct and persuasive. It is a great advance upon the HUBBELL circular. Nothing but "assistance and counsel" are solicited, and "please let me hear from you"; that is, of course, please send your advice by the next mail. To have made the direct assessment a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, and the begging letter a feeble and doubtful cry, is something for reformers to be proud of.

## THE PRIMROSE PATH OF—ORATORY.

A LONDON cable despatch says:

"Lady CHURCHILL opened a Primrose lodge at Bradford to-day. She delivered a piquant political oration, which was enthusiastically received."

But how about "the sphere of woman," and the vulgarity and degradation of refined and lovely ladies mixing in party politics, and the duties of wife and mother, and all the other primrose rhetoric with which the question is usually wreathed? If Lady CHURCHILL, the wife of a duke's son, who is the second man in the British Ministry, may make piquant political orations, shall we still prattle of vulgarity, and unfeminineness, and masculine women, or must we actually admit that the daughter-in-law of a duke, and a bright figure in fashionable life, is—in fact—that is to say—a women's rights woman?

It is not Lady CHURCHILL'S first appearance in this character. Two years ago, before the election, she drove about in a pretty wagon, her horses and herself decorated with primrose ribbons, and solicited votes for her husband. We remember that we then asked, if it were good for—or good form, as the modern phrase puts it—to solicit a voter in his shop, why not several voters in a hall? She has now done it. She has opened a Primrose lodge with a piquant oration. A Primrose lodge is a Tory club. Nothing in the amusing chapters of politics is more comical than the selection of the primrose as the symbolic flower of DISRAELI. It seems like a blot from *Vivian Grey*, and is as mucro as that rollicking novel.

Herr Teufelsdröckh says in *Sartor Resartus* that it is clothes which are generally held to be essential, and that the reception of everything depends largely upon its clothes. When RACHEL acts, or JENNY LIND or MALIBRAN or BOSTAG sings, or Lady CHURCHILL with gay abandon confronts a crowd and talks Tory politics, and opens a Primrose lodge, how fascinating and natural and comme *il faut* the scene! But when it is middle age and earnest speech and spectacles and—horror of horrors!—an umbrella, how unnatural, unrefined, and unwomanly! The question of woman is plainly a question of clothes.

## PERSONAL.

MR. W. GORDON MCCABE, of Petersburg, Virginia, author of *Ballads of Battle and Bravery*, was asked recently, "Who most served the Southern people during the late war as a ballad writer, and who to-day is the leading ballad writer of the South?" He replied: "Our people were so much taken up during the war with the practical business of fighting that ballad writing can scarcely be said to have greatly stirred them. There were some fine battle lyrics written by HENRY TIMROD, JOHN R. THOMPSON, RANDALL, FLASH, TICHNOR, HOYT, and Mrs. PRESTON. It is difficult to say who is the leading ballad writer of the South to-day. Mrs. MARGARET J. PRESTON and JAMES BARRON HOPE would perhaps be named first by the majority of cultured readers who do not mistake rust for fire."

—Professor EDWARDS A. PARK, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, is now seventy-eight years old. His intellectual face attracts attention wherever seen, and he still wears the broad-brimmed high hat whose counterpart is occasionally seen on the streets of Philadelphia. To contemporaneous professors of theology he seems a bulwark of conservatism, but twenty-five years ago he was constantly compelled to defend himself against the charge of liberalism. Dr. PARK is a master of a clear, incisive, and rapid style, and is one of the most stalwart logicians of the age.

—The exhibition of the SHARPLES portraits of the beautiful women of GEORGE WASHINGTON'S administration so times has discovered a very large number of persons who claim to be their descendants, and who have visited the pictures. This feature of the exhibition has given both pleasure and surprise to Major WALTER, who brought the works to this country.

—Said a New York novelist: "Let to build the GRANT monument at once with the $100,000 or more already collected, and let the design be in accordance with Colonel FRED GRANT'S idea; that is to say, a structure somewhat like the Parthenon, or the Sub-Treasury Building in Wall Street—a mausoleum, simple, strong, massive, as was the General's character. Why wait forever for a million dollars and a sphinx?"

—An artist's idea of desolation—the miners' deserted cabins in places near Pittsburgh, where old mines or oil wells have been abandoned, doors ajar open, window panes broken, rooms empty.

—Mr. ABRAM S. HEWITT speaks of his late father-in-law, Mr. PETER COOPER, as a pure and noble soul, whose large fortune was gained by honest industry during a lifetime prolonged to ninety-three years, and consecrated to the public good.

—Mr. HOMER D. MARTIN, the landscape painter, is about to return to New York after a residence of five years in Normandy.

—ROBSON and CRANE, the comedians, who began their Shakespearian interpretations with "the two Dromios," find difficulty in selecting Shakespearian plays which offer to them parts equally important. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Mr. CRANE as Falstaff fills the stage, while Mr. ROBSON as Slender has little to do, and that little of little moment. But Mr CRANE explains that in their next Shakespearian drama their positions will be reversed, and Mr ROBSON will monopolize the honors.

—The Hawaiian King has established a station for shipwrecked mariners at Cure, or Ocean Island, in the Pacific, 1200 miles west of Honolulu. This action was prompted by the wreck of the British ship *Dunnottar Castle* last July, and the hardships endured by a part of the crew, who spent fifty-two days in an open boat trying to reach Honolulu. The relief expedition which was despatched by King KALAKAUA found that the men left on the island had been rescued by a passing ship. The United States man-of-war *Seymour* was wrecked on this island more than thirty years ago, and a boat partially finished by her crew was found by those latest visitors.

—Among the notable weddings in Chicago last week was that of Miss HELEN SHEDD, daughter of Professor DAVID SHEDD, whose trial for heresy by the Presbyterian Church eight years ago created a sensation in the West, and resulted in the organization of the Central Church, of which Professor SHEDD is still pastor.

—The King and Queen of Corea show signs of civilization. They have discarded native doctors, who know less of medicine than the Chinese. The King is attended by Dr. N. H. ALLEN, a European, who is forced to appear before the monarch in a dress suit and pumps. The Queen is under the care of a female physician from Boston.

—Monsignor CAPEL has nearly ready for the printer two books on which he has been working for the last six months. These are, *Why I am a Catholic*, and *Observations on Catholicism in the United States*." The monsignore is still living on the VALLEJAS ranch, near Sacramento, California.

—Mr. WILDE BARRETT'S first histrionic effort in this country was made at the reception given to him by the Lotos Club about two weeks ago. It was a recital of WILL CARLETON'S well-known poem "Gone with a Handsomer Man"—one of the *Farm Ballads*—which was rendered with such effect as to move many of the audience to tears.

—Mr ROBERT GRANT read at the October meeting of the Papyrus Club in Boston a clever skit satirizing both the idealistic and realistic extremes in fiction, through a dialogue between representatives of the two schools, who were endeavoring to collaborate in a short love-story of the people.

—Mr. DAVID NEAL, the painter of "Oliver Cromwell and John Milton," who has lived in Munich so long that he always says "our King," although he was born in Maine, has been painting portraits for some months in Boston, but now goes to San Francisco to execute commissions indirectly obtained for him through some of his work exhibited for Mrs Mane Hopkins.

—The State of Kentucky proposes to honor itself by doing honor to the body of her distinguished sculptor JOEL T. HART. An appropriation has been made by the Legislature for suitable funeral services, in recognition of the genius of the man who modelled the statue of HENRY CLAY at Louisville, and who was a true artist and a true Southern.

—Mr. O'DONOVAN'S new bronze statue of GEORGE WASHINGTON for the $50,000 Newburgh monument represents the General as being four inches longer in the trunk than ordinary mortals, and the same girth around the hips that he is beneath the armpits. The ideal Greek woman, as represented by the Venus of Milo, resembles GEORGE WASHINGTON in this matter of girth.

—Miss CLARA MORRIS played Camille at the Union Square Theatre at a 2 o'clock matinée, and owing to the fatiguing "waits" between the acts, the audience did not leave until 6 15 P.M. It was a severe test of an actress's popularity, but she bore it without flinching and without loss. The "waits" are generally the result of producing a play before the preparations for it are completed. Managers lose more through the disappointment of their audiences than they would lose by postponing production.

—On October 23, 1886, JOHN WENTWORTH, than a brawny youth of twenty-one, reached Chicago from Vermont. He is still a resident of the Western metropolis, his home having always been within two blocks of the intersection of Lake and Randolph streets. He was one of the early Mayors of Chicago, has been her Representative in Congress, and is known all over the land as "Long JOHN WENTWORTH," the patronymic being invariably dropped by Chicagoans when speaking of him. The fiftieth anniversary of his arrival was to have been celebrated by a banquet, at which many prominent men were to have been present, but an attack of rheumatism from which Mr WENTWORTH is suffering prevented the carrying out of the plan.

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AT THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY J. V. CHELMINSKI.

## THE HORSE SHOW.

It is said for the horse show at Madison Square Garden this year that it excels the exhibition of a year ago for the reason that it is not so large. There have been some horses in previous shows that it is only fair to class as ordinary, but the managers declare that this year's exhibition is clean cut, and that the three hundred horses entered are the best to be found in America. The display of carriage-horses is called phenomenal. All the owners of fine horses and equipages in this city have been interested, and the exhibit is far superior to any that has been afforded in previous years. There will be a famous display of single high-steppers driven to dog-carts, probably on the afternoon of November 3. Twenty-three fine animals have been entered for this contest. The display of hunters will be large, and leaping and jumping in the ring will be a prominent feature of the show. Among the horses which will compete for the prizes offered for high jumping will be Mr. FERNANDO GARRARD'S Leo and Peter. The horse Leo, just back from England, holds the record at high jumping, having cleared six feet and six inches. This class also includes Puck, the winner of last year's prize. The entries in the saddle-horse class are numerous, and include many ladies' horses and hacks.

The display of four-in-hand coaches is set down for the afternoon of November 4. Either seven or eight coaches will take part, and the exhibition should be exceptionally fine.

The entries of thorough-bred stallions include the famous Duke of Magenta. The great trotting stallion Pancoast, recently purchased by a Brooklyn gentleman for $20,000, has never been seen here, and his appearance is awaited with great interest. The trotting stallions include also Don Cossack and King Wilkes.

Another feature which creates considerable interest is the exhibition of the "Road-rig Class." This will be a display of turn-outs equipped for the road, and which will be judged according to the thoroughness and excellence of their appointments.

Nine tandems will be shown for the different prizes offered. In this display as in the display of the four-in-hands there will be an exhibition of fine driving. The tandem team which forms the subject of our illustration is the property of Mr. W. E. D. STOKES.

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FRÉDÉRIC AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT OF THE PEDESTAL.

GENERAL CHARLES P. STONE, ENGINEER OF THE PEDESTAL.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

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## THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

THE labor agitation which has prevailed throughout the country during the past twelve months will, I believe, work out good instead of evil in the end. There is a growing feeling among working men and capitalists that moderation, conciliation, and arbitration must be had. The good sense of American workmen and the fairness, on the whole, of employers will not long admit of differences hurtful alike to the interests of both. The two interests will come together and adjust themselves to the plain necessities of the situation. The great business communities and industrial centres cannot tolerate coercion on either side. Capital cannot afford to be overbearing, and labor cannot turn from peaceful channels without injury. What is needed and what the times require is full and fair consideration for both sides. This can be obtained through arbitration. Great wrrs have been averted by just agencies. National instincts throughout the world favor its exercise more and more in settling difficulties between one nationality and another. So potent an agency remains be overlooked in adjusting the labor problems now commanding wide interest and attention throughout civilized lands.

It commends itself to the good feeling which underlies the conduct of fair-minded men who may honestly differ. Neither the capitalist nor the laborer is wholly wrong. There is right on both sides. No one will justify oppressions complained of by candid and industrious working men. The simple statement of their case will command public sympathy and approval. On the other hand, the public at large will promptly condemn the wilful destruction of property and the interruption of business. It is also prompt to disapprove of interference with private rights. As I have written before, there is room enough for every one in a country like this, and every man disposed to work must be allowed to find the chance. The working man of to-day may be the capitalist five or ten years from now. He is interested in the considerate and friendly adjustment of all industrial questions. Capitalists and corporations are equally interested in the settlement so he hoped for. There can be no long antagonism. While the great problems touching capital and labor are under consideration, forbearance must be practised, and a willingness must be shown by the employers of labor and by working men themselves to settle all existing troubles in a frank and manly way. Labor must have its just rights, and a fair return for its service. The whole country will insist on achieving this result. Also it will insist on the proper remuneration of capital. The sense of fairness among the people will see that all sides are dealt with equitably and justly. Moderation and arbitration are the two great instrumentalities to be used. Capital and labor are ripe for the adjustment.

But the very conception of arbitration implies organization of working-men—compact organization. That a good labor organization is a good thing I maintain, but that a heterogeneous mass of men engaged in divers occupations can combine interests satisfactorily to form an organization which shall serve all and with equal justice, I very much doubt. "And if this could be done," I said in my recent address to the International Convention of Locomotive Engineers, "time has proved satisfactorily to the Brotherhood that it is sufficient unto itself. What the Brotherhood is and what it has accomplished in the result of long-continued, patient work. Not until there is nothing more to be done for the Brotherhood can it afford to become interested in other things foreign to the order."

The members of the Brotherhood have taken, upon the adoption of their motto, "Sobriety, Truth, Justice, and Morality," a strong stand for right. Right alone for itself, and in itself considered, stands upon a broad basis, and is the only lasting foundation upon which a man can build. We sometimes heatedly allude to our rights; talk of the usurpation of our rights. Left the matter, and what have you? Our rights are limited to one neighbor's wrong; beyond we may not go. Justice, however, steps in as mediator, and demands a close adjustment of things, that equity may be maintained and the welfare of all promoted, whether it be that of the greatest or least. I have no sympathy for non-co-operation with any class or set of men who base their claims upon the principle that might is right, and the rich now die poor a living. No man has a right to anything that does not come to him through the channel of honest acquirement. If you would have name, fame, or wealth, you must work for them.

Much has been said and more written concerning the antagonism between capital and labor. To my mind there is no such thing. Between work and idleness there has never been any feeling other than antagonistic, and it is those of the latter class who are attempting to poison the minds of the industrious. There seems to be generally prevalent an idea that all capitalists are rich, whereas the truth is that on great business enterprise is owned and controlled by one man, but by many, each contributing something toward the mighty whole. I will venture to say that most men of thrifty, industrial habits are capitalists. When we consider that capital is only invested wealth, I hope that every working-man can count himself a capitalist, be his pile ever so small. There is a dignity to the very effort to save with a worthy purpose, even though the attempt should not be crowned with eventual success. It produces a well-regulated mind; it gives prudence a triumph over extravagance; it gives virtue the mastery over vice; it puts the passions under control; it drives away care; it secures comfort. Saved money, however little, will serve to dry up many a tear, ill ward off many sorrows and heart-burnings which otherwise might prey upon us. Possessed of a little store of capital, a man walks with a lighter step; his heart beats more cheerily. When interruption of work or adversity happens, he can meet it; he can reflect on his capital, which will either break his fall or prevent it altogether. By prudential economy we can evolve the dignity of man, life will be a blessing and old age an honor.

Indeed, the desire to accumulate forms one of the most powerful instruments for the regeneration of society. It provides the basis for individual energy and activity. It is the beginning of maritime and commercial enterprise. It is the foundation of industry as well as of independence. It impels men to labor, to invent, and so excel. No idle or thriftless man ever becomes great. It is among those who never lost a moment that we find the men who have moved and advanced the world by their learning, their science, or their inventions. Labor of some sort is one of the conditions of existence. The thought has come down to us from pagan times that "labor is the price which the gods have set upon all that is excellent." The thought is also worthy of Christian times. Most men have it in their power by prudent arrangements to defend themselves against adversity, and to throw up a barrier against destitution. They can do this by their own individual efforts, or by acting on the principle of co-operation, which is capable of an almost indefinite extension. People of the most humble condition, by combining their means and associating together, are enabled in many ways to defend themselves against the pressure of poverty, to promote their physical well-being, and even to advance the progress of the nation. A solitary individual may be able to do very little to advance and improve society, but when he combines with his fellows for the purpose, he can do a very great deal. Civilization itself is but the effect of combining.

Such are my views, which are the result of my experience and observation as the chief officer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, concerning the necessity and the benefits of the organization of labor, concerning the right principle and the effectiveness of arbitration, and concerning the desirability of every workman becoming a capitalist by saving, for its own sake, and because it prepares the way for a more general establishment of co-operative. These are legitimate purposes and results of labor organizations. The organization over which I have the honor to preside, by observing these principles of action, has during the past year satisfactorily adjusted grievances on ten different roads. While it did not obtain all the men desired in every instance, it did, however, succeed in securing an increase of wages, and established rules for their future protection. We do not believe in asking for more than a fair and just compensation, commensurate with the services rendered. In all dealings with the railway companies and the men, the officers of the Brotherhood endeavor to be governed by the golden rule, which in the rule of the Brotherhood—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." We concede to every man the same rights and privileges we claim for ourselves. Following this principle, the Brotherhood's relations with the railway officials are of the most friendly character. The members employed upon the Texas Pacific and Missouri Pacific roads and based here acted in a heroic and manly way during the strikes inaugurated by the Knights of Labor upon those roads. They were threatened, in order to induce them to abandon their engines and join the strikers, but they remained firm and true to the contract made with the company, winning for themselves and the Brotherhood at large the respect and admiration of all fair-minded men. Their loyalty and devotion to principle have convinced railway managers that a contract with the Brotherhood will be kept inviolate, and they will not hesitate in the future to enter into one when circumstances require it.

But labor organizations, like all other human agencies, have a limitation to their proper field of activity. If their legitimate and primary purpose be the improvement by association and organization of their members, both as men and as workmen, and the securing for them by united action a fair return for their labor and healthful conditions of work, it follows that when any organization goes beyond these primary and legitimate purposes it becomes to that extent something more than a labor organization, and it must expect to be criticised and judged by its actions. Thus an organization which makes combinations for public offices is a political organization. No matter if it is made up only of men who are working-men, if it does what a political organization does, it thereby becomes a political organization, and as such it will be and ought to be judged. When it reaches that point it becomes a subject of discussion and criticism from a political point of view, and not as a labor organization pure and simple.

The question whether a labor organization ought to become also a political organization is one that the members of every organization must answer for themselves. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is a labor organization pure and simple, and has had no inclination to convert itself into a political body. It has consequently met with none of those difficulties which have overtaken some other organizations. No man's politics enters the order, and the order has not had any dissensions about theories of government which have disturbed others. It is as citizens and not as engineers that the men study these questions and vote on them—every one as he pleases, and it is as engineers and men of trustworthy character, and not as voters, that they are members of the Brotherhood. The experience of the Brotherhood in dealing with the questions of wages and hours of work, and all the questions that arise between employer and employé, has been satisfactory, and this being so, the purely social and political questions, I think, ought to be dealt with as purely social and political questions, and from my point of view they do not form a part of the labor question, properly considered, at all.

P. M. ARTHUR,
Grand Chief of the Br. of Loco. Eng.

## THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

An intensely disagreeable day, with a late November chill in the atmosphere and an incessant drizzle of cold rain, the streets muddy from the effects of a rainfall of thirty-six hours' duration, and the harbor overhung with a curtain of mist: these were the conditions under which New York on Thursday, October 28, undertook to provide for the edification of the nation a pageant commensurate with the importance of the unveiling of BARTHOLDI'S colossal statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. The successful carrying out to nearly all its details of an elaborate programme, the spectacular effects of which were designed for a sunshiny day, in spite of an autumn rain storm, may be taken as proving that the American love for liberty is as mere summer-day or fair weather affection. The President of the United States and the members of his cabinet stood for hours on an unsheltered platform at Madison Square, in the mist and drizzle, watching a procession miles in length move along the muddy streets on its way to the Battery, and along the entire line of march men, women, and children stood in compact wall.

It was a proud day for the man whose name is inseparably connected with the statue of Liberty, and whose picture, in connection with the portraits of General CHARLES P. STONE, the chief engineer of the pedestal, and Mr RICHARD M. HUNT, the architect, is published on another page of this issue. As M. AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI stood there in the presence of a sea of faces, with his shoulder touching that of Comte de Lesseps, and surrounded by a group of eminent Frenchmen who had crossed the Atlantic as accredited representatives of France at the formal dedication of the statue—as he beheld the President of this republic standing bareheaded in the rain, returning the salutes of an army of Americans who were marching to the water-front for a glimpse of the Goddess his art had created—his thoughts must have gone back twenty years to that memorable gathering at the house of M. LABOULAYE at Glatigny, near Versailles, when the idea originated that culminated in this noble emblem of Liberty.

The story has many times been told. M. BARTHOLDI was then thirty-two years of age. He was an Alsatian sculptor of Italian parentage. That he was a patriot as well as an artist was proved by the part he took in the Franco-Prussian war, when, laying down his chisel, he took up the sword, and served with distinction as a soldier. He was in the Army of the East, and took part in the gallant defence of Belfort, in the northeast of France, which THIERS refused to surrender to BISMARCK. The "Lion of Belfort," which is one of the notable colossi of the world, being 91 by 93 feet in dimensions, and carved from a block of red Vosges stone, was conceived and executed by BARTHOLDI in commemoration of that defence. Throughout the Franco-Prussian war the soldier-sculptor had carried in his mind the memory of the conversation at the house of M. LABOULAYE, when, the talk having turned upon the subject of nation's gratitude to nation, M. LABOULAYE had said that in the United States the love for LAFAYETTE proved America's gratitude to France, and had suggested that united French and American effort could in his opinion be welded in the successful erection of a monument typical not only of American independence, but of human liberty.

General STONE, who is sometimes known as Brown Pasha, having served with distinction as an officer of the Khedive of Egypt, has been the chief engineer of construction of the magnificent pedestal upon which the figure of Liberty in to-day standing. Throughout the long and despondent period during which the work of building the pedestal languished for want of funds, General STONE never lost heart, and when the revival of the work was rendered possible, he resumed it with no activity and ability which won for him the gratitude of the American Committee. For the artistic excellence of the design of the pedestal Mr RICHARD M. HUNT has long since received the fullest possible measure of praise.

While the procession was still passing down Fifth Avenue and Broadway to the Battery, a magnificent naval parade was taking place in the North River. A fleet of nearly three hundred vessels, led by the ships of the North Atlantic Squadron and several French men-of-war, and followed by gaily decked vessels of every conceivable shape and size, steamed in a grand procession to the vicinity of Bedloe's Island, where later in the afternoon President CLEVELAND and as many guests as the island could well accommodate were landed.

After a prayer by the Rev Dr STORRS, the Comte de Lesseps was introduced, and made a brief speech on the part of France, and then Senator WILLIAM M. EVARTS, in an extended address, delivered the states to the people of the United States through the President. M. BARTHOLDI himself with trembling hand pulled the covering from the face of the great statue, and when the roar of the answering cannons had in a measure subsided, President CLEVELAND, in a few words, accepted the gift. M. W. A. LEVAITER, as the accredited representative of the French nation, made a short address, and the ceremonies were brought to an end by an eloquent address from Mr CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. Had the night been less stormy the harbor would have been rendered brilliant with a wondrous display of fireworks, but the feature of the pageant was postponed until the first clear evening.

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXX.

ALAS! POOR BESS!

ALAS! poor Bess!

You have heard how she spent the first day, and with what a heavy heart she went in bed in the morning she plucked up heart a little. As for what the Lieutenant said to her father, what matter if he did say that she was already married? It was his joke—Jack would ever have his joke. He had been busy all day. The evening he must needs spend with the Admiral, his patron and benefactor. But he would not—he could not—fail to see her the second day. So again she dressed in her best, and repaired early to her place in the Apothecary's parlor, where she took her seat and waited. But she laughed no longer, nor did the prattle. Jack came not; he was in London, taking a lodging in Ryder Street, and buying brave things in which to walk upon his Lordship. And the third day she went again—but now with white cheeks and heavy eyes, and she rocked herself to and fro, replying anything, whatever Mr Brinjes might say to her.

In the afternoon of that day I went in search of her, being anxious, and dreading mischief.

"I know not," said Mr Westmoreland, getting off the stool—"I know not, indeed, Mr Luke, what hath happened to the girl, nor where she is, unless she is in Mr Brinjes's parlor, where most of her days are spent. These three days she hath forgotten to give me any meals, and hath left me alone all day; while in the evening, when I come home, the either sits mum or she goes upstairs. Nothing disturbs the mind in the midst of logarithms more than a doubt whether there will be any dinner or cut or any supper. At this time of the year I commonly look for soft cheese and a cucumber. But now I have to get what I can. I know not what ails her. If I did know, I question whether I could find any remedy, seeing that she is so headstrong. Sometimes I doubt whether there is some love trouble on her mind. Yet I know not with whom. It cannot be with Aaron Fletcher, because she has refused the young man several times. Besides, his affairs are said to be wellnigh desperate, his boat being lost, his yard burned down, his boat-building business thrown away; yet if it is not Aaron, who can it be? Because, sir, though my daughter hath her faults, and those many, being as to temper equalled only by her mother, now in Abraham's bosom, or—or perhaps elsewhere," he added, being a truthful man, "yet she is not one who courts the company of men, nor listens willingly to the voice of love."

Mr Brinjes, though it was in the afternoon, was talking with his assistant in his shop.

"You will find her," he said, "within. I have left her for five minutes, for it teases me to see her thus despairing. The worst has yet to come, because she is not a girl to sit down peacably under this contempt. Well, for that matter, every sailor is inconstant, if you please; and the women know it and expect it. But Bess is no common Poll o' the Point, who looks for nothing else than to be forgotten. Nor did she first seek himself. Yet I know what would happen, because such loss as his was too hot to last—she would it have him up. There was a Bristol man in Captain Roberts's company was consumed for love of a young Coromantyn girl, wasting away and crying out that he was on fire, yet never happy unless the was at his side. It is a natural witchery which a few women possess, by which they make men love them, and drive the very soul out of the man they love. Bess hath this power: she can make any man love her, and when she loves a man she can bewitch him so that he shall never be happy but at her feet. Why, Jack hath forgotten her. Yet it is most true that if he but come back in her for a single day, he would fall at her feet again."

"Nay," I said, "he is already in love with another woman."

"Miss Castille, the Admiral's daughter. It is a passing fancy, because she is a pretty creature, small and slender. But to compare her with Bess!—to think that a man can love her as he can love Bess! There! you know nothing of love. Go in there, and I will follow. I have known," he continued, being garrulous, as old men often are—"I have known such cases as this of Bess, the jealous woman who hath been forgotten—ay, I have known them by the hundred. Sometimes they take it with a sudden rage; sometimes they cry out for a knife, and would kill their faithless lover first and themselves next; sometimes they throw themselves into the water; sometimes they murder the other woman; sometimes they laugh, and lay by for a chance of revenge. One woman I knew who concealed her wrath for twenty years, but revenged herself in the end. Sometimes they make up their minds that it matters little. Then case is peculiar, for the patient is not in a rage—as yet; nor has she called for a knife—as yet; nor has she promised to hang herself—as yet; but she sits and waits; and all the time the humors are mounting to the brain; so that on are only at the beginning of the disorder, and my forecast as to this disease is, my lad, that we shall have trouble. What? In a fine high-spirited girl as he slunked aside into the gutter without a word said, or any cause pretended? Not so, sir; not so. There will be trouble."

I passed into the parlor with trepidation. Bess lifted her head. Her face was pale and haggard; wildness was in her eyes.

"Where is he?" she cried. "You call your-

* BEGUN IN HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.

self my friend, yet you come without him. Where is he?"

"I do not know, Bess, where he is, unless that he is somewhere in London."

"I believe it is you who have kept him from me—yet you call yourself my friend. You have set him against me. Though what you have found to say I know not. I have not so much as looked at another man since he went away, and I have kept his secret for him, so that no one suspects. How dare you put yourself between my sweetheart and me?"

"Indeed, Bess," I told her, "I have said nothing against you. I have not put myself between Jack and you. I have said nothing."

Then she began as rail at me for my silence. Why had I not spoken of her? Why had I not reminded him of his faith and promised constancy? "And where is he," she repeated, "that he does not come to me? Is he afraid of me? Doth he try to hide himself out of my way?"

I told her that he was to lodgings in town, and that his time was taken up with his affairs. And then, because she began to upbraid me again, I thought it was better as tell her the truth, and therefore said plainly that the Lieutenant loved her no longer; that he had indeed given me as understand, without the possibility of a mistake, that the past was clean forgotten and gone out of his mind.

I was sorry—truly I was sorry—for the poor creature; for every word I said was nothing less than a dagger into her heart. A man must have been as hard-hearted as a Romish inquisitor not to have felt sorry for her. She heard me with parted lips and panting breath. Is there, I wonder, a more dreadful task than to be the messenger to tell a fond woman that the man she loves now loathes her?

Seeing that she received my information with no more outward symptom of wrath, I began to point out, to the best of my ability, that Lieutenant Easterbrook, when he fell in love with her, was still less than twenty years of age, who had been for six years separated from his country-women, and had forgotten what an English woman should be; that he might have fallen in love with one of his own rank but for his long wanderings among savages and his imprisonment with common sailors, which had left him rough and rude in manners; that things were now quite changed, because he was not only an officer of some rank, but was now a gallant gentleman, keeping company of the best, and might, if he desired, marry an heiress; that his long silence ought to have prepared her for the change in his disposition; and that, seeing nobody except Mr Brinjes and myself knew of what had happened, a wise and prudent girl would show her pride and take her revenge by showing that she cared nothing for his neglect. In fact, I told on this occasion all that was proper to be said. Mr. Brinjes sat silent in his chair, but kept his eye upon Bess, as if expecting that something would happen.

Then, long before I had finished all I had to say, Bess suddenly sprang to her feet with a cry, and burst forth into wild and ungoverned wrath. I have seen fishwives fighting at Billingsgate, a ring of men and women round them, and a truly dreadful thing it is to see women stripped for battle and using their fists like men; never before, or since, have I seen a young and beautiful girl thus give way to passion uncontrolled. At first she could find no words to express her wrath; she clutched at her hair; she tore down her hair; she gasped for breath; she swung her arms about; she swayed her body backward and forward. I looked to see Mr. Brinjes go seek his lancet, and give her relief by breathing a vein. But he did not. He sat looking on coldly and anxiously, as if he was watching the progress of a fever. Presently she found words.

I will not write down what she said, because, as regards myself and Mr Brinjes, her reproaches were wholly undeserved, and indeed we had been throughout her best friends. Besides, the ravings of a *femme fureur*, as woman mad with jealousy and disappointed love, ought not to be set down any more than those of a man in delirium. When she came to speak of her faithless lover she choked, and presently stopped and was silent. But, poor soul! all the while she looked from one to the other of us as if to find hope in our faces, but saw none. Finally she shrieked aloud, as if she could no longer bear this agony, and hurled herself headlong upon the floor, and as lay, her head upon her hands, her whole body convulsed.

"Let be, let be," said Mr Brinjes; "other this she will be better. The storm was bound to burst. Better that it should rage in this room than that she should go to a certain house we know of"—he jerked his finger in the direction of the Admiral's. "Say nothing as her; if you speak you will make her worse. Presently she will come round. What! Nature can go no farther, unless she would wear herself to pieces. And they never go so far as that, whatever their wrath, because the pain of the body becomes intolerable."

He spoke as if she would not hear or was insensible, which I take to have been the case, for in five minutes as she sat up, taking no notice of what had been said, and became partly rational, and said, calmly, sitting on the floor, that she should go away and kill Jack first, and herself afterward, and she declared that if he dared to address any other woman, she would tear her flesh from flesh; so that I trembled for Castilla. But Mr Brinjes looked as without surprise or terror, murmuring "Let be, let be; it will do her good. And I have seen them worse."

And indeed presently the arose from the ground and tied up her beautiful hair, which had fallen about her shoulders, and smoothed her disordered frock, and sat down again to the windowsill, clasping her knees with her hands, moaning and weeping, and rocking herself to and fro. And at this symptom of progress or development of the "case," the Apothecary nodded and winked at me, as much as to say that the disease was taking a favorable turn.

He knew the symptoms, this learned physician, who had studied woman's nature where it is the most ungovernable and the most exposed to observation, among the negresses, and, I suppose, applied to more civilized women the rules he had learned among these ancient pagans; for in fact she speedily ceased either to weep or to moan, but sat upright, drew a long breath, and spoke quite gently and prettily, like a little child who has been naughty, and now promises to be good again.

"I act sorry," she said, "that I have given so much trouble; I will never do it again. Mr. Brinjes, you have set had your nap, nor your afternoon punch, through my fault. I will mix you a glass, and then you shall go to sleep." She did so, and arranged his pillows for him, and in a few minutes afterward the old man was rouled asleep. Then Bess turned to me. "Forgive me, Luke," she said, giving me her hand. "You are my best friend, except this poor old man, you are my only friend. You have never been weary of teaching me how a gentlewoman should behave, as that I should be worthy of a gentleman; and now it has ended in this. He has forgotten me, who been never forgotten him—no, not for a moment, since the day when first he told me—oh, the happy day! He came into the room where I was sitting before the fire, and took me in his arms—oh, in his arms! Could I ever forget him? No, no; not for a moment."

"My poor Bess!" I said, "what can I say—what do—for you in this dreadful trouble?"

The tears stood in her eyes, but she wept no longer.

"I know," she said, after a while, "what I will do. Here is his letter to me." She drew it from her bosom. It went to my heart to see the prettily worked silkiaa bag she had made for it with her own hands. "First, you shall take it to him, Luke, and give it to him yourself. Will you do so much for me? It is not a great thing to ask you, is it? Give it to him, and tell him that he must read it, and then bring it back to me. And, Luke, dear Luke, you have always been kind to me, always my friend, though you know nothing about love, do you? Else you would understand that a woman would rather die than lose her lover. Give him the letter. When he reads it he will remember, and then—then, Luke— You will tell him—oh! tell him"—she laid her hands upon my arm, and gazed upon me with imploring eyes—"tell him, dear friend, that I am more beautiful than ever—Mr Brinjes says I are—and that I have tried to teach myself the ways of a gentlewoman for his sake; and that I can read and write a little, so that he shall not be ashamed of me; and that I associate no more with the other girls, and have been true to him ever since he went away. Tell him all, Luke, and everything else that you can think of that is kind and friendly, and that will make him want to see me again. Oh, if he were here in this room with me for one hour, he would love me again!"

"I will take the letter, Bess," I told her, moved to tears; "and I will give it to him myself, and tell him all that you wish, and more—more, my poor Bess!"

"When will you give it to him?"

"To-morrow. Will that do?"

So with that promise she appeared to be more contented, and went away, though with hanging head—the poor, fond, loving girl!

"You may give the Lieutenant that letter," said the Apothecary, "and you may tell him what you please. But, if I know Jack Easterbrook, you might as well try to knock him down with a feather. As for making her his wife, it is out of the question; and to become his mistress without being his wife, Bess would not consent, now, I think, would Jack ask her. Because, d'ye see, he no longer cares a rope's yarn about her. Yet if he would come here for a single hour— Bess knows her power: trust a woman who has that power. But I think he will not come. And so there will be trouble—I know not yet of what kind: there will be trouble."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### AN AMBASSADOR OF LOVE.

I ASKED accepted the mission; but, like many other ambassadors, I hesitated when the time came to discharge my trust. For Jack was like those Oriental bashaws who cut off the heads of messengers that bring unwelcome tidings. First I thought it would be best to give the letter to him at Deptford, so that, if he was moved by pity or by love, he might go straight to the poor girl and offer her consolation. But I had promised as give it the very first day. Therefore I plucked up courage and made my way to his lodgings, the letter in my pocket, knowing full well that he would take my interference ill, being too masterful to brook counsel, advice, or admonition from any one, unless it came as an order from a superior officer.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I reached his lodging in Ryder Street. He was sitting wrapped in a sheet, while the barber was finishing his hair with the powder puff. On the table stood his morning chocolate and cream.

"Ho!" he cried. "Here is the Prince of Painters. Art come to paint me a portrait, Luke?" (N B—I did paint his portrait, and have it still, a speaking likeness, and a better piece of work I never did.) "Wait a moment, my heavy, till this lubber hath finished the top-dressing."

Presently the man finished, and rewarded the sheet, showing beneath it a full-dress Lieutenant's uniform—to my mind the blue of the Navy is far more becoming to a handsome man than the scarlet of the Army. Just as he rose from the barber's hands, the man still standing before him, the implements of the trade in his hand, and I beside him, I heard a rustling of petticoats outside, and the door was opened by a lady. She came swagger from head to foot in a hood, and were a domino.

"Madam!" said Jack, bowing low.

The lady removed her domino and laughed, and threw off her hood. Truly a most beautiful creature she was, and most richly dressed. Twas the merriest, most roguish face that ever saw, with dancing eyes and laughing lips. I ought to have known the face, because I had seen it several times; but I did not, because an actress dressed for a Queen or a Sultana seems to change her face as well as her frock. She was, indeed, an actress—very well known indeed to the world, as you would acknowledge did I write down her name, which I shall not do, for many reasons.

"I have found my hero, then," said the lady, "in his own—cabin—or is it as his as a quarter-deck? Are the decks cleared for action? Are you ready, sir, to engage the enemy?"

"Alas, madam," said Jack, "I haul down my colors and give up my sword."

He fell upon one knee, and kissed the hand which the lady graciously extended to him. Now observe that she took no kind of notice of the barber or of myself, whom she mistook, doubtless, for an assistant, or some other kind of tradesman. I mean that to chief followed my presence was not the slightest restraint upon her.

"I act a rash creature," she said, "to be peril my reputation by visiting a Lieutenant of the King's Navy alone in the morning. Suppose I had been observed?"

"Madam"—Jack made her as fine a bow that I could not help thinking of the Jack who had come home to rage three years before—"could I desire a more delightful task than the defence of your reputation?"

"This is a very fine coat, Jack," she went on, laying her hand, covered with a white glove, upon his sleeve. "I love the color. 'Tis a new coat too, as that 'twill be a pity to buy another. Perhaps, however, this may be made to do, and methinks it will be greatly improved if we put a little lace upon the lapels and cuffs, and change the buttons for ones with a narrow instead of an anchor."

"Madam!" He started and changed countenance, because these additions mark the rank of Captain. "Madam! Is it possible?"

"Why, Jack, when a handsome lad does a woman so great a service, and for all his reward waste nothing but to be sent away from her sight, I doubt whether she is not a fool for her pains if she help him—yet—" here she sighed. "His Majesty's frigate *Calypso*, the *Sapphire's* prize, is to be refitted without delay and commissioned. Go, take possession of your own quarter-deck, Captain Easterbrook. Perhaps the next lady whose jewels you earn from robbers may make you an Admiral." With this she curtsied as as to sweep the ground, as they are wont to do upon the stage.

"Oh, madam!" he cried, "how can I show my gratitude?"

"You will not set sail for a week or two yet, I suppose. Come to me as often as you please. To my brave defender I am always at home."

She held out her hand, but Jack did not, as I expected, stoop to kiss it. On the contrary, he disregarded it altogether, and caught her in his arms, kissing her lips and cheeks. I looked to see her resent this familiarity with the greatest show of displeasure, for here was no simple girl of the lower sort, like poor Bess, but a very grand lady indeed, who, for all she was an actress, had all the nobleness of London at her feet. But, to my astonishment, she only laughed, and gently pushed him from her.

"Jack," she said, "thou hast truly a conquering way. Let me go, sir!"

She laughed again, in her merry, saucy way; put on her domino, pulled the hood over her head, and suffered Jack to conduct her to her chair, which waited without.

"Hang it, Luke!" cried Jack, when he came back. "I forgot that thou wast here; and I dare swear madam never saw thee. Most I never kiss a pretty woman but this virtuous fellow must sail be looking on, with open mouth?"

"Shall I tell Castilla, Jack?"—thinking of what might have happened had Bess been there.

"Why, in a kiss there is no harm, surely; therefore there is no need to tell Castilla. If this oath be true—and it cannot be true— Luke, thou art a Puritan. As for a simple kiss which is snatched, they like it, man. Every woman, except Castilla, who is a miracle of goodness, likes such kisses."

"Who is the lady, Jack?"

"Who, she is a great actress; and the other night, by a lucky chance—I was going home at midnight—I heard a woman's scream and a trampling of feet. 'Twas but an attack upon a lady's chair by footpads, whom it was nothing to drive off without more trouble than to draw and to slash one of them across the face. Then I saw her safe to her lodgings. 'Tis a grateful creature."

"Put not of your mind," I said, "Castilla and this actress and all women, except one. I have been asked by one whom you should remember to bring as you a certain letter, and to beg, first, that you will read it, and next, that you will, with your own hand, restore it to the owner."

With this I took the letter from my pocket and gave it to him in his silk bag.

"Why," he said, breaking into a laugh, as if the matter was not serious at all, "this is my own letter. I wrote it, I remember, one afternoon, off Cape Finisterre—I remember the day very well. Did the girl—Bess Westmoreland was her name—give it to thee, Luke? Ok! I remember—I was in love with her. A devilish fine girl she was, with eyes like sloes."

He read the letter through. "To think that I wrote that letter, and that she believed it! 'Most beautiful woman in the world'. . . . 'Fondest lover!' Oho! I wonder how many such letters are written aboard ship the first week after sailing? As for this—why, Luke, you had better give it back to the girl, if she wishes to keep it. Tell her to show it as her friends as the mark of a fool. Perhaps her new lover or her husband might like to have the letter. But, indeed, I think she had better burn the thing, in case of accidents. Husbands do not like generally to read such letters."

"She has had no other lovers, Jack, no your account."

"Pretty fool! Did her waste good time no longer"

"She will suffer no man to speak to her, saying that she belongs to you alone, and thinking you would come home to marry her."

"I suppose," said Jack, his face darkening, "that the middlemouse old Apothecary is at the bottom of this foolishness"

"Do not blame Mr Brinjes. He hath warned her continually that unless go away and break their promises. But will you see her, Jack?"

"No. What the devil would be the use of my seeing her?"

I told him how she had put on her best, and had gone to wait for him at the Apothecary's, and there waited for three long days. But he was not softened a whit.

"It is their foolish way," he said. "We say fond things, and promise whatever will please them, and they believe it all. Why they believe the nonsense, the Lord knows. As for the men who say it, and make the promises, they believe it too, I dare say, at the time. 'Tis pretty, too, to see them purr and coo, whatever extravagances you tell them. I remember, now—" But here he stopped short in his recollections.

"Jack," I said, "will you pull up your sleeve, and show me your arm?"

He laughed, and obeyed. It was his left arm, and, as we know, it was tattooed all over with the once-loved name of Bess.

"'Tis like the arm of any foul'-ale tar," he said "What was I, in those days, better? Yet, lad, the name hath no longer any meaning to my eyes."

"Meaning as not," I insisted, "will you give her the letter with your own hand? Jack, only let her tell you what is in her mind. That is a small thing to do."

"It would be more cruel than to refuse to see her at all. Trust me, if this girl gives trouble, I shall know how to deal with her. If you have any regard for her, bid her spoil her market no longer, and put maggots out of her head. She would marry me, would she? Kind soul, I thank her for it with all my heart. She would marry me, would she? I will tell thee a thing, my lad, which thou will never find not for thyself with all thy paint-brushes—there is no woman in the world so sure hateful to a man than a woman whom he hath once loved and now loves no longer. It is like coming back to a half finished banquet when the dishes are cold and the wine is stale. Yet the foolish women believe that once in love, always in love. Better she should learn the truth at once, and so an end."

He gave me back the letter, and would say no more upon the subject. But he said I must make a picture of him before he went away, and he would be painted in the new uniform, which he would order immediately, and I must go immediately and tell Castilla of his good fortune. Thus was I made a go-between, first to one and then to the other.

While he was talking of his promotion, and the things he hoped as do with his vessel, there drove to the house a chariot, with footmen, and gold panels, very splendid, and to a gentleman got down. They came to visit Jack. One of them was a man no longer young, yet erect and tall, with aquiline nose, and proud eyes. He wore a sailor coat, with a sash, and a star blazing with diamonds. The other was in the uniform of the Army.

Jack sprang to his feet, and bowed to the ground. "My Lord," he said, "this honor extraordinary honor. Indeed, I could never have expected it."

"I have come, young gentleman," said his Lordship, speaking slowly and with the dignity which became his rank, "to tender you my thanks for the service which you performed the night before last to a certain lady."

"My services, my Lord, were trifling, though, fortunately, opportune"

"Had it not been for your assistance the lady would have lost the jewels which she had worn at the theatre. What other loss or insult she escaped, I know not. I learn that, at her request, you have already paid a visit upon her"

"At her request, my Lord, I had the honor, yesterday afternoon."

"Believe me, sir, that in return for such a service there is nothing that I can refuse you." Jack bowed again very low. "And there nothing will please you so much as to go back as quickly as possible to the fighting—"

"Nothing so much, my Lord."

"Then you must go. Your name, I find, is already favorably known. I learn therefore the pleasure of promoting for the sake of merit alone, which is not always possible for a Commissioner. You are promoted, sir, to the command of the *Calypso*, the *Sapphire's* prize."

"My Lord," said Jack, again bowing low, "I have no words, indeed, to express my gratitude for this great, this unexpected, and undeserved favor." Looking on from the corner of the room, beside the window, I wondered I could not help thinking that it would be best for madam as say nothing about that saints upon her lips.

"Thus," said his Lordship, "an entire need be told." He rose, and added, smiling "Since you will have to go back in a few days to sail jack and pea soup, Captain, make the most of your time ashore. There will be a supper after the play this evening. I will, if you please to honor me with your company, carry you thither in my coach."

(TO CONTINUED.)

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BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY—THE ILLUMINATION OF NEW

ORK HARBOR.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 714.]

# SHE:*

## A History of Adventure

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

### X.

SPECTULATIONS.

WITHIN an hour of our finally deciding to start, five litters were brought up to the door of the cave, each accompanied by four regular bearers and two spare hands, also a band of about fifty armed Amahagger, who were to form the escort and carry the baggage. Three of these litters, of course, were for us, and one for Billali, who, I was immensely relieved to hear, was to be our companion, while the fifth I presumed was for the use of Ustane.

"Does the lady go with us, my father?" I asked of Billali, as he stood superintending things generally.

He shrugged his shoulders as he answered: "If she wills. Is this counter the coach do what they please. We worship them, and give them their way, because without them the world could not go on; they are the source of life."

"Ah," I said, the manner never having struck me to that light before.

"We worship them," he went on, "up to a certain point, till at last they get unbearable, which," he added, "they do about every second generation."

"And then what do you do?" I asked, with curiosity.

"Then," he answered, with a faint smile, "we rise, and kill the old ones as an example to the young ones, and to show them that we are the strongest. My poor wife was killed in that way three years ago. It was very sad, but to tell thee the truth, my son, life has been happier since, for my age protects me from the young ones."

"In short," I replied, quoting the saying of a great man whose wisdom has not yet lightened the darkness of the Amahagger, "then that found thy position one of greater freedom and less responsibility."

This phrase puzzled him a little at first from its vagueness, though I think my translation hit off its sense very well, but as last he saw it, and appreciated it.

"Yes, yes, my Baboon," he said, "I see it now; but all the 'responsibilities' are killed, to least most of them are, and that is why there are so few old women about just now. Well, they brought it on themselves. As for this girl," he went on, in a graver tone, "I know not what to say. She is a brave girl, and she loves the Lion (Leo); then cannot how she clung to him, and saved his life. Also, she is, according to our customs, mad to him, and she has a right to go where he goes, woman," he added, significantly, "she should say her no, for her word overrides all rights."

"And if She bade her leave him, and the girl refused? What then?"

"If," he said, with a shrug, "the hurricane bids the tree to bend, and it will not, when happens?"

And then, without waiting for an answer, he turned and walked to his litter, and in ten minutes from that time we were all well under way.

It took us an hour and more to cross the cup of the volcanic plain, and another half-hour so to climb the edge on the further side. Once there, however, the view was a very fine one. Before us was a long steep slope of grassy plain, broken here and there by clumps of trees mostly of the thorn tribe. At the bottom of the gentle slope, some nine or ten miles away, we could make out a dim sea of marsh, on which the foul vapors hung like smoke about a city. It was easy going for the bearers down the slopes, and by mid-day we had reached the borders of the dismal swamp. Here we halted to eat our mid-day meal, and then, following a winding and devious path, plunged into the morass. Presently the path, at any rate to our unaccustomed eye, seemed to grow so faint as to be almost undistinguishable from those made by the aquatic beasts and birds, and it is to this day a mystery to me how our bearers found their way across the marshes. Ahead of the cavalcade marched two men with long poles, which they now and again plunged into the ground before them, the reason being that the nature of the soil frequently changed from causes with which I am not acquainted, so that places that would be safe enough to cross one month would certainly swallow the wayfarer the next. Never did I see a more dreary and depressing scene. Miles on miles of quagmire, varied only by bright green strips of comparatively solid ground, and by deep and sunken pools fringed with tall rushes, in which the bitterns boomed and the frogs croaked incessantly; colonies miles of it without a break, unless the fever fog can be called a break. The only life in this great morass was that of the aquatic birds, and the animals that fed on them, of both of which there were vast numbers. Geese, cranes, ducks, teal, coot, snipe, and plover swarmed all around us, many being of varieties that were quite new to me, and all so tame that one could almost have knocked them over with a stick. Among these birds I especially noticed a very beautiful variety of painted snipe, almost the size of woodcock, and with a flight more resembling that bird's than an English snipe's. In the pools, too, was a species of small alligator or enormous iguana, I do not know which, that fed, Billali told me, upon the water fowl, also large quantities of a hideous black water-snake, of which the bite is very dangerous, though not, I gathered, so deadly as a cobra's or a puff adder's. The bull frogs were also very large, and with voices proportionate to their size; and as for the mosquitoes, they were, if possible, even worse than they had been on the river, and tormented us greatly. Undoubtedly, however, the worst feature of the swamp was the awful smell of rotting vegetation that hung about it, that was at times positively overpowering, and the malarious exhalations that accompanied it, which we were, of course, obliged to breathe.

On an event through it all, till at last the sun sank in sullen splendor just as we reached a spot of rising ground about two acres in extent—a little oasis of dry land in the midst of the dary wilderness—where Billali announced that we were to camp. The camping, however, turned out to be a very simple process, and consisted, in fact, in sitting down on the ground round a scanty fire made of dry reeds and some wood that had been brought with us. However, we made the best we could of it, and smoked and ate with such appetite as the smell of damp, stifling heat would allow, for it was very hot on this low land, and yet, oddly enough, chilly at times. But however hot it was, we were glad enough to keep near the fire, because we found that the mosquitoes did not like the smoke. Presently we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and tried to go to sleep, but as far as I am concerned the bull-frogs, and the extraordinary roaring and alarming sound produced by hundreds of snipe hovering high in the air, made sleep an impossibility, to say nothing of our other discomforts. I turned and looked at Leo, who was next me; he was dozing, but his face had a flushed appearance that I did not like, and by the flickering fire-light I saw Ustane, who was lying on the other side of him, raise herself from time to time upon her elbow and look at him anxiously enough.

However, I could do nothing for him, for we had all already taken a good dose of quinine, which was the only preventive we had; so I lay and watched the stars come out by thousands, till all the immense arch of heaven was sown with glittering points, and every point a world. Here was a glorious sight, by which man might well measure his own insignificance! Soon I gave up thinking about it, for the mind wearies easily when it strives to grapple with the Infinite, or to trace the footsteps of the Almighty as he strides from sphere to sphere, or deduce His purpose from His works.

Above me, as I lay, shone the eternal stars, and there to my feet the English march-born balls of fire rolled this way and that, vapor-tossed and marsh-desiring, and methought that in the two I saw a type and image of what man is, and what perchance man may one day be, if the living Force that ordained him and then should so ordain this also. Oh, that it might be ours to rest year by year upon that high level of the heart to which at times we momentarily attain! Oh, that we could throw from the prisoned pinions of the soul and soar to that superior point whence, like to some traveller looking out through space from Darien's giddiest peak, we might gaze with the spirit eyes of noble thoughts deep into Infinity!

What would it be to cast off this earthly robe, to have done forever with these earthy thoughts and miserable desires; no longer, like those corpse-candles, to be tossed this way and that by forces beyond our control, or, if we can theoretically control them, are yet driven by the exigencies of our nature to obey! Yes, to cast them off, to have done with the foul and thorny places of the world, and, like to those glittering points above me, to sit on high wrapped forever in the brightness of our better selves, that even now shines in us as fire faintly shines within those horid balls, and lay down our littleness in that wide glory of our dreams, that invisible but surrounding good, from which all truth and beauty comes!

These and many such thoughts passed through my mind that night. They come to torment us all at times. I say to torment, for, alas, thinking can only serve to measure out the helplessness of thought. What is the use of our feeble crying in the awful silences of space? Can our dim intelligence read the secrets of that star-strewn sky? Does any answer come out of it? Never any at all; nothing but echoes and fantastic visions. And yet we believe that there is an answer, and that upon a time a new Dawn will come blushing down the ways of our aching night. We believe it, for its reflected beauty even now shines up continually in our hearts from beneath the horizon of the grave, and we call it Hope. Without Hope we should suffer moral death, and by the help of Hope we yet may climb to Heaven, or as the worst, if she also proves but a kindly mockery given to hold us from despair, be gently lowered into the abysses of eternal sleep.

Thus I fell to reflecting upon the undertaking on which we were bent, and what a wild one it was, and yet how strangely the story seemed to fit in with what had been written centuries ago upon the sherd. Who was this extraordinary woman, Queen over a people apparently as extraordinary as herself, and reigning amidst the vestiges of a lost civilization? And when could be the meaning of this story of the Fire that gave unending life? Could it be possible that any fluid or essence could exist that could so fortify those fleshly walls that they should from age to age resist the stones and batterings of decay? It was possible, though not probable. The indefinite continuation of life would not, after all, be half as marvellous a thing as the production of life and its temporary endurance. And if it were true, what then? The person who found it could no doubt rule the world. He could accumulate all the wealth in the world, and all the power, and all the wisdom that is power. He might give a lifetime to the study of each art or science. Well, if that were so, and this She were practically immortal, which I did not for one moment believe, how was it that, with all these things at her feet, she preferred to remain in a cave amongst a society of cannibals? That surely settled the question. The whole story was monstrous, and only worthy of the superstitious days in which it was written. At any rate I was very sure that I would not attempt to attain unending life. I had had far too many worries and disappointments and secret bitternesses during my forty odd years of existence to wish that this state of affairs should be continued indefinitely. And yet I suppose that my life has been, comparatively speaking, a happy one.

And then, reflecting that to the present moment there was for more likelihood of our earthly careers being cut exceedingly short than of their being unduly prolonged, I at last managed to get to sleep, a fact for which anybody who reads this narrative, if anybody ever does, may very probably be thankful.

When I woke again it was just dawning, and the guard and bearers were moving about like phantoms through the dense morning mists, getting ready for our start. The fire had died quite down, and I rose and stretched myself, shivering in every limb from the damp cold of the dawn. Then I looked at Leo. He was sitting up, holding his hands to his head, and I saw that his face was flushed and his eye bright, and yet yellow round the pupil.

"Well, Leo," I said, "how do you feel?"

"I feel as though I were going as die," he answered, hoarsely. "My head is splitting, my body is trembling, and I am as sick as a cat."

I whistled, or if I did not whistle, I felt inclined to—Leo had got a sharp attack of fever. I went to Job, and asked him for the quinine, of which fortunately we had still a good supply, only to find that Job himself was not much better. He complained of pains across the back, and dizziness, and was almost incapable of helping himself. Then I did the only thing it was possible to do under the circumstances—gave them both about ten grains of quinine, and took a slightly smaller dose myself as a matter of precaution. After that I found Billali, and explained to him how matters stood, asking as the same time what he thought had best be done. He came with me and looked at Leo and Job (whom, by-the-way, he had named the Pig, on account of his fatness, round face, and small eyes).

"Ah," he said, when we were out of ear-shot, "the fever! I thought so. The Lion has it badly, but he is young, and he may live. As for the Pig, his attack is not so bad; it is the 'little fever' that he has; this always begins with pains across the back; it will spend itself upon his fat."

"Can they go on, my father?" I asked.

"Nay, my son, they must go on. If they stop here they will certainly die, and, besides, they will be better in the litters than on the ground. By to-night, if all goes well, we shall be across the marsh, and in good air. Come, let us lift them into the litters and start, for it is very bad to stand still in this morning fog. We can eat our morning meal as we go."

This we accordingly did, and with a heavy heart I once more set out upon our strange journey. For the first three hours all went as well as could be expected, and then an accident happened that nearly lost us the pleasure of the company of our venerable friend Billali, whose litter was leading the cavalcade. We were going through a particularly dangerous piece of quagmire, in which the bearers sometimes sank up to their knees. Indeed, it was a mystery to me how they contrived to carry the heavy litters at all over such ground as that which we were traversing, though the two spare hands, as well as the four regular ones, had of course to put their shoulders to the pole.

Presently, as we blundered and floundered along, there was a sharp cry, then a storm of exclamations, and, last of all, a most tremendous splash, and the whole caravan halted.

I jumped out of my litter and ran forward. About twenty yards ahead was the edge of one of those sullen peaty pools of which I have spoken, the path we were following running along the top of its bank, which, as it happened, was a steep one. Looking toward this pool, to my horror I saw that Billali's litter was floating as it, and as far Billali himself, he was nowhere to be seen. To make matters clear I may as well explain at once what had happened. One of Billali's bearers had unfortunately trodden on a hooking snake, which had bitten him in the leg, whereon he had, not unnaturally, let go of the pole, and then finding he was tumbling down the bank, grasped at the litter to save himself. The result of the was what might have been expected. The litter was pulled over the edge of the bank, the bearers let go, and the whole thing, including Billali and the man who had been bitten, rolled into the slimy pool. When I got to the edge of the water neither of them was to be seen, and, indeed, the unfortunate bearer never was seen again. Either he struck his head against something, or got wedged in the mud, or possibly the snake-bite paralyzed him. At any rate, he vanished. But though Billali was not to be seen, his whereabouts was clear enough from the agitation of the floating litter, in the heaving cloth and curtains of which he was entangled.

"He is there! Our father is there!" said one of the men; but he did not stir a finger to help him, nor did any of the others. They simply stood and stared at the water.

"Out of the way, you brutes!" I shouted in English, and throwing off my hat, I took a run and sprang well out into the horrid slimy-looking pool. A couple of strokes took me to where Billali was struggling beneath the cloth.

Somehow, I don't quite know how, I managed to push this free of him, and his venerable head, all covered in green slime, like that of a yellowish Bacchus with ivy leaves, emerged upon the surface of the water. The rest was easy, for Billali was an eminently practical individual, and had the common sense not to grasp hold of me as drowning people often do, so I got him by the arm, and towed him to the bank, through the mud of which we were with difficulty dragged. Such a filthy spectacle as we presented I have never seen before or since, and it will perhaps give some idea of the almost superhuman dignity of Billali's appearance when I say that, coughing, half drowned, and covered with mud and green slime as he was, with his beautiful beard coming to a dripping point, like a Chinaman's freshly oiled pigtail, he still looked venerable and imposing.

"Ye dogs!" he said, addressing the bearers, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered to speak; "ye left me, your father, to drown. Had it not been for this stranger, my son the Baboon, assuredly I should have drowned. Well, I will remember it;" and he fixed them with his gleaming though slightly watery eye in a way I saw they did not like, though they tried to appear sullenly indifferent. "As for thee, my son," the old man went on, turning toward me and grasping my hand, "rest assured that I am thy friend through good and evil. Thou hast saved my life, peechurre a day may come when I shall save thine."

After that we cleaned ourselves as best we could, fished out the litter, and went on, minus the man who had been drowned. I don't know if it was owing to his being an unpopular character, or from native indifference and selfishness of temperament, but I see bound to say that nobody seemed to grieve much over his sudden and final disappearance, unless, perhaps, it was the men who had to do his share of the work.

### XI.

THE PLAIN OF KÔR.

ABOUT an hour before sundown we as last, to my unbounded gratitude, emerged from the great belt of marsh on to land that swelled upward in a succession of rolling waves. Just as the hither side of the crest of the first wave we halted for the night. My first act was to examine Leo's condition. It was, if anything, worse than in the morning, and a new and very distressing feature, vomiting, set in, and continued till dawn. Not one wink of sleep did I get that night, for I passed it in assisting Ustane, who was one of the most gentle and indefatigable nurses I ever saw, to wait upon Leo and Job. However, the air here was warm and genial without being too hot, and there were no mosquitoes to speak of. Also we were above the level of the marsh mist, which lay stretched beneath as like the dim smoke-pall over a city, lit up here and there by the wandering globes of fire fire. That it will be seen that we were, speaking comparatively, in cheer.

By dawn as the following morning Leo was quite light-headed, and fancied that he was divided into halves. I was dreadfully distressed, and began to wonder with a sort of sick fear what the termination of the attack would be. Alas! I had heard but too much of how these attacks generally terminate. As I was doing so Billali came up and said that we must be getting on, more especially as, in his opinion, if Leo did not reach some spot where he could be quiet and have proper nursing within the next twelve hours, his life would only be a matter of a day or two. I could not but agree with him; so we got him into the litter, and started on, Ustane walking by his side to keep the flies off him, and see that he did not throw himself out on to the ground.

Within half an hour of sunrise we had reached the top of the rise of which I have spoken, and a most beautiful view broke upon our gaze. Beneath us was a rich stretch of country, verdant with grass and lovely with foliage and flowers. In the background, at a distance, as far as I could judge, of some eighteen miles from where we then stood, a huge and extraordinary mountain rose abruptly from the plain. The base of this great mountain appeared to consist of a grassy slope, but rising from this, I should say, from subsequent observation, at a height of about five hundred feet above the level of the plain, was a most tremendous and absolutely precipitous wall of bare rock, quite twelve or fifteen hundred feet in height. The shape of the mountain, which was undoubtedly of volcanic origin, was round, and of course, as only a segment of its circle was visible, it was difficult to estimate its exact size, which was enormous. I afterward discovered that it could not never less than fifty square miles of ground. Anything more grand and imposing than the sight presented by this great natural castle, standing in solitary grandeur from the level of the plain, I never saw, and I suppose never shall. Its very solitude added to its majesty, and its towering cliffs seemed to kiss the sky. Indeed, generally speaking, they were clothed in clouds that lay in fleecy masses upon their broad and level battlements.

I sat up in my hammock and gazed out across the plain to this thrilling and majestic sight, and I suppose that Billali noticed it, for he brought his litter alongside.

"Behold the House of 'She-who-must-be-obeyed'!" he said. "Had ever a queen such a throne before?"

"It is wonderful, my father," I answered. "But how does one enter? Those cliffs look hard to climb."

"Thou shalt see, my Baboon. Look now at the plain below us. What thinkest thou that it is? Thou art a wise man. Come, tell me."

I looked, and saw what appeared to be the line of roadway running straight toward the base of the mountain, though it was covered with turf. There were high banks on each side of it, broken here and there, but fairly continuous as the whole, the meaning of which I did not understand. It seemed so very odd that anybody should embank a roadway.

"Well, my father," I answered, "I suppose that it is a road, otherwise I should have been

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1556.

inclined to say that it was the bed of a river, or rather," I added, observing the extraordinary directness of the cutting, "of a canal."

Billali—who, by the-way, was none the worse for his immersion of the day before—nodded his head sagely on he replied: "Thou art right, my son. It is a channel not cut by those who were before us in this place, to carry away water. Of this am I sure: within the rocky circle of the great mountain whither we journey was once a great lake. But there, who were before us, by wonderful arts of which I know naught, hewed a path for the water through the solid rock of the mountain, piercing even to the bed of the lake. But first they cut the channel that thou seest across the plain. Then, when at last the water burst out, it rushed down the channel that had been made to receive it, and crossed this plain till it reached the low land behind the rise, and there, perchance, it made the swamp through which we been come. Then, when the lake was drained dry, the people whereof I speak built a mighty city, whereof naught but ruins and the name of Kôr art remained, on its bed, and from age to age hewed the caves and passages that thou wilt see."

"It may be," I answered. "But if so, how is it that the lake does not fill up again with the rain?"

"Nay, my son, the people were a wise people, and they left a drain to keep it clear. Seest thou the river to the right?" and he pointed to a fair-sized stream that wound away across the plain, some four miles from us. "That is the drain, and it comes out through the mountain where this cutting goes in. At first, perhaps, the water ran down this canal, but afterward the people turned it, and used the cutting for a road."

"And is there, then, no other place where one may enter into the great mountain," I asked, "except through the drain?"

"There is a plane," he answered, "where cattle and men are foot may cross with much labor, but it is sacred. A year nightest then search and shouldst never find it. It is only used once a year, when the herds of cattle that have been fating on the slopes of the mountain, and on this plain, are driven into the space within."

"And does *She* live there always?" I asked, "or does she come at times without the mountain?"

"Nay, my son, where she is, there she is."

By now we were well on to the great plain, and I was examining with delight the varied beauty of its semitropical flowers and trees, the latter of which grew singly, or at most in clumps of three or four, much of the timber being of large size, and belonging apparently to a variety of evergreen oak. There were also many palms, some of them more than one hundred feet high, and the largest and most beautiful trees-forms that I ever saw, about which hung clouds of jewelled honey-suckers and great-winged butterflies. Wandering about among the trees, or crouching in the long and feathered grass, were all varieties of game, from rhinoceroses down. I saw rhinoceros, buffalo (a large herd), eland, quaggs, and noble antelope, the most beautiful of all the bucks, not to mention many smaller varieties of game, and three ostriches which scudded away at our approach like white drift before a gale. So plentiful was the game that at last I could stand it no longer. I had a single-barrel sporting Martini with me in the litter, the "Express" being too cumbersome, and copying a beautiful fat eland rubbing himself under one of the oak like trees, I jumped out of the litter, and proceeded to creep on near to him as I could. He he me come within eighty yards, and then turned his head, and stared at me preparatory to running away. I lifted the rifle, and taking him about midway down the shoulder, for he was side on to me, fired. I never made a cleaner shot or a better kill in all my small experience, for the great buck sprang right up into the air and fell dead. The bearers, who had all halted to see the performance, gave a murmur of surprise—an unwonted compliment from these sullen people, who never appear to be surprised at anything, and a party of the guard at once ran off to cut the animal up. As for myself, though I was longing to have a look at him, I mustered back to my litter on though I had been in the habit of killing eland all my life, feeling that I had gone up several degrees in the estimation of the Amahagger, who looked on the whole thing as a very high-class manifestation of witchcraft. As a matter of fact, however, I had never seen an eland in a wild state before. Billali received me with enthusiasm.

"It is wonderful, my son the Baboon," he cried—"wonderful! Thou art a very great man, though an ugly. Had I not seen, surely I would never have believed. And thou canyest that thou wilt teach me to slay in this fashion?"

"Certainly, my Father," I said, airily; "it is nothing."

But all the same, I firmly made up my mind that when "my father" Billali began to fire, I would without fail be down on take refuge behind a tree.

After this little incident nothing happened of any note till about an hour and a half before sundown, when we arrived beneath the shadow of the towering volcanic mass that I have already described. It is quite impossible for me to describe its grim grandeur as it appeared to me while my patient bearers toiled along the bed of the ancient water-course toward the spot where the rich brown-red cliff shot up from precipice to precipice till its crown lost itself in cloud. All I can say is that it almost awed me by the intensity of its immensse and most solemn greatness. On we went up the bright and sunny slope, till at last the creeping shadows from above swallowed up its brightness, and presently we began to pass through a cutting hewn in the living rock. Deeper and deeper grew this marvellous work, which must, I should say, have employed thousands of men for many years. Indeed, how it was ever executed at all without the aid of blasting powder or dynamite I cannot to this day imagine. It is and must remain one of the mysteries of this wild land. I can only suppose that these cuttings and the vast caves that had been hollowed out of the rocks it pierced were the state undertakings of the people of Kôr, who lived here in the dim lost ages of the world, and, as in the case of the Egyptian monuments, were executed by the forced labor of tens of thousands of captives, carried on through an indefinite number of centuries. But who were the people?

At last we reached the face of the precipice itself, and found ourselves looking into the mouth of a dark tunnel that forcibly reminded me of those undertaken by our nineteenth-century engineers in the construction of railway lines. Out of this tunnel flowed a considerable stream of water. Indeed, though I do not think that I have mentioned it, we had followed this stream, which ultimately developed into the river I have already described as winding away to the right from the spot where the cutting in the solid rock commenced. Half of this cutting formed a channel for the stream, and half, which was placed on a slightly higher level—eight feet, perhaps—was devoted to the purposes of a roadway. At the termination of the cutting, however, the stream turned off across the plain and followed a channel of its own. At the mouth of the cave the cavalcade was halted, and while the men employed themselves in lighting some earthen wax lamps they had brought with them, Billali, descending from his litter, informed me politely but firmly that the orders of *She* were that on were now to be blindfolded, on that we should not learn the secret of the paths through the bowels of the mountains. To this I of course assented cheerfully enough, but Job, who was now very much better, notwithstanding the journey, did not like it at all, fancying, I believe, that it was but a preliminary step to being hot-potted. He was, however, a little consoled when I pointed out to him that there water no hot pots handy, and, as far as I knew, no fire to heat them in. As for poor Leo, after tossing restlessly for hours, he had, to my deep thankfulness, at last dropped off into a sleep on straw, I don't know which, as there was no need to blindfold him. The blindfolding was performed by binding a piece of the yellow linen shawl three of the Amahagger who condescended to wear anything in particular made their dresses, tightly round the eyes. This linen, I afterward discovered, was taken from the tombs, and was not, as I had at first supposed, of native manufacture. The bandage was then knotted at the back of the head, and finally brought down again, and the ends bound under the chin to prevent its slipping. Ustane was, by the-way, also blindfolded. I do not know why, unless it was from fear that she should inspect the secrets of the route to us. This operation performed, we started on once more, and soon, by the echoing sound of the footsteps of the bearers and the increased noise of the water caused by reverberation in a confined space, I knew that we were entering into the bowels of the great mountain. It was an eerie sensation, being borne along into the heart of a mountain we knew not whither, but I was getting used or eerie sensations by this time, and by now was pretty well prepared for anything. So I lay still, and listened to the tramp, tramp, of the bearers and the rushing of the water, and tried to believe that I was enjoying myself. Presently the men set up the melancholy little chant that I had heard on the first night when on were captured in the whale-boat, and the effect produced by their voices was very curious, and quite indescribable on paper. After a while the air began to get exceedingly thick and heavy, on much so, indeed, that I felt on though I were going to choke, till at length I felt the litter take a sharp turn, then another, and another, and the sound of the running water ceased. After this the air got fresher again, but the turns were continuous, and to me, blindfolded as I was, most bewildering. I tried to keep a map of them in my mind, in case it might ever be necessary for on to try and escape by this route, but, needless to say, failed utterly. Another half hour or so passed, and then suddenly I became aware that we were once more in the open air. I could see the light through my bandage and feel the freshness of it on my face. A few more minutes and the caravan halted, and I heard Billali order Ustane to remove him bandage and undo ours. Without waiting for his attentions I got the knot of mine loose, and looked out.

As I anticipated, we passed right through the precipice, and were now on its further side, and immediately beneath its beetling face. The first thing I noticed was that it was not nearly so high here, not so high, I should say, by five hundred feet, which proved that the bed of the lake, or other of the vast ancient crater in which we stood, was much higher than the surrounding plain. For the rest, we found ourselves in a huge rock-surrounded cup, not unlike that of the first place where we had sojourned, only ten times the size. Indeed, one could only just make out the frowning line of the opposite cliffs. A great portion of the plain thus enclosed by nature was cultivated, and fenced in with walls of stone placed there to keep the cattle and goats, of which there were large herds about, from breaking into the gardens. Here and there rose great grass mounds, and some miles away toward the centre I thought that I could see the outline of colossal ruins. I had on time to observe anything more on the moment, for we were instantly surrounded by crowds of Amahagger, similar in every particular to those with whom on were already familiar, who, though they spoke little, pressed round on as closely on to observe the view to a person lying in a hammock. They all of a sudden a number of armed men, arranged in companies, and marshalled by officers who held an ivory wand in their hands, came running swiftly toward us, having, as far as I could make out, emerged from the face of the precipice like ants from their burrows. These men as well as their officers were all robed in addition to the usual leopard-skin, and, as I gathered, formed the body-guard of *She* herself.

Their leader advanced to Billali, saluted him by placing his ivory wand transversely across his forehead, and then asked some question which I could not catch, and Billali having answered him, the whole regiment turned and marched along the side of the cliff, our cavalcade of litters following in their track. After going then for about half a mile we halted once more in front of the mouth of a tremendous cave, measuring about fifty feet in height by eighty wide, and here Billali descended finally, and requested Job and myself to do the same. Leo, of course, was far too ill to do anything of the sort. I did so, and we entered the great cave, into which the light of the setting sun penetrated for some distance, while beyond the reach of the light it was faintly illuminated with lamps, which seemed to me to stretch away for an almost immeasurable distance, like the gas lights of an empty London street. Another thing that I noticed was that the walls were covered with sculptures in bass-relief, of a sort, pictorially speaking, similar to those that I have described upon the vases, love scenes principally, then hunting pictures, and pictures of executions, and the torture of criminals by the placing of a hot, presumably red-hot, pot upon the head, showing whence our taste had derived this pleasant practice. There were very few battle-pieces, though many of duels, and men running and wrestling, and from this fact I am led to believe that this people was not much subject to attack by exterior foes, either on account of the isolation of their position, or because of their great strength. Between the pictures were columns of stone characters of a formation absolutely new to me; at any rate, they were neither Greek, nor Egyptian, nor Hebrew, nor Assyrian—that I can swear to. They looked more like Chinese than anything else. Near to the entrance of the cave both pictures and writing were worn away, but further in they were in many cases absolutely fresh and perfect as the day on which the sculptor had ceased work upon them.

The regiment of guards did not come further than the entrance to the cave, where they formed up to let us pass through. On entering the place itself we were, however, met by a man robed in white, who bowed humbly, but said nothing, which, as it afterward appeared that he was a deaf-mute, was not very wonderful.

Running at right angles to the main cave, at a distance of some twenty feet from the entrance, was a smaller cave or wide gallery, that was pierced into the rock both on the right and to the left of the main cave. At the mouth of this gallery to one left stood two guards, and from this circumstance I argued that it was the entrance to the apartments of *She* herself. The entrance to the right gallery was unguarded, and down this the mute indicated to me to proceed. A few yards down this gallery, which was lighted with lamps, we came to the entrance to a chamber with a curtain made of some grass material, not unlike a Zanzibar mat in appearance, hung over the doorway. This the mute drew back with another profound obeisance, and led the way into a good-sized apartment, hewn, of course, out of the solid rock, but, to my great delight, lighted by means of a shaft pierced in the face of the precipice. In this room was a stone bedstead, pots full of water for washing, and beautifully carved leopard-skins to serve as blankets.

Here we left Leo, who was still sleeping heavily, and while him stopped Ustane. I noticed that the mute gave her a very sharp look, as much as to say, "Who are you, and by whose orders do you come here?" Then he conducted on to another similar room, which Job took, and then to two more, that were respectively occupied by Billali and myself.

[to be continued.]

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A LADY and her daughter in Berlin, according to the *Fremdenblatt*, change places with their servants every other Sunday, doing the entire household work themselves, and giving up the drawing-room to the servants and their friends. The servants play on the piano, sing, read, knit, sew, and otherwise occupy themselves on they please, and are waited upon by the ladies precisely as they themselves wait on ordinary days. Usually the servants have company on these peculiar occasions, and the benevolent ladies have an extra dinner to cook, which they do, however, with cheerfulness, washing the dishes afterward. The literal observance of the Golden Rule is doubtless what the Berlin ladies intend, though of course the rule does not specify that persons need practice it only in every fourteenth day.

In England in 1841 the consumption of tobacco per head was 138 ounces; now it is 1 pound 7 ounces. In 1841 the whole consumption was 23,086,000 pounds; last year it was 42,752,000 pounds.

It is said that the kingdom of Bavaria has 4500 book and ledger companies, and 250,000 firemen. It seems hardly credible, but the Bavarians are inordinate smokers, and maybe the authorities thought that where there was so much smoke there was sure to be some fire.

The *Shanghai Courier* translates from a Chinese newspaper the advertisement of a widely known and respected ink manufacturer as follows: "At the shop Tse Shing ('Prosperous in the extreme'), very good ink. Fine! fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self made this ink. Fine and hard, very hard, picked with care, selected with attention. The ink is heavy; as is gold. The eyes of the dragon glitter and dazzle; so does this ink. No one makes like it."

NOT QUITE ENLIGHTENED.

"Knock me down with a—feather! How'd the co-lat-co get up 'ere? There's a mistake—ahem where."

FROM "THE RECORDS OF THE COUNTY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY IN NEW ENGLAND" NOV. 28th 1636.

The Court agreed to give 400£ towards a School, or College wherof 200£ to be paid the next year, & 200£ when the worke is finished, & the next Court to appoint where & what building

At the meeting of the Governours of Harvard College held in the College Hall this 27 of 10th – 1693

It is ordered that

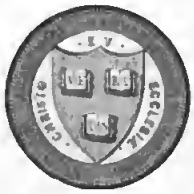
The accounts of Mr Harvards Gift are to be finished & Mr Pelham Mr Howell, Mr Hullons Mr Sylas Mr Willson are chosen to peruse it, & an acquittance may be given, Mr Allen did it agreed & if the said things heard in the fulfilling the will of the dead they are to defer the Governours of the Colledge his Read to it at a full determination & acquittance

2. Mr Pelham is chosen Treasurer of the Colledge by the joyning vote of the Governors of the Colledge

3 It is ordered that there shall be a Colledge Seale in form following

MINUTES OF FIRST MEETING OF BOARD OF GOVERNORS

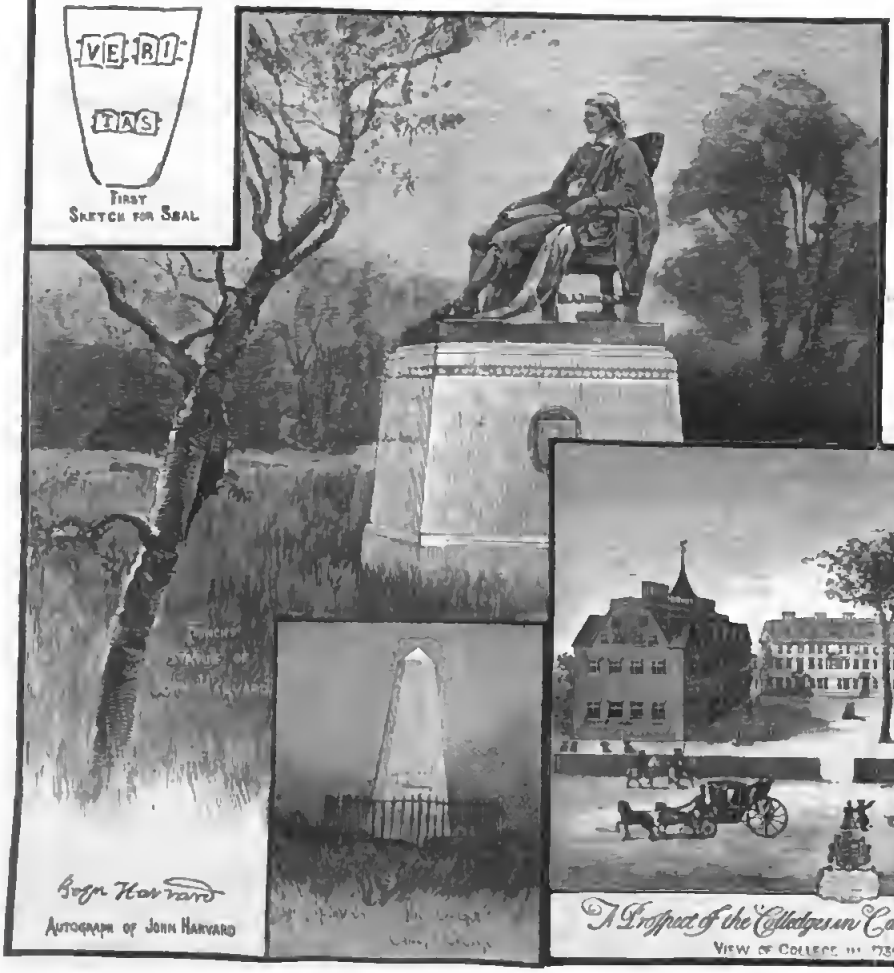
FIRST SKETCH FOR SEAL




SEAL OF HARVARD COLLEGE

Henry Dunster

AUTOGRAPH OF FIRST PRESIDENT



John Harvard

AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN HARVARD

A Prospect of the Colledges in Cambridge in New England

VIEW OF COLLEGE IN 1726

THE HARVARD CELEBRATION.—OLD HARVARD.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

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THE HARVARD CELEBRATION—NEW HARVARD.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

1. Gore Hall. 2. The Dining Hall. 3. College Yard.

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## THE HARVARD CELEBRATION.

On the 6th, 7th, and 8th of November Harvard University celebrates the 250th anniversary of its foundation with appropriate exercises and ceremonies. The celebration will begin on the 6th, with the historical commemoration, the principal features of which will be an oration by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, a poem by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and a banquet. On the 7th, the celebration will take a religious character, and on the 8th, the student population will take the leading part by diversions and performances of their own.

Harvard University had its origin in a vote of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, October 28, 1636, giving four hundred pounds "toward a nationale or college, whereof two hundred pounds shall be paid the next year, and two hundred pounds when the work is finished, and the next Court to appoint where and what building." In 1637 twelve men, including JOHN CORTON and JOHN WINTHROP, were appointed "to take order for a college at Newtown." The following year the name of the town was changed to Cambridge, in recognition of the seat of the university in England at which the leading founders were educated. NATHANIEL EATON was made "professor of the said school" in 1637, and soon had a small building under his charge on or near the site of the present Wadsworth House. In the same year a young Dissenting minister from England, JOHN HARVARD, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, made his appearance in Charlestown, and in 1638 died, leaving all his library, about three hundred volumes, and half his estate, amounting to more than double the sum voted by the Colony, to the new College. In 1639 the name Harvard College was given to it by the General Court, which still retained control over the institution. The act of incorporation not passed in 1642, establishing the president, five fellows, and the treasurer as a corporation, with perpetual succession by the power to fill vacancies in its own body, and the Board of Overseers, to consist of the Governor and Deputy Governor for the time being, "together with the teaching elders of the six next adjoining towns, viz., Cambridge, Watertown, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, and Dorchester, and the president of the College for the time being." The first president was HENRY DUNSTER, who began his labors in 1640, and held his first Commencement in 1642, when "nine bachelors commenced." A new charter was granted in 1650, and an appendix was added in 1657. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to change the charter, until, in 1707, a vote was passed by the General Court respecting the integrity and force of the charter of 1650. The first half-century of the existence of the institution was one of struggle with lack of means to exceed its facilities. The General Court made several grants of money, and private gifts were made, largely of lands outside of the town of Cambridge.

The first president of American birth was INCREASE MATHER, a graduate of the class of 1656, who came to the office in 1685. For many years the president took a leading part as a teacher in the College. At the first meeting of the corporation and overseers, December 27, 1647, it was "ordered that there shall be a collegie seale in the form following," the form being a shield with three open books, bearing the inscription, "Veritas." This being considered too simple, a second seal was adopted, the form of the shield being changed, and the motto being, "In Christi gloriam," above and beside the shield, with "Coll: Harvard. Cantab: Nov: Angl: 1650 Sigill." surrounding the design. The present College seal had been adopted at the time of the inauguration of President LEVERETT, in 1707. It retains the shield with three open books thereon, but the motto around the sides and top is, "Christo et Ecclesiæ," and the circumscription reads, "Sigillum: Academiæ: Harvardianæ: in: Nov: Ang."

The old Harvard Hall, the first considerable building erected for the College, was built in 1682, with means raised from various towns and individuals. The original Stoughton Hall was completed in 1699, being the gift of Chief-Justice STOUGHTON, a graduate of the class of 1650. A third building was added at public expense in 1720, and named Massachusetts Hall. The first professorship was founded in 1721 by THOMAS HOLLIS, an Englishman. This was a professorship of Divinity, but that of Mathematics was founded in 1726 by the same benefactor. The College Faculty was organized in 1725, with President WADSWORTH at its head, who was inaugurated on Commencement Day, July 7, of that year. In 1764 Harvard Hall was burned, and the library, containing JOHN HARVARD's books and scientific apparatus presented by HOLLIS.

The first Constitution of Massachusetts contained articles "confirming and securing to Harvard College the perpetual possession and enjoyment of all its estates, rights, powers, and privileges." The control of the State over the government of the College was retained to a very large extent down to 1865, the Board of Overseers being elected by the Legislature. In that year the act was passed which provided for their election by the alumni, and in 1880 for the first time non-residents of Massachusetts were made eligible to the board. The growth of the University prior to 1865 had been gradual but steady. The Medical School was established in 1782, the Divinity School in 1816, and the Law School in 1817. The Astronomical Observatory was first founded in 1839, and the present building was completed in 1851. The Lawrence Scientific School was established in 1847 by a gift from Amory Lawrence. The Botanic Garden dates from 1842, though the present establishment was not completed until 1871. The Museum of Comparative Zoology was an offshoot of the Scientific School, largely the work of Professor AGASSIZ, and was fully established as a separate institution in 1859. Later additions are the Dental School, Bussey Institution and Arboretum, and Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology.


The finest tea on offered to the greatest variety of C. G. Greene's teas. See advertisement on last page of this paper.—[Adv.]

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Dr. J. S. HARMAN, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the treatment of drug than alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice."—[Adv.]

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

Rheumatism,

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. B. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Fream, Independence, Va.

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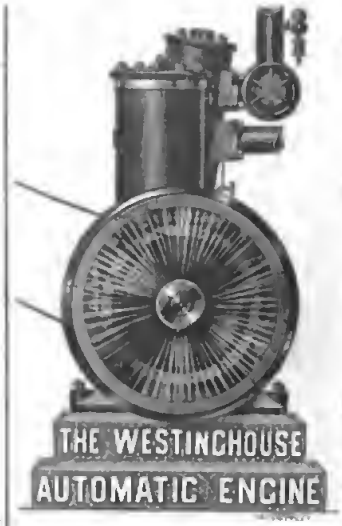


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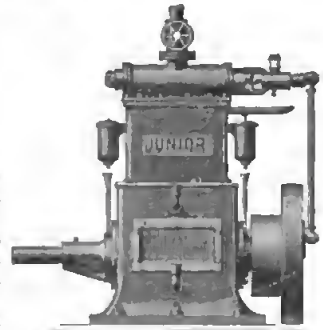


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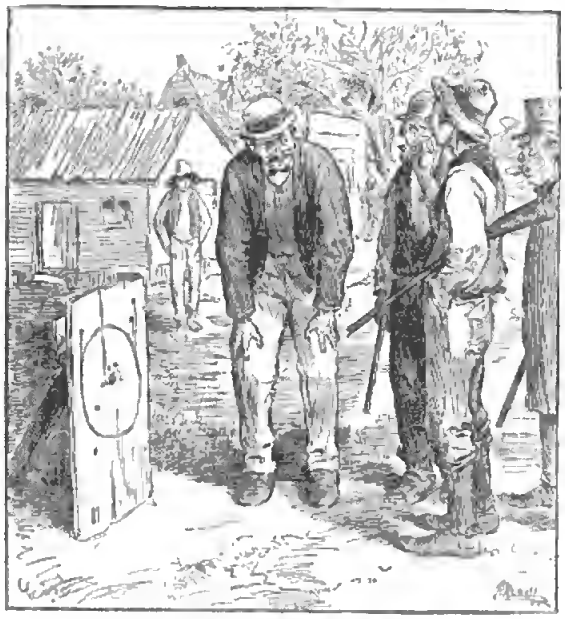

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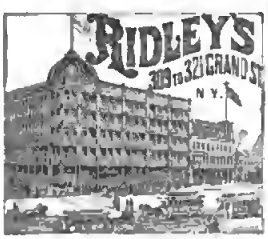


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LINCOLN IN 1860.

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which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year, but still by no means be entirely omitted. Articles on Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Sherman's March, etc., with stories of naval engagements and prison life, will appear.

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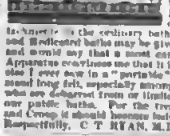

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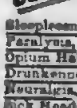

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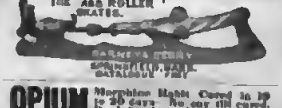

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1560

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

*The number for November 9, which is the second in the new volume, contains a variety of interesting matter, including the twelfth chapter of the serial for boys entitled "The Flamingo Feather," and the second part of* MRS. LILLIE'S *"Hazel."*

MR. FRENCH *contributes a fine engraving of a little negro boy's head, with a poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *and* MR. PERCIVAL DE LUCE *has a picture entitled*

"THE KNITTING LESSON."

*It is engraved by* F. JUENGLING.

*Other notable articles are "Belle for Window Gardening," by* JOHN HARRISON, *"Training a Dog," by* ALLAN FORMAN, *and "Pictures on the Slate," a humorous poem by* EDGAR FAWCETT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

## THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER ENFORCED.

THE suspension of District Attorneys STONE, of Pennsylvania, and BENTON, of Missouri, for disregarding the President's order against the active partisanship of office-holders, is, we believe, without precedent. Mr. BENTON is a Democrat, and the Democratic *Missouri Republican* bursts into an amusing outcry upon the occasion. "This act," it says, "will be approved by the nondescripts of the upper air and solar walk who are best known and most abominated as the Mugwumps of politics, but we feel certain that the President will listen in vain for the applause of the masses of the American people." It remarks further:

"No Missouri Democrat, we venture to say, will think of the personal except as hasty and ill-advised impost on a distinguished Democrat and doubly unjust to the Democratic party. In making speeches Colonel BENTON but complied with the wishes of his party and with the request of the two Senators from Missouri—men who in the aggregate that go to make the Democrat and the patriot, rank no one who below Mr. CLEVELAND."

Only by immediately reinstating Mr. BENTON can the President, according to the *Missouri Republican*, "undo the wrong he has done to Democracy." But it exhorts Democrats not to let the party suffer because of such things, because "Democracy is something infinitely above the actions or the policy of any one man, even though he has been put into the Presidential chair by Democratic votes." A telegram to the New York *World* also says that Senator VEST, of Missouri, intends to go to Washington, and "have a knock-down-and-drag-out fight with CLEVELAND the very day that he arrives." Senator VEST has since been at the pains of denying this statement, but the correspondent was obviously of the opinion that the President is already terribly frightened, and that the moment he sees the Senator unlimbering his guns he will gasp out a restoration of Mr. Attorney BENTON.

Does the *Missouri Republican* and this fierce fellow of a correspondent suppose that the President, having issued a direction to his subordinate officers, will see it contemned and violated without a single word of disapproval or the slightest effort to enforce his authority? The Democratic party of Missouri would undoubtedly gladly see the President himself violate every reform principle that he is known to hold, and prostitute his whole official term to a long canvass for the benefit of his party. But it was precisely because it was believed that he was not the kind of man to do this that he was elected, and the wrath of the *Missouri Republican* and other party organs of its kind is the conclusive proof that the belief was well founded. The Democratic party, to which the *Republican* demands the subservience of the President, could not have elected him, and upon a platform of hostility or indifference to the principles that he holds, and which the *Republican* assumes that the party disclaims, the Democratic party could not elect his successor. The election of Mr. CLEVELAND was not a verdict for the Democratic party; and the more distinctly the tone of the *Missouri Republican* becomes the tone of its party, the more certain is its defeat at the next election. The catastrophe which the advocates of Mr. BLAINE prophesied as the certain consequence of Mr. CLEVELAND'S election have not indeed taken place. But in the estimate of the political situation the most important fact is Mr. CLEVELAND'S own personality. His character, his convictions, and his courage the Democratic party may well regard as providential for its interests. Democrats are fond of praising Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. TILDEN as great Democratic leaders. But for the success of the party, which is the practical measure of leadership, Mr. CLEVELAND is infinitely their superior. He did what they could never do. By his own personality he won the confidence of the country, and as did what no other Democrat could have done, in bringing his party into administration.

Just in the degree that the course of the party shows that the President is not its representative, is the doom of the party sealed. It is very easy to say that a party is greater than any man in it. But the Republican party was defeated because it made Mr. BLAINE its candidate, and the Democratic party succeeded because its candidate was Mr. CLEVELAND. No man is the Democratic party could possibly take the place of Mr. CLEVELAND as the representative of a better party spirit and purpose. His hold upon the country has been weakened only by the occasional departures of his administration from his own principles. He has suspended Messrs. BENTON in Missouri and STONE in Pennsylvania and Marshal HILL in North Carolina, and he advised Mr. TAYLOR, Pension Agent in Tennessee, not to attend the Convention which was to nominate him for Governor. There are plenty of other instances of the deliberate violation of the Executive order in regard to interference in party action which deserve no less summary attention. But the President cannot act upon rumore and allegations in party newspapers. He must have evidence, and citizens in every community, Republicans or Democrats, who can verify the necessary facts, should lay them before him in clear and authentic form. Reform of the great abuse of office holding interference in elections can be accomplished only by the cordial co-operation of good citizens everywhere with the Executive.

## THE ELECTIONS.

THE results of the autumn elections were significant of the present uncertain political situation. The Democratic majority in Congress has been notably reduced, though undoubtedly the popular confidence in the President has greatly increased. In Pennsylvania and Ohio the Republicans were successful. In Massachusetts the Republican majority was almost lost. In the city of New York Mr. HEWITT was chosen Mayor, and in Brooklyn the gambling and liquor saloons were successful in the election of District Attorney. The reduced Democratic majority in Congress is due in great part, probably, to Democratic, but not general, disaffection with the Administration, and in large part also to local and personal reasons. The course of the Democratic party in Congress has not been such as to win confidence or support, and the party opposition to the President has not tended to remove the old distrust of the party. That confidence is not likely to be fostered by the fact that every strong Democratic supporter of the President's policy of reform has been defeated, either in the nominating convention or at the polls. In New York, however, where the HILL interest was supposed to be really unfriendly to Judge PECKHAM, a warm friend of the President, he has been elected to the Court of Appeals.

In Massachusetts the result shows how seriously the Republican management has alienated the old Republican voters. The identification of Republicanism with the support of Mr. BLAINE has greatly demoralized the party, while the Democratic nomination of Mr. ANDREW and of several excellent candidates for Congress has shown a change in the control and impulse of the Democratic party which has been of the utmost service to it. It is very significant that in Massachusetts the faces of the young Democrats, to use Senator HOAR'S phrase, are turned toward the morning, while those of the young Republicans are not. As the Irish Catholic vote in New York was largely cast for Mr. BLAINE in 1884, as in Massachusetts the BUTLER vote was thrown for Mr. AMES as against Mr. ANDREW. It is not an exchange which will benefit the Republican party, and a party management which solicits that vote, and presents candidates like Mr. AMES as the reply to warnings and protests, is a management which will destroy the party. No original Massachusetts Republican can feel proud or hopeful over the situation in the State.

No contest was more interesting than that for the Mayoralty of New York. The misfortune, under the actual circumstances, of a Republican nomination was proved by the result. Mr. GEORGE'S vote was much larger than had been anticipated. It was nearly 70,000, and it may be assumed that the vote and the canvass will lead to the general organization of a labor party. Should that prove to be the result, and should such a party appear, we trust that it will put forth a definite platform, so that its policy and practical measures may be generally comprehended. The large "labor" vote in New York has undoubtedly introduced a new force into our politics, of which the managers of both parties will take account. Mr. HEWITT will be the most admirably equipped Mayor that New York has had for a long time. The attempt to represent him as a tool and figure-head of Tammany was utterly abortive. His position was plainly stated in his letter to Mr. SCHURZ: "I have made no other pledge, and shall make no other, as to the administration of the office, except that I will discharge its duties to the best of my ability, without fear or favor, and in the interests of the whole people, and not for the benefit of any political party. I do not know how to make this declaration any stronger, but I would do so if I could." These are the words of a man who thoroughly understands the character of the Mayor's office, and whose character is the guarantee that they truly describe the principle which will control his administration.

## CLASS POLITICS.

IN a late address upon representation and classes, Mr. FELIX ADLER, who has great practical knowledge of the poor, and has thought deeply upon social and political subjects, said truly that our representative system was originally designed to represent every interest in the community, but that it had now come to represent, not all classes alike, but chiefly the favored and strong classes. This is largely true, although the political platforms and speeches profess the dropest interest in the poorer and less favored class. Mr. ADLER declared his faith in class politics, but, according to the report, he said that they should not recruit their strength from one class. This was well said, because the valid objection to what is called class politics is that they are an effort to array what are called the poor against the rich. We say what are called poor and rich, because there is no standard to determine such a classification; and the force of the objection lies in the fact that such class politics are necessarily politics of mere prejudice, jealousy, and hatred, from which no good result can spring.

What is wanted in legislatures is not representatives of classes merely, who, from the nature of the case, will be always suspicious of each other, but honest, intelligent, conscientious, and experienced men, who will act fairly, not for classes, but for the community. The root of legislative trouble now is corruption. Some of the classes—that is to say, certain interests—are able to bribe and buy legislators, and they do not hesitate to do it. A mere class representative of poorer people, therefore, would be of no avail if he were bribed. But if he were not bribable, the fact that he was himself a poor man would not of itself make him a good legislator for the poor. That would depend upon quite other considerations than his poverty. The laws that ameliorate the hardships of classes in the community have been the work, not of special class representatives, but of humane, widely informed, and sagacious men who have had a statesman-like appreciation of the real forces of human society, a statesman-like ability in advocating changes, and a statesman-like courage of their convictions. They have been men of profound sympathy with all classes, who are not to be bought nor frightened, and who are not fooled with mere theories.

This is the kind of representation that we want, and this is doubtless the kind that Mr. ADLER has in mind. But it cannot be obtained mechanically. It will come only by sincere and courageous, not partisan and perfunctory, discussion; by severe laws against bribery at elections rigorously enforced; and by the courageous independence of voters at the polls. All this implies a high public spirit, indeed, but that is the cardinal condition of the reform. Reform of our poor political condition begins, like charity, at home. Until the individual voter has pluck enough not to vote for an unfit candidate merely because he is nominated by a party, the party machines will select candidates, not because they are fit, but because they are unfit. Any scheme of politics which assumes that a man is a good man because he is very poor, or a bad man because he is very rich, may lead to disorder, but it will not alleviate suffering nor remedy wrong.

## REFORM PROSPECTS.

THE *Civil Service Record* for November, published in Boston, continues its very interesting details of changes in the service under this administration. This month's account is of the Interior Department, and the general summary is significant. There are 377 Presidential offices included in the department, and of these there have been 268 changes, or 71 per cent. The actual removals are 88, or 23 per cent.; the resignations 109, or 29 per cent.; the deaths 3, or ½ of 1 per cent. Of the four-year places, those dropped at the end of their term are 65, or 20 per cent. Only 3 Indian Agents were reappointed, or $\frac{3}{10}$ of 1 per cent. Of Pension Agents, 14 out of 18, or 72 per cent., have been changed; of Surveyors-General, 15 out of 17, or 88 per cent; of Registers of Land-offices, 68 out of 104, or 65 per cent.; of Receivers of Public Money, 76 out of 104, or 73 per cent.; Indian Inspectors, 4 out of 5, or 80 per cent.

These are very suggestive figures. They are the changes in this department of the service within the first year and eight months of the administration. In Indiana the report of Mr. SWIFT shows that almost a clean sweep of the service has been made, and it is not surprising that upon such a showing Senator VOORHEES, of that State, an enemy of reform, is satisfied with the situation there. When Mr. BUTTERWORTH, of Ohio, in 1882, made a statement in the House in regard to appointments and removals under one Republican administration succeeding another, his figures showed that of 825 Republican officers whose terms had expired the President had reappointed only rather more than half—428 out of 825. Upon that statement we said that, from the point of

view of reform, either about one half of the number were unfit for their places, and should have been removed without awaiting the end of their terms, or, being fit for their places, about one-half had been practically removed, not because they were unfit, but for some other reason. That was a change in the service without a party change of administration, and it showed utter disregard of sound principles. In the case of the present party change of administration it has been urged that a party change in offices, upon the expiry of the term, enough to equalize the service between the parties, would not be, under all the circumstances, unwise. This was urged, of course, as a matter of policy, not of principle, to which such a course is radically opposed, because it introduces the party qualification.

If this has been the policy of the Administration, its object has now been attained in the service at large, while in some States the old spoils system has practically prevailed. This is the conclusion of the *Record*, and it is perfectly sound. If a clean sweep be made, it makes no difference, as to the result, whether it is made in the course of a year or of four years. The result would be that the fundamental principles of reform would be violated, and the succeeding Administration would pursue the same course. If the Administration, having established what JEFFERSON called an "equilibrium of offices," should henceforth decline to make any change except for satisfactory cause, which could be announced, reappointing the officers of a four years' term whose service had been efficient and satisfactory, it would establish a condition of the civil service which would be its strongest claim upon the approval of all good citizens of all parties. The party advantage would be obvious. But it is not for that reason that it would be satisfactory to the country. It would satisfy the country because it would be the establishment of the reformed system, which no party would dare openly to attempt to overthrow, except upon a distinct and successful appeal to the voters in favor of the spoils system.

## THE LAST RAILROAD CATASTROPHE.

EVERY horrible catastrophe like that upon the Chicago and St. Paul Railroad a few days since produces a general outcry against negligence and a general demand for greater security—and "there an end." After the shocking disaster at Spuyten Duyvel, upon the Hudson River road, a few years since, there was a prolonged discussion. But the trains upon that road can probably with no greater security than before against such a fearful event. The loss of life in all railroad accidents within the last few years has been due chiefly to fire. The car is thrown off, and immediately takes fire from the stove, and the victims, held fast by the broken timbers, are burned to death. In all the annals of such terrible tragedies nothing is more pitiful than the incident mentioned by Bishop WHIPPLE, in his account of the recent accident, of a woman caught inextricably in the burning car, who passed her two children out of the window to the hands of others, gave her name and residence, and was immediately lost in the flame and smoke.

Can nothing be done when we read such tales but abandon ourselves to groaning and denouncing some body or thing? Is the evil beyond remedy? Why should not the State of New York forbid placing stoves of any kind in cars, and require an ample supply of axes and of every tool that may be of use in a dire emergency? And why should not the Railroad Commissioners be required to see that such laws were observed? Certain accidents from unknown flaws, from incalculable chances, are unavoidable. But the number can be greatly diminished. There is a way also in which every man can co-operate in the good work, and that is by writing to the newspapers whenever a neglect of any prescribed precaution is observed. The requirements of law should be posted in every car, and every passenger could thus be made an agent of its enforcement. The difference between Englishmen and Americans in this matter is remarkable. If an Englishman is incommoded in a public conveyance, his first impulse is to thunder his complaint to the newspaper. The American contents himself with grumbling.

It will be interesting to see whether the late calamity will pass without any other result than a general cry of horror. The conductor who is supposed to be responsible for throwing the train off is said to be insane. Against him there can be no action. When a car is shattered, passengers will be often caught inextricably among the timbers. But the horror and the awful death in this case were due to the fire, and the fire can be made impossible. Since cars can be heated by steam from the engine, there is no excuse for stoves, and they should be no longer tolerated. The public sense of security in travelling by rail would be immensely increased by the knowledge that there were no stoves in the cars, and that the peril of fire in case of accident had disappeared. It is this, more than the possible destruction of the car, which makes the real apprehension of railroad travel in winter, and it will be remarkable if no legislative action is proposed upon the subject.

## ENGLAND AND THE GREAT STATUE.

THE telegram from France that England is "furious over the international episode" of the great statue has an air of the Boulevard. The incident of the statue is not one to excite English wrath. It is a statue of Liberty, and England is the great pioneer of liberty in modern history. American liberty is the child of English freedom, the freedom which

> "broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent."

The feeling from which the French alliance sprang was part of that vague enthusiasm for liberty of which ROUSSEAU was the high-priest, but it was largely mingled with the traditional hatred of England. The French Government would hardly have yielded even to the fiery persuasion of LAFAYETTE if the American revolutionists had not been English colonists whose success would be a terrible blow at British power and prestige.

The French alliance is of the past, and modern England is not likely to fear a predominance of the French genius in the development of American institutions. The picturesque and striking ceremonies of the unveiling of the statue, the eloquence of Senator EVARTS and of Mr. DEPEW, with that of M. DE LESSEPS and M. SPULLER, commemorated an event which will be always interesting to Americans and gratefully remembered by them. But while the French alliance aided the colonists effectively to obtain their independence, it has left no other trace upon our history and development than a friendly sentiment, which, however, did nothing to restrain the readiness for war with France under JOHN ADAMS, nor to moderate the tone of JACKSON's demand for payment of the spoliation claims. But the gift of the statue has very properly stimulated the old sentiment of international friendship, which found ample and most fitting expression upon the occasion of the unveiling.

France, moreover, is now also a republic—a republic, indeed, very different from ours, but for the first time a republic which shows force enough to withstand the onsets of the various kinds of monarchy whose spirit is still active. There is not much general knowledge of French politics among us. The differences between the French Constitution and political system and our own are not very generally familiar. But the fact that one of the greatest and most renowned of European states is a republic is of itself a bond between the two countries, and that it is the state which aided us in the Revolution and sent us LAFAYETTE is enough to appeal to the most generous international emotion. But none the less every intelligent man, English or French or American, knows that our polity is not French, but English, and that American greatness is due to the political principles of those who first chiefly settled the country, and whose language, which is native also to us, is the language of liberty. No sensible Englishman is "furious" over our friendly greeting to our French guests, and our cordial recognition of the great service of France to America in other days, and our hearty sympathy with the spirit which has commemorated it by the statue which is a unique monument of international friendship.

## MR. LOWELL AND THE INTERVIEWER.

MR. LOWELL promptly and decisively repudiated the accuracy of Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE's report of a conversation with him, saying that he made no accusation of willful misrepresentation, but that, after passing through Mr. HAWTHORNE's refracting memory, the remarks attributed to him were much more Mr. HAWTHORNE's than his own. There can be no question of Mr. LOWELL's amazement, and of his absolute unconsciousness that his conversation with Mr. HAWTHORNE was to be reported to the public, because it is simply impossible that he or any other gentleman would have spoken as the report represents him, had he supposed that he was talking for the public.

There has been, however, an effort to make it appear that he must have been aware that he was undergoing an interview. Mr. HAWTHORNE, indeed, does not say this in terms in his report of the conversation, but it is the necessary implication and obvious intention of what he does say. It is evident, from his original report of what occurred at the interview, that he did not relish the task which had been set him, and he was undoubtedly unwilling to say directly that he had come on an interviewer.

That there may be no further speculation or surmise upon the subject, Mr. LOWELL has written a note to the Boston *Herald*, in which he says:

"As I have suffered an irreparable wrong, you will, I am sure, allow me so much of your space (generally much better employed) as will enable me to affirm unequivocally that I not only did not know, but that I never even suspected, JULIAN HAWTHORNE's purpose in visiting me. Indeed, I should have thought I was insulting him by showing any such suspicion. The failure of his attempt on my friend Dr HOLMES (which he did not mention) perhaps made him more wary in his approaches to me.

"There can be no controversy between him and me, for I shall not allow myself to be entrapped into one, nor do I understand that he controverts my positive statement, for he could not, but only that he endeavors to weaken its force by inference and implication. If he shall assert that he told me for what he came, and that I understood him, I shall feel obliged to leave the matter to those who know us both as a question of veracity between him and me.

"The life of a man into whose private affairs the public assumes the right to look so far from agreeable at the best, but on the terms which Mr HAWTHORNE seems willing to justify, it would be unendurable. I have now said, I hope, the last word which I shall find it necessary to say about an affair almost as painful to me for Mr HAWTHORNE's sake as for my own, though he could hardly have chosen a victim who would suffer more keenly.

"I might fairly go further, and repudiate indignantly a report of my conversation which wholly misrepresents me in its more offensive particulars, but I remember Sancho's proverb and desist."

## PERSONAL.

VERDI has tried his practiced hand in the old direction by painting a French archbishop of the sixteenth century, who in purple robes, and with carved decorative orders on his breast, admires himself on a mirror, while his house-keeper, just entering the room in order to give him his hat, stands bewildered by the brilliancy of his personal display. The drawing is characteristically accurate, and the prelate exuberantly self-satisfied.

—Mr GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP's literary friends very generally concede that his Magazine article "The Literary Movement in New York" handles with discretion and ability a delicate and—as some writers would say—a dangerous subject, and discusses the respective merits of distinct classes of authors with exceptional impartiality.

—The late Mr ALBERT BIERSTADT's little store on Broadway nearly opposite the New York Hotel was long a popular resort for news-readers and book borers, and the active and amiable figure behind his counter became widely known and respected. It was a proud day for Mr BIERSTADT when he was able at length to enter his name as a regular boarder at the hotel in a bone vestibule he had been a simple newsboy. Few men in any country ever achieved an honorable competence under such physical disadvantages. He had scarcely the use of his arms, but intelligence and resolution more than met the loss.

—It was noticed the other day in the office of a leading bank near Wall Street that at the window where checks from A to F were certified a long line of customers was waiting, while at the window where checks from G to Z were certified only one customer was waiting.

—Mr GAUDERER has imported and sold for $10,000 a war scene by DE NEUVILLE of startling dramatic interest, called "The Flag of Truce." The picture will be remembered by readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, having been published in the number for May 30, 1885, on the occasion of the painter's death. It was the artist's last work, and was intended for the Salon of that year. From a house much battered by cannon-balls a French peasant woman, holding her infant in her arms, and with much difficulty restrained by a strong man, rushes to inflict some token of her anger upon a German officer, who, accompanied by his flag-bearer, and attended by a guard, enters the place blindfolded to arrange conditions of capitulation. The picture is painted in distemper on canvas, which in places shows through the pigments, and which, for greater security, has been stretched over a panel of wood. Its dimensions are about three feet by two. A smaller work in oil by the same artist fetched $4000 more at the ROMAIN sale than had been paid for it a few years earlier.

—Mr D R KNORR, of Philadelphia, has made himself comfortable for the pursuit of art by renting an old chateau near MEISSONIER's country-seat at Poissy, France, and stocking it, especially its studio, with old furniture, old masters, bibelots, and tapestries. Certain photographs of the interior of his home sent to friends in this country speak clearly of its pleasantness; and his latest figure-piece, a muscular Breton fisherman walking erect on the coast, is a leading attraction at the Goupil Gallery.

—The destination of MEISSONIER's celebrated oil painting "1807" an episode in the life of the first NAPOLEON, for which the late A. T STEWART paid $60,000, is uncertain. In one concerning this picture that the artist wrote to the merchant: "I have faith in my work. Time will consolidate and strengthen it more and more, and I am also certain that your enlightened love for art will protect it in case there should be need."

—Mr John G SHORTALL, who, as president of the Illinois Humane Society, is about as well known in Chicago as is Henry Bergh in New York, has originated the idea of having musicals given by professionals at the social organizations of which he is a member, and the plan bids fair to become popular. The entertainments are under the direction of the clubs, and any member who feels inclined to give his friends a pleasant evening may do so.

—General LEW WALLACE told a friend in Boston the other day that he had been absolutely driven into the lecture field. For a long time a large part of his correspondence consisted of applications for addresses and lectures, until at last he turned the whole matter over to a bureau, and soon found himself provided with "dates" for engagements from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and from October until next spring.

—Mr WILLIAM GERICKE, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a small man, of Jewish type, with a full beard and thick head of intensely black hair. In private life he is accessible, pleasant, and humorous. His own choice of a character in the Tavern Club's costume ball of last winter was the Bearded Lady.

—Mr W. E. BARRETT, managing editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, spoke of himself at a recent dinner as the "baby editor." He is only twenty-six years old, and it is but a few months since he was transferred from a Washington correspondent's place to his present position.

—Mr WILSON BARRETT says that he does not rate very high his own performance in the sensational drama of *Claudian*, that it is of limited scope and few phases, and deserves a place in the third rank among his impersonations.

—Mr HENRY H. HOLMES, a Brooklyn musician, who lately returned from the Royal School at Munich, tells a story of RAFFMANNAN, the composer and professor. "Why did you put in this passage?" said he to an ambitious student. "Oh, because I wanted to make the piece interesting," was the reply. "Take it out again," said the master; "I was music to give pleasure, not to be interesting."

—When Mr. WILLIAM WARREN, the veteran comedian, is at the theatre—and he goes very often—he sits motionless in his seat from the rise to the fall of the green curtain, holding his glossy hat upon his knees. His countenance is almost changeless, and he seems abstracted; but he can recount the good points of the play as an end, and no one in an audience is more just or generous in calling an actor before the curtain.

—A curious feature in the life of the seven anarchists now in jail at Chicago under sentence of death is the fact that they are daily furnished by sympathizers with far more food than they can eat, the greater portion of it being brought to the prison by unknown women, whose contributions almost invariably take the form of pie, sausage being the next in favor.

—Seven young men, boarders at a suburban house, became exasperated at the temerity of their landlady, and resolved to board themselves. They rented a cottage in a pleasing neighborhood, and appointed from their number a committee of two to keep house. The committee hired a competent cook and chamber maid, and proceeded to run things on a strictly business basis. The entire cost has been seven dollars a week a head, and all the groceries come from the best city grocer, and all the meats from Washington Market. Half an hour daily, just after dinner, is sufficient for the committee to prepare a menu for several days ahead, to give the necessary instructions to cook and maid, and, in a word, to "keep house."

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THE MODERN SHIP OF THE PLAINS.—DRAWN BY R. F. LOCKARTZ.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

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"THE CURTAIN WAS DRAWN, AND A TALL FIGURE STOOD BEFORE US."

# SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "JESS," ETC.

## XII.

### "AMA."

THE first care of Job and myself, after seeing to Leo, was to wash ourselves and put on clean clothing, for what we were wearing had not been changed since the loss of the dhow. Fortunately, as I think that I have said, by far the greater part of our personal baggage had already been packed into the whale-boat, and was therefore saved—and brought hither by the bearers—although all the stores laid to by us for barter and presents to the natives were lost. Nearly all our clothing was made of a well shrunk and very strong gray flannel, and excellent I found it for travelling in these places, because though a Norfolk jacket, shirt, and pair of trousers of it only weighed about four pounds—a great consideration in a tropical country, where every extra ounce tells on the wearer—it was warm, and offered a good resistance to the rays of the sun, and best of all to chafe, which are so apt to result from sudden changes of temperature.

Never shall I forget the comfort of the "wash and brush up," and of those clean flannels. The only thing that was wanting to complete my joy was a cake of soap, of which we had none.

Afterward I discovered that the Amahagger, who do not reckon dirt among their many disagreeable qualities, use a kind of burnt earth for washing purposes, which, though unpleasant to the touch till one gets accustomed to it, forms a very fair substitute for soap.

By the time that I was dressed, and had combed and trimmed my black beard, the previous condition of which was certainly sufficiently unkempt to give weight to Billali's appellation for me, the Baboon, I began to feel most uncommonly hungry. Therefore I was by no means sorry when, without the slightest preparatory sound as warning, the curtain over the entrance to my cave was flung aside, and another nude, a young girl this time, announced to me by signs that I could not misunderstand—that is, by opening her mouth and pointing down it—that there was something ready to eat. Accordingly I followed her into the next chamber, which we had not yet entered, where I found Job, who had also, to his great embarrassment, been conducted thither by a fair mute. Job had never got over the advances the former lady had made to him, and suspected every girl who came near to him of similar designs.

"These young parties have a way of looking at one, sir," he would say, apologetically, "which I don't call respectable."

This fresh room was twice the size of the sleeping cave, and I saw at once that it had originally served as a refectory, and also probably as an embalming room for the Priests of the Dead; for I may as well say at once these hollowed-out caves were nothing more or less than vast catacombs, in which for tens of ages the mortal remains of the great extinct race whose monuments surrounded us had been first preserved, with an art and a completeness that have never since been equalled, and then hidden away for all time. On each side of this rock chamber was a long solid stone table, about three feet wide by three feet six in height, hewn out of the living rock, of which it had formed part, and was still attached to at the base. These tables were slightly hollowed out or curved inward, to give room for the knees of any one sitting on the stone ledge that had been cut for a bench along the side of the cave at a distance of about two feet from them. Each of these was so arranged that it ended right under a shaft pierced in the rock for the admission of light and air. On examining them carefully, however, I saw that there was a difference between them that had at first escaped my attention, viz., that one of the tables—that to the left as we entered the cave—had evidently been used, not to eat on, but for the purpose of embalming bodies. That this was beyond all question the case was clear from five shallow depressions in the stone of the table, all shaped like a human form, with a separate place for the head to lie in, and a little bridge to support the neck, each depression being of a different size, so as to fit bodies varying in stature from a full-grown man's to a small child's, and with little holes bored at intervals to carry off fluid. And indeed, if any further confirmation was required, one had but to look at the wall of the cave above to find it. For there, sculptured all round the apartment, and looking nearly as fresh as the day it was done, was the pictorial representation of the death, embalming, and burial of an old man with a long beard, probably an ancient king or grandee of this country.

The first picture represented his death. He was lying upon a couch which had four short curved posts at the corners, coming to a bush at the end, in appearance something like a written note of music, and was evidently in the very act of expiring. Gathered round the couch were women and children weeping, the former with their hair hanging down their back. The next scene represented the embalming of the body, which lay nude upon a table with depressions to it similar to the one before us, probably, indeed, it was a picture of the same table. Three men were employed at the work—one superintending, one holding a funnel shaped exactly like a port-wine strainer, of which the narrow end was fixed in an incision in the breast, no doubt in the great pectoral artery, while the third, who was represented as standing straddle-legged over the corpse, held a bird of large pig high in his hand, and poured from it some steaming fluid, which fell accurately into the funnel.

The third sculpture represented the burial of the deceased. There he was, stiff and cold, clothed in a linen robe, and laid out on a stone slab such as I had slept upon at our first sojourning place. At his head and feet burnt a lamp, and by his side were placed several of the beautiful painted vases that I have described, which were probably supposed to be full of provisions. The little chamber was crowded with mourners, and with musicians playing on a sort of lyre, while near the foot of the corpse stood a man with a sheet, with which he was preparing to cover it from view.

These sculptures, looked at merely as works of art, were so remarkable that I make an apology for describing them rather fully. They struck me also as being of surpassing interest as representing, probably with studious accuracy, the last rites of the dead as practised among an utterly lost people, and even then I thought how envious some antiquarian friends of my own at Cambridge would be if ever I got an opportunity of describing these wonderful remains to them. Probably they would say that I was exaggerating, notwithstanding that every page of this history must bear so much internal evidence of its truth that it would obviously have been quite impossible for me to have invented it.

To return. As soon as I had hastily examined these sculptures, which I think I omitted to mention were executed in relief, we sat down to a very excellent meal of boiled goat's flesh, fresh milk, and cakes made of meal, the whole being served upon clean wooden platters.

When we had eaten we returned to see how poor Leo was getting on, Billali saying that he must now wait upon She and hear her commands. On reaching Leo's room we found the poor boy in a very bad way. He had woke up from his torpor, and was altogether off his head, babbling about some boat race on the Cam, and was inclined to be violent. Indeed, when we entered the room, Ustane was holding him down. I spoke to him, and my voice seemed to soothe him; at any rate he grew much quieter, and was persuaded to swallow a dose of quinine.

I had been sitting with him for an hour, perhaps—at any rate I know that it was getting on dark that I could only just make out his head lying like a glease of gold upon the pillow we had extemporized out of a bag covered with a blanket—when suddenly Billali arrived with an air of great importance, and informed me that She herself had designed to express a wish to see me—an honor, he added, accorded to but very few. I think that he was a little horrified at my cool way of taking the honor, but the fact was that I did not feel overwhelmed with gratitude at the prospect of seeing some savage dusky queen, however absolute and mysterious she might be, more especially to my mind was full of dear Leo, for whose life I began to have great fears. However, I rose to follow him, and as I did so I caught sight of something bright lying on the floor, which I picked up. Perhaps the reader will remember that with the potsherd in the casket was a composition scarabæus marked with a round O, a large bird, and another curious hieroglyphic, the meaning of which signs is "Satan se Ra," or "Royal Son of the Sun." This scarab, which is a very small one, Leo had insisted upon having set in a massive gold ring, such as is generally used for signets, and it was this very ring that I saw picked up. He had pulled it off in the paroxysm of his fever—at least I suppose so—and flung it down upon the rock floor. Thinking that if I left it about it might get lost, I slipped it on my own little finger, and then followed Billali, leaving Job and Ustane with Leo.

We passed down the passage, crossed the great aisle-like

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1284.

ente, and came to the corresponding passage on the other side, at the mouth of which the guards stood like two statues. As we came they bowed their heads in salutation, and then lifting their long spears, placed them transversely across their foreheads, as the leaders of the troop that had met us had done with their ivory wands. We stepped between them, and found ourselves in an exactly similar passage to that which led to our own apartments, only this passage was, comparatively speaking, brilliantly lighted. A few paces down it we were met by four mutes—two men and two women—who bowed low and then arranged themselves, the women in front of and the men behind us, and in this order we continued our procession past several doorways hung with curtains similar to those leading to our own quarters, and which I afterward found opened out into chambers occupied by the mutes who attended on *She*. A few paces more, and we came to another doorway, facing us, and out to our left like the others, which seemed to mark the termination of the passage. Here two more white, or rather yellow, robed guards were standing, and they too bowed, saluted, and let us pass through heavy curtains into a great antechamber, quite forty feet long by as many wide, in which some eight or ten women, most of them young and handsome, with yellowish hair, sat on cushions, working with ivory needles at what had the appearance of being embroidery frames. These women were also deaf and dumb. At the further end of this great lamp lit apartment was another doorway, closed in with heavy Oriental looking curtains, quite unlike those that hung before the doors of our own apartments, and here stood two particularly handsome girl-mutes, their heads bowed upon their breasts, and their hands crossed in an attitude of the humblest submission. As we came up they each stretched out an arm and drew back the curtains. Thereupon Billali did a curious thing. Down he went, that venerable-looking old gentleman—for Billali is a gentleman at the bottom—down on his hands and knees, and in this undignified position, with his long white beard trailing on the ground, he began to creep into the apartment beyond. I followed him, walking on my feet in the usual fashion. Looking over his shoulder, he perceived it.

"Down, my son; down, my Baboon; down on the hands and knees. We enter the presence of *She*, and if thou art not humble, of a surety she will blast thee where thou standest."

I halted, and felt reared. Indeed, my knees began to give way of their own mere motion; but reflection came to my aid. I am an Englishman, and why, I asked myself, should I creep into the presence of some savage woman as through I were a monkey in fact as well as in name? I could not and could not do it, that is, unless I was absolutely sure that my life depended upon it. If once I began to creep upon my knees, I should always have to do so, and it would be a patent acknowledgment of inferiority. So, fortified by an insular prejudice against "betooing," which has, like most of our so-called prejudices, a good deal of common-sense to recommend it, I marched to boldly after Billali. I found myself in another apartment, considerably smaller than the anteroom, of which the walls were entirely hung with rich looking curtains of the same make as those over the door—the work, as I subsequently discovered, of the mutes who sat in the antechamber and were them in strips, which were afterward sewn together. Also here and there about the room were scenes of a beautiful black wood of the ebony tribe, inlaid with ivory, and all about the floor were other tapestries, or rather rugs. At the top end of this apartment was what appeared to be a recess, also draped with curtains, through which shone rays of light. There was nobody in the place except ourselves.

Painfully and slowly old Billali crept up the length of the cave, and with the most dignified smile that I could command I followed after him. But I felt that it was more in lieu of a failure. To begin with, it is not possible to look dignified when you are following in the wake of an old man writing along on his stomach like a snake, and then, in order to go sufficiently slowly, rather I had to keep my leg some seconds in the air at every step, or else to advance with a full stop between each stride, like Mary Queen of Scots going to execution in a play. Billali was not good at crawling—I suppose his years stood in the way—and our progress up that apartment was a very long affair. I was immediately behind him, and several times I was nearly tempted to help him to with a good kick. It is an absurd in advance into the presence of savage royalty after the fashion of an Irishman driving a pig to market, for that is what we looked like, and the idea nearly made me burst out laughing then and there. I had to work my dangerous tendency to unseemly merriment off by blowing my nose—a proceeding which filled old Billali with horror, for he looked over his shoulder and made a ghostly face at me, and I heard him murmur, "Oh, my poor Baboon!"

At last we reached the curtains, and here Billali collapsed flat on to his stomach, with his hands stretched out before him as though he were dead, and I, not knowing what to do, began to stare about the place. But presently I distinctly felt that somebody was looking to me from behind the curtains. I could not see the person, but I could distinctly feel his or her gaze, and what is more, it produced a very odd effect upon my nerves. I felt frightened, I don't know why. The place was a strange one, it is true, and looked lonely, notwithstanding its rich hangings and the soft glow of the lamps; indeed, these accessories added to rather than detracted from its loneliness, just as a lighted street at night has always a more solitary appearance than a dark one. It was as silent in the place, and there lay Billali flat on his dead before the heavy curtains, through which the odor of perfume seemed to float up toward the gloom of the arched roof above. Minute grew into minute, and still there was no sign of life, nor did the curtain move; but I felt the gaze of the unknown being sinking through and through me, and filling me with a nameless terror, till the perspiration stood in beads upon my brow.

At last the curtain began to move. Who could he behind it?—some naked savage queen, a languishing Oriental beauty, or a nineteenth-century young lady drinking afternoon tea? I had not the slightest idea, and should not have been astonished at seeing any of the three. I was getting beyond astonishment. The curtain agitated itself a little, then suddenly between an folds there appeared a most beautiful white hand (white as snow), and with long tapering fingers, ending in the pinkest nails. The hand grasped the curtain and drew it aside, and as it did so I heard a voice, I think the softest and yet most silvery voice I ever heard. It reminded me of the murmur of a brook.

"Stranger," said the voice in Arabic, but much purer and more classical Arabic than the Amahagger talk—"stranger, wherefore art thou so much afraid?"

Now I flattered myself that in spite of my inward terrors I had kept a very fair command of my countenance, and was therefore a little astonished at this question. Before I had made up my mind how to answer it, however, the curtain was drawn, and a tall figure stood before us. I say a figure, for not only her body, but also her face, was wrapped up in soft white gauzy material in such a way as at first sight to remind me most forcibly of a corpse in its grave-clothes. And yet I do not know why it should have given me that idea, seeing that the wrappings were so thin that one could distinctly see the gleam of the pink flesh beneath them. I suppose it was the way in which they were arranged, either accidentally, or more probably by design. Anyhow, I felt more frightened than ever at this ghost-like apparition, and my hair began to rise upon my head as the feeling crept over me that I was in the presence of something that was not canny. The swathed mummy-like form before me was that of a tall and lovely woman, instinct with beauty in every part, and also with a certain snake-like grace that I have never seen anything like before. When she moved a hand or foot her entire frame seemed to undulate; and the neck did not bend, it curved.

"Why art thou so frightened, stranger?" asked the sweet voice again—a voice that seemed to draw the heart out of me like the strains of soft music. "Is there that about me that should affright a man? Thou surely are men changed from what they used to be." And with a little coquettish movement she turned herself, and held up one arm, as as to show all her loveliness, and the rich hair of raven blackness that streamed in soft ripples down her snowy robes, almost to her sandalled feet.

"It is thy beauty that makes me fear, O Queen," I answered, humbly, scarcely knowing what to say, and I thought that as I did so I heard old Billali, who was still lying prostrate on the floor, mutter, "Good, my Baboon, good."

"I am that men call know how to beguile a woman with false words. Ah, stranger," she answered, with a laugh that sounded like distant silver bells, "thou want afraid because mine eyes were overshing not thine heart, therefore want thou afraid. But being but a woman, I forgive thee for the lie, for it was courteously said. And now tell me how came ye hither to this land of the dwellers among tombs—a land of swamps and evil things and dead old shadows of the dead. What came ye for to see? How is it that ye hold your lives as cheap as to place them in the hollow of the hand of *Hiya*, into the hand of '*She-who-must be-obeyed*?' Tell me also how come ye to know the tongue that I talk. It is an ancient tongue. Liveth it yet in the world? Thou seest I dwell among the caves and the dead, and naught know I of the affairs of men, nor have I cared to know. I have lived, O stranger, with my memories, and my memories are to a grave that mine own hands hollowed, for truly hath it been said that the child of man maketh his own path evil;" and her beautiful voice quivered, and broke in a note as soft to any wood bird's. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the sprawling frame of Billali, and she seemed to recollect herself.

"Ah! thou art there, old man. Tell me how is in that things have gone wrong in thine household. Forsooth, it seems that three my guests were set upon. Ay, and one was nigh to being slain by the hot pot to be eaten of those brutes thy children, and had not the others fought gallantly they too had been slain, and not even I could have called back the life that had been hurled from the body. What means it, old man? What hast thou to say that I should not give thee over to those who execute my vengeance?"

Her voice had risen in her anger, and it rang clear and sold against the rocky walls. Also I thought I could see her eyes flash through the gauze that hid them. I saw poor Billali, whom I had believed to be a very fearless person, positively quiver with terror at her words.

"O 'Hiya,' O *She*," he said, without lifting his white head from the floor—"O *She*, as thou art great, be merciful, for I am now as ever thy servant to obey. It was on plan on fault of mine, O *She*, it was those wicked ones who are called my children. Let me by a woman whom thy guest this Pig had scorned, they would have followed the ancient custom of the land, and eaten the fat Black stranger who came hither with those thy guests, the Baboon, and the Lion who is sick, thinking that no word had come from that about the Black one. But when the Baboon and the Lion saw what they would do, they slew the woman, and slew also their servant to save him from the horror of the pot. Then those evil ones—ay, those children of the Wicked One who lives in the Pit—they went mad with the lust of blood, and flew at the throats of the Lion and the Baboon and the Pig. But gallantly they fought. O *Hiya*, they fought like very men, and slew many, and held their own, and then I came and saved them, and the evil-doers have I sent on hither to be judged of thy greatness, O *She*, and those they are."

"Ay, old man, I know it, and so morrow will I sit in the great hall and do justice upon them, fear not. And for thee, I forgive thee, though hardly. See that thou dost keep thine household better. Go."

Billali rose upon his knees with astonishing alacrity, bowed his head thrice, his white beard sweeping the ground, and crawled down the apartment on he had crawled up it, till he finally vanished through the curtains, leaving me, not a little to my alarm, alone with this terrible but most fascinating person.

## XIII.

### ATESHA UNVEILS.

"THERE," she said, "he has gone, the white-bearded old fool. Ah, how little knowledge does a man require in his life! He gathers it up like water, but like water is runneth through his fingers, and yet if his hands be but wet as though with dew, behold! a generation of fools call out, 'See, he is a wise man.' Is it not so? But how call they thee? 'Baboon,' he says," and she laughed; "but thou is the fashion of those savages, who lack imagination, and fly in the beasts they resemble for a name. How do they call thee in thine own country, stranger?"

"They call me Holly, O Queen," I answered.

"'Holly,' *She* answered, speaking the word with difficulty, and yet with a most charming accent, "and what is 'Holly'?"

"'Holly' is a prickly tree," I said.

"So. Well, thou hast a prickly and yet a tree-like look. Strong art thou, and ugly, but, if my wisdom be not at fault, honest to the core, and a staff to lean on. Also one who thinks. But stay, Holly, stand not there; enter with me and be seated by me. I would not see thee crawl before me like those slaves. I am aweary of their worship and their terror; sometimes when they vex me I could blast them for very spent, and to see the rest turn white, even to the heart;" and *She* held the curtain aside with her ivory hand to let me pass in.

I entered, shuddering. This woman was very terrible. Within the curtains was a recess about twelve feet by ten, and in the recess was a couch, and a table whereon stood fruit and sparkling water. By it to its end was a vessel like a font cut in carved stone, also full of pure water. The place was oddly lit with lamps formed out of the beautiful vessels of which I have spoken, and the air and curtains were full of a subtle perfume. Perfume too seemed to emanate from the glorious hair and white clinging costumes of *She* herself. I entered the little room, and there stood uncertain.

"Sit," said *She*, pointing to the couch. "At present thou hast no cause to fear me. If thou hast cause, then shalt not fear lee long, for I shall slay thee. Therefore let thy heart be light."

I sat down on the end of the couch near to the foot-like basin of water, and *She* sank down softly on to the other end.

"Now, Holly," she said, "how comest thee to speak Arabic? It is mine own dear tongue, for Arabian am I by my birth. Yet dost thou not speak it as we used to speak. Some of the words seem changed, even as among those men. The Amahagger have debased and defiled its purity, so that I have to talk to those in what is to me another tongue."

"I have studied it," I answered, "for many years. The language is spoken in Egypt and elsewhere."

"So is be still spoken, and there is yet an Egypt? And what Pharaoh sits upon the throne? Still was of the spawn of the Persian Ochus, or are the Archaemenians gone?"

"The Persians have been gone from Egypt for nigh two thousand years, and since then the Ptolemys, the Romans, and many others have flourished and held sway upon the Nile and fallen when their time was ripe," I said, aghast. "What sanst thou know of the Persian Artaxerxes?"

She laughed, and made no answer, and again a cold chill went through me. "And Greece," she said—"is there still a Greece? Ah, I loved the Greeks. Beautiful were they as the day, and clever, but flawed at heart and fickle, notwithstanding."

"Yes," I said, "there is a Greece; and just now is it once more a people. Yet the Greeks of to-day are not what the Greeks of the old time were, and Greece herself is but a mockery of the Greece that was."

"So. The Hebrews, are they yet at Jerusalem? And does the Temple that the wise king built stand? and if so, what God do they worship therein? is their Messiah come, of whom they talked so much, and does He rule the earth?"

"The Jews are broken and gone, and the fragments of their people strew the world, and Jerusalem is no more. As for the temple that Herod built—"

"Herod?" she said. "I know not Herod. But go on."

"The Romans burnt it, and the Roman eagle flew across its ruins."

"So, so! They were a great people, those Romans, and went straight to their end—ay, they sped to it like Fate, or like their own eagles to their prey—and left peace behind them."

"Sullandium Imperii, pacem appelat," I suggested.

"Ah, thou must speak the Latin tongue too," she said, in surprise. "It hath a strange ring in my ears after all these days, and is comes to me that thy accent does not fall as the Romans put it. Who was it wrote that? I know not the saying, but it is a true one of that great people. It seems that I have met a learned man—one whose hands have held the water of the world's knowledge. Knowest thou Greek also?"

"Yes, a Queen, and something of Hebrew, but not to speak them. They are all dead languages now."

She clapped her hands in childish glee. "Of a truth, ugly tree that thou art, thou growest the fruits of wisdom, O Holly," she said. "But of those Jews, whom I hated, for they called me 'heathen,' when I would have taught them philosophy. Did their Messiah come, and doth He rule the world?"

"Their Messiah came," I answered, with reverence, "but He came poor and lowly, and they would have none of Him. They scourged Him, and crucified Him upon a tree, but yet His words and His works live on, for He was the Son of God, and one of a truth He rules half the world, but not with an Empire of the World."

"Ah, the fierce-hearted wolves," she said, "the followers of Sense, and of many gods—greedy of gain, and faction-torn! I can see their dark faces yet. So they crucified their Messiah? Well can I believe it! That He was a son of the Living Spirit would be naught to them, if indeed He was so, and of that we will talk afterward. They would care naught for any god if he came not with pomp and power. They, a chosen people, a vessel of Him they called Jehovah, ay, and a vessel of Baal, and a vessel of Astaroth, and a vessel of the gods of the Egyptians—a high-stomached people, greedy of naught that brought them wealth and power. So they crucified their Messiah because He came in lowly guise, and true are they scattered about the earth. Why, if I remember, an said one of their prophets that it should be. Well, let them go, they broke my heart, those Jews, and made me look with evil eyes across the world, ay, and drove me to this wilderness of a people that was before them. When I would have taught them wisdom in Jerusalem they stoned me, ay, at the Gate of the Temple, those white-bearded hypocrites and rabbis bounded the people on to stone me! See, here is the mark of it to this day;" and with a sudden move she pulled up the gauzy wrapping on her rounded arm, and pointed to a little scar that showed red against its milky beauty.

I shrank back horrified.

"Pardon me, O Queen," I said, "but I am bewildered. Nearly two thousand years he is rolled across the earth since the Jewish Messiah hung upon His cross at Golgotha. Now, then, canst thou have taught thy philosophy to the Jews before He was? Thou art a woman, and on spirit. How can a woman live two thousand years? Why dost thou behold me, O Queen?"

She leaned back on the couch, and once more I felt the hidden eyes playing upon me and searching out my heart.

"O man!" she said at last, speaking very slowly and deliberately, "it seems that there are still things upon the earth of which thou knowest naught. Dost thou still believe that all things die, even as those very Jews believed? I tell thee that naught really dies. There is no such thing as Death, though there be a thing called Change. See;" and she pointed to some sculptures on the rocky wall. "These times ten thousand years have passed since the last of the great race that hewed those pictures fell before the breath of the pestilence that destroyed them, yet not they not dead. Here now they live; perchance their very spirits not drawn toward us now." She glanced round. "Of a surety it sometimes seems to me that my eyes can see them."

"Yes, but to the world they are dead."

"Ay, for a time; but even to the world are they born again and again. I, even I, Ayesha—for that is my name, stranger—I say to thee that I wait now for one I loved to be born again, and base I tarry till he finds me, knowing of a surety that hither he will come, and that here, and here only, shall he greet me. Why dost thou suppose that I who am all-powerful, I whose loveliness is greater than the loveliness of the Grecian Helen of whose they used to sing, and whose wisdom is greater—ay, ten times more great—than the wisdom of Solomon the Wise; I who know the secrets of the earth and its riches, and can turn all things to my uses; I who have even for a while overcome Change, that is call death—why, I say, O stranger, that thou think that I bend here with barbarians lower than the beasts?"

"I know not," I said, humbly.

"Because I wait for him I love. My life has purchase been cell, I know not—for who can say what is evil and what is good?—so I fear to die, sans if I could die, which I cannot, to go and seek him where he is, for between to there might be a wall I could not climb—at least I fear so. Surely very would it be to turn the way in those great spaces wherein the sons wander so forever. But the day will come, maybe when ten thousand more years have passed, and are lost and melted into the vault of Time, even as the little clouds melt into the gloom of night, when he shall be born again, and then, following a law that is stronger than any human plan, he will find me *here*, and of a surety his heart will soften toward me though I sinned against him, ay, even though he knows me not again, yet will he love me, if only for my beauty's sake."

For a moment I was dumfounded, and could not answer. The matter was too overpowering for my intellect to grasp.

"But even so, O Queen," I said at last, "even if we must be born again and again, that is not as with these, if thou speakest truly." Here she looked up sharply, and once more I caught the flash of those hidden eyes—"Then," I went on, hurriedly, "we must never died."

"Tis so," she said; "and it is so because I have, half by chance and half by learning, solved one of the great secrets of the world. Tell me,

* Pronounced Ashe.—Ed. H. W.

strange! Life is—why therefore should not life be lengthened for a while? What are ten or twenty or fifty thousand years in the history of life? Why, in ten thousand years water will the rain and storms brown a mountain top by a span in thickness. In ten thousand years those eyes have not changed; naught has changed but the beasts, and man which is the beasts. There is naught that is wonderful about the matter, couldst thou but understand. Life is wonderful, ay, but that it should be a little lengthened is not wonderful. Nature hath her animating spirit as well as man, who is Nature's child, and he who can find that spirit, and let it breathe upon him, shall live with her life. He shall not live eternally, for Nature is not eternal, and she herself must die, even as the nature of the moon hath died. She herself must die, I say, or rather change and sleep till it be time for her to live again. But when shall she die? Not yet, I ween; and while she lives, so shall he who hath all her secret live with her. All I have not, yet have I some, more, perchance, than any who were before me. Now to thee I doubt not this thing is a great mystery, therefore I will not overcome thee with it now. Another time will I tell thee more if thy mood be on me, though perchance I shall never speak of it again. Dost thou wonder how I know that we were coming, and so moved your hands from the foot pot?"

"Ay, O Queen," I answered, faintly.

"Then gaze in the water," and she pointed to the foot-like vessel, and then, bending forward, held her hand over it.

I rose and gazed, and instantly the water darkened. Then it cleared, and I saw an distinctness I ever saw anything in my life—I saw, I say, our boat upon that horrible canal. There was Leo lying at the bottom asleep in it, with a coat thrown over him to keep off the mosquitoes, in such a fashion as to hide his face, and myself, Job, and Mahomed towing on the bank.

I started back aghast, and cried out that it was magic, for I recognized the whole scene—it was one that had actually occurred.

"Ka, no, O Holly," she answered, "it is no magic; that is a fiction of ignorance. There is no such thing as magic, though there is such a thing as a knowledge of the secrets of Nature. That is my glass; in it I see what passes, if I seem to summon up the pictures, which is not often in the outer I can show thee what thou wilt of the past, if it be anything to do with this country and with what I have known, or anything that thou, the gazer, hast known. Think of a face, if thou wilt, and it shall be reflected from thy mind upon the water. I know not all the secret yet—I can read nothing in the future. But it is an old secret, I did not discover it. In Arabia and in Egypt the sorcerers know it centuries ago. So our day I chanced to behold me of that old canal—some twenty centuries ago I sailed up it—and I was minded to look upon it again. And so I behoved, and there I saw the boat and thrum men walking, and one, whose face I could not see, but a youth of a noble form, sleeping in the boat, and so I note and saved ye. And now farewell. But stay, tell me of this youth—the Lion, as the old man calls him. I would look upon him, but he is sick, thou sayest—sick with the fever, and also wounded in the fray."

"He is very sick," I answered, sadly. "Canst thou do nothing for him, O Queen, who knowest so much?"

"Of a surety I can. I can cure him; but why speakest thou so sadly? Dost thou love the youth? Is he perchance thy son?"

"He is my adopted son, O Queen. Shall he be brought in before thee?"

"Nay. How long hath the fever taken him?"

"This is the third day."

"Good, then let him lie another day. Then will he perchance throw it off by his own strength, and that is better than that I should cure him, for my medicine is of a sort to shake the life to its very citadel. If, however, by to-morrow night, at that hour when the fever first took him, he doth not begin to mend, then will I come to him and cure him. Stay, who carries him?"

"Our white servant, he whom Billah names the Pug, also"—and here I spoke with some little hesitation—"a woman named Ustane, a very handsome woman of this country, who came and kissed him when first the saw him, and hath stuck by him even since, as I understand in the fashion of thy people, O Queen."

"My people! Speak not to me of my people," she answered, hastily; "those slaves are no people of mine; they are but dogs to do my bidding till the day of my redemption comes; and as for their customs, naught have I to do with them. Also, call me not Queen—I am sick of flattery and titles—call me Ayesha; the name hath a sweet sound to mine ears, it is an echo from the past. As for thy Ustane, I know not. I wander if it be she against whom I was warned, and whom I in turn did warn? Hath she—Stay, I will see;" and bending forward, she passed her hand over the foot of water and gazed intently into it. "See," she said, quietly, "is that the woman?"

I looked into the water, and there, mirrored upon its placid surface, was the silhouette of Ustane's stately face. She was bending forward, with a look of infinite tenderness upon her features, catching something beneath him, and with her chestnut locks falling on his right shoulder.

"It is she," I said, in a low voice, for once more I felt much disturbed at this most encomtanis sight. "She watches Leo asleep."

"Leo!" said Ayesha, in an absent voice; "why, that is 'lion' in the Latin tongue. This old man hath named happily for once. It is very strange," she went on—"very. So like—but it is not possible." With an impatiente gesture she passed her hand over the water once more. It darkened, and the image vanished silently and mysteriously as it had arisen, and once more the lamp-light, and the lamp-light only, shone on the placid surface of that limpid, lying mirror.

"Hast thou naught to ask me before thou guest, O Holly?" she said, after a few moments' reflection. "It is but a rude life that thou must live here, for these people are savages, and know not the ways of cultivated man. Not that I am troubled thereby, for, behold my food;" and she pointed to the fruit upon the little table. "Naught but fruit doth ever pass my lips—fruit and a little water. I have bidden my girls to wait upon thee. They are mutes, thou knowest, deaf are they and dumb, and therefore the safest of servants, save to those who can read their faces and their signs. I tired them so, it hath taken many centuries and much trouble, but to last I have succeeded. Once I succeeded before, but the race was too ugly, so I did away with it; but now, as thou seest, they are otherwise. Once, too, I tired a race of giants, but after a while Nature would on more of it, and it died away. Hast thou naught to ask of me?"

"Ay, one thing, O Ayesha," I said, boldly, but fearing to be unwise as bold as I trust I looked, "I would gaze upon the face."

She laughed out in her full like notes. "Behold thee, Holly," she answered—"behold thee. It seems that thou knowest the old myths of the gods of Greece. Was there not was Actaeon who perished miserably because he looked on too much beauty? If I show thee my face, perchance thou wouldst perish miserably also; perchance thou wouldst cut out thy heart to bequeath dream, for know I am not for thee. I am for no man, save one, who hath been, but is not yet."

"As thou wilt, Ayesha," I said. "I fear not thy beauty. I have put my heart away from such vanities as woman's loveliness, that passes like a flower."

"Nay, thou errest," she said; "that does not pass. My beauty endures even as I endure; still if thou wilt, O rash man, have thy will; but blame not me if passion mount thy mouth, as the Egyptian breakers used to mount a horse, and guide to whither thou wilt not. Never may the man to whom my beauty hath been unveiled pass it from his mind, and therefore even with those savages in I go veiled, lest they vex me, and I should slay them. Say, wilt thou see?"

"I will," I answered, my curiosity overpowering me.

She lifted her white and rounded arms—never had I seen such arms before—and slowly, very slowly, withdrew some fastening beneath her hair. Then all of a sudden the long, corpse like wrappings fell from her, and my eyes travelled up her form, now only robed in a garb of clinging white that did but serve to show its perfect and imperial shape, instinct with a life that was more than life, and with a certain serpent-like grace that was more than human. On her little feet were sandals, fastened with studs of gold. Then came ankles more perfect than ever sculptor dreamed of. About the waist her white kirtle was fastened by a double headed snake of solid gold, above which lay gracious form unveiled up in lines as pure as they were lovely, till the little ended at the snowy regent of her breast, whereon her arms were folded. I gazed above those at her face, and—I do not exaggerate—shrank back blinded and amazed. I have heard of the beauty of celestial beings, one I saw it; only this beauty, with all its soul loveliness and purity, was evil—at least, at the time, it struck me so evil. How am I to describe it? I cannot—simply, I cannot. The most does not live whose pen could convey a score of what I saw. I might talk of the great changing eyes of deepest, softest black, of the fixed face, of the broad and noble brow, on which the hair grew low, and delicate, straight features. But, beautiful, unspeakably beautiful as they all were, her loveliness did not lie in them. It lay rather, if it can be said to have any fixed abiding place, in a visible majesty, in an imperial grace, in a godlike stamp of softened power, that shone upon that radiant countenance like a living halo. Never before had I guessed what beauty made sublime could be, and yet the sublimity was a dark one, the glory was not all of heaven, though none the less was it glorious. Though the face before me was that of a young woman in perfect health and the first flush of ripened beauty, yet it had stamped upon it a look of unutterable experience, and of deep acquaintance with grief and passion. Not even the lovely smile that crept about the dimples of her mouth could hide this shadow of sin and sorrow. It shone even in the light of the glorious eyes, it was present in the air of majesty, and it seemed to say: "Behold me, lovely as he woman can be is, and sing and half divine. Memory haunts me from age to age, and passion leads me by the hand. Evil have I done, and with sorrow have I made acquaintance from age to age, and from age to age evil I shall do, and sorrow shall I know till my redemption comes."

Drawn by some magnetic force which I could not resist, I let my eyes rest upon her shining orbs, and felt a current pass from them to me that bewildered and half blinded me.

She laughed—oh, how musically! and nodded her little head at me with an air of sublimated coquetry that would have done credit to a Vere de Vere.

"Hath man," she said; "like Actaeon, thou hast had thy will; be careful lest, like Actaeon, thou too dost perish miserably, torn to pieces by the ban-hounds of thine own passions. I too, O Holly, am a virgin goddess, not to be moved of any man, save one, and it is not thou. Say, hast thou seen enough?"

"I have looked on beauty, and I am blinded," I said, hoarsely, lifting my hand to cover up my eyes.

"So? what did I tell thee? Beauty is like the lightning, it is lovely, but it destroys—especially trees, O Holly."

Suddenly she paused, and through my fingers I saw an awful change come over her countenance. Her great eyes suddenly fixed themselves into an expression on which horror seemed to struggle with some tremendous hope rising through the depths of her dark soul. The lovely face grew rigid, and the gracious, willowy form seemed to meet its if.

"Man," the half whispered, half hissed, throwing back her head like a snake about to strike—"man, where didst thou get that scarab on thy hand? Speak, as by the spirit of Life I will hunt thee, where thou standest!" and she took one light step toward me, and from her eyes there shone such an awful light—to me it seemed almost like a flame—that I fell, then and there, on the ground before her, babbling confusedly in my terror.

"There," she said, with a sudden change of manner, and speaking in her honest soft tone, "I did affright thee. Forgive me. But at times, O Holly, the almost infinite solid grows impatient of the slowness of the very finite, and I am tempted to use my power not of sheer vexation. Very nearly was thou dead, but I remembered. But the scarab—about the scarabaeus!"

"I picked it up," I gurgled, feebly, as I got on to my feet again—and it is a solemn fact that my mind was so disturbed that at the moment I could remember nothing else about this ring except that I picked it up in Leo's cave.

"It is very strange," she said, with a sudden access of woman-like trembling and agitation that seemed out of place in this awful woman, "but once I knew a scarab like this. It—being sound the neck—of one I loved;" and she gave a little sob, and I saw that after all she was only a woman, although she might be a very old one.

"There," she went on, "it must be one like it. Also in old Egypt many there were who bore the name of the Royal Son of Ra. The scarab that I knew was not set thus in the bezel of a ring. Go now, Holly, go, and, if thou canst, try to forget that thou hast looked upon Ayesha's beauty;" and turning from me, she flung herself on her couch, and buried her face in the cushions.

As for me, I stumbled from her presence, and I do not remember how I reached my own cave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ON THE MODERN "SHIP OF THE PLAINS."

FOUR P.M. by the big clock at the Union Depot in St. Paul on a bright afternoon in May. Long lines of cars standing on the tracks, locomotives hissing and tooting, bells clanging; passengers arriving, passengers departing; luggage trucks lumbering back and forth between the baggage-cars of newly arrived and soon-to-depart trains and the baggage room; peripatetic porters, early gate men, polite colored gentlemen in neat blue liveries standing by the steps of the fine Pullman sleeping coaches; anxious mothers, crowing children; soldiers; emigrants—Germans, Scandinavians, Scotch, English, and Irish, a blond, "moon-eyed Celestial" as two, broad-brimmed, flannel-shirted, weather-beaten frontiersmen, their bedding and baggage corded up in canvas as buffalo-robes and slung over their shoulders; a "dude" of the British species, with a whole paraphernalia of guns, fishing rods, bag-boxes, etc.; everybody looking out for nobody but for himself, and getting into everybody else's way—and in the midst of it all your humble servant, standing on the rear platform of the last Pullman on the west-bound Northern Pacific Express, smoking one of his last Henry Clays, and feeling that satisfaction with himself and the rest of the world which naturally follows a good dinner and the knowledge that he has been well taken care of as regards his comfort in the coming trip. His baggage has been moved away some time ago, his berth in the "sleeper" chosen, his fire-wells all and nearly a week ago in New York, and he can look down upon the pushing, hurrying, noisome crowd with the calm, if perhaps selfish, philosophy of one who knows that among the whole "kit and boodle," on his need to say when he was a school boy, there is not one of whom he cannot sing,

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

4:00 P.M.—A long shrill whistle from the locomotive, a hissing of escaping steam under the cars, a gradual smooth movement forward, a jolt or two. The speed increases. The brakeman springs on the platform with a swung out of one foot and a cry, a thwack of the usher on the wooden step, and begins coiling up the bell-rope, arranging the big red-eyed lanterns, and making things ship, as rather car, shape. Faster and faster, passing cars after cars—passenger, freight, and cattle—freight-houses and platforms; crossing streets full of life and bustle; rolling on through the suburbs; catching glimpses of the swift-flowing "Father of Waters" through the huge piles of lumber on the river-banks. Faster and yet faster, until, with a scream and a snort from the iron monster that is pulling us to our goal, we leave the last scattered houses of the city behind us, and are fairly on our way to the "Wild West."

We are up before the east morning, and an excellent breakfast in the dining-room our disposes us to look more cheerfully on the landscape than when, drawing aside the curtains of the window of our berth as we stretched our sleep-benumbed limbs, the flat plains of Dakota, reaching dreary and gray to the distant horizon under a monotonous rainy sky, greeted our still drowsy eyes. On we rush over the flat, monotonous prairie, now stopping for a few moments at some quiet little station with its group of canvas-clad, slouch-hatted farmers and section-men, now passing through immense grain fields, the tiny, tender green shoots just pushing up through the black soil, and promising a rich harvest to the toiling farmer after the hardships and terrible cold of the pitiless Dakota winter. Sometimes, reaching far on all sides, and covered with countless flocks of wild water fowl, feeding on the one and sweet grasses and flags, nicely placed on the grassy break the monotony of the scene. At Jamestown, an apparently thriving little settlement with several quite pretentious brick buildings, the James River, where the Sioux landed it at the time of the terrible Minnesota massacre, is crossed, and a few hours later, as the hour of moon approaches and the clouds break away, the sun throws his light on the houses of Bismarck, the capital of the Territory, which we are rapidly nearing.

Crossing the wide Missouri here on the magnificent iron railway bridge, passing through Mandan, on its western bank, we plunge along the almost straight line of rails onward toward the land of the setting sun, the new Canaan of so many hundreds of emigrants, both of those that flock to our shores from overcrowded Europe and of those that, weary of the fight for existence in the populous East, are gathered by a lust of adventure so filled with an ambition to conquer fortune by the exercise of their own will and energy.

Very different, however, is the journey of the emigrant now to what it was not so many years ago, before enterprise, knowledge, a growing civilization, had combined to make the savage sorrow the almost trackless plains and rugged mountains of the one and wild country can of comparative comfort. Somewhere along the line—at Bismarck or at Mandan—they have attached an emigrant "sleeper" to our train. As we pass from our luxurious Pullman through the comfortably furnished and well-equipped dining car to the emigrant coach, we are reminded somewhat of the various degrees of the passage forward from the saloon to the steerage of a first-class ocean steamer, and strangely like those of the average steerage are the scenes of the crowded "sleeper," which, crossing the platform between the coaches, are now seen. Pushing our way through a sort of vestibule in which, carefully locked to the door, stands a stove, two or three women grouped about it, watching the contents of some tin pannikins in which they are heating some food, we look into the body of the car, arranged in sections, with upper and lower berths, much on the same plan as in the first-class sleeping cars. There is an attempt at ornamentation, however, in upholstering, but everything seems strong and well made. Most of the berths are turned up for the day, and the passengers, of various nationalities and conditions of life, are seated in the sections, gazing out of the windows at the strange landscape, or occupied at some task or amusement. Right in front of us, her baby to her lap, sits a homely German woman, knitting complacently at some blue worsted work, and keeping her eye on a flaxen-haired youngster, who, seated on the floor of the car at our feet, is discussing a not over savory mess from a tin dish before him. Parcels and boxes are stowed under the seat, a bird cage and some clothing hung suspended from pegs, while behind the women, in the next section, looking down from the upper berth, the father, frowsy haired and with matted, unkempt beard, lies stretched at full length, smoking his porcelain pipe in calm indifference to the olfactory nerves of his fellow-passengers.

A respectable, neat old Englishman, in corduroy clothes and a billycock hat, sits with folded hands in the opposite section, while a delicate, pretty girl in a black dress gazes—leaning her elbow on the sill and her chin on her hand—dreamily out of the window at his side. Back in the car, up the long perspective of the aisle, various groups are gathered together, according to their nationality or dispositions, talking and laughing, or moving about on different errands, while one little knot of men, from their physiognomy and dress evidently subjects of "her Majesty," are listening with intent faces to some yarn from one of the train-men.

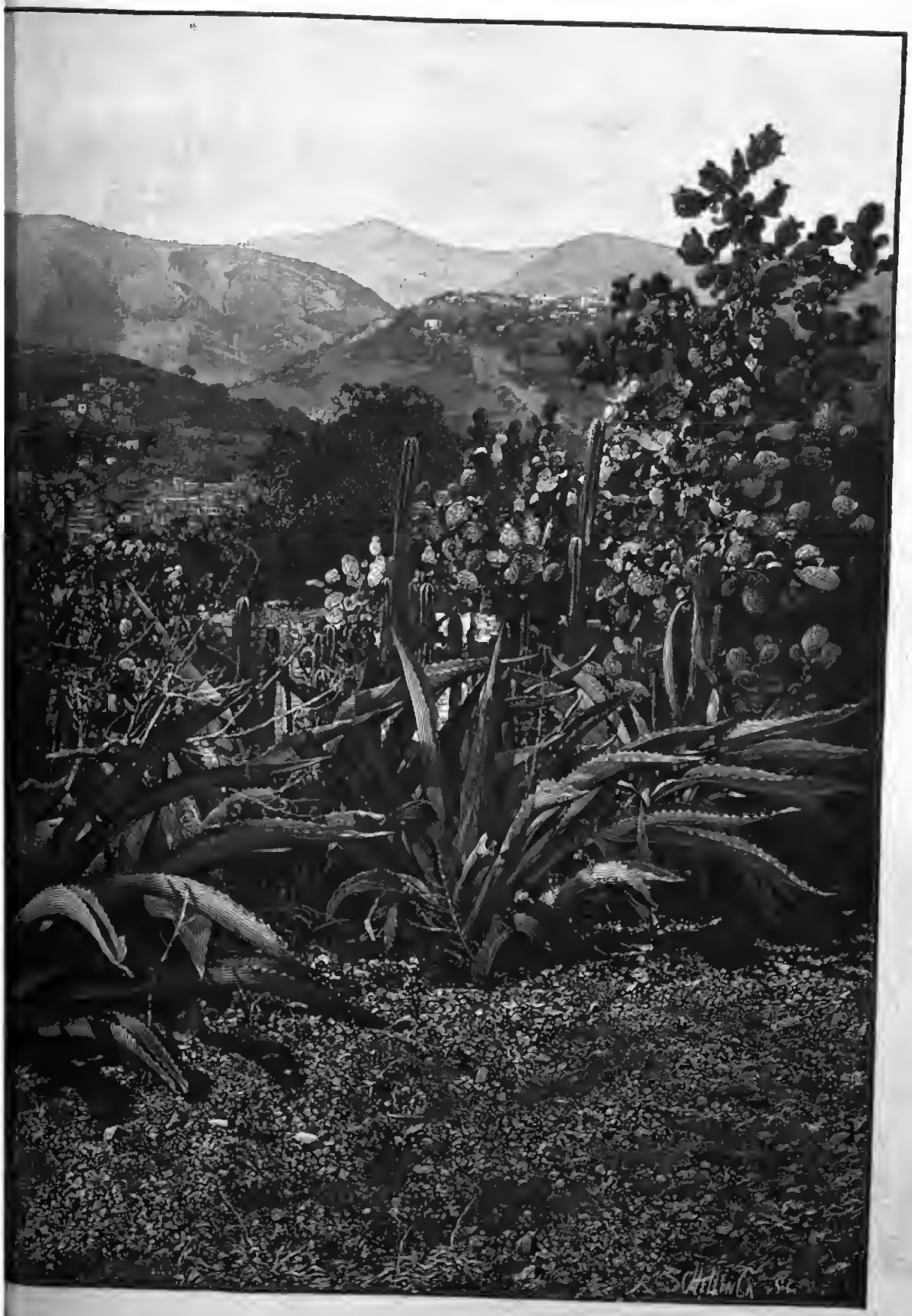
And so the day wears on. Momentarily something new occurs to claim our attention. The ratches and harsh grain less frequent; sometimes we run for miles without catching sight of a human habitation excepting a section house now and then. The character of the country is changing, the flat plains are behind us, curious little mounds appear, and over on the horizon the hills run against the sky in weird, fantastic shapes. Bands of cattle appear occasionally, looking with half-scared, puzzled eyes at the passing train, and huddling close together in almost compact masses. We rush through a cutting, the bare sides of which show strata of colored earth—red, black, yellow; cone-shaped hills ("buttes") destitute of grass rise around us; cactus plants, sage brush, stones; the alkali dust tingles in our nostrils and our eyes; a little stream, the waters of a milky hue, moves sluggishly alongside the track. Sometimes there is a break of green foliage, where some watercourse, satisfying the thirsty soil, gives an arbitrance to some cottonwood-trees or willows, otherwise everything is desolation, but desolation of a most colorful and picturesque nature that does not prove tiresome.

On and still onward, the western sky a fiery red, and the long Northern twilight softening the outlines of the "buttes" still swing around us; onward pass the buildings of the ranch of a foreign "cattle king," pass the distant flickering fires of some camp, and speed across the Montana line, roaring and panting into the growing gloom of the night closing down over the landscape.

Far up above the raw faint red streak on the far western horizon glows and sparkles a star, shining in the firmament with a steady light, a fit symbol of the mighty empire marching irresistibly onward west to a continent. Westward, ho!

RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.

A GLIMPSE OF GUANAJUATO, MEXICO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY



Jackson & Co., Denver, Colorado.—[See Page 735.]

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain of the Fleet," "No Time Were Wasted," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### HOW THE APOTHECARY FOUND HIS HEIRS

"Tell her plainly," said Mr Brinjes, "what he said, and how he looked while he said it. Spare her in nothing; as will also the more quickly cure to a right mind. What? Doest ever see a surgeon take off a man's leg? Doth he chop here a castle, and there a snippet, for fear of causing pain? Nay, he! He ties his bandages and takes his ease, and in five minutes off goes the leg; and though the man may bellow, yet his life is saved."

There was little hope in her face when I went in to her; the trouble of it made my heart bleed. To think that a woman should mill so much love a man who had thrown her away with as little thought as one throws away the rind of an apple! . . . . I thought she would have hated him. But no; to a maid she would have risen to follow and obey him like a slave.

"Bess," I said, "be brave."

"Where is he?"

"He is to London, at his lodgings."

"Did you give him the letter?"

"I did. He sent it back to you. Here it is. Courage, Bess. No man is worth so much crying over. It is as I told you before. He loves you no longer. Wins he think of the past, he wanders at himself. When he remembers how much he was once in love, he laughs."

"Doth he laugh? Oh, Luke, can he laugh?" It was wonderful to her that the thing which destroyed all her happiness could be to him only the cause of laughter.

"Bess, my dear, I am grieved to the soul that I must tell you this. Alas, he laughs. He can never love you any more. Forget him, therefore. Put him out of your thoughts."

"He laughs at the girl to whom he wrote this letter—oh! this dear letter. Why doth he laugh? I cannot laugh, because I loved him."

She rose, and sighed heavily. "Well," she said, "there needs no more, Luke. I have lost my sweetheart. That matters nothing, does it? Thousands of poor women lose their sweethearts every year, in action and in shipwreck. No one pays heed to the women. What matters one more woman? Oh! I would to God that he was lying dead at the bottom of the sea; and I—and I—and I—" She rushed from the room with distraction in her looks.

There was great rejoicing at the Admiral's, whither I carried the glad news of Jack's promotion. Castilla attributed it entirely to the extraordinary discernment of his Lordship, who deserved, she thought, the highest credit for discovering Jack's real ability and courage, so that he should be promoted, over hundreds of heads, to the command of a frigate, before he was four-and-twenty years of age. Truly it makes one so happier to be wiser, and Castilla knew nothing about the great lady of Deers Lane. Heaven forbid that she should learn anything about that savaged kiss!

The day was marked at the club in the usual manner, viz., by an extra bowl of punch; and I sat beside the Admiral and told the company how his Lordship in a splendid satin coat, with a red sash and a diamond star, had condescended in person to inform this fortunate young Commander of his promotion. But you may be sure that I told nothing about the actress, even to the Admiral, who marvelled greatly at the boy's success, and wondered, being wise by experience, by whose private interest he had been promoted.

But the woman who ought most to have rejoiced was wandering all night long, in wind and rain, over the desolate moor called Blackheath, raging and despairing, because the man who once loved her so tenderly had now forgotten her, and laughed to think that he could ever have thought he loved her. In the morning she came back, mud-stained and draggled, hollow-eyed and wan of cheek, to the parlor behind the Apothecary's shop, and here presently she fell asleep, being wholly spent with suffering and fatigue.

Now when Mr Brinjes came from his shop, and saw her thus asleep and so pale of cheek, he was moved with compassion, and resolved, though he had not visited London for twenty years, that he would himself try to move the hard heart of her lover. Accordingly he put off his workday clothes, and reached down his great wig and the coat in which he ran at the club (both of which belonged to the early years of George I.), and so, fully persuaded that he was dressed quite in the modern fashion of a Court physician, he took care for Hungerford Stairs, whence he walked to Ryder Street.

On the way the boys shouted at him, for he cut the queerest figure, his velvet coat being as old that it had turned green in places, his face in rags, his old-fashioned wig unkempt and shabby. But he walked briskly, careless of the boys, and carried his gold-headed stick with an air of majesty.

"Jack," he said, dropping into a chair, "thou art now, I hear, a Captain. Give me a glass of brandy—'tis a long journey from Deptford—and I will drink to thy good luck. So—this is a pretty, commodious lodging, Jack. I passed some fine women on the way from Hungerford Stairs. Have a care, my lad. Do not suffer any of the fan birds to bring their fine feathers here; else is may cost thee dear. Be content with some honest wench who will love thee and not try to rob and plunder all the prize-money."

"Well, Mr Brinjes"—Jack was not, I think, best pleased to see the old man at his lodgings, and more than suspected the errand on which he came—"can I be of any service to my old friend?"

"That depends, Jack—that depends. The greatest service you could do for me would be not to forget old friends."

"Indeed, I have forgotten an old friend."

"Or old sweethearts?"

"Why, as for old sweethearts, my old friend, they may go on as long as to become male. Thus you have often assured me as a matter of your own experience."

"It is quite true," replied the Rover, who had not looked to have his own maxims thrown in his face—"it is quite true, I say, that woman is by nature a jealous creature; the nearer to nature you get, the more jealous you will find her. Something of the tigress in every one. Wherefore Bess, who is as passionate as a negro woman, is more jealous, I dare say, than a London fine lady, who hath not the heart to be greatly jealous. Also a woman can never be made to understand such a simple thing as that she ought to be contented with the half share of a man, or the quarter share, or even a short six months of his life ashore. Nor doth the ever perceive when the time arrives that she should cheerfully make way for another. Yet—poor Bess! I am sorry for the wench."

"In South America," said Jack, talking in the same strain, "where they smoke the cigarro, one that hath been half smoked and thrown away is nauseous if it be taken up and fighted again."

"It is so," said Mr Brinjes. "Every one who hath been in Guayaquil, which is nigh unto South America, knows that it is so."

"Wherefore—" said Jack, but left the conclusions to be drawn by the philosopher.

"The thing is so," Mr Brinjes repeated. "Jack, when thy first letter came, I knew that the fit was too hot to last. And when an more came, I understood very still what had happened. For my own part, I never loved any woman more than four-and-twenty hours after leaving port. Why, I have seen sailors marrying the day before they sailed, and yet coming on board unconcerned. This forgetfulness is a special gift of Providence, intended for sailors alone. But as for Bess, while you thought no more upon her, she had that letter wrapped in a silken bag and hung about her neck; and every day she kissed and hugged it, thinking, poor fond soul!—women are fools, yet we needs must feel pity for them—that the writer, like herself, would never change. She began to learn things for her lover's sake; she learned to read and write; she watched the ladies in church to see how they dress and how they carry themselves; she made Luke teach her some of their finicklin', delicate ways, which don't go down with a sea pea and black beer, such as you used in love in the days before your breeches were white and your stockings of silk, and while your buttons carried a simple anchor. Moreover, Bess would no longer consort with her old friends, and would suffer none of the men so much as to have speech with her. And she made Luke tell her what words and sayings of hers would offend the ears of gentle women. In short, there she is, my lad, a woman ready for you; as to manners, as far as I understand the matter, as fine as a countess; as to good looks, not a countess of them all can touch her; as to figure—Lord! a finer figure was never made; as to temper, a noble temper, my lad, quick and ready to flame up. What? One that will keep her husband alive, I warrant, and stirring. Why, Jack, we talked of a half burned cigarro. This one is not yet even lighted. Try it again, dear lad. 'Tis made, I swear, from the finest leaf of Virginia. In South America they have none such. As for truth and constancy, I will answer for them with my life, and for affection—why, 'tis nothing less than a madness she hath for thee. Come, what want you with fine ladies? They will but play with you when you are ashore, and forget you when you are at sea, while, as for Bess, Bess will keep your house while you are away, and when you come home she shall be the tenderest wife in the world, and like a faithful slave for service. What? You would say that by birth she is below the rank of a Commander? Jack, hark ye!"—here he whispered, as if imparting a great secret—"a beautiful woman hath no rank. There must be rank for men, otherwise there would be no discipline on board the ship. Rank was invented for that purpose, and the pretense is necessary for order's sake, whether we call each other Duke, Earl, and noble Lord, or Captain, Lieutenant, and Master. Yet it is, even with men, assuming but pretense at bottom. But for women there is no rank at all, whatever they may themselves pretend, which is proved, Jack, by the fact that great men do constantly fall in love with women of the meanest origin, as witness Charles II and Nally Gwynne. You may put Bess upon a throne, and, my word, there is not a Queen among them all would outshine her black eyes and beauteous face. Whereas you will never see a woman of gentle birth fall in love with a clown. Rank is for the ugly woman to console themselves withal, by walking in front of each other. Give me another tot of brandy, Jack, and think of her again, I say. Why, I can never get out of my mind that we shall all three—you and Bess and I—we shall all three sail together across the broad Pacific to pick up my treasure, and to have the town of Guayaquil, where they made me a slave. I cannot die until that town is burned."

"I know nothing," said Jack, "about your dreams. But, for the rest, you are too late, Mr Brinjes. I have forgotten the girl. All the past foolishness is over and finished."

"Yes," said Mr Brinjes, looking as him as a physician when he feels the pulse, "yes—he spoke slowly and sadly—"I now perceive plainly that it is all over. The symptoms are clear. Your love warm as more at the thought of the girl. Her chance is gone. The poor child hath had her time. Well, I shall go home again. Pray Heaven my accountant hath not already poisoned a customer or two. Jack, keep out of her way. There will be trouble yet."

"Why, Mr Brinjes," he laughed, "you do not think that I am afraid of a woman?"

"Nay, I said not that. But—well, we shall have trouble yet. And for those Southern Seas, sure I am that I shall see them again before I die."

So the Apothecary went away, having done what he could, and having failed.

"We sailors," said Jack to me presently, "are great fools in our love for taverns and drinking bouts and low company, so that those are right who represent us as so many dull dogs who have no manners, and can do nothing ashore but drink about. Why, when I came home three years ago, the Gun Tavern was the height of civilization, the Apothecary's dirty parlor was the abode of politeness, and poor Bess was the finest lady in the land."

"We are mostly such mere tarpaulins," he continued, after a space, "that landsmen do well to despise us, though we fight their battles for them, and care not how we are treated, nor how many hundreds they pass over when they make appointments. Then we fall to cursing the service, instead of our own common habits. There was on board the *Tartar* one of the Lieutenants (he is now dead) who was a gentleman—I mean by taste and education as well as by birth—who sometimes talked with me, saying that 'twas a pity a lad of my appearance and figure (which he flattered) should not study polite manners for the sake of my own advancement, because, with a little trouble, I might certainly attract attention in high places, and so receive promotion. In this he was partly right, though I now find that great men think they can pay for the service of flattery in promises, as a merchant pays for goods with a piece of paper. But there is a difference, because, if the merchant do not redeem his promise when the day comes, he is dishonored; whereas if a nobleman doth not redeem his promise, an one throws the face in his teeth. And if I had not been so lucky as to rescue a certain friend of my Lord, I doubt whether I should have got any appointment, to say nothing of promotion.

"But, lad, consider. Here I live among the best; I am received at a great man's table, I sit in the coffee-house among the wits or the fops, as I please; I go to the theatre, to Ranelagh, and to Vauxhall; there is the gaming table, if I choose to risk a few pieces; if I am over disposed for a quiet evening, there is the society of Castilla, the sweetest girl in the world, if for a sprightly party, there are the puppets of my friend—my patron, if you please—and this actress. Think you that after these things I can go back to Mr Brinjes's stinking parlor and the Penman's daughter? She may be as beautiful as he says—I care not. She is certain to have coarse hands, rude speech, and plain manners. You might as soon expect me to go back to the cockpit, and to mess again with the midshipmen, the volunteers, and the surgeon's mates."

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### AN INTERESTING CASE.

What would be done next I knew not, yet feared something desperate, the case lying, on the one hand, between a woman driven wildnigh mad with love and disappointment, and on the other, a man of great determination, inflexible to tears and entreaties, and, besides, one who now regarded this poor girl, as he himself confessed, with as much loathing as he had once felt love. I have read in some book of travels that there are certain hot fountains in Iceland which burst forth from time to time with incredible force, and either send to death those upon whose they chanced to play, or, by the ground sinking beneath their footsteps, do suddenly engulf them. We were now—that is, Mr Brinjes and myself, who alone knew what was threatening—like unto those who walk upon ground where these fountains break not, for no knew an what rain might fall upon us at any moment, caused by the hand of a desperate woman.

No one knows the trouble the poor girl gave us at this time, with her changing moods, her fits, and her despair. For sometimes she would sit for many hours swinging her body backward and forward, tearing a ribbon or a handkerchief with her teeth, sometimes she would sit quite still, her eyes fixed and glowering, then the mood suddenly spring to her feet, and cry aloud that she could bear it no longer; sometimes she would threaten death and murder to her false lover, and to any woman who should dare to take him from her, sometimes she would rush from the room and wander away, till she was forced to come back for weariness, and sometimes she would become gentle again, acknowledge her willfulness, and beg forgiveness for her bad temper and her wild words. But these occasions were rare. She spent the whole day in Mr Brinjes's house—that is, when she was not in one of her restless moods, wandering over Blackheath, or farther afield, in the woods and fields of Eltham or Norwood. More than once she spent the whole night out, returning in the morning spent with fatigue, her fury only appeased for a time by the weakness of her body. As for her father, she neglected him altogether, so that the poor man was now obliged to provide his own meals, sweep and keep clean his room, and make his own bed. "Yes," he said, "I dare not say a word in remonstrance or rebuke, so terrible in her temper, in which the one seems to surpass her mother, though I confess the doth not beat me over the head with the frying-pan, as my wife was wont to do. Mr Brinjes, before whom I have laid the case, advises patience. Well, Mr Luke, I am a patient man. Of that I am very sure. I have been patient all my life—when I was a boy, and the stronger boys hectored it over me; and when I was a 'prentice, and my master half starved me; when I was a married man, and my wife scratched, beat, and coffed me daily; and now when my daughter is grown up. It is not recorded of the Patriarch Job that his wives and daughters were thus ungoverned."

Sometimes she would speak of her wrongs, and mostly she was grieved because Jack laughed at her.

"If he were dead," she cried, "I could weep for him all the days of my life, thinking he loved me to the end. Oh! I am a fool to care for such a man or to cry over him. He laughs at me. I am a fool. He laughs at me. Why did I not forget him the moment his ship was out of sight, and take another sweetheart?"

"Pity," said Mr Brinjes, shaking his head—"a thousand pities you did not."

"Hold your tongue!" she turned on him fiercely. "How dare you speak? You were all in league to mock at me. Why, 'twas thou you beguiled the poor black negro girls, you and your pirate crew. And then you laughed at them."

"Faith," said Mr Brinjes, "if a man deserts a black girl she generally murders him for it."

She looked at him strangely, and rushed away, saying nothing.

"I am sorry," said Mr Brinjes, "that I told her about the negress's revenge, for she is now capable of everything; and perhaps she will go away and put a knife into his heart." This he said calmly, as if murder was too common a thing to surprise him. "There was once a girl—'twas in Providence—whose lover was a smart fellow too, and one of our crew—deceived her. What did she do? Pretended to forgive him, passed the thing over, treated it as a joke, and played the loving sweetheart to the life, laughing and singing while she served up the poisoned meat that was to kill him. She put in it the herb stramonium, which there grows wild; and the women know its properties very well. She laughed the louder afterward, while he twisted and rolled on the ground and bellowed in his agony. The men burned her alive for it, because this was an example that might affect them all; but she cared nothing for the torture, for she had her revenge; and whatever was done to her afterward, nothing would hurt her, so long as she could think of that. Look you, Bess is such another as that negro girl. She is as passionate, and she is as jealous. There has been murder in her mind ever since Jack came home. I have read the thought in her eyes, and now I have put it into words for her. Trouble will come."

It was not this crime that I feared, because our women know not, happily, the use of poisons; and the worst among them shrink from taking life. But I feared that she might rashly and in despair kill herself, or commit some act of violence toward Castilla if she suspected that Jack was paying her attentions, or that she might lose her reason altogether. And indeed in those days I are sure that she was partly mad.

You shall learn what she did.

First, she would hear from her former lover's own lips the sentence of her dismissal. She would read her fate in his eyes. Therefore, one morning, without informing any man of her intention, she took boat and was carried up the river, and so made her way to his lodging in Ryder Street. No neglect of dress could hide the girl's wonderful beauty, but it was unfortunate, the Captain being one daily in the society of ladies who omit no points in their attire which may help to enhance their charms, this she came to him in a common staff frock, that in which she was accustomed to do the house work, and a plain straw hat, so that she looked exactly what she was, the daughter of some tradesman of humble station. This, I say, was unlucky for her. Another unlucky thing was that the Captain was not alone in his lodging; and it chanced like that a girl as common in her dress and appearance should then present herself and call him Jack, and remind him of his broken vows. You will expect, when you hear that Bess found a lady in the room, a scene of mad and violent jealousy. But nothing of the kind happened. And yet the situation was one which might very well have caused a jealous woman to fly out, for the lady, who was none other than the Drury Lane actress, was sitting in a chair, and Jack was standing near her. She was looking up at him with her merry laughing eyes, her hair curled over her forehead, and her face as if it was always and naturally bright and joyous (this thing was constantly seen in women who play upon the stage, though I know not why they should be happier than other folk). Her hood, in which she had been wrapped, and her dominos, lay upon the table, and she was dressed most daintily in some flowered silk, with laced petticoat and kid gloves. Now, like a true woman, Bess on sooner saw this finely dressed lady than she began to think with shame of her own common frock, her hair as rough, and her coarse hands, and to wish that she had put on her best before she left home. I know not what they were talking about, but though the lady was merry, Jack was serious; to be sure, he never passed jests with women, and was one seen as a boy over-fond of laughing with girls; perhaps—some philosopher hath remarked—women like best the man who treat them seriously, and as if every interview with them gave birth to what the French call a grand passion.

At sight, however, of Bess, as she stood in the open doorway, Jack started and stepped forward as if to protect his visitor, with a round quarter-deck oath.

"Oh, my poor cam!" cried the actress; "are we on board ship already?"

Then she marked the face of the woman at the open door, and there was something in her eyes and attitude which made her silent. There is a kind of despair which makes itself felt even by

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1561.

the lightest. This woman she saw had a pale face and large black eyes, which were fixed steadfastly and piteously upon the Captain.

"Why do you come here?" asked Jack.

"I came to see you. Oh, Jack!" she gasped, and caught at her heart.

"I have sent you an answer already."

"I have come to hear your answer from your own lips," she replied, with trembling voice.

"Come, Bess," he said, coldly, but not unkindly, "you are a foolish girl; the past is gone. We cannot bring back again what has been. Forget it—and me. And go away. This is no place for you."

"Forget it? You think I can forget? Have you forgotten, Jack; tell me, have you forgotten?" She clasped her hands, and threw them out in a gesture of pain and trouble. "Oh! have you forgotten—you?"

"I have quite forgotten," he replied. "Everything has clean gone out of my mind;" but of course his very words betrayed his memory. "Of course I remember who you are. Your father taught me arithmetic and writing. You are from Westmoreland. We used to play together when we were children. Then I went away to sea, and I remember nothing more."

"Nothing more," she murmured. "Oh! he remembers nothing more. Oh! is it possible? Can he forget?"

"If you wish," Jack went on, "I will tell you something more that I remember. But you had better not ask me to tell you that. Best to go away now, and before harder things are said."

"There can be no harder things said. Tell me what you please."

"I remember a young girl and a boy. The boy had been six years or so and among savages, and knew not one woman from another. So he thought he was in love with the girl, who was on proper match for him. And when he had been at sea again for six weeks, of course he had clean forgotten her."

"And now you have returned, Jack"—she dragged off her hat, and her beautiful black hair fell in long curls upon her shoulders—"look upon me. Am I less beautiful than I was? You, woman"—she turned fiercely upon the actress—"tell me, you, are you in love with him? No: I see it in your eyes; you do not love him. Then you will speak the truth, and perhaps you will pity me. Tell me, then, am I beautiful?"

"You are a very beautiful girl indeed," said the Queen of Drury Lane. "Upon the boards you would be a dangerous rival. Your hair and eyes are splendid; your shape is faultless. Unfortunately, you have not learned to dress."

"You hear, Jack, what this lady, who is not in love with you, says of me. I have learned things, too, since you went away. I am no longer so plain and rustic, and— Oh, Jack!" She threw herself at his feet, regardless of the other women. She must have known that it was a useless humiliation, yet perhaps she was resolved to drink the cup to the dregs. "Jack, look upon my name printed upon thy arm; think of my hair tied about thy wrist; think of all thy promises. Jack, think of everything. Oh, Jack, be not so cruel!"

Alas! his face was hard and cruel. As she held up her arms in this humility, he made as if he would push her from him, and in his eyes, once so soft to her and full of love, she read now scorn and loathing.

"Go!" he said. "You have had my answer."

Then she rose weakly, and drew from her pocket certain presents he had given her—a necklace of red coral, a packet of ribbons, a roll of lace, the gloves, a broken sixpence—and laid them on the table.

"You shall have again," she said, "all that you have ever given me, except one thing. I keep your letter and your promise. That I will never give you back so long as I live. I know not yet what I shall do. . . I know not—" She grew giddy, and looked as if she would fall, but presently recovered, and without another word she left the room.

"Are there many such girls in love with you, Captain Easterbrook?" asked the actress. There were tears in her eyes, but she put up her handkerchief. "Are there many such in the world, I wonder? They come not to this end of town. Do you write the names of all the women you love upon your arms? Then they will be a pretty sight for a jealous wife, Jack, when you marry."

"Let her go." He swept the poor trifles, memento of bygone love, upon the floor. "Let us talk of something else."

"She is a very beautiful woman," the actress continued, disregarding his words. "There is no woman new upon the boards who would better become the part of a Queen, and most certainly none who could better act the part she has just played. 'Twas a moving situation, Captain, though it moved you not. I wonder how many women's hearts thou hast broken, Jack."

"Why, if we come to questions, I wonder how many men would like to make love to you, fair lady."

"Captain Easterbrook, it cannot escape your penetration that there is not a pretty woman in the world to whom all men would not willingly make love, if they could. As for constancy, they laugh at it, and promise they despise; they trample upon the hearts of the foolish women who love them, and they consider jealousy in a woman a thing past comprehension." She laughed, but her eyes were not as merry as when Bess opened the door. "Well, I am resolved not to have my heart broken, because I have but one, and if it cannot be broken, I doubt if I could piece it together again. Therefore, my gallant Captain, my brave Jack, I doubt whether it were wise of me to come here any more. You may, if you please, come to my suppers, to meet my Lord and his friends. Look not so glum, Captain. Well, perhaps I may see thee once more before thy ship sails. If I do, promise to pretend a little love for this unhappy lovesick nymph. She is a—enough, I take it—one of those whom the poets call Naiads. Comfort her poor heart a little, and perhaps when thou art gone she may very likely console herself. Alas! always can lovers and one is loved."

"I loved her once. Can she expect—"

"Women are such fond creatures, Captain Easterbrook, that they are not even contented to be a toy for a month or two. As for me, I make men my toys, and so far as my heart, it is still mine own. Adieu, thou conqueror of women's hearts and compeller of women's tears. But, Jack!"—she laid her hand upon his arm—"look that this poor distracted creature doth not do a mischief to thee or to some one. There was madness in her eyes. I now know how the passion of jealousy should be rendered. It is to stand so, and to look so, and thus to use the hands." She lost her own face, and became Bess, so clever was she at impersonation, and in dumb-show went through the pantomime of a scorned and jealous woman. Then she put on her domino, took her hood, and ran down stairs.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### HOW CASTILLA WAS DISTURBED.

I do not think there is anything in this history more distasteful to Castilla than a certain episode in it, which one cannot choose but narrate. To omit the incident would be the concealment of a thing which clearly shows the disposition of our hero at this juncture of his affairs, when all seemed prosperous with him, but when his fate was already sealed, and destruction about to fall upon him.

Castilla reproaches me with concealing from the Admiral and her mother first the previous engagement with Bess, and next the acquaintance of the Captain with the actress of whom mention has been made, and declares that if the Admiral had known it he would have forbidden the house to so gay a Lothario. Castilla's general opinion as to her father's character is doubtless correct; but as to her father's conduct, under certain circumstances, I prefer my own judgment. Certain I am that if the Admiral (now in Abraham's bosom) had known both these facts—indeed, I am sure that he knew a good deal of the first—he would not on that account have shut Jack out of the house, nor would he have forbidden him to pay his addresses to Castilla.

"As for me," she still says, indignant, even after so many years, "had I suspected the things which you very well knew at the time, sir, I should have spurned his proposals. I have now forgiven him, because, poor boy, he was punished for his weakness in the matter of that witch and her adviser, the Apothecary, whom I believe to have been sold to the Devil. I forgave him freely, and you know, Luke, that I have long since forgiven you for your part in the deception. But there are things which can never be forgotten, though they be forgiven."

As for my own conduct in the business, I know not why I should have told the Admiral, or Castilla either, that a celebrated actress and toast had been rescued from footpads by Jack Easterbrook; that he supped at her house in company with other gentlemen; and that she visited him twice, to my knowledge, in his own lodging, the first time in order to communicate to him the news of his promotion, and the second time—I know not why.

Nor do I know why I should have warned Castilla about the old love affair. It was over and finished. Surely a woman would not be jealous because a lad of nineteen had made an imprudent promise, which he afterward broke, or because he then fell in love with, and afterward ceased to love, a certain girl, whether below or above his own rank in life.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that I heard no more about the actress, but that Jack came often, in those weeks between his appointment and his sailing orders, to the Admiral's, and that he made no secret to me of his passion for Castilla. Also he took the ladies to various fashionable places of resort which they had never before seen, because there was no one to take them. Thus, we went one evening to Ranelagh, where there was a very pretty concert in the round room, with dancing afterward, and a great crowd of ladies beautifully dressed, though none prettier than Castilla, to my simple taste. And on another evening we went to Drury Lane, where the actress, Jack's friend, was playing the principal part; and a more merry, light-hearted creature one never beheld upon the stage. I observed that Jack showed no sign of any acquaintance with her, but discussed her performance as a stranger might be expected to do, calling her pretty well as to looks, but then she was painted up, while as for beauty, give him blue eyes and light hair, at which Castilla blushed. And so home by moonlight, when the watermen are mostly gone to bed, and the river is comparatively quiet. Castilla sat beside Jack in the boat, and I believe he held her hand.

And on the day after the play the Admiral was asked, and gave his consent to his daughter's engagement with Jack. He gave it with a livelier satisfaction, he said, than he had felt in any previous event of his life. "Castilla," he said, "this is the greatest day of thy life. For thou art promised to the most gallant officer in the King's Navy. I say, to the bravest and the most learned, and to the best heart, though he shirks the bottle and hates me to finish it. If thou art not proud of him, then art no daughter of mine."

"Indeed, sir," said Castilla, "I am very proud of him."

Jack threw his arms round her, and kissed her on both cheeks, and on the forehead, and on her lips.

I say no more. Castilla declares now that she never really loved him, though she confesses that she was carried away by so much passion and by her admiration of his bravery. Yet I know not. Me was a masterful man, who compelled women to love him, and as the actress said, he had a conquering way with him. I think that if events had turned out otherwise, Castilla would have become a loving as well as an obedient wife. But let that pass. They were engaged, and the cloth at the Sir John Falstaff had a roaring night, in which Mr Bumpo heartily joined, because at his age "twould have been a sin to suffer the fear of approaching disaster to stand between himself and a night of punch and singing and the telling of sea stories.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SALT-WORKS AT SYRACUSE.

Communications illustrative of the extensive salt works at Syracuse, in this State, will be found on another page of this issue. It will no doubt be a surprise to many persons to learn that, although the waters of Lake Onondaga are fresh, it is from the bed of this picturesque sheet of water that these salt-works obtain the material which they successfully manipulate in the manufacture of enormous volumes of salts of all grades, from the coarse salt in which pork is packed, to the fine-like product with which we fill the pretty silver receptacles on our breakfast tables. Although, as has been said, the water of Lake Onondaga would yield no atom of salt, but it never so long, it has been discovered that by boring to a depth of about two hundred feet below the bed of the lake, a very richly salt-impregnated water is obtained. This water, from a subterranean salt sea, is pumped up by powerful machinery, and is stored in enormous reservoirs, from which it is drawn off into smaller reservoirs connected with the different Syracuse salt-works.

A trip through any one of these salt-works is full of interest. The water is moderately heated in its passage from the reservoirs into the enormous kettles which constitute the basis of the salt-works, and from which, when they are in full blast, a dense steam continually arises, as shown in the central picture, making it impossible for the workmen to remain longer than a few moments at a time in their vicinity. These kettles are arranged in double rows, every seventy kettles constituting what is called a "block." They are supported upon archways of brick, and at the end of each of these archways is a furnace, from which a current of hot air is driven through under the kettles by means of powerful steam-fans.

The average yield of each kettle at a single boiling is between three and four bushels of salt, the required time of boiling being about six hours. When a kettle is freshly filled, an iron plate with a long upright handle is lowered nearly to the bottom. The salt as forming passes under this plate, which, however, arrests and catches all the impurities in the water.

After a boiling the salt is removed from the kettles by means of long handled shovels, and is in a wetted state to see the workmen moving dimly about in this atmosphere of rising steam, with their long shovels in hand, salt-encrusted from head to foot. One man is supposed to attend to a "block," and the work, though not injurious to health, is extremely laborious. From the boiling-kettles the salt passes into the hoppers, and then to washing-machines, which thoroughly cleanse it. After receiving this washing it is loaded into a large heated revolving drum, in which it is perfectly dried. It is then in condition to be sent to the mills, where it is of coarse ground to any required degree of fineness. Every particle of salt leaving the works is carefully weighed by a weigher in the employ of the United States government, for the government levies a tax, in the shape of a certain percentage of the salt, upon every pound of salt taken from the earth or the waters under the earth or these Syracuse works.

In addition to the methods just described, there is also another, but slower, form of obtaining salt in use at Syracuse, viz., through evaporation by exposure to the sun. The brackish remains back from Lake Onondaga to the city are for many acres covered by large salt vats, from which the output is annually enormous.

## GUANAJUATO, MEXICO.

The Mexican city of Guanajuato is built on the most uneven site that man ever chose for a city, except, perhaps, some of the Swiss towns in the Alps. The hills are so steep that the roofs of some houses are lower than the foundations of the adjacent ones. The streets are narrow and winding, and some of them are too rough for vehicles with wheels. A mountain stream runs through the city, which becomes so swollen at seasons that the residents on the heights, in safety, see their next-door neighbors suffer great damage from a flood. Such a site was selected only because of its convenience in what were once the richest mines in Mexico. The first settlement was made as long ago as 1554, by the Spaniards, and as early as 1803 the population within the city proper was more than 40,000. The mines up to the year 1803 had yielded more than $250,000,000 worth of silver, and they are yet worked. And now, as 300 years ago, the greater part of the population are miners. Now as then, too, the poor work the mines in their primitive fashion. Great fortunes were made at Guanajuato before anything more than a modest competence was ever dreamed of in the British colonies in North America, and there are evidences of as great wealth in the mediæval part of the town as in the most modern parts. Such works as Mr S. H. Gaines's *Mexico of To-Day*, just published by Harper & Brothers, show us how fast the modernization of Mexico is going on, but the peculiar and picturesque site of Guanajuato will keep it a part of the mediæval Mexico after most other Mexican cities have been transformed.

A good index to the diverse characteristics of the city is the facts that although the telephone has been introduced, and the silver kings have all the conveniences of modern life, all the fifty mills for crushing and reducing silver ore, except one or two, are yet worked by horse-power. In the city of Mexico itself there is not so interesting a grouping of old and new things. The peculiar site of the city is its guarantee against rapid changes in its appearance, and makes the building of anything like a drearily regular town an impossibility forever. The historical events of which Guanajuato has been the scene make its history as interesting as its situation is picturesque. On an eminence near the centre of the city the prison is yet standing wherein the Spaniards retired during the revolution, and thought their position impregnable. The Mexicans crawled to the gate, with stones on their backs for shields, and set fire to it, and hanged the Spanish leaders.

The accompanying "glimpse" of the city shows the gigantic cacti on an eminence that overlooks the valley and the uneven elevations of the houses in the valley, with a view of the suburban settlements in the distance. The deep valley itself is nearly 7000 feet above the sea-level.

NOT YET.

"Roosefelt, sexty tousan' four sheesety-four; Hewitt, ninety tousan' four forty-one; Sheorge, sexty seven tousan' nine hundert and thirty Katcing, you'll haf to put dese things pack in der biscos; we won't moof onto der Fifth Afterwo (about 40 thousand by Sheorge.)"

THE SALT WORKS AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Frederick Ray.—[See Page 735.]

1. The Salt-works District. 2. Looking over the Salt Vats. 3. Boiling Salt-Water. 4. Removing Impurities. 5. Washing Salt. 6. Furnaces under the Kettles. 7. Filling Salt Bags. 8. Filling Barrels. 9. Weighing for the Government. 10. The Mills. 11. A Peep into the Drier.

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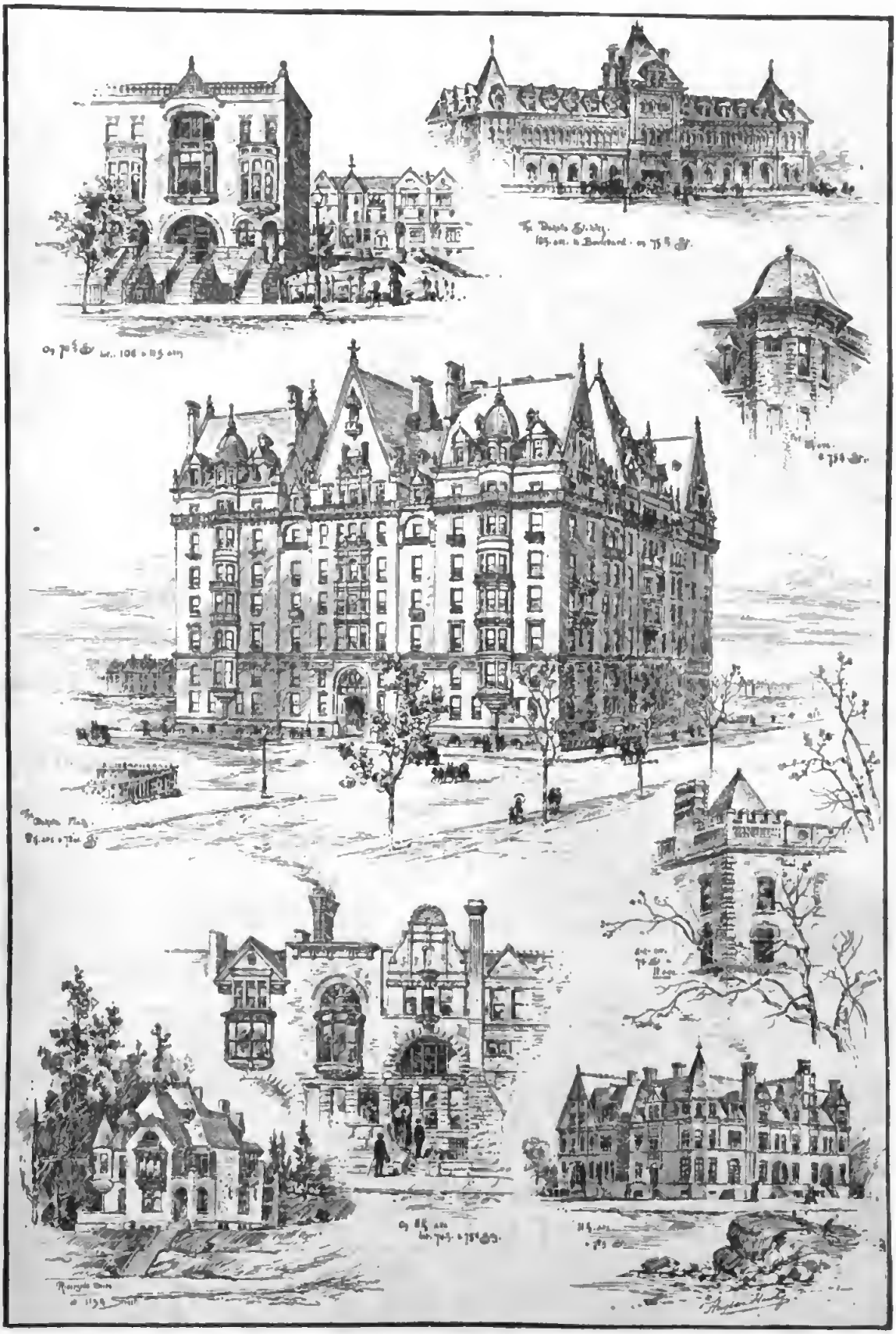

SKETCHES ON "THE WEST SIDE" OF NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

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## BUILDING UP THE WEST SIDE.

As Manhattan Island lies nearly north and south, it of course has a "west side" throughout its whole extent. But in the poorest terminology of operators in real estate the term is restricted to mean the strip of land that lies between the western boundary of the Central Park and the eastern shore of the North River. This is a tract about two miles and a half long by half a mile wide, and for the past few months it has been the scene of a greater building activity than any other part of the city.

This is by no means a premature development. In fact, for many years it has been a puzzle to the class of operators in real estate before mentioned why the west side did not keep pace with the east. The natural advantages of the two quarters seemed to be nearly equal, yet the tide of population up the east side seemed to be out of all proportion to the lordly advance upon the west. While no organized effort has been made to add to the natural attractiveness of the east side, there have been many efforts to tempt buyers and inhabitants to the west side. The Boulevard, as upper Broadway is called, was the first of these. Following it came the Riverside Drive and Morningside Park.

In spite of all these efforts, the west side languished while the east side throve, and while the tenement-house district was rapidly extending itself, what had been laid out as a fashionable quarter of more or less detached villas obstinately insisted upon remaining a great pasture. Some five years ago the managers of the Clara estate took the first important step toward preparing the west side for an invasion of fashion by building the "Dakota," an enormous apartment-house, which, as Mr. HAWLEY's drawing shows, is also an attractive and harmonious piece of architecture, owing much of its attractiveness to a combination of color which cannot be represented in black and white, a combination of salmon-colored brick from Perth Amboy with the olive Dorchester stone. The same owners followed this experiment with a series of pretty houses in Seventy-third Street, designed by Mr. HANSSMANN, the architect of the "Dakota."

After this impetus had been given, other owners took up the work, and for the past two years the progress of the west side has been very rapid. If it has not become a quarter of villas, as its projectors hoped it would become, neither has it become a quarter of "French flats" of the commonest kind, as was at one time to be apprehended. Either because they were convinced that the building of apartment houses had been overdone, or that apartment-houses were not applicable to this region, the builders have put up comparatively few of them. Most of the building activity has taken the form of small dwellings designed and built in rows, but completely separated from each other. They are mainly of three stories, the upper being often in a steep Mansard-roof. The chief material is red brick, which is used in combination with one of several kinds of sandstone, or with terra cotta of its own color. This latter combination cannot be made violent, and indeed there is a commendable moderation and sobriety about the architecture of the new quarter. Instances of grotesque extravagance in design are rare. There is often too much effort after variety in the treatment of rows of houses, and often an excess of features in a single house front. But upon the whole the aspect of the new quarter is very pleasant to the eye, and even pleasanter to the mind, since there is here an attempt to supply the long felt demand of New York for homes within the reach of the average of business and professional men.


HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

SPECIFIC VIRTUES IN DYSPEPSIA.

DR. A. JAMIESON, Great Falls, N. H., says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspepsia, nervousness, and mental vigilance on wakefulness."—[Adv.]

HOARSENESS,

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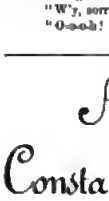

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

"THE ANTLERS," COLORADO SPRINGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is decorously one of the most favorite magazines among all those enjoyed by the lucky little folks of the present day. It is full of interesting matter. The profusely-made illustrations are exceptionally good, the stories are full of vivacity, and the entertaining little letters in the Postoffice Box manage to afford the greatest delight to their juvenile readers and writers. —*Boston Pilot*, Boston.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"*The Flamingo Feather*" *increases in interest as it advances, and there is also a short humorous sketch, entitled* "*John Henry's* '*Best Pants.*'"

*The front page illustration is engraved after a photograph, and bears the title*

"IN CLOVER."

*Other illustrations are a page by* F. S. CHURCH, N. A., *devoted to the infant hippopotamus recently imported for the zoological collection in Central Park, New York; illustrations by* T. DE THULSTRUP *and* MISS ALICE BARBER, *accompanying the serial stories; and humorous dialogue by* F. NEWSALL, LUCIUS BARNES, *and others.*

*The issue for November 23 will be a* "*Thanksgiving*" *number*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

## THE LABOR VOTE.

THE chief point of interest in the autumn elections was undoubtedly the large vote for Mr. GEORGE as Mayor of New York. Its significance has been the subject of great speculation, and its probable bearing upon the next national election is constantly discussed. As we said upon the day that the result was known, the GEORGE vote cannot be regarded as an anarchic vote. Mrs PARSONS, indeed, at a meeting of anarchists a day or two after the election, claimed Mr. GEORGE as a fellow worker. But she probably knows nothing of his views or aims. The support that he received was derived from persons of very various opinions. The anarchists and dangerous classes, so far as they voted, gave him their votes. The German socialists—a body which comprises many sober, honest, and industrious men given to social theory and speculation—supported him. Many practical philanthropists and students voted for him; and the labor unions were of his party. The GEORGE vote, upon the whole, was a declaration of discontent with the existing situation, and of the desirability of a change in the relations of labor to capital in the distribution of the fruits of industry. But it was unaccompanied with any definite practical scheme, and no such scheme is possible, because there is no common agreement as to measures and remedies. As we said last week, it will be very fortunate if the labor party should be able to state a policy plainly and comprehensibly.

Meanwhile the success of the "labor vote," as it is vaguely called, in the election of certain representatives implies a serious change in the composition and relation of parties, and of the political situation. The importance and perhaps the decisive importance, of the vote of New York in the next general election is conceded. But if nearly 70,000 votes have been cast for the labor candidate in the city of New York alone, the amount of the labor vote in the State can be readily inferred. A fair proportion in all the large cities of the State would make it the controlling force in New York, and in the determination of the result, should the vote of New York be essential. The larger part of the labor vote—probably three-quarters—is drawn from the Democratic party. There is no inducement which that party could proffer for the return of the vote, except the adoption of its policy as the Democratic platform. The political change which the appearance of the labor vote would precipitate would be hastened by the radical differences between the President and his party disclosed by the Congressional elections. The disposition of the Democratic managers would be to make terms with the new vote, even at the expense of the renomination of the President, which they hope to prevent. But the abandonment of the President as the Democratic candidate would only deepen the chaos, and leave the President as the most conspicuous political personage in the country, and the accepted representative of reform.

The Republican party press naturally encouraged the GEORGE movement in New York, for the same reason that the Democratic press in '84 favored the Mugwump movement. In each case the divergence of the new vote injured the party from which it was drawn. The Democrats gained by the Mugwump vote, the Republicans by the GEORGE vote, although in neither case was it a sympathetic vote. The Mugwump was essentially a Republican, as the GEORGE was mainly a Democratic vote. The instinctive view of the "practical politician," under these circumstances, is that the labor vote must be propitiated. The elections have thrown the Prohibition vote out of the serious calculation of party managers, notwithstanding the fact that it is twice as large as in 1884, and as the situation is already obscured by the Independent vote, the obvious policy of the Democratic managers is to frustrate, if possible, a general labor party organization, and of the Republicans to foster it. Mr. GEORGE is the natural labor party leader. He is radically opposed to Mr BLAINE as a protectionist and the monopoly candidate, and it is not easy to see upon what grounds any alliance between them could be proposed. But if the labor party could be sustained and encouraged to nominate a candidate in 1888, the secession from the Democratic party would help the chances of Mr. BLAINE. This is so evident that the temptation of the Democratic managers to go far enough to absorb the labor vote will be very great. But such an effort would lead to another fatal Democratic secession—that of the conservative element of the party. In this situation there is but one course for good citizens to pursue. It is to understand clearly the objects which they have in view, to study carefully the way in which, under all the circumstances, they can best promote those objects, and then to vote accordingly. This course requires an independence which will not be hustled by a party crowd, nor yield to mere party spirit, and which will help to introduce both principle and common-sense into political action.

## THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

THE Leeds Liberal Conference marks a political epoch in England. It is the final and formal declaration by the party, and not only by its leader, that home rule is the chief policy of the Liberal party. This decision and declaration were emphasized by the overwhelming enthusiasm with which Mr GLADSTONE was acknowledged as the party leader, and with which the declaration was received that no modification of the strict policy would be tolerated, even to regain the most distinguished of the dissidents, which means, of course, Lord HARTINGTON. To this fundamental object of home rule certain other measures of less importance were added to complete the Liberal platform. But the surprise is that the Liberal leaders did not reclaim their party measures upon which the light-fingered Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL laid his hand, and of which they are the original advocates. There is no question that the general policy known as Liberal is most agreeable to the English people. But the Liberals have now overload it with the measure which the country has just rejected. This has given a shifty politician like Lord RANDOLPH his opportunity. He has announced as the Tory programme the general Liberal scheme minus home rule, and it is quite possible that as that is precisely what the country desires, it may accept a Tory government as the agency by which to carry it out.

This, indeed, is to play ducks and drakes with the received theory of parties. It deprives them at once of all pretence of principle, and converts them into associations to obtain place. It is an illustration of the statesmanship and political morality of BEACONSFIELD and his disciple Lord RANDOLPH. But it is a plan as ingenious as it is unprincipled. It proceeds upon the conviction that the country is resolutely hostile to home rule, and that it will therefore take the chance of securing other desirable ends by a Tory agency. The course of the Liberal Conference is said to have condemned the party to long exclusion from power. But even were that result assured, what other course was honorably open? In 1856 the Republican party in this country was beaten at the polls. Would the Republican leaders have shown more practical wisdom if they had said that they had outrun the country, and that they had better put in abeyance the policy of restricting slavery? Their business was to do what they did, and what SUMNER afterward advised STANTON to do—stick. The function of a party is to enlighten public sentiment as well as to execute a policy. The election of 1856 was a Republican defeat, but it showed what astonishing progress the party had made in changing public opinion. The English election of 1886 was a Liberal defeat, but it showed how nearly ripe England is for home rule. The English Tories and Unionists cannot evade the debate. The question of Ireland is the main issue of British politics until it is settled, and nothing could be more mistaken than the theory that the late election was a settlement. It merely showed what England thought in 1886. In 1856 the United States thought that the restriction of slavery was "a brutal and bloody manifesto." In 1860 they adopted it as their policy. The Democratic party acted as if the opposition to agitation of what it denounced as a policy of civil war and national disintegration was final, and it lost control of the government for twenty-four years. The Tory party in England may easily make the same mistake.

The Liberals will continue the argument, and appeal to the country. They have a great advantage in the leadership of a man whom England may for a time politically repudiate, but of whom she cannot help being proud. If he should fall, the cause will remain, and make its own advocates and leaders. The succession to the party leadership seems now to lie between Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Sir WILLIAM is perhaps the most unpopular public man in England. Mr. MORLEY is a thoroughly equipped student of historical and theoretical politics, who as author and editor has exercised a marked liberalizing influence upon public opinion. He is a very recent figure in practical politics, but his character, his ability and accomplishment and courage, have given him great distinction and rapid promotion. He is regarded as a *doctrinaire*, but every man who comes late into active politics through literature and study must expect to be so considered until he has proved his practical talent. It is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's misfortune to be regarded as a temporizing, and although a very clever, not a very sincere politician, while Mr. MORLEY is held to be most earnest in his convictions, and of proved courage. He has been undoubtedly one of Mr. GLADSTONE's most efficient and most trusted lieutenants and there is no question of the strong influence that he will exert in the party while home rule is its chief issue. The difference between JOHN MORLEY and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is the difference between conquering conviction and clever shiftiness.

## THE PARTIES AND REFORM.

IN one of Mr. BLAINE's late speeches in Pennsylvania he sneered at civil service reform and reformers, and quoting a despatch of Mr SMALLEY's to the New York *Tribune*, said of it, "We get the humiliating but honest confession in regard to the civil service of England that that service is rotten to the core, and must be torn up by the roots." The intention of this reckless statement is to convey the impression that the principle of appointment upon competition and by examination has failed in England, and that those in America who advocate appointment by proved merit are utterly discredited. But it is precisely reform upon that principle which the Convention which nominated Mr BLAINE declared had begun auspiciously under the Republican party, and ought to be completed, and its spirit and purpose observed in all Executive appointments. In his letter of acceptance Mr BLAINE elaborately commended the removal of appointments "from the caprice of favoritism," and magnified his own practical fidelity to the principle in appointments to West Point. In fact, he made a great bid for the support of reformers. The Republican party has claimed to be the especial champion of reform. General LOGAN calls it the child of the Republican party. But Mr. BLAINE, bidding again for the Republican nomination, cannot contain his scorn for the "English" project, and whistles down the wind one of the declared principles of his party.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, speaking in his Dartford speech of the inquiry to which Mr. SMALLEY's despatch alludes, says:

"We have appointed a Royal Commission to investigate into the scale and cost of our system of government in this country. We know that the expenditure of this country has been increasing rapidly, and we want to be certain on one point—that we get our money's worth for the taxes which we spend, and we want to be perfectly certain that it is not in our power to make considerable reductions and simplifications of that expenditure."

The objects of the inquiry (the first for ten years, and a very proper inquiry), as officially stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a minute laid before Parliament, are

"that her Majesty's advisers desire to satisfy themselves that the clerical establishments of the civil service, of the Naval and Military Departments, and also of the Revenue Department, are organized generally upon a principle which secures efficiency without undue cost to the public. . . . The Board will understand that the appointment of this Commission implies no distrust of the body of men who render such excellent service to the crown. It is intended solely to assure Parliament and the public that the departments are organized upon sound principles, and that the cost of them is sufficient, but not more than sufficient, for the duties to be performed."

This is what Mr. BLAINE calls a humiliating confession of the total failure of reform. The effort to discredit the reform movement in this country by describing the possible results of an investigation which is only begun as proof that the English civil service is rotten to the core, and is about to be torn up by the roots, and to attribute that result, if it should be established, to the system of appointment by competition and upon probation, is a performance which may possibly commend Mr BLAINE to those who already regard him as a model public man, but certainly to no one else.

It is not true that there is a general feeling in England that the system of appointment by merit ascertained by competition is a failure. There is, however, a strong feeling that the methods and organization of the service itself may be much improved. A recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* points out that the restriction of grades and the arbitrary limitations of promotions have been injurious to the efficiency of the service; and there are complaints of short hours and of other details which naturally excite discontent. But Englishmen who make these complaints not only do not condemn, but they strongly favor the general principle of the reformed system; and whatever English opinion might be, and with whatever vigor or laxity sound principles may be ap-

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plied to the English service, the testimony of the heads of the largest offices in this country, such as ex Collector ROBERTSON, of New York, and Postmaster PEARSON, of New York, with the ex heads of departments in Washington, have given ample and hearty testimony to the valuable results of the reformed system. It is probable that there will be a determined Democratic effort, like that of the Eighteenth District in the city of New York, to commit the party to a demand for the repeal of the reform law and a general renunciation of reform. There are plenty of Republicans also who would be glad to see their party take the same position, and the tone of Mr. BLAINE'S remarks will greatly encourage them. We doubt very much whether the Republican managers, who hope to secure a large Democratic contingent at the polls, as in 1884, will push very zealously the issue of reform. Hitherto the words have described something so vague that they could be used to attract the intelligent. But now that they are shown to mean that the offices will not be distributed to "the boys," but to those who are fit for them, reform is a very much more dangerous demand to manage. We shall be very much surprised if the next Republican National Convention repeats or strengthens the reform demand of the last.

## THE DAY AT HARVARD

THE celebration of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard University was, as an alumnus well said, a striking display of the power of the university. The assembly was probably the most remarkable for eminence in many departments that has ever been gathered in the country, and the various literary exercises were worthy of the occasion. They were not especially self congratulatory or "bumptious," but, on the contrary, they were rather critical and suggestive. No son of Harvard, indeed, could help a certain pride of feeling that his *alma mater* had been the source and influence of so much that is great and best in our history, and there was a property which no other institution in the country can contest in the conferring of degrees by the most ancient of our universities upon the eminent masters of literature and science in other colleges. The scene was very impressive as one good gray head after another arose, amid thunders of applause, at the calling of the name by the president of the university, and the scholar stood while, and for this great occasion only, in the vernacular the president characterized in brief, crisp, pointed phrase the service which was signalized and honored by the degree. The dignity of manner and the clear resonant voice of President ELIOT made the ceremony exceedingly impressive.

The occasion culminated with the noble concluding words of the address of Mr. LOWELL. They were a most fitting and felicitous expression of confidence in the high purpose and courage of the President—such an expression as gives inspiration and vigor to lofty endeavor. With consummate grace and modesty they effaced for the moment the orator himself, who quietly withdrew amid the storm of enthusiasm which filled the theatre for several minutes. The scene has probably been paralleled but once in the annals of Harvard, when in 1824 EDWARD EVERETT concluded his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa by his address to LAFAYETTE, who sat beside him upon the platform. To say that Mr. LOWELL'S address was fully worthy of the orator and of the occasion is to speak its highest praise. The consciousness of great and universal anticipation, of the character and significance of the event, and of the almost painful responsibility of him who was called fitly to express it, might well have oppressed any man. But whatever may have been Mr. LOWELL'S own forecast or apprehension, he must have felt on he proceeded how complete was the satisfaction and how universal the feeling which led one of the most distinguished of the foreign guests to say that no university in Europe could have commended such a commemorative discourse. The greeting of the poet also was, as Mr. SMALLEY said in the *Tribune*, almost affectionate. The venerable and venerated laureate of Harvard once more, and naturally in a strain of tender reminiscence, touched the melodious lyre that Cambridge men and days have known and loved so long. To see and to hear upon such an occasion two of the chiefs of our literature was a good fortune which will not be forgotten.

But not the least memorable event of the day was the presence of President CLEVELAND. To him the scene was wholly new. He is not a college man, and knows little of college traditions; but he is the leader of a party of courage, strength of purpose, and fidelity to duty, as the orator said, and he found himself among its most earnest members. There is no living man who would be received by that great concourse of intelligent, high minded, independent, and patriotic Americans as President CLEVELAND was received. The greeting left him in no doubt whatever that the more closely he holds the rudder true, the more warmly will he be supported by his fellow-countrymen. From the moment of his appearance in Cambridge, at every mention of his name or allusion to him, the same enthusiasm broke forth, and its sincerity and value were symbolized by the fact that its finest and loftiest expression were the words of the orator who, under Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, had been withdrawn from a most conspicuous post, and who, as was wittily said upon another occasion, saluted, like St. Denis, with his head under his arm. The President's speech at the dinner was admirable and impressive. In common with every good citizen he desires that the incumbent of the great office which he fills shall be treated with the candor and fair play that honest men everywhere accord to each other; and with sobriety and earnestness, but without undue feeling, he denounced the mean and cowardly course toward the President to which a part of the press prostitutes itself. The remarks were received with an uproar of satisfaction, and their stinging force has been proved by the "ghoulish" cries of the press which they plainly characterized. The warmth of the reception in Cambridge was continued in Boston. Faneuil Hall and the Vendome were crowded for three or four hours with throngs of citizens eager to see the President whom they believe to be honestly aiming to secure good government. It was not a partisan but a patriotic demonstration; and there can be no question that the personal impression produced by the President was most favorable. Nowhere has he had a more disinterested or more efficient body of friends and supporters than in Massachusetts, and nowhere has he been more bitterly traduced. But his political opponents in that State have now seen in the character and sincerity of the popular tribute offered to him the instinctive loyalty of American citizens, not to a scholar, nor to a military hero, nor to a mere party leader, nor only to the Chief Magistrate of the republic, but to an honest, courageous, and patriotic public man.

## A YOUNG REPRESENTATIVE.

AMONG the new Representatives to the next Congress the city of New York sends Mr LLOYD S. BAYNE, whom the *Evening Post*, in its "Voters' Manual," on the eve of election, described as "a man of leisure and of high character; son-in-law of EDWARD COOPER; never held public office." Mr BAYNE will be probably the youngest man in Congress, and his course will be watched with great interest and anticipation, for there was never a time when circumstances more clearly invited a high-minded and independent man who would succeed in public life to identify himself with what Governor ROBINSON in a recent speech well called "clean politics."

## LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

LONDON was seriously alarmed by the late threatened socialist demonstration on Lord Mayor's Day. There was a general panic. The shop windows were boarded up. The police were all on duty, and troops were assembled in case of necessity. The Lord Mayor's procession was hissed and hooted in Trafalgar Square, and when it had passed, red flags were produced, and the speaking began. The speakers said that the people would show that they could hold an orderly meeting to let the public know what immense distress and suffering prevailed among the workingmen of England.

Another speaker said:

"We want food, work, and dwelling places for all, and all will have them. The socialists pledged the unemployed of London that they would make this demonstration to-day to contrast before the world the extreme poverty of London's unemployed with the extreme wealth and plenty of the city's upper classes, and the socialists have kept their word. We have given the answer to Sir CARDIGAN WARNER. Resolutions of a proper kind will be adopted, and they will be sent to the Marquis of Salisbury and to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and they will be compelled to listen to them. The socialists will continue their work until every vestige of tyranny shall be swept away. Our organization is the only one which dares to take the proper position on behalf of the poor and oppressed. We are not here to break the peace. We are here to agitate in a peaceful manner for work for all, and overwork for none."

Resolutions were adopted asking the government to provide work for the unemployed, and to reduce the number of working hours to eight. Then the crowd dispersed, the only trouble having been an encounter between the socialists and anti-socialists in Trafalgar Square.

The precautions taken against possible mischief show the consciousness of the authorities of the extent of discontent among the poor and unemployed.

## THE PIONEER OF PROHIBITION.

A VERY interesting pamphlet has just been published by the National Temperance Society and Publishing House, called the *Origin of the Maine Law and of Prohibitory Legislation*. It is a brief memoir of JAMES APPLETON, of Ipswich in Massachusetts, who was born a hundred years ago, and whose robust sense, strong character, and stately courage made him a leader in the great reform movements of his time. He lived for twenty years—from 1833 to 1853—in Portland, Maine, and he was one of the earliest of "teetotalers" and the earnest advocate of prohibition. It was so 1834, when the temperance question was warmly discussed, that he saw that if "the drinking of spirits was always wrong and dangerous, and the source of all the enormous evils charged to it, then it was not to be tolerated, nor chilled with by license laws, but put an end to."

This is the conviction from which prohibitory legislation springs. But not thinking as extreme a measure to be practicable, he prepared a petition to the Massachusetts Legislature to prohibit the sale of liquor in any quantity less than thirty gallons. This proposition raised a storm of opposition. But the discussion in the press, in which he contributed, and further reflection, persuaded him that he was mistaken, and in 1838 he said in the Salem *Gazette* that the argument of the petition really leads to absolute prohibition. The next year Mr. APPLETON removed to Portland, and in 1836 was elected a member of the Maine Legislature, and in 1837, in a clear, well-reasoned, and impressive report upon the subject of license, he recommended to the Legislature the enactment of a prohibitory law. In 1851 a law was passed, founded upon the principles and maintained by the arguments of the APPLETON report.

It is curious that in 1885 a Temperance Convention was held in Philadelphia, called centennial because in 1786 Dr. RUSH published a pamphlet upon the deleterious effects of ardent spirits, and that in the official report of the Convention, which is a very large volume, called *One Hundred Years of Temperance*, there is no mention of General JAMES APPLETON, who was the first to propose a prohibitory law, not as a claim of enthusiasm, but as a deliberate conclusion fortified by facts and sustained by argument. His son has been naturally unwilling that his father's incontestable claim to honorable priority should be forgotten, and he has made the necessary researches to enable that claim to be shown indisputably, as it is in the little pamphlet.

## PERSONAL.

AT the famous trial of the Rev. Professor DAVID SWING for heresy, in 1874, the Presbytery held that the question was "whether it has been conclusively proved that Mr Swing does not personally hold all the doctrines that are by our Church regarded as essential to the system of doctrine taught in the Confession of Faith and in the Holy Scriptures." An esteemed correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY ventures the prediction that if, at the forth-coming trial of the Andover professors for heresy, the question be put in a similar fashion, the result will be the same as in Professor Swing's case, namely, an acquittal.

—Mr. WILL CARLETON lectures this week in five different States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

—Mr HENRY BERGH speaks of the late Miss CARRIE WELSON, of Waterbury, Connecticut, who left her large estate to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as "the most intelligent and highly cultivated woman" he ever met. She made many gifts to the society during her lifetime, and took annual interest in its work. The value of her estate may be as much as $200,000, and will not fall below $150,000. The recent decision of the court, sustaining the will, is not, we learn, to be appealed.

—Mr FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED and Mr. CALVERT VAUX, who have been appointed as landscape architects "to prepare a plan for the improvement of the State Reservation at Niagara," will receive for the service only $1000 apiece. Mr VAUX is a promulgator and to a certain extent a creator of the modern idea that a public park should be approached by special parkways or boulevards, and he hopes to see the present Reservation, for which the State paid $1,000,000, approached by a magnificent driveway from the Whirlpool to Goat Island, or, as he calls it, a "protected line of travel, with frequently recurring views of the Niagara River." As soon as a survey map of profiles and elevations has been prepared, Mr OLMSTED and Mr. VAUX will begin work, and the "plan" will be ready by next spring.

—Mr THOMAS F. WILSON, the Superintendent of the new State Park at Niagara, has introduced an innovation in the shape of twenty stop-over omnibus tickets for the tour of Goat Island, which enable the passenger to leave the vehicle at any point of interest, and resume his ride whenever he is ready. Both the Commissioners and the public are pleased with the "reform measures."

—Mr JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S Latin quotations in the peroration of his Harvard address, where he extolled the virtues of President CLEVELAND, represent a well known peculiarity of his literary style. He has long been in the habit of preserving his leather-bound memorandum books jotting down passages from favorite authors—Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish, and so on, and even in familiar conversation he sometimes playfully produces one of these manuscript volumes, and reads to his interlocutor an appropriate extract.

—The writers and artists now travelling through the Southern States in a private car for HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY are the guests of the well-known and public spirited cotton merchant JOHN H. INMAN, of the firm of INMAN, SWAND, & CO., who planned the trip. Mr INMAN, who is a native of the South, takes a deep interest in the industrial development of that section, and it was with a view to bringing to the attention of representatives of the above-mentioned periodicals the present remarkable mercantile movement in the South, and the conditions attending it, that he proposed the HARPER expedition. Richmond, Lynchburg, Danville, Augusta, Atlanta, and Charleston have already been visited. The route to be followed beyond these points will depend on circumstances, but it will probably take in Columbia, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Birmingham, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, and Louisville.

—A clever woman recommends women who write for the press to write on domestic subjects. "The newspapers," she says, "have opened their columns to articles on domestic subjects. A woman with a reputation gained finds a ready market for anything she may write, and secures for it as good column rates as any man, save those in the very first rank of literature, while women with slight experience find a fair remuneration, making perhaps from five to seven hundred dollars a year."

—ANTIPOV and LIEBKNECHT, the European socialists, were greatly disappointed with their reception in Chicago last week, and made no bones about saying so. It was expected that they would visit the seven anarchists condemned to death, but they kept away from the county jail, and were very moderate in their utterances at public meetings.

—NELSON MORRIS, of Chicago, whose business as a packer has made him many times a millionaire, began life as the driver of a cart. From June until January he wears a felt hat, replacing it on the first of the year by a seal-skin cap, which is used until the first month of summer, no matter how warm the weather may be.

—Nature has provided one of the growing towns near the city with magnificent views, a beautiful mountain, a salubrious climate, and a republican form of government, but in a population of more than five thousand there is said to be but three unmarried dancing men. The number and urgency of the social calls made upon these gentlemen give them an adequate estimate of their own importance, and the young ladies propose to obtain their escorts for the next season exclusively from abroad, for the sake both of freshness and of self defence.

—A young American painter, Mr G. D. BRUSH, has returned to the city after four years' work among the Indians of Canada and the far West. He likes the Indians, because they represent more directly the influence of Nature over man, because their bodies are athletic, and because their costumes are rich in color; and he expects to go back to them. Mr BRUSH has had the benefit of seven years' study in Paris, and is a regular contributor to the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists. His wife shares his enthusiasm for tent life, and is a promising sculptor.

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THE WORSHIPPERS OF DIONYSOS DISPERSED BY THE ACHARNIANS.

PROCESSION OF DIONYSOS.

FINALE.

"THE ACHARNIANS" OF ARISTOPHANES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

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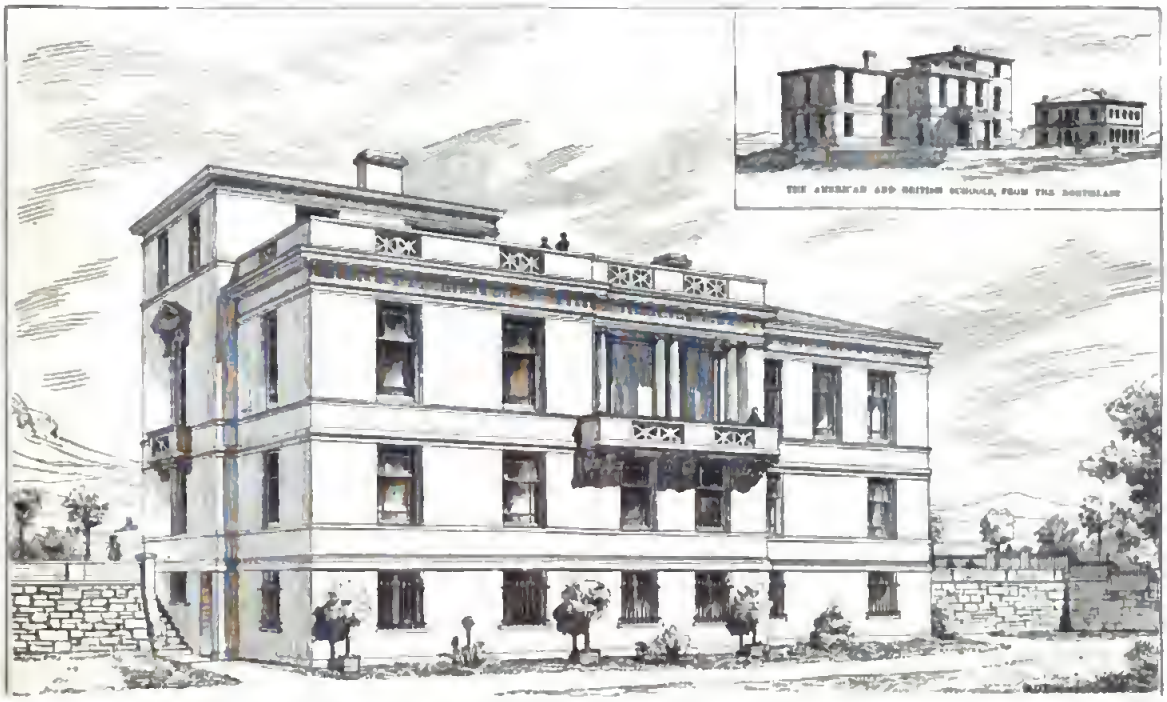


THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS—THE GARDEN FRONT.—[See Page 747.]

"SHE STOOD BEFORE HIM, HER ARMS OUT AS IF TO STOP THE PISTOL BULLET."—(See Serial "The World Went Very Well Then," Page 746.)

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captains of the Flock," "No Time Were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXXV

HOW PHILADELPHY KEPT THE SECRET.

When one reflects upon this time, and upon the conduct of Jack Easterbrook, it seems as if as each successive step the unfortunate man announced one step nearer to his own destruction. Surely, knowing the grief, the resentment, and the indignation which filled the heart of the woman he had cast aside with no more consideration than if she had been a lodge-room a-ed, he might well have reflected before sending her intelligence which was certain to drive her into despair. But such or he do never reflect.

Therefore, on the very day when he was affianced to Castilla, he took the surest steps to make Bess acquainted with this certain proof of his desertion; for he led made the old negro nurse, Philadelphy, and told her that he had a most important thing to communicate, and you which very much concerned her own happiness, and a thing which everybody would be anxious to know, but that it was a profound secret, and must be told to no one, and especially was not to be communicated to any person outside Madam's household.

"I know," he said, "that you desire nothing in the world or much or the happiness of your young mistress."

That she assured him, truthfully, was the case.

"So that I am certain you will rejoice when I tell you the secret. Now, Philadelphy, what should you say if Miss Castilla had a lover?"

"Pends on de young gen'leman, sah."

"So it does. You are always wise, Philadelphy. What should you say, then, if she was going to be married?"

"Pends on de young gen'leman, sah."

"You are indeed a wonderful woman, Philadelphy. What should you think, then, if I were going to be that happiest of mortals, Miss Castilla's husband?"

The old woman looked at him admiringly. Then she began to laugh. Negroes are easily tickled with laughter; they laugh if any one is hurt; they laugh if misfortunes fall upon their friends; and when they are pleased they laugh; Philadelphy therefore laughed for satisfaction and joy, not, as Saul of old laughed, in derision.

"Is dat de truth, Massa Jack?"

"It is the truth, Philadelphy."

"Ha! ha!" she laughed again. "Berry fine lover for Miss Castil. Berry fine young man for too young mistress!"

"It is a secret, Philadelphy," he told her again. "No one knows it except Madam, and the Admiral, and Castilla, and me. You have been told first of all. That is a great honor for you. But it is a secret as yet. I am to go on board in a few days, and the Lord knows when I shall return. So while I am away do you take care of her, and put in, every one and again, a word for me—you understand?"

She understood very well, and without the aid of the two guineas which he slipped into her hand, that she was to sing the praises of a certain young gentleman. She folded the money in a corner of her handkerchief, and nodded and laughed again. As a secret messenger, or go-between, I think Philadelphy would have had no equal. Her forte, or self or her genius, lay in this art; but unfortunately it was not called into practice, because Castilla had lost two lovers, one of whom she lost in the summer you are going to hear, and the other she married without any necessity for a go-between at all.

"You understand," Jack repeated, "that is a secret. You are not, therefore, on any account or tie up your head in your red turban and to carry the news into the town. You must not think of telling the old fellows at the Trinity Hospital. You must not go to Mr. Skipworth, the Barber, with it; and if you tell Mr. Westmoreland, the Pensioner, or his daughter Bess, you will make me angry. I quite depend upon your secrecy, Philadelphy."

She did, in fact, or Jack fully expected she would do, everything that she had been carefully told not to do. First, she looked into the gateway of Trinity Hospital. On the sunny side there walked half a dozen of the old men warming themselves. She exchanged a few words with them, admonishing them to keep the secret; then went on her way. Now there are no more ingrained gossips than these old almsmen, who have nothing to do all day long except to tell each other stories, for the most part old and well worn, and to retail news.

When she left the hospital, Philadelphy looked into the kitchen of St. Paul's Vicarage, just to whisper the news to the maids. Thence she went on her way to the Barber's, and calling Mr. Skipworth to the door, she imparted the news to him, with many injunctions to profound secrecy, which he faithfully and joyfully promised, and kept his promise in the way common among barbers, namely, that he passed on the news in strict confidence and a whisper to every customer in town who came to be shaved.

Philadelphy next crossed the street and looked in at the Pensioner's. Mr Westmoreland was in the shop, writing a letter for one girl to her sweetheart, somewhere at sea, while another waited her turn. In the corner of the room, beside the fire, sat Bess, her hands folded in her lap, doing nothing, and paying no heed to what went on. The girls disputed what should be said; the scribe listened, and from time to time put down a sentence, catching at their meaning rather than taking down their words.

"Say I keep true and constant," said one, "though all the men in Deptford are asking me to give him up. Tell him that. Tell him I expect as much from him when he comes home—else, he shall see. And if he dare so much as to look at—"

"I wouldn't tell him that," said the other girl. "Tell him that nobody or the town cares a button for him, or even thinks about him, but yourself. He'll think all the more of you for that. Don't never let him think you care a rupe—and a button is one rupe—for the other women or not."

Without troubling herself about the girls, Philadelphy took a chair beside Bess, and began in a whisper. Now, so carefully had Bess kept her secret that no one in the place knew a word about it except Aaron Fletcher, and for reasons of his own he spoke of it to none. Least of all did the old negro woman suspect it. She whispered what she had to say, and then, with a hundred nods and winks, and or signs of mystery and secrecy, she got up and went away.

Bess sat still awhile. The two girls finished their business with her father, and went away. Mr Westmoreland looked mildly at her daughter.

"Bess, my dear," he said.

She shook her head impatiently.

"Is there any chance that you will come round soon, my dear?" I wouldn't hurry any woman's temper on my account, though I may say that it is a month and more since I have had any dinner."

"If I had a knife in my hand this moment," she cried, springing to her feet and tossing her arms in the air—"if I had a knife, I would drive it into my heart—or into his!"

Her father made haste with trembling knees to return to his writing.

She continued to sit in the same place, hands clinched, with set eyes gazing straight before her, and cheeks white. From time to time her father looked furtively round. But seeing no change, he went on with his work. Presently he became afraid to sit alone with her. He thought she was mad, he feared that she might get up suddenly and stab herself to death, or perhaps stab him in the back. He was never a brave or a strong man, and, besides, he had already suffered so much from feminine wrath that he considered a raging woman worse than a tigress, and would cheerfully have fought a lion in the arena rather than face his own wife in one of her angry moods. But he had never before seen Bess so bad as this. It wanted a good hour of his usual time of leaving off work, but he got down from his stool, changed his coat hurriedly, and went out to his tavern.

If he went there an hour before his usual time, it was fully an hour after his usual time that he returned. Bess was still in her chair, but she no longer sat upright, scowling and fierce. Her head was buried in her hands, and she was weeping.

Mr. Westmoreland was afraid to speak to her. He crept silently upstairs, and went to bed supperless.

For in truth something very strange had happened between the time when the Pensioner had done his work and the time when he came home. The jaws of Death and the gates of Hell had been opened.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW BESS WENT OUT OF HER WITS.

Immediately after her father had left the house—perhaps he waited until the Pensioner's departure—a man came to the door and stood without. For a few moments he hatched and listened. Then he pushed the door open and looked in. The room was dark, and he could see nothing.

"Bess," he cried—it was Aaron Fletcher—"Bess, I know you are here, and it is no use hiding. Come out this instant and talk with me, or I will come in."

There was no answer, and he stepped into the room.

"You can go out again, Aaron," said Bess "I have nothing to say to you."

"I will go out when I have told what I came to say, and not before," he replied. "If you will listen, Bess, I have a good deal to say."

"Say, then, what you have to say, and begone." He hardly knew her voice, which was hard. "Of course I know very well what you have come or say. When you have said it once, you can go. If you dare to say it twice, I think I shall have to kill you. But before you take the trouble to say it, or anything else, I tell you that it is no use. There is no man in the world for me now. Don't think of trying."

"Bess!"—the man understood what she meant—"d'ye think that I would come to cross over your trouble? Why— But you don't understand; you never did understand. A man or have you true can't choose but be sorry for your trouble. I love you that true that I should even like to see you married to him, if he would have you. But he won't—he won't. Don't go to think now, Bess, that I'm glad; though I always knew what would happen, and I hoped that you would perhaps throw him over and take a better man, and then we might have seen him crying and lamenting instead of you. Pluck up spirit, Bess. Curse him. With his head in the air, and his step as if he was on his quarter-deck, and we men were all his crew, and you women were all for his own pleasure! Curse him, I say, for a villain! He went through the town just now dressed as if he was a nobleman at least, with the people crying after him for luck, and the fools of women calling blessings on his head for a handsome man, if ever there was one. Curse him! Bess, why don't you curse the man who has played you false? Have never a tongue in the head?"

It was too dark to discern her face, otherwise Aaron might have seen pleased with the jealous madness which filled her eyes.

Then he cursed the Captain again, and with stronger words, but she answered nothing.

"I know what he would do. I always knew it. I hate him, Bess. I have always hated him as much as you hate him now, or almost as much, because you must hate him, after all he has done, and that there is no evil you would not rejoice to see falling upon him."

He paused for some effect to be produced by his words, just or no angler throws his line and stops to watch his float. But Bess made no sign.

"Who is he?" Aaron went on. "Who is he that he should have all the good luck and I should have the bad? Why, when he came or the man he was in rage. For a time come. He was a love in rage. And now he is a Captain, with a gold laced hat; and I— Well, Bess, I am a bankrupt. That is what I have come to. And it is through him! Yes, through him and through that one evil devil, who is Old Nick himself, or said to him. I am a bankrupt—I am broke! First, through him, I lost my boat, the *Willing Maid*, took by a privateer, and then, through him, I lost the prize-money I looked to make; and then, through him, my building yard was turned. And now I have spent all my money, Bess, and am broke. And all through him! I will be even with him, some day, if I swing for it."

"Say what you have to say, Aaron, and go away."

"I came to say, then, Bess"—he lowered his voice—"will you have revenge?"

"What revenge?"

"I used to take it for myself three years ago. Did he never tell you who got him knocked o' the head and carried off to the cottage? 'Twas the sweetest moment of my life when he lay senseless at my feet. I think it, Bess. 'Twas soon but me. He got off that time. He won't this."

"Revenge? Do you think I will let you take revenge for me?"

"Bess—think! He hath deserted you, and broken his promise. And me he has brought to beggary, with the help of his friend the devil with one eye."

"I will have no revenge taken for me, I say. Go, Aaron. If that is all you have to say, go, and leave me alone. Revenge will not bring back his heart to me. He better me now as much as once he loved me. I see it in his eyes. Will revenge change his eyes?" There is nothing for me but to bear it till I die."

Aaron sat down on the table. The tempter to evil was not to be sent away by a single word.

"What?" he asked. "A woman of spirit, and do nothing, though her sweetheart proves false to her, and makes and laughs at her! Have they told you how he laughs everywhere about you?" (This was a lie; Jack never spoke about her among his friends.) "Why, the gentlemen all do it; they make bets with each other about such girls as you; and then they go aboard and tell each other, and laugh about her. Oh, you forgive him! 'Tis sweet Christian conduct. I suppose I should forgive him as well for the loss of the *Willing Maid* and the burning of my boat-yard?" He stopped to see if his words had produced any effect upon her, but she gave no sign. "You will dance at his wedding, I dare say. He is going to marry the daughter of the Admiral—him with the wooden leg."

"He is not married yet."

"He is going to be married," said Aaron—but this was also a lie—"by special license, and within a hour, to-morrow; for his ship is under orders, and the Captain will set sail or a few days. He wants to be married before he goes. 'Tis a pretty little lady, and he will make her happy. They are be in head and ears in love with her, and nothing too good for her. I dare say he was always a fond lover. You found him a fond lover, didn't you, Bess, in the old days?"

"Are you sure?" she asked. "Oh! the old woman did not tell me this. Are you quite sure? To-morrow? He will marry her to-morrow? So soon! Oh! is there no hope left at all?"

"To be sure, there are differences. She is a gentlewoman, and you are only a tradesman's daughter. She is dark, and has pretty manners. I dare say, though her father is an old salt. Whatever you are, Bess, we can ever called you soft. She is fair, and you are dark. She loves lace, I dare say, better than you ever could. She can wore a lace, and carry a fan, and paint her face; and as for you, Bess— Why, what is the matter?"

"I will kill him first!" she cried, wildly. "Aaron, I will kill him with my own hand!"

"Nay, Bess, why with your own hand, when there is mine ready for your service? And as for that, you are in such a rage that you would surely bungle it, ten chances to one you would botch and bungle it. Now I am calm. If I take it in hand, I shall make as pretty a job of it as any one can desire. Besides, Bess, if any one is to swing for putting such a villain out of the way, it shall be me, not you, my girl. For love of you, and hate of him, I should be content to swing. But maybe— Why, Bess—"

"Aaron" (she laid her hand upon his shoulder, catching her breath short), "oh! I would rather see him dead and in his grave than let him marry her."

"He must be dead to-night, then, or he will marry her to-morrow. Hark ye, Bess: the time has come for crying. We must do it at once—this very night. To-morrow he will be married. The next day, or the day after, he takes the command of his ship. This very evening he hath gone to the club with the Admiral. He will but drink a single glass of punch with the gentlemen, who will wish him joy, and will then return to his new mistress, with whom he thinks to spend the evening, kissing and making love. Do you mark my words?"

"Yes, yes— I am ill-feeling."

"In half an hour or so he will be returning by this road. Suppose, Bess, he should meet us on the way—the woman he has deserted, and the man he has ruined?"

"Let us go," she cried. "Let us go at once. He shall never leave her. Let us go! Why, Aaron, are you for hanging back?"

"There is time enough—no hurry. See, my girl, I have brought with me—'tis all I have left of my privateering—a pair of ship's pistols." He lugged them out of his pockets, and laid one on each leg, still sitting on the table. "They are loaded; I loaded them half an hour ago—a brace of bullets in each, and the flints are new. No hurry, Bess. Let us consider." She was already more than half mad, but he thought to madden her still more. "Let us consider. All the world knows thy history, Bess." This was a lie, because no one knew it. "When you go forth again the women will point and say after you, 'There goes the girl who thought to marry the handsome Captain! There goes Bess, who thought to be the wife of Captain Easterbrook! Pride goes before a fall. Now she will have to marry some honest tarpaulin, like the rest, if any be found to have her.' 'Tis a hard fate, Bess. Wilt have—"

"Aaron, let us go. Quick! quick! Give me the pistols."

"Nay, my. You to have the pistols?" he replied, in no hurry, and still trying to madden her. "Whereas, if we take care that he shall marry no one, they cannot cry out after you, and he shall not have another wife."

"I would rather he were dead," she said. "Aaron, let me kill him with my own hand!"

"Will you promise me?"—he put up his pistols—"or will you stay with me? 'Tis but five minutes walk to the dark place in the road where we stopped him once before. But come with me. If you stay here, you will know nothing till I come back, when the job is done. If you come with me, you shall see it done. Why, your revenge will be doubled if you stand by and see it done. And when he falls, Bess, cry out quick that it was thy doing. So in his last moments he shall feel that thou hast revenged thyself."

"Come—quick—before I repent. Let on kill him quickly. Oh, Aaron, I am all on fire. I burn. Come."

Aaron nodded his head, and leisurely rose, satisfied at length with the spirit of murder which he had called up. It made her pant and gasp and tear at his arm to drag him along.

"One word first," he said. "I am not going to do all this for nothing. When the job is done, Bess, you shall marry me?"

"Yes. You may marry me, or you may murder me. I care nothing which. Oh, he shall never marry her—never! Come, Aaron, come. We shall be too late."

"Come," he said.

Then he directed her to go on in advance, or that if any one should pass her on the road they might not connect him with her or a companion, and ordered her to wait for him in that place where the grass strip broadened into a little road side green planted full of trees. Here she was to await him.

To or the same place where, three years before, Aaron had made his first attempt, the failure of which might have deterred him, one would think. But it did not. Here he presently joined the girl.

"No one is abroad," he said. "I have passed none upon the road. That is well. Heart up, Bess. In a few minutes thou shalt be happy. If revenge can make thee happy. He will kiss his fine mistress no more."

"Happy! There is no more happiness for me. Oh, Aaron, quick!—do what thou hast to do quick, lest I repent and stop thee. Oh, Jack—my Jack!—must I murder thee?"

"Keep dark," said Aaron. "Why, you are losing heart already. I am sorry you come with me. Keep dark, I say, and look not forth until the shot is fired. As for me, I seem to hide. I am here to kill him if I can, or let him, if he can, kill me. He has a sword, and I have my pistols. Let him fight it out. It is a fair battle between us. But keep back, Bess, and keep dark. I think I can hear his footsteps."

When, three years before, Jack Easterbrook had walked along the same road at the same time, his head was full of love for the very woman who now stood in the shade of the trees waiting to see him done to death. From the madness of jealous women, good Lord, deliver the men! And from the inconstancy of perjured lovers, good Lord, deliver the women!

As she stood and listened, the sound of his footstep—she could not be mistaken in the step—fell upon Bess's ear, and immediately the Captain himself was to be plainly seen in the twilight walking briskly along the road. As for Aaron, in spite of his brave words, in hope in the shade of the trees, feeling, doubtless, or in the way with murderers, more confident while in hiding than in the open.

There wanted but a moment when Aaron would have stepped out and discharged his pistols. There was no relenting in him; he had no qualms of conscience and no forebodings of remorse. He had lost everything—his sweetheart, his boat, his business, his fortune—by this man, he thought, 'twas little revenge indeed in return for so much injury to kill him. Perhaps, afterward, with the gibbet in sight and the irons on his legs, he might have felt remorse. But one doubts, seeing how hardened are most of the villains who go forth to Tyburn to the fatal tree, and how little true repentance the Ordinary doth witness.

He was waiting, then, the pistol cocked. His enemy was almost within his reach, when Bess rushed out from her hiding-place, crying, "Jack! Jack! Save yourself! Save yourself!"

He stopped, and drew his sword.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1561.

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"Fly!" she cried. "Aaron is among the trees with his pistols. We rush to murder him. Oh! fly for thy life. Let him kill me instead. He shall shoot at thee through my body."

She stood before him, her arms out as if to stop the pistol bullet.

"Stand aside, Rose," said Jack. "Now, Aaron, no cowardly, skulking dog, come out! Show yourself, man! Bring out your pistols, I say! Come, you sneaking, murdering villain!"

Aaron might have shot him on the spot where he stood, breast bared, so to speak, for the pistol. But he did not, because so great is the power of authority over such men as Aaron, when one speaks who is in the habit of command, that he cowered and came forth meekly, his pistols in his hand, like a dog who comes at call to be whipped.

"Lay down your weapons," said Jack, sword in hand.

Aaron obeyed, saying nothing.

"So," said the Captain, "this is now the second time that thou hast attempted my life. Man, if I had then on board my ship I would keel haul thee, or maybe hang thee for mutiny. Know, sirrah, that the mere conspiring to murder hath brought many a poor rogue to the gallows. Now I know not wherefore thou didst resolve to make this second attempt. Remember, however, that the first score is not yet paid off. Yet I heard some talk of losses and the burning of boat-yards, a lovely it seems as if some greater Power had interfered to punish thee. Go now. Perhaps to-morrow I shall determine what further may be done."

Aaron obeyed, walking away slowly and sullenly, the pistols lying on the ground.

Then Jack turned to the girl who had saved his life. "So, Rose," he said, "you came out to murder me, did you?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"I was in hopes that you had laid my words to heart, and had forgotten the past."

"I can never forget the past. Oh, Jack! 'tis too much to ask of any poor woman. 'Tis too much!" She burst into weeping. "Oh! I am so unhappy a catch, who would even murder the man I love better than all the world."

"Nay," said Jack, "there is no harm done, because, d'ye see, I am unhurt, and you changed your intention in time. If I did not know then better, Rose, I might think this was a trick at thine. But Aaron hates me of old, and you—since I came home."

"I have never hated you, Jack. God knows I wish I was dead, and out of your way."

"My poor girl, you are already not of my way. If you would only thank me. For the sake of a few love-passages, three years ago, why waste and spoil your life?"

"I cannot take back what I have given. To-night they told me that you are to marry Miss Castillo. That make me mad. But I am not mad any longer. Go to your new mistress, Jack. I will give you no more trouble—no more trouble. Make love to her as you did to me. Tear her heart out of her as you tore mine. I will give you no trouble at all—no trouble at all. I will not try to stand between her and you."

"Foolish girl! Forget me, Rose, and find another lover."

"I have tried to curse thee, Jack, but I cannot. Oh, I cannot! I have tried a dozen times. My lips will not form the words, nor would my heart mean them if I could say those words. I have tried this night to kill thee. But I could not. Therefore it is certain that I am not to do thee any harm. This is better, because, whatever happens, thy heart will not be thereby the more hardened against me."

Jack made no reply. Perhaps he was touched by what she said.

"Go, Jack. Go to thy mistress." This she said, not rudely or scornfully, but quietly. "Jack, I know now what has been lying on my mind. It is that I have a message for thee. It is that God HIMSELF will punish thee, and that in the way that will touch thee the deepest. I know not how that will be, and for myself I desire no harm for thee. I all henceforth neither speak nor think hard things of thee. But remember, no other man shall ever kiss me, because I am thine, Jack—I belong to thee. Oh, Jack, my sweetheart, my love, God HIMSELF will punish thee, unhappy boy, and that in the way that will most touch thee."

Jack laughed lightly—yes, he laughed—and went his way.

This is what happened between the time when the Peruvian left his daughter and the time when he returned. Said I not that the Jaws of Death and the Gates of Hell were opened on this night?

[to be continued.]

## COLORADO'S FAMOUS RESORT.

SEVENTY-FIVE miles south of Denver, on an extensive plateau nearly 6000 feet high, and under the shadow of the snow-capped summit of Pike's Peak, lies Colorado Springs, the great sanitarium of the Rocky Mountains region. Clear skies, bright sunshine, absence of fogs, a minimum of rain, an atmosphere of extreme dryness, attractive homes, an excellent hotel, no saloons, broad tree-lined and irrigation-ditched avenues, delightful society, and magnificent scenery are the distinctive features of this Western resort, which is growing rapidly in favor and popularity year by year, especially among those in delicate health. Yet it is not a place filled with chronic, helpless invalids and moribund individuals. It is true that probably nine-tenths of the 6000 inhabitants in the city went thither for relief from pulmonary diseases and other troubles, but benefited or restored to health by the curative influences of the climate, they have made their homes and prosecute their ventures in this model city close by the foot-hills of the Rockies. In artistic and literary refinement and taste Colorado Springs, without doubt, leads any city west of St Louis, for it is made up of cultured Americans and Englishmen whose chief motive is a change of residence was to regain health. As yet it has escaped the hustle, excitement, and noise of commercial and manufacturing life, but the inauguration of work on the Colorado Midland Railroad in new broad-gauge line to connect Colorado Springs directly with Leadville and the silver districts beyond, the talk of extending the Missouri Pacific to that point, and rumors of the early erection of ore smelters, are signs which indicate a radical change in the general character of Colorado Springs in the near future.

Picturesque stone and brick villas and pretty wooden cottages line the streets, and on the edge of the plateau is the condemner of the tourist, "The Antlers," a splendid hotel, equipped with all the modern devices and conveniences, which was opened three years ago. It is of unique and pleasing architecture, the first three stories constructed of red and gray stone, and the other two of wood. From early autumn until late spring it is thronged with guests. From September to April a drop of rain rarely falls, and only an occasional cloud is seen. Extreme cold weather is experienced at times, but the arctic wave is of short duration, and the dryness of the air makes it easily bearable. In no other spot in the country is the amount of precipitation of moisture so small as it is at Colorado Springs. The average annual rainfall is only 15½ inches, and the deposit of other moisture is comparatively imperceptible. In the past five years there have been on an average 194 clear, 129 fair, and but 42 cloudy days. It is the place for out-door life. Riding, driving, walking, tennis, and other athletic sports, are popular amusements. Children and some older persons take delight in the patient, lazy burros. Groups of merry boys and girls, either in carts or in the saddle, are familiar and frequent sights along the roads, which lead to some of the most famous scenic spots in Colorado.

## INDUSTRIAL ART SCHOOLS.

THE Society of Decorative Art has the studios of its technical and manual training classes at No. 37 West Twenty-second Street. These classes were opened in October, last year, under the direction of Mr. TAUS, who had been so successful in directing the Public Industrial Art School in Philadelphia. The aim and object of these classes is to familiarize the pupils with the nature and use of hand tools, and enable them to comprehend and accomplish the simple processes which underlie all artistic and mechanical operations. There is no attempt made to teach particularly specified trades or handicrafts of any kind, but to lay a foundation for all trades and handicrafts by quickening and exciting their observation, and cultivating the hand as well as the brain. The course of instruction comprises designing, modelling, and wood carving, and is not all supplemented by a course of light metal work, although this latter is not considered a necessary adjunct. Modelling alone in designing alone is not taught, for culture, so deserve to name, must be general. All mechanical training must be avoided, not only because it is mechanical and industrial instead of creative and artistic, but because it gives a one-sided culture. The skilled hand must be one that has been educated, not for one sort of manual work only but for an infinite variety of hand-work. In the present system the engraver is taught to handle the graver's tools only, the worker in brass to hammer brass and do nothing else, and so on; and this is unavoidable. In the active struggle for bread which we call life the diver's hand must be satisfied as what it works is, but let us put off the cramping process as long as we can. Experience has shown that in a large number of pupils there is practically very little difference in the degree of excellence to which the hand can be trained. We can all learn certain minor branches of art just as we can all learn to read and write.

To make such classes as those directed by the Decorative Art Society really effective, all mistaken zeal must be avoided. The teacher does not set down a jar for his pupils to copy, he gives them the principles on which all jars should be made; he reduces ornamental art down to its fundamental principles, and those forms which can be combined into hundreds of new and beautiful shapes. At the same time care is taken that every design in drawing, clay modelling, in wood-carving, and all the joinery or metal work done by the pupils, shall be with a view to some useful end. At the studios in West Twenty-second Street lectures are given on Wednesday afternoons for artists, teachers, and parents. There people very soon—almost immediately—begin the process of imparting to others the instructions they have received. In the free evening classes, where the attendance is too large for any one person to superintend, the advanced scholars teach in their turn, and the scene is busy and animated, but quiet even for the smart knocks of the hammer in the wood-carving department. What is the practical use of this training? it may be asked. No less than ninety-eight trades can be enumerated for which this system is an effective preliminary training. If such apprentice to those could be saved a year's time of unpaid labor, what an immense advantage it would be. Another important result, it is hoped, will be the increased respect for hand labor, for which Mr HAY in his *Manual Training* argues so well.

In Philadelphia the School of Industrial Art, from which our illustrations are taken, is incorporated in the public-school system, and manual training made part of the curriculum. This step forward is due to the patient devotion and energy of Mr C. G. LELAND, who furnished the school directors with ample means to make the experiment. This was so successful that before the end of the first year the number of children had in training amounted to one hundred and fifty. Mr LELAND gave lessons in design, and superintended the children working out their own designs in wood or clay, and he was the first to popularize cold-hammering of brass on metal. Mr LELAND also started a class at the Ladies' Decorative Art Club, and then set in Philadelphia the example the New York Society followed. It is needless to describe the course of instruction; the chief point insisted on is originality, and the chief point shunned is imitation. The teacher inculcates at every stage the great objective there is in copying, so using construction lines to build up form, and so the use of instruments such as compasses and rulers for the work, instead of the hand and head. He bids people interested in hand training to remember that the object is not simply to make a lot of pattern-makers or machinists; design and the art of design means more than geometric pattern-making; it means the putting of ideas into work, whatever the material may be.

From the very first lesson the pupil is taught to originate, and in making a new pattern feels that he is in a humble way creating. In passing from table to table, looking at the work of the different students, the visitor will move that no two persons are drawing or making the same design; from the crinkly little school-boy up to the student of the glass, each one elaborates he or her own idea, founded, of course, on principles explained to them with blackboard illustration. Each pupil is asked what form he would prefer to have his design take, and chooses a panel, or plaque, or other form, for the basis on which ornamentation is to be made. This is the first lesson in design.

## THE GREEK PLAY

WHEN eight or ten colleges, through their presidents and professors, unite in getting up a Greek play more than two thousand years old, and the *beau monde* and *bas-bleu* flock to the performance, it does not look very much as if Greek were going out of favor. The fact seems to be that the paramount excellence of everything Greek was never so generally and so intelligently recognized as now. Every means of getting nearer the life of that wonderful people is eagerly seized upon. A generation has come up to which art is as real a thing at least as literature, history, or language. We know, indeed, so little of Greek history as of any, and Greek literature is to most people only a name, and with the language they have by an unseen a speaking acquaintance, knowing it only to love it, so to say. But Greek art is something tangible, and its supremacy is so transcendent that we gladly welcome any new chance better to understand the civilization from which it sprang.

Nothing could more this end better than a play like *The Acharnians*, which shows us not only what the Greeks were to see, but what they were themselves, for the scene of the play is laid half in Athens during the early years of the war that led to her political downfall. It is, indeed, curiously crude in construction, and one can easily believe that it is the oldest comic drama extant. It is difficult to understand how so primitive a scheme could possibly have been tolerated in comedy so many years after tragedy had found its perfect literary form. Perhaps the explanation is that up to this time comedy was not regarded as literature at all, and dramatic movement was not expected any more than we look for it in Ethiopian minstrelsy and variety shows. It is to be noticed that these forms of drama continue to flourish in our theatres in spite of Shakespeare and Sheridan. These kinds of entertainment were indeed forcibly brought to mind when *The Acharnians* was performed in Philadelphia last spring. The stage is held by a principal personage, the Protagonist—in this case the discontented Dicæopolis—and by a chorus who catch what is going on, and join in from time to time with more or less relevant singing. In these enter all sorts of people, by ones and twos, who take their turn in being made game of, and then disappear to be seen no more. These little comic scenes succeed one another in a perfectly inconsequential way, and might about as well occur in one order, apparently, as in another.

But though the play has hardly anything that can be called a plot, it is full of purpose. This is to make light of the war, and to bring the war party into discredit. It is much such a play as one might have witnessed during the rebellion if an impresario of Copperhead predilections had chosen to bring upon the stage substitutes and contrabands, political major-generals and foreign emissaries, to discredit the national cause, to show up to the voting population the comforts of a state of peace and the inconveniences of a state of war. The ingenious Dicæopolis is made to conclude a private and personal treaty with the injurious Spartans, and the play exhibits the advantages of his happy lot in contrast with that of the rest of the community. This is all very amusing, and it is charmingly noted. Dr CHARNS's music, as did Mr PATON's for the *Œdipus* at Cambridge, giving buoyancy to what by itself might have proved a little heavy.

But the real interest of the performance lies in its bringing the spectator, as has been said, right into the life of antiquity. One seems for the moment transported back to a time before time was, when all modern history and most of ancient history was still an unopened book.

### THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

The building shown in our illustration will be erected during the coming winter and spring. It contains a dwelling-house for the Director of the School, a large library, which is at once the work-room and the lecture-room of the students, and half a dozen small chambers for their lodging. It stands on the upper edge of extensive open grounds, about a quarter of a mile square, belonging partly to the British School of Archæological and Classical Studies, partly to an ancient monastery built upon the site of the Cynosarges, a famous sanctuary of Heracles—an excellent neighbor, with the advantage, so rare in Greece, of well-grown trees about it—partly too hospital, and partly too Normal School, the erection of a church, however, is still to come. It is well up on the lower slopes of Mount Lycabettus, and commands a superb view all round the horizon, from Pentelicus on the northeast to the hills of Salamis on the southwest, looking over the modern town to the Acropolis a mile away, and beyond to the sea and the mountains of Megara.

It is the object of the school to afford best facilities of guidance in their studies to young men and young women who wish to get a better knowledge of the language, history, and arts of Greece by spending a year or two on the spot. The school is supported at present by small annual contributions from fifteen or sixteen colleges, who take turns in sending out each year a Director. But this is obviously only a temporary device to try the experiment with. It has sufficed to show that the school supplies a real want, and the next thing is to obtain funds for its permanent endowment. The University of New York has led off with a gift of a thousand dollars, and the University of Pennsylvania with the profits of their performance of *The Acharnians*. It ought not to be long before the necessary hundred thousand dollars is in hand. This is what they call in France a work of public utility, and not the people for its support. We do things better here, and trust, never in vain, to the public spirit of an intelligent community.

The twenty-five thousand dollars needed for the building was easily collected last winter, and its construction has already begun. The British School was finished six months ago, from designs by Professor PENROSE, who has lately been appointed the Director. The American building, which is somewhat larger, is from drawings by Professor WARE, of the Columbia College School of Mines. The two schools will form substantially two departments of the same institution, the students of each sharing all the facilities afforded by the other.

## THE HARVARD CELEBRATION.

THE celebration by Harvard College of its two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday on November 8 was closed by a parade of the undergraduates amid a blaze of fireworks. During the day there had been ceremonies of a remarkable character. Sons of Harvard who are world-famous bore a part. Never was there gathered at Cambridge a more memorable company. President CLEVELAND was driven out from Boston, accompanied by the Governor of Massachusetts, and escorted by the National Lancers. Throngs of people cheered the President on the way, and he was saluted by cannon. The beautiful Sanders Theatre, where the ceremonies of the day were begun, was filled to its utmost limits. Among the distinguished company were Secretaries BAYARD, ENDICOTT, LAMAR, and WHITNEY, of the President's Cabinet; the Rev Dr CHARLES TAYLOR, Master of St. John's College, University of Cambridge, England; the Rev MANDELL CREIGHTON, of the same university; Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, of the University of Edinburgh; President ELIOT of Harvard; the presidents of Yale, Dartmouth, Williams, Bowdoin, Middlebury, Amherst, Trinity, Tufts, Bates, Columbia, and Princeton colleges, of the universities of Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Vermont, and of Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Wesleyan, Colby, and Brown universities; CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, CARL SCHURZ, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, MARK HOPKINS, ROBERT C. WINTHROP, Professor LONGFELLOW, F. A. CHANDLER, M.P., and Professors W. S. TYLER, JAMES D. DANA, R. D. HITCHCOCK, S. F. BAIRD, and S. WEIR MITCHELL. Men whose were in the body of the theatre, ladies being admitted only to an upper gallery. Among the ladies was Mrs. CLEVELAND, the President's wife.

CHARLES DUTTON, president of the Harvard Alumni Association, made an address of welcome, and Professor FRANCIS G. PEABODY offered prayer. The oration was delivered by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, and OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES read a poem. The company dined in Memorial Hall, where speeches were made by President ELIOT, President CLEVELAND, ROBERT C. WINTHROP, the Rev. MANDELL CREIGHTON, the Rev. Dr TAYLOR, Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and others.

The picture on page 746 illustrates the display by the undergraduates on the evening of November 8. The students marched in costume, bearing torches, and splendid and elaborate fireworks were let off from Holmesfield. Incidents bearing upon the college history and persons connected with the college were represented in the procession. JOHN HARVARD, the founder of Harvard College, was one of the impersonations, and a number of its early benefactors kept him company. A likeness of the first printing-press in America was displayed. The Commencement police of the eighteenth century marched again, as did the Navy Club of 1809, and the Washington Corps, a military organization which was made up among the higher classes, and which existed between the years 1811 and 1833. The "Discipline of the Faculty," and a "College Custom of Fifty Years Ago" were also among the representations, as was the Mott Haven Cup, won by the Harvard athletes. For two hours the college grounds were a place of noise and song and magnificent fire. Bands played, and the glee clubs sang, and the last of the embassy was let out in a case-rush of the good old fashioned sort.

MODELLING-ROOM.

WORKING ON METAL.

DESIGNING ROOM.

CARPENTER SHOP.

THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART.—(See Page 747.)

CELEBRATING THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF HARVARD—THE STUDENTS' PROCESSION.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.—[SEE PAGE 752.]

# SHE:*

## A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

### XIV.

#### A POOL OF TORMENT.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when I cast myself down upon my bed, and began to gather my scattered wits, and reflect upon what I had seen and heard. But the more I reflected, the less I could make of it. Was I mad, or drunk, or dreaming, or was I merely the victim of a gigantic and most elaborate hoax? How was it possible that I, a rational man, not unacquainted with the leading scientific facts of our history, and hitherto an absolute and utter disbeliever in all the hocus-pocus alias in Europe goes by the name of the supernatural, could believe that I had within the last few minutes been engaged in conversation with a man two thousand and odd years old? The thing was contrary to the experience of human nature, and absolutely and utterly impossible. Nonsense, it must be nonsense. She had warned me fairly, and I had refused to take the warning. Curses on the fatal curiosity that is ever prompting men to draw the veil from women, and curses on the natural impulse that begets it! I, at my age, to fall a victim to this modern Circe! But then she was not modern; at least she said not. She was almost as ancient as the original Circe.

I tore my hair, and pumped up off my couch, feeling that if I did not do something I should also go off my head. What did she mean about the scarabæus, too? It was Leo's scarabæus, and had come out of the old coffer that Vincey had left in my rooms nearly one-and-twenty years before. Could it be, after all, that the whole story was true, and the writing on the shard was *not* a forgery, or the invention of some crack-brained, long-forgotten individual? And if so, could it be that *Leo* was the man shot *She* was waiting for—the dead man who was to be born again? Impossible again! The whole thing was gibberish; who ever heard of a man being born again?

Next I bethought me that I had not been to see how Leo was, so, taking up one of the lamps that burnt away at my bedside, I slipped off my shoes and crept down the passage to the entrance of his cave. The draught of night air was lifting his curtain to and fro gently, as though spirit hands were drawing and redrawing it. I slid into the vault-like apartment and lashed. There was a light in it, and Leo was lying on the couch, tossing restlessly in his fever, but asleep. By his side, half lying on the floor, half leaning against the stone couch, was Ustane. She held his hand in one of hers, but she too was dozing, and she two made a pretty, or rather a pathetic, picture. Poor Leo! his cheek was burning red, there were dark shadows beneath his eyes, and his breath came heavily. He was very, very ill; and again the terrible fear seized me that he might die, and I be left alone in the world. And yet if he lived he would perhaps be my rival with Ayesha, even if he were not the man, what chance should I, middle-aged and hideous, have against his bright youth and beauty? Well, thank Heaven! one sense of right was not dead. *She* had not killed that yet; and, as I stood there, I prayed to the Almighty in my heart that not her, my more than son, might live, or, even if he proved to be the man.

Then I went back as *oddly* as I had come, but still I could not sleep, the sight and thought of dear Leo lying there so ill had but added fuel to the fire of my unrest. My wearied body and overstrained mind had awakened all my imagination into preternatural activity. Ideas, visions, almost inspirations, floated before it with startling vividness. Most of them were grotesque enough, some were ghastly, some recalled thoughts and sensations that had for years been buried in the debris of my past life. But behind and above them all hovered the shape of that awful woman, and through them gleamed the memory of her entrancing loveliness. Up and down the cave I strode—up and down.

Suddenly I observed what I had not noticed before, that there was a narrow aperture in the rocky wall. I took up the lamp and examined it, the aperture led to a passage. Now I am still sufficiently sensible to remember that it is not pleasant, in such a situation as mine was, to have passages coming into one's bedchamber from no one knows where. If there are passages, people can come up them; they can come up when one is asleep. Partly to see where it went to, and partly from a restless desire to be doing something, I followed the passage. It led as a stone stair, which I descended; the stair ended in another passage, or rather tunnel, also hewn out of the hard rock, and running, as far as I could judge, exactly beneath the passage that led to the entrance of our caves, and across the great central cave. I went on down it; it was as silent as the grave, but still, down it some sensation or attraction that I cannot describe, I followed on, my stockinged feet falling without noise on the smooth and rocky floor. When I had traversed some fifty yards of space I came to another passage, running at right angles, and then an awful thing happened to me: the sharp draught caught my lamp and extinguished it, leaving me in utter darkness in the bowels of that mysterious place. I took a couple of strides forward so as to clear the dissecting tunnel, being terribly afraid lest I should turn up it in the dark if once I got confused as to the direction, and then paused to think. What was I to do? I had no match; it seemed awful to attempt that long journey back through the utter gloom, and yet I could not stand there all night, and, if I did, probably it would not help me much, for in the bowels of the rock it would be as dark as midnight as at midnight. I looked back over my shoulder—not a sight or a sound. I peered forward down the darkness; surely far ahead I saw something like the faint glow of fire. Perhaps it was a cave where I could get a light—at any rate it was worth investigating. Slowly and painfully I crept along the tunnel, keeping my hand against its wall, and feeling at every step with my foot before I put it down, fearing lest I should fall into some pit. Thirty paces—there was a light, a flickering light shining through a curtain! Fifty paces—it was close at hand! Sixty—ah, great Heaven!

I was at the curtains, and they did not hang close, as I could see clearly into the little cavern beyond them. It had all the appearance of being a tomb, and sat lit up by a fire that burned in its centre with a whitish flame and without smoke. Indeed, there to the left was a stone shelf with a little ledge to it three inches or so high, and as the shelf lay what I took to be a corpse, at any rate, it looked like one, with something white thrown over it. To the right was a similar shelf, on which lay some broidered coverings. Over the fire bent the figure of a woman; she was sideways to me and facing the corpse, wrapped in a dark mantle that hid her like a nun's cloak. She seemed to be staring at the flickering flame. Suddenly, as I was trying to make up my mind what to do, with a convulsive movement that somehow gave an impression of despairing energy, the woman rose to her feet and cast the dark cloak from her.

It was *She* herself.

She was clothed, as I had seen her when she unveiled, in the kirtle of clinging white, cut low upon her bosom, and bound in at the waist with the barbaric double-headed snake, and, as before, her rippling black hair fell in heavy masses down her back. But her face was what caught my eye, and held me as in a vise, not this time by the force of her beauty, but by the power of fascinated terror. The beauty was still there, indeed, but the agony, the blind passion, and the awful vindictiveness displayed upon those quivering features, and in the tortured look of the upturned eyes, were such as surpass my powers of description.

For a moment she stood still, her hands raised high above her head, and as she did so the white robe slipped from her down to her golden girdle, baring the blinding loveliness of her form. She stood there, her fingers clinched, and the awful look of unforgiveness gathered and deepened on her face.

Down came the clinched hands to her sides, then up again above her head, and, as I saw a living and honorable man, the flame of the fire leaped up after them, almost to the roof, throwing a fierce and vivid glare upon *She* herself, upon the white figure beneath the covering, and every scroll and detail on the rock work.

Down came the ivory arms again, and as they did so she spoke, or rather hissed, in Arabic, in a note that curdled my blood, and for a second stopped my heart.

"Curse her! may she be everlastingly accursed!"

The arms fell and she flung sank. Up they went again, and the broad tongue of fire shot up after them; then again they fell.

"Curse her memory! accursed be the memory of the Egyptian!"

Up again, and again down.

"Curse her, the fair daughter of the Nile, because of her beauty!

"Curse her! because her magic has prevailed against me.

"Curse her! because she hope my beloved from me."

Again the flame fell, and again she covered her eyes with her hands.

"It's no use—no use," she wailed, "who can reach those who sleep? Not even I can reach them."

Then once more she began her unholy rites:

"Curse her when she shall be born again! Let her be born accursed!

"Let her be utterly accursed from the hour of her birth until sleep finds her!

"Yes, then let her be accursed, for then shall I overtake her with my vengeance, and utterly destroy her!"

And so on. The flame rose and fell, reflecting itself in her agonized eyes, the hissing sound of her terrible malediction—and no words of mine, especially on paper, can express how terrible these were—ran round the walls, and died away in little echoes, and the fierce light and deep gloom alternated themselves on the white and dreadful form stretched upon that bier of stone.

But at length she seemed to wear herself out, and ceased. She sat herself down upon the ruby floor, and shook the dense cloud of her beautiful hair over her face and breast, and commenced to sob terribly in the torture of a heart-rending despair.

"My love! my love! my love! Who did that stranger bring thee back to me after this sort? For five hundred years I have not suffered thus. Oh, if I sinned against thee, have I not wiped away the sin? When wilt thou come back to me, who have all, and yet without thee have naught? What is there that I can do? What? What? What? And perchance she—perchance that Egyptian doth abide with thee where thou art, and mock my memory. Oh, why could I not die with thee, if thou *dies* thus? Alas that I cannot die! Alas! Alas!" And the flung herself prone upon the ground, and sobbed and wept till I thought her heart must burst.

Suddenly she ceased, raised herself to her feet, and tossing back her long locks impatiently, swept across to where the figure lay upon the stone.

"O Kallikrates," she cried, and I trembled at the name, "I must look upon the face again, though it be agony. It is a generation since I looked upon thee whom I slew—slew with mine own hand," and with trembling fingers she seized the corner of the wrapping that lay over the form upon the stone bier, and then paused. When she spoke again, it was in a kind of awed whisper, as though her idea were terrible even to herself.

"Shall I raise thee," she said, apparently addressing the corpse, "so that thou standest there before me as of old? I can do it," and she held out her hands over she sheeted dead, while her whole frame became rigid and terrible to see, and her eyes grew fixed and dull. I shrank in horror behind the curtain, my hair stood up upon my head, and whether it was my imagination or a fact I am unable to say, but I thought that the quiet form beneath the covering began to quiver, and the winding sheet to lift as though it lay on the breast of one who slept. Suddenly she with drew her hands.

"What is the use?" she said, ghastly. "Of what use is it to recall the semblance of life when I cannot recall the spirit? Kno if thou standest before me thou wouldst not know me, and couldst but do what I bid thee. The life in thee would be my life, and not *thy* life, Kallikrates."

For a moment she stood there, and then cast herself down on her knees beside the form, and began to press her lips against she sheet, and weep. There was something so horrible about the sight of this fearsome woman letting loose her passion on the dead—so much more horrible even than anything that had gone before—that I could no longer bear to look at it, and turning, commenced to creep, shaking as I was in every limb, slowly along the pitch-dark passage, feeling in my heart that I had had a vision of a Soul in Hell!

On I stumbled, I scarcely know how. Twice I fell; once I turned up the dissecting passage, but fortunately found out my mistake in time. Twenty minutes or more I crept along, till at last it occurred to me that I must have passed the little stair by which I descended. So, utterly exhausted, and nearly frightened to death, I sank down at length there on the stone flooring, and into oblivion.

When I came to I noticed a faint ray of light in the passage just behind me. I crept to it, and found it was the little stair, down which the wan dawn was stealing. Passing up it, I gained my chamber in safety, and flinging myself on she couch, was soon lost in slumber, or rather stupor.

### XV.

#### AYESHA GIVES JUDGMENT.

The next thing that I remember was opening my eyes and perceiving the form of Job, who had now practically recovered from his attack of fever. He was standing in the ray of light that pierced into the cave from the outer air, shaking out my clothes as a tinkshift for brushing them, which he could not do because there was no brush, and then folding them up neatly and laying them on the foot of she stone couch. This done, he got my travelling dressing case out of the Gladstone bag, and opened it ready for my use. First he stood at an the foot of the couch also, then, being afraid, I suppose, that I should kick it off, he placed it as a leopard-skin on the floor, and stood back a step or two to observe the effect. It was not satisfactory, so he shut up the bag, turned it on end, and having rested it against she foot of the couch, placed the dressing-case on it. Next, he looked at the pots full of water, which constituted our washing apparatus. "Ah!" I heard him murmur, "an hot water in this beastly place. I suppose these poor creatures only use it to boil each other in," and he sighed deeply.

"What is the matter, Job?" I said.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, touching his hair. "I thought you were asleep, sir, and I am sure you look as though you want it. One night think from the look of you that you had been having a night of it."

I only groaned by way of answer. I had, indeed, been having a night of it, such as I hope never to have again.

"How is Mr Leo, Job?"

"Much she same, sir. If he don't soon round, he'll end, sir, and that's all about it; though I must say that there savage Ustane do do her level for him, almost like a baptized Christian. She is always hanging round and looking after him, and if I venture to interfere, it's awful to see her; her hair seems to stand on end, and she curses and swears away in her heathen talk—at least I fancy she must be cursing from she look of her."

"And what do you do then?"

"I make her a polite bow, and I say, 'Young woman, your position is one that I don't quite understand, and can't recognize. Let me tell you that I has a duty to perform to my master as is incapacitated by illness, and that I am going to perform it until I am incapacitated too;' but she don't take no heed, not she—only curses and swears away worse than ever. Last night she put her hand under that sort of night-shirt she woman and whips out a knife with a kind of a curl in the blade, so I whips out my revolver, and we walks round and round each other, till at last she bursts out laughing. It isn't nice treatment for a Christian man to have to put up with from a savage, however handsome she may be; but it is what people must expect as is *fools* enough" (Job laid great emphasis on the "fools") "to come to such a place to look for things no man is meant to find. It's a judgment on us, sir—that's my opinion; and I, for one, is of opinion that she judgment isn't half done yet, and when it is done, we shall be dunetoo, and just stop in those beastly caves with she ghosts and she corpses for ever and all. And now, sir, I must be seeing about Mr Leo's broth, if that wild-cat will let me; and perhaps you would like to get up, sir, because it's past nine o'clock."

Job's remarks were not of an exactly cheering order to a man who had passed such a night as I had, and what is more, they had she weight of truth. Taking one thing with another, it appeared to me to be an utter impossibility that we should escape from the place where we were. Supposing that Leo recovered, and supposing that *She* would let us go, which was exceedingly doubtful, and that she did not "blow" in a some moment of vexation, and that we were not hunted by the Amahagger, it would be quite impossible for us to find our way across the net-work of marshes which, stretching for scores and scores of miles, formed a stronger and more impassable fortification round the curious Amahagger habitations than any that could be built or designed by man. No, there was but one thing to do—face it out; and, speaking for my own part, I was as intensely interested in the whole weird story that, so far as I was concerned, notwithstanding the shattered state of my nerves, I asked nothing better, even if my life paid forfeit to my curiosity.

After I had dressed myself I passed into the eating, or rather cohabiting, chamber, and had some food, which was, as before, brought to me by the girl mates. When I had finished I went and saw poor Leo, who was quite off his head, and did not even know me. I asked Ustane how she thought he was; but she only shook her head and began to cry a little. Evidently her hopes were small; and I then and there made up my mind that, if it were in any way possible, I would get *She* to come and see him. Surely she could cure him if she chose, at any rate, she said she could. While I was in the room, Billali entered, and also shook his head.

"He will die at night," he said.

"God forbid, my father," I answered, and turned away with a heavy heart.

"*She* who *must be obeyed* commands thy presence, my Baboon," said the old man as soon as we got to the curtain; "but, oh, me dear son, be more careful. Yesterday I made more in me heart that *She* would blast thee when thou didst not crawl upon thy stomach before her. *She* is sitting in the great hall to do justice upon those who would be smitten thee and the Lion. Come no, my son; come softly."

I turned, and followed him down the passage, and when we reached the great central cave saw that many Amahagger, some robed, and some merely clad in the sweet simplicity of a leopard skin, were hurrying up it. We mingled with the throng, and walked up the enormous, and indeed almost interminable, cave. All the way up it the walls were elaborately sculptured, and every twenty paces or so passages opened out of it at right angles, leading, Billali told me, to tombs hollowed in she rock by "she people who were before." Nobody visited those tombs now, he said; and I man's say that my heart rejoiced when I thought of the opportunities of antiquarian research that opened out before me.

At last we came to she head of the cave, where there was a rock dais almost exactly similar to the one on which we had been so furiously attacked, a fact that proved to me that these dais must been been used as altars, probably for the celebration of religious ceremonies, and more reputably of rites connected with the interment of the dead. On either side of this dais were passages leading, Billali informed me, to other caves full of dead bodies. "Indeed," he added, "the whole mountain is full of dead, and nearly all of them are perfect."

In front of the dais were gathered a great number of people of both sexes, who stood staring about in their peculiar gloomy fashion, which would have reduced Mark Tapley himself to misery in about five minutes. On the dais was a rude chair of black wood inlaid with ivory, with a seat made of grass fibre, and a footstool formed of a wooden club attached to the chair.

Suddenly there was a cry of "Hiya! Hiya!" ("*She! She!*") and thereupon the entire crowd instantly prostrated itself upon the ground, and lay there as though it were individually and collectively stricken dead, leaving me standing up like some solitary survivor of a massacre. As they did so a long string of guards began to defile from a passage to the left, and ranged themselves on either side of the dais. Then followed about a score of male mutes, then as many women mutes bearing lamps, and then a tall white figure, swathed from head to foot, in whom I recognized *She* herself. She mounted the dais and sat down upon the chair, and spoke to me to *Greek*—I suppose because she did not wish those present to understand what she said.

"Come hither, Holly," she said, "and sit at my feet, and see an do justice on those who would have slain thee. Forgive me if my Greek doth lack like a lame man; it is so long since I have heard the sound of it that my tongue is stiff, and will not bend to the words."

I bowed, and mounting the dais, sat down at her feet.

"How didst thou sleep, my Holly?" she asked.

"I slept not well, O Ayesha!" I answered, with perfect truth, and with an inward fear that perhaps she knew how I had passed the heart of the night.

"So," she said, with a little laugh; "I, too, have not slept well. Last night I had dreams, and methinks that thou didst call them to me, O Holly."

"Of what didst thou dream, Ayesha?" I asked, indifferently.

"I dreamed," she answered, quickly, "of one I hate and one I love;" and then, as though to turn the conversation, she addressed the captain of her guard in Arabic—"Let she men be brought before me."

The captain bowed low—for the guard and her attendants did not prostrate themselves, but had remained standing—and departed with his underlings down a passage to the right.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1464.

Then came a silence. *She* leant her cowled head upon her hand, and appeared to be lost in thought, while the multitude before her continued to gnaw upon their stomachs, only screwing their heads round a little as to get a view of us with one eye. It seemed that their Queen as rarely appeared to public that they were willing to undergo this inconvenience, and even graver risks, to have the opportunity of looking on her—or rather on her garments, for no living man then except myself had ever seen her face. At last we caught sight of the waving of lights, and heard the tramp of men coming along the passage, and in filed the guard, and with them the survivors of our would-be murderers, to the number of a score or more, on a hose countenances the natural expression of sullenness struggled with the terror that evidently filled their savage hearts. They were ranged in front of the dais, and would have cum themselves down on the floor of the cave, like the spectators, but *She* stopped them.

"Nay," she said, in her softest voice, "stand; I pray ye stand. Perchence the time will soon be when ye shall grow weary of being stretched out," and she laughed melodiously.

I raw a cringe of terror run along the rank of the poor doomed wretches, and, wicked villains as they were, I felt sorry for them. Some minutes, perhaps two or three, passed before anything fresh occurred, during which *She* appeared, from the movements of her head—for, of course, we could not see her eyes—to be slowly and carefully examining each delinquent. At last she spoke, addressing herself to me in a quiet and deliberate tone:

"Dost thou, O my guest, who art known in thy country by the name of the Prickly Tree, recognize these men?"

"Ay, O Queen, nearly all of them," I said, and I raw their glower at me as I said it.

"Then tell me and this company the tale a hero of I have heard."

Thus objurd, I, in as few words as I could, related the history of the cannibal feast, and of the attempted testim of our poor servant. The narrative was received in perfect silence, both by the accused and by the audience, and also by *She* herself. When I had done, Ayesha called upon Billah by name, and lifting his head from the ground, but without rising, the old man confirmed my story. No further evidence was taken.

"Ye have heard," said *She* at length, in a cold, clear voice, very different from her usual tones; indeed, it was one of the most remarkable things about this extraordinary creature that her voice had the power of suiting itself in a wonderful manner to the mood of the moment. "What have ye to say, ye rebellious children, why vengeance should not be done upon ye?"

For some time there was no answer, but at last one of the men, a fine broad chested fellow, call on in middle life, with deep-graven features and an eye like a hawk's, spoke, and said that the orders that they had received were not to harm the white men; nothing was said of their black servant, so, egged on thereto by a woman who was now dead, they proceeded to try to hoist him after the ancient and honorable custom of their country, with a view of eating him in due course. As for their attack upon ourselves, it was made in an excess of sudden fury, and they deeply regretted it. He ended by humbly praying that mercy might be extended to them, so at least that they might be banished into the swamps, to live or die as it might chance, but I saw on his face that he had but little hope of mercy.

Then came a pause, and the most intense silence reigned over the whole scene, which, illuminated as it was by the flickering lamps that struck out broad patterns of light and shadow upon the rocky walls, was as strange a one as I ever saw, even in that wild land. There, seated in her barbaric chair above them all, with myself on her foot, was the veiled white woman, whose awesome power seemed to shine about her like a halo. Never have I seen her veiled shape look more terrible than it did on that space, while she gathered herself up as it were for vengeance.

At last it came.

"Dogs and serpents," *She* began, in a low voice that gradually gathered power as the went on, till the place rang with it, "eaters of human flesh, two things have ye done. First, ye have attacked these strangers, being white men, and would have slain their servant, and for that shine death is your reward. But that is not all. Ye have dared to disobey me. Did I not send my word unto ye by Billah, my servant, and the father of your household? Hath it not been taught to ye from childhood that the law of *She* is an ordained law, and that he who breaketh it by so much as one jot or little shall perish? And is not my lightest word a law? Have not your fathers taught ye this, I say, whilst ye yet ye were but children? Well do ye know it, ye Wicked Ones. But ye are all evil—evil to the core, the wicked-ness bubbles up in ye like a fountain in the spring-time. And now because ye have done this thing, because ye have striven to put these men, my guests, to death, and yet more because ye have dared to disobey my word, this is the doom that I doom ye to. That ye be taken to the cave of torture, and given over to the torturers to wreak their will upon ye, and that on the going down of to-morrow's sun those of ye who yet remain alive be slain by the hot pot, on ye a could have slain the servant of this my guest."

She ceased, and a faint murmur of horror ran round the cave. As for the victims, as soon as they realized the full hideousness of their doom, their stoicism forsook them, and they flung themselves down upon the ground, and cri and implored for mercy in a way that was dreadful to behold. I too turned to Ayesha and begged her to spare them, so ra least to meet not their fate in some less awful way. But she was hard as adamant about it.

"My Holly," she said, again speaking in Greek, which, to tell the truth, although I have always been considered no good a scholar of the language as most, I found it rather difficult to follow, chiefly because of the change in the full of the accent—Ayesha, of course, talked with the accent of her contemporaries, whereas we have only tradition and the modern accent to guide us as to the exact pronunciation—"my Holly, it cannot be. Were I to show mercy to those wolves, vain lives would not be safe among this people for a day. Thou knowest them not. They are tigers to lap blood, and even now they hunger after your lives. How thinkest thou that I rule this people? I have but a regiment of guards to do my bidding, therefore it is not by force. It is by terror. Nay, the men must die, and die as I have said." Then turning suddenly to the captain of the guard, "My word is spoken—let my doom be done."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

In his speech at Cooper Union, October 22, Mr Hewitt, then a candidate for Mayor, saw Mayor-elect, gave a sketch of his own life as an answer to some attacks made upon him as a "rich man." In the course of these remarks he said: "I became nearly blind, and was compelled to pass a year in Europe, for which I paid out of the earnings which I had laid up from the lessons I had given. On my way home another accident occurred—the ship on which I was went to the bottom, and I was saved by another accident to one of the boats of that ship in company with a man who has been Mayor of this city, a man who and is my friend and brother, and all he to the end of my life. I landed in Middletar in a borrowed suit of sailor's clothes—not a thing of my own—and I had three olives dollars in my pocket, which constituted my entire worldly wealth. I was twenty-two years of age."

Let the captain of the rescuing ship tell the story as he did a few years ago to a little circle of friends in a New York club:

"In 1844 I was commanding the ship *Alabama*, and in the month of December of that year was making a voyage from Liverpool to New York. On the 11th I was crossing the Gulf Stream, and had got well over it, when, near evening, I saw a ship under full sail several miles to windward, and evidently heading for New York, like myself. My barometer had been falling rapidly, and as I always regarded it with great care and obeyed its orders, I took warning and shortened sail. But I watched that the stranger kept everything spread, and when night came on and hid her from sight she was far off on the horizon, and didn't appear to have taken in a stitch of canvas. During the night it came on to blow heavily—a regular cyclone, in fact—and you may be sure I was glad I had taken in sail. It only lasted a couple of hours or so, but was very rough so long as it was on us.

"About nine in the forenoon the watch reported pieces of wreck floating on the water, and an hour later we sighted a boat, and bore down for her. It was as I had feared: the stranger had foundered in the gale, and this was one of her boats.

"She proved to be, as to have been, the American ship *Alabamian*, Captain Hitchcock, from Leghorn to New York, and besides her officers and crew she had two passengers in the cabin. She was under full sail when the wind struck her, and in a very short time she was an unseaworthy wreck. She had two boats, one a stanch life-boat, and the other an old and rotten long-boat. Lots were drawn for places, and the life-boat fell to the first officer, while the long boat went to the captain. The two cabin passengers went in the long boat, and also nine of the crew. It was the life boat that I picked up, with the first officer in command, and he said they left the ship at two in the morning, and lost sight of the long boat soon after. She was nearer the ship than they, as the captain had been the last to leave her.

"The weather was cold, and they suffered considerably from their cramped positions, but in a little while after coming on board they were warmed up and all right. Nothing could be seen of the long boat, and it was not certain whether she was still afloat. I determined to save her if possible to do it, and the great question was to determine what course to steer to find her. I reasoned that Captain Hitchcock would try to get out of the Gulf Stream as soon as he could, in order to find smoother water, and after carefully studying the situation I changed my course in accordance with this theory. I sent man aloft to keep a sharp lookout, and report the least sign of a boat, and to watch for anything that would indicate she had gone down and was past all help.

"Noon came, and then one o'clock, and then two, and no signs of the boat. I went to the cabin with my first officer and the officer of the *Alabamian*, and we held a council. One of them thought I ought to can an another course, and he gave his reasons for it, and then the other, who had been wavering on the subject, joined him. I persisted in my belief, and stood alone to it. Somehow I could not see their reasons as they did, and I had a firm conviction that I was right, and if the captain of the *Alabamian* had done what I should do under similar circumstances, he would be exactly in the track I was running.

"The afternoon went on, and about an hour before sunset I went into the cross-trees to have a look on my own account. I swept the horizon with my glass over and over again, but saw nothing, and felt what a terrible responsibility rested on me, and what would be said of me for holding my course against the advice of the others, if I should not find the boat.

"Just as the sun was within a handspike's length of the horizon I saw a speck on the crest of a wave. It went down as the wave fell, and I believe my heart stopped beating till the speck came up again and showed itself. There it was and no mistake, and it was exactly dead ahead or near as you could draw a line.

"I hailed the deck, and sent the first officer to take the wheel. I told him not to vary the breadth of a hair from the course we were running. Then I came down, and sent a man up to take my place.

"'Have you seen anything?' everybody asked as I reached the deck.

"'Nothing I'm certain of,' I answered; 'but we may have developments presently.' I don't know if my heart was beating then, but presume it was.

"In a little while—in may have been a quarter of an hour, and just as the sun was dipping into the horizon—the man in the rigging called out, 'Sail ho!'

"'Where away?' I asked.

"'Dead ahead, sir. I think it's the boat.'

"My heart went up in my mouth, but I tried to appear as cool as an iceberg. Of course everybody else was all excitement, and that was the more reason why I should not be. Besides, I was captain, and nobody else was, so I had shown them by sticking to my course.

"The night came on clear and beautiful, and we kept straight on. We lost sight of the boat as the daylight faded, but in half an hour as we saw her again, and we sailed had her right in line. As we neared her I kept the ship up a little to as to bring the boat under one lee, and I put men in the fore-chains and along the sides with plenty of lines, and made all possible preparations to make fast. I knew the man in the boat would be so chilled with the cold that they would be nearly helpless, and whatever was to be done would have to be done by ourselves.

"We got them out all right, and it was as I had surmised; they were most of them too much benumbed to climb up the sides, and had to be helped. When they were all safe on board we tried to hoist the boat in, and she broke in two with her own weight: how she ever lived as long as she did is a mystery.

"Captain Hitchcock told me they rowed as long as they could after leaving the ship, with the intention of getting into the smoother water beyond the Gulf Stream, and he had thought that in case I fell in with the other boat I would do just as I had done. The two cabin passengers took their share of the labor with the rest. They were both young men, with a difference of perhaps five or six years in their ages, and had been travelling in Europe, the elder of the two being tutor for the younger, who was the son of a prominent citizen of New York. They took passage at Leghorn for New York, and when their turn came to enter the long-boat they had done so without complaint, and had borne the privations of the night and day as cheerfully as any one else.

"All day they had watched and hoped, hoped and watched, but there was no sign of a sail. The night threatened to be cold, and there was little expectation that any of the party would live till morning, even if the boat continued to float. As the sun neared the horizon the younger man was lying in the bottom of the boat, wrapped in his overcoat and a blanket, while the elder sat in the stern with the captain.

"Just as the sun was dipping into the waves, the elder of the twain said to Captain Hitchcock that, with his permission, he would offer prayer. Of course it was given at once. 'And I never, in all my life,' said Captain Hitchcock, 'listed a more beautiful prayer from the lips of mortal man. And as he said "amen," and I said "amen" too, I raised my eyes and saw your mill.'

"Perhaps," said Captain Raymond to his group of listeners—"perhaps you'd like to know the names of those two passengers? They are familiar to you all, and you'll find them at the bottom of this letter, which I received, with a silver pitcher, a few days after we reached New York. I haven't seen it for some time, until it turned up to-day while I was overhauling my desk. It is an old letter, you see, and was written before the envelop was invented."

The letter was passed around and handled with great care. It was then read aloud by one of the group, and ran as follows:

"NEW YORK, *December 29, 1844*.

"DEAR SIR,—Sentiments of comforting and grateful sense of the noble disinterestedness with which you stood from your course on the 11th of December last to succor of the crew, passengers, and crew of the ship *Alabamian*, which foundered on that day at sea, and of the kindness we received at your hands while your guests, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying piece of plate.

"We know that no offering of ours can add to the proud feeling of satisfaction which must have accompanied your decision to turn upon your own deck you saw the eighteen human beings whose lives you had saved; but we think you in possession some slight token which in after-days may serve to remind your children and your friends of how nobly you did your duty to your fellow and your fellow-men; and we desire thus other shipmasters, backed as well by their own humane impulses as by the approbation which so noble an act never fails to call down from the public, may go and do likewise.

"In conclusion, we congratulate you upon the opportunity you have enjoyed of gratifying the most generous promptings of the soul, we pray that Heaven may shower its choicest blessing upon you and yours, and we beg you to be assured of the lasting gratitude of, very truly,

Your friends,

"EDWARD COOPER, } Passengers.
"ANSON S. HOWARD, }

"To Captain GEORGE B. RAYMOND, of the ship *Alabama*, of New York."

"A day or two after receiving and answering this letter," said Captain Raymond, "I received an invitation to go to Mr Peter Cooper's house, as the family was very desirous of meeting me. I was so busy with the affairs of my ship that I could not respond at once, but sent word that I would call on New year's Day. When I called, and my name was announced, they did not wait for me to go into the parlor, but all came out into the hall to greet me, the ladies pressed around me, and I assure you it was rather embarrassing for a young seadog to receive so much attention. I had done nothing more than my duty, and somehow felt that I was being thanked and praised a good deal beyond what I merited. I tried to tell them so, but they wouldn't listen to me, and all the time I was there they made such a hero of me that I didn't know what to say, and wondered how I would be able to escape.

"None of the Cooper or Hewitt family have ever forgotten me, but, on the contrary, they miss an opportunity of referring to that incident of the 12th of December. When the Lotos Club gave a dinner to Mayor Cooper I wanted to come as much as I ever wanted to do anything in all my life, and I thought I would do so, but I don't like to be called up for a speech, and I knew that Hewitt or Cooper would be sure to have me out and make me say something, so I staid away, and saved the club from listening to the story of the loss of the *Alabamian*."

"If you had told that story as you have told it now," said one of the listeners, "you would have made one of the most effective speeches ever made at a dinner party."

"So say we all."

PROOF.

"They wouldn't let me work, Susan, 'cause I'm not with them Knights, and wasn't a 'Union' man."

"Lawks, Jabez, I can stand your being out wid 'em nights, but jes take your pensyun papers round an' show 'em you was a Union man an' always will be."

JUSTICE MUST OPEN BOTH DOORS, OR THE BOODLE ALDERMEN WILL ESCAPE.

## IRRIGATION IN COLORADO.

THE mining industries of Colorado have been, and are to-day, so extensive and important that they have completely overshadowed any agricultural view which people who have sought for information concerning the young State through books or newspaper correspondence may have desired to obtain. The pen of the writer and the brush of the artist have been chiefly confined to a delineation of the grandeur of the mountain scenery or of incidents of mining life. Nor is this to be greatly considered as, for, except in certain favored localities, farming, either in field or garden, has not been attempted with any great measure of success. The great rarity and dryness of the atmosphere, the extremely scant rainfall, the alkaline properties of the soil, and the generally great altitude of the parks (or valleys, as we of the East would call them) offer most unfavorable conditions for agricultural pursuits. What the Pilgrim Fathers were able to do amid the disadvantages of a rock-ribbed and flinty New England soil has, however, in different parts of Colorado been accomplished, amid dissimilar but equal disadvantages, by their descendants. Of course there are sections of the State, as anybody who has ever travelled through it knows, which are utterly worthless save as habitations for jack-rabbits and rattlesnakes—a characteristic view of one of such sections being shown among the illustrations on the next page; but there are also, particularly in the western and southwestern portions of Colorado, vast means where, before civilized feet entered upon them, the native sage-brush grew to the height of a man's waist, and which needed only clearing and irrigation to be convertible into fertile fields of grain.

Such a mesa as this is that which lies between the Gunnison and the Grand rivers.

In the illustrations a very familiar and somewhat picturesque object to Colorado tourists is shown in the primitive water or "lifting" wheels, by which the narrow streams which pass out there for rivers are made, in spite of themselves, to play an important part in agricultural pursuits. It is not to be imagined that it is by any such catch-bucket system as this that the great agricultural sections of the San Juan and San Luis valleys in the southwest and the fertile fields in the vicinity of Greeley and Fort Collins are watered. In those sections engineering science and an enormous expenditure of money have constructed a great system of canals, which are fed from the inexhaustible fount of the everlasting mountain snows, and which extend in many directions for hundreds of miles, following the slant of the land at just a sufficient incline to keep the water moving slowly. The lifting wheels are found only in places where there are comparatively small stretches of possible agricultural land between some swift-running stream and the inevitable adjacent sage-brush-covered foot-hills or rocky cliffs. It frequently occurs that half a dozen settlers on the bank of a river will unite in constructing one of these lifting wheels, the water in many instances being carried for a distance of from a quarter to half a mile through wooden troughs before striking the line of the common irrigating ditch.

If the questions of irrigation and the agricultural development of Colorado have not protruded themselves prominently in printed works concerning the State, they have formed a by no means small part of legislative action in the State. A most complicated and elaborate set of laws and enactments concerning the subject of irrigation exists to-day upon the statute-book, and one of the most arduous duties of the Governor of Colorado consists in keeping track of the innumerable officials and boards of officials whom it is his duty to appoint in the interest of organized and well-regulated irrigation.

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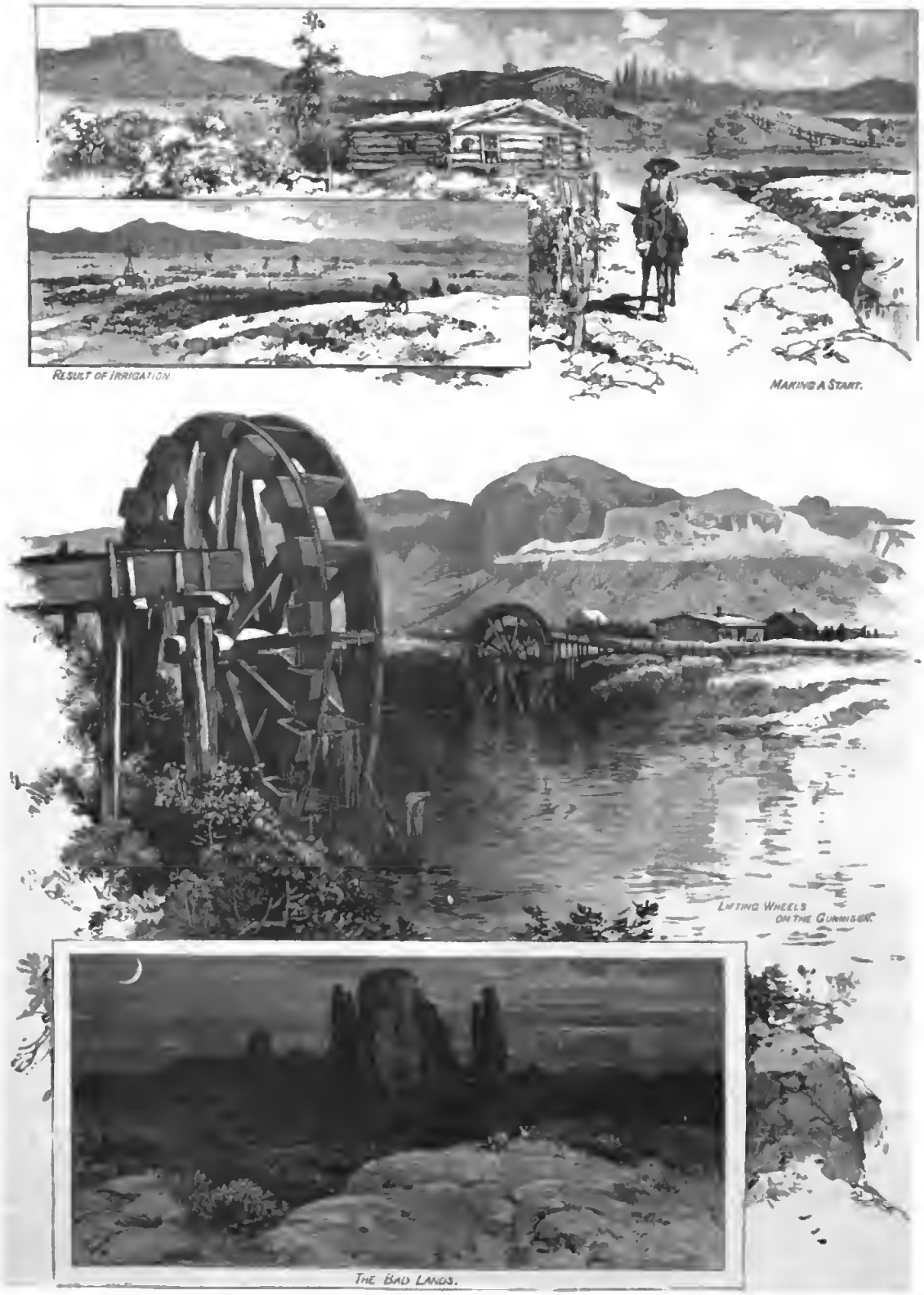


IRRIGATION IN COLORADO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 752.]

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## THE SKIPPER'S LOVE; OR, THE TIDE WILL TURN

The skipper stood on the windy pier
"At rest," he said, "set every sail;
For love is sweet if true and dear,
But bitter is love if love must fail."
"No hurry, skipper, to put to sea;
The wind is fast and the water low;
But the tide will turn if you wait a wee,
And you'll get 'Yes' where you got 'No.'"

The skipper turned again with a smile,
And he found the lass in a better mood;
For she had had time to think the while,
"I shall find ten worse for one so good."
So the tide had turned, and he got "Yes."
The sails were filled and the wind was fair.
Don't limit the pleasant words, I pray;
They are for every one everywhere.

The tide will turn if you wait a wee,
And good's not lost if but defer'd;
Supposing your plans have gone a-gley,
Don't flee away like a frighted bird.
Say that you've asked a favor in vain,
To-morrow may be a better day,
The tide of fortune will turn again,
And you'll get "Yes" where you got "Nay."

The tide will turn if the thing you mind
Is worth the waiting and worth the cost;
If you seek and seek until you find,
Then your labor will never be lost.
For waiting is often working, you see,
And though the water may now be low,
The tide will turn if you bide a wee,
And you'll get "Yes" where you got "No."

Mary A. Barr.

## THE COCAINE HABIT

The Worst Slavery Known—New Revelations of Power.

*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

When cocaine was discovered the medical world exclaimed, "Thank Heaven!"

But, useful as it is, it is also dangerous, especially when its use is perverted from the deadening of pain for surgical operations, to the stimulation and destruction of the human body. Its first effects are soothing and captivating, but the thraldom is the most horrible slavery known to humanity.

J. L. Stephens, M. D., of Lebanon, Ohio, was interviewed by our reporter yesterday at the Grand Hotel, and during the conversation the doctor said, "The cocaine habit is a thousand times worse than the morphine and opium habits, and you would be astonished," he said, "if you knew how frightfully the habit is increasing."

"What are its effects?"

"It is the worst constitution wrecker ever known. It ruins the liver and kidneys in half a year, and when this work is done, the strongest constitution soon succumbs."

"Do you know of Dr. Underhill's case here in Cincinnati?"

"That leading physician who became a victim of the cocaine habit? Yes. His case was a very sad one, but the habit can be cured. I have rescued many a man from a worse condition."

"What, worse than Dr. Underhill's?"

"Indeed, sir, far so. Justin M. Hall, A. M., M. D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and a famed practitioner; Alexander Neil, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the Columbus Medical College, and President of the Academy of Medicine, a man widely known, and Rev. W. P. Clancey, of Indianapolis, Ind., from personal experience in opium eating, etc., can tell you of the kind of success our form of treatment wins."

"Would you mind letting our readers into the secret of your methods?"

"Well, young man, you surely have a good bit of assurance to ask a man to give his business away to the public, but I won't wholly disappoint you. I have treated over 20,000 patients. In common with many eminent physicians, I for years made a close study of the effects of the habits on the system, and the organs which they most severely attack. Dr. Hall and Dr. Neil, whom I have mentioned, and hundreds of others equally as expert, made many similar experiments on their own behalf. We each found that these drugs worked most destructively in the kidneys and liver; in fact, finally destroyed them. It was then apparent that no cure could be effected until those organs could be restored to health. We recently exhausted the entire range of medical science, experimenting with all known remedies for these organs, and as the result of these close investigations we all substantially agreed, though following different lines of inquiry, that the most reliable, scientific preparation was Warner's Safe Cure. This was the second point in the discovery. The third was our own private form of treatment, which, of course, we do not divulge to the public. Every case that we have treated first with Warner's Safe Cure, then with our own private treatment, and followed up again with Warner's Safe Cure for a few weeks, has been successful. These habits can't be cured without using it, because the habit is nourished and sustained in the liver and kidneys. The habit can be kept up in moderation, however, if free use be also made, at the same time, of that great remedy."

"Yes, it is a world famed and justly celebrated specific! Like many other physicians, I used to deride the claims made for it, but I know now for a fact that it is the world's greatest blessing, having sovereign power over hitherto incurable diseases of the kidneys and liver, and when I have said that, young man, I have said nearly everything, for most diseases originate in, or are aggravated by, a depraved condition of the kidneys."

"People do not realize this, because, singular as it may seem, the kidneys may be in a very advanced stage of decomposition, and yet, owing to the fact that there are but few nerves of sensation in them, the subject will not experience much pain therein. On this account thousands of people die every year of kidney disease unknowingly. They have so-called disorders of the head, of the heart and lungs and stomach, and treat them in vain, for the real cause of their misery is deranged kidneys, and if they were restored to health the other disorders would soon disappear."

Dr. Stephens's experience, that can be confirmed by many thousands whom he has treated, adds only more emphasis to the experience of many hundreds of thousands all over the world, that the remedy he refers to is, without any doubt, the most beneficent discovery ever given to humanity.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
### ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

Prof. Adams, Ovid, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now, at any rate, dispense with it."—[*Adv.*]

### A NEW WONDER

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RHEUMATISM

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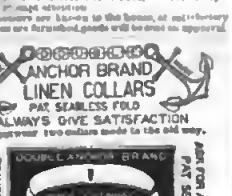


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1562.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

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WITH A SUPPLEMENT

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

THE death of ex-President ARTHUR was not unexpected to those who knew his condition, and that a sudden attack like that which proved fatal was possible at any moment. He was not an old man, for he was born in 1830, and until within four or five years he was a figure of manly vigor. Mr. ARTHUR had a natural taste for politics and public life, and he was a very prominent and efficient leader in local Republican politics, much of his success arising from his cheerful temperament, his good-heartedness, and urbanity of manner. He was a man of generous impulses, and his political career up to his sudden elevation to the Presidency would have been different had his lot not been cast in the city of New York. He will be remembered, however, as President, and as President the favorable judgment of history may be easily anticipated.

What may be called his negative services to the country were very great, and they are very honorable, because they sprang from the rectitude of his nature. Thus, when President GARFIELD was shot and disabled from discharging the duties of the Presidency, an opportunity for mischief was offered to the Vice-President which, had he been an ambitious or unscrupulous man, or one easily inclined to evil counsels, he would certainly have improved. If he had announced that in his judgment the disability contemplated by the Constitution had arisen, and that during the disability he should assume the duties of the Presidency, he would have violated no law, and he would have plunged the government and the country into great confusion. The possibility of the situation was a warning which should be improved by a suitable provision for determining such inability. His administration as President was dignified, tranquil, and in the best sense conservative. One of its chief excellencies was the restoration of friendly feeling upon the part of other American governments, which the course of Mr. BLAINE had excited and irritated. One of its chief acts was the prompt signature of the Civil Service Reform Law, which he faithfully enforced. After the angry period of reconstruction, and of JOHNSON, and of the disputed election of HAYES, and the assassination of GARFIELD, the pacific course of ARTHUR was most welcome to the country, to which it gave the repose which was eagerly desired.

It is not impossible that the nomination of Mr. ARTHUR in 1884 would have saved the Republican party from the catastrophe resulting from the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. But the doubt lay in the State of New York, where Republican factional feeling was so strong that a sincere union of the party seemed to be most improbable. Unfortunately ARTHUR represented only the *status quo* as against the "magnetism" of BLAINE and the sturdy uprightness of EDMUNDS, and while no man could deny the excellence of his administration, there could be none of that enthusiasm which is so influential in determining nominations. The spectacle of his old and fast ally Mr. PLATT supporting BLAINE against ARTHUR in the nominating Convention, and the consequent injudicious but stinging invective of MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, revealed the situation, and forecast the impossibility of his nomination. The White House has had no more courtly or generous occupant than Mr. ARTHUR. As President he disappointed every apprehension of ill, and surprised even those who knew him well. He was a man of high honor, of humane instincts, of purity of life, of patriotic purpose. Beloved in every domestic relation, a faithful friend, a cheerful companion, he will be remembered kindly by his associates, and the history of his times will commend him.

## THE QUARANTINE RING.

ACCORDING to a statement in the *Journal of Commerce*, the exposure last year of the imposition practised upon the commerce of New York by the extortion known as the patent disinfection of rags has not entirely suppressed that outrage. The law admits raw material in the form of rags free of duty. But the Health officer of this port, and what is known as "the Quarantine ring," under the pretense of thoroughly disinfecting rags, lay a duty of about $6 per ton upon them, or 20 per cent. of the value of the rags. This little device results in the emolument of "the ring," and in nullifying a law of Congress by making the raw material of paper manufacture pay an import tax equal to that of the manufactured article.

The importers of rags are quite as much interested as any "ring" of speculators that disease shall not be diffused by the commodities in which they deal. They have no wish to suffer infection themselves, nor to spread infection. Moreover, the Quarantine authorities of New London and of Perth Amboy are as solicitous as any Quarantine ring in New York that infected goods shall not escape their vigilance. But the consignees of the *Sonntag*, which lately arrived at this port from Kioto, in Japan, with a cargo of rags, were able to save $4000 by sending the cargo to Perth Amboy and to New London. It was not because the health authorities at those ports were more careless than those at New York, but that they had common-sense, and that there was no "ring" to exact tribute. The rags were warranted by consular certificates not to have been exposed to contagion, and the authorities had no reason to disregard the certificates. The *Journal of Commerce* states that the Health officer at New York *refused* to pass them without disinfection, because the consuls gave such certificates without instructions from their government.

This is simply driving the business of importing rags away from the port of New York. If any sound reason connected with the public health or any other public advantage could be pleaded for repelling commerce in this manner, there could be no just complaint. But, as the *Journal of Commerce*, which is the best authority upon such subjects, tells the story, the objection of the Health officer seems to have been a mere pretext. The revelations of last year in regard to patent disinfection, the political relations of Mr. PLATT, the Quarantine Commissioner, to members of the Legislature, the refusal of the Senate to confirm the successor to the Health officer who was nominated by Governor HILL, and the fact that politicians are interested in "the ring," make the refusal of the Health officer to recognize the consular certificates very extraordinary, because it was a refusal which, except for the act of the consignees in sending the vessel to another port, would have been of great advantage to "the ring." It will be interesting to observe whether the Governor makes another nomination to the Health office during the winter, and whether, in that event, Mr. PLATT and "the ring" will attempt to defeat it. It is a question in which the merchants of New York would appear to have some interest.

## FREE NIAGARA.

THE late reports of the Superintendent of the Niagara Reservation show constant activity in completing the work, and the good results already accomplished. There is necessarily an immense detail to be considered and adjusted, and the happy prosecution of the enterprise demands tact, care, and sagacity. The two points of chief public interest mentioned in the late reports are the selection of Messrs. OLMSTED and VAUX as landscape architects, and the probable favorable action of the Legislature of Ontario in regard to the acquirement of the Canadian shore. The Ontario Commission has completed its estimate of the awards for lands and other expenses, the total amount of which is $424,000, and the Legislature is expected to pass the necessary appropriations during the approaching session. Messrs. OLMSTED and VAUX have been engaged in a study of the grounds. The selection of these gentlemen is as excellent as that of the Commission itself, and is the surest security against every suspicion of jobbery.

Seventy years ago a State Senator is said to have proposed that the State should secure the banks of the cataract. But the suggestion was fruitless. About twenty years ago Mr. OLMSTED remarked that the Falls were being practically obliterated as a natural spectacle, and the movement for the restoration really began in the following year, when Messrs. OLMSTED and VAUX and the architect RICHARDSON and Mr. DORSHEIMER agreed that an effort was desirable. As there was no more fitting counsellor than Mr. OLMSTED, if the reservation should be made, so there was no more urgent advocate of it than Mr. OLMSTED. His conception from the first has been of the simplest and what may be called the most natural treatment of the grounds, aiming mainly at preserving the trees and turf, and securing the sylvan seclusion which is the charm of such a scene. With his general views the Commission has sympathized, and to the good fortune of obtaining the reservation will be added that of its most appropriate and satisfactory arrangement.

Meanwhile a convenient carriage service has been established as in Central Park; bridges, banks, railings, and small buildings have been renewed or removed, as was most desirable, and the nuisance of fees and commissions practically abolished. The park is not lighted, but that subject is under consideration, and on moonlight nights one of the entrances is opened for the convenience of visitors who, in the words of the famous advertisement of the Pompeiian hotel, "willing see" the effect. The Superintendent's report states that better village government has resulted from the establishment of the reservation. A serious injury to the park was the prostration of nearly seventy trees by a gale in October. In August a survey by Professors GILBERT and WOODWARD, of the United States Geological Survey, showed that the angle of the Horseshoe Fall has receded two hundred feet since the survey of 1875, and that the average rate of recession along the whole line of the Falls has been 2.38 feet a year. Surveys are hereafter to be regular. The people of the State may well congratulate themselves upon the success of the effort to emancipate Niagara. It was purely a work of public spirit, but it was one which in no way has given cause for regret, and which, maintained as it has begun, will be a perpetual source of pride to the State.

## THE STORY OF DOMINIC BURKE.

Mr. DOMINIC BURKE writes to the Washington *Post* to show, as he says, how a citizen of the United States who is doing an honest day's work is treated by his fellow-workmen. The story is told at some length, and if it illustrates the spirit and methods of organized labor, it shows organized labor to be quite as remorseless a tyranny as organized capital. BURKE is a stone-cutter, who was employed by the architects to carve stone upon a house which they were building in Washington. The moment he began to work he was asked by another stone-cutter to show his card of membership in a labor society. He replied that he had no card and belonged to no society, and was thereupon told that he must join one or quit work. He protested that his work and hours and pay were not those of the society. But he was told that he must join the society or stop work, and that if he did not obey, all the stone-cutters would stop, and the whole work would end. Seeing the dilemma, BURKE asked what was wanted, and was told that he must pay five dollars at once for initiation, and in future obey the laws of the society. He refused to join, because he was a free man, but he paid the five dollars to buy "present quiet."

Two weeks afterward he was summoned to a meeting of the society. He appeared as before a tribunal of justice, and was accused of having come from New York two years before to work upon another house, which he denied. He was contradicted, and was told that upon that occasion he had been warned by agents of the society to leave the city within twenty-four hours. All this BURKE denied. He agreed, however, that he had worked upon certain churches in Baltimore, and he was ordered to go and pay the stone cutters' society there for the work that he had done. The next morning, as he was beginning work, he was told that if he did not stop work and go to Baltimore, all the stone cutters would stop work. He was puzzled, because he knew no stone-cutters in Baltimore, and they would tell him the names of none. He stopped work, however, and went to Baltimore, and finding a stone cutter, asked him to write him how much he was expected to pay. BURKE waited idle for five days expecting an answer. None came, and he offered to pay twenty-five dollars to the Baltimore Society not to interfere with his business. The Washington foreman said that it was a fair offer, and after some grumbling the other men consented to let him work until the answer came. After a few days a letter was shown to BURKE addressed to the foreman, making no claim, and saying that BURKE must shift for himself. He was then told to see the president of the Washington society. But he said that he had done enough, and should keep at his work, and not see the president. The stone-cutters then struck—and BURKE was dismissed.

This is his story as published in the Washington *Post* over his name. It is not improbable, and we have seen no denial of its accuracy. If it be true, it shows the intention of that labor society to prevent an honest workman from doing honest work upon terms satisfactory to him, merely because he will not bind himself to do as other workmen wish. This is the kind of boycott which, according to the law, is rightfully punishable as conspiracy. Undoubtedly men may agree that they will not work with a particular person. But to refuse to work with him, and by combination to procure his dismissal, solely because he wishes to enjoy his rightful liberty, is a crime against manhood and a disgrace to the American name. It is not easy to believe that honest Americans could take part in such proceedings as

BUCKE describes. If his story be true—and it is not improbable—intelligent workmen ought to be able to see why such organizations are denounced as fatal to the fundamental American principles of liberty.

## RECORD AGAINST REGULARITY.

THERE was a pleasant illustration of the good effect of energetic and intelligent and determined independence at the late election in New York. The Thirteenth Assembly District is Republican, and a large number of Republican voters on the 14th of October signed a letter which was sent to the other Republicans in the district. The letter said:

"We have determined to oppose any unworthy candidate who may be nominated for Assembly, for example, if he be a liquor dealer, a professional politician of doubtful reputation, a man who will not pay his debts, or one who boasts of his wickedness. No such man can fitly represent or to make our laws. If the Republican nominate such a man, we shall vote for the Democratic nominee, if he be fit, and vice versa, and if necessary we shall make a nomination ourselves. We would rather see reform within the parties, but we shall no longer submit to have improper candidates put upon us, and our support required in order to sustain a party. It has become a question of men, not parties, if we are to be called upon to be so misrepresented."

Mr. FREDERICK S. GIBBS, an Senator, was nominated by the Republican Convention. He fell especially under the description of "unworthy candidate," and he was defeated by Republican votes. Any Republican with a satisfactory "record" would have been elected; and it is a good fortune for the public that the "record" of a candidate is becoming very much more important than his "regularity." Reform within the party will never be accomplished unless voters are ready to seek reform out of the party if it is refused. Senator WARNER MILLER told some college boys last summer that the patriotic course is to belong to a party and seek reform within it, but he implied that they must stick to the party whatever became of reform. If this had been the principle of the Republicans in the Thirteenth District Mr. GIBBS would have been elected.

## THE PERILS OF RANTER.

In recently speaking of Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL opening a Primrose Lodge we asked, hauteurly, how about the sphere of woman and lovely ladies mixing in vulgar politics, when the wife of a duke's son, who is the second man in the British Ministry, actually makes a political speech? The hinter was obvious if clumsy. But a correspondent of the gentler sex begs us to spare our flings at English ladies, since the lady in question is not English at all, but American, and if she "casts aside the rules governing the conduct of the mothers, wives, and daughters of England," it is not because she is English. We are asked to be just, and to remove the stigma cast upon English ladies.

Most willingly will we remove such a stigma if we have cast it. But it becomes a painful necessity to point out to our correspondent that we were not making fun of any lady whatever, but we were smiling at the men who think it perfectly consonant with "the sphere," etc., if a charming woman sings or acts in public for money, but a wanton abandonment of the "sphere" if she speaks in public to help a good cause. We suggested that no act performed by a "woman's rights woman"—carrying an umbrella—is denounced as repulsive to the just instincts of propriety and the preordained fitness of things; but when performed by a lady of fashion, and *comme il faut*, it is pretty and charming; and we left the moral to be inferred.

The only stigma was one that descended upon the gallant and illogical male champions of the sphere of woman as determined by men and not by women themselves. We beg our correspondent to take heart again. Perhaps morals should not be left to be inferred.

## FRANKLIN SQUARE.

WE are frequently asked if the name of Franklin Square was derived from WALTER FRANKLIN, the noted merchant of a century ago, whose widow married SAMUEL OGDEN, of the Treasury, and whose daughter married DE WITT CLINTON. He lived at the junction of Pearl and Cherry streets, in a house which he built, and which was afterward the official residence of WASHINGTON when he came to New York to be inaugurated President. This question we have answered more than once. Franklin Square was not named for WALTER FRANKLIN, but for Dr. FRANKLIN.

In HARPER'S MONTHLY a few years since the Easy Chair quoted the resolutions passed by the Board of Aldermen on the 17th of March, 1817, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the square now called St. George's Square, at the intersection of Cherry Street, be hereafter named and called Franklin Square, as a testimony of the high respect entertained by this Board for the literary and philosophical character of the late Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

## THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS AND ITS PASTOR.

THE fortieth anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. Dr. STORRS as minister of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn was the occasion of a general tribute of respect to one of the most faithful pastors, earnest preachers, accomplished scholars, eloquent orators, and public-spirited citizens in this community. With his usual felicity of phrase, Dr. STORRS in his anniversary sermon spoke of his church and its life as characterized by a certain reserve. This is singularly true. It is a religious community of great resources and activity, but its work has been done always without a trumpet.

The same reserve distinguishes its pastor. No man's name here is better known or more sincerely honored. Yet his whole career has been entirely free from sensationalism of every kind. He has the instinctive fastidiousness of the refined scholar, but also the hearty manliness of the Christian gentleman, and the most generous sympathy for all good causes and humane endeavors. His pastorate is, with one exception, we believe, the longest in this neighborhood. It is indeed a very unusual one, and he says that he has sometimes thought that for the society a change might be desirable. But he has probably also felt in the affectionate constancy of his people that such a suggestion would not be tolerated.

There is something very touching and very beautiful in such a relation so long continued. The congregation to which he ministers gradually changes before the pastor's eye. It is at last the children in the place of the parents to whom he speaks, and he may sometimes feel himself and his society to symbolize the ever-fresh voice of the eternal truth, and the passing generations of men to which it speaks. Still in the vigor of his life, and with mellowed and increasing powers, Dr. STORRS receives the good wishes of this anniversary from a multitude whom he has charmed and taught and inspired, quite beyond the limits of his own church and society.

## MR. BLAINE'S LETTER.

WE stated last week from the minutes laid before Parliament and from the speech of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at Dartford precisely the scope and purpose of the present inquiry into the English civil service. It is not what is called the reformed system, the principle of appointment by competition and probation, that is the subject of investigation, but the cost and the details of organization, the character of which we specified. Yet this proposed investigation Mr. BLAINE described as a "humiliating but honest confession in regard to the civil service of England that that service is rotten to the core, and must be torn up by the roots."

Confronted by the discrepancy between the facts and his statement, Mr. BLAINE has published a letter in which he offers this explanation: "In effect I said that the English civil service, which was held up as a model for our own government by those who left the Republican party ten years ago, is now under investigation and apparent condemnation by the English themselves." Our readers will judge for themselves whether Mr. BLAINE's explanation fairly states what he said in his speech. But his assertion that the Independent Republicans, or Mugwumps, have held up the English civil service as a model for our own is entirely unfounded in fact. What civil service reformers in this country have done is to show that the principle of open competition, so far as it has been introduced in the English service, has abolished the abuses of personal favoritism in appointments.

Mr. BLAINE states that he has never repudiated reform in the civil service, nor abated his interest in it, and he attempts to stimulate prejudice against independent voters by stating that his object was to declare that "the very worst leaders for a continental republic are those who persist in seeing the perfection of human government in an insular monarchy." Yet the very truest and most characteristic Americans, those who have the utmost faith and hope in American republican institutions, are to be found among the Independent Republicans at whom Mr. BLAINE's speech and letter were both directed.

## THE CASE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY BENTON.

IT is very unfortunate that the suspension of District Attorney BENTON in Missouri for "persistent activity" in politics should prove to have been in the judgment of the President as hasty that he has felt obliged to rescind the order. It is unfortunate because it was a very conspicuous case, and the effect of prompt suspension, had it been sustained, would have been most salutary. It is no less unfortunate for another reason, namely, that the order was followed by Democratic threats which give to the revocation an air of surrender to partisan bullying, which must accordingly cast great discredit upon the President's course, and disturb public confidence in his purpose.

His reinstatement of Mr. BENTON, however, when he is convinced that he was hastily removed, and in the face of the inevitable sneering and rubbing of the spoils politicians in both parties, is very characteristic. It is, of course, impossible to specify in detail the acts which constitute "persistent activity." As the President says in his letter to Mr. BENTON, he hoped that a careful consideration of the spirit as well as the language of the warning would leave no doubt of its meaning to those who honestly wished to regard it. It is because of the very fact that absolute precision of detail in such a warning is impossible that suspension is to be regretted except upon the most conclusive evidence. But to our opinion that evidence is furnished by Mr. BENTON himself. He says that his appointments to speak in the campaign were made "so that I could and did reach Kansas City once in each week to look after routine business of the office." In the case of a district attorney if this be not "persistent activity," we do not understand the words.

The impression produced by the reinstatement of Mr. BENTON, in the absence of public knowledge of a general enforcement of the order, will be very unfavorable. It seems to be equivalent to a revocation of the order. But we repeat our advice to those in every community who are aware of instances of violation of the order to submit the evidence duly authenticated to the Executive. It is by the co-operation of those who desire to suppress such "persistent activity" that the abuse must be corrected.

## MAYOR GRACE AND THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

MAYOR GRACE'S appointment of Mrs. AGNEW and Miss DODGE as members of the Board of Education in the city of New York is an act most excellent in itself, and it has been received with universal commendation. Its merit lies in its obvious propriety and in the admirable selection. That women should seem upon such boards is now generally conceded to be most desirable. There have been many such appointments, and there could be no better beginning in New York than the appointment of Mrs. AGNEW and Miss DODGE.

Both of the ladies have been interested and active in beneficent enterprises, and both have shown the qualities which are desirable in the Board of Education. When Governor TILDEN appointed a woman upon the State Board of Charities, and Governor CORNELL appointed another, it was a most sensible and therefore a most conservative innovation. The result has been in every way excellent, and we are not aware that the selection of women upon school boards has been anywhere regretted.

The reasons which make this change advantageous are obvious. They are not only that women have an equal interest with men in the education of children, that the teachers of young children are generally women, and that they have a specific knowledge of the wants of children which men have not, but that their good sense and judgment in the conduct of schools are quite as valuable as those of men. There is no serious change of this kind which admits women to equal practical responsibility with men which has not proved to be a step of real progress.

## PERSONAL.

MR. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN the poet, critic, and banker, calls his summer house at Nun Castle, Nun Hampshire, "Kelp Rock," because the rock on which it is built extends out to sea, and at low water a surface of one hundred yards is covered with sea-weed, or kelp. Spray often dashes over the house in stormy weather. The stately tower is modelled after an old lighthouse, or *lanterne*, on the French coast, the loggia is Italian in style, and the rest of the building Colonial. The farmers for ten miles around showed their good will by carting stones for the walls, and Mr STEDMAN himself selected whitish, dark, and yellow bowlders along the coast for their color effects, and gave the Yankee masons many points on laying them.

—Father BRUNAN, assistant rector of the German Catholic church at Lafayette, Indiana, has just completed the task of translating General LEW WALLACE'S work, *Ben-Hur*, into German, having secured from General WALLACE exclusive rights for Germany.

—New Castle, New Hampshire, has an interesting colony. The old Colonial farm of GEORGE JAFFREY is owned by JOHN ALDEN. Near by is the cottage of Professor GEORGE BARTLETT, of Cambridge; and JACOB WARNER, of New York, has built a large villa on the harbor shore. The famous Lord Wentworth house, with fifty rooms, has been bought by Mr. COOLIDGE, the Boston artist, son-in law of FRANCIS PARKMAN, who is restoring it in strict Colonial style. New Castle is a great resort for literary people, and its teas and "at homes" are luxuriously celebrated.

—SAYARD TAYLOR'S Hannah Thurston, the strong minded woman whom her lover finally succeeded in converting, though only after marrying her, is the subject of an etching by Mr C Y TURNER, soon to be published by M. KNOEDLER & Co. The handsome Hannah stands at a window, overlooking a sunny spring landscape, and resigning herself to day-dreams.

—Dr OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES often dates his private correspondence "Boston," without mention of street or number. Since his return from London he has been compelled to devote much time to answering correspondents. His handwriting is as fine and almost as clear as that of a young book keeper, and he signs himself O. W. HOLMES, using only the initials of his Christian names, as Mr. LOWELL does, and making the *l* of the HOLMES so small that it looks like a part of the *m*.

—Some years ago Mr FREDERIC E. CHURCH, the artist, suggested to Mr CALVERT VAUX, the landscape architect, that it would be feasible to improve the artistic effect of Niagara Falls on the American side by opening up a few channels which would allow the water to flow here and there over the high rock wall on Goat Island, between the Horseshoe and the American Falls, and thus give sparkle and life to that subsidiary portion of the scene. Mr. VAUX proposes to consider the suggestion in his forth coming plan for laying out the Niagara park.

—On the 11th of November, at the Chatham Square station of the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad, the porter hurriedly handed to the conductor a child about ten years old, with the words, "This boy is lost; wants to go to Castle Garden." The writer of this paragraph, who happened to be on the train, noticed that after slamming the gates of the car platforms the conductor put his arm around the frightened lad, whose eyes were red with weeping, leaned down until their cheeks almost touched, spoke as kindly as a mother to him, and soon had him smiling. The number on the conductor's cap was 242.

—Mr. H. A. C. TAYLOR'S new $75,000 house at Newport is very nearly in pure Colonial style, as seen in its entrance porch, its triple arrangement of windows, its cornice, and its balustrade on the roof. The enormous chimneys, four feet and a half wide and six feet deep, are divided in their heights by a series of ribs. The trimmings of the house are painted white, and the body, of clap boards, is a pale buff. The dimensions of the ground-plan are 128 feet by 62. The vestibule is divided from the hall by an arch with two columns and a flat transom. Mr TAYLOR is the son of the late MOSES TAYLOR.

—Mr. W. L. PURSELL will soon go abroad again, proposing to devote two years to painting English scenery.

—Governor GEORGE D. ROBINSON, of Massachusetts, is very fond of the drama, which he prefers to see from a stage-box, but he never witnesses ballet-dancing.

—The Honorable OLIVER AMES, Governor-elect of Massachusetts, was at the Saturday night banquet given by Mr HYMAN E DIXEY to Mr WILKIE BARRETT, and showed a touch of Puritan spirit by leaving at five minutes before midnight.

—CLAUS SPRECKELS, the sugar-planter of San Francisco, received several years ago the order of knighthood and other decorations from King KALAKAUA, because of his liberal loans to the Hawaiian government. Last month Mr SPRECKELS returned all those decorations, as the government had authorized a European loan which leaves him with small security for the $750,000 that he had advanced to the King.

—A member of one of the militia regiments which guarded the Chicago stock yards during the recent strike having, because of his enforced absence from business, been discharged by the firm which employed him, Mr P D ARMOUR sent word to General FITZ-SIMONS, in command of the militia, that all soldiers who had lost positions by reason of their military service would be employed by him at work similar to that they had been doing, and at as good wages as they had previously received or better.

—From advance sheets of the annual report of the New York Free Circulating Library we learn that the total circulation last year was 254,448—an increase of 23,489 over that of the year before—and that only two books were lost. The trustees think that this result is unsurpassed in the annals of any other free lending library in the world. Many of the volumes have been literally read to pieces. The present circulation is as large as is desired, and the hope is for means to open one or more new branch libraries during the coming winter. The works lent are classified as follows: fiction, 3469; juvenile, 1907; literature, 1501; histories, 934; biographies, 777; travels, 723; philosophy and religion, 337. Miss CUE and the assistant librarians are specially thanked for their care and attention. The total expenses last year were only $10,123, of which but two-thirds went to salaries.

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THE TAMBOURINE-PLAYER.—F. D. MILLET.

MOTHERLY CARE.—ROLAND M. WARD.

## THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE autumn exhibitions, which would have been wholly impracticable a few years ago, have already become of actual importance. The exhibition opened this week in the National Academy of Design is of a degree of merit, variety, and interest which makes it quite as notable as the regular spring exhibition. Indeed, it may be doubted if there is any serious disparity between the present and the last regular display. All the galleries are filled, and the number of rejected works approaches very nearly to that of a spring exhibition.

The Academy has been greatly improved by the merging into one gallery of the west and northwest rooms. This not only confers additional wall space, but makes a large, handsome, and well-lighted room, second in importance and size only to the South Gallery itself. It implied more or less of a slight to be hung in the West Gallery heretofore, and it was positively a mark of discredit to be hung in the Northwest Gallery, between which and the ignominy of the corridor there was little distinction. All this has been done away with by the creation of the new gallery, which, hung as it is at present, is almost as imposing as the South Gallery.

The collection as a whole is by far the best autumn exhibition that has yet been made. It is brilliant, varied, and interesting, and it is full of novelties. The number of new names is astonishing, and it is evident that the whole Academy walls, in either autumn or spring, could be completely covered with the pictures of artists who had never been heard of before as exhibitors.

The best landscape in the exhibition is by Mr. H. A. BLAGLOCK, a large sombre composition of great depth and mastery of color, conceived in sympathy with some of the more characteristic works of JULES DUPRÉ, and altogether a very impressive and notable picture. We have been accustomed to Mr. BLAGLOCK as a fantastic colorist dealing with capricious varnishes and arbitrary pigments, but never expressing a really coherent or a thoughtful idea in any of his works, and achieving only a passing success of certain vague but agreeable harmonies of color. We confess to an amazed surprise at seeing attributed to him a landscape so powerful as the remarkable picture which is numbered 441 in the South Gallery. Mr. MOWNAY's picture "The Last Favorite" (No. 561) is a very agreeable canvas, painted with much delicacy and skill. Mr. F. D. MILLET's contribution is "The Tambourine-Player" (No. 178), a charming figure of a girl with her hand resting on a tambourine, painted with exquisite delicacy, and disclosing that refinement of treatment and delightful color which are rapidly leading Mr. MILLET to the foremost rank among contemporary painters. It is a very beautiful picture, but it is not Mr. MILLET at his best, because his best is now always the last thing that he has done, so steady and uninterrupted is the remarkable progress which we see him achieving in his art. The two pictures which he sent a few days ago to the Royal Institute in London are described as as two of the most notable pictures in that usually very notable exhibition. Mr. ROLAND M. WARD's "Motherly Care" is a very brilliant and delightfully lighted interior, a quaint study excellently chosen, and the figures, which are full of grace and quiet elegance, are treated with unusual power. It is the best picture that Mr. WARD has yet exhibited, and shows a very distinct and considerable progress. Mr. BAR on pursues his studies of the aboriginal American with unswerving fidelity, and if we cannot follow his ideal Indian with equanimity or accept unquestioningly his anatomy, we must nevertheless accord him a great deal of credit for what he has attained to his study of the Western savage. His contribution to the present exhibition is called "The Silence Broken" (No. 476), and is a striking picture of an Indian paddling in a canoe by the border of some silent lake or stream, and being startled by the note of a wild swan flying close over his head.

Mr. WILLIAM RICE contributes a striking portrait of a young man with eyes like those of Boleslawsky in Gilmore's well-known comedy. It is well painted and well drawn (No. 437). Mr. W. H. TRIPP contributes two excellent and striking bottle subjects, much better in execution than anything he has heretofore shown. Mr. EUGENE CARRIERE exhibits a very large and striking canvas of a still-life and domestic subject, which hangs conspicuously and effectively at the east end of the South Gallery. Mr. HOWARD R. BUTLER has a very clever interior, with accessories of an interesting character and very effectively managed (No. 404), in the South Gallery. Mr. G. W. MAYNARD has sent a striking study of a young woman in a Chinese garment, upon which is embroidered profusely in blue the sign of happiness. It is a very clever and interesting piece of work. Near to it Mr. J. ALDEN WEIR has an excellent study of two hunting dogs asleep in front of a fire. Mr. HOMER MARTIN's friends will be glad to see him come prominently to the front after a long absence. He has sent in two Brittany subjects which have more distinctness of purpose and really thoughtful work in them than anything of his that has before been seen in this country.

THE SILENCE BROKEN.—GEORGE DE FOREST BROWN.

THE LAST FAVORITE.—H. SIDDONS MOWNAY.—[FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE.]

"NEXT SECOND HER TALL AND WILLOWY FORM WAS STAGGERING BACK ACROSS THE ROOM, AS THOUGH SHE HAD BEEN SHOT OR STABBED"

# SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

## XVI.

### THE TOMBS OF KÔR.

After the prisoners had been removed, Ayesha waved her hand, and the spectators turned round and began to crawl off down the cave like a scattered flock of sheep. When they got a fair distance from the dais, however, they rose and walked away, leaving the Queen and myself alone, with the exception of the mutes and a few guards, most of the latter having departed with the doomed men. Thinking this a good opportunity, I asked She to come and see Leo, telling her of his serious condition; but she would not, saying that he certainly would not die before the night, as people never died of that sort of fever except at nightfall or dawn. Also she said that it would be better to let the fever spend its course as much as possible before she cured it. Accordingly I was rising to leave, when she bade me follow her, as she would talk with me, and show me the wonders of the caves.

I was too much involved in the web of her fatal fascinations to say her no, even if I had wished to, which I did not. She rose from her chair, and making some signs to the mutes descended from the dais. Thereon four of the girls took lamps, and ranged themselves two in front and two behind us, but the others went away.

"Now," she said, "wouldst thou see some of the wonders of this place, O Holly? Look upon this great cave. Saw ye ever the like? Yet was it, and many more like it, hollowed by the hands of the dead race that once lived here on the city on the plain. A great and a wonderful people must they have been, these men of Kôr; but, like the Egyptians, they thought more of the dead than the living. How many men, think ye, working for how many years, did it require to hollow out this cave and all the galleries thereof?"

"Tens of thousands," I answered.

"Ha, O Holly. This people was an old people before the Egyptians were. A little can I read of their inscriptions, having found the key thereto—and, see here, this was one of the last of the caves that they dug," and turning to the rock behind her, she motioned the mutes to hold up the lamps. Carven over the dais was the figure of an old man seated in a chair, with an ivory rod in his hand. It struck me that his features were exceedingly like those of the man who was represented as being embalmed in the chamber where we took our meals. Beneath the chair, which, by-the-way, was shaped exactly like the one in which Ayesha had sat to give judgment—was a short inscription in the extraordinary characters of which I have already spoken, but which I do not remember sufficient of to illustrate. It looked more like Chinese writing than any other that I am acquainted with. This inscription Ayesha proceeded, with some difficulty and hesitation, to read aloud and translate. It ran as follows:

"In the year four thousand two hundred and fifty nine (from the founding of the City of Imperial Kôr was this cave (or burial-place) completed by Tisno, King of Kôr, the people thereof and their slaves having labored thereat for three generations, to be a tomb for their citizens of rank who shall come after. May the blessing of the heavens above the heaven rest upon their work, and make the sleep of Tisno, the mighty monarch, the likeness of whose features is graven above, a sound and happy sleep till the day of awakening,* and also the sleep of his servants, and of those of his race who, rising up after him, shall yet lay their heads in low."

"Thou seest, O Holly," she said, "this people founded the city, of which the ruins yet cumber the plain yonder, four thousand years before this cave was finished. Yet when first I saw it, two thousand years ago, was it even as it is now. Judge, therefore, how old must the place have been? And now follow thou me, and I will show thee after what fashion this great city fell when the time was come for it to fall," and she led the way down to the centre of the cave, and stopped at a spot where a round rock had been let into a sort of large man-hole in the flooring, accurately filling it just as the iron plates fill the spaces in the London pavement into which the coals are thrown. "Thou seest," she said. "Tell me, what is it?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, whereon she crossed to the left hand side of the cave (looking toward the entrance), and bid the mutes hold up the lamps. On the wall something was painted with a red pigment in similar characters to those hewn beneath the sculpture of Tisno, King of Kôr. This she proceeded to translate to me, the pigment still being quite fresh enough to show the form of the letters.

"I, Jasno, a priest of the Great Temple of Kôr, write this upon the rock in the year four thousand eight hundred and three from the founding of Kôr. Kôr is fallen. No more shall the mighty fleet in her halls, no more shall she rule the world, and her navies go out to commerce with the world. Kôr is fallen; and her naughty works, and all the cities of Kôr, and all the harbors that she built and the canals that she made, are for the wolf and the owl and the wild ass, and the barbarian who comes after. Twenty and five moons ago did a cloud settle upon Kôr, and the hundred cities of Kôr, and out of the cloud came a pestilence that slew her people, old and young, one with another, and spared not. One with another they turned black and died—the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the man and the woman, the prince and the slave. The pestilence slew and slew, and ceased not by day or by night, and those who escaped from the pestilence were slain of the famine. No longer could the bodies of the children of Kôr be preserved according to the ancient rites, because of the number of the dead, therefore were they buried into the great pit beneath the cave, through the hole in the cave. Then, at last, a remnant of this the great people, the light of the whole world, went down to the coast and took ship and sailed northward; and now am I, the priest Jasno, who write this, the last man left alive of this great city of men, but whether there be any yet left in the other cities I know not. This do I write in misery of heart before I die, because Kôr the Imperial is no more, and because there are none to worship in her temples, and all her palaces are empty, and her princes and her traders and her fair women have passed off the face of the earth."

I gave a sigh of astonishment, the utter desolation depicted in this rude scrawl was so overpowering. It was terrible to think of this solitary survivor of a mighty people recording its fate before he, too, went down into darkness. What must the old man have felt as, in ghastly terrifying solitude, by the light of one lamp feebly illuminating a little space of gloom, he in a few brief lines dashed the history of his nation's death upon the cavern wall? What a subject for the novelist, or the painter, or, indeed, for any one who can think!

I followed her on to a side passage opening out of the main cave, then down a great number of steps, and along an underground shaft that cannot have been less than sixty feet beneath the surface of the rock, and was ventilated by curious borings that ran upward, I do not know where. Suddenly the passage ended, and she halted, and bade the mutes hold up the lamps, and I saw such a scene as I am not likely to see again. We were standing on an enormous pit, or rather on the edge of it, for it went down deeper—I don't know how much—than where we were, and was edged in with a low wall of rock. So far as I could judge, the pit was about the size of the space beneath the dome of St. Paul's, and when the lamps were held up I saw that it was nothing but one vast charnel house, being literally full of thousands of human skeletons, which lay piled up in an enormous gleaming pyramid, formed by the slipping down of the bodies from the apex as fresh ones were dropped in from above. Anything more appalling than this purblind mass of the remains of a departed race I cannot imagine, and what made it even more dreadful was that in this dry air a good number of the bodies had simply become desiccated with the skin on them, and now, fixed in every conceivable position, stared at one out of the heaps of white bones, grotesquely horrible caricatures of humanity. In my astonishment I made an ejaculation, and the echoes of my voice ringing in the vaulted place disturbed a skull that had been accurately balanced for many thousands of years near the apex of the pile. Down it came with a roar, bounding along merrily toward us, and of course bringing an avalanche of other bones after it, till at last the whole place rattled with their movements, as though the skeletons were getting up to greet us.

"Come," I said, "I have seen enough. These are the bodies of those who died of the great sickness, I suppose?" I added, as we turned away.

"Yes. The people of Kôr always embalmed their dead, like the Egyptians, but their art was greater than the art of the Egyptians, because whereas the Egyptians disembowelled and drew the brain, the people of Kôr injected fluid into the veins, and thus reached every part. But stay, thou shalt see," and she halted at haphazard at one of the little doorways opening out of the passage along which we were walking, and motioned to the mutes to light us in. We entered into a little chamber similar to

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1284.

* This phrase is remarkable, as assuming an indicate a belief in a future state.—Editor.

the one in which I had slept at our first stopping-place, only there were two stone benches as beds to it. On the benches lay figures covered with yellow linen,* on which a fine and impalpable dust had gathered to the coarse of ages, but nothing like to the extent that one would have anticipated, for in these deep hewn caves there was no material to turn to dust. About the ledges as the stone shelves and floor of the tomb were many painted vases, but I saw very few ornaments in any of the vaults.

"Lift the cloth up, O Holly," she said, but though I put out my hand to do so, I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege, and to speak the truth I was awed by the dread solemnity of the place, and of the presences before us. Then with a little laugh as my fears she drew it herself, only to discover another and yet finer cloth lying over the forms upon the stone bench. This also the withdrew, and then for the first time for thousands upon thousands of years did living eyes look upon the faces of those chilly dead. It was a woman, she might have been thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little less, and had certainly been beautiful. Even now her calm clear-cut features, marked not with delicate black eyebrows and long eyelashes that threw little lines of shadow from the lamp upon the ivory face, were wonderfully beautiful. There, robed in white, down which her blue-black hair was streaming, she slept her last long sleep, and on her arm, as face pressed against her breast, there lay a little babe. So sweet was the sight, although so awful, that—I confess it without shame—I could scarcely withhold my tears. It took one back across the dim gulf of the ages to some happy home in dead Imperial Kôr, where this winsome lady, girt about with beauty, had lived and died, and, dying, taken her last born with her to the tomb. There they were, mother and babe, the white memories of a forgotten human history speaking more eloquently to the heart than could any written record of their lives. Reverently I replaced the grave-cloths, and with a sigh that fain even to fair should, to the purpose of the Everlasting, have only bloomed to be gathered to the grave, I turned to the body on the opposite shelf, and gently unveiled it. It was that of a man in advanced life, with a long grizzled beard, and also robed in white, probably the husband of the lady, who, after surviving her many years, came at last to sleep once more for good and all beside her.

We left the place and entered others. It would be too long to describe the many things I saw in them. Each one had its occupants, for the five hundred and odd years that had elapsed between the completion of the cave and the destruction of the race had evidently sufficed to fill these catacombs, warehouse as they were, and each appeared to have been undisturbed since the day that it were laid there. I could fill a book with the description of them, but to do so would only be to repeat what I have said with variations.

"Hast thou seen enough, my stranger guest, as shall I show thee more of the wonders of these tombs that are my palace halls? If thou wilt, I can lead thee to where Tisno, the mightiest and most valorous King of Kôr, in whose day these caves were finished, hirself a pomp that seems as mock at nothingness, and bid the empty shadows of the past do homage to his sculptured vanity."

"I have seen enough, O Queen," I answered. "My feeble breast is overwhelmed by the strength of the present Death. Mortality is weak, and easily broken down by a sense of the companionship that waits upon its end. Take me hence, O Ayesha."

## XVII.

### THE BALANCE TURNS.

In a few minutes, following the lamps of the mutes, that, held out from the body as a bearer holds water in a vessel, had the appearance of floating down the darkness by themselves, we came to a stair which led us to *She's* mirrorium, the same that Billali had crept up upon all fours on the previous day. Here I would have bid the Queen adieu, but she would not.

"Nay," she said, "enter with me, O Holly, for of a truth thy conversation pleaseth me. Think, O Holly, for two thousand years have I had none to answer with save slaves and my own thoughts; and though of all this thinking hath much wisdom come, and many secrets been made plain, yet am I weary of my thoughts, and have come to loathe mine own society, for surely the food that man eat gives to eat is bitter to the taste, and it is only with the teeth of hope that we can hope to bite it. Now though thy thoughts are green and tender, an hoonooth one as young, yet are they those of a thinking brain, and in truth thou dost bring back to my mind certain of those old philosophers with whom in days by gone I have disputed on Athens and in Arabia, for thou hast the same crabbed air and dusty look, as though thou hadst passed thy days in reading ill arm Greek, and been stained dark with the grime of manuscripts. So draw the curtain, and sit here by my side, and we will eat fruit, and talk of pleasant things. See, I will again unveil to thee. Thou hast brought it on thyself, O Holly; fairly have I warned thee, and thou shalt call me beautiful, as even those old philosophers were wont to do. Fie upon them, forgetting their philosophy!"

And without more ado she stood up and shook the white wrappings from her, and verse forth shining and splendid like some glittering snake when she has cast her slough, ay, and fixed her wonderful eyes upon me—more deadly than any basilisk's—and pierced me through and through with their beauty, and sent her light laugh ringing through the air like chimes of silver bells.

A new mood was on her, and the very color of her mind seemed to change beneath it. It was no longer tortured-torn and hateful, as I had seen it when she was cursing her dead rival by the leaping flames, no longer icily terrible, as in the judgment hall, no longer rich and sombre and splendid, like a Tyrian cloth, as in the dwellings of the dead. No, her mood now was that of Aphrodite triumphing. Life—radiant, ecstatic, wonderful—seemed to flow from her and around her. Softly she laughed and sighed, and swift her glances flew. She shook her heavy tresses, and their perfume filled the place; she struck her little sandalled foot upon the floor, and hummed a snatch of some old Greek epithalamium. All the majesty was gone, or did but lurk and faintly flicker through her laughing eyes, like lightning seen through sunlight. She had cast off the terror of the leaping flame, the cold power of judgment that was even now being done, and the wise coldness of the tombs—cast them off and put them behind her, like the white shroud she wore, and now stood out the incarnation of lovely tempting womanhood, made more perfect—and to a my more spiritual—than ever woman was before.

"There, my Holly, sit there where thou canst see me. It is by thine own wish, remember; again I say, blame me not if thou dost spend the rest of thy little span with such a sick pain as the heart that thou wouldst fain have died before ever thy curious eyes were set upon me. There, sit on, and tell me, for in truth I am inclined for praises—tell me, am I not beautiful? Nay, speak not so hastily, consider well the point, take me feature by feature, forgetting not my form, and my hands and feet, and my hair, and the whiteness of my skin, and then tell me truly hast thou ever known a woman who in sight, ay, in one little portion of her beauty, in the curve of an eyelash even, as the modelling of a shell-like ear, is justified to hold a light before my loveliness?

I could stand in no longer. Then and there I fell upon my knees before her, and told her in a sad mixture of languages—for such moments confuse the thoughts—that I worshipped her as never woman was worshipped, and that I would give my immortal soul to marry her—which at that time I certainly would have done, and so, indeed, would any other man, as all the race of men rolled into one. For the moment she looked a little surprised, and then she began to laugh, and clap her hands in glee.

"Oh, as man, O Holly!" she said. "I wondered how many minutes it would take to bring them to thy knees. I have not seen a man kneel before me for as many days, and, believe me, to a woman's heart the sight is sweet, ay, wisdom and length of days take not from that dear pleasure, which is one sex's only right.

"What wouldst thou?—what wouldst thou? Thou dost not know what thou dostest. Here I not told thee that I am not for thee? I bore but rose, and it is out thus. Ah, Holly, for all thy wisdom—and in a way thou art wise—thou art but a fool running after folly. Thou wouldst look into mine eyes; thou wouldst kiss me. Well, if it pleaseth thee, look," and the best herself toward me, and fixed her dark and thrilling orbs upon my own; "ay, and kiss, too, if thou wilt, for, thanks be given to the scheme of things, kisses leave no marks, except upon the heart. But if thou dost kiss, I tell thee of a surety will thou eat out thy heart with love of me, and die!" and she bent yet further toward me, till her soft hair brushed my brow, and her fragrant breath played upon my face, and made me faint and weak. Then of a sudden, even as I stretched out my arms to clasp, she straightened herself, and a quick change passed over her. Reaching out her hand, she held it over my head, and it seemed to me that something flowed from it that chilled me back to common-sense and a knowledge of propriety and the domestic virtues.

"Enough of this wanton play," she said, with a touch of sternness. "Listen, Holly. Thou art a good and honest man, and I fain would spare thee; but, oh! it is as hard for a woman to be merciful. I have said I am not for thee, therefore let thy thoughts pass by me like an idle wind, and the dust of thy imagination sink again into the depths—well, of drapan, if thou will. Thou dost not know me, Holly. Hadst thou seen me but ten hours ago, when my passion seized me, thou hadst shrunk from me in fear and trembling. I am a woman of many moods, and, like the water in that vessel, I reflect many things, but they pass, my Holly—they pass, and are forgotten. Only the water in the water still, and I still am I, and that which maketh the water maketh it, and that which maketh me maketh me, not even my quality be altered. Therefore pay no heed to what I seem, seeing that thou canst not know what I am. If thou troublest me again I will veil myself, and thou shalt behold my face no more."

I rose, and sank on the cushioned couch beside her, yet quivering with emotion, though for a moment my mad passion had left me, as the kisses of a tree quiver still, although the gust he gone that stirred them. I did not dare to tell her that I had seen her in that deep and hellish mood, muttering incantations to the fire in the tomb.

"So," she went on, "now eat some fruit, believe me, it is the only true food for men. Oh, tell me of the philosophy of the Hebrew Messiah, who came after me, and who thou sayest doth now rule Rome and Greece and Egypt and the barbarians beyond. It must have been a strange philosophy that He taught, for in my day the people would have nought of our philosophers. Revel and lust and drink, blood and cold steel, and the shock of man gathered in the battle—these were the canons of their creeds."

I had recovered myself a little by now, and, feeling bitterly ashamed of the weakness into which I had been betrayed, I did my best to expound to her the doctrine of Christianity, to which, however, with the rough exception of our conception of heaven and hell, I found that she paid but faint attention, her interest being all directed toward the Man who taught them.

"Ah!" she said, "I see—a new religion! I have known so many, and doubtless there have been many more since I knew aught beyond these caves of Kôr. Mankind sake over of the skies to vision not what lies behind them. It is terror for the end, and has a subtler form of selfishness—this it is that breeds religions. Mark, my Holly, each religion claims the future for its followers, or, at the least, the good thereof. The evil is for those benighted ones who will have none of it, seeing the light the true believers worship, as the fishes see the stars, but dimly. The religions come and the religions pass, and civilizations come and pass, and aught endures but the world and human nature. Ah! if man would but see that hope is from within and not from without—that he himself must work out his own salvation? He is there, and within him is the breath of life, and a knowledge of good and evil, as good and evil are to him. Thereon let him build and stand erect, and not cast himself before the image of some unknown God, modelled like himself, but with a bigger brain to think evil, and a longer arm to do it."

I thought to myself—which shows how old such reasoning is, being, indeed, one of the recurring quantities of theological discussion—that her argument sounded very like some I have heard in the nineteenth century, and in other places than the cave of Kôr, and with which, by-the-way, I personally disagree, but I did not care to try and discuss the question with her. To begin with, my mind was too weary with all the emotions through which I had passed; and in the second place, I knew that I should get the worst of it. It is hard enough to argue with an ordinary materialist, who hurls statistics and whole strata of geological facts at your head, whilst you can only buffet him with deductions and instincts and the new tokens of faith, that are, alas, as apt to melt in the hot embers of our troubles. How little chance, then, should I have against one whose brain was supernaturally sharpened, and who had two thousand years of experience, besides all manner of knowledge of the secrets of nature on her command? Feeling that the would be more likely to convert me than I should to convert her, I thought it best to leave the matter alone, and as we silent. Many a time since then have I bitterly regretted that I did so, for thereby I lost the only opportunity I can remember having had of ascertaining what Ayesha really believed.

"Well, my Holly, art thou tired of me already, that thou dost sit so silent?" she said presently, with a little yawn. "Faithless man! And but half an hour since thou wast upon thy knees—the posture does not suit thee, Holly—swearing that thou didst love me. What shall we do? Nay, I have it. I will come and see this youth, the Leo, as the old man Billali calls him, who come with thee, and who is now so sick. The fevers must have run its course by now, and if he is about to die, I will recover him. Fear not, my Holly, I shall not an magic. Have I not told thee that there is no such thing as magic, though there is such a thing as understanding and applying the forces which are in nature? Go now, and presently, when I have made the drug ready, I will follow thee."*

Accordingly I went, only to find Job and Ustane in a great state of grief, and declaring that Leo was in the throes of death, and that they had been searching for me everywhere. I rushed to the couch, and glanced at him—nearly he was dying. He was senseless, and breathing heavily, but his lips were quivering, and every now and again a little shudder ran down his frame. I knew enough of doctoring to see that in another hour he would be beyond the reach of earthly help—perhaps in another five minutes. How I cursed my selfishness, and the folly that had kept me lingering by Ayesha's side while my dear boy lay dying! Alas! and alas! how vanity the best of us are lighted down to evil by the gleam of a woman's eyes! What a wicked wretch was I! Actually for the last half hour I had scarcely thought of Leo, and this, be it remembered, of the man who for twenty years had been my dearest companion, and the one interest of my existence. And now perhaps it was too late!

I wrung my hands and glanced round. Ustane was sitting by the couch, and in her eyes burnt the dull light of despair. Job was blubbering—I am sorry I cannot call his distress by any more delicate word—audibly in the corner. Seeing my eye fixed upon him he went outside to give way to his grief in the passage. Obviously the only hope lay in Ayesha. She, and she alone—unless indeed she was an impostor, which I could not believe—could save him. I would go, and implore her to come. As I started to do so, however, Job came flying into the room, his hair literally standing on end with terror.

"Oh, God help us, sir!" he ejaculated in a frightened whisper, "here's a corpse coming climbing down the passage!"

For a moment I was puzzled, but presently, of course, it struck me that he must have seen Ayesha, wrapped in her grave-like garment, and been deceived by the extraordinary undulating smoothness of her walk into a belief that she was a white ghost gliding toward him. Indeed, at that very moment the question was settled, for Ayesha herself was in the apartment, as rather once. Job turned and one her elevated form, and then, with a resuhsive howl of "Here it comes!" sprang into a corner, and jammed his face against the wall, and Ustane, guessing a-hoss the dread presence must be, prostrated herself upon her face.

"Thou comest at a good time, Ayesha," I said, "for my boy lies at the point of death."

"So," she said, softly; "punished he be not dead, it is no matter, for I can bring him back to life, my Holly. Is that man there thy servant? and is that the method wherewith thy servants greet strangers in thy country?"

"He is frightened of thy garb; it hath a death-like air," I answered.

She laughed.

"And the girl? Ah, I see now. It is she of whom thou didst speak to me. Well, bid there both to leave us, and we will see to this sick Lion of thine. I love not that underlings should perceive my wisdom."

Thereon I told Ustane in Arabic and Job in English both to leave the room—an order which the latter obeyed readily enough, and was glad to obey, for he could not in any way subdue his fear. But it was relieve to see with Ustane.

"What does She want?" she whispered, divided between her fear of the terrible Queen and her anxiety to remain near Leo. "It is surely the right of a wife to be near her husband when he dieth. Nay, I will not go, my lord the Bubon."

"Why doth not that woman leave us, my Holly?" asked Ayesha, from the other end of the cave, where she was engaged in carelessly examining some sculptures on the wall.

"She doth not like to leave Leo," I answered, not knowing what to say. Ayesha wheeled round, and pointing to the girl Ustane, said one word, and one only, but it was quite enough, for the tone in which it was said meant volumes.

"Go!"

And sullenly Ustane crept past her on her hands and knees, and went.

"Thou seest, my Holly," said Ayesha, with a little laugh, "it was time that I gave these people a lesson in obedience. The girl went nigh to disobeying me, but thou she did not leave this morning how I treat the disobedient. Well, she has gone; and now let us see the youth;" and she glided toward the couch on which Leo lay, with his face in the shadow and turned to the wall.

"He hath a noble shape," she said as the bent over him to look upon his face.

Next second her tall and willowy form was staggering back across the room, as though she had been shot as stabbed, staggering back till at last the struck the cavern wall, and then there burst from her lips the most awful and unearthly scream that I ever heard in all my life.

"What is it, Ayesha?" I cried. "Is he dead?"

She turned, and sprang toward me like a tigress.

"Thou dog!" she said, in her terrible whisper, which sounded like the hiss of a snake; "why didst thou hide this from me?" and she stretched out her arm, and I thought she was going to slay me.

"What?" I ejaculated, in the most lively terror—"what?"

"Ah?" she said, "perchance thou didst not know. Learn, my Holly, learn; there lies—there lies my best Kallikrates. Kallikrates, who has come back to me at last, as I knew he would—as I knew he would," and she began to sob and to laugh, and generally to go on like any other lady who is a little upset, murmuring "Kallikrates, Kallikrates."

"Nonsense," thought I to myself, but I did not like to say it; and, indeed, at that moment I was thinking of Leo's life, having forgotten everything else in that terrible anxiety. What I feared now was that he should die whilst she was "carrying on."

"Unless thou canst help him, Ayesha," I put in, by way of a reminder, "thy Kallikrates will soon be far beyond thy calling. Surely he dieth even now."

"True," she said, with a start. "Oh, why did I not come before! I am unnerved—my hand trembles, even mine—and yet it is very easy. Here, thou Holly, take this phial," and she produced a tiny jar of pottery from the folds of her garment, "and pour the liquid in it down his throat. It will cure him if he be not dead. Swift! now, swift! the man dies!"

I glanced toward him; it was true enough, Leo was in his death-struggle. I ran his poor face turning ashen, and the breath began to rattle in his throat. The phial was stoppered with a little piece of wood. I drew it with my teeth, and a drop of the fluid within flew upon my tongue. It had a sweet flavor, and for a second made my head swim and a mist gather before my eyes, but happily the effect passed away as swiftly as it had arisen.

When I reached Leo's side he was plainly expiring—his golden head was slowly turning from side to side, and his mouth was slightly open. I called to Ayesha to hold his head, and this she managed to do, though the woman was quivering from head to foot, like an aspen leaf or a startled horse. Then, forcing the jaw a little more open, I poured the contents of the phial into his mouth. Instantly a little vapor arose from it, as happens when one disturbs chloric acid, and this sight did not increase my hopes, already faint enough, of the efficacy of the treatment.

One thing, however, was certain, the death-throes ceased—at first I thought because he had got beyond them, and crossed the awful river. His face turned a livid pallor, and his heart-beats, which had been feeble enough before, seemed to die away altogether—only the eyelid still twitched a little. In my doubt I looked up at Ayesha, whose head-wrapping had slipped back in her excitement when she went reeling across the room. She was still holding Leo's head, and with a face as pale as his watching his countenance with such an expression of agonized anxiety as I have never seen before. Clearly she did not know if he would live or die. Five minutes passed, and I saw that she was abandoning hope; her lovely oval face seemed to fall in and

* All the linen that the Amahagger wore was more fine the linen, which accounted for its yellow hue. It was well washed, however, and properly bleached, as required by former money wishings, and are the softest not but linen I ever saw.—L. H. H.

* Ayesha was a great chemist; indeed, chemistry appears to have been her only amusement and occupation. She had one of the cases fitted up as a laboratory, and although her appliances were necessarily crude, the results that she obtained were, as will become clear in the course of this narrative, sufficiently surprising.—L. H. H.

grew visibly thinner beneath the pressure of a mental agony, whose pencil drew black lines about the hollows of her eyes. The color faded even from her lips, till they were as white as Leo's face, and quivered painfully. It was shocking to see her, even in my own grief I felt for her.

"Is it too late?" I gasped.

She hid her face in her hands, and made no answer, and I, too, turned away. But as I did so I heard a deep-drawn breath, and looking down perceived a line of color creeping up Leo's face, then another and another, and then—wonder of wonders!—the man we had thought dead turned over on his side.

"Thou scout," I said, in a whisper.

"I see," she answered, hoarsely. "He is saved. I thought we were too late; another moment—one little moment more—and he had been gone!" and she burst into an awful fit of tears, sobbing as though her heart would break, and yet managing to look lovelier than ever, as she did it. At last she ceased.

"Forgive me, my Holly—forgive me for my weakness," she said. "Thou scout, after all, I am a very woman. Think—now think of it. This morning didst thou speak of the place of torment appointed by thy new religion of thine. Hell or Hades thou didst call it—a place where the vital essence lives and retains an individual memory, and where all the errors and faults of judgment and unsatisfied passions and the unsubstantial terrors of the mind wherewith it hath at any time had to do come to mock and haunt and gibe and wring the heart forever and forever with the vision of its own hopelessness. Thus, even thus, have I lived for two thousand years—for some sixty generations, as ye reckon time—in a Hell, as thou callest it—tormented by the memory of a crime, tortured day and night with an unfulfilled desire—without companionship, without comfort, without death, and led on only down my dreary road by the marsh lights of Hope, which, though they flickered here and there, and now glowed strong, and now were not, yet, as my child told me, would one day lead unto my deliverer.

And then—think of it still, O Holly, for never shalt thou hear such another tale, or see such another scene, nay, not even if I give thee ten thousand years of life—and then shalt have it in payment if thou will—think—at last my deliverer came—he whom I had watched and waited for through the generations—at the appointed time he came to seek me, as I knew he must come, for my wisdom could not err, though I knew not when or how. Yet see how ignorant I was! See how small my knowledge, and how faint my strength! For hours he lay here sick unto death, and I felt it not—I who had waited for him for two thousand years—I knew it not. And then at last I see him, and behold, my chance is gone but by a hair's-breadth even before I had it, for he is in the very jaws of death, whence no power of mine can draw him. And if he die, surely must the Hell he lived through once more—once more must I face the weary centuries, and wait and wait till time in its fulness shall bring my beloved back to me. And then thou gavest him the medicine, and that five minutes dragged along before I knew if he would live or die, and I tell thee that all the sixty generations that are gone were not so long as that five minutes. But they passed at last, and still he showed no sign, and I knew that if the drug works not then, it, so far as I have had knowledge, works not at all. Then thought I that he was once more dead, and all the tortures of all the years gathered themselves into a single venomed spear, and pierced me through and through, because once again I had lost Kalliktrates! And then, when all was done, behold! he sighed, behold! he lived, and I knew that he would live, for none die on whom the drug takes hold. Think of it now, my Holly—think of the wonder of it! He will sleep for twelve hours, and then the fever will have left him!"

And then she stopped, and laid her hand upon the golden head, and then bent down and kissed the brow with a chastened abandonment of tenderness that would have been beautiful to behold had not the sight cut me to the heart—for I was jealous!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THANKSGIVING—OUR COUNTRY.

THANKSGIVING is the natural expression of a nation's gratitude—an impulse that springs from general content, and it is the good fortune of our country that it has never wanted occasions of grateful rejoicing. Its whole history has been a successful progress. The founding of the Constitution in 1789 gave it at once an unequalled impulse. Within twenty years New York became a great commercial metropolis, and the thin line of settlements that had formed the colonial confederation began to press swiftly over the wilderness to the Mississippi. It was the laboring classes and the working men that first found their true home under the flag of freedom. Jefferson and Franklin were never weary of contrasting the happy condition of the industrious in their own country with the suffering, toil-worn peasants of France and England.

With wonderful strides the country, under its new Constitution, moved onward in its march to improvement. From 1790 to 1820 it was always the most fortunate of nations. A war ravaged its coasts and decimated its people: it sprang up again into new life. Its example gave hope to the laboring classes of Europe: the tide of emigration began that has since risen to proportions greater than was ever known among men. The wilderness began to disappear, the great States of the centre were founded, Ohio and Illinois invited the immigrant, and Missouri claimed a place among the congeries of States. Again danger hung over the people, and the question of slavery threatened to with destruction. But knowledge and good sense triumphed. Slavery was limited by the Missouri Compromise, and at once free labor began to pour into the fair lands unencumbered by industry and human equality. From 1820 to 1840 the Free States of the North were teeming with life and energy: the happiness of millions seemed assured.

But the question of slavery assumed new dangers, and the fate of labor in Europe and America hung on its solution. It was the cause of labor against the tyrants in every land, and human slavery and human despotism were to live or die together. They met their fair foe in a dreadful contest. But the victory of freedom determined the world's destiny. Once more thanksgivings went up from hopeful hearts, and the men of labor everywhere began to move over the peaceful West. From 1845 the tide of immigration swept over the Mississippi to the Pacific. Great States and Territories sprang up, more powerful than European kingdoms. Nebraska and Kansas led the way. Countless happy homes covered the fleeting solitude. The hapless children of Europe found hope and plenty in the newly reclaimed lands.

It is for this that we give thanks, that our country is still, as in the time of Jefferson and Franklin, the most fortunate of nations—the home of honest labor. It is the most fortunate land the sun ever shone upon. Sad history can only point to the suffering millions of the past—to the serfs of the Middle Ages or the slavery of early Persia, Greece, or Rome. It is quite certain that the great majority of our people live in plenty and have sufficient employment; and above all it is certain that the minds of our people are everywhere cultivated, and taught in the common schools the leading elements of knowledge. What the ancient republics ever wanted and perished in their need, what Europe has painfully labored for with little success, we have found in the general intelligence spread by the public schools. Against this bulwark slavery dashed itself to pieces; against this safeguard of industry, property, and good order anarchy rages in vain.

We have laid the foundations of our government and national prosperity in knowledge; we are still in the infancy of progress; we have still to provide good government for our cities, and cultivate our lands with successful skill; we are to provide for the welfare of those who labor, and see that all the industrious are cared for and protected; we are to spread a universal equality in promoting the general ease.

It is this happy prospect that lies before us. We may employ our leisure in devising a thousand schemes for promoting the welfare of every citizen. We may give to the world an example of peaceful progress that shall win its tenderest regard. It was said of a Roman emperor that he was "the love and delight of the human race." Such should be the fame of our transatlantic freedom. And it is for the possibility of such a future that we give thanks and rejoice.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## THE GERMAN DOCTOR'S STORY.

[WHEN and how I heard this story is of no consequence. I have given it as nearly as possible in the Doctor's own words.]

When I was already about to metropolize in Heidelberg my father died, and I then discovered that he was a bankrupt. At the same time arrived a letter from my uncle in the United States, who had made for himself a competency in the grocery trade. He offered, if I would emigrate, to pay my expenses in a Western medical college. I accepted this offer with joy, for to me, as thousands of many young Germans of the *Burger* class, the Eldorado in America—"the land of the free and the home of the brave"—where no proud Herr Baron Hofgeheimrath dares look down upon and have a contempt for the toiling one, and where fame and fortune await the humble.

Even so, at first, in the college which I entered, everything was to me most pleasing; for while some of the students were of the wealthy, others, like me, had little enough, and still all associated delightfully together. I knew the English language already quite well, and soon had friends. One of the wealthy appreciated me much—he was "sehr gemüthlich" (one cannot translate *that* into the English), and we became what you call "chums." The chum, learning how little I had wherewithal to support existence, proposed that I should give lessons in the German language. He became the first pupil, and soon found more for me, and one of these was a fashionable young lady. Her name—but no, I shall not discover it. Let it suffice for me to say that she lived in a magnificent house, and she by herself was also magnificent.

The chum was very intimate with the family, for he and the brother willingly associated together, so he accompanied me to the house for an introduction. The exterior of the mansion was truly as magnificent as the exterior, and already we had been kept waiting in the parlor for some time when—*ach, Himmel!*—a little creature, an Undine, tripped into the room. To me she seemed about eighteen years old, and she was attired in a black velvet dress with a train just as long as her beautiful body, and around her small head the light golden hair waved to take from me my wits, and set my senses in a whirl, and her lily white complexion and the rose-leafs of her lips, and her eyes so—I say no more, already I become foolish; the recollection alone is too much.

Judge, then, what the living, the smiling, the glowing reality must have been.

Before I could assemble myself the chum had introduced me to the radiant one, as she was extending to me her shy, shrinking, half timid left hand. Somewhat reluctant I felt to receive it in my broad palm, and when I touched the slender lily white finger-tips, a thrill, a shudder, fearful but also delicious, pervaded my members, and then the small hand fluttered back like a little bird. *Mein Herr! mein Herr!* why trembleest thou even yet also!

Moreover, when we had made the arrangement, she, the laughing one, admonished me that "she would not half the time know her lessons," and when I said I would do for her my best, replied that with her for a pupil, *that* would not be much.

And she had right. It was more than half the time that she did not learn her lessons for me. And also often would she with irritation cast away the book, exclaiming: "Of this stupid thing we have had enough. Let us talk."

And I, the accused one, even also forgetting that I was receiving the salary for lessons which I gave not, already blinded by her sparkling eyes, willingly delighted to observe the *kosenlache* smile of the radiant one, to hear the ripple of the laughing voice in the for her insufficient German, and she called me "*du*."

*Ach!* you Americans cannot understand the delight when a beautiful maiden calls you "*du*," because you have discontinued from your speech that divine distinction which arrives from the proper use and employment of "thou" and "you."

But for me, who had never in my lovelorn life been called "*du*" by any maiden, this was overwhelming, and by it was I utterly destroyed; for to me—to me, the *poor* medical student, the Love had appeared, not gradually, not rational, but wild, fierce, sudden, like the cyclone of your Western prairies, carrying every thought, every proper judgment, into one endless, one hopeless ruin; for from that first time when she had to me appeared I worshipped her; and truly was I the fool. So irrational was I that I also, moreover, imagined that she too had love for me—me, the imbecile one. Without number were the gallant compliments I spoke, and she seemed to "take them all as a matter of course," as you say, and so encouraged me to proceed. Likewise there was in her a power, which compelled a man to speak, to act, to be, to remain—a fool!

And *her* words—*ach!* verily was I insane—her words they might mean anything (for truly a clever coquette she was), and *naturlich* I, the fool, construed and arranged them agreeable to myself.

And even as want it on. She seemed to enjoy herself much at these lessons, and many hours her smile and laugh made light and music in my deepest soul; with its ever-changing but delectable expression flitted her face before me, and also came between my eyes and the medical books; by the day she haunted for me my thoughts; by the night she was my only dream; and so constant was she by me that sense could I discriminate sleeping from waking. I walked upon the air.

Often I thought that death would be more acceptable for me than to be silent in my love; but yet, whenever I would advance to the expressing of my feeling, quick changed she the conversation. How, I know not, but it was wonderful, wonderful.

"*Ach!*" thought I; "it is her lovely maiden modesty which opposes the avowal of this, the deepest, the truest affection of her spirit." For already would I rather have doubted the truths of science than the thought that she loved me not.

*Ausbleck*, at the termination of one of our meetings—lessons I dare not call them—I broke forth, fierce and wild: "*Lieberkin*, to me thou art more than life. Lovest thou me?"

She seemed surprised. She hesitated, but still she smiled. The chum entered the room. He was my best friend, and well I knew it, but then—willingly would I have surrendered him to eternal torments. Said he, "I have waited with the brother until lesson was over, so that I might walk home with you."

*Naturlich* I dared not stay and place *mein Lieberkin* in an uneasy position, for she would say nothing. So I rose and departed; but as I passed through the door, I turned and threw upon her a loving glance. She met with averted head, and her lovely form quivered.

"*Ja wohl!*" thought I, "the rush of unexpressed feelings over the virgin soul has quenched all utterance. *Süsses Kindchen!*"

Impatient I awaited the next lesson. She entered the room with a changed face, and in it I thought I beheld deep sorrow. She carried a purse.

"My lessons I must discontinue," she said, in a strange and to me bitterly unknown voice. "Will you please make out the bill?"

I felt as though I were stricken by a flash of lightning. I could not understand. I began to say somewhat, when in the hall I heard a footstep.

"We are watched," thought I. "The cruel parents, irrespective of her feelings, have forced her to do this unkind thing. They will have nothing of my love for her."

And then, like an idle dream, for me all the glory of America faded, and it was no longer "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." As it is in Germany, so it was here—the same unlogicled sacrifice of the pure, the innocent maiden. The parents evidently intended her for a brutal and wealthy husband for whom she could not have love. Truly it was power and money that ruled. But my soul would be no consequentle. I would not abdicate my claim to the purse-proud aristocrat.

I computed that which was due to me, and handed her the bill. Silent, she paid it.

"May I call upon thee yet once in a while?" I asked.

I would have spoken this even were there five hundred parents outside for me with cocked revolvers waiting.

"Yes, if you want to," replied the little one.

Then I, departing, saw no one. It was an *unutterbarem Moment Mein.* "How sad she must feel," thought I, "disjoined from her beloved, and forced to behold men whom she abhors! Free truly are I, for I dare exclude myself from all other women and think only on her." And so to me she became an imploring face, looking, praying for assistance.

Some time I awaited, until the parents might be away from their guard, and then advanced to the house. I was shown into the parlor by the servant who received my card, and in a minute she-*ach!* returned with the word that she (*meine Lieberkin*) "wished to be excused."

"Truly the parents are vigilant," I ruminated. "Said they even that she was not at home? No, no, *me* they intend to annihilate."

More than ever was I determined not to be subdued. Again I entered the house. The event was even as before; and several times likewise was I disappointed, but not disheartened, for I was sure that she loved me just as I loved her.

*Endlich*—it was a lovely summer evening. Open wide were the windows on the first floor. Within I heard her singing a little *Volkslied* which I had taught her in the blissful lesson days. It was "Wenn ich ein Vogelein war."

"She still thinks on me," I thought, "for me she still suffers from the pride and worldliness of her parents."

I looked into the windows, she was alone at the piano, her back turned. *Ach, wonne!* I would surprise mein *Lieberkin*. Soft I entered, but exactly when I was just about to enfold her in my loving arms, the sound of my footsteps arrived to her, and she turned and saw me also. My purpose she must have divined, for, with an exclamation of surprise, she sprang away.

At her feet I fell.

"Come, *Lieberkin, mein Schatz*, fly with me. I come to save thee."

"What does thou mean, sir?" she cried, attempting her little figure up to its greatest height, and throwing back her head as disdainful. *Mein Gott!* she resembled a queen. Even now also I see her—*wunderschon Madchen!*

"Grant to me thy pardon, *Lieberkin*; but for thee I have so much love and than for me—"

She interrupted me with a merry laugh, which pierced my soul like a hot iron. Never, never will I forget the words she then used. In my brain they are still ringing.

"You really believed that *I* loved *you?* It's too good for anything! You even supposed that my *cruel* parents were compelling me to give you up! Have you not been in the country long enough to know that American girls manage their own affairs? I *did* wonder why you were so persistent in calling when I was engaged so regularly. A hint, then, means nothing to a German?"

She ceased in order to laugh. I could say nothing. Then she continued:

"Yes, yes, you are a German, *Deutscher* through and through, and for that reason I'll forgive your conduct. But the next time an American girl treats you like a gentleman and not like a servant—as I suppose you were treated in your father land—don't go and imagine that she is dying of love *for you*."

She left the room, and her laugh, which formerly had been to me like angels' songs, was now become the mockery of demons.

I rose from my knees and staggered into the street. All was dark. Extinguished was my light. For some months I was a disconsolate, a tragical being—Heine's *Lieder* were my daily pabulum; I also wrote verses for myself, but, *endlich*, I convalesced, having learned one good lesson—that even if the human nature over all the world is the same, much different are the manners and the customs.

Several years later I again met the radiant one—who had in the mean time married the chum—and thanked her for the lesson she to me had taught.

ONE GOOD KICK DESERVES ANOTHER.

*Over Harvard's* sands the *far* reflectant steal,
Where mighty *Francis* stamped *her iron*—TOE.

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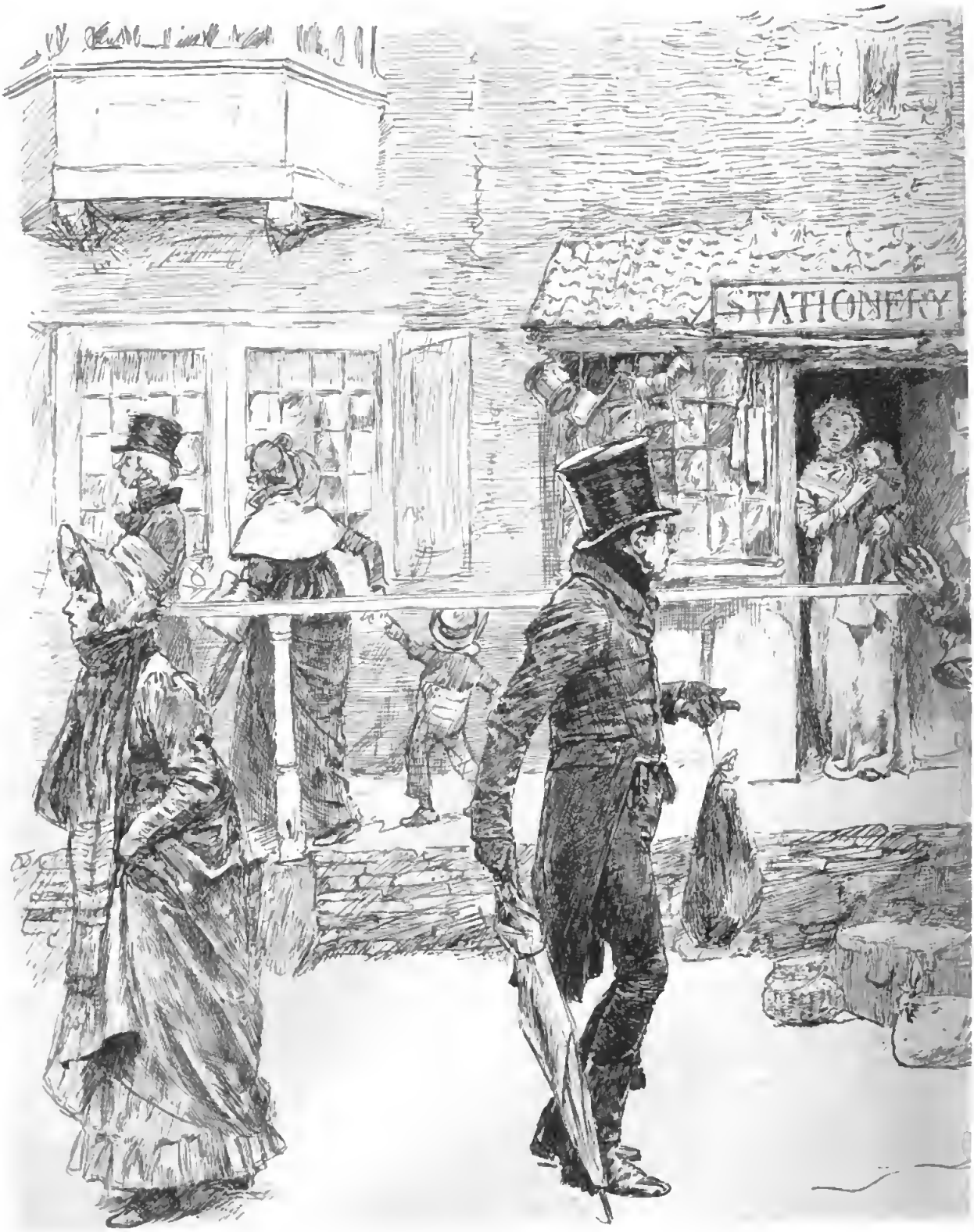


THE RETURN OF THE NATI

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# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captains of the Fleet," "So Then Were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW BESS RECOVERED HER SENSES.

Woman is a variable and a changeable creature. Many poets and philosophers have insisted upon this maxim. Mr Westmoreland, as well as Socrates, had good reason to feel the truth of it, and could testify to it from his own experience, under the rule of wife first, and of daughter afterward; though the capricious nature of the latter empress was a kind of heaven compared with the clapper-clawings, rebs, and buffets which marked the reign of the former. The next morning the Penman came downstairs meekly resigned to do the daily necessary house-work, which his daughter should have done—namely, to lay his desk in order for the day's work, find something for breakfast, and, toward the hour of noon, interrupt his calculations in order to prepare dinner of some kind—which had been his lot for the last two months—in fact, though he had not the wit to connect the two events, ever since the return of the Lieutenant on board the French prize. He was therefore truly astonished when he saw that the room was already swept clean and tidy, a coal fire lit, for the autumn morning was cold, and his breakfast set out upon the table, just as he used to have his food, ready to his hand, without any thought or trouble about it, both plenty as regards quantity and pleasing as regards quality. More than this, his daughter Bess was busy with a duster among his papers—an one but Bess knew how to take up a sheet of paper, dust the desk about and under it, and lay it down again in its place. She wore a white apron, her sleeves were turned up above her elbows, and she was going about her work steadily and quietly, as if nothing at all had happened. More, again, when she saw her father, she smiled and saluted him. Now she had not smiled or said a single gracious thing to him for two months and more.

"Come, father," the mild, "take your breakfast while the beer is fresh and hath still a head. The cash is well laid out, and I must have another brew. The knuckle of pork has got some good cuts left yet; as for the bread, it is dry, because it is baker's bread, and last week's baking. But to-morrow you shall have some new home-made."

This was a very strange and remarkable change. Nothing at all had happened to make her happier. On the contrary, her lover was instantly going to marry Castilla, and he was going away: her affairs were as hopeless as they could well be. Yet now her soul was calm! It may be that one cannot go on forever at a white heat of wrath; but some have been known to brood over their wrongs all the days of their lives. Her soul was calm. That was the change which had fallen upon her. Her eyes were no longer fierce, and her cheek was no more alternately flaming red and deathly white. Her did her lips move continually as if she were vehemently reproaching some one. Her face was soft again. She told me afterward, speaking humbly and meekly, that when she had tried to cause her unfaithful lover, her lips refused; and when she had tried to murder him—her heart failing her at the last—the words that she said to him, meanly, that she would seek no more to harm him, and would think on more of him with bitterness, feeling assured that God would bring the thing home to him in such a way as would touch him most surely—these words seemed as if they were whispered in her ears or put into her mouth; and then suddenly, as she uttered them, all the rage and madness which had torn her for two months left her, and peace fell upon her heart. Those who please may put upon this confession any other meaning; for my own part, I can not but one. What that interpretation is I leave to the reader.

Mr Westmoreland, however, when he observed this change, fell to shaking and shivering, betraying in his looks the most vivid apprehension. The reason of this phenomenon was that in the old days before his wife ran away from him—Bess during the last two months had in other respects greatly resembled her mother in temper—whenever a domestic storm of greater fury than usual was brewing, it was always preceded by a period of unusual activity in the house, with a strange and unnatural zeal for cleanliness and tidiness. The memory of this fact, and of the terrible storms which afterward used to break over the poor Penman's head, caused him awakening of terror. Was Bess in this respect also going to take after her mother?

"Child," he stammered, "what—what—what in Heaven's name hath happened to thee? Have I wronged thee in any way? Tell me, Bess, only tell me, what have I done to thee?"

"Why, father, nothing. I have been ill lately. Now I am better. Sit down and take your breakfast. For dinner you shall have something better than cold knuckle of pork."

He obeyed, wondering and distrustful.

"I've been ill of late, father," he repeated; "and you've been neglected and uncomfortable. It's my fault that the room was dirty this morning up to my ankles in dust and dirt. But I've been very ill, and couldn't do anything but think of the pains in my head."

"Well, Bess," he replied, rallying a little, "to be sure you've been a bit—so to speak—haughty for the last two months. It came on, I remember, about the time when the Lieutenant came home."

"It was about that time, father. Two months ago I first began to have those dreadful pains in the head."

"If it was toothache, you should have gone to Mr Brinjes and had it out. If it was tic, there's nothing to help it but a charm. But why not ask Mr Brinjes to charm it away?"

"It was not toothache. I dare say it was tic. But now it has almost gone."

"Was it, Bess—was it"—he dropped his voice—"was it anything to do with Aaron Fletcher? Sometimes I've thought there might have been a love disappointment. Was it Aaron Fletcher?"

"Aaron Fletcher is nothing to me, and never will be."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, Bess, because Aaron is a bad man—a man of violence; a crafty man, my dear; a headstrong man; a man without virtue or religion; and an unforgiving man as well. I've watched Aaron, man and boy, since he was born. Aaron will end badly. Of late he has been drinking, and his business is broken up. Aaron will come to a bad end."

"Well—that's enough said about me, father. Go on with the cold knuckle."

"And now shall I hear thee singing about thy work again, Bess? and laughing again, just as before? It does my old heart good to hear thee sing and laugh. Nay, that doth never put me out, though I be struggling with the sine and tangent, and even with the versed sine. 'Tis when I hear thee weep and groan, and when to all my questions I get no answer, and when thine eyes are red and thy cheek pale, and when all day long I see thee sitting neglectful and careless—'tis then, my dear, that the figures swim before my eyes and the result comes all wrong. 'Tis then that if I try to write, my flourishes are shaky, and the finials lack firmness."

"Nay, father," she replied, "I fear I shall not laugh and sing again all my life. The kind of ill which I have had takes away the power of laughing and the desire for singing. But I hope never again to be so troubled."

"Alas!" said her father, "I would I were a preacher, so that I could exhort women to good temper. Sometimes when the learned and pious Vicar is expounding the wisdom of the Chaldees—which is, no doubt, a most useful subject for the Church to consider—I venture to think that a word might be spared on the sins of temper and on the unruly tongue and the striking hand. Truly, for my one part, in all things but one have I been singularly blessed, yes, above my fellow-creatures. For I have a house convenient and weather tight; I belong to the one true Church, being neither a Papist nor a Schismatic; I am assured of my salvation, through on merits of mine own; I am not of lofty station, but obscure, yet not of the vilest herd; I live sufficiently, and, when my daughter pleases to exercise her skill of housewifery, with toothsomeness; no man envies me, and I have no enemies; 'tis true my shoulders are round and I am weak of arm; but what of that? To crown all, I have been endowed by beneficent Providence with the love of divine mathematics and the gift of fine penmanship, so that in my work, whether I copy, or engross, or write letters, or work out logarithms, or consider the theses, lemmas, corollaries, problems, and curious questions advanced by ingenious professors of the exact sciences, I live all day long in continual happiness. I would not change my lot for any other, save and except for one thing. I am filled with pride, which I hope is not sinful, because it is in gratitude for the gifts of Heaven. But there is one thing, my child. I have wanted no blessing in the life, which to many of my fellow-creatures is, for no seeming fault of theirs, a vale of misery and of tears. But, alas! I still found my comfort spoiled by the temper of thy mother while she remained with me. And I feared, Bess—I say that I feared lest thou might also take after her, and so the scoldings, the peevishness, the discontent, and the violence might begin again. I am not no young as I was then, and I doubt whether I could endure that misery again."

"Fear nothing, father. Why, whenever did I ask or do aught to make you think that I should upbraid you? As for my temper, I will try to govern myself. Fear nothing, father. To-day you shall have so good a dinner as you can desire, to make up for the past shortcomings. What will you have?" She spoke so gently and softly that her father was quite reassured, and plucked up his courage.

"Well, child, since thou art so happy a disposition—Lord, grant that it continue!—I would choose, if I may, a hodgepodge, with an onion pie. They are the two things, at then know-est well, which most I love. With hodgepodge, onion pie, and a merry heart, a man may make continual feast."

It was not a merry heart that returned to pour Bess, but it was the outward seeming so show of cheerfulness which not only returned, but remained with her, so that she now listened to his father's garrulous prattle with apparent interest, and gratified his love of good feeding by toothsome dishes, of which there was no more notable compounder then herself. This day especially she regaled him with a most excellent hodgepodge, in itself a dish fit for a king, and also with an onion pie—a thing scented dainty by those of a strong digestion, though to some who have a delicate stomach it may be thought of too coarse a flavor, being composed of potatoes, onions, apples, and eggs, disposed in layers in a deep pie dish, and covered over with a light crust of flour and suet.

While Bess was engaged in the preparation of this banquet the Barber came running across the road, as was his wont when the morning business was completed, and he had any news of importance to communicate. For the spread of news at Deptford is in this way: first it is whispered at the Barber's shop; then it is whispered by the Barber to his customers and his cronies; and next it is carried by them in all directions around the town.

"Have you heard the news, friend Westmoreland?" he asked, with the air of one who is the possessor of an important secret.

"Why," Mr Westmoreland replied, "since I have not seen you before this morning, gossip, how should I hear any news?"

"You will be astonished," said the Barber. "Those who hold their heads the highest fall the soonest. One whom you know well, friend, and have known long, is broke. Ay, you may well look surprised and ask who it is. He is broke who but a short time ago was master of a thriving business, and seemed so if he would save money."

"Who is it, then?"

"I have myself suspected a great while what would happen. For, thank Heaven! I see as far as most men, and can put two and two together, and am no babbler of secrets, but keep them to myself, or talk of them with my friends over a pipe of tobacco and a glass, being a discreet person. Wherefore, when I heard of certain accidents, and saw in what a spirit they were received, I made up my mind what would happen."

"Who is it?" asked Mr Westmoreland, when this garrulous person had partly talked himself out of breath.

"It is a man whom you know well; and Bess have known him very well too."

"If, Mr Skipworth," said Bess, "you would tell my father your news, we could then talk about it afterward."

"Why, then, Aaron Fletcher is broke. That is the first news. Since the burning of his yard he hath done no work, not even to putting up some shed and carrying on the business. What were we to think of that? When he went protesting he made but little prize money, but had quickly to come home again. Therefore he hath been living on his stock, and hath now come to an end, and is broke. This morning he was to have been arrested. The writs are out for him, and the officers came to seek him, with intent to take him to the Marshalsea, where his case would have been tried at the Palace Court."

"Would have been tried?" asked the Penman. "Is it not so in trial, thou?"

"I said *would*, because for one thing which his creditors thought not of—he hath escaped them. Otherwise he would have languished in jail until his death."

Here the Barber wanted to be asked further what was that happy incident which enabled Aaron to 'scape prison; for one who is a retailer of news loves not to expend it all at a breath, but most will keep some back.

"His father," he continued, "was a substantial man, and saved money, which the son has spent. He inherited, besides the building yard, a good business, and a fast smack, the *Willing Mind*, for his trade across the Channel. Now the smack is lost, the yard is burned, the business is ruined, and the money is spent."

"An idle fellow," said Mr Westmoreland; "a fellow who loved not work. But how hath he escaped his creditors?"

"He will not go to prison; for in the night, we now learn from certain authority, he walked over to Woolwich, where he hath enlisted in the Marines, and so is beyond the reach of his creditors, who cannot now arrest him. So he escapes the prison, and exchanges the Marshalsea for a man-o'-war. Maybe 'tis better to be killed by a cannon-shot than to be starved in a debtor's jail."

So, after more reflections on the folly of young men, and the certain end of laziness and extravagance—which have been put more concisely by King Solomon the Wise—the Barber recovered to his shop; and before noon every man in Deptford had heard the surprising news of Aaron's fall.

This intelligence made Bess tremble, thinking on the madness of the last night, when this young man was so desperate, being now assured that he was bankrupt, that he was ready to commit a murder, caring little whether he was found out and hanged, or no; and she herself was so desperate in her wrath and jealousy that she was ready to commit murder in order to prevent another woman's happiness. Why, what would be the condition of that guilty pair now were Jack living dead? Since, however, Aaron was bankrupt, it was now certain that he had already resolved to go away and enlist in the Marines when he came to her and proposed the crime; and that he intended to leave the dreadful secret of the murder, had it been committed, to herself alone—a burden greater than she could bear.

For Aaron, 'twas the only way of escape, to 'list in one of his Majesty's regiments. Naturally he chose the Marines as the branch belonging to the sea. To carry a musket on board a King's ship, after being a Lieutenant in a privateer, not to speak of commanding the *Willing Mind*, is to count down in the world indeed. Yet that he cared for little, considering the alternative of a debtor's prison, terrible to all, but most terrible to a man who, like Aaron, had spent all his life in the open air; and most certainly it is better for the country that a stout and active fellow should be fighting her battles than that he should be laid by the heels in a prison doing nothing. Mark, however, what followed. Aaron walked to Woolwich that night, where there is a depot for Marines, which is that war represented twenty-five companies. He enlisted in the morning. When they began to teach him his drill it was found that he already knew as much as is expected of any recruit when he is passed for service. Therefore he was, with others, marched to Chatham ready for embarkation. There are many remarkable coincidences in this history, but there is none more remarkable than the fact that Aaron should have been shipped as a Marine on board the very ship, the *Calypso*, of which the man he had tried to murder was Commander. This circumstance, with the consequences which followed, I can regard as nothing but providentially ordered.

When Aaron discovered who was the Captain of the ship, he fell at first into despair, and was ready to throw himself overboard, looking for floggings continually and at the merest pretext, with keel-haulings and every kind of tyranny, oppression, and punishment. But he presently found that the Captain took no kind of notice of him, even when he was on scanty duty on the quarter-deck, and seemed not even to know that he was on board.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW PHILADELPHY RESCUED A SHIRE.

When Bess had given her father his hodgepodge and onion pie, which he received as some compensation due to him for all past privations and recent neglect, the left him, and repaired to the apothecary's.

Mr Brinjes was already wide-awake, and in earnest conversation with Philadelphy. On the table between them lay the famous skull stick, object of the deepest veneration and awe to the negro woman.

"What will you do for me," he was saying, "if I give you this stick? I am old one, and I have no enemies to punish, nor many friends to protect, and I want nothing for myself except that which not even an Obeah man can procure for himself—his lost youth. . . . What will you do for me, Philadelphy, if I give it to you?"

"Massa Brinjes"—she clutched at the stick, and held it in her arms, kissing the skull—horrid thing!—which grinned at Bess as if it were alive, "I will do everything. Ask me—tell me—I will do everything."

"We shall see. Those who possess this stick—it must be given, not stolen, or the virtue vanishes—can do whatever they please. Why, if it were your own, there would be no woman in the country so powerful as you. If you have enemies, you could put Obi on them, and go sit in the sun and watch them slowly dying. Me! I have seen the wise women of the west coast sitting thus, and watching notable the hut whence their enemy lay wasting away. And if you have friends, think of the good fortune you could bring them. Why, Miss Castilla you could marry to a Lord; not a beggarly ship Captain, but a rich Lord."

"No, no," said Philadelphy; "she shall marry Mas' Jack. No one like him."

"You could make her as rich as you could desire. If she wants children, you could send them to her. No need, then, to consult the cards or to watch the birds, because you could have everything your own way to command, once you get the skull stick. As for wind and rain, you could call for them when you pleased. See"—he rose and looked up at the sky, which was covered with driving clouds, the wind being fresh—"see, you would like rain? 'Twould be good for Madam's garden, would it not? I call for rain."

Strange! As he spoke, the drops pattered against the windows. Though 'twas a light soil passing shower, yet it seemed to fall in reply to his call. He might have seen it on the point of failing, and prophesied after the event was decided. Truly Mr Brinjes was crafty and subtle above all other men. But Philadelphy jumped, and kissed the stick again. "You see, Philadelphy," he went on, "what you could do with this stick. It is wasted on me, because I am too old to want anything. I am past ninety, and you, I should think, are not much over seventy. If I die before I give the stick away, it is lost—its virtue is gone. But there is still time. What will you do for me if I give you the stick?" He paused and considered a little before he went on again. "Perhaps you think it will only compel rain, and is of no use as regards persons. Well, here is Bess to testify that I put Obi on Aaron Fletcher. He was formerly a thriving man until he offended me. What hath happened to him since? First, he was tortured with toothache; next, his smack was taken by French privateers; then he went privateering himself, and did no good; then his boat-building sheds were burned, with all his tools and timber; lastly, he went bankrupt, and hath now, I hear, enlisted in the Marines to escape a prison. I have removed the Obi, and now leave him to his fate. What will you do for me if I give you the stick?"

Again the old woman clutched it and kissed it, with the nobody light of witchcraft in her eyes.

I wonder if the Sorceress of Endor had a skull-stick?

"Stop a moment, Philadelphy. What will you do for me?"

"Everything, Massa Brinjes. Nothing in the world that I will not do for you."

"There is only one thing that I cannot make my stick do for me. Everything else in the world I can do. But this thing I cannot do, and you can."

Still clinging to the stick, the old woman implored him only to let her know what that was in order that she might instantly go away and do it.

"Bess hath a sweetheart, and he hath proved a rover, as many sailors do. Bring him back to her arms and keep him constant, and I will bestow the stick upon thee."

"Nay," Bess cried, quickly. "Stone my sweet heart been me no longer, I will have no charms to make him. I have promised, besides, that I will trouble him no more."

"Tell me his name," cried the old woman, regardless of Bess. "Only tell me his name, and I will do it for him."

"Can you bewitch a man at sea?"

"I am, I can," she cried. "I will make his heart soft for her, so that he will forget every other woman, and want none but Bess. Why," she said, "every negro woman knows a love charm." This with some wonder that a wizard of Mr Brinjes's power, and possessed of an Obeah stick, should not be able to do so simple a thing. "I can make him love her all the same as he loved her at first. I can make him love her so as he shall never love another woman. If that is all, Massa Brinjes, let me carry away the stick."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1561.

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"Softly, softly. The thing is not done yet. If I give thee this stick I shall never get it back again. Wherefore let or have it paid for first."

"Tell me his name, then"—Philadelphy turned eagerly to Bess—"only tell me his name, girl, and I will make the charm to-day."

"Nay," Bess repeated, "I want no charm to bring him back."

"Be not so proud, Bess," said Mr Brinjes, "you shall have what your friends can get you. As for you, Philadelphy, be not too ready. What? You think I would give such a stick for a trifle? You think Bess's lover is some common sea-swab, I dare say—a master's mate, at best, or a gunner, or perhaps a shipwright. No, no, her lover is another guess kind, I promise you."

"If he was an Admiral, he should come back to her. Tell me his name."

"Even if he were promised to marry your young mistress, Miss Castilla?"

A negro woman turned turn pale, particularly one or black or Philadelphy, one can her color come and go like that of a white woman, nut she changes color when she is moved. Philadelphy not only changed color, but she gasped, and looked upon Mr Brinjes to one astonished and dismayed.

"To marry Miss Castilla?" she repeated.

"What if Bess's lover had deserted her for your young mistress?"

"Don' say that—oh, Massa Brinjes! I cooden do it—no—no—I could do anything else, but I cooden do it even for the stick."

"I say, Philadelphy, what if his name was Jack Easterbrook? Why, it is Jack. Is he the Captain who was Bess's lover. Where were your eyes not to discover that? Yes, a witch? Where were your eyes, I say?"

"I cooden do it—no—I cooden do it."

"Look at the stick again, old woman. Think of the joy of having the stick your own. Think of what you could do, with the stick to help you. What is the Captain to you, compared with the possession of the stick?"

She looked at it with reeving eyes. Suppose that the thing which all your life you have been taught to regard as the symbol and proof of power was to be offered you at a price? This was the old negro woman's case: she could have the Obeah stick in return for—what?

"At the worst," said Mr Brinjes, "it would make her unhappy for a week."

"No, no; Miss Castilla the set her heart upon the Captain."

"Well," the tempter continued, "with the help of the stick you cannot only find a rich and noble lover for her, one who will make her happy, but you can also give her a charm, and make her forget the Captain."

"No, no," said the old woman; "Miss Castilla will never forget the Captain."

"Then, when his fancy returns to his old love, which it will do before long, your young mistress will be made unhappy. Come, Philadelphy, think of this stick; think of having it your own—the great Obeah stick."

"Who are you"—she turned fiercely upon Bess—"to take away a young gentleman officer? Stay with your own people, and let the Captain stay with his. Massa Brinjes, if I give you the secret to keep alive—ten, fifty, a hundred years if you like—will you give me the stick?"

"If you have that secret, old woman," said Mr Brinjes, "I will tear it out of you if I have to rack every joint in your body with rheumatism. If you know that secret, it is as good as mine already. No, Philadelphy, it is the Captain or nothing. Look at the stick again, Philadelphy. Take it in your hands."

"Oh, I will get the girl—what a fuss about a girl! as if she was a lady!—I will get her any other man in Deptford. Plenty handsome men in Deptford."

"I want none of her charms, Mr Brinjes, for Jack or any one else," Bess said again. "Let her have the stick, if you like, and let her go."

"There!" Philadelphy cried, triumphantly. "You see? She wants none of my charms. Why, there, take the secret instead, and let you have the stick, and you shall live for a hundred years more."

Here one cannot but admire the way in which these two magicians believed each in the other's powers, but were uncertain about their own. For, first, if Mr Brinjes by means of his shell-stick could draw down rain from the sky, why could he not move the Captain's heart? And, next, if Philadelphy could turn a faithless lover back to his fidelity, why could she not or order Castilla's heart that she should resign the Captain without a pang? But this she could not do. Yet she wizard believed in the witch, and the witch in the wizard.

"It must be Jack," said Mr. Brinjes, "to nothing."

"Then," she replied, sorrowfully, "it is no thing. Put away the stick, Mr Brinjes, lest I die of hunger, and let me go."

He replaced the stick in the corner. The skull grinned at the old woman as if in contempt he now she had missed an magnificent an opportunity.

"Very well, Philadelphy," said Mr Brinjes, as turning to his pillows. "I do not believe you know any charms at all. You know nothing. You are only an ignorant old negro woman. In Jamaica they would laugh at you. You are not a wise woman. You only pretend to make charms. Why, anybody could make or good a charm as you."

She shook her head, but made no reply, still gazing at the stick.

"All your tricks are only pretence. You cannot, in reality, do anything. As for your cards, you cannot even tell a fortune properly. If you can, tell Bess here."

Philadelphy drew from her pocket a pack of cards, greasy and well worn, and began to shuffle them and to lay them out according to her so-called science. Bess, who would have no charm, could not endure the sight of the cards, and looked on anxiously while the old woman laid out her cards and muttered her conclusions.

"The dark woman is Bess," she said—"the fair woman is Miss Castilla—the King of Hearts is the Captain. Oh! the dark woman wins!" She dashed the cards aside, and would go on no further, but with every sign of alarm and anxiety rose up, and tightening her red turban, she hurried away.

"Always," said Bess, "she has told me the same fortune. Always the same. Yet I know not."

"These divinations by cards," said Mr Brinjes, "are known by many women even in this country, where there is so little wisdom. I wonder if Philadelphy had when she offered to sell you that secret. If I thought she had such a secret—but I doubt, she why doth she continue so old and grow so infirm? No, she hath not that knowledge, which I must seek on the African coast. Bess, take courage. We will sail to that coast—you, Jack, and I, we will be all carried away together; and, first, I will find that secret, and, next, we will go forth to the Southern Seas, and there dig up the treasure of the great galleon."

She shook her head.

"As for me," she said, "there will be no sailing away, Jack, nor any happiness at all; and as for you, Daddy, when you are carried away it will be with feet first."

"Perhaps! Yet I doubt! For I do continually dream of those seas, and clearly discern the ship, with myself upon the poop, and the island not far off, where at the foot of the palm-tree there lie the boxes. All shall be thine, Bess—to dispose of as thou wilt."

"Why," said Bess, simply, "what should I do with it but give it all to Jack?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR was one of the many men of distinction born in the United States of Irish parentage. His father, the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, came in early youth to this country from the County Antrim. He was a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, a man of much learning, and by taste and research or antiquarian. CHESTER ALAN, his eldest son, was born October 5, 1830, in Fairfield, Franklin County, Vermont, and was educated at the schools of various places in or near which the father was pastor. He entered Union College, at Schenectady, New York, at the early age of fifteen, and graduated four years later, though he was two winters absent teaching school. He was a good student, and took the highest honors in his class, being, moreover, a "popular" man in college, and already an ardent politician of the college type. The next four years were spent in the study of law and in teaching, and in 1853 young ARTHUR, then just twenty-three, became a partner in the law firm of CULVER, PARKER, & ARTHUR, in the city of New York, of which the Hon. E. D. CULVER was the chief. This gentleman is still well remembered for his ability as a lawyer, and for his zeal in the antislavery cause. Mr ARTHUR found in the office when he entered it, the "LEMMON slave case," which was afterward to become one of the most noted of the time, and in some regards one of the most important, and in which he was destined to take an active part. It was the case of one LEMMON, of Virginia, who brought eight slaves with him to this city en route to Texas, and then there by a writ of habeas corpus, which Mr CULVER, with Mr JOHN JAY, secured. Virginia was, of course, intensely excited, and took measures to carry the case to the higher courts. The State of New York took up the defence, and Mr ARTHUR was made State's Attorney in the proceedings. He continued his connection with it to the end, when the Court of Appeals confirmed the action of the lower court. But by this time—1852—the matter was merged in that dread arbitrament to which the slave power had appealed, and Mr ARTHUR was supplying arguments for freedom in the shape of a regiment a day, equipped and armed and sent to the front.

It was while in the firm with Mr CULVER, also, that Mr ARTHUR undertook the case of LIZZIE JENNINGS, a colored woman who sued for damages for ejection by force from a Fourth Avenue street car. He won the case, and from that time colored people or joyed rights that had been previously almost wholly denied them.

In 1859 Mr. ARTHUR was married to ELLEN LEWIS HERNDON, daughter of the heroic Captain WILLIAM LEWIS HERNDON. She was a lady of high intelligence and strong character, and their union was a peculiarly happy one.

The next year, 1860, he received what was regarded as a purely complimentary appointment as a member of the military staff of Governor E. D. MORGAN. But in 1861 the war of the rebellion burst upon the country, and the Governor promptly rolled on the young lawyer, just turned thirty, to take the post of Quartermaster-General, and to assume charge of quartering, subsisting, arming, clothing, equipping, and forwarding the troops of New York for the Union army. The energy and skill with which this task, suddenly imposed, and increasing with enormous rapidity, was performed was one of the proofs of the remarkable fertility of the North in men of capacity. "General" ARTHUR, or he was then first called, and as he was afterward to be known even when in the White House, performed his duties as well that in 1862 his successor under Governor SEYMOUR warmly acknowledged his services, and his accounts, submitted to the national government, stood scrutiny and audit without the deduction or criticism of a dollar in accounts running into millions. The story of this period, or that by Mr ARTHUR's associates, is extremely interesting. One feature of it can alone be referred to now, and that is the testimony borne by all to his absolute integrity and unselfish honor in a post where he might easily have amassed a great fortune.

He returned to the practice of the law, and to that ardent and skilful part to politics for which he had always shown both fondness and fitness. He was an early and effective worker for the nomination and election of General GRANT to the Presidency. In November, 1871, President GRANT made him Collector of the Port of New York, to which place he was appointed in 1875, the first to enjoy that honor since the creation of the office. He made during his term many friends among the business men of the city, and presented a record of conservative and prudent action in the matter of appointments and removals. He was, however, the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the city and State, and when in 1877 President HAYES issued his order forbidding officials to take active part in politics, Mr ARTHUR failed to comply with it, and was removed from office. The removal rather increased his influence as the leader of the "Stalwarts," who were in control of the New York machinery of the Republican party. In 1880 he, with Senator CONKLING, led the movement for the nomination of General GRANT for a third term. When that was defeated, Mr ARTHUR was named as candidate for Vice-President with Mr GARFIELD, as a peace-offering to the GRANT or CONKLING wing of the party. He was elected, and succeeded to the Presidential office September 20, 1881, on the death of President GARFIELD. His career as President is too familiar to need recital. It was marked by a very conservative and candid tone in foreign affairs, which was of great service to the country in matters in which a dangerously zealous policy had been previously pursued, and by great firmness and integrity in financial policy. It was also distinguished by his signature of the Civil Service Reform Act, January 14, 1883, and by the establishment of the Civil Service Commission. The President's health, which had been severely strained by the death of his wife in 1880, never permitted him to enter very actively into politics or business after the close of his term, and he lived in dignified retirement. He died on the morning of November 18, at his residence in New York city, leaving a son aged twenty-one and a daughter aged fourteen.

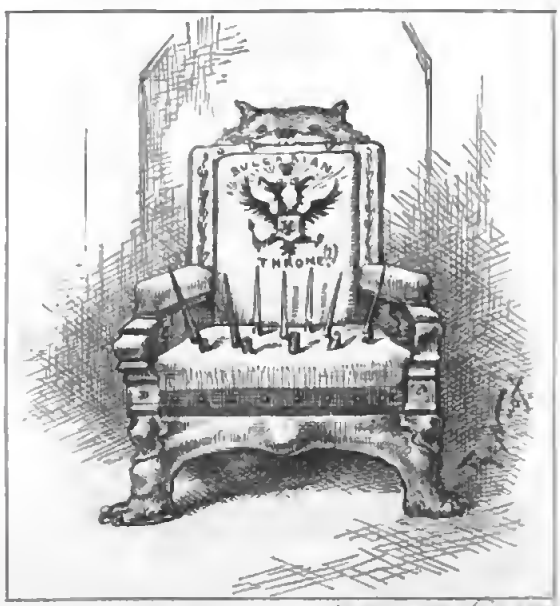
## HENRY M. STANLEY.

In a review of *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State*, in the WEEKLY of July 11, 1885, Mr W. L. ALDEN, a good authority, said: "African exploration has a long roll of heroes, but STANLEY easily leads them all." The figure of STANLEY, indeed, is or heroic to one of those that come down to us from the "spacious times of Great ELIZABETH," and in this age of commerce and science presents some of the most striking features of the men of the time when the energy of the race seemed to burst full-flowered from a rough and naked stem. In a land where ordinary activities give full scope to even the most enterprising natures, where business, politics, science, offer fields either tempting or profitable, Mr STANLEY, from the ranks of the newspaper correspondents, saw and seized the opportunity for adventure as unique and daring, as full of peril and as fruitful in striking results, as those which invited the CABOTS and HENRY HUDSON and RALEIGH, or even the great Italian explorer. The tangle fallows of his predecessors in African research stimulated rather than checked his zeal, and he entered on his work with courage equal to theirs, and with foresight, practical force, and an ultimate purpose ever greater and higher.

His first great story, *Through the Dark Continent*, placed him in the front rank of explorers and discoverers, adding not only the great Alexandra Lake to the map of Africa, but unveiling the vast region lying south of the Sahara and beyond the Coast Range, and opening up to the possibility of civilization the basin of the Congo, revealing the existence of a practicable water way of nearly six thousand miles through the heart of a densely populated and rich territory theretofore as impenetrable to Europeans or the polar sea. Had his career stopped there, he would have been recognized now and to after times as one of the most daring and masterful of men, and his modest, straightforward story of his labors and achievements would have become a lasting chapter in the world's literature of noble adventure. But it was far from stopping there. With much of the genius of the statesman Mr STANLEY has been the guide and chief promoter of the great plan by which the region he had traversed through hostile tribes, with incredible patience, skill, energy, and endurance, was to be opened to the commerce and finally to the civilization of Europe and America. He has had the rare fortune to see this vast country safeguarded from the sordid jealousies of rival claimants, constituted a free state, open to all comers, organized on the basis of common rights and opportunities, and protected from the long and cruel experience of warfare and of stunting monopoly that other new lands have suffered. And now, whatever difficulties remain to be surmounted, he may claim his place in history not only as an explorer of marvellous intrepidity and success, and a writer of books that will fascinate future ages, but as the founder of a great state who has rendered a continent to the advance of his race. Mr STANLEY was expected to start from England or as to arrive in New York about November 23, for the purpose of making a "lecture tour" in this country.

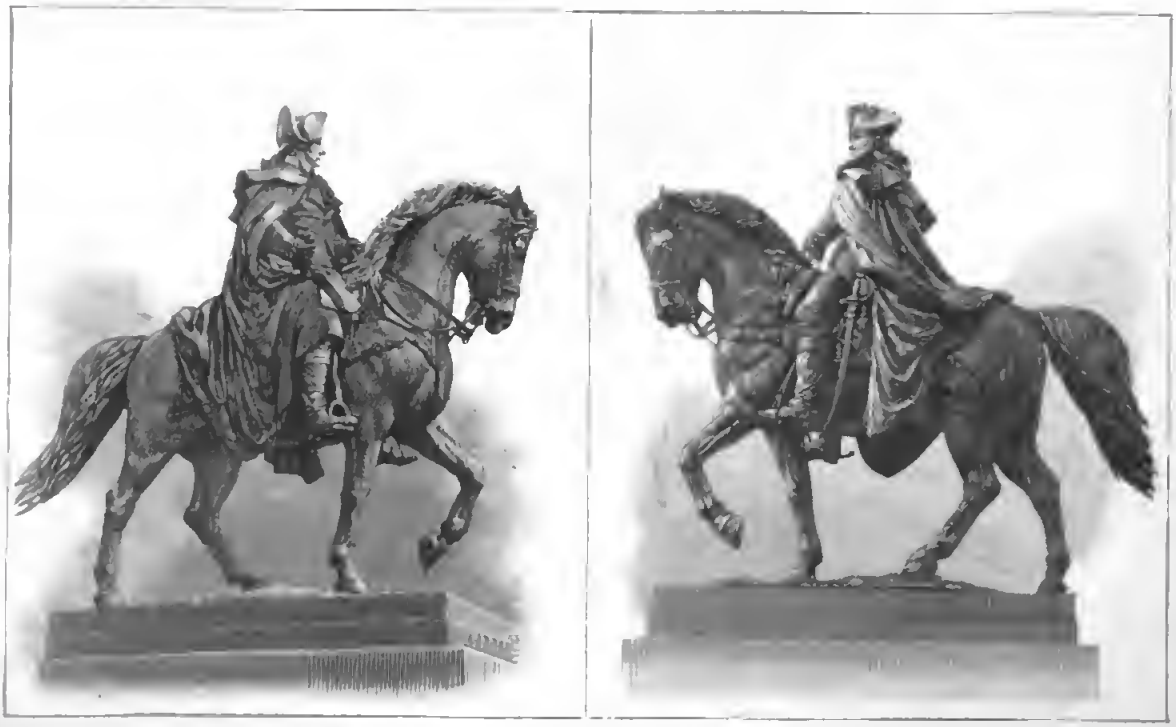
## THE LATEST FASTER.

THE Italian gentleman who is starving himself after the manner of Dr Tanner is apparently getting along very well. It is not very easy to understand from the reports which come to us from Milan, where his experiment is being conducted, precisely how long he has been without food, but one who has read the occasional accounts is left with the impression that he has not eaten anything for several months. All that he takes is a liquor whose composition is a secret, and whose virtues he discovered while travelling in Africa. How much of this liquor he consumes the reports do not state, though presumably the quantity is not great, since if he took a good deal of it the whole riddle of what he is about could be explained by the assumption that it is a good strong soup. Whatever the liquor may be, it seemingly gives the exhibitor much vigor, for he talks volubly, spends a considerable time each day in practicing with the lad, and not infrequently passes an hour or so swimming in the public bath near the Porta Magenta. He is "somewhat pale and haggard," but otherwise seems to be or normal as though he were sustained by beefsteak. A Chicago inventor once announced that he was prepared to build a city with a glass cover to it for the benefit of consumptives, and to supply people with food in such concentrated form that a man could carry three hearty meals in a corner of his vest pocket. It is an more than a surmise, of course, but one cannot help thinking that the Chicagoan may have wandered off to Africa, and there confided his secret to the Italian, who, having dissolved in a glass of water enough of the American's concentrated food to sustain him for a year, and drank it off, is now seeming to defy nature at Milan, and is "pale and haggard" merely because his stomach is frightfully overloaded.

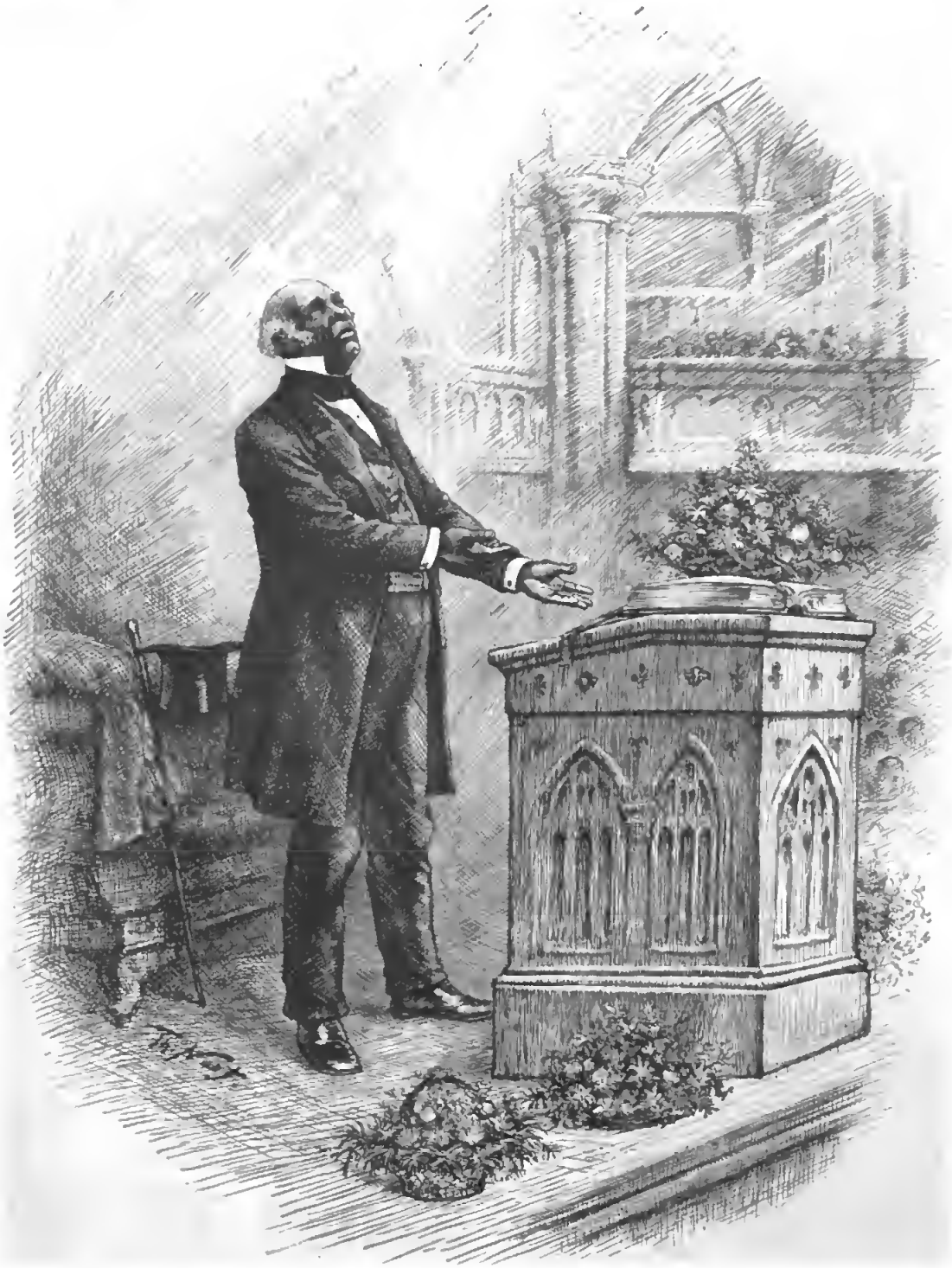



ANYTHING BUT AN EASY CHAIR—TO FILL

HENRY M. STANLEY.—[See Page 767.]



THE NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON FOR PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 769.]



WHAT THE COLORED RACE HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

"We are thankful for PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S Emancipation Proclamation, issued by his pen.
"We are thankful for GENERAL GRANT'S enforcing it by his sword.
"And we are thankful for PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S freeing our minds from the belief that we would be enslaved again under a Democratic Administration."

## A NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

RUDOLPH SCHWARZ'S statue of WASHINGTON, which is soon to be erected in the city of Philadelphia, was pronounced one of the chief attractions of the Berlin Exhibition, where it was first exhibited. The idea of a worthy statue of WASHINGTON for Philadelphia took form in 1883, at the time of the centennial celebration of the close of the war of independence. American and foreign sculptors were invited to submit models for the work, and Professor SCHWARZ, of Berlin, was chosen among those who responded. The labor of creating the statue has occupied him for three years. Dr. FENDLER, Vice-Director of the Berlin Museum, in writing of the statue, says: "Conceived in mighty proportions, wide-spreading in composition, manifold in its parts, and still compact, the WASHINGTON monument promises to be one of the most powerful and effective monuments of the world." The base of the statue is coming in design and rich in symbolic ornamentation. The four principal rivers of the United States are represented by four figures, two male and two female. One of these river-gods, depicted as an Indian, is accompanied by a pair of shaggy buffaloes, and the others respectively are attended by a stag and female deer, a bear and panther, and a horse and steer. Of these figures Dr. FENDLER says that the sculptor "has understood with a fine artistic feeling how to combine the ideal character of the groups with the quite realistic character of the monument in a harmonious manner." Numerous portraits of Revolutionary heroes are presented in relief. In relief also are represented the departure of American soldiers for the war, and the return of the victors. Two groups represent Columbia, banner and sword in hand, waking the sleepers to battle, and Columbia crowned victorious, bearing trident and cornucopia, and receiving the trophies which warriors are laying at her feet.

Of the equestrian statue which surmounts this ornate pedestal, Dr. FENDLER writes: "A convincing portrait of the calm, clear-thinking,

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self-reliant man, the statue strikes us as a dignified and thoroughly monumental work." And again: "The figure itself, firmly seated in the saddle, gains, through the excellent draping of the cloak, which is massed on one side, and is drawn forward on the other by the arm resting a telescope on the lap, the fulness and power required in a plastic work of this nature, and the horse, advancing with powerful stride, remands us involuntarily of the imposing equestrian statues of the Renaissance."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
VALUABLE MEDICINE.

Dr. W. H. Pasmore, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the acid in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply rewarded that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."—[Adv.]

FOR ALLAYING HOARSENESS, IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, AND COUGHS,

it is daily proved that "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a mild remedy, yet very effectious. Sold only in boxes. 25 cents.—[Adv.]

BUCKINGHAM HOTEL, FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.
EUROPEAN PLAN. Unsurpassed Location. Location best in the city for transient or permanent guests.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Lactated Food
The Physician's Favorite
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, Most PALATABLE, Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists, 35c., 50c., $1.00.

☞ A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON, & CO., Burlington, Vt.

A Sluggish Liver

Causes the Stomach and Bowels to become disordered, and the whole system to suffer from debility. In all such cases Ayer's Pills give prompt relief.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition.—Ralph Wearman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more entirely than any other medicines.—Paul Churchill, Haverhill, Mass.

INVIGORATED.

I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills for Stomach and Liver disorders. I suffered from a Torpid Liver, and Dyspepsia, for eighteen months. My skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I had no appetite, suffered from headache, was pale and emaciated. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, taken in moderate doses, restored me to perfect health.—Waldo Miles, Oberlin, O.

Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills, in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.—Otto Montgomery, Oshkosh, Wis.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

FREE TO ALL. Fine Colored Engraving of the Old Bell Tower in Philadelphia in which the Liberty Bell hung in '76. America's most expensive gift book. Also large Illustrated Catalogue of Manuals books and presents with bottom prices. Also offer of free class business to F. A. W. BRIGHAM & CO. Express Forwarders and Manufacturers, 308 Broadway, New York.

A NEW VIEW OF CONSUMPTION,
AND ONE WHICH APPEALS TO COMMON SENSE.
MANY CURABLE CASES.

[Medical Salus.]

"MANY persons die of Consumption who could easily be cured," says Dr. S. C. Clark, of Watertown, N. Y., "if their would go at it right. I have a new view of the disease. Consumption is not always of lung origin."

"How so? What is it, then?"

"Many cases of Consumption are secondary. The disease itself prevails everywhere, but the best constitutions refuse to attribute it entirely to inheritance or the weather. If a person lives in the most favorable climate in the world and has any tendency to lung weakness, if certain conditions exist in the system, that climate, however favorable, will not prevent development of the disease. The disorder in such cases is only a secondary symptom in the lungs of some other ailment, and can never be cured until approached through its source."

"Yes, doctor, but what is the method of approach?"

"If you dip your finger in acid you burn it, do you not?"

"Yes."

"If you wash this burned finger every second with the acid, what is the result?"

"Why, constant inflammation, festering, and eventual destruction of the finger."

"Precisely! Now then for my method, which commends itself to the reason and judgment of every skilful practitioner. You know certain acids are developed in the body. Well, if the system is all right these acids are neutralized or utilized and carried out. If the system is run down by excesses, anxiety, continued exposure, or overwork these acids accumulate in the blood. If there is any natural weakness in the lung, this acid attacks it, having a natural affinity for it, and if the acid is not neutralized or passed out of the system, it burns, ulcerates, and finally destroys the lung. Is this clear?"

"Perfectly! But how do you prevent the accumulation of these acids in the system?"

"Irregularities of the liver and kidneys create this excess of acid, and the supply can be cut off only by correcting the wrong action of these organs. The kidneys alone should carry out in quantity, in solution, enough of this acid daily, which, if left in the blood, would kill foot men. When the stomach, the liver, and the kidneys are all conspiring to increase the acid, the wonder is that weak lungs resist death as long as they do!"

"But you have not told us how you would treat such cases."

"No, but I will. The lungs are only diseased as an effect of this acid, as kidney poison, in the blood. After having exhausted all authorized remedies to correct this acid condition, I was compelled, in justice to my patients, to use Warner's Safe Cure: though a proprietary remedy, it is now recognized, I see, by leading physicians, by Presidents of State Boards of Health, and by insurance physicians, as a scientific and the only specific for those great organs in which over ninety per cent. of diseases originate as are sustained."

"Is this form of treatment successful?"

"It is wonderfully so, and for that reason I am only too willing that you should announce it to the world of consumptives."

The above interview came from H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., with the request that we publish it. In a foot-note they say:

"The experience of Dr Clark is not strange to us, for our correspondence we have found that many thousands of people are suffering from what they think is Consumption, whereas the real difficulty is with the liver and kidneys, proven by the fact that when these organs are restored to health by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, the consumption disappears, and so does uræmic or kidney poisoning, which causes so many symptoms of diseases that the human system is subject to. The same may be said of rheumatism, caused by an acid condition of the system. We insist upon what we always have claimed, if you remove the cause, the system will soon perfect the work already begun. Mrs. Rev. Dr. Theodore Wolf, of Gettysburg, Pa., wife of the editor of the Lutheran Quarterly, said her friends thought her 'far gone with Consumption,' but after a thorough treatment with Warner's Safe Cure, she says, 'I am perfectly well.' We can cite thousands of such cases, but one is enough. If you publish the above article, kindly send us a marked copy."

If any one can in any way stay the ravages of Consumption, which carries away so many millions yearly, it is their bounden duty so to do.

Dr. Kennedy's
FAVORITE REMEDY

is the best medicine in the world for all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder. It arrests diabetic tendency, banishes inflammation, and restores the blood to a healthful action. Thousands have used it with entire success

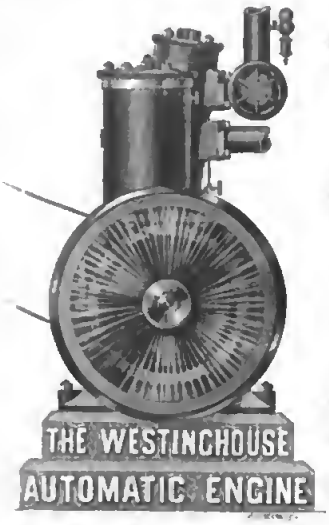
FOR GRAVEL

and Stone in the Bladder. Mr D. H. Haag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., says: I had Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the Stone and delivered me from it. I am now well. If I had not taken this medicine just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under ground." Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me of Stone in the Bladder."—S. W. Hicks, Pleasant Valley, N. Y. H. Gerlach.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

S-T-A-M-E-R-I-N-G

Trusted. Good stamp for Circular. WALTER K. FOOKS, 14 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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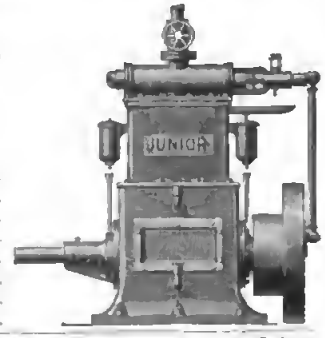


A SAD SIGHT

Children or adults suffering with "CHAPPED HANDS."

Many years experience has proved that "Chapping of the Hands" and all roughness of the skin is prevented by using WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP.

While not originally designed for the Toilet, its great purity, and the healing and exquisite emollient properties which it possesses, have given this article a wide popularity as a TOILET SOAP. You will never regret trying it.

Ask your Druggist for it or send 2 cent stamp for trial sample

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Manufacturers for 80 years of the "Genuine Yankee" and other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

THE IMPROVED

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Gives a light of sixty candle-power, equal to seven common burners, and will fit any ordinary lamp. This burner has been greatly improved, and is now beyond question the best lamp burner ever made. As a reading light it has no equal. Price, burner and chimney, $1.00.

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"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDEST and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their flavor as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. E. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1039.

FLORIDA.—SEVILLE, on the high pine ridge, a district unexcelled for fruit and vegetables, with delightful climate, in a fast mail station on the North and South Railway Trunk Line, 80 miles south of Jacksonville, and has a complete system of water works and sewerage. An excellent hotel in new care. Lots for sale on reasonable terms. Address SEVILLE CO., Seville, Fla.
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WHOOPING-COUGH CURED

Be Prevented by Page's Vaporizer and Creosolene.

We have abundant testimony that Creosolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for Whooping-Cough, for which distressing malady no other sanitary remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.

It is a safeguard against the spread of contagion.

Vaporizer complete, including a bottle of Creosolene, $1.50. Ask your druggist for it.

W. H. SICKELSON & CO.,
GEN'L AGENTS
170-172 William St., New York.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

Most popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring color when gray, and preventing baldness. It cleanses the scalp, stops the falling hair, cures scalp diseases. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

Transition, sweet and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Removes corns to the core. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. HINDS & CO., N. Y.

"FLORIDA Fruits, and How to Raise Them." By HENRY HARNDEN. Complete and reliable instructions concerning the care and cultivation of Fruits and Trees adapted to the soil and climate of Florida and adjacent States. 300 pages. 12mo., cloth, price $1.50. JOHN P. NORTON & CO., Publishers, Louisville, Ky.

"HOME EXERCISES" for Brain Workers and Sedentary People, Invalids, Ladies, and Youths, the Athlete is Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 3 inches square floor space, costing now scarcely dollars, complete. Send for circular. "Home Exercises with Pictures Circular," 10 Cents (free to 100 4th Ave., N. Y. Dep. Prof. D. L. Dowe, Yale Medical, author of "How to Get Strong." copy of 8 "Home exercises" sent when I what kind to suit.

PROF. D. L. DOWE'S MANUALS OF SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND CHILDREN, 10 East 14th St. and 110 4th Ave., N. Y. Special attention is given to weaklings and convalescents, also to developing a sound, healthy body. One of the many to whom we can refer is Mr. Wm. Shakie, author of "How to Get Strong." Send for circular of testimonials and references.

**Why Mrs. Tubbs Kicked.**

Men strike with their fists. Sometimes they swear, but seldom do they kick. To discouraged women is left a monopoly of kicking.

They do not kick men. They kick the floor. Mrs. Tubbs was a kicking woman. This picture represents her in the act.

She had sung "Lully by baby." She had repeated Mother Goose's Stories. She had tried paregoric, Godfrey's Cordial, and Soothing Syrups. She had tried praying. They were all of no use. Her baby cried.

She had carried that baby in her arms by turns for months. She had rocked him in the cradle. She undid his clothes for the fortieth time to see if a pin pricked him. She employed doctors. Still that baby cried the louder.

He had kept it up for four long weeks. He was getting thin. Mrs. Tubbs thought her baby would die. It was dreadful. She was nearly crazy. She was almost dead. Mrs. Tubbs cried. Then she wrung her hands. Then she pulled her hair. Then she kicked.

She believed there was nothing in this wide world that would cure her sick baby. Her mother told her so. It looked just that way.

She did not know that there was one remedy that would cure her baby. A remedy that digests babies' food. It was indigestion ailed her baby. She didn't know it, although he belched gas and sour curd.

Mrs. Tubbs is an educated lady with a large heart and a pretty fair mind. Singular that she did not know of Castoria, which has been in use for 30 years, and has cured millions of babies. But this was Mrs. Tubbs's first baby.

That night another mother across the street heard the distressful cry. In the midnight darkness she carried poor Mrs. Tubbs some of her baby's Castoria. Just as soon as the Tubbs' baby had swallowed a few drops of the other baby's Castoria, he was angelic as a lamb.

That's just the way Castoria acts. It has the knack of curing children. It always cures them. It cures quickly. They like it. It gives them health. It gives them sleep. Mrs. Tubbs will never kick again. She now believes in Castoria.

Dr. Norman F. Little, of Columbus, Conn., and widely known throughout the Eastern States says:—"My family of eight children have been given Castoria. I prescribe and recommend its use in preference to any formula known to me."

Dr. H. A. Archer, an eminent physician of No. 115 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., says:—"Castoria is so well adapted to the derangements of infants and children, that I recommend it as superior to any other known remedy."

Rev. Dr. Pope, well acquainted with Dr. Pitcher, says:—"I have used Dr. Pitcher's Castoria in my family, and cheerfully bear testimony to its being all that is claimed for it.

**HALL TYPE-WRITER. PRICE $40.**

Interchangeable Rubber Type, 15 styles of type, $1.00 per font in English. Also, Greek, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish, French, Spanish, Russian, Armenian, etc. "We are satisfied that the Hall Machine be recommended in any particular."—Supt. Bus., Attys., Spencer, Iowa. Send six cents in Stamps for 40-page Illustrated Catalogue. Mention this paper.

HALL TYPE-WRITER CO., Salem, Mass.

**Batchelor's Celebrated Hair Dye.**

ESTABLISHED 1861.

Best in the world. Harmless! Reliable! Instantaneous! No disappointment, no ridiculous tints, producing the ill effects of bad dyes; leaves the hair soft and beautiful. Black or Brown. Establishment elegantly and perfumed in sealed envelopes, on application, mentioning this paper. Sold by all druggists. Applied by experts at

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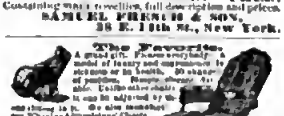

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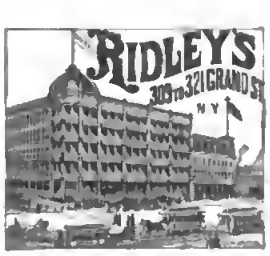


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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1886.

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EDWIN A. ABBEY.—DRAWN BY NAPOLEON SARONY.—[SEE ARTICLE BY HENRY JAMES, PAGE 786.]

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more than any other man be prevented the prolongation and doubtful issue of the war by his conduct as American Minister in England, which averted foreign interference—a course to which his personal qualities lent great force. It was a prodigious service to his country, which history will not forget.

Nothing was more characteristic than Mr. ADAMS's refusal to be a candidate for the Presidency in the Liberal Convention which nominated Mr. GREELEY in 1872, or than his arraignment of the Democratic party in his eulogy of Mr. SEWARD before the Legislature of New York in 1873. In that eulogy occurs the passage which in these "boodle" days every member of that Legislature and every good citizen may well ponder. "Our forefathers would marvel could they imagine it possible for me to claim credit for Mr. SEWARD on the score of his honesty as a public man. Yet the time has come when we must honor one who never bought nor sold a vote or a place, and who never permitted his public action to be contaminated in the atmosphere of corporation influence." The example of such political integrity and independence as those of Mr. ADAMS, united with such ability and equipment for public life, should be carefully cherished, for it is in them that our hope lies. The service of such a life is not to be measured by its visible and definite achievements only, but by its moral influence and inspiration. Institutions which develop such citizens also require them. Mr. ADAMS takes his place with his fathers among those who made the republic possible, and who stimulate their children, by following them, to make it permanent.

## A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

GOLDSMITH's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, illustrated by AUBREY, with an introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON, and published by the HARPERS, is a model gift-book. It is a union of choice and permanent literature, of exquisite and characteristic art, and of the highest typographical skill. It is in itself, and in the pleasantest way, a revival of the old comedy, and a revival so vivid and picturesque that the effect is that of the best histrionic genius. To turn these pages is to witness the most satisfactory acting of the play. The time, the spirit of the age, the costumes, the character, the very sense and movement, are all reproduced, and the thoughtful actor could gather a complete comprehension of the play and a hundred subtle suggestions from this portrayal of a kindred art.

The mere reading of a play cannot reveal the intent of the dramatist. He writes for an audience, for a spectator. The spectacle, the dress, the circumstance, and the quaint drollery of actual, visible combination are essential to the effect that he contemplates, and all this the alert pencil can reproduce, and in this instance has reproduced so happily that the result remains as the permanent impression of the comedy. It does not break with the traditions of the stage. It is not a bold and aggressive remodelling of all the received conceptions of the play. But it touches every point of the received and the just tradition with such lightness and grace and refinement that the play lives in every part.

It is not the least of the pathetic facts in connection with the career of GOLDSMITH—an author who belongs to that class of writers who are personally beloved by the readers of every age—that after a hundred years one of the works of the poor neglected poet and man of letters, who died early, after a sorrowful life, and in the utmost poverty, should be issued in another country than his own, with the most copious and felicitous illustration, with a preface by a poet of singular sympathy with his own genius, as a sumptuous gift for the holidays and a beautiful addition to the charms of the family fireside. Surely GOLDSMITH would feel himself no longer "remote, unfriended, solitary," could he see what a brilliant and welcome guest he will be this year to the happy Christmas circle.

## MR. CHILDS AND PUBLIC OFFICE.

IT is one of the good signs of the times that the common-sense of the public tends more and more to take municipal elections out of politics. The instinct of the community turns to some citizen well known and highly respected, not as a party politician, but as an upright, intelligent, energetic man, who will be superior to jobs and political and personal intrigues, and conduct the business of the city upon sound business principles.

This was the significance of the late general suggestion of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS as the fittest candidate for the Mayoralty in Philadelphia. His hold upon the confidence of his fellow-citizens would have unquestionably secured his election, and his character and career were the earnest of the integrity and efficiency of his administration. The suggestion became so urgent that Mr. CHILDS was obliged to take notice of it, and a few plain words in the *Ledger* stated his purpose not to accept any official position, because of his conviction that he could be more serviceable to the public out of office than in it.

This announcement has been accepted as decisive. It is a subject upon which Mr. CHILDS's own judgment may be taken as best, but the incident has been a gratifying illustration of the general regard of his fellow-citizens.

## A BILL TO PASS.

THE session of Congress will be short, but there is one thing that Congress ought to do. It ought to pass the Electoral Count Bill. The necessity, and the urgent necessity, of the bill are undeniable. It has twice passed the Senate unanimously, and the responsibility for its defeat by delay rests with the Democratic House. Last year the Presidential Succession Bill was passed by both Houses, and has happily become a law. It was an excellent bill, and one of the most useful pieces of legislation of the session.

The hopeless muddle of the rules of procedure, and the tendency to turn Congress into a mere debating club, greatly perplex the public business. The argument for the complicated rules, that they are serviceable in preventing legislative action which would be probably unwise, is a good argument against any Congress, but it is not valid unless under a confession that our system has failed. For if such rules prevent bad legislation, they no less prevent good legislation.

The long delay in settling the question of the electoral count impeaches both Congressional ability and good sense. But more distinctively it accuses Democratic capacity for good government. Not even a plausible excuse has been given for the delay. The bill passed by the Senate is a perfectly equitable adjustment of the question. It proceeds upon the constitutional theory of the Presidential election, it is in no sense partisan, and no measure would be received by the country with more satisfaction.

## BLIND LEADERS.

IN an interview reported in the Chicago *Tribune*, Speaker CARLISLE says that "in the matter of offices, if they could not find Democrats competent enough to fill them, then the Democratic party had better retire from power." The Speaker evidently forgets that the Democratic party is in power solely because it nominated a candidate for the Presidency who did not hold the Speaker's view, and whom his official acts and in various public papers had declared against the spoils doctrine pure and simple as laid down by the Speaker.

Mr. MCDONALD, of Indiana, also, in his speech at "the Iroquois banquet" in Chicago, made a plea for the political activity of office-holders which is equally inconsistent with the President's circular, although in the reinstatement of Mr. BENTON the President apparently acknowledges the force of Mr. MCDONALD's argument. The *Louisville Courier-Journal*, with the instinctive sympathy and admiration of one spoilsman for another, praises Mr. BLAINE for the "transparent and ever-present courage of his nature," as contrasted with Pharisaism and milksoppery and sneaks, by which terms it describes reform and reformers, and by implication hits the Democratic President.

It would seem to be time for these doughty Democratic managers to consider whether a fierce quarrel in their party over the President's reform course, the hope of defeating his renomination, and the consequent alienation of the vote that elected him before, and the large defection from any Democratic candidate of the labor vote, offer a cheerful prospect of Democratic success in 1888. Just in the degree that such Bourbons as we have quoted influence the action of the President and the course of their party, they ensure Democratic defeat. Nothing, indeed, more clearly explains and justifies distrust of the Democratic party than the inability of most of its leading politicians to understand and to make their followers understand that, in the present situation of the country, President CLEVELAND and his general policy are the chief hope of his party.

## ERASTUS BROOKS.

MR. BROOKS died at his residence upon Staten Island on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, and his loss will be deeply felt in the community in which he lived. He was a man of great public spirit, devoting his time and energies, his experience and intelligence, to the faithful performance of many trusts. But he was also singularly domestic, and in every family relation he was most devoted and most tenderly beloved.

His name has been long known in the public history of the State, as a Whig editor and correspondent, as a leader of the American movement, and its candidate for Governor in 1856; then, upon the dissolution of the Whig party, he went with the Whigs who in the change of the situation was identified with the Democratic party. For many years he was the active editor of the *Express*, and in later years he served several terms in the Legislature, where his extensive acquaintance with public questions and his great readiness and force in debate made him the leader of the Assembly. He was a man of strong nature and convictions, and a vigorous partisan. But his very virtues interfered with his merely political advancement. His apropriness, truthfulness, and scorn of intrigue held him aloof from the bargains and venalities of politics. But they also separated him from the schemers and politicians who make nominations to suit their own interests rather than the general welfare, and less honorable and able men received the prizes of his party.

Mr. BROOKS could always be trusted to befriend charitable and humane causes at whatever cost to his party standing, while his temperament bound him fast to the party that he had chosen. He was a faithful and efficient member of various public boards, and in the most constant and efficient and modest way he continued to serve the public to the end of his life. Upon Staten Island he was universally known and greatly respected. His death will be sincerely deplored, and his epitaph written upon the hearts of his neighbors and friends will be, in the truest and most comprehensive sense, the words so significant in a republic—a good citizen.

## PERSONAL.

In appointing Mr F EDWIN ELWELL Professor of Sculpture, the Academy of Design hopes that its action will be appreciated. Two years ago Mr J Q A WARD received a similar honor, but his duties were scarcely more than nominal, owing to the lack of pupils. Mr ELWELL studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and under several successful French sculptors, and enjoys the respect of the Society of American Artists. Several young women have already joined his class.

—The date for the regular fortnightly meeting of the Authors' Club fell last week on Thanksgiving night, but the authors met all the same.

—The young novelist H RIDER HAGGARD, who made his reputation by *King Solomon's Mines*, and who is attending it by the novel of "She," now publishing in these pages, is a lawyer of thirty, and at the age of nineteen was Sir H. BULWER's secretary at Natal, and at the age of twenty-one Master of the High Court of the Transvaal. His entrance into literature was made four years ago, by a history of CETYWAYO's times.

—Mr THEODORE P CHANDLER, Jun, of Philadelphia, takes every opportunity to denounce the erection of wooden villas, and claims that if we want any history we must have stone houses. He has illustrated his architectural faith by building the solid country residences of Messrs. E. H BONSON, SAMUEL H. BROWN, WILLIAM SIMPSON, JAS, and other Philadelphians.

—Mr E A MUYBRIDGE has spent about $15,000 in making a collection of instantaneous photographic studies of men, women, and other animals in motion. The results are surprising to those whose knowledge of the subject has been obtained by the naked eye alone.

—JULES BRETON's new Salon picture of a women harvesters lunching in the field is now sticking by Le CORBEIL, who has had successful experience with MILLET's works also. JULES BRETON himself will visit the remarque.

—Mr THOMAS NAST during his recent trip to the West received the compliments of a serenade from the band of the Twenty second United States Infantry, stationed at Fort Lewis, Colorado. The Denver *News* reports a conversation with Mr NAST, in which he related a reminiscence of LINCOLN's inauguration, which he had been detailed to attend on behalf of HARPER'S WEEKLY. On the night of the inauguration there was a very bitter feeling among the Southern residents of Washington, which threatened to find expression in violent acts. While every one was anxiously waiting and fearing the event, a man stepped out upon the balcony of the Ebbitt House, and began to sing "The Star-spangled Banner." A crowd gathered, and soon the chorus was swelled by a thousand voices. The strain was encored, and, added Mr NAST, "Washington was itself again. 'The Star-spangled Banner' saved it."

—Not the least attractive feature of the sumptuous edition of *She Stoops to Conquer*, Mr AUBREY's illustrations to which Mr HENRY JAMES considers elsewhere in this issue, is the substantial and artistic binding. This was executed from the design of Mr STANFORD WHITE, the well known architect.

—Rev. DWIGHT L. MOODY is appealing to friends of Christian education for subscriptions of $100 each to his "Mount Hermon Boys' School" at Northfield, Massachusetts—$100 is the sum charged annually for board and tuition, and is about half the actual cost. The buildings are free from debt, and Mr MOODY hopes that his appeal may be answered so extensively as to enable him to begin the next term with 300 scholars.

—Mr AUGUSTIN DALY is congratulated upon having produced in his new play of *Love in Harness*, which is described as an "eccentric comedy," parts exactly fitted to exhibit to the best advantage all the members of his admirable company. It seems to have been established by the visits of Mr DALY and his actors and actresses to London that there is no English-speaking comedy company that can compete with that of Daly's Theatre.

—We have received a copy of Dr McCOSH's annual letter to the alumni of the College of New Jersey in behalf of the *New Princeton Review*. When that periodical was started, he says, "I ventured to ask the alumni of Princeton College to encourage it. Many of them have done so, and their loyalty is appreciated by their *alma mater*, and it is hoped that they will continue to subscribe, and that others will act as they have done."

—The most important new specimen of domestic architecture in Cleveland, Ohio, is Mr STEPHEN T EVANS's house of brown stone from Hummelstown, Pennsylvania, with sculptured heads in the capitals of the pillars of the porte cochère. The dimensions of the ground-plan are 120 feet by 70, and the style is adapted chateau. The parlor is a revival of LOUIS SEIZE decoration, with silver and gold ornament on white mahogany and no plaster, and silk draperies on the walls. The cost was $225,000, and the architect Mr C F SCHWEINFURTH.

—Judge DONAT MURPHY has served continuously on the Federal bench in San Francisco for nearly thirty years. He recently took a vacation trip to Honolulu—a liberty which Eastern judges do not conveniently command.

—A representative Academician explains the cost of exhibiting important pieces of sculpture at the spring and autumn exhibitions against the practice. Some years ago the Academy paid $200 to get a colossal statue of COLUMBUS, by Miss STEBBINS (sister of the late HENRY G STEBBINS), from the ground floor to the gallery floor, and $50 to get it down again.

—Visitors at Wyncote, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, notice that the exterior color scheme of Mr. ISAAC H. CLARKSON's manor villa depends upon the light gray of the granite, the bluish tint of the Wyoming Valley cross-steps, bands, and coping, and the blue slate roof. The granite tower is eighty feet high.

—The faculty of the schools of the Academy of Design consists of Messrs. L. E WILMARTH, EDGAR M WARD, F EDWIN ELWELL, FREDERIC DILLMAN, and J. WILES CRAMPHEY. It is announced that the Composition Class is "designed to develop the inventive and imaginative faculties."

—JULIUS THOMAS, an Australian journalist, has been making a special study of the "cannibals and convicts" of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, after personal interviews with the dusky sovereigns of those islands, who afforded him rare opportunities for night seeing.

—The late General NAGLEE who owned a vineyard at San José, California, had so much trouble with his white workmen that he finally imported a number of Chinese families. A visitor to his place, at the manor was away, found no one who could speak more than a few words of "pidgin English," and the quarter where these Celestials lived looked like a collection of old china, with queer-costumed little Chinese boys and girls playing about the doors.

—Judge HENRY REED, who has just been appointed one of the judges of the Common Pleas Court in Philadelphia, is a descendant of the REED whose conduct in the Revolution has been the subject of hot controversy, a kinsman of Professor REED, whose critical work on English literature was among the earliest, if not the earliest, of American recognitions of WORDSWORTH's true place, and a nephew of WILLIAM B REED, on one time American Minister to China. This is only one instance of Philadelphia families continuously in the public life of the city for a century.

—In Mr LATIMER's interesting article on the "Literary Movement in New York," published in the November number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the statement that Mr ANDREW LANG holds a government position is incorrect. The author's assumption was perfectly natural, for it was English writer especially deserves such a recognition, it is Mr LANG.

—The Rev Dr WITHROW, of Boston, who strongly opposes the revised Andover professors, says that he made up his mind about doctrinal points thirty years ago, and never means to change it.

—Mr. F ADDISON RICHARDS has adorned the catalogue of the fall exhibition of the Academy of Design with lists of the founders of that institution, and alphabetical tables of dead Academicians and Associates, accompanied by dates of their respective elections and departures. There are six women among the founders, but Miss ANNA HALL figures among the dead Academicians, and Mrs. M. BONAPARTE among the dead Associates. The only living founder is the venerable THOMAS S CUMMINGS, who signed the original constitution on the 16th of January, 1826. Another signer was the famous electrician Professor S. F. B. MORSE. There is no living woman Academician, but Miss FIDELIA BRIDGES and Mrs. HAASE A. LOOP appear on the roll of Associates.

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WILLIAM BLISS BAKER.—[See Opposite Page.]

## H. M. HOXIE.

Mr. Herbert Mallory Hoxie, who was one of the most prominent railroad men in the United States, died at his apartments in this city on Tuesday morning of last week. He was the First Vice-President of that extensive combination of railroads which is known as the Missouri Pacific System, and was consequently the right-hand man or lieutenant of Jay Gould. Although for many years well known in the railroad world, it was only last summer, through the determined stand which he took against the Knights of Labor in the great strike in the Southwest, and through his generalship in that campaign, that he obtained what may be called a national reputation as a railroad manager.

Mr. Hoxie was born at Palmyra, New York, in December, 1830. When he was seven years of age his father removed to Des Moines, Iowa, which was then only a small trading station. Young Hoxie was reared amid the hardships of a frontier life, and when the gold fever broke out in California he crossed the plains in search of a short road to fortune. Being unsuccessful as a miner, he returned to Iowa, and became associated with Thomas Mitchell, of Mitchellville, whose niece he subsequently married. During the war he was United States Marshal of Iowa, and it was not until the close of the war that his successful career as a railroad man was begun. His first position of prominence was that of General Agent of the Union Pacific road, then in course of construction. He afterward became General Superintendent, with head-quarters at Omaha. In 1870 he transferred his talents to the Southwest, and was made Superintendent of the International road, of Texas. In 1880 he was appointed General Manager of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, and a year later, when Jay Gould established the Southwestern System, he was advanced to a still higher position. In 1882 he became Third Vice-President and in 1885 First Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific system.

HERBERT M. HOXIE.—Photographed by Kurtz.

ERASTUS BROOKS.—[See Page 788.]

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.—Photographed by J. W. Black & Co., Boston.—[See Page 787.]

THE WRECK OF THE "ROBERT WALLACE," AT MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.—[See Opposite Page.]

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WELL MAY THE "WILD WEST" ASK, *IS THIS THE CIVILIZED EAST?*

## WILLIAM BLISS BAKER.

THE tidings of this young artist's untimely death, at the early age of twenty-seven, will be received with sincere regret by all those who take an intelligent interest in the growth of native American art. All he knew of art he derived from American sources. Born of American parents in the city of New York, he passed his boyhood in the village of Ballston Spa. At the age of seventeen he began his first systematic art studies at the National Academy in New York, in the drawing school of which institution he took the ELLIOTT prize medal in 1879 in a class of many members.

In the spring of 1880 he was a successful competitor for the HALLGARTEN prize, with "The Woodland Brook"—a picture which justly excited the admiration of the art-loving public, and at once placed him, although not yet twenty-five years old, in the foremost rank of the landscape painters of the day. Among his more important works are, "Morning in the Meadows," and several other pictures belonging to THOMAS B. CLARKE, Esq.; "Sunrise on New York Harbor," the property of RUSSELL SAGE, Esq.; "Fallen Monarchs" (after the rain), owned by Mr VAN HORNE, of Montreal; "Solitude" (a wood interior) and "Under the Apple-Trees"—the last two exhibition pictures in the Academy; "Morning after the Snow" (a wood interior), and others.

Young BAKER's death was caused by a fall on the ice while skating, which fractured one of the lower vertebræ of the spine. During the earlier months of his long illness he suffered excruciating pain, and to the last was never free from suffering more or less acute. His mind remained absolutely unclouded until within an hour or two of the close, which he awaited with calm and unflinching courage.

## THE STORM ON THE LAKES.

THE great storm of November 17 and 18 was wide-spread and its features were varied. In the far Northwest and in the Lake region it was a fierce blizzard, and snow fell to a depth of thirteen and a half inches. Sleet and snow were reported as far South as Louisiana. In Pennsylvania and at other points East the storm developed into a tornado. Trees were snapped in two, and buildings were demolished. Along the Atlantic coast the storm was a high gale. Considerable damage was done along the Hudson and in the New England valleys. East of the Alleghanies rain fell instead of snow.

On the Great Lakes the storm was exceptionally violent. The second day after its occurrence thirty vessels and thirty-seven lives were reported as having been lost in it. It was one of the fiercest gales, report says, that ever swept Lake Superior. At Marquette, Michigan, the breakwater was submerged in the heavy sea. The light-house tower upon it was torn from its fastenings and carried away. Three vessels were wrecked near this point—the schooner *Florida* on Marquette beach, and the steam barge *Robert Wallace* and her consort *David Wallace* on Chocolay Beach, four miles to the east. The *Florida* appeared off the harbor about four o'clock on the afternoon of November 17. She probably could have made her way in had it not been for the blinding veil of snow. As it was, her captain was fearful that she would be dashed to pieces on the breakwater, and he let go both anchors outside. The tug *Gillett* went to her rescue. There was no chance to save the schooner, and Captain FURNS and his men, of the tug, only undertook to bring off the *Florida*'s crew. Several attempts to get up to the schooner's bow were unsuccessful, but the tug was finally able to back up under the anchored vessel's quarter, when the crew of the *Florida* (seven men in all) were enabled to jump safely aboard, with the exception of the mate, ANDREW PETERSON, who was crushed between the two vessels as a wave threw them together, and killed.

The crews of the *Robert Wallace* and the *David Wallace* (twenty-four men in all) were rescued by the crew of the life-saving station at Houghton, who were brought, with their boats and apparatus, a distance of one hundred and ten miles on a special train. The barge and her consort went ashore at one o'clock on the morning of November 18, and the rescue was made on the day following, every man on the wrecked vessels being safely brought off. The picture of the *Robert Wallace* and her consort is from a photograph taken during a break in the heavy snow-storm on November 18, while the wrecked crews were still on board.

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Ten Thousand a Year," "So Very Many Months," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

HOW BAD NEWS CAME HOME.

Nothing at all was heard of the *Calypso* for three or four months. It was not even known whither she had sailed, except that she was with Sir Edward Hawke's fleet. But it was known that M Thurot had got out of Dunquerque with five frigates, on board of which were a large number of troops, with intent to make a descent upon Ireland, and we conjectured that perhaps the *Calypso* might have been ordered to join the squadron in chase of that gallant Frenchman. But that proved not to be the case

It was in January—namely, on the evening of the 15th of January, in the year 1760—that the news arrived which filled the hearts of all with shame and confusion. 'Twas a wild and tempestuous night, fitting the nature of the intelligence which then arrived.

At the Sir John Falstaff some of the company, including Mr. Brinjes, who was never late, had already arrived, and were hanging up their hats, the candles being lit, a great coal fire burning, pipes laid on the table, and the ensuing set

"Tarn hats arrived had news," said Captain Pethereck, the Commissioner of the Yard "I heard talk of it at the Navy House this evening. It is said that we have lost a frigate. They say also that we have lost his cowardly—a thing which one is not ready to believe. But I have not heard the particulars, and I know not the name of the craft. 'Tis pity, but 'tis true, that there should be found in every war cowardly commanders, to British as well as to French bottoms. Those of us who have memories can remember the last war, gentlemen Well, we must quickly build or capture another ship, and find a better Captain We will give the command to Jack Easterbrook"

So saying, he sat down, and began to fill his pipe leisurely Just as he had finished these words, and before Mr. Brinjes had time to do more than to open his mouth, there came running into the room the landlord, having in his hand the *London Post* of the evening, brought down the river from town by some boatman His face was pale, and his eyes full of terror.

"Oh! gentlemen," he cried, "gentlemen! Here is such news! I cannot trust my eyes. For God's sake, read the newspaper! But who shall tell the Admiral?"

"Is it news from the Fleet?" asked Captain Pethereck.

"It is, your Honor" The man looked as if he was afraid to tell his news. "Oh! gentlemen," he repeated, "who shall tell the Admiral?"

"Is it bad news?" asked Mr Brinjes.

"It is the worst news possible. Gentlemen—it is—it is—" He looked about him to see if the Admiral was, perhaps, present, hitherto unseen. "It is news of—of—of Captain Easterbrook, gentlemen. Of on other, indeed."

"What?" cried the Apothecary; "bad news? The worst news? Then is our boy dead." He sat down in a chair, and looked from face to face. "Jack is dead."

"It is the worst news possible," repeated the landlord.

"Jack is dead," said all together, looking at one another in dismay.

"Gentlemen," cried the landlord again, "your honors will not listen. It is in the *London Post*"

He held out his newspaper, but no one offered to take it. Every one knew now that something had happened worse than death. Then they heard the Admiral's step as he entered the house and stamped along the passage with his escort of negroes.

"Gentlemen," said the landlord again, "who shall tell him?" Again he held out the paper They looked to one another and held back. No one offered to take the paper, they were afraid. It is one kind of courage to walk up to a cannon's mouth, and another to become a messenger of bad tidings.

Then the Admiral came in, followed by his two negroes He saluted the company civilly, and gave his hat and cloak to his servants. This done, he took his seat in his usual place. But the other gentlemen standing about the fire did not, as was customary, follow his example. They hesitated, looked first at the Admiral, and then at the landlord.

"Gentlemen, be seated," said the Admiral.

"Sir"—it was Mr Brinjes who spoke—"it appears that bad news hath arrived."

"What news?"

"It is—news of Captain Easterbrook."

"Is the boy—is the boy dead?" asked the Admiral

"Sir, we cannot but suppose so. For he hath lost his ship. But as yet we have not seen the *Post*"

"No, no," the landlord again interposed, holding out the *Post*, which no one would take "Gentlemen, stand by me, I beseech you. Sir, the Captain is not dead"

"Then, poor lad," said the Admiral "he is grievously wounded, and like to die Our boy, gentlemen, is grievously wounded, and like to—" Here his voice failed him.

"No, sir, he is not wounded."

"Then he is shipwrecked and drowned Why is the man staring like a stuck pig? Alas! gentlemen, our boy is drowned" But the Admiral looked uncertain, because the company, now understanding that something out of the common had happened, looked at one another and at the landlord, and spoke not.

"Sir"—the landlord again offered the newspaper to one after the other, but no one took it—"the news is here printed. Otherwise, God forbid that I should dare to use such a thing. Your Honor, it is here stated that the Captain struck his colors in the very beginning of the action"

"Struck his colors!" The Admiral caught the arms of his chair, raised himself as quickly as a one legged man may. "Struck his colors! Jack struck his colors! To lie, to drunken rank! Yo ho!" With that he delivered him so shrewdly blow with his gold-headed stick that, had not the landlord dodged, he would have been enabled instantly to carry the news into the next world. "Yo ho, I say!" (Here his voice failed him, and his face became purple, and he rocked and would have fallen (as that Mr Shelbecke and Captain Pethereck caught him and set him in a chair, where he gasped and panted, and looked as if he was about to have a fit of some kind. As for the landlord, he stood in a corner, pale and trembling.

"Give me the paper," said Mr Brinjes, when the Admiral had somewhat mastered his passion. "Let us at least read what is here stated" He read it silently "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a strange business. I understand it not there is some thing meets the eye. It is a thing hard to understand I will read it aloud. Courage, Admiral, the story is impossible as it stands

"Despatches have been received from Sir Edward Hawke. He reports an affair which, unless later intelligence contradict it, is more deteritable to British honor than anything which has been done since the cowardly flight of Benbow's Captains. The frigate *Calypso* Captain John Easterbrook, with her consort the *Resolute*, Captain Samuel Boys, fell in at daybreak with a squadron of the enemy consisting of three frigates, one of them being the *Malicieuse*. The names of the other two are not given. The Frenchmen here were no strangers of the Union Jack, and the British ships gave chase After some hours the *Calypso* came up with the *Malicieuse*, the bluffness of the three, the *Resolute* being then a quarter of a mile or so astern, though crowding all sail It is reported by Captain Boys, he being then on his quarter-deck and glass in hand, that the engagement was commenced by the *Malicieuse* firing a shot from her stern-chaser which struck the *Calypso*; that then he saw Captain Easterbrook strike his colors with his own hand, that his officers ran about him, and he cut one down; that the Frenchman immediately lowered a boat and boarded the prize, driving the crew below; and that the other two French frigates backed their sails, whereupon he withdrew from the chase, thinking it useless to engage three vessels at once; that he was not pursued; and that he knows no reason at all why the ship was surrendered without firing a shot. 'Tis thought that the *Calypso* hath been conveyed to Brest. This seems is the more extraordinary by reason of the character for gallantry possessed by Captain Easterbrook, who was one of Captain Lochmer's Lieutenants on board the fighting *Tartar*.'"

"This is a very strange story," said Captain Pethereck "By your leave, Mr Brinjes, I will not believe it."

"Thank ye, old friend," said the Admiral, heavily "Mr hot surrender? Never, sir—never Damme, Mr. Apothecary, will thou try to persuade us that such a thing is possible?"

"We cannot believe it, Admiral," said Captain Pethereck. "Yet it is in the despatches"

"There is something that we are not told," said Mr Brinjes. "But, without doubt, the *Calypso* is taken prisoner, and some one no heard struck the colors."

The Admiral stared about him with amazement and confusion in his eyes. There he rose slowly. "I shall go home, gentlemen I wish you good-night. Some one shall swing for this lie—some one shall swing." He moved toward the door, forgetting his hat and cloak, which one of the gentlemen reached for him "Some one, I say, shall swing for this—this diabolical lie about my boy Jack. We shall see—damme, I say, we shall see! What, sirrah, the lantern out lit?" Indeed, it was not the duty of the negro to keep the candle burning through the evening; but the Admiral belabored him so lustily that the fellow roared, and the company trembled lest he should be killed But a negro's head is hard. Then the Admiral walked away This was his last night with the Club; he came no more to the Sir John Falstaff.

The gentlemen, without his presence, sat awhile speechless. But the landlord brought to the punch, and they presently filled and lit their pipes, and began to whisper.

"Gentlemen," said the Apothecary, "I hope I shall not be thought to be a man ever ready to believe this monstrous thing if I admit that it may be true, and that the act was made possible by one of those sudden madnesses which the people believe to be the possession of the devil We read of poor women, in such fits, murdering their own tender children, and of husbands beating to death their wives, without a cause, and of learned scholars who have gone forth from their books to hang themselves without any reason for despair. No man is at all times master of his own actions; and doubtless there are in the brain, as in the body, weak places, so that just as one man falleth into an asthma, or a rheumatism, or the gout, by reason of bodily imperfections, so may a man by mental disorder commit acts of false judgment, foolish conclusions, and mad acts for which there is no accounting Nor can we anticipate or prevent such attacks. I once knew no brave a fellow as ever stepped to shivel and cry for an hour together, and why? Only because he was sentenced to be hanged Yet he walked manfully to the gallows in the end. And another, who fell on his knees and wept aloud, because he was to have a tooth out, which he dreaded more than he did the three dozen he had received a month before."

## CHAPTER XL.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED.

The next despatches brought confirmation of the news. There could now be no doubt at all that the *Calypso* had been surrendered by the Captain, and that without striking a blow. The consternation and shame which fell upon us can not be described; say, not upon us only, but upon the whole town of Deptford, to whom Jack was nothing short of a hero.

I know not who first started the rumor—perhaps it was Mr. Brinjes himself—but it was presently spread over all the town that the Captain was bewitched. And so great was the popular indignation, that had the people known what had passed with Boss Westmoreland, I make no doubt they would have murdered her Fortunately, there was no suspicion at all. No one had seen them together, or knew that there had been any love passages between them, or any jealousy. Most certainly they would have murdered her, the women especially being full of wrath against the unknown author of this misfortune.

But I was uneasy—listening to the talk of these terrificants, as they gathered in the streets, and cried out what should be done to the witch—lest some one should turn suspicion upon Boss. As for Philadelphia, who would have been suspected, it was known that the Captain was on many her young mistress, and therefore she could not be the witch. Nor, of nine women, who know the properties of simples, and can read the signs of good and bad luck, and tell fortunes by cards, there are always plenty; but of witches there was in Deptford only one, and of wizards only one, and both of them known to be friends of the Captain

"It is true, Luke," said Boss Westmoreland, when I found her in the usual place "Do not talk as if it were not true, because I am assured that the news is true Why, I knew that something terrible was going to fall upon him. Mr Brinjes says there may be some mistake in the evidence of Captain Boys; but I know better. It is quite true What will happen next, I know not. But I shall leave my lover back again, whatever happens. The fortune always ended in the same way, with here at last."

"Whatever happens, Boss? Why, he is now a prisoner of war, and, unless exchanged, will remain a prisoner till the war is ended And if he ever return he will be tried and shot"

"Then he will see where he is, and send for me," she replied, as if the recovery of her lover, should that be brought about, would be cheaply purchased at the cost of his honor. But women know little of men's regard for honor. "He will send for me, and if it were to the ends of the earth, I would go to him"

Thus, while the rest were overwhelmed with shame, she alone loved him thought little of the deed and much of the man. Thus it is that a woman may love a man so that whatever he does, whether he succeed or fail, even if he does disgraceful and shameful things, she still loves him steadfastly. In Boss's simple words, he is always the same man for her

So we lost our hero. At least, so we thought we had lost him. He was taken to a French prison. He would never be so used as to return to England, where certain death awaited him We should never see him again And, as Captain Pethereck truly said, we were all shamed by an act so truly cowardly as ever British sailor committed. The newspapers continued to speak of it; the evidence of Captain Boys was printed in full, and there were more epigrams. And then other things happened, and the loss of the *Calypso* would have been speedily forgotten but for a surprising and unexpected turn, which was, so to speak, a second act in this tragedy of Jack Easterbrook's end

Truly surprising and unexpected it was, and the intelligence of it threw us all into an agitation worse, if possible, than the first. For we were assured that the worst was over The first blow fell upon us like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and now we were rising to our feet again (except the Admiral), stunned and confused, yet in a fair way of recovery, so happens to every terrible calamity, else would be impossible to live. The child we love—one, the woman we love—dies, we behold the sun rises and sets, and presently the daily life goes on as before, and the loss is partly forgotten. Suppose, however, the woman were not dead, but came to life again, only to die with more cruel suffering and with shame!

What happened, in a word, was this.

The crew of the prize had orders to take the *Calypso* to Brest, which was the nearest French port. They ordered their prisoners below to the quarters always designed for men in that unhappy position, namely, the forward portion of the cockpit, where they have to sit in gloom, lit only by one great ship's lantern all day and all night, save for such times as they are allowed on deck for fresh air by gangs and small companies. When the Englishmen were driven below, and the prize crew appointed the *Malicieuse* parted company, and the *Calypso* was left to make her own way to Brest.

"On the second day," we read in the *London Post*, "the prisoners rose, and became again masters of the ship, which one brought into Spithead under the First Lieutenant, the Captain being kept a prisoner in his cabin. This extraordinary reversal of fortune, and other circumstances attending the case, have excited the greatest interest The Lords Commissioners have ordered the ship to be brought to Deptford, where the court-martial on Captain Easterbrook will be held"

As is usual in news published by authority in the *Gazette*, and copied by other newspapers, there were no particulars of the manner in which the ship was recovered, except that she was navigated by the First Lieutenant. Had the crew, then, mutinied against their Captain, and confined him to his cabin? If not, how was he a prisoner?

It was impossible for me, who knew the whole circumstances of the case, not to feel that in this surprising reversal of fate me, and to the ordering of the court-martial, there was a direct interposition of the hand of Providence, such as may well make the guilty tremble. To lose life, and honor as well, which is dearer than life, as a penalty for broken vows, seems a terrible punishment, and out of proportion to the offence. But it is an every inconstant lover who hath expressly called down upon his own head, as Jack did, the wrath of God in case of his inconstancy May ruined with impunity call upon the name of the Lord. There is a story of one who hurled his arrows the lightnings out of heaven, but he drew them upon himself, and so perished. Was not this the fate of Jack Easterbrook?

Alas! we were now wholly without hope For needs must that he be tried; and he was condemned already, and as good as shot. While he was prisoner with the French, his life to least was safe, and if he chose never to return, he could certainly never be tried; and on his case would be in the course of time forgotten. But now he must be tried, and he must be condemned.

"But," said Mr Brinjes, "he shall call me as a witness, and I will prove from books and from mine own experience that there have happened many cases of sudden madness, and that in such an nervous or seizure a man is not master of himself And those who have travelled much in countries where the sun is hot, and especially those who have wandered, as the boy did, among savages, with insufficient food, and perhaps no covering for the head, are more than others liable to such fits—instances of which I can produce. It will also be set forth that the Captain, not long before he sailed, received so heavy a blow upon the head that he was carried senseless through the town and across the river Such a blow may of itself produce the effect of sudden madness. Men who have proved themselves brave sailors and fond of fight do not, unless from this cause, suddenly become cowardly Why, he opened all sail to get within range of the enemy"

"Yet he struck his flag," I said. "In every man who runs away, after marching resolutely to meet the enemy, to plead that he was smitten with a sudden madness?"

As for the value of such evidence, I know not what it would have availed, but I think it would have availed nothing in the eyes of the officers who formed the court. But, as you will presently see, it never was produced. Perhaps the knowledge of what he could testify gave the Apothecary an inward assurance which comforted him. For he showed no alarm, and maintained steadily that he was evidence, until the prisoner's previous good conduct, would get Jack acquitted, if is did not get him mutinied in command.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1561.

## EDWIN A. ABBEY.

Nothing is more interesting in the history of an artistic talent than the moment at which its "elective affinity" declares itself, and the interest is great in proportion as the declaration is unmistakable. I mean by the elective affinity of a talent its climate and period of preference, the spot on the globe or in the annals of mankind to which it most fondly attaches itself, or which it reverts intuitively, round which it revolves with a certainty that is inestimable, from which, in short, it draws its strongest inspiration. A man may personally inhabit a certain place at a certain time, but in imagination he may be a perpetual absentee, and to a degree worse than the worst Irish intellect, separating himself from his legal inheritance not only by mountains and seas, but by centuries as well When he is a man of genius these perverse predilections become fruitful, and constitute a new and independent life, and they are, indeed, to a certain extent the sign and concomitant of genius I do not mean by this that high genius would always rather have been born in another country and another age, but certainly it likes to choose, if custom fails to react against imposed conditions. If it accepts them, it does so because it likes them for themselves; and if they fail to commend themselves, it doesn't scruple to fly away in search of others. We have witnessed the flight in many a case; I infer that if we have sometimes applauded it, we have felt at other moments that the disconsolated, undomiciled spirit had better have stuck at home.

Mr. Abbey has gone afield, and there could be no better instance of a successful fugitive and a genuine affinity, or more interesting example of selection—selection of field and subject—operating by that insight which has the precision and certainty of an instinct The domicile of Mr. Abbey's genius is the England of the eighteenth century; I should add that the palace of art which he has erected there commands—from the rear, as it were—serious charming glimpses of the preceding age. The finest work he has yet done is in his admirable illustrations, in Harper's Magazine, to *She Stoops to Conquer*, but the promise that he would one day do it was given some years ago in his delightful volume of designs to accompany Goldsmith's poems; to which we now add, as supplementary evidence, his drawings for Mr. William Black's novel of *Judith Shakespeare*.

Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia in 1852, and manifesting his brilliant but unencouraged aptitudes at a very early age, came in 1872 to New York to draw for Harper's Weekly. Other views than this, if I have been correctly informed, had been entertained for his future—a fact that provokes a smile now that his manifest destiny has been, or is in course of being, so very neatly accomplished The spirit of modern mathetics did not, at any rate, as I understand the matter, smile upon his cradle, and the circumstance only increases the interest of his having

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had from the earliest moment the clearest artistic vision. It has sometimes happened that the distinguished draughtsman as painter has been born in the studio, and fed, as it were, from the palette, but in the great majority of cases he has been nursed by the profane, and certainly, on the doctrine of mathematical chances, a Philadelphia genius would scarcely be an exception. Mr Ansey was fortunate, however, in not being obliged to lose time; he learned how to swim by jumping into deep water. Even if he had not known by instinct how to draw, he would have had to perform the feat from the moment that he found himself attached to the "art department" of a remarkably punctual periodical. To such a periodical the events of the day are promptly reproduced; and with the morrow as near, the day is necessarily a short one—too short for gradual educations. Such a school is not, no doubt, the ideal one, but in fact it may have a very happy influence. If a touch is to give an account of a scene which his pencil at a certain hour—to give it, or it were, or perish—he will have become conscious, in the first place, of a hare negative motive to observe it, so that the roughness of the foster-mother who imparts the precious faculty of quick, complete observation is really a blessing in disguise. To say that it was simply under this kind of pressure that Mr Ansey acquired the extraordinary refinement which distinguishes his work in black and white is doubtless to say too much, but his admirers may be excused, in view of the beautiful result, for almost wishing, as grounds of patriotism, to make the training, or the absence of training, responsible for so much or possible. For or no artistic genius that our country has produced is more delightful than Mr. Ansey's, so, surely, nothing could be more characteristically American than that it should have formed itself in the conditions that happened to be nearest at hand, with the crowds, streets and squares, the railway stations and telegraph poles, the wondrous sign-boards and triumphant buoying, of New York for the source of its inspiration, and with a big hurrying printing house for its studio. If to begin the practice of art in these conditions was to incur the danger of being crude, Mr Ansey braved it with remarkable success. At all events, if he went neither through the mill of Paris nor through that of Munich, the worst of these lines more than concurs himself for the accident. His talent is unanpeasably fine, and yet we may reflect with complacency that he picked it up altogether at home. If he is highly distinguished, he is irremediably native, and (premising always that I speak mainly of his work in black and white) is in difficult to see, as we look, for instance, at the admirable series of his drawings for *The Stoops to Conquer*, what more Paris or Munich could have done for him. There is a certain refreshment in meeting an American artist of the first order who is not a pupil of Gérôme or Cabanel.

Of course, I hasten to add, we must make our account with the fact that, as I began with remarking, the great development of Mr Ansey's powers has taken place amid the brown old accessories of a country where that eighteenth century which he presently worked for his own are more profusely represented than they have the good fortune to be in America, and consequently limit our contention to the point that his talent itself was already formed when this happy institution was opened to it. He went to England for the first time in 1878, but it was not all at once that he fell into the trick, so irresistible for an artist doing his special work, of living there. I most forbid myself every impertinent conjecture, but it may be respectfully assumed that Mr Ansey rather drifted into exile than committed himself to it with malice prepense. The habit, at any rate, to day appears to be confirmed, and to express is roughly, he is surrounded by the objects and memento he requires. During those years, until the recent period when he began to exhibit at the water-color exhibitions, his work has been done principally for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and the record of it is to be found in the recent back volumes. I shall not take space to tell it over piece by piece, for the reader who turns to the Magazine will have no difficulty in recognizing it. It has a distinction altogether its own; there is always poetry, humor, charm, in the idea, and always an infinite grace and security in the execution.

As I have intimated, Mr Ansey never deals with the things and figures of to-day, his imagination must perform a wide backward journey before it can take the air. But beyond this modern radius it breathes with singular freedom and naturalness. At a distance of fifty years it begins to be at home, it expands and takes possession, it recognizes its own. With all his ability, with all his tact, it would be impossible to him, as we conceive, to illustrate a novel of contemporary manners; he would inevitably throw it back to the age of hair-powder and post-chaises. The coats and trousers, the feminine gear, the chairs and tables of the current year, the general aspect of things immediate and familiar, say nothing to his mind, and there are other interpreters to whom he is quite content to leave them. He shows no great interest even in the modern face, if there be a modern face apart from a modern setting, I am not sure that he thinks of its complications and refinements of expression, but he has certainly little relish for its *beard*, vulgar mustache, its pronounced, unmentable whisker, surmounting the last new thing in shirt collars. Dear to him is the physiognomy of clean-shaven periods, when cheek and lip and chin, abounding on lines and surface, had the air of soliciting the pencil. In preamble or in lo in drawing, he takes a whole face, with reason, and likes a whole figure, the latter not to the exclusion of clothes, in which he delights, but as the clothes of our great grandfathers helped it to be seen. No one has ever understood breeches and stockings better than he, or the human leg, that delight of the draughtsman, or the costume of the last century permitted it to be known. The petticoat and bodice of the same period have a little mystery for him, and his women and girls have altogether the poetry of a by-gone manner and fashion. They are not modern heroines, with modern nerves and accomplishments, but figures of remembered song and story, calling up visions of spinet and harpsichord that have had their course to-day, high walled gardens that have ceased to bloom, flowered stuffs that are faded, locks of hair that are lost, love-letters that are pale. My which I don't mean that they are vague and spectral, for Mr Ansey has to the highest degree the art of imparting life, and he gives it to particular to his well made, blooming maidens. They live in a world in which there is no question of their passing Harvard or other examinations, but they stand very firmly on their quaintly shod feet. They are exhaustively "fed," and eminently qualified to attract the opposite sex, which is not the case with ghosts, who, moreover, do not wear the most palpable petticoats of quilted satin, nor sport the most delicate lace, nor take generally the most ingratiating attitudes.

The best work that Mr. Ansey has done is to be found in the succession of illustrations to *She Stoops to Conquer*; here we see his happiest characteristics, and—till he does something still more brilliant—may take his full measure. No work in black and white in our time has been more truly artistic, and certainly no success more unqualified. The artist has given us a complete evocation of a social state to its smallest details, and done it with an unimpeachable lightness of touch. The problem was in itself delightful—the accidents and incidents (granted a situation *de comedie*) of an old, rambling, untouched, out-of-the-way English country house, in the age of Goldsmith. Here Mr. Ansey is as his element—given up equally to observing observation and still more infallible divination. The whole place, and the figures that come and go in it, live again, with their individual look, their peculiarities, their special signs and addition. The spirit of the dramatist has passed completely into the artist's sense, but the spirit of the historian has done no almost as much. Tony Lumpkin is, or we say nowadays, a document, and Miss Hardcastle embodies the results of research. Delightful are the humor and quaintness and grace of all this, delightful the variety and the richness of personal characterization, and delightful, above all, the drawing. It is impossible to represent with such vividness nature, to begin with, one sees, and it is impossible to see unless one wants to very much, or unless, in other words, one has a great love. Mr Ansey has evidently the tenderest affection for just the old house and the old things, the old faces and voices, the whole irretrievable human scene which his genial hand of historian has passed over so long, and there is no inquiry about those that he is not in a position to answer. He is intimate with the bottom of coats and the buckles of shoes, he knows not only exactly what his people were, but exactly how they wore it, and how they felt when they had it on. He has sat on the old chairs and sofas, and rubbed against the old wainscots, and learned eyes the old tankers. He knows every mended place in Tony Lumpkin's stockings, and exactly how that ingenuous youth leaned back on the spinet, with his thick, familiar thumb out, when he presented his inimitable countenance, with a grin, to Mr. Hastings, after he had set his fond mother a-whimpering. (There is nothing in the whole series, by the-way, better indicated than the exquisitely simple, half-simpkin, half-vulgar expression of Tony's countenance and smile in this scene, unless be the charming arch yet modest face of Miss Hardcastle, lighted by the candle she carries, as, still holding the door by which she comes in, she is challenged by young Marlow to believe his bewilderment as to where he really is and what *she* really is.) In short, if we have all seen *She Stoops to Conquer* acted, Mr Ansey has had the better fortune of seeing it off the stage; and it is noticeable how happily he has steered clear of the danger of making his people theatrical types—mere masquerders and wearers of properties. This is especially the case with his women, who leave not a hint of the conventional paint and patches, simpering with their hands in the pockets of aprons, but are taken from the same originals from which Goldsmith took them.

If it be asked on the occasion of this limited sketch of Mr Ansey's powers where, after all, he did learn to draw so perfectly, I know no answer but to say that he learned it in the school in which he learned also to paint (as he has been doing in these latest years, rather tentatively at first, but with greater and greater success)—the school of his own personal observation. His drawing is the drawing of direct, immediate, sufficient study of the particular case, without tricks, or affectations, or any sort of cheap subterfuge, and nothing can exceed the charm of its delicacy, accuracy, and elegance, its variety and freedom and clear, frank solution of difficulties. If for the artist it is the foundation of every joy to know exactly what he wants (or I had it in mind), Mr Ansey is to all appearance, to be constantly congratulated. And I apprehend that he would not deny that it is a good fortune for him to have been able to arrange his life so that his eye encounters in abundance the particular cases of which I speak. You see three years ago, at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, in London, he exhibited an exquisite picture of a peaceful old couple sitting in the corner of a low, quiet, ancient room, in the waning afternoon, and listening to their daughter as she stands up in the middle and plays the harp to them. They are Darby and Joan, with all the poetry preserved; they sit hand in hand, with heart, approving hands, and the deep recess of the window looking into the garden (where we may be sure there are yew trees clipped into the shape of birds and beasts), the panelled room, the quaintness of the Bramble, the old time provincial expression of the scene, all belong to the class of effects which Mr. Ansey understands supremely well. So does the great carved wall and high-pitched mottled roof of the rural alms-house which figures in the admirable water-color picture that he exhibited last spring. A group of remarkably pretty country women have been arrested in front of it by the passage of a young soldier—a raw recruit in scarlet tunic and white dorks, somewhat prematurely conscious of military glory. He gives them the benefit of the goose-step as he goes; he throws back his head and dissends his fingers, and presents to the ladies a neck expressive of some consciousness of his fine figure than of the lovely mirth that the artist has depicted in their faces. Lovely is their mirth indeed, and lovely are they altogether. Mr Ansey has produced nothing more charming than this bright knot of handsome, listening daughters of burghers, in their primeval pelisses and sprigged frocks. I have, however, left myself no space to go into the question of his prospective honors as a painter, to which everything now appears to point, and I have mentioned the two pictures last exhibited mainly because they illustrate the happy opportunities with which he has been able to surround himself. The sweet old corners he appreciates, the russet walls of moss-grown cheerities, the low-browed nooks of manor, cottage, and parsonage, the fresh complexions that flourish in greens, pastoral countries where it rains not a little—every item in the line that seems conscious of its pictorial use appeals to Mr. Ansey as in vain. He might have been a grandson of Washington Irving, which is a proof of what I have already said, that none of the young American workers in the same field have so little as he of that imperfectly assimilated foreignness of suggestion which is sometimes regarded as the strength, but which is also in some degree the weakness, of the pictorial effort of the United States. His execution is so sure of itself or it is rooted upon infinite Parisian imitations, but his feeling can best be described by saying that it is that of our own dear mother tongue. If the writer speaks when he writes, and the draughtsman speaks when he draws, Mr. Ansey, in expressing himself with his pencil, certainly speaks pure English. He reminds us to a certain extent of Meissonier, especially the Meissonier of the illustrations to that charming little volume of the *Contes Drôles*, and the comparison is highly to his advantage in the matter of freedom, variety, ability to represent movement (Meissonier's figures are stock-still), and facial expression—above all, in the handling of the female personage, so rarely attempted by the French artist. But he differs from the latter signally in the fact that though he shares his sympathy as to period and costume, his people are of another race and tradition, and move in a world locally altogether different. Mr. Ansey is still young, he is full of ideas and intentions, and the work he has done may, in view of his time of life, of his opportunities, and the singular completeness of his talent, be regarded really as a kind of fantasia and prelude. It can hardly fail that he will do better things still, when everything is so favorable. Life itself is his subject, and that is always at his door. The only obstacle, therefore, that can be imagined in Mr. Ansey's female career is a possible embarrassment or so what to choose. He has hitherto chosen so well, however, that this obstacle will probably not be insuperable.

HENRY JAMES.

## PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S FUNERAL.

THE funeral of ex-President Chester A. Arthur took place on Monday of last week. It had been the wish of the family that the ceremonies should be as simple as possible. A quiet and as far as might be a private funeral was desired by the immediate friends of the dead statesman, but the presence of the many distinguished men who came from all parts of the United States to attend it alone made it one of the most notable funerals ever seen in this country, and while there was no ostentatious display, the ceremonies were peculiarly impressive. As the interment was to be at the Rural Cemetery, near Albany, the church services in this city were held at an early hour in the morning. Before half past eight o'clock hundreds of distinguished men, including President Cleveland and the only living ex-President of the United States, Mr Hayes, the Chief Justice and several Justices of the Supreme Court, cabinet and ex-cabinet ministers, Senators, and gentlemen distinguished in all the walks of public life, had paid a visit to the house at 123 Lexington Avenue, where the remains were resting, and had taken a last look at the features of the dead. Meanwhile a battalion of regular troops, consisting of six batteries of the Fifth Artillery, from Governor's Island, and a naval battalion, formed of a company of marines and five companies of sailors, from the Navy-yard, were being drawn up in front of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue. Precisely at 9 A.M. the hearse arrived at the church door. The casket as it was borne into the church was preceded by the following pallbearers: Walter Q Gresham, ex Postmaster-General, Robert T Lincoln, ex Secretary of War, William E Chandler, ex Secretary of the Navy, Frank Hatton, ex Postmaster-General, Benjamin Harris Brewster, ex Attorney General, Lieutenant-General Philip H Sheridan, Cornelius K Agnew, M D, Cornelius N Bliss, E G Ross, General George H. Sharpe, Charles S. Tallman, and Cornelius Vanderbilt. At the portals the funeral party was met by the clergy, preceded by a surpliced choir of thirty singers. The clergymen were Rev Dr Morgan, rector of the church, and Rev G W Batchelor, his assistant; Rev Dr Rainsford, of St George's; Rev. McKay Smith, of St. Thomas's; Rev W A Leonard, of St. John's, Washington, D C; and Rev. Dr Humphreys, the preventor of the Cathedral at Garden City. The procession to the chancel was solemn and imposing. The interior of the church was heavily draped, and from the baptismal font arose a luxuriant palm, the branches of which drooped over a bust of lilies and asters. At the conclusion of the church services the body, preceded by the soldiers and sailors, was taken to the Grand Central Depot, and from thence by special train to the cemetery at Albany. Bishop Doane conducted the services at the grave.

## CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, whose death took place at his Boston home on Sunday, November 21, was born on August 18, 1807. He was the son of John Quincy Adams, and the grandson of John Adams, each of whom had held the office of President, and he inherited many of the strongly marked characteristics of these famous Americans. His education was peculiar, as he was taken by his father in childhood to St. Petersburg, and was in various schools abroad during his father's diplomatic service in Russia and England from 1809 to 1817. During the next eight years he was in the Boston Latin School and in Harvard College. He left college the year of his father's election to the Presidency, spent two years in Washington studying law under his father's guidance, and another year in the office of Daniel Webster, whence he was admitted to the bar, though he never practised his profession. He married early in life the daughter of Mr Peter C Brooks, and entered on the quiet life of a gentleman of means, culture, leisure, and studious tastes, and it was not till 1841, when he was thirty-four years old, that he took an active part in politics. He was chosen as a Whig to the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and after three years' service, to the Senate, where he served one term. It was at this period that the "irreprepressible conflict" between slavery and freedom, after a term of apparent but delusive calm, was again breaking out. The slave power was steadily pushing toward the annexation of new slave territory in Texas, and the Southern States were becoming more and more arrogant.

Mr. Adams promptly took position, and held it firmly and aggressively, with the "Conscience Whigs." He wrote the "Protest" against the Texas scheme issued by the famous Faneuil Hall meeting of 1845, at which Wendell Phillips first appeared as an orator. In 1848 he presided over the Free-soil Convention at Buffalo, which nominated Mr Van Buren for President and himself as Vice-President. After the failure of this movement he retired to private life until his election to Congress in 1858, where he was a prominent member of what was known as the Seward wing of the Republican party. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was sent as Minister to England.

It was in this very important and very trying post that he performed most valuable service, such as perhaps no other American could have rendered. At the court where his father and his grandfather had preceded him, he, as they, was forced to face a jealous and almost hostile spirit, not unalloyed with contempt. He was as fully qualified for the task as they had been. His energy, self reliance, and firmness made him a singularly efficient representative of his government. He served as the American arbitrator in the Tribunal of Geneva, and with equal distinction. After his return home he took an active part in politics. He published memoirs, with correspondence, of John Adams, and also of John Quincy Adams, the first in ten, the second in twelve volumes.

THE HERALD AND COURIER OF EDITORIAL BROTHERLY LOVE AND GOOD-WILL.

N B.—All editors please copy

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THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT ARTE

1. The Procession. 2 In the Church.

Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 787.]
the Church. 4. At the Grave.

# SHE:*

## A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

### XVIII.

#### OH, WOMAN!

THUS followed a silence of a minute or so, during which *She* appeared, if one might judge from the almost angelic rapture of her face—for the looked angelic sometimes—to be plunged in a happy ecstasy. Suddenly, however, a new thought struck her, and her expression became the very reverse of angelic.

"Alamut had I forgotten," she said, "that man Ustane. What is she to Kallikrates—his servant, eh—?" and she paused, and her voice trembled

I shrugged my shoulders. "I understand that she is wed to him according to the custom of the Amahagger," I answered; "but I know not."

Her face grew dark as a thunder-cloud. Old as she was, Ayesha had not outlived jealousy

"Then there is an end," she said; "she must die, even now!"

"Nay, nay," I cried, "it would be a wicked crime, and from a crime naught comes but what is evil. See the new wife do not this deed."

"Is it, then, a crime, O foolish man, to put away that which stands between us and our ends? Then is one life one long crime, for finite, for day by day we destroy that we have lived, since in time will come save the strongest can endure."

But I was deeply anxious to save Ustane, whom I liked and respected, from the dire fate that overshadowed her at the hands of her mighty rival. So I made one more appeal.

"Ayesha," I said, "thou art too subtle fat sin; but thou dost hast told me that each man should be a law unto himself, and follow the teaching of his heart. Hath thy heart no regret toward her whose place thou wouldst take? Behinds thee, as thou sayest—though to me the thing is incredible—in whom thou deemest has returned to then after many years, and but now thou hast, as thou sayest also, wrung him from the jaws of death. Wilt thou celebrate his coming by the murder of one who loved him, and whom, perchance, he loved—one, at any rate, who saved his life for thee when the spears of thy slaves would have made an end thereof? Thou sayest also that in past days thou dide grievously wrong this man, that with thine own hand thou didst slay him because of the Egyptian Amenartas, whom he loved."

"How knowest thou that, O stranger? How knowest thou that name? I spoke it not to thee," she broke in with a cry, catching at my arm.

"Perchance I dreamed it," I answered, "strange dreams do hover about these caves of Kôr. It seems that the dreamer was, indeed, a shadow of the truth. What came to thee of thy mad crime?—two thousand years of waiting, was it not? and now wouldst thou repeat the history? Say what thou wilt, I tell thee that evil will come of it, for as him who doeth, at the least, good breeds good and evil evil, even though ra after-days out of evil cureth good. Offences must needs come, but woe to him by whose the offence cometh. So said that Messiah of whom I spoke to thee, and it was truly said. If thou slayest this innocent woman, I say unto thee that thou shalt be accursed, and pluck no fruit from time current free of love. Also, what thinkest thou? How will this man take thee red-handed from the slaughter of her who loved and needed him?"

"As at that," she answered. "I have already answered thee. Had I slain him on will as he, yet should he love me, Holly, because he could not help himself, saw more than that combat help dying, if by chance I slew thee, O Holly. And yet maybe there is truth in what thou dost say, for in some way it presseth on my mind. If it may be, I will spare this woman, for have I not told thee that I am not cruel for the sake of cruelty? I love not to see suffering, or to cause it. Let her come before me—quick, now, before my mood changes," and she hastily covered her face with its gauze wrapping

Well pleased to have succeeded even to this extent, I passed out into the passage and called to Ustane, whose white garment I caught sight of some yards away, huddled up against one of the earthen-ware lamps that were placed at intervals along the tunnel. She rose, and ran toward me.

"Is my lord dead? Oh, my set he is dead," she cried, lifting her noble looking face, all stained as it was with tears, up to me with an air of infinite beseeching that went straight to my heart.

"Nay; he lives," I answered. "*She* hath saved him. Enter"

She sighed deeply, and entered, and fell upon her hands and knees, after the custom of the Amahagger people, in the presence of the dread *She*.

"Stand," said Ayesha, in her coldest voice, "and come hither."

Ustane obeyed, standing before her with bound head.

Then came a pause, which she broke

"Who is this man?" she said, pointing to the sleeping form of Leo.

"The man is my husband," she answered, in a low voice.

"Who gave him to thee for a husband?"

"I took him according to the custom of our country, O *She*."

"Thou hast done evil, woman, in taking this man, who is a stranger. He is not a man of thine own race, and the custom fails. Listen. Perchance thou doubt this thing through ignorance; therefore, woman, do I spare thee; otherwise hadst thou died. Listen again. Go from hence back to thine own place, and never dare to speak to or set thine eyes upon this man again. He is out for thee. Listen a third time. If thou breakest this my law, that moment thou diest. Go."

But Ustane did not move.

"Go, woman!"

Then she looked up, and I saw that her face was torn with passion

"Nay, O *She*, I will not go," she answered, in a choked voice. "The man is my husband, and I love him; I love him, and I will not leave him. What right hast thou to make me leave my husband?"

I saw a little spirit pass down Ayesha's frame, and shuddered myself, fearing the worst.

"Be pitiful," I said, in thirsh. "it is but an ture working."

"I am pitiful," she answered, coldly; "had I not been pitiful, she had been dead even now" Then addressing Ustane:—"Woman, I say to thee go, before I destroy thee where thou art!"

"I will not go. He is mine—mine!" she cried, in anguish. "I took him, and I saved his life. Destroy me, then, if thou hast the power. I will not give thee my husband—never—never!"

Ayesha made a movement so swift that I could scarcely believe it, but it seemed to me that she lightly struck the poor girl upon the hair with her hand. I looked at Ustane's head, and then staggered back in horror, for there upon her hair, right across her bronze like tresses, were three finger-marks as white as snow. As for the girl herself, she had put her hands to her head, and was looking dazed

"Great heavens!" I said, perfectly aghast at this dreadful manifestation of inhuman power; but *She* did but laugh a little.

"Thou thickest, poor ignorant fool," she said to the bewildered woman, "that I have not power to slay. Stay; there lies a mirror;" and she pointed to Leo's round shaving glass that had been arranged by Job with other things upon his portmanteau. "Give it to this woman, my Holly, and he her one that which lies across her hair, and whether or no I have power to slay."

I picked up the glass and held it before Ustane's eyes. She gazed, then felt at her hair, then gazed again, and then sank upon the ground with a sort of sob.

"Now will thou go, or must I strike a second time?" asked Ayesha, in mockery. "See; I have set my seal upon thee, so that I may know thee tell thy hair be all as white as it. If I see thy face here again, be sure too that thy bones shall soon be whiter than my mark upon thy hair"

Utterly awed and broken down, the poor creature rose, and, marked with that awful mark, crept from the room, sobbing bitterly.

That night I passed in Leo's room, but he slept through it like the dead, never once stirring. I also slept fairly well, as, indeed, I needed to do, but my sleep was full of dreams of all the horrors and wonders I had undergone. Chiefly, however, I was haunted by that frightful piece of diablerie by which Ayesha left her finger marks upon her rival's hair. There was something so terrible about the swift, snake-like movement, and the instantaneous blanching of that thunderbolt line, that of the results to Ustane had been much more tremendous I doubt if they would have impressed me so deeply. To this day I often dream of that dread scene, and see the weeping woman, bereaved, and marked like Cain, cast a last look at her lover, and creep from the presence of her dread Queen.

Another dream that troubled me was about the huge pyramid of bones. I dreamed that they all stood up and marched past me in thousands and tens of thousands—in squadrons, companies, and armies—with the moonlight shining through their hollow ribs. On they rushed across the plain to Kôr, their imperial home; I saw the drawbridges fall before them, and heard their bones clank through the brazen gates. On they went, up the splendid streets, on past fountains, palaces, and temples such as the eye of man never saw. But there was no man to greet them in the marketplace, and no woman's head appeared at the windows, only a faultless voice went before them, calling, "*Fallen is Imperial Kôr!—fallen!—fallen!—fallen!*" On, right through the city, marched these gleaming phalanxes, and the rattle of their bones trend echoing through the silent air as they pressed grimly on. They passed through the city, and climb the wall and marched along the great roadway that was made upon it, till at length they once more reached the drawbridge. Then, as the sun was sinking, they returned again toward their sepulchre, and hastily his light shone through them, throwing gigantic shadows of their bones, that stretched away and moved like huge spiders' legs as they wound across the plain. Back they came at the cave, and once more flung themselves in unending file through the hole into the huge pyramid of bones; and I awoke, shuddering, to see *She*, who had evidently been standing between my couch and Leo's, glide like a shadow from the room.

After this I slept again, soundly this time, till morning, when I awoke much refreshed, and got up. At last the hour drew near at which, according to Ayesha, Leo was to awake, and with it came *She* herself, as usual, veiled.

"Thou shalt see, Holly," the said; "presently shall he wash in his right mind, the fever having left him."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when Leo turned round and stretched out his arms, yawned, opened his eyes, and perceiving a female form bending over him, threw his arms round her and hissed her, mistaking her, perhaps, for Ustane, because, next minute, he said, in Arabic, "Hullo, Ustane, why have you tied your head up like that? have you got the toothache?" and then, in English, "I say, I'm awfully hungry. Why, Job, you old son of a gun, where the deuce have we got to now—eh?"

"I am sure I wish I knew, Mr Leo," said Job, edging surreptitiously past Ayesha, whom he still regarded with the utmost disgust and horror, being by no means sure that she was not an animated corpse; "but you mustn't talk, Mr Leo; you've been very ill, and given us a great deal of anxiety, and if this is by," looking at Ayesha, "would be so kind as to move, I'll bring you your soup."

This turned Leo's attention to the "lady," who was standing by in perfect silence. "Hullo!" he said, "what is my Ustane—where is Ustane?"

Then, for the first time, Ayesha spoke to him, and her first words were a lie. "She has gone long hence upon a visit," she said; "and, behold, I am here as thine handmaiden"

Ayesha's silver notes seemed to pierce his half-awakened intellect, as she did her corpse-like wrappings. However, he said nothing at the time, but drank off his soup greedily enough, and then turned over and slept again till the evening. When he woke for the second time he saw me, and began to question me as to what had happened, but I had to put him off as best I could till the morrow, when he awoke almost miraculously better. Then I told him something of his illness and of our doings, but as Ayesha was present I could not tell him much, except that she was the Queen of the country, and well disposed toward us, and that it was her pleasure to be veiled; for though of course I spoke in English, I was afraid that she might understand what we were saying from the expression of our faces, and, besides, I remembered her warning.

On the following day Leo got up, almost entirely recovered. The fleshy wound in his side was healed, and his constitution, naturally a vigorous one, had shaken off the exhaustion consequent on his terrible fever with a rapidity that I can only attribute to the effects of the wonderful drug which Ayesha had given to him, and also to the fact that his illness had been too short to reduce him very much. With his returning health came back full recollection of all his adventures up to the time when he had lost consciousness in the marsh, and of course of Ustane also, to whom I discovered he had grown considerably attached. Indeed, he overwhelmed me with questions about the poor girl, which I did not dare to answer, for after Leo's first wakening *She* had sent for me, and again warned me solemnly that I was to reveal nothing of the story to him, delicately insinuating that if I did it would be the worse for me. She also, for the second time, cautioned me not to tell Leo anything more than I was obliged about himself, saying that she would tell him in her own time.

Indeed, her whole manner changed. After all that I had seen I had expected that she would take the earliest opportunity of claiming the man she believed at he her old-world lover; but this, for some reason of last own, which was at the time quite inscrutable to me, she did not do. All that she did was to attend to his wants quietly, and with a humility that was in striking contrast with her former imperious bearing, addressing him always in a tone of something very like respect, and keeping him with her as much as possible. Of course his curiosity was so much excited about this mysterious woman as my own had been, and he was particularly anxious to see her face, which I had, without entering into particulars, told him was as lovely as her form and voice. This in itself was enough to raise the expectations of any young man to a dangerous pitch, and had it not been that he had not as yet completely shaken off the effects of illness, and was much troubled in his mind about Ustane, of whose affection and brave devotion he spoke in touching terms, I have no doubt that he would have entered into her plans, and fallen in love with her by anticipation. As it was, however, he was simply wildly curious, and also, like myself, considerably awed, for though as Job had been given to him he looked her extraordinary age, he not immediately came to identify her with the woman spoken of on the potsherd. At last, quite driven into a corner by his continual questions, which he showered on me while he was dressing on this third morning, I referred him to Ayesha, saying, with perfect truth, that I did not know where Ustane was. Accordingly, after he had eaten a hearty breakfast, we adjourned into *She's* presence, for her maiden had orders to admit us at all hours.

She was, as usual, seated in what, for want of a better term, we called her boudoir, and, on the curtains being drawn, she rose from her couch and, stretching out both hands, came forward to greet us, or rather Leo, for I, as may be imagined, was now quite left in the cold. It was a pretty sight to see her veiled form gliding toward the sturdy young Englishman, dressed in his gray flannel suit; for though he is half a Greek in blood, Leo is, with the exception of his hair, one of the most English-looking men I ever saw. He has nothing of the supple form or slippery manner of the modern Greek about him, though I presume that he got his remarkable personal beauty from his foreign mother, whose portrait he resembles not a little. He is very tall and big-chested, and yet not awkward, as so many big men are, and his head is set upon him in such a fashion as to give him a proud and vigorous air, which was well translated in his Amahagger name of the Lion.

"Greeting to thee, thy young stranger lord," she said, in her softest voice. "Right glad am I to see thee upon thy feet. Believe me, had I not saved thee at the last, never would thou then hast stood upon those feet again. But the danger is done, and it shall be my care"—and she flung a world of meaning into the words—"that it doth never return again"

Leo bowed to her, and then, in his best Arabic, thanked her for all her kindness and courtesy in caring for one unknown to her.

"Nay," she answered, softly, "I could the world spare such a man. Beauty is too rare upon it. Give me no thanks, who am made happy by thy coming."

"Humph! old fellow," said Master Leo, aside to me in English, "the lady is uncommonly civil. We seem to have tumbled into clover. I hope you have made the most of your opportunities. By Jove! what a pair of arms she has got!"

I nudged him in the ribs to make him keep quiet, for I caught sight of a glimpse from Ayesha's hidden eye regarding me curiously.

"I trust," went on Ayesha, "that my servants have attended well upon thee; if there was no comfort in this poor place, be sure it waits on thee. Is there aught that I can do for thee more?"

"Yes, O *She*," answered Leo, humbly. "I would fain know where the young lady she was looking after me has gone to."

"Ah," said Ayesha; "the girl—yes, I saw her Nay, I know not; she said that she would go. I know not whither. Perchance she will return, perchance not. It is wearisome waiting on the sick, and these savage women are fickle"

Leo looked both sulky and distressed at this intelligence.

"It is referably odd," he said to me, in English; and then addressing *She*, "I cannot understand," he said, "the young lady and I—well, you know exactly—in short, we had a regard for each other."

Ayesha laughed a little, very musically, and then turned the subject.

### XIX.

#### "GIVE ME A BLACK COAT!"

THE conversation after this was of such a desultory order that I do not quite recollect it. For some reason, perhaps from a desire to keep her identity and character in reserve, Ayesha did not talk freely, as she usually did. Presently, however, she informed Leo that she had arranged a dance that night for our amusement. I was astonished to hear this, as I fancied that the Amahagger were much too gloomy a folk to indulge in any such frivolity, but, as will presently more clearly appear, it turned out that as Amahagger dance had little in common with such fantastic festivities in other countries, savage or civilized. Then, as we were about to withdraw, she suggested that Leo might like to see some of the wonders of the caves, and as he gladly assented to this, thither we departed, accompanied by Job and Billali. To describe our visit would only be to repeat a great deal of what I have already said. The tombs we entered were indeed different, for the whole rock was a honey-comb of sepulchres,* but the contents were nearly always the same. Afterward we visited the pyramid of bones that had haunted my dreams on the previous night, and from thence went down a long passage to one of the great vaults occupied by the bodies of the poor citizens of the Imperial Kôr. These bodies were not nearly as well preserved, and many of them had no linen covering on them, also ther were buried from five hundred to one thousand in a single large vault, the corpses in many instances being thickly piled one upon another, like a heap of slain.

When we had finished inspecting the caves, we returned and had our meal, for it was now past four in the afternoon, and we needed some food and rest, especially Leo. At six o'clock we all, including Job, waited on Ayesha, who set at work to terrify our poor servant still further by showing him pictures on the pool of water in the feast-like vessel. She learnt from me that he was one of seventeen children, and then bid him think of all his brothers and sisters, or as many of them as he could, gathered together in his father's cottage. Then she told him to look in the water, and there, reflected from its still surface, was that dead scene of many years gone by, as it was recalled to our poor servant's brain. Some of the faces were clear enough, but some were mere blurs and splotches, or with one feature grossly exaggerated; the fact being that, in these instances, Job had been unable to recall the exact appearances of the individuals, or remembered them not by a peculiarity of his tribe, and the water could only reflect what he saw with his mind's eye. For it must be remembered that *She's* power in this matter was strictly limited; she could apparently, except in very rare instances, only photograph upon the water what was actually in the mind of some one present, and then only by his will. But if the man personally acquainted with a locality, she could, as in the case of ourselves and the whole boat, throw its reflection upon the water, and also the reflection of anything extraneous that was passing there at the time. This power, however, did not extend as the minds of others. For instance, she could show me the interior of my college chapel as I remembered it, but not as it was at the moment of reflection; for where other people were concerned, her art was strictly limited to the facts or memories present to *their* consciousness at the moment. So much was this so that when we tried, for her amusement, to show her pictures of noted buildings, such as St. Paul's or the Houses of Parliament, the result was most imperfect; for, of course, though we had a good general idea of their appearance, we could not recall all the architectural details, and therefore the minutiæ necessary to a perfect reflection were wanting. But Job could not be got to understand this, and we far from accepting a natural explanation of the matter, which was, after all, though strange enough in all conscience, nothing more than an instance of glorified and perfected telepathy, he set the whole thing down as a manifestation of the black lead magic. I shall never forget the howl of terror which he uttered when he saw the more or less perfect portraits at his long-scattered brethren staring at him from the quiet water, or the merry peal of laughter with which Ayesha greeted his consternation. As for Leo, he did not half like it either, but ran his fingers through

* For a long while I panted me to know what could have been done with the enormous quantities of rock that must have been dug out of these vast caves; but I afterward discovered that it was for the most part built into the walls and palaces at Kôr, and also used to line the reservoirs and sewers.—L. H. H.

* Begun to HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1564.

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his yellow curls, and remarked that it gave him the creeps.

After about an hour of this amusement, in the latter part of which Job did not participate, the mesas by signs indicated that Bilill was waiting for an audience. Accordingly he was told to "crawl up," which he did as naturally as usual, and announced that the dance was ready to begin if *She* and the white strangers would be pleased to attend. Shortly afterward an all rose, and Ayesha having thrown a dark cloak (the same, by the way, that she had worn when I saw her coming by the fire) over her white wrappings, we started. The dance was to be held in the open air, on the smooth rocky plateau in front of the great cave, and thither we made our way. About fifteen paces from the mouth of the cave we found three chairs placed, and here we sat and waited, for as yet no dancers were to be seen. The night was almost, but not quite, dark, the moon being not risen as yet, which made us wonder how we should be able to see the dancing.

"Thou will presently understand," said Ayesha, with a little laugh, when Leo asked her; and we certainly did. Scarcely were the words out of her mouth when from every point we saw dark forms rushing up, bearing with them what we at first took to be enormous flaming torches. Whatever they were, they were burning furiously, for the flames stood out a yard or more behind each bearer. On they came, fifty or more of them, looking like devils from hell, with their flaming burdens. Leo was the first to discover what these burdens were

"Great Heaven!" he shouted, "they are corpses on fire!"

I stared, and stared again. He was perfectly right, the torches that were to light our entertainment were human mummies from the caves!

On reached the bearers of the flaming corpses, and mounting at a spot about twenty paces in front of us, built their ghastly burdens crosswise into a huge bonfire. Heavens! how they roared and flared! No tar barrel could have burnt as those mummies did. Nor was this all. Suddenly I saw one great fellow seize a flaming human arm that had fallen from its parent frame, and rush off into the darkness. Presently he stopped, and a tall streak of fire shot up into the air, illumining the gloom, and also the lamp from which it sprung. The lamp was the mummy of a woman tied to a stout stake let into the rock, and he had fired her hair. On he went a few paces, and touched a second, then a third and a fourth, till at last we were surrounded on all three sides by a great ring of bonfire flaring furiously, the material with which they were preserved having rendered them so inflammable that the flames would literally spout out of the ears and mouth in tongues of fire a foot or more long.

Nero illuminated his gardens with live Christians soaked in tar, and we were now twisted to a similar spectacle, probably for the first time since his day, only happily our lamps were not living ones.

But although this element of horror was fortunately wanting, to describe the awful and hideous grandeur of the spectacle then presented to us is, I feel, so absolutely beyond my poor powers that I scarcely dare attempt it. To begin with, it appealed to the moral as well as the physical susceptibilities. There was something very terrible, and yet very fascinating, about the employment of the remote dead to illumine the orgies of the living; in itself the thing was a satire both on the living and the dead. Cæsar's dust—or is it Alexander's?—may stop a bung hole, but the function of these dead Cæsars of the past was to light up a savage orgy. To such base uses do we come, of so little account are we in the minds of the eager multitudes we have bred, most of whom, so far from revering one memory, would fain to curse or fan begrudging them into such a world of woe.

Then there was the physical side of the spectacle, and a weird and splendid one it was. These old citizens of Kôr burnt as, to judge from their inscriptions, they had lived—very fast, and with the utmost liberality. What is more, there were plenty of them. As soon as ever a mummy had burnt down to the ashes, which it did in about twenty minutes, the fuel were hacked away, and another one put in its place. The bonfire was kept going on the same generous scale, and its flames shot up with a hiss and a crackle twenty or thirty feet into the air, throwing great flashes of light far out into the gloom, through which the dark forms of the Amahagger flitted to and fro like devils replenishing the infernal fires. We all stood and stared aghast—shocked, and yet fascinated—as no strange a spectacle, and half expecting to see the spirits those flaming forms had once enclosed come creeping from the shadows to work vengeance on their desecrators.

"I promised thee a strange sight, my Holly," laughed Ayesha, whose nerves alone did not seem to be affected, "and, behold, I have not failed thee. Also, it hath its lesson. Trust not to the future, for who knows what the future may bring? Therefore live for the day, and endeavor not to escape the dem which seems to be man's end. What thinkest thou those long forgotten nobles and ladies would have felt had they known that they should one day flare to light the dance or ball the pot of savages? But see, here come the dancers; a merry crew—are they not? The stage is fit—now for the play."

As she spoke, we perceived two lines of figures, one male and the other female, to the number of about a hundred, each advancing round the human bonfire, arrayed only in the usual leopard and buck skins. They formed up, in perfect silence, in two lines facing each other, between us and the fire, and then the dance—a sort of infernal and fiendish caricature—began. To describe it is quite impossible, but though there was a good deal of tossing of legs and double-shuffling, it seemed to one untutored mind to be more of a play than a dance, and, to usual with this dreadful people, whose minds seem to have taken their color from the caves in which they live, and whose jokes and amusements are drawn from the inexhaustible stores of preserved mummies with which they share their homes, the subject appeared to be a most ghastly one. I know that it represented an attempted cooke first of all, and then the burial alive of the victim and his struggling from the grave, each act of the abominable drama, which was carried on in perfect silence, being rounded off and finished with a furious and most revolting dance round the supposed victim, who writhed upon the ground in the red light of the fire.

Presently, however, this pleasing piece was interrupted. Suddenly there was a slight commotion, and a great, powerful woman, whom I had noted as one of the most vigorous of the dancers, came made mad and drunken with ethnic excitement, bounding and staggering toward us, shrieking out as she came

"I want a black goat; I must have a black goat; bring me a black goat!" and down she fell upon the rocky floor, foaming and writhing, and shrieking for a black goat—about as hideous a spectacle as can well be conceived.

Instantly most of the dancers came up, and got round her, though some still continued their capers in the background

"She has got a Devil," sang out one of them "Man and get a black goat There, Devil, keep quiet—keep quiet! You shall have the goat presently. They have gone to fetch it, Devil."

"I want a black goat; I must have a black goat!" shrieked the foaming, rolling creature again.

"All right, Devil, the goat will be here presently, keep quiet, there's a good Devil!"

And on on, till the goat, taken from a neighboring kraal, did at last arrive, being dragged bleating on to the scene by its horns.

"Is it a black one?—is it a black one?" shrieked the possessed.

"Yes, yes Devil, as black as night;" then aside, "keep it behind thee; don't let the Devil see it has got a white spot on its ribs and another on its tail. In one minute, Devil There, cut its throat, quick. Where is the saucer?"

"The goat! the goat! the goat! Give me the blood of my black goat! I must have it, don't you see I must have it? Oh! oh! oh! give me the blood of the goat."

(to be continued.)

## THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.

### THE NEW LYNCHBURG.

LYNCH has gave a new word to our language, and was the origin of a poem that made its name familiar throughout the land. Colonel CHARLES LYNCH, a brother of the founder of the town, was an officer in the Revolution, and had a plantation on the Staunton River. At that date the country was sparsely settled, and the machinery of the law was slow and uncertain in operation. Colonel Lynch invented that summary way of dealing with Tories and lawless characters which has since borne his name, and been very widely practised under the name of "lynch-law" upon thousands of the deserving, who never knew on whom they were indebted for the promptness of their punishments. The poem which carried the name of Lynchburg round the globe opened with the statement of the poet:

"In golden down
To Lynchburg town
To take my honeymoon down day,"

and it gave a well-ascertained impression that the singer was going to a good market, and that any pin large with the name of Lynchburg on it must be choice

Lynchburg was an easy going place before the war, conservative and antiquated in its business methods: the war struck out of existence most of its property, and paralyzed its industrial life. For three years it was clearing away the debris of the old civilization and laying new foundations. In 1868, when it dared feel to take stock of itself, it found that it had accumulated real and personal property for taxation less than four millions of dollars In the fifteen years following, the valuation was more than tripled In this period the population doubled, and at this writing it is not far from 26,000 In 1868 the banking capital was only a little over half a million, and owing to a high rate of discount (twelve per cent. per annum) only about half of that was loaned, by 1883 it had increased tenfold, and the loans at six per cent were two and a half millions. So active had business become that this loan was renewed four times a year, making an aggregate of bank discounts of ten millions, and in this year not a cent of the amount so loaned was lost or suspended. This is probably an unexampled record, and speaks as much for the business integrity of the city as for its thrift and enterprise. The city has now four national banks, one State, and two private banks, with ample facilities for the wants of its growing manufactures It is to be noted of Lynchburg that its growth is due to the enterprise of its own citizens, who in a very short space of time have made the money necessary to the constant extension of its industries.

The city itself is beautifully situated on the south bank of the James, 675 feet above tide-water, and enjoys a genial and equable climate Its mean temperature is 57°, running down to 46° in December, and rising to 75° in July, of course with days of lower and of higher, but so even that it is a good all-the-year-round residence, though there are "heated terms" in July and August, when pleasure or health makes a visit to the springs in the mountains agreeable.

The town is called the "Hill City" Viewed from the opposite side of Amherst, it is found to deserve the name, the hills are said to be the traditional "seven," but to the stranger there seem to be never seven hundred. The James Valley is narrow, and into it are crowded the railways and many of the factories. From this the streets run up on very steep grades. The main streets are parallel with the river, but be on means level. Over this diversified surface the town is scattered, covering a large area, and containing a vast number of small, neat houses, occupied by people of moderate means. No better evidence, indeed, of the thrift of the town is needed than the number of these small and comfortable houses. These lie on and among the hills back from the river, the river slope is crowded with great warehouses and factories, large shops and handsome buildings, public and private Seen from Amherst, the foreground is one of great industrial enterprise, and the background of uncommon beauty, for there are the lovely peaks of Otter and the purple range of the Blue Ridge

The hilly nature of the town is probably to its advantage in other ways than sanitary. On the steep slopes the inhabitants have so overcome nature for building room, streets have to be cut and filled, and all the energy of man is called out to adapting nature to his wants Just one the town is in a transition state with all its improvements, and a hat with grading and filling and wall-building, with new dwelling houses and bigger warehouses and new works, the pushing railways and the necessity of making every day new facilities for increasing business, the town in its center is more active than picturesque. The water for the city is drawn from the James, sent up on the town large reservoirs on the hills by a system of vast pumps The upper reservoir is 350 feet above the river level, and the lower one 250. Each has a capacity of about four millions of gallons, and both are magnificent specimens of masonry Good water is abundant in all parts of the city

It is perhaps to the steep streets that Lynchburg owes its splendid horses. Few towns certainly can show, either for pleasure driving or for heavy work, such fine horses. Indeed, only the most spirited and most enduring could stand the work required of them I doubt if the horses of any other town of its size can compare with these, and they only fairly represent the energy and vim of the town.

What impresses the stranger fully as much as the beauty of the situation is the activity in the streets and the general bustle of the town. The streets are crowded, with loaded teams and thronged with life. It one wants to see what the New South is, let him get into the business chief of this place. Everybody is at work, white and colored. There is no idle class. It is the boast of the place that dudes are unknown. Whatever opinions prevailed formerly about labor, it is now the stamp of respectability as it is of success. The new industries have opened avenues for employment, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every man, woman, and, and boy in town is employed. Some of the lighter forms of industry, such as cigarette-making, give very profitable employment to girls who never before had work, and as a consequence people is able, and if one may judge by appearances, they are happy in their new industry The industry of the colored people is in marked contrast to their conduct in some other inland places in the State. They are all at work or at school, and are acquiring homes and habits of industry and self-support. The white population is, I believe, a little in excess of the colored, and both races, being born on enterprise and improvement, work harmoniously together, and with good feeling. It is true that the negroes who are beginning to earn money have much yet to learn in the way of thrift, and that most of them are improvident, spending their earnings as soon as they get them, but they are improving.

The railway facilities of the place are excellent, and the freight tariffs favorable. Trains run on the Virginia Midland north to Washington and south to North Carolina, east by the Richmond and Allegheny to Richmond, and west to the coal-fields of West Virginia, southeast by the Norfolk and Western to Norfolk, and southwest to Tennessee and Georgia What is called the Richmond and Danville Railroad system, controlling 2500 miles of road, is largely contributory to the prosperity of Lynchburg

The chief industry of Lynchburg is still the handling, the shipping, and the manufacture of tobacco, but still the hopeful sign for its growth is in its diversified industries, and in many of them it is successfully competing in Southern and Western markets with the old establishments on the East. In this brief paper it is not possible to more than allude to these, and we are not attempting to note only the signs of new life, and not to describe in detail, we cannot specify names or make room for figures. There are flouring mills, one of them turning out between 200 and 400 barrels a day; a nail factory, a large establishment for making ashes and blinds, a furniture factory; an ice factory; a blast furnace One of the city pumping engines, which throws water 250 feet up to the city reservoir, is made here There is a large bank and size stuff mill, an extensive and well-ordered blank book and printing establishment—a distinctive home industry) Messrs. J P BELL & Co), which is growing the trade of this part of the country in its line—and there are very large jobbing establishments in drugs, clothing, and fancy goods, besides retail stores in one and variety of stock that would be notable in any Northern town And all these are specially notable here because they are purely indigenous.

Some figures will give an idea of the tobacco industry. There are twenty-two manufactories of plug tobacco, and nine of smoking, five cigar, two cigarette, and one snuff factory; twenty-one dealers in leaf tobacco for domestic account, and fifteen for export, there are eleven tobacco commission merchants, and five real public warehouses with capital and capacity for handling fifty million pounds annually The internal revenue collections on tobacco average half a million dollars yearly, and over half a million dollars are paid to factory hands each year Although it has been said that the tobacco business is not at this moment as flush as it was, yet the increase has been very large. The average annual sales for fifteen years, from 1870 to 1884, amounted to 20,452,162 pounds The total sales for 1884 were 42,332,000—an increase of 29 per cent. over the sales of 1865 The increase in 1886 over average sales for fifteen years (from 1870 to 1884 inclusive) was 145 per cent.

To those not familiar with the handling of tobacco the amount of labor needed in sorting, curing, and preparing the leaf for export or for manufacturing purposes is a surprise The tobacco is first brought in, in hogsheads, to the great warehouses. The barrels every day go the rounds of these warehouses to attend the "breaks." Some of the tobacco is brought in loose and piled up on the floor These lots are auctioned off All the tobacco is inspected. The ceremony of "breaking" a hogshead and attracting samples, on which it is sold, is a picturesque one. We have no space here to describe the various processes, and it must suffice to say that after the tobacco is inspected and goes to the dealers it is all handled leaf by leaf, and sorted as to quality and color This is all preliminary to the manufactory. One of the larger dealers, whose warehouses are visited (Messrs Hunt, Scantzen & Co.), ships yearly about 6,000 net pounds of tobacco I believe that Lynchburg is still the largest dealer in loose tobacco in the country There is a Tobacco Association, of which Mr. JOHN T ELWANG is president, which has in general charge this whole industry

One of the most interesting sights to the stranger is the great factories where the tobacco is manufactured into "plug" and cigarettes The system, the labor saving machinery, the skill in manipulation, the despatch with which everything is done, are very satisfactory In the cigarette factories of SMITH, WOODSON, & PATTON and the Lone Jack cigarette factory are employed hundreds of girls in remunerative labor At SMITH'S is a machine singularly ingenious, which takes in at one end the cut tobacco and the paper, and drops out the finished cigarette at the other end almost as fast as one can count. Too much praise cannot be given for the care which is extended to the female operatives at these factories, and for the opportunity thus given for an honest livelihood Men race work on the same building, but in separate departments, often singing at their work, and one is impressed with their business and cheerfulness. The interesting details of the work in any one of these great establishments would require a volume or two by themselves.

But the enterprise of Lynchburg shows itself in many other ways There are many large and some handsome churches, twenty four in all—six Presbyterian, six Methodist, five Episcopalian, four Baptist, one called the Methodist Protestant, and one Jewish synagogue. There is an opera house, and a fine court house, which occupies a commanding position, and shows well (with the fountain below it) from the river There is an admirably organized steam fire department, with all the latest electric inventions The town is lighted by the electric light There is a jail which is picturesque, and very far from being a model of what a jail should be, and there is a complete system of graded schools, these schools comprehend a period of ten years' study—four years in the primary department, three years in the grammar, and three in the high school The races are in separate schools, there being three district school-houses for whites and four for blacks In the white schools are 1250 pupils, and in the colored, 1900, the high school for whites has 125, and the colored high school only 17, but the number in the latter is increasing. In the high school, pupils are carried well on, and fitted for college. There are the same courses for both colors, but the blacks are only just beginning to wake up to the higher education. There are 26 teachers in the white schools, and 23 in the colored schools, and 18 of the latter teachers are colored. The reports show a growing appreciation on the part of the whole population of the value of a thorough education.

Outside the town, in a noble park, commanding a splendid mountain view, is an orphan asylum for female children, exceedingly well conducted, where girls may stay till they are eighteen, and where they are taught the domestic industries, and receive a fair English education It is the gift, with a liberal endowment, of Mr SAM'L MILLER, a very remarkable man, of Lynchburg, who was born in the latter part of the last century, and worked his way to wealth from poverty This is only one of several large public benefactions of this liberal and public-spirited citizen. Mr JOHN H FLOOD, the president, will calls him, for his self-denying life and his public charities, one of the most remarkable men our town in Virginia. A Young Men's Christian Association was opened and dedicated, with an address by the Mayor, Mr NATHANIEL MASSIE, the day we were there. It is a fine, convenient building, with one of the best auditoriums for public lectures in the country of its size. I believe that both races share the benefits of this institution. Mayor MASSIE now is an example of Young Virginia, a graduate of the grammar-school of his native town and of the University of Virginia, a lawyer, and now at the age of twenty-eight serving his second term as Mayor.

This is a mere glance at Lynchburg, and sometimes at all a sketch of its business enterprise. As Mr CHAUNCEY M. BLACKBURN, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, said in a recent address, it is on its own citizens that Lynchburg relies, on their capital and their energy The town certainly has its face set toward a fine future, in which its present prosperity will not only increase, but all the finer results of wealth will be developed. Its people are as hospitable as they are energetic, and there is in all its business and its social enterprises an excellent tone It has many rivals, but it is in the van of the New South.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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SKETCHES IN LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH," BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, PAGE 791.]

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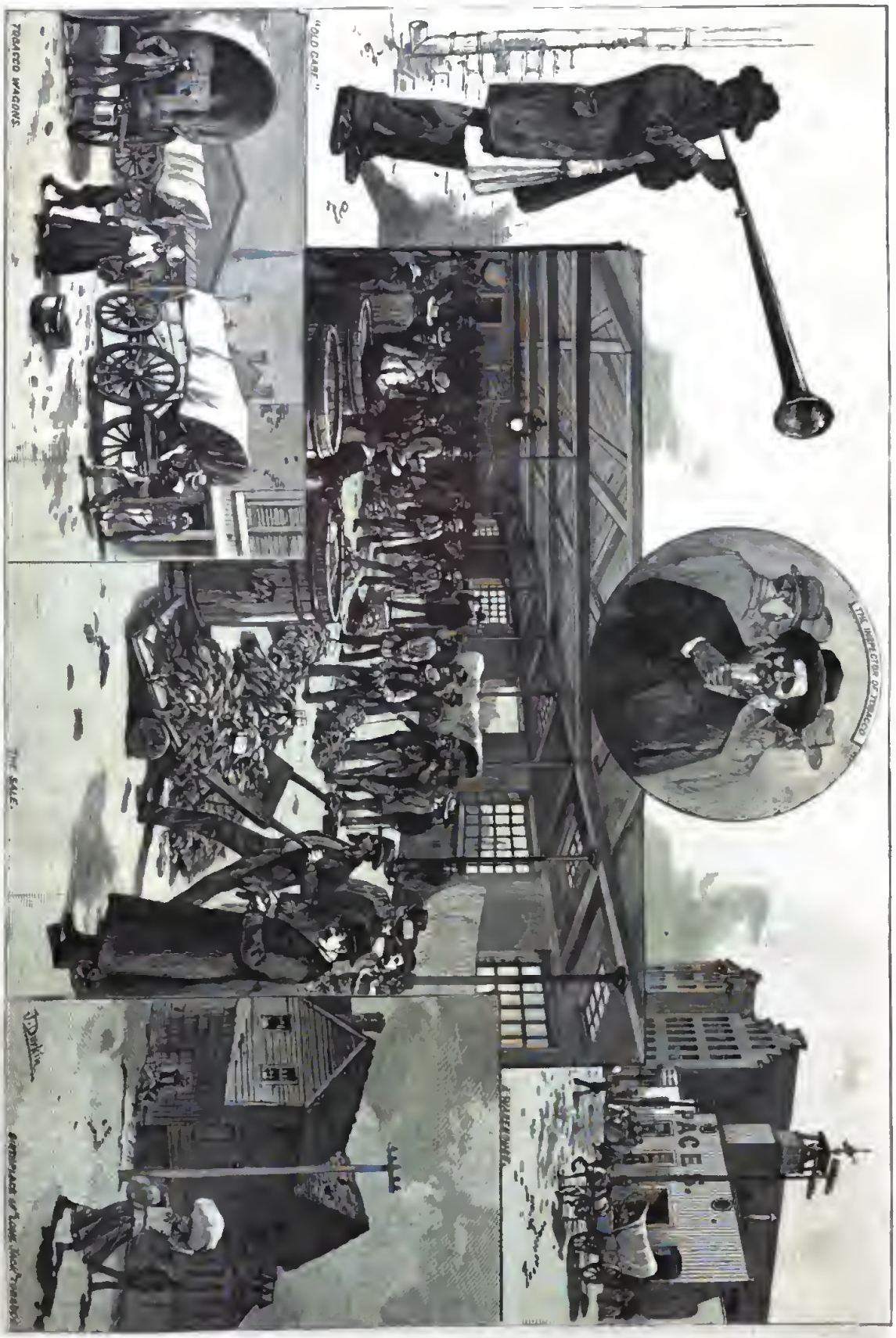


A TOBACCO "BREAK" AT LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY JOHN DUNKIN.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH," BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, PAGE 791.]

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## TO VESUVIUS.

Boast of the central fire of Earth,
Far upon you have stood
On planet trembled at your birth
In mighty motherhood!

Each smoke-cloud rising in your crest
May be a sharp-demon breath
From the low heaving of your breast
Yearning to deal with death!

Sometimes your poisoned passion grows
Till overside of lava start,
And through your fiery mouth outflows
The blood-red of your heart!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE

THE HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC AND COOK-BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.—[Adv.]

PROF BOHRNUS ON TOILET SOAPS:
"You have demonstrated that to Perfumery your soap was to make. I therefore cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article"
CHAS. S. HOSKINS' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a mere percentage of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[Adv.]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,
AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT,
Are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit. Sold only by Sales. Price 25 cents.—[Adv.]

FOOD REWARD
for your labor and care, can be obtained in a short time if you at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, for information about work which you can do and live at home, whatever your locality, at a profit of from 50 to $50 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not required. All ages. Both sexes. All particulars free. Those who are wise will write at once and learn for themselves. Good little fortunes await every worker.—[Adv.]

No well-regulated household should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS the world renowned aperitive and indigestive. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[Adv.]

CURE FOR THE DEAF
PEAK'S PATENT IMPROVED UNNOTICED EAR DRUMS PERMANENTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Have no connection with the head, and are entirely unnoticed by others. All removable, and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, free. F. HISCOX, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[Adv.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"It Saved My Life"
Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles.—E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.
About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life.—Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.
I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy.—D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my life. Two years ago I took a very severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted physicians, and took the remedies they prescribed, but failed to obtain relief until I began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two bottles of this medicine completely restored my health.—Lizzie M. Allen, West Lancaster, Ohio.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

DANGEROUS DRUGS.
HOW DO CURTAIN EFFECTUALLY ALL SUCH HORRIBLE HABITS.
*Rochester (New York) Post-Express.*
A GENTLEMAN who has spent the summer abroad said to our reporter that the thing that impressed him most of all was the number of holidays one encounters abroad, and the little anxiety the people display in the conduct of business affairs. "Men boast here," he said, "that they work for years without a day off; in Europe that would be considered a crime."
Mr H H Warner, who was present at the time, said, "This is the first summer in years that I have not spent on the water. Been too busy."
"Then, I suppose you have been advertising extensively?"
"Not at all. We have always heretofore closed our laboratory during July, August, and September, but this summer we have kept it running day and night to supply the demand which has been three times greater than ever before in our history at this season."
"How do you account for this?"
"The increase has come from the universal recognition of the excellence of our preparations. We have been nearly ten years before the public, and our sales are constantly increasing, while our newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. Why, high scientific and medical authorities now publicly concede that our Warner's Safe Cure is the only scientific specific for kidney and liver diseases, and for all the many diseases caused by them."
"Have you evidence of this?"
"Abundance. Only a few weeks ago Dr J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio, a specialist for the cure of narcotic, etc., habits, told me that a number of eminent scientific medical men had been experimenting for years, testing and analyzing all known remedies for the kidneys and liver, for, as you may be aware, the excretory use of all secretion and stimulants destroys those organs, and until they can be restored to health the habits cannot be broken up. Among the investigators were such men as J. M. Hoff, M.D., President of the State Board of Health of Iowa, and Alexander Neil, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and President of the Academy of Medicine at Columbus, who, after exhaustive inquiry, reported that there was no remedy known in schools or to scientific inquiry equal to Warner's Safe Cure."
"Are many persons addicted to the use of deadly drugs?"
"There are forty millions of people in the world who use opium alone, and there are many hundreds of thousands in this country who are victims of morphine, opium, quinine, and cocaine. They think they have no such habit about them—so many people are unconscious victims of these habits. They have pains, and symptoms of what they call malaria and other diseases, when in reality it is the demand in the system for these terrible drugs—a demand that is caused largely by physicians' prescriptions which contain so many dangerous drugs and strong spirits, and one that must be answered or silenced in the kidneys and liver by what Dr Stephens says is the only kidney and liver specific. He also says that moderate opium and other drug eaters, if they sustain the kidney and liver vigor with that great remedy, can keep up these habits in moderation."
"Well, does not this discovery give you a new revelation of the power of Safe Cure?"
"No sir, for years I have tried to convince the public that *nearly all the diseases of the human system* originate in some disorder of the kidneys or liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, ever ninety per cent of these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood, and become depraved and diseased."
"When these ailments or hostilities thus publicly admit that there is no remedy like ours to enable the kidneys and liver to throw off the frightful effects of all deadly drugs and excessive use of stimulants, it is an admission of its power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the opium, morphine, quinine, cocaine, and liquor habits can be overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"
"You really believe, then, Mr Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complaints?"
"I do. When you see a person moping and groveling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may safely put him down as having some kidney and liver trouble."
"The other day I was talking with Dr Fowler, the eminent oculist of this city, who said that half the patients who came to him for eye treatment were affected by advanced kidney disease. Now many people wonder why in middle life their eyesight becomes so poor. A thorough course of treatment with Warner's Safe Cure is what they need more than a pair of eye-glasses. The kidney poison in the blood always attacks the weakest part of the body, with some it affects the *eyes*, with others the *head*, with others the *stomach* or the *lungs*, or *rheumatic disorder follows*, and *neuralgia* tears them to pieces, or they lose the *powers of taste, smell*, or become *impotent in other functions of the body*. What man would not give his all to have the vigor of youth as estimated?"
"The intelligent physician knows that these complaints are but symptoms, they are not the disorder, and they are symptoms not of disease of the head, the eye, or stomach, or of virility, necessarily, but of the kidney poison in the blood, and they may prevail and no pain occur in the kidneys."
It is not strange that the enthusiasm which Mr Warner displays in his appreciation of his own remedy, which restored him to health when the doctors said he could not live six months, should become infectious, and that the entire world should pay tribute to its power. For, as Mr Warner says, the sales are constantly increasing, while the newspaper advertising is constantly diminishing. This speaks volumes in praise of the extraordinary merits of his preparations.

Lactated Food
The Physician's Favorite
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
Leading Physicians of all Schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as
The Most NOURISHING, Most PALATABLE, Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods
150 MEALS for an Infant for $1.00.
*FAMILY PREPARED.* At Druggists, 25c., 50c., $1.00.
☞ A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.
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LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to
SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH RARBITS, &c.
EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at MADRAS, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1861.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."
Lea & Perrins
Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.
JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

WHOOPING-COUGH CURED
Or Prevented by Page's Inhaler and Creosotene.
We have abundant testimony that Creosotene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for Whooping-Cough, for which (excepting quinine) no other powerful remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and not very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.
It is a safeguard against the spread of contagion.
Vaporizer complete, including a bottle of Creosotene $1.50. Ask your druggist for it.
W. E. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., SOLE AGENTS
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$3. SILK STITCHED BEST KID BEST TANNERY CALF BOTTOM SEWED

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CURE IT. Hayes' Dolobite. Speedy relief, harmless, safe. Sold. 1 cent cure. French Vegetable Salicylic Liniment, $1. Dolobite Thousands authentic testimonials. L. A. PARIS & CO., Agents, 195 W. 14th St., N. Y.

★ DIAMOND WORDS. ★
There are a few things that I believe in with all my heart, and it affords me pleasure to tell of one of them. The speaker was Ex-Senator Albert Merrill, head of the large fruit firm, at Park Place, N. Y., and the scene his office. "I was sick, and feared that I had serious Bright's disease, with the incidents of dyspepsia and a dangerous affection of the Kidneys. A relative said to me: 'Why don't you try Dr Kennedy's Favorite Remedy?' I did so. I grew steadily better, could eat, digest, sleep, work with a clearer head and the yellow color of my skin had grown pale to the bones."
That Announce Pure Blood,
and every organ of the body in healthy action. Dr Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is entitled to the credit of putting my life [illegible] saying this has a double shield, the truth of my statement let him write to me. I can give you the sisters and addresses of fifty persons who affirm, as I do, that Favorite Remedy, made and sold by Dr David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., has been to them a help and a blessing in time of need."
Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,
● Rondout, N. Y. All Druggists. $1. 6 for $5. ●

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has been so kind as to sit for her Portrait to Mr Joseph Keppler, and a large lithographic reproduction (from Ten Color Plates) of Mr J. Keppler's water-color painting will be given with the CHRISTMAS PUCK
*This is the Only Portrait of Mrs. Cleveland that is drawn from life.*
The CHRISTMAS PUCK (Just out) is a special publication of 32 large pages.
There are four cartoons on social subjects, really artistic and elaborate in execution.
The letter-press has been chosen with the greatest care, and is illustrated with one hundred engravings printed on soft, delicate tints of color. The work is decidedly a novelty.
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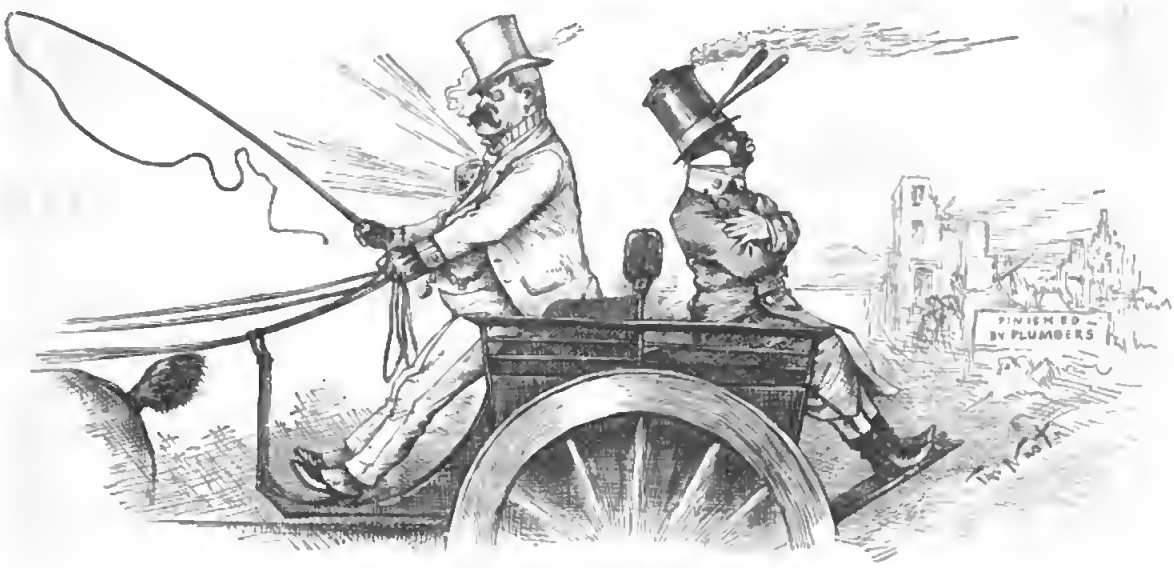


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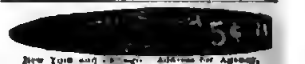

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THE TABLES OF THE LAW.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC DIELMAN.—[SEE CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK'S STORY "PROCESSIONING PARDEE'S LAND," PAGE 708.]

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## CHRISTMAS.

AMONG all our holidays Christmas is the happiest. Other days, like the Fourth of July and Decoration Day, have a patriotic association which is inspiring, and New-year's Day has an admonitory significance which is pathetic. But the tradition of Christmas is more universal and ideal than that of other holidays, because it is the feast of fraternity, of human sympathy and helpfulness. Not only is its sentiment glory to God, but its distinctive gospel is peace on earth and good will to man. It is the one day in the year on which selfishness is the most odious sin. Its peculiar observance is obvious, palpable, active thought of others. We all live under the general law of charity and of doing good. But this is the day on which we must make sure that our light shines so that men shall see our good works. WENDELL PHILLIPS, when asked to write a sentiment in autograph albums, often wrote:

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

But Christmas is the day which permits no discretion nor delay in that duty. If he who at any time gives quickly doubles his gift, he who does not give at Christmas is doubly guilty. The community surrenders itself to a sentiment and owns its power. John Bull pretends to be very skeptical of sentiment, but it is he who has given the character to this day. It has become in effect an English holiday; that is to say, a holiday which derives its peculiar character from English usages, traditions, and literature.

As commemorating the birth of the founder of the Christian religion, it is a religious feast. But in the popular apprehension its religious character has been superseded by its social and charitable significance. It has become the feast of good fellowship in the highest sense—good fellowship with a religious sanction. Nominally it is the birthday of the founder of Christianity. Practically it is the day of Saint Nicholas, the feast of Santa Claus. Historically it is the blending of the earlier and the later dispensations, the mingling of heathen and Christian symbols. The Yule-log was kindled by a spark from the Druids' altar. The pagan boar's head is brought in with Christian carols. The Christian doctrine is the subjugation of the flesh. The Christmas celebration is the enjoyment of the senses. But the religious aspect and feeling consecrate the day and complete it. Is the essential charm of the festival the consciousness that it does full justice to human nature, that it tempers the asceticism of the religious tendency, and asserts the due importance of sense and pleasure, and holds that a joyous benevolence is no less a religious service than the flagellation and mortification and and penance of the fasting neophyte? To assert that this is a tendency which requires no fostering, and that the gods of pleasure are always sure of their worship, is to forget that whether

> "Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less,"

or not, yet the presentation of religion and of Christianity as unsmiling and inmitigable, requiring the surrender of all but the more serious impulses, and the constant doing of all that we desire not to do, is a view from which the human soul gladly takes refuge in the cheerfulness of Christmas.

"Christmas comes but once a year," was the old saying by which generosity was exhorted to be more generous, and to broach another barrel. But the spirit of Christmas shows itself to be so truly benignant and beneficent upon its own day that it might well be entreated to come more than once a year. Why not on every day? It would be inconvenient, undoubtedly, to have a perpetual Christmas tree, and to hang the stocking every night by the hearth, and to listen for the tinkling bells of the airy reindeer. The Christmas tree could hardly come to fruit every morning, the disappointed stocking would hang limp, and how could the faintest sound of the bells of Santa Claus be heard in the dog days? But the perpetual presence of the spirit of Christmas would not imply perpetual snap-dragon and kissing under the mistletoe. The spirit of Christmas is that of charity, and what an astounding revolution it would effect if that spirit should enter into every department of life for one year! Imagine the results of actual charity in society, in politics, in the church! Can any fancy properly depict Mrs. Grundy speaking of her "friends" in the spirit of Christmas, or a political party taking a fair or generous view of the other side, or one sect sinning by an excess of kind feeling for another? In trade suppose the rule of *caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware—to be suspended, in politics, the maxim of the Devil take the hindmost to be spurned, in the church, the exhortation, little children, love one another, to be obeyed. The imagination reels before such a millennial suggestion. The spectacle would work the miracle that seemed impossible, for Santa Claus would hasten at midsummer to see, and would stay during the sight, and the old saying would be transfigured into a new form, "Christmas comes all the year."

## PROCESSIONING PARDEE'S LAND.

By CHARLES ROBERT CRADDOCK.

UPON the steep slope of a certain "bald" among the Great Smoky Mountains there lie, just at the verge of the strange stunted woods from which the treeless dome emerges to touch the clouds, four great tilted blocks of sandstone. They are of marked regularity of shape, as square as if hewn with a chisel. Both are splintered and fissured; one is broken in twain. No other rock is near. The earth in which they are embedded in the rich black soil not unfrequently found upon the summits. Nevertheless no great significance might seem to attach to their isolation—an outcropping of ledges, perhaps, a fracture of the freeze; a trace of ancient denudation by the waters of the spring in the gap, flowing now down the trough of the gorge in a silvery braid of currents, and with a murmur that is earnest of a song.

It may have been some distortion of the story heard only from the lips of the circuit rider, some fantasy of tradition invested with the urgency of fact, but Roger Pardee could not remember the time when he did not believe that these were the stone tables of the Law that Moses flung down from the mountain-top in his wrath. In the dense ignorance of the mountaineer, and his secluded life, he knew of no foreign countries, no land holier than the land of his home. There was no incongruity in his mind that it should have been in the solemn silence and austere solitude of the "bald," in the magnificent sanctuary of the Great Smoky, that the law-giver had met the Lord and spoken with Him. Often as he lay at length on the strange barren place, veiled with the clouds that frequented it, a sudden sunburst in their midst would suggest anew what supernal splendors had once been here vouchsafed to the faltering eye of man. The illusion had come to be very dear to him; in the insistent acclamation of his faith it was all very near. And so he would go down to the slope below, among the weird, stunted trees, and look once more upon the broken tables, and ponder upon the strange signs written by time thereon. The incessant fall of the rain, the incessant blasts of the wind, coming again and again, though the centuries went, were registered here in mystic runes. The surface had weathered to a whitish-gray, but still in tiny depressions its pristine dark color showed in rugose characters. A splintered fissure held delicate facsimile impressions in fine script full of meaning. A series of worm-holes traced erratic hieroglyphics across a scaling corner; all the varied texts were illuminated by quartzose particles glittering in the sun, and here and there fine green grains of glauconite. He knew no names like these, and naught of meteorological influences. He had studied no other rock. His casual notice had been arrested nowhere by similar signs. Under the influence of his ignorant superstition, his cherished illusion, the lonely wilderness, what wonder that, as he pondered upon the stones, strange mysteries seemed revealed to him? He found significance in these cabalistic scriptures—nay, he read inspired words! With the rainbow of his gun he sought to follow the fine tracings of the letters writ by the finger of the Lord on the stone tables that Moses flung down from the mountain-top in his wrath.

With a devout thankfulness Pardee realized that he owned the land where they lay. It was worth, perhaps, a few cents an acre; it was utterly unfinishable, almost inaccessible, and his gratitude

"SHE APPLIED HER THIN, FRECKLED LITTLE FACE TO THE CRACK BETWEEN THE RAILS."

mixed its fervor only to its spiritual values. He was an idle and shiftless fellow, and had known no glow of acquisition, no other pride of possession. He herded cattle much of the time in the summer, and he hunted in the winter—wolves chiefly, their hair being long and finer at this season, and the smaller furry gentry; for he dealt in pelts. And so, despite the vastness of the mountain wilds, he often came and knelt beside the rocks with his rifle in his hand, and sought anew to decipher the mystic legends. His face, bending over the tables of the Law with the earnest research of a student, with the chastened subdurement of devotion, with all the calm sentiments of reverie, lacked something of its normal aspect. When a sudden stir of the leaves or the breaking of a twig recalled him to the world, and he would lift his head, it might hardly seem the same face, so heavy was the lower jaw, so insistent and conceive his eye. But if he took off his hat to place therein his motes bandana handkerchief or (if he were in luck and hardened with game) the scalp of a wild-cat—valuable for the bounty offered by the State—he showed a broad, massive forehead that added the complement of expression, and suggested a doubt if it were ferocity his countenance bespoke or force. His long black hair hung to his shoulders, and he wore a tangled black beard; his deep-set dark blue eyes were kindled with the fires of imagination. He was tall, and of a commanding presence but for his stoop and his slouch. His garments seemed a trifle less well ordered than those of his class, and here and there and there the traces of the blood of beasts; on his trousers were grass stains deeply grounded, for he knelt often to get a shot, and in meditation beside the rocks. He spent little time otherwise upon his knees, and perhaps it was some intuition of this fact that roused the wrath of certain brethren of the camp-meeting when he suddenly appeared among them, arrogating to himself peculiar spiritual experiences, proclaiming that his mind had been opened to strange lore, repeating thrilling, quickening words that he declared he had read on the dead rocks whereon were graven the commandments of the Lord. The tumultuous tide of his rude eloquence, his wild imagery, his ecstasy of faith, rolled over the assembly and awoke it anew to enthusiasm. Much that he said was accepted by the more intelligent clergy who led the meeting as figurative, as the finer fervors of truth, and they felt the responsive glow of emotion and quiver of sympathy. He intended it in its simple, literal significance. And to the more local members of the congregation the fact was patent.

"Such a pack o' lies hev seldom been tole in the hearin' o' Almighty God," said Job Grinnell, a few days after the breaking up of camp. He was rehearsing the proceedings at the meeting partly for the joy of hearing himself talk, and partly at the instance of his wife, who had been prevented from attending by the importunate illness of one of the children. "Ex I hearn my ear ter the words o' that thar brazen buzzard I eyed him constant. For I looked ter see the judgmint o' the Lord descend upon him like S'phira an' An'nas."

"Who?" asked his wife, pausing in her task of picking up chips. He had spoken of them so familiarly that one might imagine they lived close by in the cove.

"An'nas an' S'phira—them in the Bible as war struck by lightnin' fur lyin'," he explained.

"I remember *her*," she said. "S'phira, I calls her."

"Wash, A'gusta, *S'phira* do me jes as well," he said, with the momentary sullenness of one corrected. "Thar war a man along, though. An' 'peare ter me thar was powerful little justice in thar takin' off, ef Roger Pardee he 'lowed ter stan' up thar in the face o' the meetin' an' He no ex on yearthly critter in the west could h'lieve him—'cept'n' Brother Jacob Page, ta 'peared plunk out'n his head with religion, an' got ter shoutin' when this Pardee tok ter talkin' the law he read on these rocks—Moses' tables, folks calls 'em—up yander in the mountain."

He nodded upward toward the great looming range above them. His house was on a spur of the mountain, overshadowed by it; shielded. It was to him the Almoner of Fate. One by one it doled out the days, dawning from its summit; and thence, too, came the darkness and the gloom of night. One by one it liberated from the nonchalancies of its tangled wooded

heights the constellations to gladden the eye and lure the fancy. Its largess of silver streams flung down its slopes made fertile the little fields, and bestowed a lilting song on the silence, and took a turn at the mill-wheel, and did not disdain the thirst of the humble cattle. It gave pasturage in summer, as I whether from the winds of the absent. It was the ascetic feature of his life, he could hardly have imagined existence without "the mountain."

"Tole what he read on them rocks—yes, sir, ez glib ez a lark in' a persimmon. Twen't the reg'lar ten commandments—some cur'ous new texts—jes a-rollin' 'em out on sanctified ez if he had been nailed ter preach the gospel! An' ther was Brother Elias Bates a-sayin' 'Amen' ter every one. An' Brother Jacob Page: 'Glory, brother! Ye hev received the component' of the Spirit! Shake hands, brother!' An' sech as that. Ter her hears the commotion they raised about that thar dessed lynx' sin-an ye'd her 'lowed the mountin' war held ter glorify him stiddier the Lord."

Job Grinnell himself was a most notorious Christian. Between, however, with him could never be a superfluity, or even a sufficiency, and he grudged the fame that these strange spiritual utterances were acquiring. He had long enjoyed the distinction of being considered a miraculous convert; his rescue from the wily enticements of Satan had been celebrated with much shaking and clapping of hands, and cries of "Glory," and ecstatic ecstasy. His religious experiences thereafter, his vacillation of hope and despair, had been often elaborated amongst the brethren. But his sin a convenient soul; its expression was in the fortuitous and platitudes of the camp-meeting. They sank into oblivion in the excitement attendant upon Pardee's wild utterances from the mystic script of the rocks.

As Grinnell talked, he often paused in his work to imitate the gesticulatory enthusiasm of the saints at camp. He was a thickset fellow of only medium height, and was called, somewhat invidiously, "a low maw." His face was broad, prosaic, good-natured, incapable of any fine gradations of expression. It indicated an elementary rage or a sluggish placidity. He had a ragged beard of a reddish hue, and hair a shade lighter. He wore blue jean trousers and an unbleached cotton shirt, and the whole system depended on one suspender. He was engaged in skimming a great kettle of boiling sorghum with a perforated gourd, which caught the scum and strained the liquor. The process was primitive; instead of the usual sorghum boiler and furnace, the kettle was propped upon stones laid together as as to concentrate the heat of the fire. His wife was continuously feeding the flames with chips which she brought in her apron from the wood-pile. Her countenance was half hidden in her faded pink sun-bonnet, which, however, did not obscure an expression responsive to that on the man's face. She did not grudge Pardee the salvation he had found; she only grudged him the prestige he had derived from its unique method.

"Why can't the critter elude Satan o'th loss n'ise?" she asked, acrimoniously.

"Edmichly," her husband chimed in.

Now and then both turned a supervisory glance at the sorghum mill down the slope at some little distance, and close to the river. It had been a long day for the old white mare, mill trudging round and round the mill, perhaps a long day as well for the two half-grown boys, one of whom fed the machine, thrusting into it a stalk at a time, while the other brought in his arms fresh supplies from the great pile of sorghum cane hard by.

All the door-yard of the little log cabin was bedaubed with the scum of the sorghum which Job Grinnell flung from his perforated gourd upon the ground. The idle dogs—and there were many—would find, when to last disposed to move, a clog upon their nimble feet. They often sat down with a crinkling of brows and a puzzled expression of mouth to investigate their gelatinous pass with their tongues, not without certain indications of pleasure, for the sorghum was very sweet; some of these, that had acquired the taste from imbibing the children, openly begged.

One, a gaunt hound, hardly seemed an idle, he had a purpose in life, if it might not be called a profession. He lay at length, his paws stretched out before him, his head upon them; his big brown eyes were closed only at intervals, ever and again they opened wistfully at every movement of a small child, ten months old, perhaps, dressed in pink calico, who sat in the shadow formed by the protruding clay and stick chimney, and played by bouncing up and down and waving her fat hands, which seemed a perpetual joy and delight of possession to her. Take him altogether, she was a person of prepossessing appearance, despite her frank display of toothless gums, and around her wide mouth the unseemly traces of sorghum. She had the plump-set graces of dimples in every direction, big blue eyes with long lashes, the softest pose like skin, and an extraordinary pair of pink feet, which she rubbed together in moments of joy as if she had mistaken them for her hands. Although she sputtered a good deal, she had a charming unaffected laugh, with the giggle attachment natural to the young of her sex.

Suddenly there sounded an echo of it, as it were—a shrill, nervous little whinny; the boys whirled round to see whence it came. The persistent rasping noise of the sorghum mill and the bobbing of the oxbrow had prevented them from hearing an approach. There, quite close to hand, peering through the rails of the fence, was a little girl of seven or eight years of age.

"I venter hem in an' are you-uns's baby?" she exclaimed, in a high, shrill voice.

She was a forlorn little specimen, very thin and sharp-featured. Her homespun dress was short enough to show how fragile were the long bare legs that supported her. The curtain of her sun-bonnet, which was evidently made for a much larger person, hung down to the hem of her skirt, as she turned and glanced anxiously down the road, evidently suspecting a pursuer, she looked like an erratic sun-bonnet out for a stroll on a pair of borrowed legs.

She turned again suddenly and applied her thin, freckled little face to the crack between the rails. She smiled upon the baby, who smiled in response, and gave a little bounce that might be accounted a courtesy. The younger of the boys left the cane pile and ran up to his brother at the mill, which was close to the fence. "Don't ye let her do it," he said, vexatiously. "Tint ther gal is one of the Pardee family. I know her. Don't let hes in." And he ran back to the cane.

Grinnell had seemed pleased by this homage to the shrine of the family idol; but to the very mention of the "Pardee family" his face hardened, an angry light sprang into his eyes, and his gesture in skimming with the perforated gourd the scum from the boiling sorghum was as energetic as if with the action he were dashing the "Pardee family" from off the face of the earth. It was an ancient feud; his grandfather and some contemporary Pardee had fallen out about the ownership of certain vagrant cattle; there had been blows and bloodshed; other members of the connection had been dragged into the controversy; summary reprisals were followed by counter-reprisals. Barns were mysteriously fired, hen-roosts robbed, horses unaccountably lamed, sheep feloniously sheared by unknown parties; the feeling widened and deepened, and had been handed down to the present generation with one and then a fresh outrage, on the part of one or the other, to renew and continue the rankling old grudges.

And here stood the hereditary enemy, wanting to put their baby on the head.

"Naw, sir, ye wan't!" exclaimed the boy at the mill, greatly incensed at the boldness of this proposition, glaring to the lean, tender, aloful little face between the rails of the fence.

But the baby, who had not seen enough to know anything about hereditary enemies, bounced and laughed and gurgled and spattered with glee, and waved her hands, and had never looked father or more beguiling.

"I jes wanter put it wunst," sighed the hereditary enemy, with a little writhing of her thin little anatomy in the anguish of denial—"jes wunst!"

"Naw, sir!" exclaimed the youthful Grinnell, more insistently than before. He did not continue, for suddenly there came running down the road a boy of his own size, out of breath, and red and angry—the pursuer, evidently, that the hereditary enemy had feared, for she crouched up against the fence with a whimper.

"Kere olang away from ther, ye ester'ble little stack o' bunet!" he cried, seizing his sister by one hand and giving her a jerk—"a-foolin' round them Grinnells' fence an' a-hankerin' arter thar old baby!"

He felt that the pride of the Pardee family was involved in this admission of envy.

"I jes wanter put it on the head wunst," she sighed.

"Want, ye won't, ous," said the Grinnell boys in chorus.

The Pardee grasp was gentler on the little girl's arm. This was due not to fraternal feeling as much as to loyalty to the clan; "stack o' bones" though she was, they were Pardee bones.

"Kem along," he exhorted her. "A baby ain't nothin eater, nohow"—he glanced scoffingly at the infantile Grinnell. "The mountings air fairly a-roamin' with 'em."

"We-uns 'ain't got none at our house," whined the sun-bonnet, droopingly, moving off slowly on its legs, which, indeed, seemed borrowed, an unsteady and loath to go they were.

The Grinnell boys laughed aloud, peevingly and ostentatiously, and the Pardee blood was moved to retort: "We-uns don't want none sech ez that. Nary tooth in her head!"

And indeed the widely strutted babbling lips displayed a vast vacuity of gum.

Job Grinnell, who had listened with an attentive ear to the talk of the children, had nevertheless continued his constant skimming of the scum. Now he rose from his bent posture, tossed the scum upon the ground, and with the perforated gourd in his hand turned and looked as his wife. Augusta had dropped her spread and chips, and stood with folded arms across her breast, her face wearing an expression of exasperated expectancy.

The brothers were humbled and abashed. The wicked scion of the Pardee house, joying to note how true his shaft had sped, was again fitting his bow.

"An' en bald headed as the mounting."

The baby had a big precedent, but although no peculiar shame attached to the bare pericranic of the summit, she—despite the difference in size and age—was expected to show up more fully furnished, and in keeping with the rule of humanity and the gentilities of life.

No teeth, no hair, no sign of any: the fact that she was so backward was a mere point with all the family. Job Grinnell suddenly dropped the perforated gourd, and started down toward the fence. The acrimony of the old feud was as a trait born in the blood and bred in the bone. Such hatred as was inherent in him was evoked by his religious jealousies, and the pious sense that he was following the traditions of his elders and upholding the family honor blended to greatest satisfaction with his personal animosity toward Roger Pardee as he noticed the boy edging off from the fence to a safe distance. He eyed him derisively for a moment.

"Kin ye hevvy a message straight?" The boy looked up with an expression of sullen acquiescence, but said nothing. "An yer dad—an' ye kin tell him the cussed house from me—whether he hev resd sech ez this on the lawgiver's stone tables yandes in the mounting; 'An' ye shall claim sech en fe yours, an' yn neighbor's belongings shall ye in no wise bouse fully medjure for yours, nor look upon it for covetousness, nor yit git up a big name in the kentry for owmin' sech as be another's.'"

He laughed silently—a tremblling, crinkling demonstration over all his broad face—a laugh that was younger than the man, and could have befitted a square-faced boy.

The youthful Pardee, aspectant of a coming, stood his ground more doubtfully still under the insidious threats of this strange weapon, sarcasm. He knew that they were intended to hurt; he was wounded primarily in the intention, but the exact fashion he could not locate. He could meet a threat with a bold face, and return a blow with the best. But he was mortified to this failure of understanding, and perplexity assured him as contention could not. He hung his head with its sullen questioning eyes, and he found great solace in a jagged bit of cloth on the torn bosom of his shirt, which he could turn in his embarrassed fingers.

"What be yer dad?" Grinnell asked.

"Up yander in the mounting," replied the subdued Pardee.

"A cowdin' of mighty a prisin' matter o'it on the rocks o' the yearth?" exclaimed Grinnell, with a laugh. "Wasl, jes keep that sayin' o' mine in yer head, an' tell him when he homs home. An' look a-hyar, ef ever ous' o' his stray sheats kem about hyar, I'll snip thar ears on' gin 'em my mark."

The youth of the Pardee clan meditated on this for a moment. He could not remember that they had missed any sheats. Then the full meaning of the phrase dawned upon him—it was he and the airy little sister thus demeaned with a porcine appellation, and whose ears were threatened. He looked up at the fence, the little low house, the barn close by, the sorghum mill, the drying leaves of tobacco on the scaffold, the salutatory baby; his eyes filled with helpless tears, that could not conceal the burning hatred he was born to bear them all. He was hot and cold by turns; he stood staring, silent and defiant, motionless, sullen. He heard the melodic measure of the river, with its crystalline keen vibrations against the rocks; the munching teeth of the old mare—allowed to come to a stand-still that the noise of the sorghum mill might not impinge upon the privileges of the quarrel; and the high ecstatic whinny of the little sister waiting on the opposite bank of the river, having crossed the foot-bridge; there the Grinnell babe had chanced to spy her, and had bounced and grinned and spattered affably. It was the who had made all the trouble, yearning after the Grinnell baby.

He would not stay, however, to be ignominiously beaten, for Grinnell had turned away, and was looking about the ground as if in search of a thick stick. He accounted himself an coward, then numerically as a disadvantage, to turn shortly about, take his way down the rocky slope, cross the foot-bridge, jerk the forlorn sun-bonnet by one hand and lead her whimpering off, while the resentful Grinnell baby stared gravely after her with inconceivable emotions. These presently resulted in her becoming crest, and whining a little, and rubbing her eyes with her fat hands, and, smarting from her own ill-treatment, giving a sharp yalp of dismay. The old dog arose and went and sat close by her, crying her solemnly and wagging his tail, as if begging her to observe how contrite he was. His dignity was somewhat impaired by sudden abrupt stages at flies, which caused her to wink, stare, and be silent in astonishment.

"Wasl, Job Grinnell," exclaimed Augusta, to her husband came back and took the perforated gourd from her hand—for the had been skimming the sorghum in his absence—"ye air the longest-tongued man, ter be so short-legged, I ever see!"

He looked a trifle discomfited. He had deported himself with unvanted decision, conscious that Augusta was looking on, and in truth somewhat supported by the expectation of her approval.

"What ails ye ter my words ye can't abide by—ye 'loo ye 'pear to grucchi on the back track?"

He bent over the sorghum, silently skimming. His composure was somewhat ruffled, and in throwing away the scum his gesture was of negligent and dimmerare aim; the boiling fluid bespattered the feet of one of the omnipresent dogs, whose shrieks rent the sky and whose activity on three legs amazed the earth. He ran yelping to Mrs. Grinnell, nearly overturning her in his turbulent demand for sympathy; then scampered across to the boys, who readily enough stopped their work to examine the wounded member and condole with his wheezing proprietor.

"What ye mean, A'gusta? Kaze I 'lowed I'd cut ther cane? I ain't foolin'. Kaze meddlin' about remarkin' on our child'n agin, I'll show 'em."

Augusta looked at him in exasperation. "I ain't hearin' of all the Pardees ear deef," she remarked, inhumanly, "but what war them words ye sent for a message ter Pardee—'bout pridin' on what ain't theirn."

Grinnell in his turn looked at her—but dubiously. However much a man is under the domination of his wife, he is seldom wholly frank. It is in this also that his individuality is preserved to him. "I war jes' wantin' ter know of them words war on the rocks," he said with a disingenuousness worthy of a higher culture.

She received this with distrust. "I kin tell ye now—they ain't," she said, discriminatingly; "Pardee's words dan't sound like them."

"Wasl, one, what's the differ?" he demanded, with an indignation unnatural enough to aspering human nature detecting a slur upon one's style.

"Wasl—" she paused as the knelt down to feel the fire, holding the fragrant chips in her hand; the flame flickered out and lighted up her reflective eyes while she endeavored to express the distinction she felt: "Pardee's words don't sound ter me like the words of a man sech as men be."

Grinnell crinkled his brows, trying to follow her here.

"They sound ter me like the words spoke in a dream—the pronouncings of a vision." Mrs. Grinnell fancied that she too had a gift of biblical phraseology. "They sound ter me like things I hears whenst I war a-hungered after righteousness an' seekin' religion, an' bided alone in the wilderness a-waitin' a' the Spirit."

"Gosh!" suddenly exclaimed her husband, with the cadence of amazed conviction, "ye b'lieve the lie a' that critter, an' that he reads the words o' the Lord on the rock!"

She looked up a little startled. She had been unconscious of the circuitous approaches of evasion, and shared his astonishment in the conclusion.

"Wasl, sir!" he said, more hurt and cast down than one would have deemed possible, "I'm willin' ter hev it so. I'm jes eatin' but a sinner an' a fool, ripenin' fur damnation, an' he air a saint a' the yearth!"

Now such musings as this were frequent upon Job Grinnell's tongue. He did not believe them, their utility was in their challenge to contradiction. Thus they often promoted an increased cordiality of the domestic relations and an accession of self-esteem.

Augusta, however, was tired; the boiling sorghum and the September sun were debilitating in their effects. There was something in the scene with the youthful Pardee that grated upon her half-developed sensibilities. The baby was whimpering outright, and the cow was bowing at the bars. She gave her irritation the luxury of withholding the salve to Gideon's wounded vanity. She said nothing. The tribute to Pardee went for what it was worth, and he was forced to swallow the humble pie he had taken into his mouth, albeit it stuck in his throat.

A shadow seemed to have fallen into the moral atmosphere as the gentle dusk came early on. One had a sense as if heart, remembering that an short a time ago at this hour the sun was still high, and that the fall period summer day throbbed to a climax of color and bloom and redundant life. Now, the scent of harvest was on the air; in the stubble of the sorghum patch she saw a squirrel bread more than half grown, now about, and again taking to wing with a loud alarming sound. The perfume of ripening muscadines came from the bank of the river. The papaws hung globular among the leaves of the bushes, and the persimmons were reddening. The vermilion sun was low in the sky above the purpling mountains; the stream had changed from a crystalline brown to red, to gold, and now it was beginning to be purple and silver. And this reminded her that the full-moon was up, and she turned to look at it—so pearly and luminous above the jagged ridge-pole of the dark little house on the rise. The sky about it was blue, refining into an exquisitely delicate and ethereal neutrality near the horizon. The baby had fallen asleep, with its bald head on the old dog's shoulder.

After the supper was over, the sorghum fire still burned beneath the great kettle, for the syrup was not yet made, and sorghum-boiling is an industry that cannot be intermitted. The fire in the midst of the gentle shadow and sheen of the night had a certain profane, diversionary effect. Pete's ill-defined figure slouching over it while he skimmed the syrup was grimly suggestive of the distillations of strange elixirs and unhallowed liquors, and his simple face, lighted by a sudden darting red flame, had nonconsciousness, and was of sinister intent. For Pete was detailed to attend to the boiling; the grinding was done, and the old white mare stood still in the midst of the sorghum stubble and the moonlight, as motionless and white as if she were carved in marble. Job Grinnell sat and smoked on the porch.

Presently he got up suddenly, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and looked at it carefully before he stuck it into his pocket; for he was one of the men whose pocket linings are singed. Several small but alarming conflagrations had resulted in the minimum of precaution. He went, without a word, down the rocky slope, past the old drowsing mare, and across the foot-bridge. Two or three of the dogs, watching him as he overpassed on the opposite bank, affected a mistake in identity. They growled, then barked outright, and at last ran down and climbed the fence and bounded about it, baying the place where he had disappeared, until the sleepy old mare turned her head and gazed in mild surprise at them.

Augusta sat on the step of the house, gazing too after him.

She had various regrets in her mind, incipient even before he had quite gone, and now defining themselves momently with added poignancy. A woman who, in her retirement at home, charges herself with the control of a man's conduct abroad, is never likely to be devoid of speculation upon probable disasters to ensue upon any abatement of the activities of her discretion. She was sorry that she had allowed so trifling a matter to mar the serenity of the family; her conscience upbraided her that she had not besought him to avoid the blacksmith's shop, where a coterie of neighbors were wont to congregate and drink deep into the night. Above all, her mind went back to the enigmatical message, and she wondered that she could have been so forgetful as not to urge him to forbear angering Pardee, for this would have a cumulative effect upon all the rancors of the old quarrels, and inaugurate perhaps a new series of reprisals.

"I ain't afeard o' on Pardee ez ever stepped," she said to herself, defining her position. "But I'm fur peace. An' of the Pardees will leave we-uns be, I ain't a-goin' ter meddle along o' them."

She remembered on old barn-burning, in the days when she and

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC DIELMAN

her husband were newly married, at his father's house. She looked up at the tobacco barn hard by, on a line with the dwelling, with that tenderness which one feels for a thing, not because of its value, but for the sake of possession, for the kinship with the objects that belong to the home. A cat was sitting high in a crevice in the logs where the daubing had fallen out, the moon glittered in its great yellow eyes. A frog was leaping along the open space about the rude step at Augusta's feet. A clump of mullein leaves, silvered in the light, spangled by the dew, hid him presently. What an elusive glistening gauze hung over the valley far below, where the sense of distance was limited by the sense of sight!—for it was here only that the night, though as brilliant, must attest the incomparable lucidity of daylight. She could not even distinguish, amidst those soft sheens of the moon and the dew, the Lombardy poplar that grew across the door of old Squire Grove's house down in the cove, in the daytime it was visible like a tiny finger pointing upward. How drowsy was the sound of the katydid, now lendening, now failing, now fainting away! And the tree toad shrilled on the dogwood tree. The frogs, too, by the river in narrative bugle urge forth a song as suggestive of the margins as the scent of the fern, and the mint, and the fragrant weeds.

A convulsive start! She did not know that she slept until she was again awake. The moon had travelled more a mile along the highways of the skies. It hung over the purple mountains, over the farthest valley. The crickets had grown dumb. The stars were few and faint. The air was chill. She started to her feet; her garments were heavy with dew. The fire beneath the sorghum kettle had died to a coal, flaring or fading as the faint fluctuations of the wind might will. Near it Pete slumbered where he too had sat down to rest. And Job—Job had never returned.

He had found it a lightsome enough scene at the blacksmith's shop, where it was understood that the neighboring politicians colloquied at times, or brethren in the church discussed matters of discipline or more spiritual affairs. In a batch of these interests a certain corpulent jog was most active it would be difficult perhaps to accurately judge. The great barn like doors were flung wide open, and there was a group of men half within the shelter and half without, the shoeing-steel, a broken plough, an empty keg, a log, and a rickety chair sufficed to seat the company. The moonlight falling into the door showed the great slouching, darkling figures, the anvil, the fire of the forge (a dim ashy coal), and the shadowy hood merging unintinguishably into the deep darkness of the interior. In contrast the scene glimpsed through the rude low window at the back of the shop had a certain vivid illuminated effect. A spider web, revealing its geometric perfection, hung half across one corner; the moonbeams without were individualized in fine filar delicacy, like the cartilage of a silver shein. The tangle of a tree which grew on a slope close below almost touched the lintel; the leaves seemed a transferred green; a bird slept on a twig, its head beneath its wing. Back of the cabin which was situated on a limited terrace or table-land, the great altitudes of the mountain rose into the infinite of the night.

The long drawling conversation was beset, as it were, by faint fleckings of sound, lightly drawn from a crazy old fiddle under the chin of a gaunt, yellow-haired young giant, one Ephraim Blinks, who lolled on a log, and who by these vague harmonies unconsciously gave to the talk of his comrades a certain theatrical effect.

Grimself slouched up and sat down among them, responding drawlingly to the unceremonious "Hy're, Job?" of the blacksmith, who seemed thus to do the abbreviated honors of the occasion. The others did not so formally notice his coming, and he fell naturally into the conversation.

The subject was the same that had pervaded his own thoughts. He was irritated to observe how Parlee had usurped public attention, and yet he himself listened with keenest interest.

"Waal," said the ponderous blacksmith, "I kin understan' mighty well ez Moses would hev been mighty mad ter see them folks a-worshippin' o' a calf—senseless critters they be! 'Twarn't no use flingin' down those rocks, though, an' gittin' 'em broke. Rock ain't like metal; ye can't melt it an' draw it down an' weld it agin."

His round black head shone in the moonlight, glistening because of his habit of plunging it, by way of making his toilet, into the barrel of water where he tempered his steel. He crossed his huge folded bare arms over his breast, and leaned back against the door on two legs of the rickety chair.

"Naw, sir," assented another. "He mought hev knowed he'd jes hev ter go ter quarryin' agin."

"They air always a-crackin' up them folks in the Bible ez such powerful wise men," said another, who had in him the germs of advanced thinking. "'Pears ter me ez some of 'em conducted thersselves ez foolish ez any folks I know—thar hyar yere Moses ez a' 'em. Throwin' down those rocks 'mind me o' old man Pinner's tantrums. Sher'ff hem ter his house 'bout a jedgment debt, an' levied on his crops. An' ter hev our gone old man tuk a axe an' gashed hodaciously into the loom an' hacked it up. Ez of that war goin' ter do easy good! His wife war the mos' ortied woman I ever see. They 'ain't got narn nother loom nother, an' hain't hearn no advice from the Lord."

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The violinist suddenly paused in his playing. "The Bible 'lowed Moses war a meek man too," he said. "He killed a man with a brick-bodge an' buried him in the sand. Mighty meek ways" (satirically).

The others, thinking that this was urged in justification and precedent for devious modern ways that were not meek, did not pursue this branch of the subject.

"S'posed we some," remarked the advanced thinker, "ter hear on them tablets o' stone war up an the bald n' the mounting thar. I hed drawed the idee an 'twar in some other country somewhar—I dunno—" He stopped blankly. He could not formulate his geographical ignorance. "An' I never knowed," he resumed, presently, "er war enough gold in Tennessee ter make a gold call; they fand gold hyar, but 'twar mighty little."

"Mebbe 'twar a mighty little calf," suggested the blacksmith.

"Mebbe so," assented the other.

"Mebbe 'twas a silver one," speculated a third; "plenty n' silver they 'low ther air in the mountings."

The violinist spoke up suddenly. "Git one n' them Injuns over yander ter Qualiatown right seasonable drunk, an' he'll tell ye a power n' places whar the old folks said ther war silver." He bowed his chin once more upon the instrument, and again the slow drawling conversation proceeded to soft music.

"Ef ye'll b'leve me," said the advanced thinker, "I never war on confiskiated in my life an I war when he stood up in meetin' an' told 'bout'n the tablets n' the law hein' on the bald! I 'lowed 'twas somewhar 'mongst some sort'n people named 'Gyptians."

"Mebbe some o' them Injuns air named 'Gyptians," suggested Spears, the blacksmith.

"Naw, sir," spoke up the fiddler, who had been to Qualiatown, and was the ethnographic authority of the meeting. "Tennessee Injuns be named Cher'kee, an' Chick'saw, an' Creeks, an' them's all the sorts o' Injuns on hev ever been hyarabouts."

There was a silence. The moonlight sifted through the dark little shanty of a shop; the fretting and foaming of a mountain stream arose from far down the steep slope, where there was a series of cascades, a fine water-power, utilized by a mill. The sudden raucous note of a night-hawk jarred upon the air, and a shadow on silent wings sped past. The road was dusty in front of the shop, and for a space there was no shade. Into the full radiance of the moonlight a rabbit hunched along, rising erect upon its haunches with a most human look of affright in its great shining eyes as it tremulously gazed at the motionless figures. It too was motionless for a moment. The young musician made a lunge at it with his bow, it sprang away with a violent start—its elongated grotesque shadow bounding kangaroo-like beside it—into the soft gloom of the bushes. There was no other traveller along the road, and the talk was renewed without further interruption. "Waal, sir," said the blacksmith, passing his hand over his black head, as sleek and shining as a beaver's, "ef 'twarn't fur the testimony n' the words he reads on air graven on them rocks, I couldn't git my consent ter b'leve on Moses ever war in Tennessee. I ain't undertaker' ter say what State he entitled in, but I 'lowed 'twarn't hyar. It seas' hev been, though, 'count o' the scripture on them broken tables."

"I never knowed a meetin' woke ter such a pitch o' hallows. The saints jes ramped an' rampaged till it fairly sounded like the uvortin's o' the ungodly," a retrospective voice chimed in.

"I raised thirty-two hymn choruses," said the musician, who had a great gift in quirking, and was the lauded possessor of a robust tenor voice. "A leetle mo' glorifin' arouse' an' I d hev been set the sand n' my row, an' hev had ter begin over agin." He spoke with acrimony, reviewing the jeopardy in which his repertoire had been placed.

"Waal, I'm a-goin' up ter the bald o' the mounting some day soon, ef on ter I kin make out ter shoe that mule o mine"—for the blacksmith's mount was always barefoot—"I'm afeard ter trust her, anahed on them slippery slopes; I want ter read some o' them marks on the stone tablets myself. I hike ter get a tea' or the sand o' a hyrse out a-goin' in my head—seems somehow ter reach itself ter the anvil, an' then it jes says it back an' forth all day. Day 'fore yestiddy I never seen its beat—'Christ—war—born—on—Bethlehem.' The anvil jes rang with that ez ef the actual natal had the gift n' prayer an' praise."

"Waal, sir," exclaimed Job Grinnell, who had been having frequent colloquies aside with the companionable jug, "ye mought jes ez well save yer shoes an' hit yer mare go barefoot. Thar ain't mare sign o' a word writ on them rocks."

They all sat staring at him. Even the singing, long-drawn vibrations of the violin were still.

"By Hokey!" exclaimed the young musician, "I'll take Pardee's word ez soon ez yourn."

The whiskey which Grinnell had drunk had rendered him more placate still to jealousy. The day was not so long past when Pardee's oath would have been esteemed a poor dependence against the word of so zealous a brother as he—a pillar in the church, a shining light of the congregation. He noted the significant fact that it behooved him to justify himself, it irked him that this was accorded as a tribute to Pardee's newly acquired sanctity.

"Pardee's jes a-kin' an' a-foolin' yo," he declared. "Hyer been up on the bald?"

They had lived in his shadow all their lives. Even by the circuitous mountain ways it was not more than five miles from where they sat. But none had chanced to have a call to go, and it was to them as a foreign land to be explored.

"Waal, I hev, time an' agin. I dunno who gin them rocks the name of Moses' tables n' the Law. I hev known 'em named sech fur many a year. But I seen 'em not three weeks ago, an' thar ain't mare word writ on 'em. Thar's the mounting, ther's the rocks, ye kin go an' stare-gaze 'em an' satisfy yerse'fs."

Whether it were the cumulative influences of the continual references in the jug, whether that sense of revivescence, that more alert energy, which the cool Southern nights always impart after the sultry summer days, the suggestion that they should go now and solve the mystery, and meet the dawn upon the summit of the bald, found instant acceptance, which it might not have secured in the stolid daylight.

The moon, splendid, a lustrous white encircled by a great halo of translucent green, swung high above the duskily purple mountains. Below in the valleys its progress was followed by an opalescent gossamer presence that was like the overflowing fulness, the effusion of light rather than mist. The shadows of the great trees were interlaced with dazzling silver gleams. The night was almost as bright as the day, but cool and dank, full of balsam fragrance and restful silence and a romantic liberty.

The blacksmith carried his rifle, for snakes were often abroad in the wilderness. Two or three others were similarly armed, the advanced thinker had a hunting knife, Job Grinnell a pistol that went by the name of "shootin' iron." The musician carried no weapon. "I ain't 'feard o' no wolf," he said; "I'll play 'em a chaunt." He went on in the van, his tousled yellow hair bleached with many a shimmer in the moonlight on it hung curling down on his blue jeans coat, his cheek laid softly on the violin, the bow glancing back and forth on it strong with moonbeams as he played. The men woke the solemn silences with their loud mirthful voices; they startled precipitate echoes; they fell into disputes and wrangled hardly, and would have turned back if sure of the way; but Job Grinnell led steadily on, and they were fain to follow. They lagged to look long at a spot where some man, unheeded even by tradition, had dug his heart's grave in a vain search for precious metal. A deep excavation in the rabbit of the wilderness told the story; how long ago it was might be guessed from the age of a stalwart oak that had stuck roots into its moles, the shadows were heavy about it, a sense of despair brooded in the loneliness. And so up and up the endless ascent; sometimes great chasms were at one side, stretching further and farther, and crowding the narrow path—the border's trail—against the sheer ascent, till it seemed that the treacherous mountains were yawning to engulf them. The air was growing colder, but was exquisitely clear and exhilarating; the great dewy ferns flung silvery fronds athwart the way; vines in stupendous lengths swung from the tops of gigantic trees to the roots. Hark! among them birds chirp; a natural impulse seems astir in the woods; the moon is sublimated; the stars faint only because of her splendors; but one can feel that the earth has roused itself to a sense of a new day. And there, with such feathery flashes of white foam, such brilliant straight lengths of translucent water, such a leaping grace of impetuous motion, the currents of the mountain stream, like the arrows of Diana, shoot down the slopes. And now a vague mist is among the trees, and when it clears away they seem shrunken, as under a spell, to half their size. They grow smaller and smaller still, oak and chestnut and beech, but dwarfed and gnarled like some old orchard. And suddenly they cease, and the vast grassy dome uprises against the sky, in which the moon is paling into a dull similitude of itself, no longer wondrous, transcendent, but like some lily of opaque whiteness, fair and fading. Beneath is a purple, deeply serious, and sombre earth, in which mists monister, silent and solemn, myriads of mountains loom on every hand; the half seen mysteries of the river, which, charged with the red clay of its banks, is of a tawny color, gleams as it winds in and out among the white vapors that reach in fantastic forms from heaven above to the valley below. There was a certain relief in the mist—it veiled the infinities of the scene, in which the mind could lay but a trembling hold.

"Folks tell all sort'n cur'ous tales 'bout'n this hyar spot," said

"'WHAT WORD DID HE SENT TER—ME?' CRIED PARDEE."—DRAWN BY FREDERIC DIELMAN.

Job Grinnell, his square face, his red hair hanging about his ears, and his ragged red beard visible in the dull light of the coming day. "I hev heern folks 'law as a pa'tridge up hyar will look as big as a Dominicky rooster. An' of ye listens to his hear words from somewhar An' sometimes in the cattle-hordin' season the beasties will keep on' crowd together, an' stan' an the hald in the moonlight all night."

"I dunno," said the advanced thinker, "as I be a'pried emy of Pardee, as he hunin' up hyar or onstand, her gun sorter itched in the head, ter take up sech a cur'ous notion bout'n them rocks."

He glanced along the slope at the spot, visible now, where Moses flung the stone tables and they broke in twain. And there, standing beside them, was a man of great height, dressed in blue jeans, his broad-brimmed hat pushed from his brow, and his meditative dark eyes fixed upon the rocks; he carried a deer, all gray and antlered, swung upon his shoulders, and his rifle rested on the ground as he leaned on the muzzle.

A glance was interchanged between the others. Their intention, the promptings of curiosity, had flagged during the long tramp and the gradual waning of the influence of the jug. The coincidence of meeting Pardee here revived their interest. Grinnell, remembering the ancient feud, held back, as unlikely to elicit Pardee's views in the face of their contradiction. The blacksmith and the young fiddler took their way down toward him.

He hushed up with a start, seeing them at some little distance. His full contemplative eyes rested upon them for a moment almost devoid of questioning. It was not the face of a man who finds himself confronted with the discovery of his duplicite and his hypocrisy. There was a strange doubt stirring in the blacksmith's heart. As he approached he looked upon the storied stones with a sort of solemn awe, as if they had indeed been given by the hand of the Lord to his servant, who broke them here in his wrath. He knew that the step of the musician slackened as he followed. What holy mysteries were they not rushing in upon? He spoke in a hated voice.

"Roger," he said, "we-uns hearn ye tell 'bout the scriptures graven on these hyar tables as Moses flung down, an' we-uns 'lowed we-uns would hear an' read some for ourselves."

Pardee did not speak nor hesitate; he moved aside that the blacksmith might stand where he had been—as it were at the foot of the page

But what transcendent glories thronged the heavens—what august splendors of dawn! Had the sun ever before risen like this, with the sky an embankment of red, of gold, of darting gleams of light; with the mountains most royally purple or most radiantly blue, with the prismatic tints in flight, with the slow climax of the dazzling sphere ascending to dominate it all?

The blacksmith knelt down to read. The musician, his silent violin under his chin, leaned over his shoulder. The hunter stood still, expectant.

Alas! the corrugations of time; the feeble results of the frost; the wavering line of ripple-marks of seas that shall ebb no more; growth of lichen; an army of ants in full march; a passion-flower trailing from a crevice, its purple blooms lying upon the gray stone near where it is stamped with the fossil imprint of a sea-weed, faded long ago and forgot. Or is it, alas! for the eyes that can see only this?

The blacksmith looked up with a trembling fear; the musician recovered his full height, and drew the bow dashingly across the strings; then let his arm fall

"Roger," the blacksmith said, "dad-burned of I kin read nuy-thing hyar."

The young violinist looked over his brawny shoulder in silence.

"What d'ye make out eny letters, Roger?" persisted Spears.

Pardee leaned over and eagerly pointed with his ramrod to a curious corrugation of the surface. Again the blacksmith bent down; the musician crowd inward, his yellow hair hanging about his bronzed face.

"I hev been tolar'bie well acquainted with the alphabis," said Spears, "far goin' on thirty year an' better, an' I'll swar ter Heaven thar ain't nare sign of a letter ther."

Pardee stared at him in wild-eyed amazement for a moment. Then, flinging the deer from his shoulder to the ground, he knelt beside the great rock, and gabbled his ramrod over the surface, he exclaimed, "Hyar, Spears; right hyar!"

The blacksmith was all incredulous as he lent himself to a new posture, and leaned forward as look with the languid indulgence of one who will not again entertain doubt.

"Nare A, nor B, nor C, nor none a' the fambly," he declared "Those hyar rocks ain't on Moses' tables sure enough; Moses never war in Tennessee. They be jes like eany other rock, an' ther ain't a word a' writin' on' em."

He looked up with a curious questioning at Pardee's face—a strange face for a man detected in a falsehood, a trick. His deepest eyes were wide as if straining for perception denied them. Despite the chill rare air, great drops had started on his brow, and were falling upon his beard, upon his hands—his long sinewy strong hands that had once seized a panther by the throat in a close encounter, when his weapons failed him, and had throttled the savage thing by the sheer force of his grip. These strong hands were quivering; they hovered above the signs on the rocks. The mystic letters, the inspired words, where were they? Grope as he might, he could not find them. Alas! doubt and denial had climbed the mountain—the awful limitations of the mere finite human creature—and his inspiration and the finer enthusiasms of the truth were dead.

Dead with a throe that was almost like a literal death. This—on this he had lived; the other of ecstacy was the breath of his life. He clutched at the stained red handkerchief knotted about his throat as if he were suffocating; he tore it open as he swayed backward on his knees. He did not hear—or he did not heed—the laugh among the little crowd on the hald—satirical, rallying, zestful. He was deaf to the strains of the violin, jeeringly and jeshingly playing a foolish tune. It was growing fainter, for they had all turned about to betake themselves once more to the world below. He could hear seen, had he cared to see, their bearded grinning faces peering through the stunted trees, as descending they came near the spot where he had lavished the spiritual graces of his feeling, his enthusiasm, his devotion, his earnest reaching for something higher, for something holy, which had refreshed his famished soul, had given to its dumbness words, had erased the values of the years, of the nations, had made his friends with Moses on the "hold"; had revealed to him the finger of the Lord on the stone

He took on heed of his gestures, of which, indeed, he was unconscious. They were fine dramatically, and of great power, as he alternately rose to his full height, beating his breast in despair, and once more sank upon his knees, with a pondering brow and a searching eye, and a hovering, trembling hand, striving to find the clew he had lost. They might have impressed a more appreciative audience, but not one more entertained than the cluster of men who looked and passed and leered in amusement at one another, and thrust out satirical tongues. Long after they had disappeared, the strains of the violin could be heard, filling the solemn, stricken, strangely stunted woods with a grotesquely merry presence, hilarious and jeering.

Pardee found it possible to survive the destruction of illusions. Most of us do. It wrought in him, however, the saturnine changes natural upon the relinquishment of a dear and dead fantasy. This ethereal entity is a more essential component of happiness than one might imagine from the extreme tenuity of the conditions of his existence It may have been a poor thing, but although we can calmly enough close its eyes, and straighten its limbs, and bury it decently from out the offended view of fact, we mourn it in our hearts as long as life lasts. And we are bereaved.

There is a certain stage in every sorrow when it rejects sympathy. Pardee, always taciturn, grave, uncommunicative, was invested with an austere aloofness, and was hardly to be approached or be sat, silent and absent, brooding over the fire at his own home When roused by some circumstance of the domestic routine, and it became apparent that his mood was not sullenness nor anger, but simple and complete introversion, it added a dignity and suggested a remoteness that were yet less reassuring His son, who stood in awe of him—not because of paternal severity, but because no boy could refrain from a worshipping respect for the marvelous in a man, a woodsman so subtle equipped with all native sylvan instincts and knowledge—forbore to break upon his meditations by the delivery of Grinnell's message. Nevertheless the consciousness of withholding it weighed heavily upon him. He only procrastinated it for a time, until a more receptive mood of mind should a warrant it. Day by day, however, he looked with eagerness when he came into the cabin in the evening to see if his father were still seated in the chimney-corner silently smoking pipe after pipe. Pardee had seldom remained at home so long at a time, and the boy had a daily fear that the gun on the primitive rack of deer antlers would be missing, and word left in the family that he had taken the trail up the mountain, and would return "'cordin' ter luck with the varmints" And thus Job Grinnell's enigmatical message, that had the ring of defiance, might remain indefinitely postponed.

He had not realized how long a time it had been delayed, until one evening at the wood pile, in tossing off a great stick to hew into lengths for the chimney-place, he noticed that thin ice had formed in the moss and lichens and the dank cool shadows of the interstices. "I tell ye now, winter ale a comin'," he observed. He stood leaning on his axe-handle and looking down upon the scene as far below; for Pardee's house was perched half-way up on the mountain-side, and he could see over the world how it fared as the sun went down. A brown world it was, but far away upon the levels of the valley of East Tennessee a golden haze glittered resplendent, lying alone upon an irradiated earth, and ever brightening toward the horizon, and it seemed as if the sun in sinking might hope to fall in fairer spheres than the skies he had left, for they were of a dun-color and an opaque nonsistency. Only one horizontal rift gave glimpses of a dazzling ochreous that of indescribable brilliancy, from the focus of which the divergent light was shed upon the western limits of the land. Chilhowee, near at hand, was dark enough—a purplish garnet hue; the scarlet of the sour-wood gleamed in the cove; the hickory still flared gaudily yellow; the receding ranges to the earth and south were blue and more faintly azure. The little log cabin stood with small fields about it, for Pardee barely subsisted on the fruits of the soil, and did not seek to profit. It had only one room, with a loft above; the barn was a makeshift of poles, badly chinked, and showing through the crevices what store there was of corn and pumpkins. A black and white work-ox, that had evidently on deficiency of rites, stood without the fence and gazed, a furlane Tantalus, at these unattainable dainties; now and then a muttered low escaped his lips as he resorted once more to his cud. Nobody noticed him or sympathized with him, except perhaps the little girl, who had come not in her sun-bonnet to help her brother bring in the fuel. He gruffly accepted her company, a little ashamed of her because she was a girl; since, however, there was no other boy by to see, he permitted her the delusion that she was of assistance.

As he paused to rest he reiterated, "Winter ale a-comin', I tell ye."

"D'ye reckon, Ab," she asked, in her high thin little voice, her hands full of chips and the basket at her feet, "as Grinnell's baby knows Chris'mon air a-comin'?"

He glowered at her as he leaned on the axe. "I reckon Grinnell's old baby dunno B from Bull-foot," he declared, gruffly.

The recollection of the message came over him. He had a pang of regret, remembering all the old grudges against the Grinnells. They were re-enforced by this irrepressible yearning after their baby, this admission that they had aught which was not essentially despicable. Nevertheless, he suddenly saw a reason for the Grinnell baby's existence; he loaded up both arms with the sticks of wood, and, followed by the perpetetic sun-bonnet, conscientiously weighed down with one billet, he strode into the house, and let his burden fall with a mighty clatter in the corner of the chimney. The sun-bonnet staggered up and threw her stick on the top of the pile of wood.

Pardee, sitting silently smoking, glanced up at the noise. Abner took advantage of the momentary easier to claim, too, the attention of his mother. "I wish ye'd make Easter quit talkin' 'bout the Grinnells' old baby, like she was actually deserved—uglies' bald-headed, slab-sided, slobbery old baby I ever see—nare tooth in his head! I do despise them Grinnells."

As he anticipated, his father spoke suddenly: "Ye jes keep away from thar," he said, sternly. "I rest them folks no farder'n a rattlesnake."

"I ain't consortin' along a' 'em," declared the boy. "But I actually had ter take Ramon by the scalp a' her hind on' leg her off one day when she hung on thar fence a-stare-gazin' Grinnell's baby like 'twar fitten ter eat."

The child's mother, a cadaverous, pale woman, was listlessly stringing the warping-bars with hanks of variegated yarn. Her own mother, who conserved a much more active and youthful interest in life, took down a brown gourd that was on a protruding lath of the clay and stick chimney, and handed among the scraps of homespun and bits of yarn sewed within. The gourd was much like the gourd in its aged brown tint; its indigenous aspect, as if it were not made with hands, but was some spontaneous production of the soil; its bits of bright color—the peppers hanging from the rafters, the rainbow-hued yarn festooning the warping-bars, the red coals of the fire, the blue and yellow ware ranged on the shelf, the brown pancheon floor and walls and ceiling and chimney—it might have seemed the interior of a gigantic gourd. She dressed a tong from the pile of wood in a gay scrap of cloth, casting glances the while at the little girl, and handed it to her.

"I hain't never seen ex good a baby as this," she said, with the convincing coercive mendacity of a grandmother.

The little girl accepted it humbly; it was a good baby doubtless of its sort, but it was not alive, which could not be denied of the Grinnell baby, Grinnell though it was.

"An' Job Grinnell he kem down ter the fence, an' 'lowed he'd slit our ears, an' named us sheats," continued her brother. Pardee lifted his head. "An' sent a sword ter dad," said the boy, tremulously.

"What word did he send ter—*me?*" cried Pardee.

The boy quailed at tell him "He tole me ter ax ye of ye ever read sech as this on Moses' tables in the mountings—'An' ye shell claim sech ex be yer own, an' yer neighbors' belongings shell ye in on wier boastfully medjare for yourn, nor look upon it fur covetousness, ear yit git a big name up in the country for ownin' sech ex be another's,'" faltered the sturdy Abner.

The next moment he felt an infinite relief. He suddenly recognized that he had been chiefly restrained from repeating the words by an unrealized terror lest they prove true—lest reminding his father caused one not be, indeed.

But the expression of anger on Pardee's face was merged first in blank astonishment, then in perplexed cogitation, then in reserved and overpowering amusement.

The wife turned from the warping-bars with a vague stare of surprise, one hand poised uncertainly upon a peg of the frame, the other holding a hank of "spun truck." The grandmother looked over her spectacles with eyes sharp enough to seem subsidized to see through the mystery

"In the name n' reason and religion, Roger Pardee," she adjured him, "what air that thar perverted Philistine talkin' 'bout?"

"It air mere'n I kin judge of," said Pardee, still vainly cogitating

He sat for a time silent, his dark eyes bent on the fire, his broad high forehead covered by his hat pulled down onto it, his long tangled dark locks hanging on his collar.

Suddenly he rose, took down his gun, and started toward the door

"Roger," cried his wife, shrilly, "I'd leave the critter be. Lord knows thar's been enough blood spilt an' good shelter burned along o' them Pardees' an' Grinnells' qear'in to times gone. Lawz-a-massy!"—she wrung her hands, all hampered though they were in the "spun truck"—"I'd rather be a sheep 'thout a seal, an' live in peace"

"A sea'ce ch'ice," commented her mother. "Sheep's got ter be butchered. I'd rather be the butcher, myself—butcher."

Pardee was gone. He had glanced absently at his wife as if he hardly heard. He waited till she paused; then, without answer, he stepped hastily out of the door and walked away.

The cronies at the blacksmith's shop latterly gathered within the great flaring door, for the frost lay on the dead leaves without, the stars crystallized with chill suggestions, and the wind was abroad on nights like these. On shrill pipes it played; or weird, or wild, or prophetic were its tones that it found only a shrinking in the heart of him whose ear it constrained to listen. The sound of the torrent far below was accelerated to an agitated, tumultuous plaint, all unknown when its pulses were bated by summer languors. The moon was in the turmoil of the clouds, which, rested to some wild zenithal with the winds, were streaming westward.

And although the rigors of the winter were in abeyance, and the blue Christmas-flower bloomed in the grass at the door, the forge fire, flaring or dully glowing, overhung with its dusky hood, was a friendly thing to see, and in its vague illumination the rude interior of the shanty—the dirt floor, the implements of the trade, the bearded faces grouped about, the shadowy figures seated on whatever might serve, a block of wood, the shoeing-stool, a plough, or perched on the anvil—became visible to Roger Pardee from far down the road as he approached Even the head of a horse could be seen thrust in at the window, while the brute, hitched outside, beguiled the dreary waiting by watching with a luminous, intelligent eye the gossip within, as if he understood the drawling colloquy. They seem suffering some dearth of timely topics, supplying the deficiency with reminiscences more or less stale, and had expected no such sensation as they experienced when a long shadow fell athwart the doorway: the broad aperture glimmering a silvery gray contrasted with the brown darkness of the interior and the purple darkness of the distance; the forge fire showed Pardee's tall figure leaning on the door-frame, and lighted up his serene face beneath his great broad-brimmed hat, his intent, earnest eyes, his tangled black beard and locks, and his blue jeans coat. He gave no greeting, and silence fell upon them as his searching gaze scanned them one by one.

"What's Job Grinnell?" he demanded, abruptly.

There was a shuffling of feet, as if those members most experienced relief from the constraint that silence had imposed upon the party A vibration from the violin—a sigh as if the instrument were suddenly moved rather than a touch upon the strings—intimated that the young musician was astir. But it was Spears, the blacksmith, who spoke.

"Kem in, Roger," he called out, cordially, as he rose, his massive figure and his sleek head showing in the dull red light on the opposite side of the forge, his bare arms folded across his chest. "Now, Job ain't hyar; hain't been hyar for a right smart while."

There was a suggestion of disappointment in the attitude of the motionless figure at the door The deeply earnest, pondering face, visible albeit the red light from the forge was so dull, was keenly watched. For the inquiry was fraught with peculiar meaning to those cognizant of the long and bitter feud.

"I ax," said Pardee, presently, "kase Grinnell sent me a mighty cur'ous word the t'other day." He lifted his head. "Her eany o' you ans hearn him 'low lately as I claim everthing as ain't mine?"

There was silence for a moment. Then the forge was suddenly throbbing with the zigzagging of the bow of the violin jauntily dandering along the strings. His keen sensibility apprehended the sudden jocosity as a jeer, but before he could say aught the blacksmith had undertaken to reply

"Waal, Pardee, ef ye hadn't axed me, I warn't layin' off ter say nuthin 'bout'n it. 'Tain't no concern o' mine as I knows on. But seeen ye hev axed me, I hold my jaw for the fear o' no man The words ain't writ ex I be feared ter pronounce. An' as all the kentry hev heern 'bout'n it 'reptin' you ans, I dunno ex I hev eany call ter hold my jaw. The Lord 'ain't ed no seal on toy lips ex I known on"

"Naw, sir?" said Pardee, his great eyes glooming through the dusk and flashing with impatience. "He 'ain't set on seal on yer lips, ter judge by the way ye wallop yer tongue about inside o' 'em with fool words Why'n't ye bite off what ye air tryin' ter chaw?"

"Waal, then," said the admonished orator, bluntly, "Grinnell 'lows ye don't own that thar lot'n a-nigh them rocks on the hald, an mere'n ye read eany writin' on 'em"

"Not them rocks?" cried Pardee, standing suddenly erect—"the tables o' the Law, writ with the finger o' the Lord—an' Moses flung 'em down ther an brun 'em. All the kentry knows they air Moses' tables. An' the grous' wher they lie air mine."

"Tain't; Grinnell ery 'tain't."

"Naw, sir," chimed in the young musician, his violin silent. "Job Grinnell declare he owns it hisself, an' of he war willin' ter stan' the expense he'd set up his rights, but the law' ain't wuth it. He 'lows his line runs spang over them, an' a heap farder"

Pardee was silent; one or two laughed jeeringly, he had been proved a liar once. It was well that he did not deny, he was put to open shame among them

"An' Grinnell ery," continued Blinks, "an ye hev gone an' tole big tales 'mongst the brethren fur ownin' sech as ain't yourn, an' readin' of a'prisal eryan's on the rocks"

He bent his head to a series of laughing harmonies, and when he raised it, hearing on retort, the silvery gray square of the door was empty He saw the moon glimmer on the clumps of grass where the Christmas-flower bloomed.

The group sat staring in amaze; the blacksmith strode to the door and looked out, himself a massive dark outline upon the shimmering neutrality of the background. There was no figure in sight, no faint foot-fall audible, no rustle of the sere leaves; only

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the voice of the mountain torrent, far below, challenged the stillness with its insistent cry.

He looked back for a moment, with a vague strange doubt if he had seen angels, heard angels, in the scene just past. "Hain't Pardee been hyar?" he asked, passing his hand across his eyes. The sense of having dreamed was so strong upon him that he stretched his arms and yawned.

The gleaming teeth of the grouped shadows demonstrated the merriment evoked by the query. The chuckle was arrested midway.

"Ye 'pear tur 'low ez sochin' how happened ter Pardee, an' that thar war his harnt," suggested one.

The bold young musician laid down his violin suddenly. The instrument struck upon a keg of nails, and gave out an abrupt discordant jangle, startling to the nerves. "Shet up, ye durned squeech-owl!" he exclaimed, irritably. Then, lowering his voice, he asked: "Didn't they 'lve down yander in the Cove ez Widder Peden, the day her old man war killed by the lumbluhs up in the mounting, bear w long a-scrapin' nightitis on the graveel to the grandden-spot, an' went tes the do', an' seen him thar a-workin', an' axed him when he kem home? An' he never lifted his head, but bared on. An' she want down thar 'mongst the corn, an' she reckin't find nobody. An' jes then the Johns bore red up an' 'lowed ez Jim Peden war dead, an' had been fund to the mounting, an' they war a-fitchin' of him then."

The horse's head within the window nodded violently among the shadows, and the stones rolled beneath his furefoot as he pawed the ground.

"Mis' Peden she knowed suthin' wuz a gole' ter happen when she seen that harnt a-lookin'."

"I reckon the did," said the blacksmith, stretching himself, his nerves still under the delusion of recent awakening. "Jim never hood none when he war alive. She mought her hooned he war dead of the sens him lookin'."

"Waal, no," exclaimed the violinist, "I'm a-goin' up yander ter Pardee's ter-morrer evenin' ter find out what he died of, an' when."

That he war alive was proved the next day, to the astonishment of the smith and his friends. The forge was the voting place of the district, and there, while the bellows were blowing, the fire flaring, the anvil ringing, the echoes vibrating, now loud, now faint, with the antiphonal chant of the hammer and the sledge, a novice war posted to give warning to the adjacent wastes that Roger Pardee's land, held under no original grant from the State, would be processioned according to law some twenty days after date, and the boundaries thereof defined and established. The fac simile of the notice, too, was posted on the court-house door in the county town twenty miles away, for there were those who journeyed so far to see it.

"I wonder," said the blacksmith, as he stood in the unfamiliar street and gazed at it, his big arms, usually bare, now hampered with his coat sleeves and folded upon his chest—"I wonder of he footed it all the wa ter tote at the gait he tuh when he lit out from the forge?"

It was a momentous day when the county surveyor planted his Jacob's-staff upon the State line on the slope of the bald. His sworn chain-bearers, stalwart young mountaineers clad in jeans, with broad-brimmed wool hats and tangled hair, their heavy boots drawn high over their trousers, stood ready and waiting, with the sticks and clanking chain, on the margin of the ice-cold spring gushing out on this bleak height, and signifying more than a fountain in the wilderness, since it served to define the northeast corner of Pardee's land. The two enemies were perceptible conscious of each other. Grimnell's broad face and small eyes laden with fat him were persistently averted. Pardee often looked toward him gloweringly, his head held, nevertheless, a little askance, as if he rejected the very sight. There was the fire of a desperate intention in his eyes. Looking at his face, shaded by his broad-brimmed hat, one could hardly have doubted now whether is expressed most ferocity or force. His breath came quick—the hated breath of a man who reserves and watches and waits for a supreme moment. His blue jean coat was buttoned close about his sunburned throat, where the stained red handkerchief was knotted. He wore a belt with his powder-horn and bullet pouch, and carried his rifle on his shoulder; the hand that held it trembled, and he tried to quell the quiver. "I'll prove it fust, an' kill him afterward—kill him afterward," he muttered.

In the other hand he held a yellowed old paper. Now and then he bent his earnest dark eyes upon the grant, made many a year ago by the State of Tennessee to his grandfather; for there had been no mesne conveyances.

The blacksmith had come begirt with his leather apron, and sick his hammer in his hand, on inopportune occasions having jeopardized his chance of sharing in the sensation of the day. The other neighbors all wore their coats closely buttoned. Hinks had his violin hung upon his back; the sharp timbre of the wind, cutting through the leafless boughs of the stunted woods, had a kindred fibrous resonance. Clouds hung low far beneath them; here and there, as they looked, the trees on the slopes showed above and again below the masses of clinging vapors. Sometimes close at hand a peak would reveal itself, asserting the ominous vicinage of the place; then draw its veil slowly about it, and stand invisible and in austere silence. The surveyor, a stalwart figure with heavy boots, his trousers stuffed into them, his closely buttoned coat giving him a military aspect, looked disconsolately downward.

"I hoped I'd do before this," he remarked. "I'm equal to getting over anything in nature that's flat or oblique, but the vertical beats me."

He bent to take sighs for a moment, the group silently watching him. Suddenly he came as the perpendicular, and strode off down the rugged slope over gullies and boulders, through rills and briery tangles, his eye fixed and intent as if he were led into the sylvan depths by the lure of a vision. The chain-bearers followed, continually bending and rising, the series of genuflections resembling the fervor of some religious rite. The chain writhed in serpentine convolutions among the dead leaves that rustled ghastlily as every turn, and was ever and anon drawn out to its extremest length. Then the dull clash of the links was silent.

"Stack!" called out the young mountaineer in the rear.

"Stack!" responded his comrade ahead.

And once more the writhing and jingling among the withered leaves; the surveyor strode on, turning his face neither to the right nor to the left, with his Jacob's-staff held upright before him.

The other men trooped along scatteringly, dodging under the low boughs of the stunted trees, and making wide detours to evade the obstacles near which the compass led the surveyor and his chain-bearers. They drew into a close squad when the great square stones—Moses' tables of the Law—came into view, lying where the man of God flung them upon the sere slope below, both splintered and fissured, and one broken in twain. The surveyor was bearing straight down upon them. The men running on either side could not determine whether the line would fall within the spot or just beyond. They broke into wild exclamations.

"Ye may hammer em out ez flat ez a shoon," cried the blacksmith, "ef I don't b'lieve ar Pardee hev got 'em."

"Now, sir, now!" cried another fervent amateur; "that's the north. I jes now viewed Grimnell's dad's deed, the line undertaken ter run with Pardee's line, an hev got seven hundred poles ter the north; of they air a gole' ter the north, them tables o' the Law air Grimnell's!"

A wild clamor ensued.

"Nan?" "Yes!" "Thar they go!" "A-hearin' off that-a-way!" "Beats me time!" as they stumbled and scuffled alongside the architect of Renovation, who bowed down and rose up at every length of the chain. Suddenly a cry from the chain-bearers.

"Out!"

Stillness ensued.

The surveyor stopped to mark the "out." It was a moment of thrilling suspense; the rocks lay only a few chains further; Grimnell, into whose confidence doubt had begun to be insinuated, said to himself, all a-tremble, that he would hardly have stabbed his vacuity, his standing with the brethren, if he had realized that it was so close a matter on this. He had known all his life that his father wanted the greater part of the unprodictive wilderness lying between the two reviers; the land was almost worthless by reason of its forests, its rocks, and the steep slants which rendered it utterly indifferable. He was sure that he the terms of his deed, which his father had from his vender, Squire Bates, his line included the Moses' tables on which Pardee had built so fallacious a repute of holiness. He looked once more at the paper—"thence from Crystal Spring with Pardee's line north seven hundred poles to a stake in the middle of the river."

Pardee too was all a-quiver with eagerness. He had not seen these stones since that terrible day when all the fine values of his gifted vision had been withdrawn from him, and he could read no more with eyes blinded by the luminous of what other eyes could see—the infinitely petty portions of the average sense. He had a vague idea that should they say they was he land where those strange stones lay, he would see again, he would read unfeasted words, with will, a pen of fire. He started toward them, and then with a conscious effort he held back.

The surveyor took no heed of the sentiments involved in processioning Pardee's land. He stood leaning on his Jacob's-staff, so interesting to him as Moses' stones, and infinitely more useful, and wiped his brow, and looked about, and yawned. To him it was merely the surveying for a foolish cause of a very imperceptible and steep tract of land, and the only reason it should be countenanced by heaven on earth was the fees involved. And the one what he saw at the end of Pardee's line.

Suddenly he took up his Jacob's-staff and marched on with a long stride, bearing straight down upon the rocks. The whole cortege started anew—the genuflecting chain-bearers, the dodging, scrambling, running spectators. A hoarsed wheeling in the air in its strong fine flight described its graceful curves now in the shadow, and now catching on its wings a gleam of sunshine that did not penetrate below. On one of the strange stunted leafless trees a colony of vagrant crows had perched, close enough to scan the dominus of these weird forests; they broke into raucous laughter—Haw! haw! haw!—rising to a wild commotion of harsh derisive discord as the ants once more gave vent to loud, excited cries. For the surveyor, striking ahead, had passed beyond the great tables of the Law; the chain-bearers, with their continual iteration of "Stick!" "Stuck!" were drawing Pardee's line on the other side of them, and they had fallen, it ever they fell here from Moses' hand and broke to twain, upon Pardee's land, granted to his ancestor by the State of Tennessee.

He could not speak for joy, for pride. His dark eyes were illumined by a glancing, under light. He took off his hat and smoothed with his rough hand his long black hair, falling from his massive forehead. He leaned against one of the stunted oaks, shouldering his rifle that he had loaded for Grimnell—he could hardly believe this, although he remembered it. He did not want to shoot Grimnell; he would not waste the good lead!

And indeed Grimnell had much ado to defend himself against the sneers and rebukes with which the party beguiled the way through the wintry woods. "Yer go a-claimin' another man's land, ne' put him ter the expense o' processionin' it, an' git his line run!" exclaimed the blacksmith, indignantly. "An' yn 'ain't got sure sign o' nhow at Moses' tables!"

"I dunno how this hyar line air a-runnin'," declared Grimnell, sorely beset. "I don't b'lieve in air a-runnin' north."

The surveyor was hard by. He had planted his staff again, and was once more taking his bearings. He looked up for a second.

"Northwest," he said.

Grimnell stared for a moment, then strode up to the surveyor, and pointed with his stubby finger at a word on his deed.

The official looked with interest at it, he held up suddenly Pardee's grant and read aloud, "From Crystal Spring seven hundred poles northwest to a stake in the middle of the river."

He examined, too, the original plat of survey which he had taken to guide him, and also the plat made when Squire Bates had sold to Grimnell's father, "northwest" they all read. There was evidently a clerical error on the part of the scrivener who had transcribed Grimnell's deed.

In a moment the badgered man saw that through the processioning of Pardee's land he had lost heavily in the extent of his supposed possessions. He it was who had claimed what was rightfully another's. And because of the charge Pardee was the richer by a huge slice of the other's mountain land—how large he could not say, as he carefully followed the line of survey.

But for this discovery the interest of processioning Pardee's land would have subsided with the determination of the ownership of the buried environment of the stone tables of the Law. Now, as they followed the ever-diverging line to the northwest, the group was pervaded by a subdued and tremulous excitement, in which even the surveyor shared. Two or three whispered apart now and then, and furtively, struggling to suppress his dismay, was keenly conscious of the glances that sought him again and again in the effort to judge how he was taking it. Only Pardee himself was withdrawn from the interest that swayed them all. He had loitered at first, dallying with a temptation to slip silently from the party and retrace his way to the tables and see, peradventure, if some vestige of that mystic scripture might not reveal itself to him anew, or if it were indeed some morbid fancy, some futile influence of solitude, some fevered condition of the blood or the brain, that had traced on the stone those gracious words, the mere echo of which—his stuttered, vague recollection—had roused the camp-meeting to fervid enthusiasm undreamed of before. And then his pet from him the project—some other time, perhaps, for doubts lurked in his heart, hesitation chilled his resolve—some other time, when they and their prosaic influence were all far away. He was roused abruptly, as he stalked in their midst, to the perception of the deepening excitement among them. They had emerged from the dense growths of the mountain to the lower slopes, where pastures and fields—whence the grain had been harvested—and a garden and a dwelling, with horses and kine and fowls, lay before them all. And as Pardee stopped and stared, the realization of a certain significant fact struck him so suddenly that it seemed to take his breath away. That divergent line stretching to the northeast had left within his boundaries the land on which his enemy had built his home.

He looked; then he smote his thigh and laughed aloud.

The rocks on the river-bank sought the vessel, and echoed it again and again, till the air seemed full of derisive voices. Under their stings of jeering clamor, and under the anguish of the calamity which his reeling senses could scarcely measure, Job Grimnell's composure suddenly gave way. He threw up his arms and called upon Heaven; he turned and glared furiously at his enemy. There, as Pardee's laughter still jarred the air, he drew a "shooting-iron" from his pocket. The blacksmith closed with him, struggling to disarm him. The weapon was discharged in the turmoil, the ball glancing away in the first quiver of consciousness that had reached the earth to-day, and falling upon across the rocks.

Grimnell wrested himself from the restraining grasp, and rushed down the slope to his gate to hide himself from the gaze of the world—his world, that little group. Then remembering that it was no longer his gate, he turned from it to an agony of baffling. And knowing that earth held no shelter for him but the sufferance of another man's roof, he plunged into the leafless woods as if he heavily dragged himself by a gaze which waved within him with other strong motives, and disappeared among the myriads of hairy bushes all aglow with their red berries.

The surveyor had planted his Jacob's-staff anew. The other men followed him, but Pardee lingered. He walked around the fence with a fierce, gleaming eye, a panther like, lurking tread, as a hoarse night patrol a field before he assails it. All of the system of the old feud had risen to the opportunity. Here was his enemy at his mercy. He knew that it was less than seven years since the enclosures had been made, acres and acres of fallible land cleared, the houses built—all achieved which converted the worthlessness of a wilderness into the sterling values of a farm. No technicality of the law could save it. He—he, Roger Pardee—was a rich man for the "mountings," joining his little to this competence. All the cruelties, all the insults, all the traditions of the old vendetta came thronging into his mind, as disdain the presented as if they were a series of hideous pictures, for he was not used to think in detail, but in the full portrayal of scenes. The Pardee wrongs were all avenged. The revenge was so complete, so baffling, so ruinous temporally, so humiliating spiritually! It was the fullest realization of revenge for all that had challenged it.

"How Uncle Nehemiah would her rejoiced ter hev lived ter see this day!" he thought, with a pious regret that the dead might not know.

The next moment his attention was suddenly attracted by a movement in the deserted. A woman had been hanging out clothes to dry, and she turned to go in, without seeing the striking figure patrolling the enclosure. A baby—a small bundle of a red dress—was seated on the pale of sorghum-cane where the mill had ground in the autumn, the stalks were broken, and dimmy with frost and decay, and washed by the rains to a pallid hue, yet more marked in contrast with the brown ground. The baby's dress made a bright bit of color amidst the dreary tones. As Pardee caught sight of it he remembered that this was "Grimnell's old baby," who had been the cause of the renewal of the ancient quarrel, which had resulted so benignantly for him. "I owe yer a good turn, sir," he murmured, extatically, glaring at the child as the unconscious mother lifted her to go in the house. The baby, looking over the maternal shoulder, encountered the stern eyes staring at her. She stared gravely too. Then with a bounce and a gurgle she beamed upon him from out the retirement of her flapping sun-bonnet; she smiled radiantly, and finally laughed outright, and waved her hands and again bounced ingratingly, and thus mechanically computing, disappeared within the door.

Before Pardee reached home, flakes of snow, the first of the season, were whirling through the gray dusk noiselessly, ceaselessly, always falling, yet never seeming to fall, rather to restlessly perveade the air with a ventilating alienation from all the laws of gravitation. Elusive fascinations of thought were liberated with the shining crystalline aerial palisades; some mysterious attraction dwelt down long vistas amongst the bare trees, their fine fibrous grace of branch and twig accented by the snow, which lay upon them with exquisite lightness, despite the aggregated bulk, not the densely packed effect which the boughs would show on morrow. The crags were crowned, their grim faces looked frowningly not like a warrior's from beneath a wreath. Nowhere could the brown ground be seen, already the pine boughs bent, the needles falling to pierce the drifts. On the banks of the stream, on the slopes of the mountain, in wildest jungles, in the niches and crevices of bare cliffs, the berries glowed red in the midst of its green snow-laden leaves and ice-barded twigs. When his house at last came into view, the road was already deeply covered; the drawing shirl had followed every line of the rail fence, scurrying away along the furthest zigzags there was a vanishing glimpse of a squirrel; the holes of the trees were embedded in drifts; the chickens had gone to roost; the sheep were huddling in the broad door of the rude stable, he saw their heads fitted against the dark background within, where the ox war vaguely glimpsed. He caught their mild glance despite the snow that battered with its ever-shifting crystals the dark space of the aperture, and intervened as a veil. They it was which suddenly reminded him of the season—that it was Christmas Eve, of the sheep which on many years ago beheld the angel of the Lord and the glory of the great light that shone about the shepherds abiding in the fields. Did they follow, he wondered, the shepherds who went to seek for Christ? Ah, as he paused meditatively beside the rail fence—what matter how long ago it was, how far away?—he saw them sheep lying about the fields under the vast midnight sky. They lift their sleepy heads. Dawn? not yet, surely, and they lie down down again. And one sweet bleat aloud, turning to see the quickening sky; and one, woolly, white, a bite on snow, sick eyes illumined by the heralding heavens, struggles to its feet, and another, and the flock is astir; and too shepherds, drowsing doubtless, are awakened to good tidings of great joy.

What a night that was!—this night—Christmas Eve. He wondered he had not thought of it before. And the light still shines, and the angel waits, and the eternal hosts proclaim peace on earth, good-will toward men, and summon us all to go and follow the shepherds and see—what? A humble little child cradled in a manger. The mountaineer, leaning on his gun by the rail fence, looked through the driving snow with the lights of divination kindling in his eyes; seeing at all, feeling its meaning as never before, Christ came this, he knew, for a purpose. He could have come in the thorns of the desert, on on the wings of the wind. But he was cradled as a little child, that men might learn to be manly for the sake of Him who had graced it, that they thinking on Him, might be good to one another and to all little children.

As he burst into the door of his house the clamors of his high religious mood were rudely dispelled by shrill cries of gratulation from his wife and her mother. For the news had preceded him. Ephraim Hinks with his fiddle had stopped there on his way to play at some neighboring merry making, and had acquainted them with the result of processioning Pardee's land.

"We'll go down thar an' live!" cried his wife, with a gush of tears. "Arter all ou scratchin' along like ten toed chickens all this time, we'll hev comfort en' plenty! We'll live in Grimnell's good house! But ter think o' our truth, en' how poor we hev been!"

"This air the Pardees' day!" cried the grandmother, her face flushed with the semblance of youth. "Arter all ez hev been an' gone, the judgment o' the Lord hev descended on Grimnell, ne' he air cast out. An' his fields, an house, an' him, an' hyar, air Pardee's!"

The fire flared and faded; shadows of the night gloomed thick in the room—this night of nights that bestowed so much, that imposed so much on man and on his fellow man!

(Continued on page 806.)

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CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK IN 1862.—Drawn by

RET GAUL.—[SEE ARTICLE BY THE REV. JOHN R. PAXTON, D.D., PAGE 806.]

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## PROCESSIONING PARDEE'S LAND

[Continued from page 803.]

"Ain't the Grimall baby got no home?" whimpered the hereditary enemy.

The mountaineer remembered the Lord of heaven and earth cradled, a humble Child, in the manger. He remembered, too, the humble child smiling its guileless good-will at the fence. He broke out suddenly.

"Now hem the fields Pardee's," he cried, leaning his back against the door and striking the puncheon floor with the butt of the gun till it rang again and again. "Ye the house, as the hin, or the hoer? Did he plant 'em? Did he build 'em? Who made 'em hian?"

"The law!" exclaimed Irish women in a breath.

"Thar ain't no law in heaven or yearth ye hin gin an honest man what ala't him by rights," he declared.

An insistent feminine clamor arose, protesting the sovereign power of the law. Having logic and reason on their side so well, he quaked for a moment, then, dominant though he was in his own house, he yielded; he could not face them, but he could flee. He suddenly stepped out of the door, and when they opened it and looked after him to the snowy dusk and the whitened woods, he was gone.

And popular opinion coincided with them when it became known that he had formally relinquished his right to that portion of the land improved by Grimall. He said to the old squire who drew up the quit claim deed, which he executed that Christmas Eve, that while he was not willing to profit by his enemy's mistake, he was not willing to lose by it, and thus the consideration expressed in the conveyance was the value of the land, considered not as a farm, but as so many acres of wilderness before an axe was laid to the trunk of a tree or the soil upturned by a plough. It was the minimum of value, and Grimall came cheaply off.

The blacksmith, the mountain fiddler, and the advanced thinker, who had been active in the survey, bulked of the expected excitement attendant upon the ousting of Grimall, and some sentimental exhaustion of the ancient feud, were not to sympathy with the pacific result, and spoke as if they had given themselves to unrequited labors.

"Thar ain't no way n' settlin' what that thar critter Pardee owns 'regin' ez contarns Moses' tables o' the Law. He allegs ter them," they said, in murmurs about the forge fire when the big doors were closed and the snow, banking up the crevices, kept out the wind. "There ain't no use in percussionin' Pardee's hand."

And indeed Pardee's possessions were wider for than even that divergent line which the county surveyor ran not might seem to warrant, for on the mountain-tops largest realms of solemn thought were open to him. He levied tribute upon the liberties of an enthralled imagination. He assisted in the freedom of the expanding spaces of a spiritual perception of the spiritual things. When the snow slipped away from the tables of the Law, the man who had read strange scripture engraven thereon took his way one day, doubtful, but faltering with hope, up and up to the next dome of the mountain, and knelt beside the rocks to see if perchance he might trace anew those mystic runes which he once had some fine instinct to decipher. And as he pondered long he found, or thought he found, here a familiar character, and there a slowly developing word, and anon—did he see it aright?—a phrase; and suddenly it was discovered to him that, whether their origin were a sacred mystery or the fantastic scroll-work of time as the rock weathered, high thoughts, evoking thrilling emotions, bear great import to one who apprehends only in mental acceptance. And it was revealed to him that the law of the Lord is most fittingly interpreted through obedience to the noblest impulses of the heart, and that the multiform texts that he had read in the fine and curious script were but paraphrases of the simple mandate—an epitome of all worship, all faith, all morality—to be good to one another, and, for the sake of that humble cradle, to all little children.

## ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1862

By JOHN R. PAXTON, PRIVATE, COMPANY G, 140TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

I wonder which man God will give the preference to—to the Jonah who treacherously slew Abner, or as the Jonah who chivalrously risked his life to give his parched lung a cup of water from a well in the camp of the enemy? I do wonder which man in every one of us God will favor. There was my old comrade Sergeant Nelson, who had gathered somewhat of oil in the army, whose Christian virtues were not highly polished, and who, on occasion, dropped into profanity as Wegg did into poetry. Now I wonder which Nelson God will keep, and which Nelson He will throw away—the rough soldier, or the man to Cold Harbor who said, "Boys, do run hear Robson and Stone calling our names and begging for water?" We left them at the foot of the hill, wounded, that afternoon, when we charged and were repulsed. "Boys, it's mighty risky. There is an truce to-night, and them rebs shoot about as fine by starlight as by day. But I'm going out to them. You see, if you and I were lying over there with a hole through us, and we called for water, and no one come, *though you heard us*, we would rather run all. Who will go with me?" "I, sergeant." "And I." They went, and two of them were killed. I wonder which Nelson God will keep, which throw away—the Nelson who was no saint, as the Nelson who died for man, like Jesus Christ.

I wonder which man is me, and which will come to the front and be on top at Judgment, this me in the study here, with an open Bible before him, who daily contradicts the other me, who shivered with cold on the Rappahannock twenty four years ago; this me who carries a shepherd's crook, who visits elderly and ailing sisters, who helps pious women pack boxes of cast-off clothing for needy and needy missionaries; this me who is so inoffensive, so mild mannered, tacking *both cheeks* to the rich men who patronize and criticise him, and to the sisters who censure him for levity, as for lukewarmness on foreign missions, or for neglect in not visiting poor Mrs. Ailing, who magnanimously and counterfeitly, *for* a whole hour, shares all her ills and aches and troubles with him, but never shares her calms, or courage, or faith, or health, or money. God reward them!—those pious souls who ring my door-bell twenty times a day to share their adversity with me, but who never ring me up to share their prosperity. They keep all *that* to themselves.

It is such a funny world! You and I hear our friends down with our aches and misfortunes and troubles, but when a rich old uncle dies and leaves us half a million, we do not load *that* on them. Oh no. But here me I preaching, so strong in habit. Yet which is me—this gentle, meek, apologetic clergyman, or that other me of a quarter of a century ago? that other me who wore this faded blue roundabout hanging on my study wall, with a lieutenant's shoulder-straps on it, who wore that sword and belt there before my eyes? Which is me—this man acquainted with meekness and piety and *alms and grief*, or that *me* of the sword and brass-buttoned jacket on the wall, who was acquainted with war, destitution, death, reckless daring, love's young dream? Here a happy thought strikes *me*, to try on that soldier's jacket and buckle on again that sword. Alas! years and larger rations have outgrown that other me. The jacket won't go on, the sword, ah! the girth is greater—it won't buckle. What is this, a tear on Harper's paper? Yes, a tear for that other me who wore that jacket at Appomattox in the mad days of his youth, when his head never ached, nor his face had a wrinkle, nor his heart a sorrow. And what is this—a laugh? Yes—so close lie sobs and laughs—for as I took down my sword and drew it from its scabbard I recollected a story I often tell of a major-general to the army who was afterward a Governor of a State.

He was a very vain man, and one day in his Executive Chamber he told to his secretary, pointing to his sword on the wall, "Major, do you know that when that sword leaped from its scabbard and flashed to the sunlight, the war, sir, was virtually over—over, sir—decided. My sword did it." I recollected that, and laughed, and a tear and laugh trod on each other's heels. Such is life. We swing like a pendulum between pleasure and pain, hope and fear, laughs and tears—and they are never far apart. All things go to couples. Extremes meet every hour. Height and depth are correlatives, grins ape, you hate the other. Can a man laugh loud? then turn him round, touch a different nerve, pronounce a woman's name, and in! his sobs are as sincere and deep as his laughter.

So, my present *me*, cannot you ever stop preaching, and do a little practising? Sure it is that the tolerant God does not expect one man to do two things *very well*. Ordinarily it's enough to preach well, and leave others to practise. But here, now, my soul-alias *me*, come out of the pulpit, and be a man among men. I am going to get into that jacket, as faded, as small for me now; I am going to buckle on that sword, if it does compel crowding, bad language, rebellion, pains, and being carried off the field swooning, so some ladies are bedimes, because of the uproar and rage of the incommoded guests within. Well, it happened on this wise that I found myself shivering on the banks of the Rappahannock on Christmas Day, 1862, enlisted for three years or during the war, food for villanous saltpetre.

One day in June, 1862, our Professor of Mathematics remarked, as he closed the observatory: "Gentlemen, what Mars is up to in the sky doesn't concern us most just now, but to do our share of his work down in Virginia. The only exact science worth studying these times is not trigonometry, but to determine the shortest line to Richmond, and the most pressing duty of the hour is not to prove right angles equal, but to draw a steady aim through rifle sights at a rebel in arms, and to prove to all the world that the American Union can, must, and shall be preserved. Gentlemen, the chair of the Professor of Mathematics is vacate in this college; permit me to introduce to you Captain Fraser." 'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! and away we went and enlisted—to go to Richmond. It took us three years to get there. No wonder, there were so many Longstreets to make our way through; so many Hills to climb, so many Stonewalls to batter down, so many Pickets to clear out of the way. It was as hard a road to travel as the steep and stony one to heaven.

No preaching, sir! *Can't* you forget the shop? Don't you know you have squeezed yourself into that faded jacket, and are squirming, with a flushed face and short breaths, behind that sword-belt, which has caused a rebellion *in madam red?* I started for Richmond in July, 1862, a lad eighteen years old, a Junior in college, and chafing to be or be—to double-quick it after John Brown's soul, which, since it did not require a knapsack, or three days' rations, or a canteen, or a halt during the night for sleep, was always marching on. On the night before Christmas, 1862, I was a dejected young patriot, wishing I hadn't done it, shivering in the open weather a mile back of the Rappahannock, on the reserve picket, and exposed to a *real* snow-storm. There was not a stick of wood within five miles of us; all cut down, even the roots of trees dug up and burned. We lay down on our scribber blankets, pulled our woollen blankets over us, *spooned* it as close as we could get, to steal warmth from our comrades, and *tried not* to cry.

Next morning the snow lay hoar and deep, and the men, when I waked and looked about me, reminded me of a church graveyard in winter. The snow covered us all, and my comrades seemed as if a small cemetery—just like a grave-yard and its mounds. "Fall in for picket duty! There, come, Moore, McManus, Paxton, Perrins, Pollock; fall in!" We fell in, of course. No breakfast; chilled to the marrow, snow a foot deep. We tightened our belts on our empty stomachs, seized our rifles, and marched to the river to take our six hours on duty.

It was Christmas Day, 1862. "And on this it was," my old me said to himself, while he paced in the wet snow his two hours on the river's brink. "And I was not here to shoot that lean, lank, coughing, endaverous-looking butternut fellow over the river. So this *is war*, this is being a soldier; this is the genuine article, this is H Greeley's 'On to Richmond.' Well, I wish he were only here in my place, scouting to keep warm, pounding his arms and breast to make the chilled blood circulate. *No this is war*, tramping up and down this river my fifty yards with wet feet, empty stomach, swollen nose."

Alas! when lying under the trees in the college campus last June, war meant to me martial music; gorgeous brigadiers in blue and gold; tall young men in line, shining in brass. War meant to me tumultuous memories of Bunker Hill, Cæsar's Tenth Legion, the charge of the Six Hundred—anything but this. Pshaw! I wish I were home. Let me *see*. Home? God's country. A tear?—yes, it is a tear. What are they doing at home? This is Christmas Day, 1862. Home? Well, stockings on the wall, candy, turkey, fun, merry Christmas, and the face of the girl I left behind. Another tear? Yes, I couldn't help it; I was only nineteen, and there was such a contrast between Christmas, 1862, on the Rappahannock, and other Christmases. Yes, there was a girl, too—such sweet eyes, such long lashes, such a low, tender voice! "Come, mere quicker! Who goes there?" Shift the rifle from one aching shoulder to the other.

"Hello, Johnny, what are you up to?" The river was narrow, but deep and swift. It was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There was no ice—too swift for that.

"Hello, Johnny, what you coughing so for?"

"Tank, with no overcoat, shoes full of holes, nothing to eat but parched corn and tobacco, and with this darned Yankee snow a foot deep, there is nothin' left, *mother*' but to get up a cough by way of protestin' against this infernal ill treatment of the body. We-uns, Yank, all have a cough over here, and there's no tayin' which will run as to hole firm, the cough as your bullets."

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather, in God's fortiemest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas Day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without adding to it your tears.

"Let's laugh, boys."

"Hello, Johnny."

"Hello yourself, Yank."

"Merry Christmas, Johnny."

"Same to you, Yank."

"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"

"Parched corn and tobacco—the size of our Christmas, Yank."

"All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats."

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the rebel shore. And the Johnnies? To see them crowd the bank, and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water, and stretching out their long arms! Then when they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations: "Hurrah for hog!" "Say, this's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you-uns." "And sugar too." Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted, "Reckon you-uns been good to we-uns this Christmas Day, Yanks." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which, if they weren't very filling, to least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling wold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river—spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, saving salutations of good-will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day, in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies, the Christ Child stretch a truce for us—broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas, and our hearts were lighter for it, and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold. Go thou and do likewise—push on poor debtor, prosecute on quarrel, bear on grudge, at Christmas-time; forgive your enemies, remember your mercies, and do not bend over your misfortunes to Christmas-time. If the times are hard, do not let the children know it, as Lazarus on your door-step become aware of it, to Christmas-time, to his deeper despair. Cannot you be cheerful and brave by your firesides, as we soldiers were on the Rappahannock on Christmas Day in '62, shouting good-will to rebels on the opposite shore? Let as all shake hands on Christmas Day. Let on all touch elbows, and share with our neighbor who needs so most. Then make a truce with enemies, with care, with fears, with tears and sorrow, and let joy be unconfined on Christmas Day. Let justice soften into mercy. Let hate not harden into wrong, but be transformed into love. Let anger cease, let wrath be forgotten, let quarrels be reconciled.

Let Charity dispense bounty. Let the rich man love the poor. Let the lap of childhood be filled with plenty. Let all Rappahannocks of estrangement, separation, bitterness, unequal lots, opposing interests, be bridged by the Babe of Bethlehem on Christmas Day of '62. And "be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." There, I am preaching again, in a secular Journal of Civilization. Yet I can't help it. This Christ-born me has thrown off and left behind the other me, the old me, who followed Grant and Hancock to Richmond in the wild, mad days of his turbulent youth. I have taken off that faded blue jacket, and can stretch my arms; I have unbuckled that worn belt, and can breathe freely. Come, jacket, come, sword—hang again on the wall. You are my old me; but the present, real *me* is a man of peace and acquainted with grief, not so happy as a saint as he was as a soldier, but still trying to get his work in, since God didn't send for him at Gettysburg.

## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captains of the Flock," "So Very Wise Married," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XLI.

HOW THE "CALYPSO" CAME HOME AGAIN.

Lo! when we awoke in the morning, the *Calypso* herself was lying in the river, moored nearly opposite to the mouth of the Dock.

I made haste to the King's Yard, in order to hear the news, and there, as I expected, I found a little knot of gentlemen, including Captain Petherick, the chief officer of the Yard, and a few who, like myself, were brought thither by anxiety and curiosity. They were earnestly conversing with the First Lieutenant of the ship. He was a man whose hair was now grown completely gray (wherefore he no longer used powder), being some fifty-five years of age, but for want of interest never having got any higher. By birth he was a Scotchman; he had, like many of his countrymen, a hard and strongly marked face, and his manner of speech was hard and slow, so that though he had such a tale to tell as surely never was heard before, his manner of telling it never varied even in the most astonishing parts of his narrative, except that now and then he broke off to express his own opinion on the matter. We presently, however, discovered that he felt great commiseration for the unhappy fate of his Captain, young enough to be his son, and that he held much the same view as the towns-people, namely, that there must be witchcraft at the bottom of the affair. We learned also that the recapture of the ship would now present a very different complexion, being done, not as had been supposed, as a general rising of the crew, but to the most astonishing courage of the Captain himself, and the display of reckless daring in a single-handed attack upon the prize crew such as one had never read of or heard of before.

As regards the striking of the colors, there was nothing new in what we learned. The Captain with his own hand did certainly haul down the flag without firing a shot. Against that damning and capital fact nothing could be said. But as for what followed, you shall hear the First Lieutenant's story.

"When the Captain struck his colors, which he did with his own hand, the man looking on to show amazement, I myself ran to him, crying, 'For God's sake, Captain! for God's sake, sir, consider what you do!' But the Captain drew his hanger and slashed as me, as that, though the flat of the sword only struck me, I fell senseless. Then, as I hear since been told, those officers whose place was on deck stood back, terrified by the wild looks and furious gestures of the Captain. So great was the authority which he possessed that not a man among them all dared so much as to murmur. Then the Frenchmen boarded us, and all except the Captain, who was suffered to remain on deck, and myself because I was senseless, were handled below, and the hatches clapped down. When I presently recovered, I too was allowed to remain above. Now for two nights and two days the Captain sat on the quarter-deck, upon the trunnion of a carronade, his hat off, his hands upon his knees, his eyes blood-red, his face pale. Gentlemen," cried the First Lieutenant, breaking off suddenly at this point, "I would have moved a heart of stone only to look upon the Captain in this misery of shame. Despair was in his eyes as he turned them from the sea to the ship, and from the ship to the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1561.

sea. As for what the men think, there is but one opinion: that it was the work of the Devil. He was bewitched or possessed, I know not if we have the right to try a man for an act done under demoniac possession, which we know to be sometimes permitted. But the madness had now left him, and he was in his right mind again."

There was not one of those present who heard this with a dry eye. But more moving things still were to follow.

"It was on the third day after the surrender," the First Lieutenant told us, "and in the forenoon, the usual guard being set, the French officers and sailors all armed, and their Commander on the quarter-deck. In the waist was gathered together a small party of prisoners taking their spell of fresh air; they were lolling in the sun, or looking over the bulwarks in the hopes of discovering an English flag. Nothing was further from their thoughts then an attempt to recapture the *Calypso*. On that point there could be no doubt. They talked with each other in low voices, being very much dejected at the position of their affairs, and the prospect of a French prison, and they looked at their Captain, who sat bareheaded on the quarter-deck. He too, like themselves, was unarmed, and he sat without moving or making any sign of life.

"Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and caught the French officer, a much smaller man than himself, by the throat, tore his sword from him, and cut him down. The two sentinels rushed upon him with their bayonets, but he lightly leapt aside, and cut them down too. Then, armed with the sword, he sprang into the waist, and crying, 'Men of the *Calypso*, to the rescue of your ship!' he attacked the Frenchmen, cutting them down and driving all before him like a madman.

"There is a tall stout fellow aboard, one of our Marines. He was on deck at the time, and was the first who recovered presence of mind (the men being clean taken aback by the suddenness of the thing). He seized a rammer, and sprang to the side of the Captain, fighting with him and protecting him. Mark you, if it had not been for that brave fellow the Captain would have been killed a dozen times over—as I doubt not he wished to be, seeing the reckless way in which he attacked the enemy. Nay, I wonder that in spite of this help he was not killed, seeing that they fired their pistols in his very face, and thrust at him with bayonets, and cut at him with swords; but all in vain. A fine sight it was, and such as will never be witnessed again by any of us, to see this hero fighting the whole of the prize crew single-handed save for the Marine, who seemed to have no other thought than to protect his Captain, and laid about him with his rammer as if it had been a quarter staff.

"Well, gentlemen, you may be very sure that it was not very long before the rest of the English sailors on deck joined in with a true British cheer, fighting with whatever weapons they could pick up—namely, one with a marling-spike, one with a boatmer, one with his fist, one with a dead Frenchman's bayonet, and so on—until in a few minutes we had the satisfaction of driving our conquerors under hatches, calling up our crew, and running up the Union-jack. The Captain is was who hauled it up with his own hand. His face was black with powder, and streaked with blood, though he had not received a scratch; his hands were red with blood, and his sword streaming; on the deck lay a dozen dead and wounded, though some of them only stunned with the Marine's rammer. When the flag was up, the Captain saluted it, and called on his men as give three cheers, which they did with a will. After that he ordered a double ration of rum, and every man to his duty.

"Then he turned to me. 'Mr. Macdonald,' he said, 'I would to God your Captain was lying dead among those poor wretches,' pointing to the slain. I told him as take courage, because is was by his act, and his alone, that the vessel was recaptured. Then he hesitated awhile, and fetched a sigh as if his heart was breaking.

"'Whose hand hauled down the flag?' he asked.

"I waited to hear what more he had to say.

"'Where is the man,' he asked, 'who fought beside me just now— I mean the man who interposed to save my life?'

"I called the man, who stepped feaward and saluted.

"'So,' said the Captain, 'tis my old friend. Sirrah, twice hast thou endeavored to take my life, out of revenge. Once hast thou saved it. Thou hast thy revenge at last, and in full measure. Return to duty.'

"I know not, gentlemen," continued the First Lieutenant, "what the Captain meant by those words, for the man saluted and stepped back to his place, making no reply, either by look or speech. Then the Captain gave me his last orders. 'You will take the command of this ship, sir,' he said. 'You will enter in the Captain's log a full account of the circumstances connected with the surrender and the recapture of the *Calypso*. Disguise nothing, sir. Nothing must be omitted. Write that the Captain hauled down the flag. Write that the Captain cut down the First Lieutenant, who would have remonstrated. Write that there was not a single shot fired, and the enemy carried less weight of metal and a smaller crew.'

"'With respect, sir,' I told him, 'I shall also write that the Captain also retook the vessel single-handed.'

"'Write, further, that the Captain gave the command to you, with instructions to take the ship to Spithead, the whereabouts of the Admiral not being known, there to report on what has happened, and to await the instructions of my Lords the Commissioners.'

"'Gentlemen,' the First Lieutenant concluded, 'I obeyed orders. I sailed to Spithead, and reported the circumstances of the case. The Commissioners have ordered me as being the ship round to Deptford, the Captain aboard her, prisoner, waiting his court-martial. We hope that though he certainly struck the colors, his subsequent conduct may save his life. For most certainly he was mad when he did it, as bewitched, or possessed of a devil. But he is mad no longer. I forget as any, gentlemen, that although for two days he refused to take anything, and I verily believe he intended to starve himself to death, he has since eaten and drunk heartily."

This was the story as the First Lieutenant told it.

Now when we heard is we were in a doubt what to do. For to neglect the unhappy prisoner altogether would seem heartless, whereas to try and see him, unless he manifested a desire to not us, would seem like intrusion. He sat in his cabin, we heard, all day, and at night, when it was dark, walked upon the quarter-deck. He spoke with no one save the First Lieutenant, and made no reference to the approaching trial, the day for which they expected would be fixed very shortly.

First, however, my father wrote to him, and asked if he would wish as see him; but received a letter, thanking him, indeed, and putting off his visit until, the writer said, he should be forced to contemplate the near approach of Death. Next, Mr Brinjes sent a message that he wished to me him as his physician (a title which he assumed when he pleased); but the Captain returned word that he had never been in better health.

As for myself, I waited for some days, not venturing to intrude upon his suffering, yet desirous of seeing him. At last I wrote a letter, begging him to tell me if I could do anything for him. To which he replied that he would take it kindly if I would come aboard and see him in his cabin. I obeyed with a sinking heart, for, indeed, what consolation could I administer, or with what countenance could I greet him, or could I pretend that he was not overwhelmed with shame?

When I went on board I was astonished to find, acting as sentry at the top of the companion, on other than Aaron Fletcher. I knew not that he was on board the *Calypso*. Strange indeed that he should now be mounting guard as Marine over the man whom he had many times fought, and twice tried to murder. He made no sign of recognition as I passed him.

Jack was in his cabin, sitting as his window, leaning his head upon his hand and gazing upon the river, with the crowd of craft upon it. He turned his head when I opened the door, and rose as meet me.

"Luke," he said, "canst take the hand of a coward wretch who hath surrendered his ship without a blow? Nay, cry, lad; tears will not help, and I am not worth a tear, as anything now but to be shot like a cur, and rolled up in a bit of sacking, and so tossed into the water and forgotten."

I asked after his health, but he put me off.

"Health?" he cried. "What matters my health? If you can pick up a small pox, as a galloping consumption, as a fever, and send it to me—the worse the complaint the better I shall like it; as if Mr Brinjes, who can cause all diseases, will send me one that will suddenly tear out my heart or stop my breath, it would be very much to the point as the present juncture. My health? Why, as the Devil will have it, it was never better." He laughed. "Go tell Mr Brinjes, or his swivel-eyed assistant, as make me up a disease or two in that saucepan of his that is always on the boil. 'Tis a crafty old man, and first cousin, I as rily believe, to the Devil."

He paused awhile, thinking what next to tell me.

"Tell the Admiral— No, not yet; after my death thou shalt tell him all the truth, which I will tell thee directly. I cannot write as that good old man; yet, Luke, I must send him some message. Therefore— But no, there are no words that I can send him. I cannot ask his forgiveness, because he can never forgive me. I cannot think him for all his kindness, because I am not worthy now as much as to send a word of gratitude. Let be—let be. When I am dead thou shalt tell him the truth. As for Castalia, she cannot forget me. Tell her that, Luke. I am certain that she will soon console herself. She never loved me as poor Bess used as love me. There is Mr Brinjes, tell him—why, tell him that he must look for another sailor to steer his ship among the islands of the Southern Seas."

"Jack," I said, "it is terrible."

"Yes, it is terrible. It is very terrible, lad. But it must be endured. Trust me that I shall not stand snivelling before the file of Marines at the end. That is, unless there be another—" Here he paused, and in his eyes there was apparent a look of such terror as I have never since seen in any man's eyes, while his cheeks turned white, and drops stood upon his brow. "Unless," he said again, "there comes another—" Here he broke off again. "Luke," he said, "if as the end I die craven, know of a surety that I die unforgiven, and that my soul is hot. But is cannot be that death will not atone." He he paused his cabin once as twice, and then, becoming more calm, he sat down again. "Luke, dear lad, I wished to see thee, but only thee, for the present. I have much to say. And first—of Bess. Do you know the words she said to me before I sailed?"

"I know them. Bess told me herself."

"Does any other person know them?"

"No one, I believe."

"Let her hold her tongue, then, lest they take her for a witch. Why, I know full well that she is as witch; and as for those words, they were spoken by her, but yet were not her own. I laughed when I heard them. The second time I heard them I laughed no longer. And now I will tell thee the whole truth, Luke; but keep it as thyself until I am dead, when I wish thee—nay, I charge thee—to tell the Admiral and thy father. I crowded all sail to pursuit of the enemy, I prepared for action with as light a heart as a man can bear who has a stout ship and a lusty crew. My guns they were loaded, and my men were as quarters, every man stripped to the skin, a good ration of rum served round, and our hearts a spirit as ever animated a British crew. I was as certain of making a prize of the *Mahieuse* as I am now certain of being tried and sentenced to death. Suddenly, we being by this time well within range, and our men prepared to give the enemy a broadside, a shot from the Frenchman struck our bow, and sent the splinters flying. Then there came upon me a kind of dizziness, and a voice shouted—yes, shouted in my ears—though none but me heard it, 'Thou shalt be struck where thou shalt feel the blow most deeply.' I tell thee the truth, Luke. But tell no one, lest they seize poor Bess for a witch. Something (I know not what) caught my hand, and dragged me, whether I would or no—yes, compelled me—to the main mast, and placed the lines in my hand, and forced me to haul down the flag. I know not any well what happened afterward. My men, I believe, were all smitten with stupid amazement, and made no resistance; how should they, when the flag was struck? They tell me that I cut down the First Lieutenant. Thank God I did no more than stun him! And presently, when I came as myself, I was sitting on a carronade, and the ship was a prize, and the French Commander was on the quarter-deck."

"But you recaptured the ship?"

"Why, 'twas a desperate attempt. I thought first that I would starve myself to death. But a man does not like to kill himself. And then, seeing the Frenchmen on the deck, and some of me lads lor'ard under the sentries, I thought as make them kill me. Alas! they were not suffered to kill me. Some of my men were wounded, and a good many of the Frenchmen knocked o' the head; but I came out of the fight without a scratch, and the ship was ours again. That is my story, lad, in its truth."

He then told me, what indeed I knew already, the history of his passion for Bess, which was so brief as is was violent, sparing himself not as all.

"It is strange, Luke, since I took the ship again, the image of the girl hath returned as my heart. I have thought upon her daily, and I remember once more all the things that passed between us while I was waiting for my appointment to the *Tartar*. Poor Bess! She deserved a better lover. How could I ever forget her brass black eyes? See, Luke!" He drew up his sleeve and showed his left arm—he had forgotten when last he exhibited that tattoo. "See, lad, her name is ever before me. Yes, a better lover she deserved."

"She desires no better lover, Jack!"

"What?" he asked. "Doth she not curse my very name?"

"Nay; she hath never cursed thee, Jack. She loves thee still: she hath always loved thee."

"A woman cannot love a man who is disgraced."

"Why? She loves the man: it is not his honor or his reputation she loves. That I have heard, but I have never understood it, concerning women, before; but now I perceive it very plainly. It is strange to us, because a man cannot love a woman without thinking of her beauty, and so we believe that a woman cannot love a man without thinking of his honor and reputation, his strength and his comes. Jack, will you see this poor girl? Will you let her come to you, and tell her kindly, in your old way, that you love again, as in the past time, and as heal her bleeding heart?"

"See her? Truly, I never thought," and Jack, "that she would any more come to me. I thought that she must be like Aaron Fletcher—only anxious to see me swing. Why, if the poor child can find any comfort or happiness in coming here, let her come, in God's name. As for me, dear lad, there is a load upon my heart which I thought would be with me till my death. But if she will forgive me, I think that load will be removed, and I can die with easier mind. Poor Bess! she will not get her lover in time to see him die. My heart bleeds for her. Go quick—bring her to me. Let me as least ask her forgiveness."

You may be sure that I lost no time in taking this fond message to Bess.

I looked that she would burst into weeping and sobbing. But she did not.

"I know," she said, "that I should get my lover back. Now sure I for nothing more. For if he must die, as must I die also. Death itself shall not have power—no, death shall have no power to separate us. On the day that he dies shall I die too. He loves me again. Why, do you think I care what may happen to either of us, since he loves me still?"

I led her on board, and took her to the Captain's cabin, but at the door I turned away, and as left them alone.

Oh! behind that closed door what prayers and vows were uttered, what tears were shed, what tender embraces were exchanged, when, in the presence of shame and death, those hapless lovers met again!

## CHAPTER XLII.

### OF THE COURT-MARTIAL.

NEARLY all that follows is matter of history, and may be read in the gazettes and papers of the day. Yet, for the sake of completing the history, it shall be set forth in order.

The court-martial as appointed to be held on board the *Calypso*, on the forenoon of Monday, February the 2d.

On that day is was accordingly held, the Hon. John Chevers, Rear-Admiral of the White, and Admiral of the Fort, being the President. The Court consisted of Captains Richard Orde, Frederick Drake, Salteen Willett, Peter Denis, and Joshua Rowley. Captain Pechenick should also have sat, but he begged to be excused, on the ground of personal friendship with the defendant. He was present, however, and sat at the back of the court, with as sad a countenance as ever I beheld. (As for our Admiral, he was in his bedroom with an attack of gout, which even Mr. Brinjes could not cure.) The court was thrown upon as all. Few of the friends of the accused officer were present, but there was a great throng of people, not only from Deptford Town, but also from London. Truly, a court-martial on whose decision rests the honor, if not the life, of a man, is a species of judicial investigation which strikes awe upon the beholder, even more that the aspect of the Judge, jury, and counsel in a civil court, the solemnity of the occasion being heightened not set off by the uniforms of the Judges and the naked weapons of the sentries and guards.

The Court was opened by the Deputy Judge-Advocate. He was only an attorney of Deptford, by name Richard Pendlebury, but he wore a black gown over his coat, and being provided with a full wig, which might have been proper even to a sergeant-at-law, and wearing such lace as his bosom and his sleeves, and being a big burly gentleman with a full round voice, he looked as full of authority as a King's Counsel. He began the proceedings by reading the warrant of the Right Honorable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, empowering the Admiral to assemble court-martial. This done, the President ordered that Captain Easterbrook should be brought before the Court. My heart beat fast and my throat choked when he appeared, bearing himself proudly, but with pale cheek, dressed, if one may say so, like a bride for her wedding, wearing his best uniform, his richest lace, and white leather gloves. Never, surely, did officer of the King's Navy bear himself more gallantly. Once only I saw his cheek flash scarlet. 'Twas when, in the old familiar way, he clapped his hand to his side for the adjustment of his sword. Alas! he had no sword. That had been taken from him, and was now lying on the table before the President, the hilt toward the prisoner. Then he bowed to his judges and stood upright, and to outward show calm and collected, though a tempest of shame and despair was raging within.

Then the Deputy Judge-Advocate administered the oath to the members of the Court and took it himself in the form prescribed, after which he read the charge against the defendant, as follows:

"Gentlemen,—The charge against Captain John Easterbrook, Commander of the *Calypso*, here present before your honorable Court, is that on the fourth day of December, 1759, he did cowardly and treacherously surrender and yield up his ship to the enemy, and he is here to answer this charge accordingly."

He then read the Fifteenth of the Articles of War, as follows:

"Every person in as belonging to the fleet who shall desert to the enemy, pirate, as rebel, or shall run away with any of his Majesty's ships as vessels of war, or any ordnance, ammunition, stores, or provision belonging thereto, as the weakening of the service, as shall yield up the same, cowardly or treacherously, to the enemy, pirate, as rebel, being as convicted of any such offence by the sentence of the court-martial, shall suffer death."

These preliminaries being completed, the Deputy Judge-Advocate proceeded to call his witnesses, and as each in turn administered on oath, which is more awful than that used as the civil courts, because is lays upon the witness an obligation to reveal everything that he knows concerning the case. The form is this:

"I, A. B., do most solemnly swear that in the evidence I shall give before the Court respecting the present trial I will, whether demanded of me by question or not, and whether favorable or unfavorable as the prisoner, declare the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help me, GOD!"

The first witness called was Lieutenant Colin Macdonald, First Lieutenant of the *Calypso*.

His deposition was short, and was as follows:

"At daybreak on the morning of December the 4th, being then in company with the frigate *Resolute*, Captain Boys, we sighted three ships, which we presently made out to be a squadron of three French frigates, apparently of about the same armament as ourselves. They bore away at sight of us, as not wishing to fight. Captain Easterbrook gave the word to crowd all sail and up hammocks, the wind being then fresh and nearly aft, and the sea lively, but the ship sailing free and not lying down, so that all her ports could be opened and all her guns fired. We presently found that we gained upon the Frenchmen, and about noon we were near by as me up with the *Mahieuse*, the slowest of the three, the *Resolute* being that half a mile as as astern, and the other two French ships about as much ahead of us. We were by this time cleared for action, the men at their quarters, and everything reported in readiness, looking for nothing but a close as gagement, and a pretty bot one, with the three ships. The Captain's plan, he told me, was to range alongside of the enemy, pour in his broadside, grapple, and board, thinking that the *Resolute* would do the like, and so we might capture the squadron. And this we could have done, having faster vessels than the enemy, and Captain Easterbrook being, as I take it, the smartest handler of a ship in the service, though as young a man. But the Frenchman was not disposed to allow of this if he could help it. Therefore he began to let fly with the stern-chasers, being, like mine of his astern, amply provided with these helps to sending away. His first shot knocked away part of our figure-head, the splinters flying about the deck; but as one harmed. Just then, to our utmost consternation, the Captain turned pale, and ran to the main-mast, where, with his own hands, he began as lower the colors. I ran as him, crying, 'Captain, for God's sake, consider what you are doing!' Whereupon he drew his sword, and cut me down over the head, but fortunately with

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"THEN THE CAPTAIN STRUCK HIS COLORS, WHICH HE DID WITH HIS OWN HAND, THE MEN LOOKING ON IN SHEER AMAZEMENT."

the flat of the weapon only, else I had been a dead man. And I knew no more until the business was ended, and we were all prisoners."

Being asked by the Deputy Judge-Advocate what preparations had been made for an engagement, he replied that nothing was omitted that is customary on such an occasion, that they had ample time during the chase, and that no ship ever went into action better prepared. Immediately on sighting the enemy the boatswain and his mates piped to stow hammocks, the carpenter and his mates were ready with their mauls and plugs; the gunner and his quarter-gunners examined and reported on all the cannon. When the ship was within a mile of the enemy the drums beat to arms, and the boatswain and his mates piped "all hands to quarters" at every hatchway. Then every man stripped to the waist, and repaired to his proper place; a ration of rum was served out; the boarders were told; the Marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck and forecastle; tools, the lashings of the great guns were let loose, the tompions were taken out, and the guns run out at all the ports. In one word, there was no point omitted that a Commander who knows his business would neglect, and everything in such order as the most resolute Captain could desire.

At this point of the evidence Captain Easterbrook was asked if he had any questions to put to the witness. He replied that he had none, and that to the best of his knowledge the evidence given by Lieutenant Macdonald was true in every particular—a statement which made the Court look serious, and troubled the mind of the Deputy Judge Advocate, because there is nothing which these gentlemen desire more than to fight a stubborn case; whereas, if an officer pleads guilty, and throws himself upon the mercy of the Court, he has no chance to show his cleverness.

"With permission of the Court," said the First Lieutenant, "I will now give evidence as to the recapture of the ship."

"I submit to the Court," said the Deputy Judge-Advocate, "that the recapture of the ship has nothing to do with the charge against Captain Easterbrook, namely, that he did cowardly and treacherously yield up his vessel."

"Gentlemen," said the Lieutenant, "with respect. If the ship had not been recaptured, the Court could not have been held. And if it had not been for the Captain, the ship would never have been recaptured. For he did a thing which, I venture to maintain, no other man in the service would have done, when he engaged, single-handed, the whole of the crew in charge of the prize."

So the Court conferred together, whispering, and the President ordered the witness to proceed. Whereupon the Deputy Judge-Advocate sat down and put his hands in his pockets, and gazed upward, as if this part of the evidence did not concern him.

"Gentlemen," concluded the First Lieutenant, "'twas the most gallant act I have ever witnessed. Only by a miracle, and by his own valor, did the Captain escape death. There were on deck thirty Frenchmen, all armed, and he with nothing but the sword which he tore from the French Commander. And to back him only a dozen unarmed men, who, to tell the truth, for I was among them, were taken by surprise, and would never have plucked up heart save for the example of the Captain. The first man to join him was a Marine named Aaron Fletcher, who seized a rammer, and, armed with this weapon alone, stood by the Captain, playing a man's part indeed, but for him, the Captain would have been cut down a dozen times. But, gentlemen, that the ship was recaptured is due to nobody but to the desperate valor of the Captain himself."

The Court asked Captain Easterbrook whether he had any questions to put on this head, but he had none. Wherefore Lieutenant Macdonald stepped aside, and made way for the next witness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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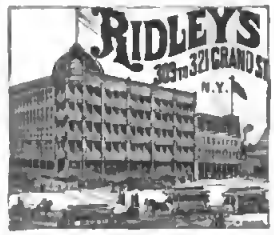


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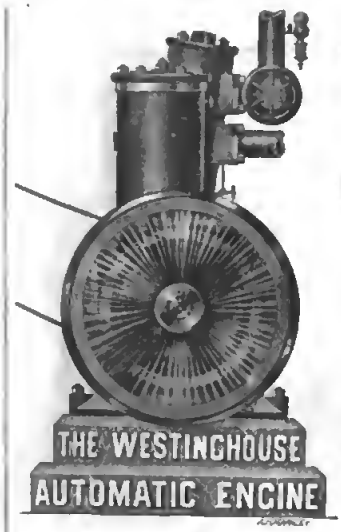


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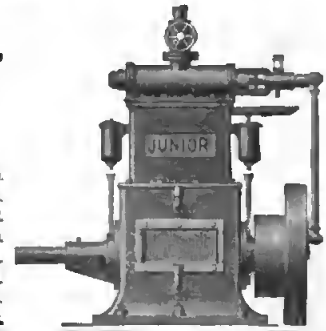


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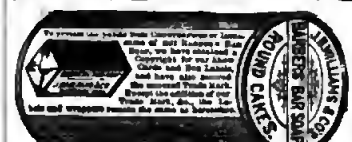


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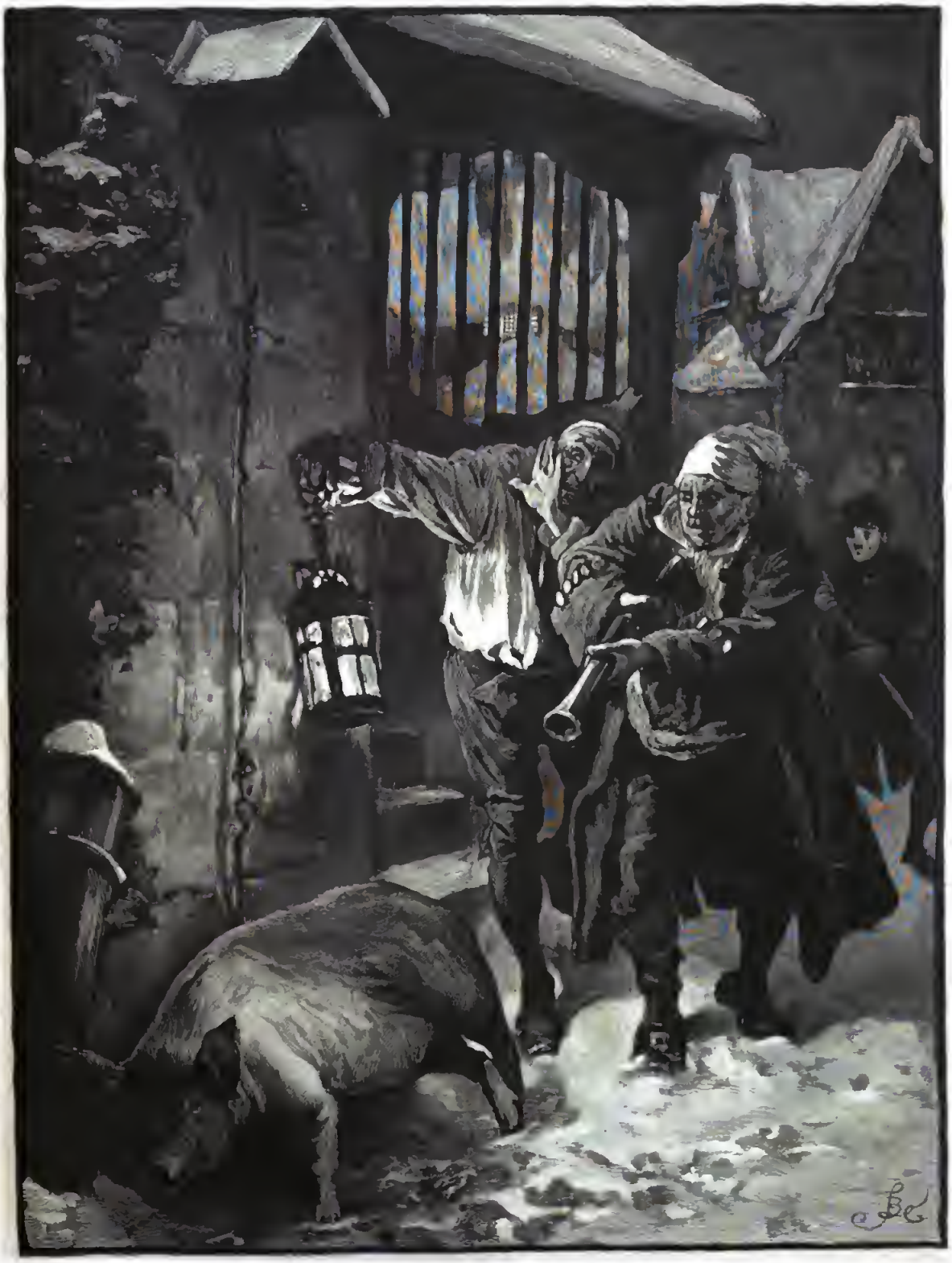

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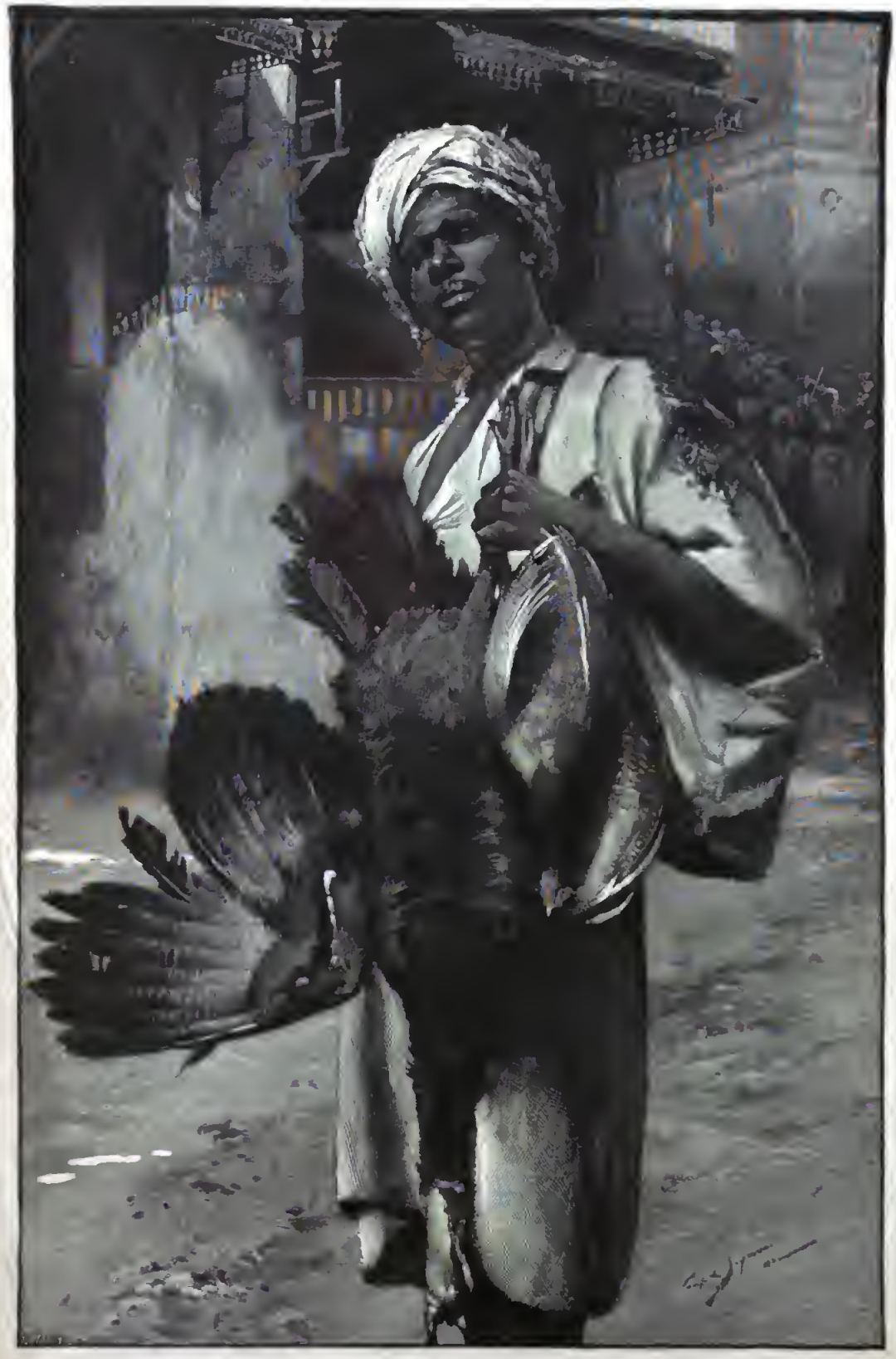

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# SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

## XIX.—(Continued.)

### "GIVE ME A BLACK GOAT!"

At this moment a terrified bleat announced that the poor goat had been sacrificed, and the next minute a woman ran up with a saucer full of the blood. This the possessed creature, who was then roving and foaming her wildest, seized and drank, and was instantly recovered, and without a trace of hysteria, or fits, or being possessed, or whatever dreadful thing it was she was suffering from. She stretched her arms, smiled faintly, and walked quietly back to the dancers, who presently withdrew in a double line as they had come, leaving the space between us and the bonfire deserted.

I thought the entertainment (sic) was now over, and feeling rather queer, was about to ask *She* if we could rise, when suddenly what at first I took to be a baboon came hopping round the fire, and was instantly met upon the other side by a lion, or rather a human being dressed in a lion's skin. Then came a goat, then a man wrapped in an ox's hide, with the horns wobbling about in a ludicrous way. After him followed a bleshok, then an impala, then a bondoo, then more goats, and many other animals, including a girl sewn up in the shining scaly hide of a boa-constrictor, several yards of which trailed along the ground behind her. When all the beasts had collected they began to dance about in a lumbering, unnatural fashion, and to imitate the sounds produced by the respective animals they represented, till the whole air was alive with roars and bleating and the hissing of snakes. This went on for a long time, till, getting tired of the pantomime, I asked Ayesha if there would be any objection to Leo and myself walking round to inspect the human torches, and as she had nothing to say against it, we started, striking round to the left. After looking at one or two of the flaming bodies, we were about to return, thoroughly disgusted with the grotesque weirdness of the spectacle, when our attention was attracted by one of the dancers, a particularly active leopard, that had separated itself from its fellow-beasts, and was skulking about in our immediate neighborhood, but gradually drawing into a spot where the shadow was darkest, equidistant between two of the flaming mummies. Drawn by curiosity, we followed it, when suddenly it darted past us into the shadows beyond, and as it did so, erected itself and whispered, "Come," in a voice that we both recognized as that of Ustane. Without waiting to consult me, Leo turned and followed her into the outer darkness, and I, feeling sick enough at heart, went after them. The leopard crawled on for about fifty paces—a sufficient distance to be quite beyond the light of the fire and torches—and then Leo came up with it, or rather with Ustane.

"Oh, our lord," I heard her whisper, "so I have found thee. Listen! I am in peril of my life from '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*.' Surely the Baboon has told thee how she drove me from thee? I love thee, my lord, and thou art mine according to the custom of the country. I saved thy life. My Lion, wilt thou cast me off now?"

"Of course not," ejaculated Leo. "I have been wondering whether thou hadst gone. Let us go and explain matters to the Queen."

"Nay, nay, she would slay us. Thou knowest not her power, the Baboon there, he knoweth, for he saw. Nay, there is but one way if thou wilt cleave to me, thou must fire with me across the marshes even now, and then perchance we may escape."

"For Heaven's sake, Leo," I began, but she broke in.

"Nay, listen not to him. Swift—be swift; death is in the air we breathe. Even now, mashap, *She* heareth us," and without more ado, she proceeded to back her arguments by throwing herself into his arms. As she did so the leopard's head slipped from her hair. I saw the three white finger-marks upon it, gleaming faintly in the starlight. Once more realizing the desperate nature of the situation, I was about to interpose, for I knew that Leo was not too strong-minded where women were concerned, when—oh, horror!—I heard a little silvery laugh behind me. I turned round, and there was *She* herself, and with her Billali and two main antes. I gasped and nearly sank to the ground, for I knew that such a situation must result in some dreadful tragedy, of which it seemed exceedingly probable to me that I should be the first victim. As for Ustane, she unwound her arms and covered her eyes with her hands, while Leo, not knowing the full terror of the position, merely coloured up, and looked as silly as a man caught in such a trap would naturally do.

Again Ayesha laughed. "It was well thrown, my guest; thou hast a strong arm for one who on into was sick. But now out of thy courtesy I pray thee let that man live and do my bidding. He shall not harm the girl; the night air grows chill, and I would welcome her in mine own place. Surely she whom thou dost favor shall be favored of me also."

I took Leo by the arm, and pulled him from the prostrate mute, and he, half bewildered, obeyed the pressure. Then we all set out for the cave across the plateau, where a great pile of white human ashes was all that remained of the fire that had lit the dancing, for the dancers had vanished.

In due course we gained Ayesha's boudoir—all too soon it seemed to me, having a sad presage of what was to come lying heavy on my heart.

Ayesha seated herself upon her cushions, and having dismissed Job and Billali, by signs bade the mutes tend the lamps and retire, all save one girl, who was her favorite personal attendant. We three remained standing, the unfortunate Ustane a little to the left of the rest of us.

"Now, O, Holly," Ayesha began, "how come it that thou she dolst hear my words bidding this evil-doer"—and she pointed to Ustane—"to go from hence—thou at whose prayer I did weekly spare her life—how came it, I say, that thou wast a sharer in what I saw tonight? Answer, and for thine own sake, I say, speak the truth, for I am not minded to hear lies upon this matter."

"It was by accident, O Queen," I answered. "I knew naught of it."

"I do believe thee, O Holly," she answered, coldly; "and well it is for thee that I do. Then does all the guilt rest upon her."

"I don't see any particular guilt about it," broke in Leo. "She is not anybody else's wife, and it appears that she has married me according to the custom of this awful place, so who is the worse? Anyway, madam," he went on, "whatever she has done, I have done too, so if she is to be punished, let me be punished also; and I tell thee," he went on, working himself up into a fury, "that if thou laidest one of those deaf-and-dumb villains to touch her again, I will tear him to pieces." And he looked as though he meant it.

Ayesha listened in icy silence, and made no remark. When he had finished, however, she addressed Ustane.

"Hast thou aught to say, woman? Thou silly straw, thou feather, who dolst think to float toward thy passion's petty ends, even against the great wind of my will? Tell me, for I fain would understand. Why dolst thou this thing?"

And then I think I saw the most tremendous exhibition of moral courage and intrepidity that it is possible to conceive. For the poor doomed girl, knowing what she had to expect at the hands of her terrible Queen, knowing, too, from bitter experience how great was her power, yet gathered herself together, and out of the very depths of her despair found materials to defy her.

"I did it, O Queen," she answered, drawing herself up to the full of her stately height, and throwing back the panther-skin off her head, "because my love is stronger than the grave. I did it because my life without this man whom my heart chose would be but a living death. Therefore did I risk my life, and now that I know that it is forfeit to thine anger, yet am I glad that I did risk it, and pay it away in the risking, ay, because he embraced me once, and told me that he yet loved me."

Here Ayesha half rose from her couch, and then sank down again.

"I have no magic," went on Ustane, her rich voice ringing strong and full, "and I am not a Queen, nor do I live forever, but a woman's heart is heavy to sink through waters, however deep, it Queen. And a woman's eyes are quick to see, even through thy veil, O Queen.

"Listen. I knew it then that love this man thyself, and therefore wouldst thou destroy me who stood across thy path. Ay, I die—I die, and go into the darkness, nor know I whither I go.

"'OH, MY LORD,' I HEARD HER WHISPER, 'SO I HAVE FOUND THEE.'"

## XX.

### THE END.

There followed a moment of the most painful silence that I ever endured. It was broken by Ayesha, who addressed herself to Leo.

"Nay, now, my lord and guest," she said, in low sweetest tones, which yet had the ring of steel about them, "look not so doleful. Surely the night was a pretty one—the leopard and the lion!"

"Oh, hang it all!" said Leo, in English.

"And thou, Ustane," she went on, "surely I should have passed thee by had not the light fallen on the white across thy hair. Well! well! the dance is done—see, the tapers burn down, and all things end in darkness and in ashes. Do thou thoughtest it a fit time for love, Ustane, my servant—and I, dreaming not that I could be disobeyed, thought thee already far away."

"Play not with me," moaned the wretched woman, "slay me, and let there be an end."

"Nay, why? It is not well to go so swift from the hot lips of love down to the cold mouth of the grave," and she made a motion to the mutes, who instantly stepped up and caught the girl by either arm. With an oath Leo sprung upon the nearest, and hurled him to the ground, and then stood over him with his face set and his fist ready.

* Began in Harper's Weekly No. 1004.

But this I know. There is a light shining in my breast, and by that light, to by a lamp, I see the truth and the future that I shall not share on roll itself before me like a scroll. When first I knew my lord," and she pointed to Leo, "I knew also that death would be the bridal gift he gave me; it rested upon me of a sudden, but I turned not back, being ready to pay the price, and, behold, death is here! And now, even as I knew that, so do I, standing on the stage of doom, know that then shalt not reap the profits of thy ruinous. Mine he is, and though thy beauty shine like a sun among the stars, mine shall he remain for thee. Nerto here upon this earth shall he look thee in the eyes and call thee wife. Thou, too, art doomed, I see"—and her voice rang like the cry of an inspired prophetess; "oh, I see"—

Then came an answering cry of mingled rage and terror. I turned my head. Ayesha had risen, and was standing with her outstretched hand pointing at Ustane, who had suddenly stopped speaking. I gazed at this poor woman, and as I gazed there grew upon her face that same woful, fixed expression of terror that I had seen once before when she had broken out into her wild chant. Her eyes grew large, her nostrils dilated, and her lips blanched.

Ayesha said nothing; she made no sound, she only drew herself up, stretched out her arm, and, her tall veiled frame quivering like an aspen leaf, appeared to look fixedly at her victim. Even as she did so Ustane put her hands to her head, uttered one piercing scream, turned round twice, and then fell backward with a thud prone upon the floor. Both Leo and myself rushed to her—she was stone-dead—blasted into death by some mysterious electric agency or overwhelming will-force whereof the dread *She* had commanded.

For a moment Leo did not quite realize what had happened. But when he did, his face was awful to see. With a savage oath he rose from beside the corpse, and turning, literally sprang at Ayesha. But she had been watching, and seeing him coming, stretched out her hand again, and he came staggering back toward me, and would have fallen had I not caught him. Afterward he told me that he felt as though he had suddenly received a violent blow in the chest, and, what is more, cowed as though all the manhood had been taken out of him.

Then Ayesha spoke. "Forgive me, my guest," she told, softly, addressing him, "if I have shocked thee with my justice."

"Forgive thee, thou fiend," roared poor Leo, wringing his hands in his rage and grief—"forgive thee, thou murderess! By Heaven, I will kill thee if I can!"

"Nay, nay," she answered, in the same soft voice, "thou dost not understand—the time has come for thee to learn. Then art my love, my Kallikrates—my Beautiful, my Strong! For two thousand years, Kallikrates, have I waited for thee, and now at length thou hast come back to me; and as for this woman," pointing to the corpse, "she stood between me and thee, and therefore I have removed her, Kallikrates."

"It is an accursed lie!" screamed Leo. "My name is not Kallikrates! I am Leo Vincey; my ancestor was Kallikrates—at least I believe he was."

"Ah, thou savest it; thine ancestor was Kallikrates, and thou, even thou, art Kallikrates come back—and mine own dear lord!"

"I am not Kallikrates, and as for being thy lord, as having anything to do with thee, I had rather be the lord of a fiend from hell, for she would be better than thou."

"Sayest thou so—sayest thou so, Kallikrates? Nay, but thou hast not seen me for so many years that no memory remains. Yet am I very fair, Kallikrates!"

"I hate thee, murderess, and I do not wish to see thee. What is to me how fair thou art? I hate thee, I say."

"Yet within a very little space shalt thou creep to my knee, and swear that thou dost love me," answered Ayesha, with a sweet, mocking laugh. "Come, there is no time like the present time; here, before this dead girl she loved thee, let us put it to the proof."

"Look now on me, Kallikrates!" and with a sudden motion she shook her gauzy covering from her, and stood forth in his low kirtle and her snaky zone, in her glorious, radiant beauty and her imperial grace, rising from her wrappings, as it were, like Venus from the wave, or Golinda from her marble, to a beatified spirit from the tomb. She stood forth, and fixed her deep and glowing eyes upon his own, and I saw his clinched fists unclasp, and his set and quivering features relax beneath her gaze. I saw his wonder and astonishment grow into admiration, and then into fascination; and the more he struggled the more I saw the power of her dread beauty fasten on him and take possession of his senses, drugging them, and drowning the heart out of him. Did I not know the process? Had not I, who was twice his age, gone through it myself? Was I not going through it afresh even then, though his sweet and passionate gaze was not for me? Yes, alas, I was. Alas, that I should have to confess that at that very moment I was rent by mad and furious jealousy. I could have flown at his throat, shame upon me! That woman had confounded and almost destroyed my moral sense, as she was bound to confound all who looked upon her superhuman loveliness. But, somehow, I do not know how, I got the better of myself, and once more turned to see the climax of the tragedy.

"Oh, heaven!" gasped Leo; "art thou a woman?"

"A woman in truth—in very truth—and thine own spouse, Kallikrates!" she answered, stretching out her rounded ivory arms toward him, and smiling, ah, so sweetly!

He looked and looked, and slowly I perceived that he was drawing nearer to her. Suddenly his eye fell upon the corpse of poor Ustane, and he shuddered and stopped.

"How can I?" he said, hoarsely. "Thou art a murderess. She loved me."

Observe, he was already forgetting that he had loved him.

"It is naught," she murmured, and her voice sounded sweet as the night wind passing through the trees. "It is naught at all. If I have sinned, let my beauty answer for my sin. If I have sinned, it is for love of thee; let my sin, therefore, be put away and forgotten;" and once more the stretched out her arms and whispered, "Come," and then in another few seconds it was over. I saw him struggle—I saw him even turn to fly; but her eyes drew him stronger than iron bands, and the magic of her beauty and concentrated will and passion entered into him and overpowered him—ay, even there—in the presence of the body of the woman who had loved him well enough to die for him. It sounds horrible and wicked enough, but he cannot be blamed too much, and be sure his sin will find him out. The temptress who drew him into evil was more than human, and her beauty was greater than the loveliness of the daughters of men.

"Perchance thou dost not believe my word, Kallikrates—perchance thou thinkest that I do delude thee, and that I have not lived thence many years, and that thou hast not been born again to me. Now will I show thee, and thee also, my Holly, who dost stand staring there as though of a truth thou hadst taken root in this unkindly soil. Bear each one of you a lamp, and follow after me whither I shall lead ye."

Without pausing to think—indeed, speaking for myself, I had almost abandoned the function in circumstances under which to think seemed to be absolutely useless, since thought fell hourly helpless against a black wall of wonder—we took the lamps and followed her. Going to the end of her "boudoir," she raised a curtain, and revealed a little stair in the rock that was so common in these dim caves of Kôr. As we hurried down the stair I observed that the steps were worn in the centre to such an extent that some of them had been reduced from seven and a half inches, at which I guessed their original height, to about three and a half. Now, as all the other steps that I had seen in the caves had been practically uneven, as was to be expected, seeing that the only traffic that ever passed upon them was that of those who bore a fresh burden to the tomb, this fact struck my notice with that curious pertinacity with which little things do strike us when our minds are absolutely overwhelmed with a rush of powerful sensations, beaten flat, as it were, like a sea beneath a hurricane, so that every little object on the surface stands up like a mountain. At the bottom of the staircase I stood and stared at the worn steps, and *She*, turning, saw me.

"Wonderest thou whence are the feet that have worn away the rock, my Holly?" she asked. "Behold! they are mine—even mine own light feet! I can remember when the stairs were fresh and level, but for two thousand years have I gone down hither day by day, and see, my sandals have worn out the solid rock."

I made no answer, but I do not think that anything that I had heard or seen brought home to my limited understanding as clear a sense of this being's overwhelming antiquity as that hard rock hollowed out by her soft white feet. How many millions of times must she have passed up and down that stair to bring about such a result?

The stair led to a tunnel, and a few paces down the tunnel was one of the usual curtain-hung doorways, a glance at which told me that it was the same where I had been a witness of that terrible scene by the leaping flame. I recognized the pattern of the curtain, and the sight of it brought the whole event vividly before my eyes, and made me tremble even at its memory. Ayesha entered the tomb (for it was a tomb), and we followed her—I, for one, rejoicing that the mystery of the place was about to be cleared up, and yet afraid to face its solution.

## XXI.

### THE DEAD AND LIVING MEET.

"BEHOLD the place where I have slept for these two thousand years," said Ayesha, taking the lamp from Leo's hand and holding it above her head. Its rays fell upon a little hollow in the floor, where I had seen the leaping flame, but the fire was out now. They fell upon the white form stretched there beneath its wrappings upon the bed of stone, upon the fretted carving of the tomb, and upon another shelf of stone opposite the one on which the body lay, and separated from it by the breadth of the cave.

"Here," went on Ayesha, laying her hand upon the rock—"here have I slept night by night for all these generations, with but a cloak to cover me. It did not become me that I should be cold, when my spouse yonder," and she pointed to the rigid form, "lay stiff in death. Here night by night have I slept in his cold company, till, then sweet, this thick slab, like the stairs down which we passed, has worn thin with the tossing of my form—so faithful have I been to thee even in thy space of sleep, Kallikrates. And now, my love, thou theft see a wonderful thing—living, thou shalt behold thyself dead—for well have I tended thee during all these years, Kallikrates. Art thou prepared?"

We made no answer, but gazed at each other with frightened eyes, the whole scene was so dreadful and so solemn. Ayesha advanced, and laid her hand upon the corner of the shroud, and turn more spoke.

"Be not affrighted," she said. "Though the thing seem wonderful to thee—all we who live here thus lived before; nor is the very shape that holds us a stranger to the sun. Only we know it not, because memory writes no record, and earth hath gathered in the earth she lent us, for soon here moved our glory from the grave. But I, by my arts and by the arts of those dead men of Kôr which I have learned, have held thee back, O Kallikrates, from the dust, that the wasty stamp of beauty on thy face should ever rest before mine eye. Then a mask that memory might fill, serving to fashion not thy presence from the past, and give it strength to wander in the habitations of my thought, and is a mummery of life that stayed my appetite with visions of dead days.

"Behold now, let the dead and living meet! Across the gulf of Time they still are one. Time hath no power against Identity, though sleep in mercy hath blotted out the tablets of our mind, and with oblivion sealed the sorrows up that else would bound on us from life to life, stuffing the brain with gathered misery till it burst in the madness of uttermost despair. Still are they one, for the wrappings of our sleep shall roll away as thunder clouds before the wind; the foams voices of the past shall melt in music like mountain snows beneath the sun; and the weeping and the laughter of the lost hours shall be heard once more sweetly echoing up the cliffs of immeasurable time.

"Ay, the drop shall roll away, and the voices shall be heard, when down the completed chain, whereof our each existence is a link, the lightning of the Spirit hath passed to work out the purpose of our being; quickening and fusing those separated days of life, and shaping them to a staff whereon we may safely lean as we need to our appointed fate.

"Therefore, have no fear, Kallikrates, when thou—living, and but lately born—shalt look upon those own departed self, who breathed and died so long ago. I do but turn one page in the Book of Being, and show thee what is writ thereon.

"*Behold!*"

With a sudden motion she drew the shroud from the cold form, and let the lamp-light play upon it. I looked, and then shrank back terrified, since, say what she might in explanation, the sight was as uncanny one—for her explanations were beyond the grasp of our finite minds, and when they were separated from the mists of vague esoteric philosophy, and brought into conflict with the cold and horrifying fact, did not in much to break its force. For there, stretched upon the stone bier before us, robed in white and perfectly preserved, was what appeared to be the body of Leo Vincey. I stared from Leo, standing there alive, to Leo lying there dead, and could see no difference, except, perhaps, that the body on the bier looked older. Feature for feature they were the same, even down to the crop of little golden curls, which was Leo's most uncommon beauty. It even seemed to me, as I looked, that the expression on the dead man's face resembled that which I had sometimes seen upon Leo's when he was plunged into profound sleep. I can only sum up the closeness of the resemblance by saying that I never saw twins so exactly similar as that dead and living pair.

I turned to see what effect was produced upon Leo by this sight of his dead self, and found it to be one of partial stupefaction. He stood for two or three minutes staring and said nothing, and when at last he spoke it was only to ejaculate,

"Cover it up and take me away."

"Nay, wait," said Ayesha, who, standing with the lamp raised above her head, flooding with its light her rare rich beauty and the cold wonder of the death-clothed form upon the bier, looked more like an inspired Sybil than a woman as she rolled out her majestic sentences with a grandeur and a freedom of utterance to which I am, alas, quite unable to do justice.

"Wait; I would show thee something, that no little of my crime may be hidden from thee. Do thou, O Holly, open the garment on the breast of the dead Kallikrates, lest perchance my lord may fear to touch himself."

I obeyed with trembling hands. It seemed a desecration and an unhallowed thing to touch that sleeping image of the live man by my side. Presently his broad chest was bare, and there upon it, right over the heart, was a wound, evidently inflicted with a spear.

"Thou seest, Kallikrates," she said. "Behold, it was I who slew thee, in the Place of Life I gave thee death. I slew thee because of the Egyptian Amenartas, whom thou didst love; for her sake thou held thy heart, and her I could not slay as but now I slew the woman, for she was too strong for me. In my hate and bitter anger I slew thee, and now for all these days have I lamented thee, and waited for thy coming. And thou hast come, and none can stand between thee and me, and of a truth now for death I will give thee life—not life eternal, for that none can give, but life and youth that shall endure for thousands upon thousands of years, and with it power and wealth, and all things that are good and beautiful, such as have been to no man before thee, nor shall be to any man who comes after. And now one thing more, and thou shalt rest and make ready for the day of the new birth. Thou seest this body which was thine own? For all these centuries it hath been my comfort and my companion, but now I need it no more, for I have the living presence, and it can but serve to stir up memories of that which I had fain forget. Let it therefore go back to the dust from which I kept it.

"Behold! I have prepared against this happy hour!" and going to the other shelf, or stone ledge, which, the mid, had served her for a bed, she took from it a large vitrified double-handled vase, the mouth of which was tied up with a bladder. This she loosed, and then, having bent down and gently kissed the white forehead of the dead man, she uncld the vase, and sprinkled its contents carefully over the form, taking, I observed, the greatest precautions against any drop of them touching on or herself, and then poured out what remained of the liquid upon the chest and head. Instantly a dense vapor arose, and the cave was filled with choking fumes that prevented us from seeing anything while the deadly acid (for I presume it was some tremendous preparation of that sort) did its work. From the spot where the body lay came a fierce hissing and cracking sound, which ceased, however, before the fumes had cleared away. At last they were all gone, except a little cloud which still hung over the corpse. In a couple of minutes more this, too, had vanished, and wonderful as it may seem, it is a fact that on the stone bench that had supported the mortal remains of the ancient Kallikrates for so many centuries there was now nothing to be seen but a few handfuls of smoking white powder. The acid had utterly destroyed the body, and even in places eaten into the stone. Ayesha stamped down, and taking a handful of the powder to her grasp, threw it into the air, saying at the same time, in a voice of calm solemnity,

"Dust to dust!—the past to the past!—the dead to the dead! Kallikrates is dead, and is here again!"

The ashes floated noiselessly to the rocky floor, and we stood in awed silence and watched them fall, too overcome for words.

"Now leave me," she said, "and sleep if ye may. I must watch and think, for to-morrow night we go hence, and the time is long since I trod the path that we must follow."

Accordingly we bowed, and left her.

As we passed to our own apartment, I peeped into Job's sleeping-place to see how he fared, for he had gone away just before our interview with the murdered Ustane, quite prostrated by the terrors of the Anshugger festivity. He was sleeping soundly, good honest fellow that he was, and I rejoiced to think that his nerves, which, like those of most uneducated people, were far from strong, had been spared the closing scenes of that dreadful day. Then we entered our own chamber, and here at last poor Leo, who, ever since he had looked upon that frozen image of his living self, had been in a state not far removed from stupefaction, burst out into a torrent of grief. Now that he was no longer in the presence of she dreaded *She*, his sense of the awfulness of all that had happened, and more especially of the wicked murder of Ustane, who was bound to him by ties so close, broke upon him like a storm, and hailed him into an agony of remorse and terror which was painful to witness. He cursed himself—he cursed the hour when we had first seen the writing on the sherd, which was being so mysteriously verified, and bitterly he cursed his own weakness. Ayesha he dared not curse, who dared speak evil of such a woman, whose consciousness has aught we knew was watching us at this very moment?

"What am I to do, old fellow?" he groaned, resting his head against my shoulder in the extremity of his grief. "I let her be killed—not that I could help that, but within five minutes I was kissing her murderess over her body. I am a degraded brute, but I cannot resist that" (and here his voice took) "awful sorceress. I know I shall do it again to-morrow. I know that I am in her power for always. If I never saw her again, I should never think of anybody else for all my life; I must follow her as a needle follows a magnet; I would not go away even if I could; I could not leave her, my legs would not carry me, but my mind is still clear enough, and in my mind I hate her—at least, I think so. It is all so horrible; and that—that body! What can I make of it? It was me! I am sold into bondage, old fellow, and she will take my soul as the price of herself!"

Then for the first time I told him that I was in a not very little better position, and I am bound to say that, notwithstanding his own infatuation, he had the decency to sympathize with me. Perhaps he did not think it worth while being jealous, realizing that he had no cause so far as the lady was concerned. I went on to suggest that we should try to run away, but we soon rejected the project as futile, and, to be perfectly honest, I do not believe that either of us would really have left Ayesha even if some superior power had suddenly offered to convey us from these gloomy caves and set us down in Cambridge. We could no more have left her than a moth can leave the light that destroys it. We were like confirmed opium eaters: in our moments of reason we well knew the deadly nature of our pursuit, but we certainly were not prepared to abandon its terrible delights.

No doubt she am a wicked person, and no doubt she had murdered Ustane when she stood in her path, but then she was very faithful, and by a law of nature man is apt to think but lightly of a woman's crimes, especially if that woman be beautiful, and the crime be committed for the love of him.

And then, for the rest, when had such a chance ever come to a man before as that which now lay in Leo's hand? True, in uniting himself to this dread woman, he would place his life in the hand of a mysterious creature of evil tendencies, but then that would be likely enough to happen to him in any ordinary marriage. On the other hand, however, no ordinary marriage could bring him such awful beauty—for awful is the only word that can describe it—such divine devotion, such wisdom, and command over the secrets of nature, and the place and power that they must win, or lastly the royal crown of unending youth, if indeed she could give that. No; on the whole it is not unodeful that though Leo was plunged in inner shame and grief, such on any gentleman would have felt under the circumstances, he was not ready to entertain the idea of running away from his extraordinary fortune.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"A MAN AND HIS BROTHER."

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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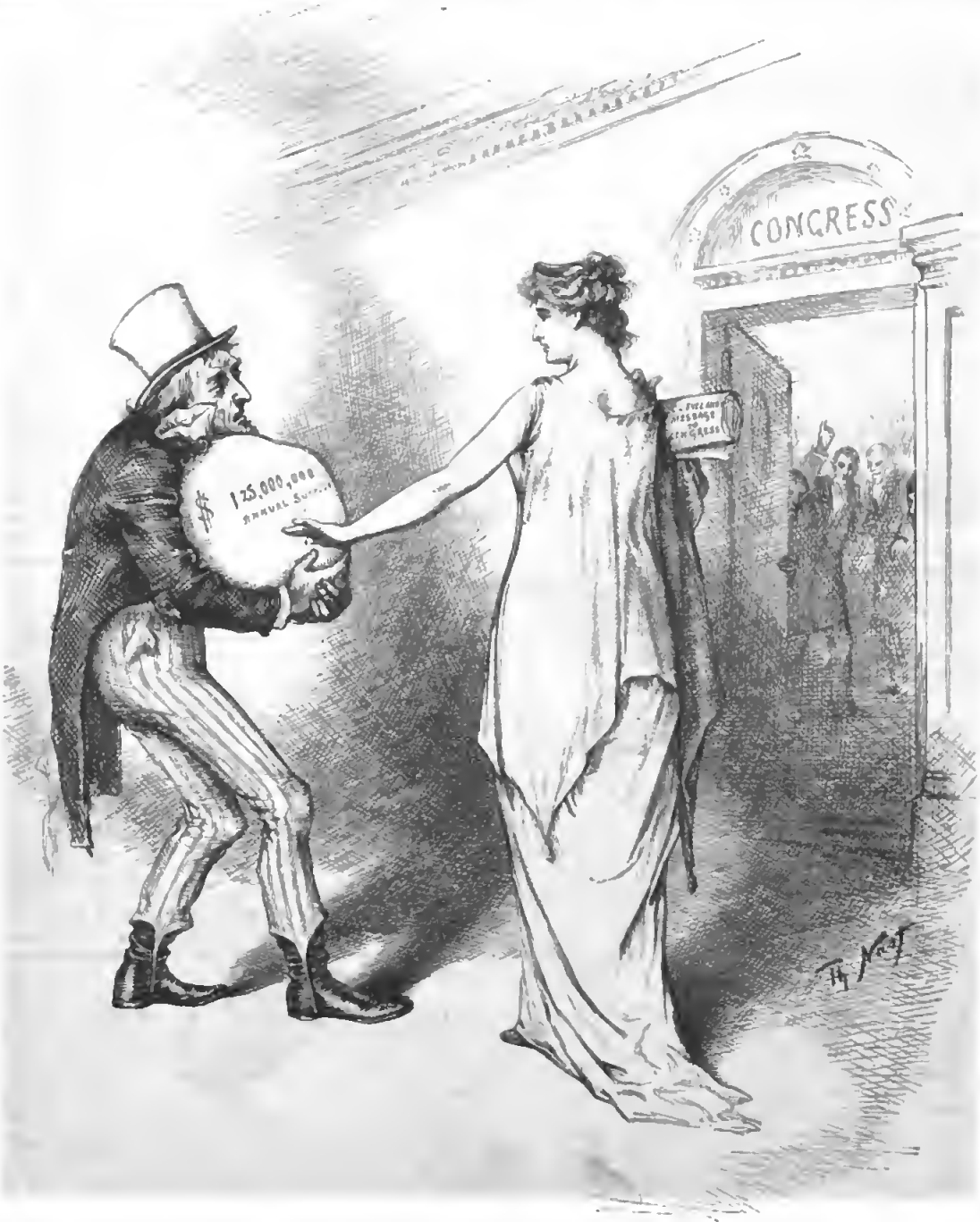


"AN UNNECESSARY BURDEN."—PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

"Don't over-tax yourself, for it only leads *them* into temptation."

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 18, 1886


## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's Message is a clear, plain, and admirable statement of the condition of national affairs. Its most striking characteristic is its purely patriotic tone. It is not partisan or "bumptious," nor a special plea, but the sincere expression of a conscientious Chief Magistrate anxious to maintain peace with honor, and to deal candidly with every public interest. The portions of the Message which merely describe the situation are direct and intelligible. The recommendations are forcibly put, and with a common sense which will commend them to the general confidence of the country. The Message well deserves the praise of the London *News*, that it "seems to disdain that impolitic art of evasion which is exhibited in so many utterances of the kind in Europe," and of the London *Times*, that it "faithfully reflects the stability, tranquillity, and general prosperity which give so firm a foundation to the policy and society of the United States." It reflects also the honest character of its author, and happily assures the country that the man at the head of affairs is upright, trustworthy, and faithful.

The only foreign question involving the necessity of a mutual understanding is the fisheries dispute with Canada. In his treatment of it the President neither swaggers nor threatens. He says, with an honorable desire for the most friendly relations with a kindred and neighboring people, "This propinquity, community of language and occupation, and similarity of political and social institutions indicate the practicability and obvious wisdom of maintaining mutually beneficial and friendly relations." Yet the President says frankly that while he is unfeignedly desirous of maintaining those relations, the action of Canadian officials during the year has seriously imperilled their continuance. This is a much more promising spirit in which to consider a delicate international difference than the highcockalorum tone which has been sometimes adopted in the discussion. The difficulty, as the President said last year, can be happily adjusted only by amicable conference and negotiation, and despite the political Bombastes in both countries, such an adjustment is desired by the great body of sensible citizens on both sides. In regard to the Cutting affair in Mexico, the President lays down the American doctrine that no foreign authority can be permitted to punish an American citizen for a violation of our laws upon our soil, although the offence be committed against a foreign subject. Whatever European states may have tolerated, this is a doctrine and practice unknown to this country. This is a sound view, and it is stated with significant decision, but without any bluster or poppycock rhetoric.

The evil results to be apprehended from a surplus of a hundred millions of dollars are well described, and the injustice of permitting its accumulation is vigorously stated.

"When more of the people's substance is exacted through the form of taxation than is necessary to meet the just obligations of the government and the expense of its economical administration, such exaction becomes robbery extortion, and a violation of the fundamental principles of a free government."

The remedy suggested is the diminution of taxation by readjusting the tariff, but in a way not to injure existing industries undertaken under the system which produces a surplus, and not to harm the interests of labor so far as they may be involved. The details of such a scheme it is not the province of the Executive to provide. The President does his duty in recalling Congress to the plain principle that good government aims to secure individual liberty and the enjoyment of individual earnings with the least possible diminution for the public needs. The remarks of the President upon the inquiry of laboring-men whether, considering their tribute to the Treasury, they receive their fair share of advantages, and his suggestion that a system of taxation which produces a vast surplus leads to abnormal individual profits, without benefit to the people at large, are well worthy the most thoughtful attention of every good citizen. They certainly show that the President sees some of the remoter but not less grave evils which are due to what the Secretary of the Treasury describes as our present prolonged war tariff taxes. The country will heed this part of the Message, whatever Congress may do. The President treats the Indian problem fairly and comprehensively, and shows clearly that he understands it to have become one of the important public questions. His remarks upon reform in the civil service are in accord with his known convictions, and the force with which he expresses himself shows at least no consciousness of a disposition to surrender to the spoils politicians of his party. No President has ever spoken so strongly as President Cleveland in saying:

"Our civil service reform may be imperfect in some of its details, it may be misunderstood and opposed; it may not always be faithfully applied; its designs may sometimes miscarry through mistake or wilful intent; it may sometimes tremble under the assaults of its enemies, or languish under the misguided zeal of impracticable friends, but if the people of this country ever submit to the banishment of its underlying principle from the operation of their government, they will abandon the surest guarantee of the safety and success of American institutions."

He is not likely to disappoint the just hopes of reform by an abandonment of faith in its principles. His danger lies rather in a mistaken view of expediency, and in regarding earnest exhortation to pursue a course plainly founded upon principle as misguided zeal. The Message is welcome to every patriotic heart, and it is droll to think of the party fury of '84 which shouted that the election of its author to the Presidency would be an unspeakable calamity.

## SECRET SESSIONS.

The resolution of Senator Platt providing for open executive sessions was laid over among the unfinished business of the Senate. But the question will not be laid over by the country until it is settled. The press is practically unanimous for opening the doors of the Senate when nominations are considered. It may be desirable when a treaty is under consideration sometimes to close the doors; but it can never be desirable, for any sound public reason, to conceal the reasons for rejecting a nomination. If they are personal to the candidate, it may be unfortunate for him that they should be made public. But the way to prevent the nomination of such candidates is to open the doors. When a man knows that his personal habits and character are to be publicly scrutinized, he will take good care not to expose himself to the scrutiny if he is aware of spots that the light will reveal. We have seen formerly the disgrace inflicted upon the United States by the conduct of ministers abroad, which would have been spared to the country, because the nomination of such men would never have been made, had the Senatorial consideration of their fitness been public and not secret.

It must not be forgotten that no candidate considered by the Senate in open session is exposed to any ordeal to which every candidate for popular election is not submitted. If every possible assertion, true or false, decent or scandalous, about a candidate for the Governorship of a State or the Presidency of the United States, may be discussed for five months, as every editor of every newspaper in the country pleases to discuss it, there is no reason why the discussion of a man's fitness to be postmaster in a village should be conducted under a solemn oath of secrecy, which, if violated, will lead to the expulsion from his seat of a Senator of the United States, dishonored and disgraced. The objection to a public consideration of nominations is so pitiful that it is suspicious. The theory of secret legislation of any kind is untenable. Publicity was one of the first and necessary consequences of Parliamentary reform in England. In 1770 the "Wilkes" Parliament insisted upon secrecy. "It is not surprising," says May, "that the worst of Parliaments should have been the most resolute in enforcing the rule for excluding strangers. It was at war with the public liberties, and its evil deeds were best performed in secret." When Luttrell, in 1778, complained of misrepresentation in a newspaper, and said that he should ask to have strangers—that is, reporters—excluded, Charles Fox declared that "the true and only method of preventing misrepresentation was by throwing open the gallery and making the debates and decisions of the House as public as possible." Speaking of legislative reports, May says that "the people justly esteem it as the surest safeguard of liberty."

It was not, however, until 1836 that the British Parliament authorized the publication of the division lists, showing how each member voted. This fostered a consciousness of immediate dependence upon the people, which had been unknown, and when Disraeli in 1843 attached Sir Robert Peel, he showed the thought uppermost in his mind by saying that he should not feel that his vote against the Ministry would weaken the confidence of his constituency. The secret Senatorial session to consider nominations is a lingering survival of an old practice abused to the injury of liberty, and now without plausible pretence. The Senate may refuse to repeal its rule of secrecy, as it refused to investigate the election of Senator Payne, and as it seems inclined to allow its members to hold the briefs of great corporations which seek Congressional aid. But we trust that the opportunity offered by Senator Platt will be improved, and that henceforth the votes upon executive nominations, and the reasons for them when given, will be, like other votes and arguments, matters of public record.

## CONGRESS.

It is an unpleasant fact that although Congress meets early in December, to sit until early in March, there is a general conviction that it will do very little of the work which the country desires to have done, and which there is plenty of time to do. There are certain measures of the utmost importance, which are familiar to every intelligent citizen, and which ought to become laws without delay. A government which relieves taxation is always popular. The American people are now taxed to raise more than a hundred millions of dollars beyond the needs of the government. This tax should be reduced. The country is destitute of proper coast and harbor defences. It is a want which should be supplied. The whole Indian question should be carefully considered, and a definite and wise policy adopted. This is a pressing question in the interests of the Indians and the whites alike. A law regulating the electoral count, which has already passed the Senate unanimously, is vital to the security of the Presidential election. To delay such a law is to be criminally negligent, and it is at least a good sign that the subject was one of the first to be brought up in the House. The currency should be regulated upon the sound basis which is approved by the best experience. The land question, including the conduct of corporations to which great grants have been made, should be thoroughly searched and adjusted.

These are some of the public questions which demand attention, and upon all of which very little satisfactory action will be probably taken. The general dilatoriness of Congress, the complicated rules of procedure; the unwillingness of parties to take decided steps in legislation; the differences between the Democratic majority of the House and the Democratic President; the Democratic feuds in the House itself; the fact of a Republican majority in the Senate, and its partisan purpose of stimulating Democratic quarrels and obstructing a Democratic Administration; the manœuvring for the next Presidential election; and the serious discontents in the party of administration—these are some of the reasons why very little useful legislation will be accomplished at this session. The session will be a part of the Presidential campaign, each side looking out for its "record," and statesmanship will be lost in politics. This will become more and more the situation until the system of our politics is reformed. So long as Representatives reach Congress, not as the choice of the people, but of the skilful manipulation of caucuses and conventions by politicians who make a trade of politics, and are maintained either by the money of candidates or of corporations, or by the public money in the form of official salaries, so long those Representatives will be the agents of those who procure their nomination.

Political reform, under its various aspects and names, merely proposes to make the government actually what it is in theory, a government of the people. Many readers of these words who are good citizens and party men voted for a Congressional candidate who was selected by a few men who had generally some personal motive. These readers helped to send to Congress the agent of interested persons or corporations, who will not vote according to the merits of the question, but in the interests of those who selected him. The Tammany members of Congress from New York, for instance, are designated by a practically irresponsible committee, and are in the real sense of the word no more freely elected representatives of the people than the janitor of Tammany Hall. To overthrow this oligarchical and despotic and mercenary system, which tends to discredit Congress and public life, is one aim of political reform. Just in the degree that it succeeds, Congress will represent the people rather than the politicians, and legislation will embody with intelligence and reasonable speed the public will. Eternal vigilance must be the rule. We must be willing to take trouble to secure the results

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of our institutions, and let no man sneer at the interminable delays and the general unsatisfactoriness of Congress who does nothing to aid the efforts to correct the ills of which he complains.

## THE BENTON-STONE AFFAIR.

THE intervention of our issue for Christmas, the happy season in which there are no politics in these pages, has deferred our comments upon the letter of the President concerning ex-District Attorney STONE, of Pennsylvania. Mr. STONE was rightfully suspended, because making campaign speeches is inconsistent with the just principle which was plainly stated in the President's letter to the Civil Service Reform League. Speaking of officers like district attorneys, he said that those then in office, "as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual rights is the reasonable measure of their party service." Partisan stump speaking on either side is certainly not the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual rights. It is necessarily offensive to half of the community. The President had stated the general principle in the letter to the League. He had specifically warned office holders in his circular of July, 1886. Messrs. BENTON and STONE deliberately disregarded the warning. Mr. BENTON, as now appears, did so in a way which brought the Administration into discredit. Mr. STONE denies that he censured the Administration. But however that may be, the offence in both cases was unmistakable, and both were rightfully removed.

But the reinstatement of Mr. BENTON and the refusal to reinstate Mr. STONE are in accord with no principle, and are flagrantly inconsistent with the distinct declaration of the President in the League letter. The letter in the case of Mr. STONE is in effect, although not in intention, an abandonment of the principle of reform, and asserts what is practically an impossible distinction between permissible and non-permissible campaign speeches by such officers. The object of a campaign speech is to discredit the opposing party. If the speaker holds office under an Administration which he attempts to discredit, he ought to be removed. If he attempts to discredit the opposing party, when that party comes in to power he ought to resign, or he will properly be removed. But if one such officer may do this, all may, and the practice thus leads to the clean partisan sweep which it is one of the chief efforts of reform to prevent.

The only fair and practicable rule for office-holders during their term of office is "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual rights." This rule the President has abrogated by the reinstatement of Mr. BENTON, which is a reversal of the policy of reform, as is shown conclusively by the delight of Republicans, who point to it as proof either of Executive weakness or falsity, and by the shouts of Democratic enemies of the Administration, hailing what they declare to be the sign of a surrender to the "spoils bosses" of their party. The confidence of reformers is necessarily shaken, not in the President's convictions or purpose, but in his judgment. It is a step which is in every way unfortunate, for while it does not really conciliate his Democratic enemies, it does undoubtedly disturb and chill his Independent friends. The revelation of the character of Mr. BENTON'S speeches, which was unknown when the President reinstated him, makes the reinstatement, upon the President's own statements in the STONE letter, a serious mistake, and if the sole result of the July circular is to be the reinstatement of Mr. BENTON and the removal of Mr. STONE for the reasons alleged, it will be undoubtedly a damaging blow at reform.

## THE GOOD WORK AT HAMPTON

EVERY friend of the Hampton Institute, at Hampton, Virginia—and they are among the most intelligent and philanthropic and patriotic citizens in the country—has heard with sincere sorrow of the illness of General ARMSTRONG, which has compelled him for the time to seek absolute rest. But the Institute cannot rest. General ARMSTRONG'S work must go on, and increase, if possible, while he renews his health. To that end a very strong appeal is made to liberal-hearted men and women to aid in providing a permanent endowment, and Mr. JAMES F. BROWN, of BROWN BROTHERS, in New York, General J. F. B. MARSHALL, in Boston, Mr. ROBERT C. OGDEN, of JOHN WANAMAKER, in Philadelphia, and Mr. F. N. GILMAN, treasurer, at Hampton, will receive subscriptions.

The school property, valued at $400,000, is free of all debt. The fund sought is $500,000, toward which $109,800 have already been contributed. The appeal has the strongest support of eminent citizens and of distinguished clergymen who are personally familiar with the character and work of the Institute. For the information of any reader who may not know what the work is we will state that its aim is to supply colored teachers for the Southern States and for the Indians. During the last school year the record shows 65 officers, teachers, and industrial instructors, 536 colored students, and 140 Indian students—741 in all. The graduates and undergraduates are already teaching 45,000 colored children in public schools. One of the chief objects of the Institute is practical education in various industries, which are as follows: wood-working in many forms, blacksmithing and iron-working, farming, tailoring, dress-making, printing, machine-knitting, saddlery, shoemaking, tinsmithing, brick-making, wood-carving, horticulture, and domestic work of all kinds. It is one of the most useful, hopeful, and promising institutions south of Washington, and on every ground it merits the sympathy and liberal aid of all who can appreciate the vital values of its work.

Such aid is a cause which should need no urging. There is, indeed, no lack of good causes, and there is a constant appeal to the generous and benevolent. But that is only to say that there is always somebody to help, some good work to do. The alternative open to a humane man in this world is not helping or not helping, but only how most wisely to help.

## JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER, Consul of the United States at Munich in Bavaria, died at his post on the 6th of December, in his sixtieth year. Mr. HARPER was the eldest son of the late FLETCHER HARPER, the youngest of the brothers who founded the publishing house. He studied at Columbia College, and subsequently read law, but he did not enter upon the practice of his profession, and passed much time in travel.

His hearty and generous disposition and his genial, simple manner greatly endeared him to his companions, and few men have had more or warmer friends. Marrying for a second time, he went abroad, and was living in Munich when he was appointed Consul there by President ARTHUR. In a delightful capital like Munich it is fortunate when the official representative of his country not only serves his government to its entire satisfaction, but by taste and sympathy attracts his own countrymen and the best society around him. Always thoughtful and urbane, Mr. HARPER'S house was the natural and hospitable centre of the American colony in Bavaria, by which his death will be sincerely regretted.

For the last twenty years Mr. HARPER had travelled extensively, and had taken little part in the business which is identified with his family name; but the kindly relations with his old associates there have been always undisturbed, and they will always happily remember his frank courtesy, his manly directness, his gentle nature, grieving only that they shall behold his face on more.

## A QUESTION OF QUOTATION.

NOTHING marks a fair and honest adversary in discussion more surely than exact quotation of the words of an opponent. In his letter to the Attorney-General about District Attorney STONE, the President said:

"Mr. STONE and others of like disposition are not to suppose that party lines are so far obliterated that the administration of the government is to be trusted, in places high or low, to those who aggressively and constantly endeavor unfairly to destroy the confidence of the people in the party responsible for such administration."

The New York *Tribune* and its Chicago namesake, professing by the careful use of quotation marks to be repeating the President's exact words, give them thus:

"The administration of the government is not to be trusted, in places high or low, to those who are opposed to the party responsible for such administration."

The only difference between the *Tribunes* is that in Chicago it says, "cannot be."

The President states a rule of action which commends itself to every man of every party who would see the public service established upon sound principles. The two *Tribunes*, by misquoting him, make him merely state the bald MARCY and HUNTER doctrine of spoils. We are not raising the question of the propriety of the removal of Mr. STONE, but of the honesty of such a quotation.

## CRANCH'S "ARIEL AND CALIBAN."

It is many years since CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH published his first slight volume of poems, in which were verses that have passed into our literature, and which still echo in many hearts. In this pleasant Christmas season he gives us another collection of his verse, with the old tones and the old feeling, the hope of youth undaunted, the faith of youth unchilled, and with all the unmistakable evidence that time has not withered nor custom staled the freshness and sweetness and tender pathos of his song.

This is one of the chief charms of the volume. It shows, as all his work shows, the graceful play of imagination, the sense of melody, the susceptibility to nature, the wayward variety of mood, which distinguish the poetic temperament; but more than that it reveals the natural singer, whose heart is always young, and for whom the glory never passes away from earth. There is also the same earnest thought, the curious, questioning mind that challenges the great mystery which enfolds us, the spirit which made itself known in one of the earlier and the most familiar of Mr. CRANCH'S poems:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught."

CRANCH is probably as impatient of seeing this quoted as BRYANT used to be of hearing of "Thanatopsis." But it is a key in which his genius naturally sings, and this later verse echoes with the old music.

Among all our poets and literary men, no one has been more faithful to the dreams of his youth, to the standard of a pure, lofty, and generous ideal of life, than CRANCH. In this view the little poem in this volume, "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis," is very significant. Its melody has a manly pathos, not of repining or regret, but of the consciousness of a certain spiritual solitude. But such singers, whose neither fashion, nor fortune, nor misfortune can lure from their own heaven-selected path, who go their way, as this one hears him, still and forever, "singing, singing," are ministers of the eternal beauty, and while they may suppose themselves forgotten and useless, they cheer and illuminate many a life of which they never hear. The lark may warble in "a privacy of glorious light," but there are listeners invisible to him who hears his song.

## PERSONAL.

THERE are now seventeen Princeton alumni associations in various parts of the country; and the association in New York proposes to organize itself into a Princeton Club, though not to establish a club-house. The committee appointed at the last meeting of the trustees of the college to consider the question of forming a board of alumni chosen by the graduates to co-operate with the trustees will meet early in January. It consists of Mr. DODGE, class of '58, Mr. ALEXANDER, class of '60, and Mr. MOSES TAYLOR PYNE, class of '77, and will undoubtedly report in favor of forming such a co-operative board.

—Among the members of the Savile Club in London are EDWIN A. ABBEY, WILLIAM BLACK, ARTHUR DOBSON, EDMUND GOSSE, GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, ARCHIBALD FORBES, and DU MAURIER, of *Punch*. The institution is a sort of junior Century Club, only the members usually appear at night in evening dress.

—The Sons of the Revolution—a society of men whose ancestors fought or otherwise served in the Revolutionary war—have resolved to admit the wives of members to their next dinner, and to advise the uncharried members to marry before that event.

—Mr. GEORGE WILSON, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, sometimes devotes three months to preparations for an annual or special dinner of that body. It is tedious to arrange the list of speakers, and more tedious to guarantee to every member an agreeable neighbor at table.

—Mrs. CLEVELAND promises to favor the reform movement which asks ladies to remove their hats on entering a theatre; and Mr. FROHMAN, of the Lyceum Theatre, has already provided a hat-room and an attendant in the foyer of that pretty edifice. Even if high hats go out of fashion, the reform will not be needless.

—The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER noticed that ice is a luxury in England, that waiters are confused by a request for water, and that an American is known in Great Britain by his calling for water and for ice.

—Among the many friends of Mr. JOSEPH W. HARPER who mourn his decease, none was more deeply touched by the sad news than Mr. ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, or, as Mr. HARPER affectionately called him, "Father RANDOLPH." The veteran publisher, recalling the pleasant association with Mr. HARPER, says: "It was never my good fortune to meet him in his official position, but I did know him as a member of the 'trade.' In this connection I frequently met him. His warm and generous nature made him a favorite with all. I doubt if he had an enemy. I remember the hearty welcome he gave me at Irvington, whither I had gone on a day in June to pay my respects to Mr. FLETCHER HARPER, and vividly recall now the peer of the latter as he sat at his ease upon his broad piazza, looking across the spacious and beautiful lawn upon an exquisite bit of landscape, and with that peculiar quiet smile which always lighted his face when he was 'well pleased.' It was the last time I saw the father and son together. The picture of each still lives in my memory, though the originals have now passed on."

—Colonel GRANT'S present to Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS of General GRANT'S favorite driving mare Silver and her nine-month-old colt, was accompanied by a graceful note, which ended as follows: "My father drove Silver about two years, and derived much pleasure and recreation from her speed and gentleness. I hope that when the colt is old enough, you and Mrs. CHILDS will have much pleasure in driving it." These valued animals are by no means the only souvenirs of General GRANT in the possession of Mr. CHILDS.

—Mr. F. E. THOWBRIDGE, of the New York Stock Exchange, has invited all the Methodist clergymen of this city to dinner at the Windsor Hotel on December 17 to meet the trustees and faculty of Syracuse University, of which he is a graduate. Many other guests will be present also, and the condition of the university will be considered.

—Dr. DOUGLAS and the cause of medical science are to be congratulated that his book of memoranda of General GRANT'S illness has been found, and that he will be able to spend the winter at the South in writing the medical history of that illness.

—Mr. STEPHEN MASSETT'S friends in New York are giving him a farewell testimonial at Chickering Hall on the 18th prox., prior to his departure from America. Mr. Pipes will then and there appear for the last time in his popular monologue.

—Two Boston literary women, Miss NORA PERRY and Mrs. JANE G. AUSTIN, are much in request as "readers" by the publishers in their city, as they are positive in their opinions and can give decided reasons for them. But they are not unfrequently diametrically opposed in their views of a manuscript.

—The order of Hawaiian Knighthood has been conferred on HERMAN BENDEL, a wealthy sugar refiner of San Francisco, by King KALAKAUA. This decoration of CLAUS SPRECKELS'S business rival is supposed to be the dusky monarch's revenge for Mr. SPRECKELS'S recent contemptuous declination of knighthood and other Hawaiian honors.

—Two sons of JAMES G. BLAINE are employed in the Chicago offices of the Northwestern Railroad. A son of Senator DAWES is also a resident of Chicago, and engaged in the practice of law.

—His fiftieth birthday was celebrated by King KALAKAUA at Honolulu on the 16th of November. The natives from the country made it a gala day, and brought presents ranging from five pigs to poi, while the town residents gave the King an assortment of articles which converted the palace into a variety bazar. The occasion seemed to demonstrate the popularity of the King.

—The Chinese public-school in San Francisco has now thirty-eight pupils, although it started a year and a half ago with only six. It is under the charge of Miss THAYER, who finds the young Celestials very bright in learning English and the common branches. Her hardest task is to enforce silence; the little fellows like to chatter in Chinese about their lessons. Three of the pupils are girls, all wear the Chinese costume, and all take a two weeks' holiday at the Chinese New-year.

—Several months ago the church people of Sydney, New South Wales, sent a letter to Mr. MOODY inviting him to come to Australia and hold meetings. They have received a reply that he cannot leave his family now for so long a journey, but he hopes that he may yet visit the colonies.

—Miss ANNIE TERESA KEEP, a young woman of promise, made a successful professional début as an elocutionist in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn. She has a rich and well-trained voice, and she reads with cultivated expression. Among the listeners was Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, the distinguished lawyer, who wrote to Miss KEEP a letter of cordial thanks for "the rare treat" her gifts had afforded him.

—The most imposing funeral ceremony ever known in Hakodate, Japan, occurred in September last, when the entire and foreign citizens united in honoring the memory of Judge AOKI NOBUYOSHI, the head of the judiciary in the northern district of the empire. This officer was held in esteem not only for the legal distinction he had enjoyed for many years, but also for his labors as an advanced liberal, from a period antedating the Restoration of 1868, when to oppose the ancient spirit of conservation was to risk both character and life. In a more private capacity his name was associated with numerous works of charity and social progress. He held high rank as an archæologist, and the collection of Japanese antiques left by him is of rare and unique value. One of his daughters is, we believe, the only Japanese of her sex who has become a naturalized American citizen.

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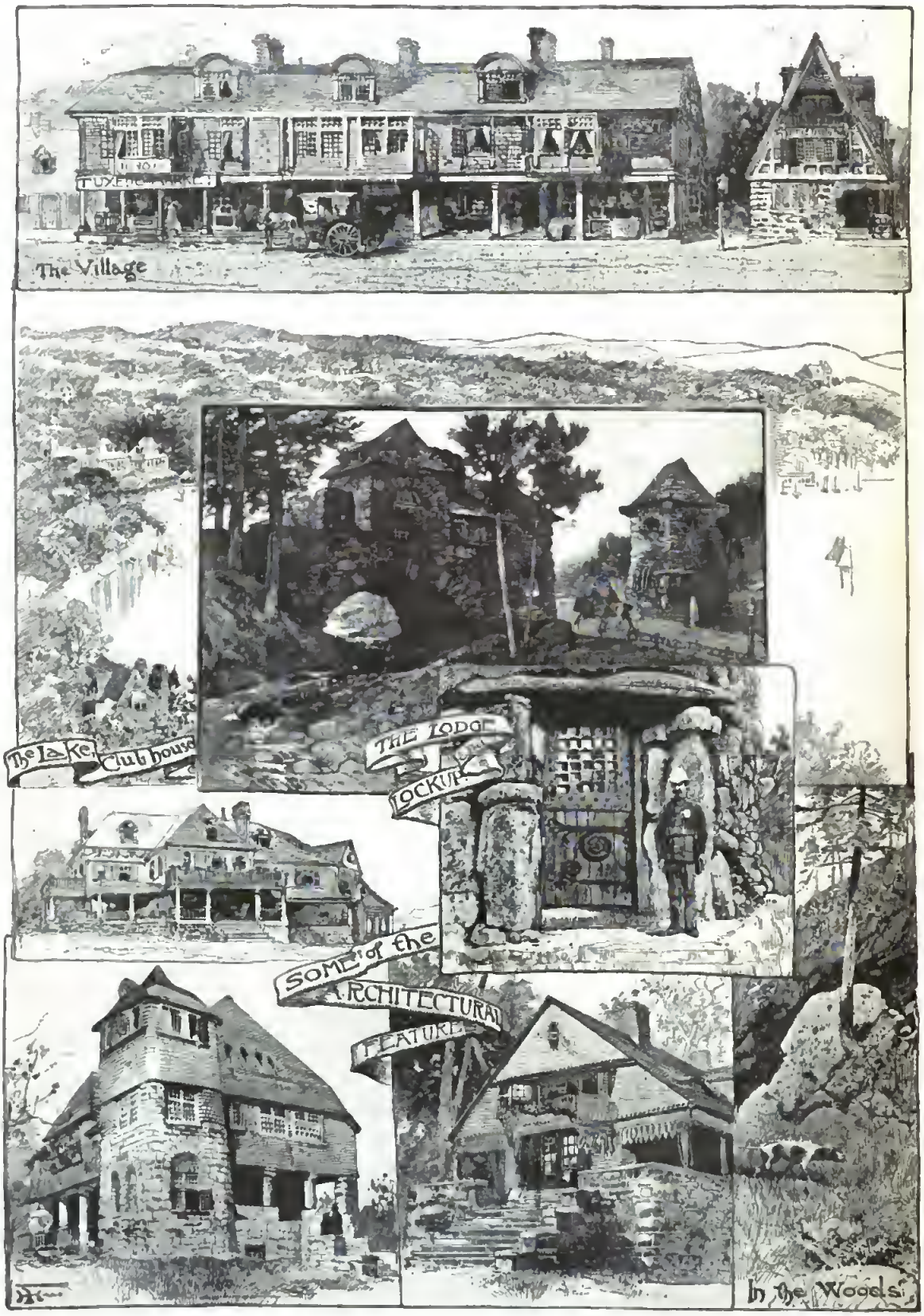


TUXEDO PARK.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Sketches, and Photographs by Hill Brothers.—[See Page 827.]

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MEYER VON BREMEN.—(See Page 824.)

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.—Photographed by Kurtz.—(See Page 825.)

## THE MEET OF THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

Coursing, as an organized pastime, is yet young in America. It may be said to have found its first decided development during the present year, since it has been only then that a systematic attempt was made to bring together the lovers of the sport from all over the Union and inaugurate what might be rightly called a national coursing event. There have long been coursing clubs in different parts of the country, notably in Colorado and California, where the large American hare (*Lepus callotus*—commonly known as the jack-rabbit) abounds upon the wide and level plains; but it was not until this summer that these clubs were brought together in a common organization. This association is known as the American Coursing Club. Its first meet was held at Great Bend, Kansas, upon the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d days of October, and was attended in such numbers by sportsmen and spectators as to be a matter of surprise to the officers in charge.

In killing the hare, the greyhound does not, as is commonly supposed, bite her in the small of the back. This would be an impossible position for a greyhound at speed. On the contrary, the hound throws his head to the side with a quick, snapping jerk, and usually scores the hare in the flank or quarter, sometimes throwing her a distance of several yards, where she is usually finished by the second dog, if the course be a close one. If the dog strikes the hare, but does not stop her, he is credited with a "trip." A change of course greater than a right angle is called a "turn"; if less than a right angle, a "wrench."

At the first meet of the American Coursing Club, held as it necessarily was in a comparatively remote and thinly settled country—where only the hares can be found in sufficient numbers—there were some thousands of people present, from almost every State in the Union, and there were some grand dogs in the running. The hares were found in the most unexpected abundance, and everything conspired to make the occasion successful to the last degree. The head quarters of the association are permanently established at the Cheyenne Flats, near Great Bend, where suitable buildings have been erected, and where the coursing meet may be expected to become an annual event hereafter.

COURSING JACK-RABBITS AT GREAT BEND, KANSAS.—Drawn by J. M. Tracy from a Sketch by Hough & Ricker.

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# SHE:*

## A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

### XXII.

JOB HAS A PRESENTIMENT.

It was nine o'clock on the following morning when Job, who still looked scared and frightened, came to tell me, and at the same time breathe his gratitude at finding or alive in our beds, which it appeared was more than he had expected. When I told him of the awful end of poor Ustane he was even more grateful at our survival, and much shocked, though Ustane had been an favorite of his—or he of hers, for the matter of that. She called him "pig" in bastard Arabic, and he called her "heavy" in good English, but these amenities were forgotten in the face of the catastrophe that had overwhelmed her at the hands of her Queen.

"I don't want to say anything an mayn't be agreeable, sir," said Job, when he had finished exclaiming at my tale, "but it's my opinion that that there *She* is the old gentleman himself, or perhaps his wife, if he has got one, which I suppose he has, for he couldn't be so wicked all by himself. The Witch of Endor was a fool to her, sir; bless you, she would make no more of raising every gentleman in the Bible out of there here beastly tombs than I should of growing cress on an old flannel. It's a country of devils, this is, sir, and she's the master one of the lot; and if ever we get out of it, it will be more than I expect to do. I don't see no way out of it. That witch isn't likely to let a fine young man like Mr Leo go."

"Come," I said; "at any rate, she saved his life."

"Yes, and she'll take his soul to pay for it. She'll make him a witch, like herself. I cry it's wicked to have anything to do with those sort of people. Last night, sir, I lay awake and read in my little Bible that my poor old mother gave me about what is going to happen to sorceresses and them sort till my hair stood an end. Lord, how the old lady would stare if she saw where her Job had got to!"

"Yes, it's a queer country, and a queer people too, Job," I answered, with a sigh, for though I see not superstitious like Job, I admit to a natural shrinking (which will not bear investigation) from the things that are above nature.

"You are right, sir," he answered; "and if you won't think me very foolish, I should like to say something to you, now that Mr. Leo is out of the way" (Leo had got up early and gone for a stroll), "and that is that I know it is the last country an ever I shall see in this world. I had a dream last night, and I dreamed that I saw my old father, with a kind of night-shirt on him, something like these folks wear when they want to be in particular full dress, and a bit of that feathery grass in his hand, which he may have gathered in the way, for I saw lots of it yesterday about three hundred yards from the mouth of that beastly cave.

"'Job,' he said to me, solemn like, and yet with a kind of satisfaction shining through him, more like a Methody parson when he has sold a neighbor a marked horse for a sound one and cleared twenty pounds by the job than anything I can think on—'Job, time's up, Job; but I never did expect to have to come and hunt you out in this 'ere place, Job. Such ado as I have had to raise you up; it wasn't friendly to give your poor old father such a run, let alone that a wonderful lot of bad characters hail from this place Kôr.'"

"Come, come, Job," I said, seriously, "this is all nonsense, you know. You mustn't be silly enough to go getting such ideas into your head. We've lived through some queer things, and I hope that we may go on doing so."

"No, sir," answered Job, in a tone of conviction that jarred on me unpleasantly, "it isn't nonsense. I'm a doomed man, and I feel it, and a most uncomfortable feeling it is, sir, for one can't help wondering how it's going to come about. If you are eating your dinner you think of poison, and it goes against your stomach; and if you are walking along these dark rabbit-burrows you think of knives, and Lord, don't you just shiver about the back! I isn't particular, sir, provided it's sharp, like that poor girl, who, now that she's gone, I am sorry to have spoke hard on, though I don't approve of her morals in getting married, which I consider too quick to be decent. Still, sir," and poor Job turned a shade paler as he said it, "I do hope it won't be that hot-pot game."

"Nonsense," I broke in, angrily—"nonsense!"

"Very well, sir," said Job; "it isn't my place to differ from you, sir; but if you happen to be going anywhere, sir, I should be obliged if you could manage to take me with you, seeing that I shall be glad to have a friendly face to look at when the time comes, just to help me through, as it were. And now, sir, I'll be getting the breakfast," and he went, leaving me in a very uncomfortable state of mind. I was deeply attacked to old Job, who was one of the best and honestest men I have ever had to do with in any class of life, and really more of a friend than a servant, and the mere idea of anything happening to him brought a lump into my throat. Beneath all his ludicrous talk I could see that he himself was quite convinced that something was going to happen, and though in most cases these convictions turn out to be utter moonshine—and this particular one especially was to be amply accounted for by the gloomy and unaccustomed surroundings in which his victim was placed—still it did more or less carry a chill to my heart, or anything that is obviously a genuine object of belief is apt to do, however absurd the belief may be.

Presently the breakfast arrived, and with it Leo, who had been taking a walk outside the cave—to clear his mind, he said—and very glad I was to see both, for they gave me a respite from my gloomy thoughts. After breakfast we went for another walk, and watched some of the Amahagger sowing a plot of ground with the grain from which they make their beer. This they did in Scriptural fashion—a man with a bag made of goat's hide fastened round his waist walking up and down the plot, and scattering the seed as he went. It was a positive relief to see one of these dreadful people do anything an homely and pleasant or saw a field, perhaps because it seemed to link them, as it were, with the rest of humanity.

As we were returning, Billali met us, and informed us that it was *She's* pleasure that we should wait upon her, and accordingly we entered her presence, not without trepidation, for Ayesha was certainly an exception to the rule. Familiarity with her might and did breed passion and wonder and horror, but it certainly did not breed contempt.

We were or usual shown in by the mutes, and after these had retired Ayesha unveiled, and once more bade Leo embrace her, which, notwithstanding his heart-searchings of the previous night, he did with more alacrity and fervor than in strictness courtesy required.

She laid her white hand on his head, and looked him fondly in the eyes. "Dost thou wonder, my Kallikrates," she said, "when thou shalt call me all thine own, and when we shall of a truth be for one another and no one another? I will tell thee. First, more than he even an I am—not immortal, indeed, for that am I not, but so cased and hardened against the attacks of Time that the arrows shall glance from the armor of thy vigorous life as the sunbeams glance from water. As yet I may not mate with thee, for thou and I are different, and the very brightness of my being would burn thee up, and perchance destroy thee. Thou couldst not even bear to look upon me for one long a time, lest thine eyes should ache and thy senses swim, and therefore" (with a little coquettish nod) "shall I presently veil myself again." (This, by-the-way, she did not do.) "No: listen, thou shalt not be tried beyond endurance, for this very evening, an hour before the sun goes down, shall we start hence, and by to-morrow's dark, if all goes well, and the road is not lost to me, which I pray is may not be, shall we stand in the place of Life, and thou shalt bathe in the fire, and come forth glorified or no man ever was before thee; and then, Kallikrates, shall thou call me wife, and I will call thee husband."

Leo muttered something in answer to this astonishing statement; I don't know what; and she laughed a little at his confusion, and went on:

"And thou too, O Holly; on thee also will I confer this boon, and then of a truth shalt thou be an evergreen-tree; and this will I do—well, because thou hast pleased me, Holly, for thou art not altogether a fool, like most of the sons of men, and because, though thou hast a school of philosophy or full of nonsense as those of the old days, yet hast thou not forgotten how to turn a pretty phrase about a lady's eyes."

"Bullies, old fellow!" whispered Leo, with a return of his old cheerfulness, "have you been paying compliments? I should never have thought it of you!"

"I thank thee, O Ayesha," I replied, with as much dignity as I could command, "but if there be such a place as thou dost describe, and if in this strange place there can be found a fery virtue that can hold off Death when he carnse to pluck an by the hand, yet would I none of it."

"Nay, my Holly, there is love—fine which makes all things beautiful, and doth breathe divinity into the very dust we tread. With love shall life roll gloriously on from year to year, like the voice of some great music that hath power to hold the hearer's heart poised an eagle's wings above the sordid shame and folly of the earth."

"It may be so," I answered; "but if the loved man prove a broken reed to pierce us, or if the loved be loved in vain—what then? Shall a man grave his sorrows upon a stone when he hath best need to write them on the water? Nay, O *She*, I will live my day and grow old with my generation, and die my appointed death, and be forgotten. For I do hope for an immortality to which the little span that perchance thou canst confer will be but as a finger's length laid against the measure of the great world; and, mark this, the immortality to which I look, and which my faith doth promise to me, shall be free from the bands that here must tie my spirit down. For while the flesh endures, sorrow and evil and the scorpion whips of sin must endure also; but when the flesh hath fallen from us, then shall the spirit shine forth clad in the brightness of eternal good, and for its common air shall breathe or rare as other of most noble thoughts that the highest aspiration of our manhood, or the purest incense of a maiden's prayer, would prove too earthly gross to float therein."

"Thou lookest high," answered Ayesha, with a little laugh, "and speakest clearly as a trumpet and with no uncertain sound. And yet methinks that boy now didst thou talk of 'that no known' from which the winding-sheet doth curtain us. But perchance thou seest with the eye of faith, gazing on this brightness that is to be through the painted glass of thy imagination. Strange are the pictures of the future that mankind can thus draw with this brush of faith and this many-colored pigment of imagination! Strange, too, that no one of them doth agree with another! I could tell thee. But there, what is the use? why rob a fool of his bauble? Let it pass, and I pray, O Holly, that when thou dost feel old age creeping slowly toward thyself, and the confession of senility making brave in thy brain, thou mayst not bitterly regret that thou didst cast away the Imperial boon I would have given to thee. But as it hath ever been: man can never be content with that which his hand can pluck. If a lamp be in his reach to light him through the darkness, he must needs cast it down because it is no star. Happiness dances ever a pace before him, like the marsh fires in the swamps, and he must catch the fire, and he must hold the star. Beauty is naught to him, because there are lips more honey-sweet; and wealth is naught, because others can weigh him down with heavier shekels; and fame is naught, because there have been greater men than he. Thyself thou seldst it, and I turn thy words against thee. Well, thou dreamest that thou shalt pluck the star. I believe it not, and I think thou a fool, my Holly, to throw away the lamp."

I made no answer, for I could not—especially before Leo—tell her that since I had seen her face I knew that it would always be before my eyes, and that I had no wish to prolong an existence which must always be haunted and tortured by her memory, and by the last bitterness of unsatisfied love. But as it was, and as, alas, is it to this hour!

"And now," went on *She*, changing her tone and the subject together, "tell me, my Kallikrates, for as yet I know it not, how came ye to seek me here? Yesternight thou didst say that Kallikrates—him whom thou erwest—was thine ancestor. How was is? Tell me—then dost not speak overmuch."

Thus adjured, Leo told her the wonderful story of the casket and of the potsherd that, written on by his ancestress, the Egyptian Amenartas, had been the means of guiding us to her. Ayesha listened intently, and, when he had finished, spoke to me:

"Did I not tell thee one day, when we did talk of good and evil, O Holly—it was when my believed by so ill—that not of good came evil, and not of evil good—that they who sowed knew not what the crop should be, nor he who struck, where the blow should fall? See, now: this Egyptian Amenartas, this child of the Nile who hated me, and whom even now I hate, for in a way she did prevail against me—see, now, the herself hath been the very means to bring her lover to mine arms. For her sake I slew him, and now, behold, through her he hath come back to me! She would be even me evil, and sowed her seeds that I might reap tares, and behold she hath given me more than all the world can give, and there is a strange square for thee to fit into thy circle of good and evil, O Holly."

"And so," she went on, after a pause—"and so she bade her see destroy me if he might, because I slew his father. And thou, my Kallikrates, art the father, as in a sense thine art likewise the son; and wouldst thou avenge thy wrong, and the wrong of that far-off mother of thine, upon me, O Kallikrates? See," and she slid to her knees and drew the white corsage still farther down her ivory bosom—"see, here beats my heart, and there by thy side is a knife, heavy, and long, and sharp, the very knife to slay an erring woman with. Take it now, and be avenged. Strike, and strike home, so shalt thou be satisfied, Kallikrates, and go through life a happy man, because thou hast paid back the wrong, and obeyed the mandate of the past."

He looked at her, and then stretched out his hand and lifted her to her feet.

"Rise, Ayesha," he said, sadly; "well thou knowest that I cannot strike thee, no, not even for the sake of her whom thou slewest but last night. I am in thy power, and a very slave to thee. How can I kill thee?—sooner should I slay myself."

"Almost dost thou begin to love me, Kallikrates," she answered, smiling. "And now tell me of thy country—'tis a great people, is is not, with an empire like that of Rome? Surely thou wouldst return thither, and is is well, for I mean not that thou shouldst dwell in these caves of Kôr. Nay, when once thou art one or I am, we will go hence—lest not I shall find a means—and then shall we cross to this England of thine, and live as it becometh us to live. Two thousand years have I waited for the day when I should see the last of these hateful caves and this gloomy-visaged folk, and now it is at hand, and my heart bounds up to meet it like a child's toward its holiday. For then shalt rule this England."

"But we have got a queen already," broke in Leo, hastily.

"It is naught, it is naught," said Ayesha; "she can be overthrown."

At this we both broke out into an exclamation of horror, and explained that we should or some think of overthrowing ourselves.

"But here is a strange thing," said Ayesha, in astonishment; "a queen whom her people love! Surely the world must have changed since I dwelt in Kôr."

Again we explained that it was the character of monarchs that had changed, and that the one under whom we lived was venerated and believed by all right-thinking people in her vast realms. Also we told her that real power in our country rested in the hands of the people, and that we were in fact ruled by the votes of the inner and lower educated classes of the community.

"Ah," she said, "a democracy; then surely there is a tyrant, for I have long since seen that democracies, having an clear will of their own, in the end set up a tyrant, and worship him."

"Yes," I said, "we have our tyrants."

"Well," she answered, resignedly, "we can at any rate destroy these tyrants, and Kallikrates shall rule the land."

I instantly informed Ayesha that in England blasting was not an amusement that could be indulged in with impunity, and that any such attempt would meet with the consideration of the law, and probably end upon a scaffold.

"The law!" she laughed with scorn—"the law! Canst thou not understand, O Holly, that I am above the law, and so shall my Kallikrates be also? All human law will be to us as the north-wind to a mountain. Does the wind bend the mountain, or the mountain the wind? And now leave me, I pray thee, and thou too, my new Kallikrates, for I would get me ready against our journey; and or must ye both, and your servant also. But being so great quantity of things with thee, for I trust that we shall be but three days gone. Then shall we return hither, and I will make a plan whereby we can bid farewell forever to these sepulchres of Kôr. Yes, surely thou mayst kiss my hand."

### XXIII.

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

Our preparations did not take us very long. We put a change of clothing apiece and some spare boots into my Gladstone bag, also we took our revolvers and an express rifle each, together with a good supply of ammunition—a precaution to which, under Providence, we subsequently owed our lives over and over again. The rest of our gear, together with our battery rifles, we left behind us.

A few minutes before the appointed time we once more attended in Ayesha's boudoir, and found her also ready, her dark cloak thrown over her winding-sheet like wrappings.

"Are ye prepared for the great venture?" she said.

"We are," I answered, "though for my part, Ayesha, I have no faith in it."

"Ah, my Holly," she said, "thou art of a truth like those old Jews—of whom the memory plagues me as sorely—unbelieving, and hard to accept that which they have not seen. But thou shalt see; for unless my mirror yonder lies"—and she pointed to the font of crystal water—"the path is yet open to us and of old time. And now let us start upon the new life which shall end—who knoweth where?"

"Ah," I echoed, "who knoweth where?" and we passed down into the great central cave, and not into the light of day. At the mouth of the cave we found a single litter with six bearers, all of them mutes, waiting, and with them I was relieved to see our old friend Billali, for whom I had conceived a sort of affection. It appeared that, for reasons not necessary to explain at length, Ayesha had thought it best that, with the exception of herself, we should proceed on foot, and this we were nothing loath to do, after our long confinement in caves, which, however suitable they might be for troglodyti—a singularly inappropriate word, by-the-way, for those particular tombs, which certainly did not consume the bodies given to their keeping—were depressing habitations for breathing mortals like ourselves. Either by accident or by the orders of *She*, the space in front of the cave where we had beheld that awful dance was perfectly clear of spectators. Not a soul was to be seen, and consequently I do not believe that our departure was known to anybody except perhaps the mutes who waited on *She*, and they were, of course, in the habit of holding their tongues or to what they saw.

In a few minutes we were stepping out sharply across the great substrated plain or lake bed framed like a vast emerald in its setting of frowning cliff, and had another opportunity of wondering at the extraordinary nature of the site chosen by these old people of Kôr for their capital, and at the marvellous amount of labor, ingenuity, and engineering skill that must have been brought into requisition by the founders of the city to drain so huge a sheet of water, and to keep it clear of subsequent accumulations. It is, indeed, as far as my experience goes, an unequalled instance of what man can do in the face of nature, for in my opinion such achievements to the Suez Canal or even the Mont Cenis Tunnel do not approach this ancient undertaking in magnitude.

When we had been walking for half an hour, enjoying ourselves exceedingly in the delightful cool which about this time of the day always appeared to descend upon the great plain of Kôr, and in some degree cleared for the want of any land or sea breeze, for all wind was kept off by the rocky mountain wall, we began to get a clear view of what Billali had informed us were the ruins of the great city. And even from that distance we could see how wonderful those ruins were, a fact that with every step we took became more evident. The city was not very large if compared to Babylon or Thebes, or other cities of remote antiquity; perhaps its outer wall contained some twelve square miles of ground, or a little more. Near the walls, so far as we could judge when we reached them, been very high, probably not more than forty feet, which was about their present height where they had not, through the sinking of the ground or some such cause, fallen into ruin. The reason of this, no doubt, was that the people of Kôr, being protected from any outside attack by far more tremendous ramparts than any that the hand of man could rear, only required them for show, and to guard against civil discord. But on the other hand they were as broad as they were high, built entirely of dressed stone, hewn, no doubt, from the vast caves, and surrounded by a great moat about sixty feet in width, some portions of which were still filled with water. About ten minutes before the sun finally sank we reached this moat, and passed down and through it, clambering across what evidently were the piled up fragments of a great bridge in order to do so, and then with some little difficulty up the slope of the wall to its summit. I wish that I may within the power of my pen to give some idea of the grandeur of the sight that then met our view. There, all bathed in the red glow of the sinking sun, were miles upon miles of ruins—columns, temples, shrines, and the palaces of kings, varied with patches of green bush. Of course the roofs of those buildings had long since fallen into decay and vanished, but owing to the extreme massiveness of the style of building, and to the hardness and durability of the rock employed, most of the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1564.

party walls and great columns still remained standing."

Presently we came to an enormous pile, which we rightly took to be a temple, covering at least four acres of ground, apparently arranged in a series of courts, each one enclosing another of smaller size, on the principle of a Chinese nest of boxes, and separated one from the other by rows of huge columns. And whilst I think of it I may as well state a remarkable thing about the shape of these columns, which resembled none that I have ever seen or heard of, being made with a kind of waist in the centre, and swelling out above and below. At first we thought that the shape was meant to roughly symbolize or suggest the female form, as was a common habit amongst the ancient religious architects of all creeds. On the following day, however, as we went up the slopes of the mountain, we discovered a large quantity of the most stately looking palms, of which the trunks grew exactly in this shape, and I have now no doubt that the first designer of these columns drew his inspiration from the graceful bends of those very palms, or rather their ancestors, which then, some eight or ten thousand years ago, as now beautified the slopes of the mountain that had once formed the shores of the volcanic lake.

At the *façade* of this huge temple, which, I should imagine, is almost as large as that of El-Karnac on Luxor, some of the largest columns, which I measured, being between eighteen and twenty feet in diameter at the base, by some sixty feet in height, our little procession was halted, and Ayesha descended from her litter.

"There used to be a spot here, Kallikrates," she said to Leo, who had run up to lift her down, "where one might sleep. Two thousand years ago did thou and I and that Egyptian snake rest therein, but since then have I not set foot here, can any man, and perchance it has fallen," and, followed by the rest of us, she passed up a vast flight of broken and ruined steps into the outer court, and looked round into the gloom. Presently she seemed to recollect, and, walking a few paces along the wall to the left, halted.

"It is here," she said, and at the same time beckoned to the two mates, who were loaded with provisions and our little belongings, to advance. One of them came forward, and soon produced a lamp and lit it from his brazier, for the Amahagger when on a journey always carried with them a little lighted brazier, from which to provide fire. The tinder of this brazier was made of broken fragments of mummy carefully damped, and if the admixture of moisture was properly managed, this unholy compound would smoulder away for hours. As soon as the lamp was lit we entered the place before which Ayesha had stopped. It turned out to be a chamber hollowed in the thickness of the wall, and, from the fact of there still being a massive stone table in it, I should think that it had probably served as a living-room, perhaps for one of the door-keepers of the great temple.

Here we stopped, and after cleaning the place out and making it as comfortable as circumstances and the darkness would permit, we ate some cold meat, at least Leo, Job, and I did, for Ayesha, as I think I have said elsewhere, never touched anything except fruit and water. Whilst we were eating, the moon, which was at her full, rose above the mountain wall, and began to flood the plain with silver.

"Was ye why I have brought ye here to-night, my Holly?" said Ayesha, leaning her head upon her hand and watching the great orb as she rose, like some heavenly queen, above the solemn pilism of the temple. "I brought ye—nay, it is strange, but knowest thou, Kallikrates, that thou liest at this moment upon the very spot where my dead body lay when I bore thee back to those caves of Kôr as many years ago? It all returns to my mind now. I can see it, and horrible is it to my sight," and she shuddered.

Here Leo jumped up, and hastily changed his seat. However the reminiscence might affect Ayesha, it clearly had few charms for him.

"I brought ye," went on Ayesha presently, "that ye might look upon the most wonderful sight that ever the eye of man beheld—the full moon shining over ruined Kôr. When ye have done your eating—I would that I could teach thee to eat caught but fruit, Kallikrates, but that will come after thou hast lived in the fire; nare I too ate flesh like a brute beast—when ye have done we will go out, and I will show you this great temple, and the God that men once worshipped therein."

Of course we got up at once, and started. And here again my pen fails me. To give a string of measurements and details of the various courts of the temple would only be wearisome, supposing that I had them, and yet I know not how I are to describe what we saw, magnificent as it was even in its ruin, almost beyond the power of realization. Court upon dim court, row upon row of mighty pillars—some of them (especially at the gateways) sculptured from pedestal to capital—space upon space of empty chambers that spoke more eloquently to the imagination than any crowded streets. And over all, the dead silence of the dead, the sense of utter loneliness, and the brooding spirit of the Past! How beautiful it was, and yet how drear! We did not dare to speak aloud. Ayesha herself was awed in the presence of an antiquity compared to which even her length of days was but a little thing, so only whispered, and one whisper seemed as rare from column to column till they were lost in the quiet air. Bright fell the moonlight on pillar and court, and shattered wall, hiding all their rents and imperfections in its silver garment, and clothing their hoar majesty with the peculiar glory of the night. It was a wonderful night to see the full-moon looking down on the ruined form of Kôr. It was a wonderful thing to think for how many thousands of years the dead orb above and the dead city below had gazed thus upon each other, and in the utter solitude of space poured forth each to each the tale of their lost life and long-departed glory. The weird light fell, and minute by minute the quiet shadows crept across the grass-grown courts like the spirits of old priests haunting the habitations of their worship—the weird light fell, and the long shadows grew till the beauty and grandeur of the scene and the untamed majesty of its present Death seemed to sink into our very souls, and speak more loudly than the tongues of trumpets concerning the pomp and splendor that the grave had swallowed, and even memory had forgotten.

"Come," said Ayesha, after we had gazed and gazed, I know not for how long, "and I will show you the stone flower of Loveliness and Wonder's very cream, if yet it stands to mock time with its beauty and fill the heart of man with longing for that which is behind the veil," and, without a single word in answer, she led us through two more pillared courts into the inner shrine of the old fane.

And there, in the centre of the innmost court, that might have been some fifty yards square, as a little more, we stood face to face with what is perhaps the grandest allegorical work of Art that the genius of her children has ever given to the world. For in the exact centre of the court, placed upon a thick square slab of rock, was a huge round ball of dark stone, some forty feet in diameter, and standing on the ball was a colossal winged figure of a beauty so entrancing and divine that when I first gazed upon it, illumined and shadowed as it was by the soft light of the moon, my breath stood still, and for an instant my heart ceased its beating.

The statue was hewn from marble to pure and white that even now, after all these ages, it alone as the moonbeams danced upon it, and its height was, I should say, a trifle under twenty feet. It was the winged figure of a woman of such marvellous loveliness and delicacy of form that the stone seemed rather to add to than to detract from its as human and yet more spiritual beauty. She was bending forward, and poising herself upon her half spread wings as though to preserve her balance as she leant. Her arms were outstretched, like those of some woman about to embrace me she dearly loved, while her whole attitude gave an impression of the tenderest beseeching. Her perfect and most gracious form was nude—save, and here came the extraordinary thing—the face, which was thinly veiled, as that we could only trace the marking of her features. A gauzy veil was thrown round and about the head, and of its two ends, one fell down across her left breast, which was outlined beneath it, and one, now broken, streamed away upon the air behind her.

"What is she?" I asked, as soon as I could take my eyes off the statue.

"Canst thou not guess, O Holly?" answered Ayesha. "Where, then, is thy imagination? It is Truth standing on the World, and calling to its children to unveil her face."

Then, with one more look at the veiled and spiritualized loveliness, which was as perfect and as pure that one might almost fancy that the light of a living spirit shone through the marble prison to lead man on to high ethereal thoughts—this poet's dream of beauty frozen into stone, which I never shall forget while I live, though I find myself so helpless when I attempt to describe it, we turned and went back through the vast moonlit courts to the spot whence we had started. I never saw the statue again, which I the more regret because on the great ball of stone representing the world whereon the figure stood Haze were drawn, that probably, had there been light enough, we should have discovered to be a map of the universe, as it was known to the people of Kôr. It is on any rate suggestive of some scientific knowledge that those worshippers of Truth had recognized the fact that the globe is round.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## AN ARKANSAS WATERING-PLACE.

Dr. Alvan Jackson's eye-water had a wide reputation in Arkansas nearly thirty years ago. It was supposed to be some much preparation, but in reality it was nothing but the water from a spring in the Ozark Mountains, in the northwestern corner of that State, which the doctor discovered while on a hunting expedition with his son in 1858. Learning its curious value from the effect on the inflamed eyes of his companion, he turned his knowledge shrewdly to his own advantage. Wounded Confederates from Pea Ridge, Pilot Grove, and other battle-fields in quest of the healing waters while inmates of a hospital there, but Eureka Springs, as the present thriving settlement of 5000 inhabitants is named, was not born until 1879. An almost miraculous cure of Judge Saunders from erysipelas and dropsy, in ten weeks, created in that year a rush of invalids to the springs from all parts of the State. As they regained health and strength, many made their homes on the hill-sides near the marvellous waters. Most of them were poor, and the city has grown up in this quaintly picturesque valley shut in by rolling hills like a mushroom mining camp—a motley collection of scattered shanties, log cabins (rough log structures of one room and one story high, with peak of roof), and frame buildings clinging to the rocky slopes, which are dotted with oaks and scraggy pines. Within a year the railroad has penetrated into this remote corner, and brought this primitive frontier town to the notice of the outer world, while enterprising and energetic capitalists have placed on the hill, 2000 feet above the sea, a fine four-story turreted gray-stone hotel to attract the tourist and health-seeker.

They have put about a quarter of a million of dollars in the branch railroad, which connects with the San Francisco line on Seligman, and in the Crescent Hotel. The latter, which was opened in May last, will accommodate three hundred guests, and is admirably appointed with all the latest hotel conveniences, and well conducted. It is open all the year round. Its patrons and the enthusiastic tell stories of wonderful cures, which seem to be well authenticated. Blindness, rheumatism, cancer, dropsy, Bright's disease, gout, paralysis, malaria, dyspepsia, and eczema are among the diseases which have yielded to the peculiar properties of the springs. Chemists and physicians acknowledge their inability satisfactorily to explain the power of the water. It flows abundantly from forty two springs within a radius of five miles, the most noted being the Basin, and pours forth clear as a crystal, tasteless, odorless, and gaseous. Analysis shows in the gallon but 5.85 grains of solid matter, principally bicarbonate of lime, and 28.52 cubic inches of gas, mostly nitrogen and oxygen. The most plausible explanation is that from its great osmotic property it rapidly filters through the tissues of the body, literally washing out all impurities. The invigorating air of the region is also believed to be a material aid to convalescence. Eureka Springs is situated in a most interesting region. The scenery is novel and picturesque, the habits and customs of the mountaineers are odd and curious, and the life abounds in strange and unusual phases. A mile and a half up the valley, opposite the Crescent Hotel, is a family of cave-dwellers, six in all—father, mother, and four children. For four years, under the shadow of a great rock, and in a semi-circular room twenty-five feet long and twelve wide at the widest point, with an arched smoke-begrimed roof, starting at the floor in the rear and rising to a height of six feet at the entrance, the dwellers have lived, the children growing up in a semi-barbarous condition, and the parents laying back toward that stage. This unique home is only one of the many rare sights to be found among the Ozark Mountains.

## TUXEDO PARK.

Tuxedo Park is the most recent addition to the fashionable suburban resorts of New York. About forty miles from the city, in the beautiful lake region of New Jersey, Mr. Pierre Lorillard selected for a park 6000 acres of forest, near the centre of which is a clear lake ten miles or more in length, with picturesque scenery about it. The land is undulatory, and within this area there are long stretches of level and steep hills. It is an ideal situation for a pleasure-ground. Mr. Lorillard set about improving it with as great generosity as the topography required to make it the most attractive resort, perhaps, in the United States. The forest was fenced, and stocked with game; and where the Erie Railroad touches the property a picturesque railway station has been erected. Here the village of Tuxedo Park has been built.

The club's well-filled stables are here, and a group of neat cottages for the guards and servants. From the station the road leads under a rustic archway into the park. A drive of more than a mile brings one to the lake. But before the lake is reached the visitor comes within view of some of the cottages, which stand at irregular distances from each other and from the lake, every one picturesquely situated, and every one different in design from the rest. Mr. Lorillard has already built thirteen of these cottages, some of which have been bought, and others hired for this winter by members of the club. Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, Mr. James Breese, Dr. Morris Henry, Mr. H. Victor Newcomb, Mess Breese, Mr. Tracers Van Buren, Mr. Edward Livingston, Mr. Grenville Kane, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, and Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jun., are among the owners and present occupants of these cottages. Others have been planned, and are soon to be built.

The engineers have been as busy for a year as the architects and builders, and the macadamized roads that wind through the park are so graded as to make delightful drives on every side of the lake and around the bases of the hills. The park is well stocked with small game and the lake with fish. The natural beauty of the scenery has not been defaced by any ill-directed effort at ornamentation, but no admissible decoration or convenience has been forgotten. The paths along the drives, for instance, are surrounded with colored lanterns; and there is a red flag on a picturesque hill-top, which is a "warning to hesitating lovers" that the beauty of the place will turn their thoughts to love. Everywhere there is a pleasant surprise for the pleasure-seeker, and every convenience has been provided that experience as fancy can suggest for rest or sport.

Near one end of the lake is the club-house. An English gentleman, who is a member of most of the famous clubs in Europe, recently remarked, when he visited Tuxedo Park, that this club-house is the most complete and the best planned one that he had ever seen. Its gables present a very pretty architectural effect, and its design, with a large extension supplementing the main building, and broad piazzas on every side, successfully preserves the appearance of bugness; for the building covers nearly two acres. This and all the cottages are the architectural work of Mr. Bruce Price. The club-house stands on a little eminence, from which the lawn slopes to the lake. The main hall extends half way the building, and ends in a large circle, from which the staircase leads. On the main floor are the parlors, the reading-rooms and writing rooms, the main dining-room, and the café; and at the end of the hall on the same floor is the entrance to the ball room and theatre. The floor of this circular room, which is seventy-five feet in diameter, is a mosaic of hard woods as inlaid with iron grooves that one piece is not removable without taking up the whole floor.

The claim has been made for it that it is the handsomest ball room in the United States. When it is used as a ball room, the musicians occupy a platform at one side, but when the room is converted into a theatre, the platform becomes a stage as large as the stage of the Madison Square Theatre in New York. The room is one of the most attractive auditoriums ever constructed. The ceiling is an immense dome, supported by large beams which curve to the apex, decorated in blue and gold. From every beam is suspended a chandelier of twenty five candle-stick gas-lights.

Adjacent to the ball-room is the main dining-room, the ceiling of which is of carved wood beams, and the walls are a dull red. To the left of the hall are the parlors, with their pale blue ceilings and orange walls. The furnishing of the hall itself is exceedingly rich. The decorations and furniture of the whole house are in keeping with its generous design. The club-house contains a hundred sleeping rooms. In the extension are the ten pin alleys, billiard rooms, and the like. In the basement there are kitchens for the hundred servants of the club, gun closets, where every member's sporting outfit has a separate receptacle, wine-cellars, ice-rooms, barber's shop, creamery, and the like.

The engineers and builders are yet at work, and many additional improvements are to be made. A pigeon-shooting ground, a polo ground, a number of swimming baths, and a tennis-court will be laid out and equipped. The drives will be made longer; and there is no sport or diversion to which the members of the club will not be tempted, as generous is the plan which Mr. Lorillard has made and is executing for this ideal suburban resort.

## "BOB WHITE."

Just now, beyond the turmoil and the din
Of crowded streets that city walls shut in,
I heard the whistle of a quail begin—
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"
So faintly and for away falling,
It seemed that a dream voice was calling,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
How the old sights and sounds came thronging,
And thrill me with a sudden longing!

Through quiet country lanes the sunset shines,
Fence corners where the wild rose climbs and twines,
And blooms in tangled blackberry vines—
"Bob White! Bob White!"
I envy you home-going swallow!
Oh, but swiftly to rise and follow—
Follow to light!
Follow to back with happy flying,
Where green-clad hills are calmly lying.

Where fields whose golden alleyways are stirred
By whirling insect wings, and naught is heard
But phantom callings of that one sweet word,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
And a smell of the clover growing
In the meadow-lands rips lay mowing,
All red and white,
Over the shady creek comes calling,
Past willows to the water trailing.

Tired heart, 'tis but in dreams I turn my feet
Again to wander to the ripening wheat,
And hear the whistle of the quail repeat
"Bob White! Bob White!"
But, oh! there is joy in the knowing
That somewhere green pastures are growing,
Through out of sight;
And the light as those church spires dying,
On the old home meadow is lying.

Agnes S. Fellows.

## A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

A correspondent of the *Lowell Herald*, writing from Scientza, gives an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that Albanian village. They number about 150 souls, are (the correspondent says) steeped to the lips in superstition, and as improvident as they are uncleanly. No person but more than a single suit of clothes, which, if wet, must dry on the body; for it is never taken off except on washing days, when the good folks are said to remain unclothed while their scanty linen undergoes the highly necessary process of being scrubbed with pebbles in the village brook. Beds they have not, beyond the sheepskin cloaks which seldom leave their shoulders. They sleep on the mud floors of their wretched huts, with cocks and hens roosting overhead in the thick smoke which only escapes through holes in the thatched roof. The sick have a hard time. A first principle in the case of illness is that the patient cannot possibly eat. Killing a fowl for soup or buying a bit of wheat bread—Indian corn is their chief food—is undreamt-of extravagance. Not that the Scientzaans are economical. On the contrary, they are confirmed spendthrifts, especially the women, who dote on brass trinkets and the flim vanities. But what, they argue, can persons suffering from small pox or scarlatina want with food, and in physic their faith is slight. Instead of wasting money on drugs, the evil spirit must be exorcised; so the wizard is called in. She comes, mumbles her incantations, pocketed a few piastres, and vanishes, happy that the fools still outnumber the regions in southern Albania. As a natural consequence the survival of the fittest is the rule at Scientza, and generally speaking, the rude coffin may be knocked together directly a dangerous disease declares itself. To do the people justice, whose father or child has succumbed to the common neglect, their family shows no indecent haste in forgetting the departed one. Two or three times a year all the villagers carry chickens, hard-boiled eggs, and other delicacies to the graveyard, and discuss them, among weeds and bones, in memory of the dead.

* In connection with the extraordinary state of preservation of these ruins after so vast a lapse of time—(I boast of a thousand years—it must be remembered that Kôr was not burnt or destroyed by an enemy or an earthquake, but deserted, owing to the action of a horrible plague. Consequently the houses were left unburnt); also the climate of this plain is remarkably fine and dry, and there is very little rain, the result of which is that these ruins have only to withstand against the ravages of time, which works but slowly upon such massive blocks of masonry.—L. H. H.

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"HERE'S A JOLLY CHRISTMAS LOAD."—

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BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 830.]

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## A JOLLY CHRISTMAS LOAD.

(See double-page picture by F. S. Curran.)

To as cold outside, as' so, corn I,
I can rest me, now the chores is done.
The wind is sharp; there's a threatenin' sky;
A snow-storm's just begun.

I gave the logs a livenin' poke,
An' settled down for an easy spell,
My elbo near, an' my pipe to smoke,
The fire a-burnin' well.

When all at once I thinks t' myself
Of the person's dues I'd ought to pay,
A lyin' there on the chimney shelf—
I got the list to-day.

So out I went. The old ox team
Was standin' there on the high cross-road.
You should ha' seen them critters steam,
The wind is sang and blowed.

So off we went 'Twas precious slow.
I gave the parson his quarter's pay
"I'm glad to get it," says he; "you know
To-morrer's Christmas Day"

I kissed his young 'uns, mid good by,
An' back I started the other half,
When all at once—may I hope to die
If I didn't hear a laugh!

"Hello!" says I, a turnin' round;
"Who be yo, sir?" an' I up an' smiled,
For there was standin' on the ground
The smallest little child.

He laughed again. "I want a ride.
I'm not alone, can you take us all?
Can you take me to and the rest beside?"
I grinned. "Twill be a haul."

So in I packed 'em, every one.
I tell ye what, 'twas a jolly load
'Twas an time gone, with all the fun;
We's home before we knowed.

Ma stood a-waitin' at the door;
An' Sally cried, "Why, the darlin' things!"
An' hissed 'em all, while I said: "Oh, he!
D'you me? they've all got wings!"

It stumped me as I laughed out loud,
When, in' n' behold! th' hull thing was gone—
The old ox team, an' the jolly crowd—
An' I woke up some forlorn.

But me said, when I told my dream,
"Well, folks don't reckon the lands they bringe;
You took your's cheerful, an' so, 't 'll seem,
You saw *your* blessin's wings."

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

## THE COAL FLEET.

In this number of the WEEKLY we give a sketch of a stern-wheel steamer pushing coal barges out from Davis Island dam, to take their way to the Southwest. Pittsburgh, situated at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, which there form the Ohio, is in the midst of a coal country, and receives an enormous quantity of coal by river and rail for transfer and distribution. It is the great shipping port for coal and coke to points on the Ohio and Mississippi, and a large part of this goes by the Ohio in barges when the river is in flood, or canal navigation is closed by ice. The barges are also frequently seen on the sides of the steamers, careful provision being made against their battering against the motive machinery.

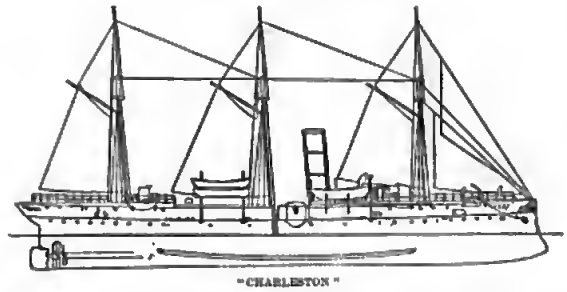
The Monongahela Valley yields large quantities of coal and coke, which are floated in barges out only to Cincinnati and Louisville, but as far as New Orleans. The coal and coke industry of the district around Pittsburgh was estimated at the last census as employing a capital of about $27,000,000 and nearly 24,000 laborers, while making an aggregate annual output of nearly 11,000,000 tons. Since then, no doubt, the figures have greatly increased; but of late they have doubtless been modified by the general introduction of natural gas into the furnaces of factories in the city for use as a fuel instead of coal.

The aggregate steam tonnage of Pittsburgh in the census already quoted was given at 34,845, divided among 163 vessels; but the barges, which form a main feature of the fleet, numbered alone more than 3000, with a tonnage of more than 1,300,000. As railways take coal advantageously to other points, nearly all this tonnage is employed in carrying coal down the Ohio. The fleets start when the river is raised through freshets, as it is only navigable through a part of the year. When this occurs, a fleet of steamers may be seen, each towing an average of perhaps a dozen coal laden barges, sometimes almost covering the river between the banks, and stretching for a long distance up and down the stream.

## THE NEW WAR VESSELS.

ANOTHER step toward the reconstruction of the navy has now been taken in the award of contracts for three new steel cruisers and two gun-boats, authorized by Congress.

The cruiser *Charleston*, of 2700 tons displacement, is to be built by the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, for the price of $1,017,500. The plans call for a duplicate, as nearly as possible, of the famous Japanese *Naniwa Kan*, one of the fastest war ships afloat. Her length between perpendiculars is 300 feet; extreme breadth, 46; draught, 17½ forward and 19½ aft. Her hull is of steel, with double bottom under the machinery, and a steel protective deck over it, from ram to stern-post. The edges of this narrow deck rises four feet below the load water-line, and its



"CHARLESTON."

crown one foot above it. Between this deck, which is ten or three inches thick, and the main-deck, are transverse bulkheads, forming many water-tight compartments, occupied as coal-bunkers, store-rooms, chain lockers, and torpedo-rooms. The hold has similar compartments. The conning tower is protected by two inches of steel armor. The battery consists of two 10-inch 28-ton breech-loading rifles, on central pivots, one forward and the other aft, and six 6-inch, three on each broadside. There is a secondary battery of machine guns and torpedoes. The most noticeable feature is her engines, which are of a horizontal, compound type, actuating three-bladed twin screws. They produce 7500 indicated horse-power under forced draught, and with this the *Naniwa Kan* ran 18.3 knots over a ten-mile course at load draught. If the *Charleston* nearly

"NEWARK."

equals her prototype—and she is guaranteed to give 7000 horse-power—she will make more than 18 knots. The *Boston* and *Atlanta*, of the previous set of new steel cruisers, though of 3000 tons displacement, are to develop only 3500 horse-power, and only 14 knots is expected of them. The *Charleston* will have two "military" masts, with no sail power except storm-sails, and will usually carry 450 tons of coal, but can carry 800. Her endurance at 10 knots is about 8000 miles; at 6 knots, about 11,000 miles. The *Naniwa Kan* has a complement of 525 officers and men, but the *Charleston's* may be smaller.

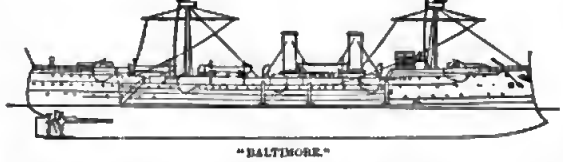
The *Newark*, a twin-screw 4000-ton steel cruiser, designed by the navy bureaus, received on bids within the prescribed limit, and hence her construction will be postponed. Her length is 340 feet; extreme beam, 49½; mean draught, 18½. She will be bark rigged, with 1200 square feet of plane sail. Her engines are to develop 8500 indicated horse-power with forced draught, and 6000 with natural, giving a maximum and mated speed of 18 knots. She can carry 850 tons of coal, will have a battery of twelve 6-inch breech loading rifles and a secondary battery, and a complement of 300 men. What on have said of the *Charleston's* protective steel deck, double bottom under the machinery, water-tight compartments, and so on, will apply to the *Newark*, and indeed to the remaining cruiser and the gun-boats, with modifications in dimensions. The *Newark* has an open gun-deck. Four guns are concentrate within 400 feet of bow or stern, and each broadside of six guns within 100 feet of the ship's side. Electric lights and torpedo-launching tubes are to be put in the vessel.

The largest cruiser is the *Baltimore*, of 4400 tons displacement, to be built by CRAMP & SONS for $1,325,000. She is modelled, we believe, on a plan purchased by the Navy Department from the Tunnemans, on the Clyde, who are building for the Spanish government the *Reina Regente*, expected to be the fastest war vessel in the world. The appliances for speed, offence and defence, already described in the cases of the *Charleston* and *Newark*, will be found in the *Baltimore*. Her machinery is guaranteed to produce 9000 indicated horse-power—the maximum in our navy. Comparing the *Chicago*, of 4500 tons displacement, with the *Baltimore*, of 4400 tons, the machinery of the former, weighing 950 tons, is only required

"BALTIMORE."

to develop 5000 horse-power, making 18 knots, while the latter, with machinery weighing only 200 tons, main develop 9000 horse-power, probably reaching 19 knots.

Of the two gun-boats, the one of 1700 tons is much the more important. She is to be built by CRAMP & SONS. Her length is 230 feet; extreme beam, 36; mean draft, 14. Her indicated horse-power will be 2200 with natural draught and 3200 with forced, producing a maximum estimated speed of 16 knots. Her rig will be that of a top-sail schooner, her coal capacity 400 tons, her complement 150 men. She will have six 6-inch breech-loading rifles and a secondary battery. She will be unsheathed, and built of steel, with heavy framing. The guns are managed in



GUN-BOAT.

the two gun-boats, which are both designed by the navy bureaus, as in the *Newark*, already spoken of. The larger gun boat, like the *Newark*, has a belt of coal nine feet deep in the bunkers around the machinery.

The 870-ton gun-boat is to have a length of 175 feet, a breadth of 31, and a mean draught of 11½. Her horse-power will be 900, increased by forced combustion to 1250, giving an estimated speed of twelve knots. She will carry 100 men, 160 tons of coal, four 6-inch guns, and a secondary battery. She will be constructed by the Columbia Iron Works, of Baltimore, on the composite system, that is, with a frame of steel, but with outer planking and decks of wood.

All these vessels are expected to attain the highest speed known to war ships of their various classes. In order to do this, Secretary WHITNEY has purchased and used the plans of famous English ship-builders, who have had more experience than our own of late years in constructing marine engines for war ships. While the requirements of speed have been made so high, the contractors agree, under severe penalties, to complete the vessels with promptness—the cruisers within eighteen months and the gun-boats within twelve.

## "The World Went Very Well Then."*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XLII.—(*Continued.*)

OF THE COURT-MARTIAL.

THEN the Second Lieutenant of the ship was called, and he gave evidence that he was to his station on the main-deck when the action began, and testified to the disgust of the men when they learned that the ship was surrendered. This was the more astonishing to them as their Captain had the reputation of uncommon courage. At first the men refused to believe that the vessel was surrendered, and called upon each other to fight it out.

The Third Lieutenant gave similar evidence, adding that, had not the men been fully convinced of the Captain's bravery and judgment, there would have been a mutiny on board; and that they thought the ship must be sinking to least, or dangerously on fire, so that it was some stratagem, counterfeit, or design by which the Captain thought to fool the enemy, and that they looked at each other and laughed aloud, waiting for the word to lay the guns, and fire. Further, that the enemy did not believe it possible that a British ship should thus cowardly be yielded up, and continued to fire upon the *Calypso*, the shot passing through the rigging and the sails, but doing no further mischief. Nor did the men believe that the ship was surrendered until the French boat came alongside, and the Captain gave the word to hack the sails and lay down arms, which they all did with a very bad grace, yet still persuaded that something fatal had happened to the ship, and that the enemy were struck to save their lives.

The Lieutenant of Marines deposed that his men were drawn up in readiness on the quarter-deck and fo'k'sle, and stated plainly that he had no doubt of the issue, because the Frenchman had only one thought—namely, to get away; and, in his opinion, it had been the Captain's intention to attack and take all three ships with the help of the *Resolute*; and that nothing in the world had ever surprised him more than the strange behavior of the Captain, from whom on much had been expected.

Captain Easterbrook declined to ask any questions of these witnesses. Was he, then, going to make an attempt at a defence?

They called the Purser, who put in the Captain's log-book, which is always done on these trials, I am told, but I do not know why. And then I thought we should surely proceed to the defence, because there could be no doubt of the main fact—namely, that the Captain had certainly struck the colors.

But they delayed the case in order to call the Master, who confirmed the First Lieutenant's evidence as to the preparations for engaging the enemy, and the Gunner, who also confirmed the evidence; and the bo's'n and the carpenter, who added little to the evidence already before the Court, except the fact that when the men were under hatches and knew what had been done, the swearing and cursing of the crew were strong enough to lift the decks.

"Gentlemen," said the Deputy Judge-Advocate, "there is no other evidence before the Court."

"Stay," said the President; "call the Marine of whose conduct in the remptnee of the ship Lieutenant Macdonald hath spoken."

So they called Aaron Fletcher.

When this ultimate stepped forward, looking, it must be confessed, a much smarter and finer man in his scarlet coat than he ever looked as a landsman, Jack's face flushed. It was his fate never to be out of reach of this man's animosity. Twice had Aaron tried to take his life, when that was most worth having. Once he had saved his life when he himself had most ardently desired to lose it. Now he was present to give evidence in the hour of his open humiliation.

"I thought," he told me afterward, "that I had drained the whole cup. But the bitterest drop was when that man stood before me, as if Rose, poor girl! had not yet forgiven me, and had cast her old lover to glut over my discomfiture. She hath forgiven me, however; therefore I need not have been troubled."

The Court ordered the man to be sworn, and bade him relate all that he knew concerning the affair, and particularly as to the striking of the ship from the French.

"I was on the fo'k'sle," said Aaron, speaking boldly, and as what alarmed to the solemnity of the Court and the rank of the Judges—"I was on the fo'k'sle with the rest of the company, drawn up and armed, the muskets being loaded and inspected, waiting for the word to fire, which would have been in a few minutes, as we expected. Then a shot from the enemy struck our bows, and the wood went flying, but no one that I could see was hurt. And then I saw the Captain strike the flag and cut down the First Lieutenant. 'Mates,' I whispered, presently, 'either the ship is sinking or the Captain has lost his stomach for the fight. If she sinks, we go to Davy's Locker; if he's played the coward, he will

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1561.

swing.'" As he said these words he turned his face to Jack with a look of triumph in his eyes. "We were all sent down below," he continued, "when the Frenchmen came aboard, and there we staid, with our arms and short rations. Two days afterward I was on deck, taking my spell of fresh air with the others—about a dozen men in all. We were leaning against the bulwarks, wishing the job were over, and nursing the Captain, who was sitting on the quarter-deck on the transoms of a carronade, his hands on his knees, staring straight before him as if he saw the rope dangling before his eyes, already noosed for him. Suddenly I saw him spring from his place and catch the French officer, who was walking the deck, by the throat, and shake him like a dog. Then he threw him on the deck, where the Frenchman lay stunned and half dead, and he tore his sword from him; then he rushed upon one of the sentries and cut him down, and attacked the other. Some of the Frenchmen, seeing what was done, cried out in their own lingo and ran aft, some firing pistols and some drawing cutlasses; whereupon I called out to my mates and seized a rammer—which was the best thing for a weapon I could name at—and ran after them, and so to the Captain's side, for I plainly saw that his design was to kill as many of the Frenchmen as he could, and to be killed himself, which I resolved to prevent if I could. And then the other Englishman joined me, and in a very few minutes we had half of the prize crew killed or wounded, and the other half crying for quarter, but the Captain was so furious that for some time he would give none, throwing himself upon all such as had weapons and would fight. Hard work I had to save him. But I did. When 'twas all over there wasn't a scratch upon him. I saved him, your Honors. With a rammer I saved his life."

"Your courage," said the President, "does you credit. I shall take care that it is duly represented to the Colonel of your regiment, and if your conduct is reported as equal to your gallantry, you will not go without your reward. The Captain, you think, sought for death?"

"No one," said Aaron, "who did not want to be killed could have behaved as he did. Before the enemy called for quarter on had driven them together to the waist, where they were shouting and threatening to charge on with pikes and bayonets, but we had weapons by this time, and were ready to receive them. But they did not charge, because the Captain leaped into the middle of them with nothing but his sword in his hand, laying about him like a madman. He was sober and in his senses when he unwardly hauled down the flag, but he was now, when he attacked the prize crew, gone stark mad. If he hadn't been mad, and not known what he was about, we should never have taken the ship."

"And you leaped after him?" asked one of the Court.

"I had my rammer, which was almost as good as a quarter-staff, and I'd rather have a quarter-staff than a sword any day, as a pike either, if there's room for play."

"And this you did not of devotion or loyalty to your Captain?" asked the President, astonished at the man's coolness, and the deliberation with which he gave his evidence.

"Nay, nay," he replied, grinning again; "I saved his life because I should have been sorry to see him die like a brave man. All I wanted was to see him swing, your Honors, for striking his colors."

These words produced a sensation in the Court, and all eyes were turned upon this witness, who, though but a simple Marine, carried devotion to his country's honor unto so great a height. But the officers of the *Calypso* whispered together, and I heard such words passed from one to the other as "rascal," "six dozen," "at the first chance," "not good enough for him," and so forth, from which I conjectured that Aaron would find a warm welcome if he went on sea again on board this vessel. I think he must have heard the whispers, but he cared nothing for them; he was now enjoying a revenge sweeter far than any he had ever dreamed of to hoped for. This was, indeed, far better than to have murdered the Captain with his own hand.

Therefore he turned his ugly face to the prisoner, and grinned with the satisfaction of his ignoble triumph. The Court, however, seemed to take the words for an outburst of honest and patriotic feeling which did credit to this rough and simple fellow.

Captain Easterbrook refused to ask any questions of the witness either. It was now between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when the President asked the prisoner if he designed to call any witnesses for the defence, and proposed to adjourn the Court until the following day.

"Sir," said Jack, "I have no witnesses to call."

"Then," said the President, "you would doubtless wish for time to prepare your defence. It is now late; we will adjourn the Court until to-morrow."

"Sir," said Jack, "I thank you. But with permission of the Court I will make my defence without further delay. I will not trouble the Court to adjourn."

The Court conferred, and presently said that they would hear the prisoner at once, if he chose.

"Gentlemen," Jack began, "I have but few words to say; and as for a defence, I have none. I have been at sea since my thirteenth year, and am now four-and-twenty. During this time I have been present in many actions, and I have never received aught but commendation from my superior officers. I served first under Captain Holmes, of the *Lance*, and next on board the *Cumbrae of Dorset*, when I was cast away on the coast of Patagonia, and, after wandering among the Indians, I was prisoner first to the Spaniards, and afterward to the French. But I broke prison, and was appointed Third Lieutenant to Captain Lockhart, of the *Tartar*. I submit that my character for courage was never impeached on board any of these vessels, and Captain Lockhart hath thought fit to bear testimony in his despatches to my conduct in the many engagements fought by his ship. You have also heard how I was enabled, by the help of those of my crew then on deck, to take the ship again."

He paused here, as if he was unwilling to say what was in his mind.

"I submit to the Court," said the Deputy Judge-Advocate, "that these facts, which I think the Court will not dispute, do not constitute any defence."

"They can no defence," Jack replied. "I state them because they form my only consolation in this hour. I have no defence. The charge is true. My officers and crew would have taken not only the *Malicious*, but the two other ships as well. Their evidence is true in every particular. I wish to testify that no Commander ever had better officers, a handier vessel, or a heartier crew. I threw all away. I struck the colors. I cowardly and treacherously surrendered my ship without firing a shot. I have but one prayer to make to the Court. It is that this act, which was wholly my own, may not in the least degree prejudice the future of my brave Lieutenants. It was this shameful hand, and none other, which hauled down the flag of the *Calypso*."

When he concluded there was silence for a space, because the Court and everybody present were taken by surprise, and because the contemplation of this tall and handsome lad (he seemed no more) thus avowing, not proudly, but shamefully, and yet honestly and fully, his own dishonor, overwhelmed us with sadness. From his officers, standing together, there were whispers, which could be heard all over the Court: "He was mad. A madman is not answerable for his doings. No one but a madman would have done it," and so forth. And I verily believe, and have been assured, that there was not one among there all who would not gladly have put not to see again under Captain Easterbrook, in full confidence that he would fight the ship as long as a man was left alive to stand beside him.

The case being then concluded, and the whole evidence completed, with such defence as the defendant had thought fit to set up, order was given to clear the Court. Which was done, the guard of Marines taking the Captain back to his cabin, and the Judges being left alone.

"He will die," said Captain Fetherick; "I see in his eyes that there is nothing left for him to desire but death. The day of his execution will be welcome to him. Yet I hope that they will not hang him like a cur, but will shoot him like a brave man."

"He was certainly mad," said Mr Shelvocke. "I remember once, being then off the Ladrone Islands—"

"Ay," said Mr Brinjes, interrupting—I had not seen him in Court; yet he was there, dressed as if for the club—"Ay. The boy was mad. What? Would a coward have resolved upon so desperate an enterprise as to attack the prize crew single-handed? Death was before him—death if he failed; death if he succeeded; for to succeed was but to throw himself into a court-martial. Whereas, if he had suffered the ship to sail into Beest Harbor, he might have lived in France all his life in safety, and no one to know what had happened. Now, what can they do but see tenses him as he hanged or shot? Luke, my lad, if I had Aaron ashore, I would make every one of his teeth like a lump of red-hot iron; rheumatic pains should grind his joints and twist his nerves; gout should tear and rend his stomach; the should stick sharp teeth into his face. Well—patience! something will happen unto Aaron yet. If, now, the poor boy had been suffered to have his wish, he would have died in the moment of victory, when he had reconquered the ship. As for witchcraft"—here he whispered—"but that I know the poor wretch loves him still, and would rather die than suffer him to come to any harm, I should believe that Bess was at the bottom of the mischief. I say not that she is a witch; but no one knows what a revengeful woman can do what none the dabbles in the Forbidden Art."

Bess was, indeed, at the bottom of the mischief, but in a way which Mr Brinjes could not understand; for he had not, as far as I could discover, the fear of the Lord before his eyes, and was, indeed, little better than a Pagan.

"There is, again," he said, "the old black woman. But then Jack was to marry her mistress, and therefore she would not harm him. Yet there must be a girl in it, and the most have put Obi upon him by the help of some one, though I have not that there were any other Obeah men in this country besides myself. If I were younger, I would go to Portsmouth and find that woman, and then, Luke, my lad, she should be made as feel as if it had been better for her never to have been born."

"Bess, at least, is no witch," I said, for the fire of his eye eye was so bright that I feared he might have fallen upon her, or, at least, compelled her to tell him the truth.

"This woman, whoever she may be, hath robbed the King's service of the most gallant officer; she hath deprived a lovely woman of her sweetheart; she hath covered us all with shame and confusion. Wherefore, may her flesh fall rotten from her bones! May—"

"Nay, Mr Brinjes," I said, "when you find her you can curse her. Let not your curses loose upon an unknown woman."

He stopped, but is was because at this moment the Court was thrown open and the prisoner was taken back to hear his sentence. We learned afterward that there was a difference of opinion among the Judges, some inclining to mercy on the ground of the Captain's conduct in recapturing the ship. But in the end the stricter counsels prevailed; and, indeed, the Commander of a ship can on no grounds be pardoned for surrendering to the enemy save in extremity. Suppose a man commits a forgery, is it any defence that before and after this act of wickedness he had a good and virtuous life? Suppose a boy picks a pocket, is is any defence that he is sorry, and would fain give back the purse and the money that was in it?

We went back to the Court. Alas! The prisoner's sword was now reversed, and lay upon the table the point toward the prisoner, which meant Death.

"Guilty," whispered Mr Brinjes, not looking at the sword. "Death is written in their faces." It was. And yet the brave officers, who had already passed and signed the sentence of death, showed compassion in their faces.

As for me, I cannot even now, after nearly forty years have passed, think of that moment without the tears rising to my eyes. The Court was crowded with fine ladies, who had come from London to see the trial. They thought, perhaps, to enjoy the spectacle of a gallant man brought to shame, but they could not without tears and sobbing look upon this poor fellow, tall and manly, brought forth to hear a sentence of death.

The Deputy Judge-Advocate arose, and read the sentence in his hand, signed by every member of the Court.

"Captain John Easterbrook, the court-martial duly held upon you for the loss of his Majesty's ship the *Calypso*, find that you did unwarily surrender your ship. The sentence of the Court is, that on a day to be presently appointed according to the will of his Gracious Majesty the King, you be placed upon the quarter-deck of the *Calypso* and be there shot to death. God save the King!"

"Gentlemen," said Jack, in a clear, firm voice, "I thank the Court for their patient hearing of the case. I looked for no other verdict, and I desire no other. I acknowledge the justice of the sentence. God save the King!"

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### AFTER OUR COURT-MARTIAL.

THUS ended the court-martial; thus was made grievous shipwreck of a gallant youth's ambition, his honor, and his life, yet, as to his honor, 'twas stoutly and steadfastly maintained by all sailors, and especially by the officers and men of the *Calypso*, that the Captain's surrender (being done in a moment of madness or by power of witchcraft) was fully atoned for by his surprising recapture of the ship. That, too, has always been the opinion of his friends, though, for my own part, as the only one left who knows the whole truth, I cannot but acknowledge that the madness was sent by Heaven, just as much as that madness which the ancients feigned to have been inflicted on the Greek hero who slew cattle and sheep, thinking they were his enemies. Therefore, on atonement for his deed was necessary, seeing that it was itself a punishment inflicted by the hand of a justly offended Creator.

As regards the condemned man, whom I saw many times after the sentence, I declare that I have never known any man more cheerful and resigned to his fate than was this most unfortunate Captain during the three weeks which passed between his sentence and the day of his execution. Of hope he had none; not did he desire to live.

"If I were reprieved," he said, "whither should I go? how live? I am but twenty-four years of age, and I might live for fifty years to come, even into the next century, if the world endure so long, with the accursed remembrance of one day always in my mind, and among people who would never tire of pointing at the Captain who surrendered his ship without striking a blow—one single blow—the most cowardly surrender in the history of the British Navy. Why, 'twould be every day a thousand times worse than the pains of death. My worst enemy could devise no more cruel punishment than to send me forth free to walk the streets of an English town. Nay, Bess!—for she was with him—'tis idle to talk. I know what than wouldst say, dear girl. For a mad act—we know, my dear, why that madness was sent, and for what cause permitted—no man should be held responsible. Why, my First Lieutenant was here yesterday, and said as much. But even he does not know, and the world can never know, the whole truth."

In those last days Bess was with him always. She came at night in the morning, and she left him at eight in the evening.

She sat with Jack, therefore, all day long in the cabin, which was his condemned cell. For the first day or two she wept continually. Then she ceased her crying altogether, and sat with dry eyes. She said nothing, but she looked upon her sweetheart always, as if hungering after the sight of his dear face. But from time to time she rose and flung out her arms, as if she could not bear herself. This was natural when a woman regains her lover only to lose him by a violent death. One evening I walked home with her through the town, and she told me, poor girl, what was in her mind. "I shall not live after him," she said—"of that I am resolved. Why, if in be as he says, that Heaven hath punished him for his incontinency, was it not through my mouth that the punishment was pronounced? Where he goes, I shall go. When he dies, I shall die. In that same hour when the bullets tear his dear heart shall I die too; and so my soul shall join his. I know not," she said, wildly, "oh! I know not whither we shall be cast to the next world; and I care nothing—no, nothing—so only that we go there together. I am quite sure that he is forgiven all his sins, if ever he committed any, though I know not that they can be worth considering. And he does for them. What can a man do more? As for me, I am not afraid, because I have always gone to church every Sunday morning. Oh! I doubt not we shall go to heaven together, and on hand in hand, and side by side, and perhaps we shall forget the past, somehow, and then the old brave look will come back to my boy's eyes. What would heaven be to him if I were not with him—and what as me if my Jack were not beside me? And oh! Luke, he loves me now more tenderly than ever he loved me before. And I am happy, though I know that we have but a day or two more to live. They tell me that to be shot gives no pain; else I would not bear it, and must die first."

I pointed out to her the wickedness of self-destruction; but she would not listen, crying wildly that she cared for no wickedness—not she—so that she could join in death, as well as in life, the man she loved. Surely there never was woman who loved man with so violent a passion, and now in these last days, when it was all too late, there never was girl more truly loved.

"Tis the fondest heart, Luke!" said Jack, the tears in his eyes. "Why, for thy sake, sweet Bess, I would be almost contented to live, and to forget the past. If we could go somewhere together, where no man knew or could find out my dishonor—if we could go and live as one of the islands in the Southern Seas—But this is idle talk."

Then the time drew near when the sentence must be carried out. We expected from day to day to hear that the time was fixed.

About a fortnight after the sentence a sudden and most surprising change came over Bess. She left off crying altogether, sometimes, even, she laughed; she seemed not to know, or care to care, that the man or did. She would throw herself into Jack's arms, and kiss him passionately; at the same moment she would tear herself free, and stand gasping and panting, and with wild eyes, as if with impatience, so that I feared lest she should lose her reason altogether. I have heard that persons condemned to the flames by the accursed Inquisition (which they dare to call holy) have been known to go mad with the terror of looking forward to that awful torture. Sure I am that no flames of the stake could be more dreadful to Bess than the thought of the moment when her lover would fall dead, pierced by a dozen bullets. Jack at such times would try to calm her, but she shook him off, crying, "No, no. Let me be. Oh! I am choking. Oh! Jack—my dear—if you knew what is in my heart! Yes—Jack. I will be quiet. Oh! what a wretch am I that I should add to your trouble at such a time?" Then she threw herself at his feet, and caught his hands. "Jack," she cried, "you know that I am your servant and your slave. Oh! if I loved you when all the world spoke well of you, think how much more I love you now you have got no one—oh! no one but your poor fond girl!"

He raised her and kissed her. Nothing now could move him but the sight of his tears and suffering, which (I am not ashamed to write this down) brought tears to my own eyes.

"Let us pretend," the said—"let us talk like children—oh! we were once happy children, and we could pretend and believe what we pleased. Why . . . all this is only pretence. The cabin is our old summer-house; you are only twelve years of age, and I am a little girl; and we have been playing as court-martial. . . . No," she shuddered, "that has dreadful game. We will play as something else. We are going away—you and I together, Jack—we shall take a ship and sail far away from England to the islands you have seen, and Mr Brinjes talks about—we will live there—oh! no one will ever find us out. . . . We have long to live. I will work for you, and you will forget all that has happened. Then we shall grow old. . . . Do you think you would love an old woman, Jack, who had lost her beauty and gone gray and toothless? And then we would lie down and die together. Why—whatever happens, we will die together—we must die together, Jack . . . Jack. . . . Oh! if we could go away; oh! if we could go away together—to leave it all behind, and to forget it!"

"Patience, dear heart," he said. "Patience, Bess; is unwise to see thus suffer."

I was with them; and—but who could see and listen to him without tears? I am not a stock or a stone.

"Patience?" she replied. "Yes, yes! I will have patience! Jack, do you remember three years ago, the day we were in the summer-house, Luke being present, you solemnly made a great promise?"

"I remember, Bess. God knows I have reason to remember not only the promise, but how I kept it."

"Make me one more promise, Jack." She laid her hands upon his arm. "Make me one more promise now. Luke is here again to witness for us."

"Why, child, what promise can I make thee now? A dying man can neither make nor break a promise. Shall I promise to love thee in the next world?"

"Nay, promise what I shall tell thee. Say, after me, I, Jack Easterbrook—"

"I, Jack Easterbrook," he repeated.

"Do swear solemnly, before GOD ALMIGHTY—"

He repeated these words.

"That I will grant to Bess Westmoreland one more request, whatever the may ask me, before I die."

He said it after her, concluding with the words, "Whatever she may ask me, before I die."

She fetched a great sigh, and kissed him again; and, throwing her arms round his neck, laid her head upon his shoulder.

I could not, for the life of me, understand what she meant; and still I thought that her brain must be wandering with her troubles.

(to be continued)

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"THE DEPUTY JUDGE-ADVOCATE AROSE, AND READ THE SENTENCE IN HIS HAND".—[See Serial "The World Went Very Well Then," Page 830.]

DEPARTURE OF A "COAL FLEET" FROM PITTSBURGH.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder from a Sketch by John W. Beatty.—[See Page 830.]

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EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 837.]

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## MEYER VON BREMEN.

A German painter whose works have enjoyed an extraordinary degree of popularity in this country has just died at a ripe age. A dozen years ago especially the genre pictures of Johann Georg Meyer, so appealing to the domestic affections in their subjects, and so smooth in finish, were at the climax of their fame in the United States. Born on the 29th of October, 1813, at Bremen, whence he is usually known as Meyer of Bremen, he became a pupil of Schadow in the Dusseldorf Academy, and his earlier pictures were mostly on Scriptural subjects. By degrees he came to the painting of the life of to-day, and he proved especially happy in depicting children. Such subjects as "Girls Listening to a Story" and "Blind man's Buff" gave him a wide celebrity, which, as we have said, was specially noticeable in the United States. He had received in 1850 a gold medal from the Prussian government, and his painting of children in such pictures as "The Child Jesus among Children," "The First Prayer," and so on, caused him sometimes to be called "the child painter." He died on the 6th of December.


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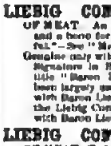

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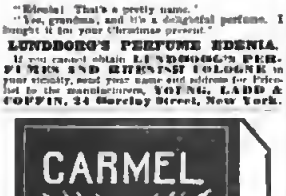


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1566.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

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and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

*The number for December 21 has a special Christmas character, as will be seen by a glance at its*

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A GOOD BEGINNING.

THE prompt passage of the Electoral Count Bill by the House, with amendments which we hope the Senate will not oppose so as to defeat the bill, was a very great and very pleasant surprise. If this Congress should pass this bill and no other except the appropriation bills, it would have done well. Last year it settled one of the Presidential questions—that is, the succession—and this year it will have settled the other. The only surprise is that the omission of the Constitution and of the law should have been left unremedied so long, when the omission was once made manifest, and the consequent perils were matters of experience. In 1877, when the Presidential election was seriously disputed, and in a way which would have undoubtedly led to civil war except for the good sense of Mr. TILDEN and of Mr. RANDALL, it was ludicrous even amid all the excitement to hear the persistent asseveration that nothing was necessary but to follow the plain directions of the Constitution. The directions were so plain that the country was ready to go to war because they could not be understood. The furious discussion was in itself the conclusive evidence that they were not plain. Except for the excellent election laws of New York the trouble of 1877 might easily have been revived in 1885. But the bill just passed by the House happily averts all trouble of the kind hereafter.

The bill is that of Mr. EDMUNDS, which has already twice passed the Senate. It is simple and definite, and permits no party advantage to arise from a difference in the party character of the two Houses of Congress. It is based upon the Constitutional theory that the States appoint electors, and are supreme over all disputes that may arise in the election. Any judicial decision by any State of such controversies, if concluded six days before the voting of the electors, is to be conclusive. But when there is more than one return from a State in which there shall have been no such judicial determination, then the vote of the electors shall be counted whose appointment is certified by the Governor of the State under its seal, unless the two Houses, acting separately, shall decide that such votes are not those of the lawful electors of the State. This provision throws the entire responsibility upon the State, and if the State loses its vote, it is because it has not chosen to secure it.

This arrangement compels the States to settle controversies, or risk the loss of their votes. It reserves all the rightful authority of the State, of the Senate, and of the House, and it disposes of one of the most serious and, so to speak, utterly gratuitous dangers that lurked in our system of Presidential elections. During the exciting controversy of 1877 an enormous volume was published containing the history of "the electoral count" as it had taken place at every Presidential election, with the debates upon the various questions that had arisen. It showed the utter folly of the assertion that the whole power of deciding the election was vested either in the Vice-President or in the House of Representatives, both of which assertions were lustily made in 1877. It was a very valuable compilation, which demonstrated the necessity of the legislation which has now been effected, and it may be read with profit to learn how slow a nation may be to escape a peril after it has been plainly proved.

## PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

ONE of the most valuable of recent contributions to the discussion of methods of administrative reform is Mr. BURT'S letter to the *Evening Post* upon examinations for promotion. Mr. BURT'S long practical experience in the public service, and his remarkable executive ability, with his sincere belief in the reformed system, of which he was one of the earliest and most intelligent and forcible advocates, give great weight to his suggestions. It is not too much to say that there is no man whose opinion upon the subject would be more authoritative. The subject is one of peculiar difficulty, and there have been very different views sincerely and strongly held as to the best method of securing promotion justly both to the service and to the officer. The old and usual plan of promotion by mere personal favor is as great a folly and wrong as all the other abuses that spring from the stupid spoils system. Promotions determined by political pressure and personal partiality is a gross injustice to the officers and to the service, and the remedy is to be found in a scheme based upon a definite and reasonable principle.

This is precisely what Mr. BURT supplies. The conceded principle that merit ascertained by fair competition should determine entrance to the service he extends to promotion, but with the differences that spring from the difference of conditions. The examination for admission is twofold—a test of specific knowledge and general intelligence, and a probation to determine practical capacity and competency. Now when a man's adequate knowledge and intelligence have been ascertained, and his practical capacity proved, and he is already in the service, his promotion should depend upon the general ability with which he has discharged his duty. His daily discharge of duty, therefore, is a constant competitive examination for promotion. But to make it effective and just, a faithful daily record must be kept. It is unfair to trust to the general recollection of the superior officer, whose judgment may easily be affected by a hundred irrelevant considerations. The only safe and satisfactory record must be a daily record honestly kept.

In brief, Mr. BURT proposes that this record should note punctuality and fidelity in attendance, industry; efficiency, shown by the character of the work and its freedom from errors, and conduct in the general sense of personal behavior, obedience to official rules of discipline, and observance of morality and courtesy. These observations are to be marked upon a scale of one hundred as a maximum, and the monthly averages of the record can be computed, compared, and registered. In using these records, to the mean of the average of a man's marking for his whole period of service, and for the position he then occupies, should be added one unit for every five years of service in the office, and two for every five years in the present position. The mean of the two averages, with this addition, would make the promotion standing. This should be entered in order upon an eligible list, excluding those below a certain fixed minimum. The whole eligible list should be furnished to the appointing officer, and should be select any name below the highest, he should record his reasons. This is substantially the scheme, and its reasons are most cogent. The publicity of the records secures impartiality and good faith. Seniority in service has due allowance. Occasional daily errors of judgment in marking are corrected in the average of the long period of marking. The scheme also provides a minimum which would be a constant test of incapacity which warrants removal, while by the same means "dry-rot," the bane of a stable civil service, is avoided. The scheme is carefully considered, reasonable, simple, and practicable, and goes far to solve the difficulties of the question of promotion.

## THE NEW SOUTH.

THE gentlemen who on behalf of the publishing house of HARPER & BROTHERS have recently made a prolonged excursion in the Southern States returned a few days ago with the most delightful impressions of their journey. The party, which made the tour on the invitation and as the guests of Mr. JOHN H. INMAN, a merchant with large interests North and South, and a devoted and enterprising friend of American industries, was composed of Messrs. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, KIRK MUNROE, CHARLES GRAHAM, JOHN DURKIN, HORACE BRADLEY, and WILLIAM ARMITAGE HARPER, authors and artists, and a representative of the HARPER publishing house. They were received everywhere with a courtesy and kindness and hospitality which cannot be forgotten. The object of the visit was to see the "new South," to observe the social, industrial, and educational changes of the last few years, in order that the actual condition of "the South" might be faithfully reported by pen and pencil, and the good feeling which springs from accurate knowledge, and which binds every part of the country more closely than ever before, may be confirmed and strengthened.

For such a purpose there could be no happier selection of a leader than Mr. WARNER. His trained faculty of shrewd observation, his just mind and ready sympathy, his great intelligence and large experience of travel, his tact and humor and cheerfulness, which make him always a charming companion, especially fitted him for this enterprise. His companions were all animated by the same spirit, and the little private embassy, we are sure, was a very happy representation, which "the North" cannot send nor "the South" welcome without mutual advantage. The party left New York on the 2d of November, and proceeded to Lynchburg, Richmond, Danville, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Knoxville, Chattanooga, South Pittsburgh, Nashville, Birmingham, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, Memphis, and Louisville. They were received with friendly warmth by the Mayors of the cities and Boards of Trade and industrial corporations and clubs and prominent citizens. In New Orleans Mr. CHARLES GAYARRÉ, the historian of Louisiana, at a pleasant meeting of the municipal authorities and other citizens, made an eloquent and admirable speech of welcome, breathing the most generous national spirit blended with a just local pride. The members of the party visited, under the best auspices, the schools and colleges and mines and factories and plantations, seeing the various processes of many industries, and obtaining specific and valuable information of every kind, and they have returned with the profound conviction that the impulse of a new and healthy life has penetrated the whole frame of life and activity in those States, which will tend to make the common national life stronger and better.

The results of the observations and the conclusions of "the HARPER party" will appear in continuation of the series already begun in the HARPER periodicals upon "the new South." Political differences and the friction of races are yielding to the beneficent touch of healthy industrial enterprise and a fresh prosperity. Mr. WARNER has already done a great and truly national service in recording his views of the social situation in the Southern States, and his wise and judicious spirit is that of patriotic men everywhere. Peace hath her victories, and her leaders are not less highly renowned than those of war. We shall be very glad if this little "voyage of discovery in the South," as it was gayly and happily called by Mr. GAYARRÉ, shall result, as we do not doubt that it will, in binding more closely interests and ties and a common welfare which know no South and no North, but only one land, and in confirming the lines of GOETHE,

"North and South and every land
Rest within her peaceful hand."

## SENATORS AS RAILROAD ATTORNEYS.

TOWARD the close of the last session of Congress Mr. BECK introduced a bill prohibiting Senators and Representatives from becoming attorneys or agents for railway companies that receive aid from Congress. The object of such a bill is obvious. It is to remove temptation from legislators, and to save the country from a possible disgrace. The bill was passed by a large majority. But it was subsequently reconsidered and referred to the Judiciary Committee, which reported it in a form which was plainly intended to invite defeat. The amended bill proposes to prohibit Senators and Representatives from serving as attorneys for or against any corporation or person engaged in making or selling any article affected by the tariff laws. This, of course, is an attempted *reductio ad absurdum*. It is intended to ridicule the limitation of discretion in the matter, and it has been suggested that such a law is a reflection upon the Congressional representatives of the States and of the people. But the Constitution imposes similar limits upon their discretion, and the limitation is in no sense a reflection upon Senators or Representatives.

The Constitution prohibits the appointment of a member of Congress to any civil office created during the term for which he was elected. This provision implies that a member may have a corrupt or interested design in his vote to create the office. But does any member feel it to be an injurious reflection upon him? So also every person holding an office of profit or trust under the United States is forbidden to accept any present, emolument, office, or title from any king, prince, or foreign state. This is a pretty plain suggestion that such officers might not be superior to bribery. But does any man feel himself wronged by taking an office under this condition? These provisions show that it is not ridiculous to limit the discretion of office-holders or members of Congress in such matters, and that there is no personal reflection whatever. To say, as has been said, that Mr. BECK'S bill applies only to the small number of citizens who are members of Congress, and that it is therefore a stigma, is absurd. Only that number of citizens are liable to the temptation or could be guilty of the offence which the bill contemplates. It is inevitable, therefore, that if the possible mischief is to be correct-

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ed, it must be by a provision attaching to members of Congress and to nobody else. It is no more a stigma upon these than the constitutional disability to be appointed to a certain class of offices which are open to all other citizens.

We understand the reason of Senator HAWLEY's motion to recommit to have been that the sudden passage of such a bill without the usual reference to and consideration by a committee assumed that there was a special exigency which did not brook delay. In other words, it seemed to imply that members of Congress were so eager to resort to discreditable courses that summary action was necessary to prevent them. This reason may be allowed its due weight. But the return of the bill, transformed into a shape which might well be unsatisfactory to its best friends, certainly made the reference suspicious. We do not mean that Senator HAWLEY meant to kill the bill by indirection. That is not his way. He is a hard hitter, but he is a square fighter. The reason for the reference which we have mentioned was a valid reason. But the motion nevertheless served the purpose of the opponents of the bill. The proposition of the original bill is perfectly intelligible, and its purpose is plain. It is a point which every one can understand as he can understand the similar prohibitions of the Constitution. "The plain people" can equally understand the object of the changes in the bill, and they understand quite as well the significance of Senatorial tactics to delay its consideration. Should the result be the defeat of the original proposition, the Senate which refuses to inquire into the PAYNE election, and insists that its members may hold retainers from corporations which enjoy Congressional subsidies, and which refuses to make public the consideration of executive nominations, will certainly not have elevated the name of the Senate of the United States.

## "HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS."

At the Christmas season of the last generation there was general anticipation of a new holiday book from DICKENS and THACKERAY, and the pleasant expectation was rewarded year after year. We are coming to cherish the same hope of a Christmas book from Mr. W. HAMILTON GIBSON, the artist, and the author also, whose marvellous delicacy of sympathetic touch in reproducing the aspects of nature has given him a distinctive fame. This year his beautiful and valuable volume is felicitously called *Happy Hunting Grounds: a Tribute to the Woods and Fields*, and it is such a tribute as only a lover could render. This beautiful book sings with Amiens:

> "Under the greenwood tree,
> Who loves to lie with me,
> And turn his merry note
> Unto the sweet bird's throat,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither;
> Here shall he see
> No enemy,
> But winter and rough weather."

Mr. GIBSON must take his place as an acute and delightful observer of nature with GILBERT WHITE and HENRY THOREAU and JOHN BURROUGHS. But he has the fortunate ability of making his reader see in picture the very object or effect that he saw in nature, and thus vividly to renew his own observation and enjoyment. Like the other masters in the charming guild, also, he points out what the general eye would hardly see, and interprets it with happy skill, so that reading his richly illustrated books is like walking in leafy and sequestered paths hearing the heavenly thrush, or on the open upland and in the sunny meadow singing with the jocund bobolink.

Mr. GIBSON is evidently as familiar with the literature as with the aspect of the woods and fields, and in the *Happy Hunting Grounds* he wanders at the little regard paid by HENRY THOREAU to the witch-hazel, which GIBSON justly regards as a singularly interesting plant, and one that would naturally appeal to THOREAU's genius. The change in holiday taste and intelligence and the extraordinary progress in the typographical art and the art of wood-engraving within a few years are signally illustrated by this work. The old Christmas *Token* and *Keepsake* and *Souvenir* by the side of the *Happy Hunting Grounds* seem relics of a time when the world was very young and literature and art were yet to come.

## SIR JAMES STEPHEN AND MR. FROUDE.

THE publication of Sir JAMES STEPHEN's letter to Mr. FROUDE adds nothing to the CARLYLE controversy but a statement of the fact, which is not denied, that CARLYLE left all his papers to Mr. FROUDE as his literary executor to be used at his discretion. This has not been disputed. The complaint is that Mr. FROUDE used his discretion with such absolute indifference and carelessness of the moral trust involved in such a bequest as to result in the greatest and most irreparable injury to the man who trusted him. The evidence of the fact is copious and conclusive. It is shown in Mr. NORTON's article in the *Princeton Review*, and in his appendix to the *Early Letters of Carlyle*, from boyhood to his marriage—a work which Mr. NORTON has carefully edited, and which is just published. It is one of the most interesting collection of letters in English literature, and it is the best biography of CARLYLE during the time that it covers.

The feeling of CARLYLE himself in regard to the publication of the *Reminiscences* of his wife is upon record in the memorandum which was inserted at the end of the little book to which the *Reminiscences* were written. This is the memorandum:

"I still maintain mean to have this book before my own departure, but feel that I shall always have a kind of grudge to do it, and an indolent excuse, 'not yet, wait, any day that can be done!'—and that it is possible the thing may be left behind me, legible to interested survivors—*friends* only, I will hope, and with worthy curiosity—not unworthy! In which event, I solemnly forbid them, each and all, to publish this bit of writing *as it stands here*; and warn them that *without fit editing to parts of it* should be printed (nor, so far as I can order, *shall* ever be); and that the fit editing of perhaps nine-tenths of it still, after I am gone, have become *impossible*."

The doubt and hesitation expressed in such words would seem to be the most pathetic appeal to a friend and a conscientious man under no circumstances to permit the publication except with the utmost scrupulous care and consideration for all concerned. But it was published without even ordinary attention. The book, as printed, teems with inaccuracies, misprints, and blunders, extending even to total perversion of CARLYLE's words and meaning. The offence, indeed, is monstrous.

Sir JAMES STEPHEN says that Mr. FROUDE was "guilty of no other fault than that of practising CARLYLE's great doctrine that men ought to tell the truth." But Sir JAMES STEPHEN could not say, after comparing the published book with the original as Mr. NORTON has done, that it was a truthful work. Mr. NORTON is the only person besides Mr. FROUDE who has read the love-letters of the CARLYLES, and in the appendix to the *Early Letters*, which should be read in order to understand how Mr. FROUDE has done his work, Mr. NORTON says that the letters between CARLYLE and JANE WELSH from 1821 to 1826

"afford a view of their characters and their relations to each other different both in particulars and general effect from that given by Mr. FROUDE. His narrative is a story 'founded on fact,' elaborated with the art of a practised romancer, in which assertion and inference, unsupported by evidence or contradictory to it, often take the place of correct statement. Even if the form of truth be preserved, a color not its own is given to it by the imagination of the writer."

Mr. NORTON proceeds to show this in detail and conclusively. The letter of Sir JAMES STEPHEN must be regarded as the final and strongest defence of Mr. FROUDE's conduct in the matter, and it is wholly inadequate.

## THE VOTE IN BOSTON.

THE result of the late Mayoralty election in Boston indicates that the organization of a labor party throughout the country is not so probable as it appeared to be after the large vote for Mr. GEORGE in New York. Mr. MCNEILL, the labor candidate in Boston, received only about half as many votes as there were names said to be signed to the letter inviting him to become a candidate. Mr. GEORGE went to Boston and spoke. But the result of the election must be depressing to those who have counted upon a general organization. Among the most eager of these observers have been the BLAINE Republicans, who saw in the labor vote a probable division of the Democratic vote, and a consequent victory for Mr. BLAINE.

But the returns in Boston are said to show that the labor vote was drawn as largely from the Republicans as from the Democrats. In New York also the GEORGE vote was largely recruited from German Republicans and from those who are called sentimentalists in politics, and who are chiefly found in the Republican ranks. Men of a politically humane and speculative temperament are numerous, and they incline naturally to the party of moral ideas, so that it is not certain that the Republican vote would not suffer from a labor candidacy in times.

The Boston election tends to show that there is little Democratic disposition to desert the old party lines. The reason for this is in great part both the extent and the practical vagueness of the labor platform. At present it represents no aspiration rather than a policy, but parties organize only about distinct and definite measures. It was assumed rather hastily that the large GEORGE vote in New York had more than a local significance. But this now seems doubtful. At least the probability of an extensive labor organization is much smaller than it would have been had Mr. MCNEILL polled 10,000 instead of 3500 votes.

## THE McQUADE CONVICTION.

THE prompt conviction of McQUADE was very gratifying, because it was less McQUADE than our judicial system which was on trial. The first trial ended in apparently proving the lumbersome of our legal procedure to secure justice even in the plainest case. There was no intelligent observer of the course of the investigation of the Broadway Railroad, from the proceedings before the Senate committee to the verdict in the first trial, who was not morally certain of the bribery.

The failure of the first trial indicated that the "boodle" which could corrupt aldermen was apparently effective elsewhere, and there is no doubt of a very general suspicion that a jury in the city courts is not a body absolutely superior to manipulation. If the second trial, with all the added care of the prosecution, had also miscarried, the conviction would have been irresistible that justice is no match for "boodle."

It would be a great public benefit if the bribers could be brought to justice with the bribed. The former are the guilty. They are the active and more intelligent agents of the crime; and whether they are great corporations or little contractors, they are public enemies. The bland agents of a railroad company buying votes in a legislature are equally criminal with the hundred speculators who buy the votes of aldermen. The officers of corporations who conceive at legislative corruption are confederates in the actual offence. If they also could be made to suffer the penalty, it would be more truly a matter of congratulation than the conviction of ignorant tools like McQUADE.

## THE STAR CHAMBER VICTORY.

THE resolution of Mr. PLATT in favor of open sessions to consider executive nominations was laid upon the table without debate, by a vote of 32 to 21. There were 17 Republicans and 15 Democrats who voted to lay it upon the table, and 15 Republicans and 6 Democrats who opposed the motion. Among these last Republicans was Senator HAWLEY, who, we regret to observe, in explaining his vote, expressed his opposition to the resolution.

The opponents were wise in not entering upon a debate and trying to evade a defence of the secret session. Senator EDMUNDS, a day or two before, opposed the repeal of the tenure of office act, for the reason, among others, that the repeal was inconsistent with civil service reform. But nothing more surely fosters and confirms some of the worst abuses which that reform would correct than the secret executive sessions to consider nominations. The pamphlet of Mr. DORMAN B. EATON which is just published treats the whole subject exhaustively and rigorously. It is not a conciliatory treatment, but it is conclusive, and the pamphlet will be found entertaining as well as instructive.

Laying the resolution upon the table means only a lull in the fight. The resolution itself is a part of the movement for better politics and honester government, which will not be laid on the table, but will be constantly urged to a successful issue. It must be taken up in the Senate by a leader who is strongly persuaded and thoroughly in earnest, and the very few votes which are now necessary to pass the resolution will be secured.

## PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR ALLAN MARQUAND, of Princeton College, has purchased the magnificent estate formerly owned by Judge FIELD in that town, and known far and wide as the most beautiful and extensive country seat in that region. Many a walk have the Princeton students taken in these grounds, especially "after chapel" of a summer afternoon; and the famous "Lovers' Lane" in the southern boundary of Professor MARQUAND's new home. The price paid was $30,000. Princeton has several rich professors, each owning a charming country-seat, to any nothing of the splendid country-seat which her President occupies.

—An illustrated catalogue of the paintings and sculptures of the A. T. STEWART gallery is now making, and the entire collection of art works will soon be sold at auction. No one of the hours wants the pictures or statues. Each prefers cash, and in a few weeks the gallery will be empty, and the marble palace of which it is a part will have been disposed of at private sale, probably to one of the clubs.

—MEISSONIER's picture of NAPOLEON reviewing his troops, known as "1807," for which Mr. A. T. STEWART paid $60,000, is painted on two pieces of canvas. The original canvas was found by the artist to be not long enough, and so he lengthened it, after most of his work was done. It is not believed that at auction the painting will fetch its original price.

—No Southerners who have conferred distinction upon American literature deserve more of their countrymen than the late PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE and RICHARD HENRY WILDE, and there is very general sympathy with the project of marking their graves by suitable monuments. The necessary funds will undoubtedly be raised, by the action of the North not less than of the South. Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS has already sent his check for $500.

—Authors do not always write a legible hand. A New York author on a summer's day sent a note home to his wife asking her to forward by messenger a sheet of manuscript that he had left in his library. The boy soon returned with an old white hat. The author became very angry, and destroyed the hat with his heels.

—In a book binding factory some elderly women were busily folding printed sheets, making eight pages of one sheet. "Have they been with you long?" asked a visitor of the superintendent. "Twenty years," was the reply. "And doing nothing but folding sheets?" "Nothing but that for twenty years."

—EDWIN FORREST's last public appearance was as a reader of *Othello* in Boston. While the audience was dispersing, the doorkeeper said, "I hope we shall have you with us long, Mr FORREST." "Oh yes," he replied; "all the week." "I didn't mean here in Boston, but in the world." "Ah, as to that," rejoined the old actor, "how uncertain and vague it all is!" The next week he was dead.

—Professor PATTON, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, is temporarily filling the chair of the late Dr. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE in the same institution, and will undoubtedly be elected his successor. Professor PATTON, however, denies to his friends that he either wants or seeks the place. Princeton men are sorry that the honored name of HODGE is at last to disappear from the department of systematic theology, with which for half a century it has been associated.

—The private view at the Grolier Club of the original drawings by Mr EDWIN A. ABBEY, illustrative of GOLDSMITH's comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was an event of unique artistic interest, and some of the artist's friends wished that he could have been present to hear his praises sung. In spite of his unusual honors, Mr. ABBEY is very modest. He cannot but value, however, the singularly hearty reception which his great work has met at the hands of both critics and painters, and which is being borne to him across the sea as a Christmas gift.

—Messrs F. J. DE PEYSTER, RUSSELL STURGIS, JOSEPH W. HARPER, JOS., and ALLAN MARQUAND have been appointed delegates from New York to the General Council of the Archæological Institute, which is composed of representatives of the local societies in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The Institute is especially interested in the School of Classical Studies at Athens, and work is proceeding rapidly upon the foundation of the new American building in that ancient city.

—The will of the late ANNE WALN RYNDS, of Philadelphia, left $70,000 to found an infirmary for dumb animals in that city—a bequest influenced by her interest in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

—Nearly two hundred well-known citizens of Chicago were present at a reception given to JANAUSCHEK, the actress, recently, the occasion being the first of its kind in the Garden City. It is understood that several events of like character will take place during the winter.

—One of the California Argonauts who has had a remarkable career is SAMUEL BRANNAN, now living in poverty at Angelos, a small Arizona town just this side of the Mexican border. BRANNAN brought a ship-load of Mormons to California in the first days of the gold rush; he superintended the affairs of the colony, and accumulated a large fortune in a few years, especially in San Francisco real estate; but business reverses suddenly overcame him, and for twenty years he has lived in Sonora, expecting to retrieve his fortunes by the development of a large grant of land from the Mexican government.

—The Pennsylvania Historical Society entertained at its annual dinner this year the commission sent to prepare for the Centennial of the Constitution. The continuity of our national life was strikingly illustrated, as the dinner had for its presiding officer WAYNE MACVEAGH, whose name represents his relationship to General ANTHONY WAYNE; and WILLIAM WHITE HYDE, who responded for Virginia, is the descendant of WILLIAM WIRT and PATRICK HENRY; and Hon. CABOT LODGE, who spoke for Massachusetts, is the descendant of THOMAS CABOT, once Secretary of the Navy, while a lineal descendant of WILLIAM PENN spoke for Pennsylvania.

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# The Thought-Reader of Angels

(Reported by Truthful James.)

by Bret Harte.

WE her tumbled as the dust,
Or as worms of the yearth;
Wot we looked for her bust!
We are objects of mirth;
They her played us—old Pards of the river!—they
her played us for all we was worth!

Was it euchre or draw
Got us off in our bloom?
Was it faro, whose law
Is uncertain as doom?
Or an innocent "Jack pot" that—opened—was to us as the jaws of the tomb?

It was nary. It kem
With some sharps from the States.
As folks say, "All things kem
To the follers as waits",
And we'd wasted six months for that sathin'—had we and Bill Nye—in such straits!

And it kem. It was small;
It was dream-like and weak;

It was transitory and weak.

It were store clothes—that's all
That we knew, as to speak;
But it called itself "Bilson, Thought-Reader"—which sin't half a name for its cheek!

He could read wot you thought,
And he knew wot you did;
He could find things untaught,
No matter wher hid.
And he went to it blindfold and smiling, being led by the hand like a kid.

Then I glanced at Bill Nye,
And I see, without pride,
"You'll excuse us. We've nigh
Onto nothin' to hide;
But if some gent will hand us a twenty, we'll hide it wher folks shall decide."

It was Bilson's own self
Who forked over the gold
With a smile. "Thar's the pelf,"
He remarked; "I make bold
To advance it, and go twenty better that I'll find it without being told."

Then I passed it to Nye,
Who repassed it to me.
And we bandaged each eye
Of that Bilson—as we
Softly dropped that coin in his coat pocket, as the hull crowd around us could see.

'He hunch, and he out
Through the door where Nye fled.'

Bet wonch Nye was.

'He took from Nye's pocket the twenty.'

That was all. He'd one hand
Locked in mine. Then he groped
We could not understand
Why that minute Nye eloped,
For we knew we'd the dead thing on Bilson—even more than we dreamed of or hoped.

For he stood thar in doubt,
With his hand to his head;
Then he turned, and he out
Through the door where Nye fled;
Druggin' me and the rest of us arter, while we larfed till we thought we was dead,

Till he overtook Nye
And went through him. Words fail
For what follers! Kin I
Paint our agonized wail
As he drew from Nye's pocket that twenty wot we'd sworn was in his own coat tail!

And it was? But, when found,
It proved bogus and brass!
And the question goes round,
How the thing kem to pass?
Or, if *passed*, was it passed thar by William; and I listens, and echoes "Alas!

"For the days when the skill
Of the heards was so blind,
When no effort of will
Could best four of a kind!
When the thing wot you held in your hand, Pare, was worth more than the thing in your mind!"

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CHRISTMAS EVE—THE COUSINS.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

## SAMUEL PULSIFER'S OPPORTUNITY.

"Ate Samwell, ask Samwell," said the host of the Harbor House, shaking the dice from his bald head as he sat tilted against the wall upon his veranda. "If it's anything that Samwell can't tell you, you might as well give it up. I believe that feller would make King Solomon draw in his horns, if it aren't perlaum' Scripter to say so. Politics? why, he's got the whole history of the country at his tongue's end, and the show Hackett's Harbor made last election was comin' to him and religion. When it comes to free grace 'n' 'lection, he don't leave the minister a leg to stan' on. 'N' raised right here in these parts, so far as you can call it rabbit', he done the most of it himself, though 'Lias Moody did take him in 'n' keep him off'n the town when he was a little mite of a chap, 'n' did for him second'able when he had anything to do with—chif'fens, 'Lias was—but, land! 'twa'n't long that anybody was called upon to do for Samwell. Took care of himself ever since he was on high as that gardineer'—the landlord pointed to a red tub containing a lilied geranium, which constituted the house's claim to "legally ornamented grounds," on per advertisement. "Fit his way along smarter'n a steel trap, lookin' him everything 'n' learnin' more'n the school-master knew; fit his way through college, workin' every spare minute—school-keepin', clerkin' it, conductin' 'n' drivin' horse-cars—actilly carryin' a hod one time. Sculpin' law now. Lucky that I could get him to clerk it fas me this summer, for there ain't no other one man in Ameriky that could answer all the questions folks ask; natural history dissectors comes here, 'n' Injun relickers, fishin' folks, quiet folks that want the orchesta muzzled, 'n' hoppin' folks that wants a band; there ain't but one thing common to 'em, 'n' that's a-tin' questions. Samwell he's a match for 'em."

"Dear! dear! I must see this clerk," murmured Mrs. Armington to her niece, taking out her note-book. "I am sure he is a type. The natives have hitherto proved so commonplace and unsatisfactory."

The niece, Miss Seraphine Collamore, colored sensitively; the clerk was coming out of the office of the hotel with her uncle, Mr Sidney Collamore, and must have become aware that he was considered "a type." There was a suspicion of a flush on his bronzed cheeks, but his gray eyes were clear and steady, and his manner perfectly self possessed. Miss Seraphine Collamore blushed still more vividly as she met his glance—a circumstance which was very annoying to herself.

Mrs. Armington surveyed him, note-book in hand, with as calm a curiosity as if he were a well-preserved specimen of the dodo.

He was somewhat rustic in appearance, high-shouldered, long-limbed, and bone jointed, but with regular features and a fine head, although somewhat too large, which Mrs Armington afterward spoke of as "leonine."

"Found out by Samwell, didn't you? I told you you couldn't catch Samwell napping," said the landlord, complacently. The young man looked intensely annoyed. The young lady turned her head away with sympathetic tact.

Mrs Armington smiled with bland condescension upon the clerk. "I should like to take you with me on several excursions," she said. "I am sure you could assist me in my researches. I should be willing to pay—"

A vigorous nudge of her brother's elbow stopped her.

"Dear! dear! how can one keep always in mind the ridiculous sensitiveness of these natives?" she remarked, after they had mounted the buck-board which was in waiting for them. "But I am glad you stopped me, Sidney, for I think he may really be useful to me."

"He is a remarkable young man," said her brother, emphatically. "I've been sounding him. He knows more law than many a man who has practised twenty years, and he knows that two and two make four, which is unparalleled in a man of his years."

"I knew that he was remarkable the moment I saw him; I said so," said Mrs. Armington, who liked to have the credit of making discoveries. "And his head is on fine one, almost as wise a brows. Now I think of it, Seraph, he would be a perfect model for your head of St. Paul. Well, perhaps not quite spiritual enough"—as Seraph shook her head, smiling slightly—"but certainly quite as much so as that Indian model who disappeared when you had just begun it. You talked about the sentiment in his face, but I could never see it."

"Giuseppi had a sweetheart who died," said Seraph. "I doubt whether this man—" And then she stopped short, coloring again. It was absurd to be speculating upon the love affairs of the hotel clerk, although you might do it in a purely Platonic and impersonal way. She was ashamed to remember that she had received a vague impression, when her eyes met here, that he was possessed of sentiment, although perhaps in an undeveloped form. And yet why should one be ashamed? He was not, she was sure, a vulgarly "cute" and pushing Yankee, as Aunt Fanny seemed to think. He had sometimes impressed her as being as fine a gentleman by nature as she had ever met. And how hard a time he had had! Her imagination pictured the little ragged, barefooted boy he must have been, fighting against Fate with only the aid of his own small hands, and the "cute" lesson that were lurking under his brown locks. The dangers he had passed were quite unlike Othello's, but Miss Seraph Collamore seemed likely to view them after Desdemona's fashion.

She felt vaguely irritated that Aunt Fanny and her uncle Sidney would go on talking about him, viewing him from their superior heights.

"It's wonderful the intellectual force that crops out among the common people once in a while," Mr Sidney Collamore was saying. "His father was a fisherman who could scarcely read, and there was no better blood on the mother's side. He has a tough struggle still before him, the professions are overcrowded; but he will make his way. I feel a strong impulse to help him to a chance. I'm not sure but I should be doing myself a good turn too. I feel the need of some fresh brains and energy in my business." Mr Sidney Collamore was himself in the foremost ranks of the legal profession.

"My dear Sidney! you wouldn't take him into your own office?" exclaimed Mrs. Armington. "And yet to an experiment it would be interesting. One would like to see the effect of civilization upon him, and yet one couldn't quite, under any circumstances, receive him socially."

"You could see all the best girls in B——settling their caps for him in a few years. Snadakers, when a young man gets to the top of the heap, he is not asked to display the bones of his ancestors."

"Oh, Sidney! you know we have not those terrible levelling notions in B——. A young man is expected to have them."

"The tones? Well, this young man has the backbone of some of them."

Mr Collamore was very much pleased with this small joke, and gratified that, although his sister ignored it, his niece responded to it by smiling brightly.

Meanwhile the clerk was pursuing his vocation of general enlightener, and only a vague thrilling of his pulses remained of his encounter with Miss Seraph's deep blue orbs and bewildering blush. The clerk knew well that such thrillings were not in his line. If he had been a good Catholic he would have crossed himself and cried Avaunt! As it was, he trusted his common sense to nip this little weakness in the bud; it had never had just such a task imposed upon it before, but in other emergencies it had never failed him, and he thought it would not now.

He must make his occupation an excuse for declining to accompany Mrs. Armington on excursions in the character of a fountain of information. He would hold himself aloof as far as possible from these people, who were so far removed from his sphere. It was probable that even *she* of the deep blue eyes regarded him merely with curiosity as "a type." How those words which he had overheard rankled—when once he would have laughed them to scorn—because she heard them.

What pitiable, idiotic weakness for a man who professed to have himself well in hand! He ground his teeth, and opened his ears with a great effort to the complaints of a gouty old gentleman who wanted electric bells and an elevator put in, a chamber-maid arrested, and a bell-boy hanged, all before dinner-time.

And then the first time that Mrs Armington asked him to go on an excursion he went. Cap'n Hackett, the landlord, thought it "wouldn't do to let unnecessomodatin' to the neatest folks they'd ever had." And his clerk assented to this view of the case with an alacrity that surprised him, "seein'" (as he explained) "Samwell was a leetle apt to be cranty."

His presence soon became almost indispensable to the success of Mrs. Armington's expeditions. Without his inexhaustible fund of information, the paper which she was preparing for the Antiquarian Society would be sadly incomplete; for the other natives were as ignorant and oblivious of their local history and traditions as the clams along their shores. She had so far forgotten her delicacies concerning his social position as to reprove her niece for cherishing unworthy prejudices because she never joined in her enthusiastic expressions of admiration for the young man. (Mrs. Armington herself was almost as dense as the clams concerning something that were going on beneath her very nose.)

Mr Collamore had not been able to resist his benevolent and business like intention of giving the young man a chance in the shape of a position in his own office on most advantageous terms. To his surprise, Mr. Samuel Pulsifer showed some hesitancy in accepting, and asked for time to consider, although evidently much gratified.

"I can't quite make him out," said the lawyer; "but he has a reason; knows what he's about; and I'm impressed once with his remarkable ability."

The Collamores made an excursion to Eagle Cliff the day after Mr Collamore received this new impression. Acquaintances of theirs from B—— had arrived, and were of the party. Although the buck board was somewhat crowded, Mrs. Armington insisted that Pulsifer should go, as there were some glacial marks on the rocks of the cliff which they might miss if he were not there to point them out.

One portly dame complained of being crowded, and conveyed unmistakable hints that she considered the presence of the hotel clerk a superfluity; and the result was that Pulsifer quietly announced his determination to walk back, a distance of six miles. Mrs. Armington was indignant at the rudeness offered to her *protégé*, that he should be sensitive had caused to be ridiculous to her, and she declared that there was plenty of room; but he resisted all her entreaties. There was a flash of irritation upon his brow, and his turned his hair back with a gesture which Mrs Armington had discovered meant wounded pride.

But when she looked back to him standing alone upon the cliff, on the party drove away, his face was radiant. "What strangely varying moods he has! he is certainly a genius," she said to his niece.

And the niece preserved a shamefaced silence; as well she might, for the changed mood of "genius" was owing to the fact that she had made a distracting little moue at the portly lady's back, with a sympathizing look at Samuel Pulsifer, and thereupon they two had exchanged glances that made the old world new for both of them.

He watched the buck board as long as certain golden braids were to be seen glinting in the sunset light. Then he stretched his arms out cankingly toward the sky. "I meant to have the world. I believed I could win that. But it is paradise that has come to me." The sky, palsing with sunset splendour, rejoiced with him; the tops of the great pines, a billowy sea beneath his feet, were full of sunlight voices.

Now he would accept the lawyer's offer; he had felt that he must, at any cost, keep away from the smile which had pierced like a Damascus blade, the strong armor in which circumstance had encased him. Now all that was changed. It was only a look that had effected the change, but he was sure. She was a beauty and an heiress, but she loved him. And he should be worthy of her; she should never blush for him. He exulted as he never had done before in the stanch surgeon to fights with fortune with which nature had endowed him.

He climbed down the cliff, almost perpendicular in some places, to take a short-cut through the woods. He might possibly reach home before the buck board, and if he did; Upjohn, that city popinjay, whose drawl exasperated him, should not touch her hand to she alighted; neither sashes nor sneers could daunt him now. He was tasting joy for the first time in his harsh, meagre, struggling life, and it intoxicated him.

He was in the highway now; another shortcut across the fields and he would be in advance of the buck-board.

"Samwell! Samwell! I know is hain't you, but how can a fond of hair be so deceivin'?" called an old and quavering voice.

The young man started from his joyful reverie, and looked in perplexity at the owner of the voice—a little old man whose appearance suggested that he had barely escaped with his life and his bundle from great perils and vicissitudes. He would have been a fat little old man if nature had met with the least encouragements in enclosing his bones, but, as it was, his flesh hung loosely upon them like an ill fitting garment, and his double chin was so long and limp that it was a sight to behold.

From a net-work of deep lines his faded blue eyes looked out with a pathetically childlike expression.

"'Lias Moody! is it really you?" exclaimed Pulsifer suddenly, the perplexity clearing away from his face.

"Well, now, it is me, sure's you're born, though it hedn't ought to be," said the old man, apologetically. "I hadn't ought to 'a come to this, but it beats all how luck does drag you down, jest like an undertow, for all your struggle'. I've earned consid'able, first and last, though my talents didn't run to siddy work, and it's terrible hard for a man to change his natural talents; but it's all been got away from me somehow on 'mother, and here I be. If I'm'n't for pain' to the poor-house it seems as if I could stan' it. But I won't be a burden on my poor little Mary Jane nuhow. She never was strong, Mary Jane a-an't, and they say she's workin' at the hotel and tryin' to save up enough to put up a monument to me in the grave-yard. It would be better for her and for me too, if I was lavin' there. I thought 'twould be easier to come home, but I declare old friends look kind of slantways at me, jest like strangers, and seem to be in a hurry for fear I should want something of 'em."

The pathetic, hopeless tears of old age rolled down his cheeks. The young man was pushing his cabin walking-stick into the earth as vigorously as if his life depended upon his success. He was thinking of Mary Jane Moody. His conscience reproached him for having almost forgotten her existence. She waited on one of the tables in the dining room of the Harbor House—the table where the Collamore party sat. He had only been anxious that they should be well served; he had reproved Mary Jane somewhat sharply when things went wrong there. He had observed in the early summer that she looked pale and worn; since then he had not thought of her at all. He would scarcely have expected her to have so much filial devotion. His impression was that Mary Jane was very light. She had once been pretty; how changed she was! He recalled the time when, at the respective ages of ten and six, he had firmly resolved and tenderly promised to marry Mary Jane when they grew up.

After that, in the intervals of his long absences, they had become, in his feeling at least, like brother and sister, until of late he had become altogether oblivious of her.

'Lias Moody had given him shelter and food and clothing when his own stores were but scanty; but for him he must have gone to the poor house, or been bound out in a kind of slavery that was common at Hackett's Harbor. He had believed him to be dead; such a report had come from California, where 'Lias had gone to seek his fortune, and had felt a regret that he should never be able to make any return for the kindness shown him. But now—old 'Lias had returned so inopportunely! He had broken in upon his exultant mood like a ghost at a banquet. For although he was so much and apologetic, the young man felt himself arraigned for his neglect of Mary Jane.

As far as his material debt was concerned, he might be considered to have paid that in the presents he had made Mary Jane. His first earnings had been devoted to that purpose. Many a time he had denied himself almost the necessaries of life to send her a dress, or a pair of gloves, or a ribbon. Naturally that customs had fallen into disuse. Mary Jane could take care of herself now, and probably would not wish to accept presents from him.

As for the old man's forlorn condition, it was only the natural result of his weak and reckless reliance upon luck. Such a course aroused wondering contempt in Pulsifer's prudent mind. He held a theory that it was never proper to help such people.

There was a sound of gay voices and laughter. Ahead of him, at a bend in the road, he saw the buck-board, which had just reached the highway from a side road. There were the shining golden braids again, their owner turned her head furtively around as if in search of some one.

"I must go," said Pulsifer, hastily, looking at his watch. "I ought to be at the hotel now. I—I shall see you again."

"Jest like all of 'em. He was in a hurry for fear I should want something of him," said the old man to himself, with bitter patience.

Pulsifer followed the golden braids, but Mary Jane and her father would not be banished from his mind. He looked at her from a new point of view that night. She had yellow hair, but there was no gold in it, and it was strained back from her face in an unwarded fan and unbecoming way. Her face was thin and sallow, and her figure lorah, with angles where curves should have been. How long had she looked like this, and what had changed her so? She must have been obliged to work hard, and he knew that she had never been strong—he knew, but he had forgotten. He could not forget now, although he took Miss Seraph Collamore out evening that evening alone for the first time, the arrangement having been effected by a dainty manœuvre of the young lady's, by which she outwitted the aunt and the portly matron, who had instilled suspicion into the single, scientific mind of the aunt.

The breeze was soft and perfumed, and the moonlight tender; the young lady was shy, anticipant, perhaps a little overcome by the habitues of her strategy. But the young man was constrained and silent; a discordant note seemed to have been struck amid the soft harmonies of their intercourse. As he helped her out of the boat she saw that his face was very pale. "It is only because he loves me so much, and feels the distance between us," she said to herself, a little exultant thrill checking the sigh upon her lips. Alas! that was only another of the flattering tales which hope has told, since the world began, to maids and lovers by the summer sea. If she could have known that the young man's thoughts were with Mary Jane Moody washing dishes in the stifling back kitchen, she might have realized, as did her aunt and the portly matron, the folly of trying to bridge the social gulf between them.

After he had left Seraph at the hotel, Pulsifer walked back to the pier. It was deserted; for the guests to the Harbor House were chiefly middle-aged people, who preferred the sober delights of whist to disporting themselves upon the moonlit waves. As he paced up and down, looking vainly to the heavens above and the waters beneath for a solution to the doubts that tormented him, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he turned to see Mary Jane, her face wan and tear-stained in the moonlight. "I wouldn't have come to you, only I haven't anybody else," she said. "and father's come home, and he's very sick. He was worn out; he had walked miles and miles, with scarcely anything to eat, and when he got here, to his own old home, there was no welcome for him. Elke Talfby and one or two others refused him a shelter for the night; they were afraid he would be sick on their hands. They found him over by Porter's Ledge unconscious. It is a slight shock of paralysis, the doctor says. I think he meant to drown himself. He is at Dr Clapp's now, but I must provide a place for him. I have some money put away—almost forty dollars; it isn't for charity that I've come to you; but I'm so tired out and bewildered I can't seem to think what is to be done. You will help me, won't you?—though you don't care for me as you used to. Oh, Sam, what was it that came between us, even before she came? You loved me once, but you grew cold. I was always just the same. I don't mean to blame you; I know I'm not good enough for you. I'm not like her—"

"Hush! hush! it is all a mistake," he said. He had put his arm around her, and she was sobbing on his shoulder. Could he tell her that she had been mistaken in thinking that he loved her, that a brotherly kindness was all he had ever felt for her? "It is a mistake," he repeated, humorously. "I have been absorbed, ambitious, Mary Jane; but I love you—just as much as I ever did."

"Oh, is it really true, Sam? I thought that you—that she—"

"Don't talk about her—she is nothing to you or me," he said, almost roughly. "I must go to see about your father." He put her aside and hurried away.

"Going to marry one of the table girls? Well, if that's the fellow he is, I'm glad he hasn't accepted my offer yet. I don't care much about his social or family relations, but if he will do that he isn't the man I took him for, and I shall wash my hands of him forthwith." Which operation Mr. Sidney Collamore hastened to perform, as Pulsifer came up the steps of the veranda, where he stood. Mrs. Armington was there, and she deliberately turned her back upon her whilom *protégé*. Seraph was there also, looking very pale (Mrs. Armington had explained to her friend with the suspicious that the deep red roses fastened at her throat gave her that appearance). There was an appealing look in her eyes as she looked at the clerk, which changed to a little flash of scorn as he refused to meet them.

"Yes, it is true," she heard him say, in answer to her uncle, who had said something about "hindrances" and "hampering himself." "And I should be obliged to decline your offer in any case, as my father-in-law's condition will oblige me to remain here."

"His father-in-law! He up 'n' said it just like that, 'n' it was true," said Cap'n Hackett, of the Harbor House, who told the story to one of his guests. "Fac he'd taken Mary Jane to the minister's that very day, 'n' he'd hired Jim Crall's cottage, 'n' got the old man moved there, 'n' set

tied down to house-keepin'. You can see the house now, jest across the harbor; but he's boarded on to it, 'n' fixed it up so it's you wouldn't scarcely know it for the same house. Oh yes, he lives here yet, he wouldn't leave the old man anyhow, and there'd be no such thing as takin' him. He 'ain't turned out, Sarnwell 'ain't, as great things as folks expected from his talents. He's got a law office over to Scutney, 'n' he gets what practice there is, 'n' we've sent him to the Legislature, 'n' for a valer'ble man in the commonwealth's south way sir. But, land! an think of Hackett's Harbor bein' Sarnwell! Seems as if I couldn't be reconciled at first to his havin' Mary Jane Moody for a wife; but I declare I believe he sets by her as much as men commonly does by their wives, 'n' I ain't sure but more. You see she worships him, 'n' the narteral man takes kindly to worshippin'. 'S' they've had children 'n' lost 'em, 'n' that kinder draws folks nigher together. 'N' the chief and 'n' alm of Sarnwell's life seems to be to take care of the old man, 'n' that's Mary Jane's—next to worshippin' Sarnwell—so there's a bond of sympathy between 'em. The old man is about helpless, 'n' he don't know any more'n to be happy 'n' good-natered, like an animal that's well cared for. He's forgot everything about his comin' home, 'n' he thinks Sarnwell 'n' Mary Jane was married long before that.

"You can't say that Sarnwell looks or seems like a man that's made a failure, but I don't know. They say a man's opportunity comes to him jest once in his lifetime, 'n' whether Sarnwell's come when that great lawyer offered him a chance long of him 'n' his niece, that was a great beauty 'n' as feisness, was in love with him I've seen lots mea nates; there's a sight of it comes to Hackett's Harbor summers, 'n' I know she was in love with him, or whether his opportunity was jest old 'Lias Moody 'n' Mary Jane—well, it ain't for poor short-sighted human creatures to say. Sarnwell he took his choice."

SOPHIE SWATT.

## MARSHALL P. WILDER.

FOLLOWING close upon the death of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS comes that of another of Boston's eminent men, whose reputation is hardly less extensive, though formed in somewhat different walks in life. Although successively a farmer, a counter merchant, and for many years senior member of the firm of PARKER, WILDER, & Co., Mr WILDER was best known by his enthusiastic researches in agriculture and horticulture. He founded the American Pomological Society, and was the President of it, as well as of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in addition to which he was foremost in the organization of the State Board of Agriculture and the State Agricultural College. For twenty years Mr WILDER was President of the Norfolk Horticultural Society. Although averse to a public life, he was for two years a State Senator, and previously served for one term in the lower branch of the legislature. His life of 88 years was a busy one, and at his death he was President of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the Massachusetts Agricultural Club, and the American Pomological Society. He was senior Director in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, senior Trustee of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, senior member of the State Board of Agriculture, and of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. In addition to being director in several financial institutions, he was an honorary member of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain, and held a like position in a number of other foreign organizations.

## NEW ORLEANS SUPERSTITIONS.

### I.

THE question "What is Voudoism?" could scarcely be answered to-day by any resident of New Orleans unfamiliar with the life of the African west coast, or the superstitions of Hayti, either through study or personal observation. The old generation of planters in whose day Voudoism had a recognized existence—as dangerous as a motive power for black insurrection that severe measures were adopted against it—has passed away, and the only person I ever met who had, as a child in his colored nurse's care, the rare experience of witnessing a Voudoo ceremonial, died some three years ago, at the advanced age of seventy-six. As a religion—an imported faith—Voudoism in Louisiana is really dead; the rites of its serpent worship are forgotten; the meaning of its strange and frenzied chants, whereof some fragments linger as refrains in negro song, is not now known even to those who remember the words; and the store of its former existence is only revealed to the folk-lorists by the multitudinous debris of African superstition which it has left behind it. These only I propose to consider now; for what is to-day called Voudoism in New Orleans means, not an African cultus, but a curious class of negro practices, some possibly derived from it, and others which bear resemblance to the magic of the Middle Ages. What could be more mediæval, for instance, than moulding a waxen heart, and stuck pins in it, or melting it slowly before a fire, while charms are being repeated with the hope that as the waxen heart melts or breaks, the life of some enemy will depart? What, again, could remind us more of thirteenth-century superstition than the burning of a certain number of tapers to compel some absent person's return, with the idea that before the last taper is consumed a mysterious messenger will force the wanderer to cross rivers and mountains if necessary to his or her way back?

The fear of what are styled "Voudoo charms" is much more widely spread in Louisiana than any one who had conversed only with educated residents might suppose; and the most familiar superstition of this class is the belief in what I might call *pillow magic*, which is the supposed art of causing wasting sicknesses or even death by putting certain objects into the pillow of the bed in which the hated person sleeps. Feather pillows are supposed to be particularly well adapted to this kind of witchcraft. It is believed that by secret spells a "Voudoo" can cause some monstrous kind of bird or nondescript animal to shape itself into being out of the pillow feathers—like the *tupilak* of the Esquimaux *skrœlings* (witchcraft). It grows very slowly, and by night only, but when completely formed, the person who has been among the pillow does. Another practice of pillow witchcraft consists in tearing a living bird asunder—usually a rock—and putting portions of the wings into the pillow. A third form of the black art is confined to putting certain charms or fetiches—something of bones, hair, feathers, rags, strings, or some fantastic combination of these and other trifling objects—into any sort of a pillow used by the party whom it is desired to injure. The pure Africanism of this practice needs no comment. Any exact idea concerning the use of each particular kind of charm I have not been able to discover; and I doubt whether those who practice such fetichism know the original African beliefs connected with it. Some say that putting grains of corn into a child's pillow "prevents it from growing any more"; others declare that a lot of cloth in a grown person's pillow will cause wasting sickness; but different parties questioned by me gave each a different signification to the use of similar charms. Putting an open pair of scissors under the pillow before going to bed is supposed to insure a pleasant sleep in spite of fetiches; but the surest way to provide against being "fooduoed," as American residents call it, is to open one's pillow from time to time. If any charms are found, they must be first sprinkled with salt, then burned. A Spanish resident told me that her eldest daughter had been unable to sleep for weeks, owing to a fetich that had been put into her pillow by a spiteful colored domestic. After the object had been duly exorcised and burned, all the young lady's restlessness departed. A friend of mine living in one of the country parishes once found a row string in his pillow, into the fibres of which a great number of feathers as we had either been introduced or had introduced themselves. He wished to retain it as a curiosity, but as soonar did he exhibit it to some acquaintances then it was denounced as a Voudoo "trick," and my friend was actually compelled to burn it in the presence of witnesses. Everybody knows or ought to know that feathers in pillows have a natural tendency to cling and form clots or lumps of more or less curious form, but the discovery of these in some New Orleans households is enough to create a panic. They are viewed as incipient Voudoo *tupilaks*. The sign of the cross is made over them by Catholics, and they are promptly committed to the flames.

Pillow magic alone, however, is far from being the only recognized form of malefleent negro witchcraft. Placing charms before the entrance of a house or room, or throwing them over a wall into a yard, is believed to be a deadly practice. When a charm is laid before a room door no hall door, oil is often poured on the floor or pavement in front of the threshold. It is supposed that whoever crosses an *oil line* falls into the power of the Voudoo. To break the oil charm, sand or salt should be strewn upon it. Only a few days before writing this article a very intelligent Spaniard told me that shortly after having discharged a dishonest colored servant he found before his bedroom door one evening a pool of oil with a charm lying to the middle of it, and a candle burning near it. The charm contained some bones, feathers, hairs, and rags—all wrapped together with a string—and a dime. No superstitious person would have dared to use that dime; but one friend, not being superstitious, forthwith put it into his pocket.

The presence of that coin I can only attempt to explain by calling attention to another very interesting superstition connected with New Orleans fetichism. The negroes believe that in order to make an evil charm operate it is necessary *to negative something*. Wine and nuts are left occasionally in dark rooms, or candies are scattered over the sidewalk, by those who want to make their fetich hurt somebody. If food or sweetmeats are then thrown away, they must be abandoned without a parting glance; the witch as wizard must not look back while engaged in the sacrifice.

Scattering dirt before a door, or making certain figures on the wall of a house with chalk, or crumbling dry leaves with the fingers and scattering the fragments before a residence, are also forms of malefleent conjuring which sometimes cause serious annoyance. Happily the conjurers are almost as afraid of the counter-charms as the most superstitious persons are of the conjuring. An incident which occurred recently in one of the streets of the old quarter known as "Spanish Town" afforded me similar proof of the fact. Through malice or thoughtlessness, or possible in obedience to secret orders, a young negro girl had been tearing up some leaves and scattering them on the sidewalk in front of a cottage occupied by a French family. Just as she had dropped the last leaf the lady French woman rushed out with a broom and a handful of salt, and began to sweep away the leaves, after having flung salt both upon them and upon the little negress. The latter actually screamed with fright, and cried out, "Oh, pas jeté pile disel après moun, madame! pas lissoir jeté disel après moun; me pas pe vini ecte encore" (Oh, madam, don't throw any more salt after me, you needn't throw any more salt after me; I won't come here any more).

Another strange belief connected with these practices was well illustrated by a gift made to my friend Professor William Henry by a negro servant for whom he had done some trifling favor. The gift consisted of a "frizzly hen"—one of those funny little fowls whose feathers all seem to curl. "Mars'r Henry, you keep dat frizzly hen, an' *if* any niggers from any *conjure* in your yard, *dat frizzly hen will eat de conjure*." Some say, however, that one is not safe unless he keeps two frizzly hens.

The naughty little negress at whom the salt was thrown seemed to fear the salt more than the broom pointed at her. But she was not yet fully educated, I suspect, in regard to superstitions. The negro's terror of a broom is of very ancient date—it may have an African origin. It was commented upon by Moreau de Saint-Mery in his work on San Domingo, published in 1796. "What especially irritates the negro," he wrote, "is to have a broom passed over any part of his body. He asks at once whether the person who agitated that he was dead, and remains convinced that that act shortens his life." Very similar ideas concerning the broom finger on New Orleans. To point either end of a broom at a person is deemed bad luck, and many an ignorant man would violently knock down or violently abuse the party who should point a broom at him. Moreover, the broom is supposed to have mysterious power as a means of getting rid of people. "If you are pestered by visitors whom you would wish never to see again, sprinkle salt on the floor after they go, and sweep it out by the same door through which they have gone, and they will never come back." To use a broom in the evening is bad luck; *balayer le soir, on balaye sa fortune* (to sweep in the evening is to sweep your good luck away), remains a well-quoted proverb.

I do not know of a more mysterious disease than muscular atrophy in certain forms, yet it is by no means uncommon either in New Orleans or in the other leading cities of the United States. But in New Orleans, among the colored people, and among many of the uneducated of other races, the victim of muscular atrophy is believed to be the victim of Voudoolism. A belief is prevalent that negro witches possess knowledge of a secret poison which may terminate life instantly or cause a slow "withering away," according as the dose is administered. A Frenchman under treatment for paralysis informed me that his relations were certainly the work of Voudoos, and that his wife and child had died through the secret agency of negro wizards. Mental aberration is also said to be caused by the administration of potions wherein some few negroes are alleged to possess the secret. In short, some very superstitious persons of both races live in perpetual dread of imaginary Voudoos, and fancy that the least ailment from which they suffer is the work of sorcery. It is very doubtful whether any knowledge of those animal or vegetable poisons which leave no trace of their presence in the blood, and which may have been known to some slaves of African birth, still lingers in Louisiana, wide-spread as is the belief to the contrary. During the last decade there have been a few convictions of blacks for the crime of poisoning, but there was nothing at all euriorious so peculiar about these cases, and the toxic agent was invariably the most vulgar of all—arsenic, or some arsenious preparation in the shape of rat poison.

### II.

The story of the frizzle hen brings me to the subject of superstitions regarding animals. Something of the African, or at least of the San Domingan, worship of the cock seems to have been transplanted hither by the blacks, and to linger in New Orleans under various metamorphoses. A negro charm to retain the affections of a lover consists in tying up the legs of the bird to the bread, and plunging the concoction into a vessel of gin or other spirits. Tearing the live bird asunder is another cruel charm, by which some negroes believe that a sweetheart may become magically fettered to the man who performs the quartering. Here, as in other parts of the world, the crowing hen is killed, the hooting of the owl presages death or bad luck, and the crowing of the cock by day presages the arrival of company. The hen (*rouleet*) must not be killed: *C'est manvais bon Dieu* (it is the good God's bird)—a belief, I think, of European origin.

It is dangerous to throw half-combings away instead of burning them, because birds may carry them into their nests, and while the nest remains the person to whom the hair belonged will have a continual headache. It is bad luck to move a cat from one house to another; seven years' bad luck to kill a cat; and the girl who steps, accidentally or otherwise, on a cat's tail need not expect to be married the same year. The apparition of a white butterfly means good news. The alighting of a bonne before one's door is bad luck. When a fly bothers one very persistently, one may expect to meet an acquaintance who has been absent many years.

There are many superstitions about marriage, which seem to have a European origin, but are not less interesting on that account. "Twice a bridesmaid, never a bride," is a proverb which needs no comment. The bride must not keep the pins which fastened her wedding dress. The husband must never take off his wedding ring; to take it off will insure him bad luck of some kind. If a girl who is engaged accidentally lets a knife fall, it is a sign that her lover is coming. Fair as fowl weather upon her marriage day augurs a happy or unhappy married life.

The superstitions connected with death may be all imported, but I have never been able to find a foreign origin for some of them. It is bad luck to whistle or hum the air that a band plays at a funeral. If a funeral stops before your house, it means that the dead wants company. It is bad luck to cross a funeral procession, or to count the number of carriages in it; if you do count them, you may expect to die after the expiration of as many weeks as there were carriages at the funeral. If at the cemetery there be any unusual delay in burying the dead, caused by any unlooked for circumstances, such as the tomb proving too small to admit the coffin, it is a sign that the deceased is selecting a companion from among those present, and one of the mourners must soon die. It is bad luck to carry a spade through a house. A bed should never be placed with its foot pointing toward the street door, for corpses leave the house feet foremost. It is bad luck to travel with a priest; this idea seems to be of Spanish importation, and I am inclined to attribute a similar origin to the strange tropical superstition about the banana, which I obtained, nevertheless, from an Italian. You must not *cut* a banana, but simply break it with the fingers, because in cutting it you *cut the cross*. It does not require a very powerful imagination to discern a covered section of the fruit the ghostly suggestion of a crucifixion.

Some other creole superstitions are equally characterized by naive beauty. Never put out with your finger the little red spark that tries to linger on the wick of a blown-out candle: just so long as it burns, some soul in purgatory enjoys rest from torment. Shooting stars are souls escaping from purgatory; if you can make a good wish three times before the star disappears, the wish will be granted. When there is sunshine and rain together, a colored nurse will tell the children, "*Diable! diable cuit battre sa femme!*" (Look! the devil's beating his wife!)

I will conclude this little paper with selections from a list of superstitions which I find widely spread, not citing them as of indubitable creole origin, but simply calling attention to their presence in New Orleans, and leaving the comparative study of them to folk lorists.

Turning the foot suddenly to walking means bad or good luck. If the right foot turns, it is bad luck; if the left, good. This superstition seems African, according to a statement made by Moreau de Saint-Mery. Some reverse the conditions, making the turning of the left foot bad luck. It is also bad luck to walk about the house with one shoe on and one shoe off, or, as a creole acquaintance explained it to me, "*c'est appeler sa mère en un pied dans le tombeau*" (it is calling one's mother in one's father into the grave). As itching in the right palm means coming gain, in the left, coming loss.

Never leave a house by a different door from that by which you entered it; it is "carrying away the good luck of the place." Never live in a house you build before it has been rented for at least a year. When an aged person requires his or her house, he or she is soon to die. Never pass a child through a window, it stops his growth. Stepping over a child does the same; therefore, whoever takes such a step inadvertently must step back again to break the evil spell. Never tilt a rocking-chair when it is empty. Never tell a bad dream before breakfast, unless you want it "to come true"; and never pare the nails on Monday morning before taking a cup of coffee. A funny superstition about windows is given me in this note by a friend: "*Il ne faut pas faire passer un enfant par la fenêtre, car vouloir un un il y en aura un autre*" (A child must not be passed through a window, for if so passed you will have another child before the lapse of a year). This proverb, of course, interests only those who desire small families, and as a general rule creoles are proud of large families, and show extraordinary affection toward their children.

If two marriages are celebrated simultaneously, one of the husbands will die. Marry at the time of the moon's waning and your good luck will wane also. If two persons think and express the same thought at the same time, one of them will die before the year passes. To chop up food in a pot with a knife means a dispute in the house. If you have a ringing in your ears, some person is speaking ill of you; call out the names of all whom you suspect, and when the ringing stops at the utterance of a certain name, you know who the party is. If two young girls are combing the hair of a third at the same time, it may be taken for granted that the youngest of the three will soon die. If you want to make it stop raining, plant a cross in the middle of the yard and sprinkle it with salt. The red fish has the print of St Peter's fingers on its tail. If water won't boil in the kettle, there may be a toad or a toad's egg in it. Never kill a spider in the afternoon or evening, but always kill the spider unlucky enough to show himself early in the morning, for the old French proverb says:

"Araignée du matin—chagrin;
Araignée du midi—plaisir;
Araignée du soir—espoir"

(A spider seen in the morning is a sign of grief; a spider seen at noon, of joy, a spider seen in the evening, of hope).

Even from this very brief sketch of New Orleans superstitions the reader may perceive that the subject is peculiar enough to merit the attention of experienced folk lorists. It might be divided by a competent classifier under three heads: I. Negro superstitions confined to the black and colored population; II. Negro superstitions which have proved contagious, and have spread among the uneducated classes of whites; III. Superstitions of Latin origin imported from France, Spain, and Italy. I have not touched much upon superstitions inherited from English, Irish, or Scotch sources, inasmuch as they have nothing especially local in their character here. It must be remembered that the refined classes have on where in these beliefs, and that, with a few really rational exceptions, the practices of creole medicine are ignored by educated persons. The study of creole superstitions has only an ethnological value, and that of creole medicine only a botanical one, in so far as it is related to empiricism.

All this represents an undeveloped of New Orleans life; and if anything of it manages to push up to the surface, the curious growth makes itself visible only by some really pretty blossoms of feminine superstition in regard to weddings, to betrothal rings, or be some dainty sprigs of childlore, cultivated by those colored nurses who tell us that the little chickens throw up their heads while they drink to thank the good God for giving them water.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

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"SANTA CLAUS CAN'T SAY THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN ANYTHING."

## ON THE ANCIENT CLASSICS AND THE A B. DEGREE.

There is a tendency in some of our colleges and among many of our modern educators to rob the degree of Bachelor of Arts of its primary and peculiar significance by conferring it for special excellence in branches of knowledge remote from the Greek and Latin classics. Many of these branches are of a purely scientific character, for the pursuit of which special courses of study have been instituted in the schools of technology and in most of the colleges and universities of the country. It has been customary from the very beginning of things, as one might almost say, to confer the degree of A B after the completion of a prescribed course in English, mathematics, the physical sciences, and Latin and Greek, the distinguishing feature of the course being the Latin and Greek. The last two were thought to be absolutely necessary to the attainment of a liberal education, and the degree was distinctively a witness to and a symbol of such attainment.

Of late the ideas of men appear to have undergone considerable modification in this regard, many persons being seen in favor of omitting the classics altogether, and of substituting other studies in their place. Nor would it be difficult to give reasons for this change of opinion. The immense number of modern literatures all clamoring for a place in our system of education, the unprecedented interest lately awakened in the line of scientific investigation, and the unlimited fields for mental and physical activity now open to specialists, are a few of the causes that tend to distract men's minds and attract them from the old order of things. Greek and Latin, it is said, were well enough at the time of the revival of learning in the Middle Ages, but now we have something better, something more practical. Let the mental faculties of the young be trained by the study of the natural sciences to which mathematics are the gateway, and as for literary or linguistic culture, enough of that can be had, and in a far more practical way, through a careful perusal of the poets and prose writers of Germany and France. Let us therefore drop the ancients from most of our college courses, retaining them merely where they seem desirable as electives, and let us bestow the old degree of A B. upon all graduates alike who have spent four years at college and accomplished a given amount of work. Such reasoning is not unnatural; it is the inevitable result of striving after the purely material and practical, it is characteristic of many sensible and well minded men, who honestly believe that French and German are as potent for educational ends as Greek and Latin, and that the mathematics, with their practical application to the concerns of a material progress, are the only things worthy the serious attention of thinking minds. In a measure, too, they are right. Foolish would it be to attempt—even did the disposition to do so exist—to detract from the claims to importance of any of the subjects and branches of study that make up the curricula of our colleges and schools of technology. These subjects all burn their rightful and necessary place in our college systems, and in general to the degree in which a college or university affords opportunity for the pursuit of a wider knowledge of such matters, in that degree does it come nearer to its legitimate end and purpose.

Where, then, lies the error, if error there be? Undoubtedly in the assumption that for the purposes of a liberal education the Greek and Latin tongues may be fairly set aside in favor of a supposed equivalent in science and modern languages, and in the further assumption that the A B degree may, in view of such equivalent, be wisely extended to those who graduate in courses from which the classics are wholly excluded. In answer to the first of these assumptions, it would not be difficult to give the name of more than one eminent scholar and educator in support of the theory that for purposes of mental training and culture no better medium has yet been found than the languages and literatures of ancient Greece and Rome, and that all attempts to find an equivalent for these studies have thus far failed. Witness the testimony of the rector of the University of Berlin—"that all efforts to find a substitute for the classical languages, whether in mathematics, the modern tongues, or in the natural sciences, have been hitherto unsuccessful." And it may be observed that America at least is always ready to acknowledge, if not to overrate, the high authority of Germany as matters of education. In our own country, two men of eminence, long experience, and great breadth of view, have declared themselves with no uncertain voice to a like effect. "There is nothing," says President McCosh, "in what is called our modern education to make up for the loss of the classics," and Professor Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University, in his essay on "Classics and Colleges," written for the Princeton *Review* of July, 1878, makes use of the following language: "Inevitable as part and parcel of our own civilization, indispensable as exemplars in these lines of achievement which are peculiarly their own, the ancient classics furnish us, besides all this, with the best gymnasium for the exercise of the mental faculties, as well as the finest theatre for the culture of aesthetic appreciation. . . . The phraseology of our language was fixed by scholars, and in its highest ranges can only be executed by scholars, and if the control exercised by classical scholarship should be forever removed, our noble tongue would become a jungle of false notes or a rattling vulgarity of slang."

This may be strong language; but Professor Gildersleeve's words need no apology. It is this liberal culture, this classical training, for which the degree of Bachelor of Arts has from time immemorial been given, and which that degree has always been generally acknowledged to represent. No better proof of this exists than the fact that it was deemed necessary to create other degrees such as Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Philosophy, and the like, when schools of technology and scientific courses from which the classics were appropriately omitted, were first founded.

If there is any truth in the statements of the eminent scholars just quoted, our colleges will do well to foster and uphold the claims of classical scholarship; they will shrink from every policy that tends to belittle it in the eyes of our youth; they will distinguish those who make it the chief pursuit of their undergraduate career by conferring on them, and on them alone, the only degree which can bear distinct and unequivocal testimony to that scholarship, they will refrain from the injustice to all concerned of graduating in the list of Bachelors of Arts young men whose collegiate attainments, however great and useful, yet fail to include a fair acquaintance with the great masterpieces of antiquity.

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## CHRISTMAS BELLS AND CHARITIES.

At the sound of the merry Christmas bells a dream of peace seems to steal upon city and country as soft as Ben Adhem's. The evil spirits fly from the cheerful dinner, and benevolence and hope come down to encircle the grateful land. The merry of bells touched the fanciful genius of Poe, and he sang of them in words that rival their various sounds. But there was much truth in the mediæval faith that the Christmas chimes are the most potent and the most suggestive of all. At Christmas, the poet of all ages tells us,

"This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Milton sang of the ruinous rout of demons that fled at the Nativity in mild dismay, and the mediæval legend is still full of truth even to us. The Christmas chimes banish selfishness, and for a moment at least we think of the wants of others. The demons are chained; the fierce rage of competition ceases, good will and charity rule over the hearts of men.

It is the aim of modern thought to make this impulse a perpetual one. We should be glad to have every day a Christmas—full of the benefactions of those who have something to give to those who are less fortunate. New York abounds in those permanent institutions of charity that never cease to lend aid to the helpless. No city is more charitable. We have excellent societies for the care of children, for the aid, the sick, the stranger, and the prisoner. "The cup of cold water" is enriched by unequalled bounties. It would be impossible to compute how many millions of money are given away annually in New York for the aid of those who are destitute. Yet still the Christmas chimes seem to call each year for new deeds of benevolence; the sad prospect widens incessantly; the recent revelations of the condition of many of the industrial poor make fresh demands upon the sympathy of the unselfish, a complete reform is required in many of the walks of trade; and immediate action alone can save those who suffer from the harsh extortions of unjust employers, from dreadful oppressions, and unmerited woes.

The Christmas bells are full, too, of historical suggestions. The bell itself has become a symbol of modern faith. Yet we may remember that there was a time when they were almost unknown, when no bell-towers arose to summon the faithful, and when the members Christians gathered silently in each other's houses. With the Romans the bell was sometimes hung at the doorway, and sometimes tinkled after on the necks of browsing cattle. The *tintinnabula* of the days of Cæsar were small and poor. It is impossible to say when they were first devoted to Christian worship; but in the Middle Ages bells grew in size, and were looked upon with superstitious awe. They were blessed by the priest and consecrated to religious rites. Tall steeples were built, and *campanili*, or bell towers, that give to the modern city much of its peculiar charm. At Venice in the *campanile*, or clock tower of St. Mark's, whose gilded dial was raised in 1494, as if to illustrate the discovery of a new world. At Florence is the most graceful of the *campanili*. But the most remarkable of all these towers is that at Cremona. It was a Guelphic labor, begun in 1283. It is three hundred and ninety six feet high, with a huge clock and a chime of bells. In Rouen are the largest bells, and they are held almost divine. In New York and London the Christmas bells ring out from Trinity or St. Paul's, and the tall spires and steeples of the modern city still recall the fancies and visions of the Middle Ages.

In the melody of the Christmas bells we always seem to hear the cheerful voices of children. It is the song of the Nativity. It is the joy of young life bursting into new being; and hence at Christmas we think chiefly of the care of the young and of the sorrow and the pains that poverty brings to them. The sad tales that come to us every day of the sufferings of families in black and crowded garrets, the beggar children that fill our streets, the vicious and degraded children that are brought to force our courts and crowd our reformatories, tell of a part of our people to whom Christmas brings no cheer. It is for these that we have to labor. The Children's Aid Society, the Society for the Protection of Children, the various reformatories and asylums, the countless streams of private charity, all tend to soften their unhappy lot. But a society that would provide work for all, and support to the sick and feeble, is something still to be sought for. How shall we see to it that no one of this great class suffers either for want of work or want of proper aid? This is a question suggested by the Christmas chimes.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

Whether the labor organizations should be amalgamated into one large body, or should form a federation in which each may retain its autonomy, is one of the subjects that has most seriously engaged the thought of the labor leaders. The tendency of the trades-unions has been toward a federation, and the tendency of the Knights of Labor toward an amalgamation.

Five years ago a loose sort of federation was formed by several trades-unions which maintained its existence, but was never strong enough or definite enough to exert any great influence. Another movement was begun early in the year, by other trades unions than those which formed this loose federation, to effect a more influential and definite general organization. This resulted in the recent meeting at Columbus, Ohio, of delegates from twenty seven national and international trades unions, who effected an organization which supersedes the former federation. The new organization, under the name of "The American Federation of Labor," comprises most of the better known and better-organized unions, such as the Typographical Union, the Federation of Miners and Mine Laborers, the Cigar-makers' International Union, the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and the Iron moulders of North America. The twenty seven labor organizations already thus united claim a membership of about 350,000.

The double purpose is to preserve the autonomy of every trade organization, and at the same time to develop a way where one trade can come to the rescue of another. It is a problem not unlike that which the founders of the Federal government had to solve. The trades unions, like the States, insist that every one knows best how to manage its own affairs; every one is jealous of any interference by any other one, and yet all recognize the necessity of combined action. The fundamental idea of the Federation is that no trades-union shall abridge the liberty of another. To quote from an explanation of the movement by one of its chief promoters: "The carpenters are better judges of all questions affecting their hours of work or their rate of wages than the cigar-makers or the printers or the miners can possibly be. The first condition of healthful organization, therefore, is that the carpenters shall have a union of their own, and that they shall suffer no dictation from any other union. At the same time there are certain problems which all trades-unions have in common; for the whole labor world must pull together in the general effort to uplift the laborer."

Proceeding on this basis, the American Federation of Labor has been organized so as to give the larger unions which enter it representation in proportion to their membership, but so as to give at the same time the smaller unions a greater advantage than could be given by representation on the per capita basis. Thus in the conventions a union with a membership of 4000 or less is allowed to have one delegate; a union with 8000 members, two delegates; a union with 16,000 members, three delegates, and so on, the number of delegates increasing by one as the membership is doubled.

The Executive Board of the Federation has the power to order all the unions in the Federation to come to the financial rescue of any one of them; but this Board has not the power to order a strike by the members of any union, or to have anything to do with any union's own affairs. It deals with the unions themselves as units. One-half of one cent a month per capita is levied by all the unions to defray the expenses of the Federation. The Executive Board has no fund immediately at its disposal besides this, and this is for meeting the expenses of its officers and of the publication of an official journal. But in case of a strike by one union, if it has the power, if it approve the strike, to command the resources of all the unions for succor and defence. "The way to prevent strikes," one leading promoter of the general organization maintains, "is to be able to make every strike successful."

The President and leader of the Executive Board of the American Federation of Labor is Samuel Gompers, of New York, who is Second Vice-President of the International Cigar-makers' Union, and President of the Working men's Assembly of New York. Mr. Gompers is an Englishman by birth, and is now in his thirty-seventh year. He worked as a cigar-maker from his fifteenth year until he was called on to give his time to the official conduct of his union. He has been a prominent promoter of the plan of federation, and though himself a Knight of Labor, an opponent of amalgamation. He was twice President of the first Federation, and has long been a prominent officer of his own union.

The members of the trades-unions who stoutly contend for the autonomy of their organizations, but who desire a general union of labor organizations for such purposes as they have in common, regard the formation of this Federation as the most important movement yet made for the strengthening of the labor organizations; and they think that this is the final stage that the labor organizations in America will take. The annual convention will be a sort of Congress, to which they will all have representation, but on a basis that will give the smaller ones power to maintain their autonomy; and during the intervals between these conventions the Executive Board will have functions analogous to the functions of a Supreme Court, with a certain executive power added. The leaders of this movement think that the Executive Board will be conservative, because it will always be composed of members of different unions, and that the effect on the unions themselves will be sustaining, because for any union to ask aid and fail to receive it would tend to discredit its management.

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW BESS WENT AWAY.

It was only three weeks after the sentence that the condemned man received a summons to prepare himself for his execution, which was fixed for Monday, February the Twenty-third. This was a shorter space between sentence and execution than was awarded to the unhappy Admiral Byng, who had eight weeks in which to prepare himself for death. However, Jack complained not, and received the announcement in a becoming spirit, and presently sent a letter to my father, who lost no time in visiting him, and continued daily to visit him until the day of execution.

Now here I have to write down a strange thing, and one which is hardly to be credited. From the day of the trial (when, as I have said, the Court was crowded with ladies) to the day before the execution, the ship was visited every day by ladies curious to see and, if possible, to converse with this young and unfortunate officer. But he would not receive any. One day, however, (it was after the day had been fixed for carrying out the sentence), there came a lady on board who would take no denial, but wrote down her name upon the back of a playing-card, and peremptorily ordered that it should be taken to the prisoner. She was very finely dressed, and they took her for a great lady, and showed her, taking the card to the Captain's cabin. She was so quick, however, that she followed the messenger, and so forced her way in.

"My handsome Jack!" she cried, but stopped short, because she found another woman with him.

"Madam," said Jack, rising, "this is an unexpected honor."

"I came, Captain," she said, "because we are old friends, and because I would fain help thee if I can."

"No one can, Madam."

"And because if I cannot, then mayst still help me."

"You may command me, Madam."

"Nay," she said, looking still at Bess, "why so formal, Jack? 'Tis terrible to think that in a few days—"

"Madam, my time is short; pray remember that, and be brief."

"Why, Captain," she laughed, "'twas but a little thing, and perhaps this lady will grant me five minutes alone—"

"It seeth not," said Jack, "you can speak openly before her."

"In that case it will be needless. Yet I will try. Captain, thou art condemned to die. 'Tis sad, indeed. Yet 'tis true. Now consider my case. I am deeply in debt. I have quarrelled with my Lord. Marry me, and so take my debts off my back. Nay, Madam!—for Bess sprang to her feet, "be pacified. 'Tis but an empty form that I ask. He shall marry me, and I will retire with the clergyman, and so he will find me at a stroke of all my debts."

"Madam," said Jack, before Bess could find time to speak, "you are unfortunately too late. It is impossible that I could gratify you in this request, because I am married already. This lady is my wife—my most unfortunate wife."

"Oh, Madam!" said the actress, with a deep courtesy, "I beg humble to be forgiven! Believe me, I did not know. Well, Captain," she heaved a sigh, "of all the men I have ever known thou hast gone nearest to make me think I have a heart. My poor Jack!" She seized his hand and kissed it. "Oh, Madam," she turned to Bess, "I thought not of this. I thought I should find him over a bowl of punch, drinking away his care. Alas! I remember you now. You loved him, said. . . . I remember you. . . . Poor child! Who shall comfort thee?"

So she stole away, weeping, and left them alone.

It was, indeed, true. The first service which Jack had asked of my father was to marry him to Bess Westmoreland. It was done merely in the orlop, with no other witnesses than myself and the First Lieutenant, Mr Colin Macdonald. So Bess got her heart's desire, and the old witch's prophecy proved true—that in the midst of troubles she should marry the man she loved. But what a marriage! After this my father, as I have said, visited him daily, and every morning joined the prayers of the congregation for one about to die.

The sentence was to be carried out on the Monday morning. On Sunday, with a heart as heavy as lead, I prepared to say farewell.

I went on board about ten o'clock, at the time of morning prayers. Bess was already in the cabin, seated at the window, which was open, though the morning was cold, her face pressed against the bars. Jack was at the table writing a letter for the Admiral.

"It is nearly finished, dear lad," he said, looking up with a smile. "Courage! To die would be nothing—but for leaving Bess. Be kind to her, Luke, be kind to her."

I looked to see her burst into tears. But no—she listened without a tear or even a sob. "This night, after I have parted with her, will be long, I fear. Your father hath comforted me greatly in the matter of religion, wherefore I have now a sure and certain hope, if I may humbly say so, though hitherto I have thought little of these matters. It is a blessed thing for thoughtless sailors that we have a Church to rule our faith, and forms of prayer to save our souls. He

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1501.

will come to-morrow, for the last prayers, before seven. At eight, the boats of the ships in port will surround the ship, the death-signal will be displayed, a gun will be fired, the crew will be drawn up on the deck, and the prisoner will be brought out." Bess listened without changing her countenance. Was she, then, turned into stone by sorrow, like Niobe?

I cannot write down the words with which he bade us farewell, nor mine. Suffice it that we took leave of each other with, on my side, all that a bleeding heart could find to say, and on his, with a message which I made haste to deliver to the Admiral, his patron and benefactor.

Then I left him alone with Bess.

It was arranged that they should part upon the hour when she must leave the ship and go ashore. He was peremptory that the most an try to cre him in the morning, but the sight of her might unman him. To stand upon the deck with eyes unbandaged, resolute, and firm, was the only duty left for him to perform. Therefore Bess must part with him on Sunday night. She acquiesced, still without a single tear. But when the hour drew near, instead of hanging round his neck and weeping, she took hath his hands in hers, and said.

"Jack—dear Jack—my own Jack!—you made me a promise the other day. The time hath come to keep it."

"A promise, dear heart? Why, what can I do for thee now?"

"You would grant any request that I should make. The time hath now come."

"'Tis granted beforehand, dear girl."

"My request, Jack, is that you will live, and not die."

"Bess?"

"That you will live, and not die. Listen! We have arranged everything for this evening. Mr. Brinjes hath managed all for us. Say?"—she whispered him very earnestly.

He gazed at her in a sort of stupefaction.

"We shall not stay in the country. A Dutch boat waits us off Barking Creek; the master, a boy, and yourself will sail her across to Holland. If the wind is fair, we should make a Dutch port in a day; oh! it is all arranged. We shall not stay in Holland, but take ship to the Dutch East Indies, and thence to the South Sea, where we will live—oh! my Jack—far, far away from the world, and I will work for thee. So we shall forget the past and Deptford, and—and—everything, and there will be a new life for us—oh! a new life, whether I be short or long, with no one to remind us of what hath happened. Oh! say poor tortured dear—is it through me—through me—that all this disgrace hath come upon thee; yes—and it shall be through me that thy life shall be saved?"

"Bess, I cannot! They would say that it was fitting that one who could cowardly strike the flag should also cowardly run away from punishment."

"What matter what they say? Shall we care what they say when we are sailing together among those islands? Will it touch our hearts any more to think of their praise or blame?"

"Bess, I cannot!—oh! my tender heart, I cannot!"

"Then, Jack, thou shalt. The promise is passed—a solemn promise before GOD. Will thou break that promise too, and go before Heaven, thy last sat another broken pledge?"

Well, he fought awhile, and he yielded at length, and then she kissed him and went away; but she held her handkerchief to her eyes, so that those who saw her might not suspect.

At the head of the gangway, which, for the convenience of the court-martial, had been made into an accommodation ladder, furnished with rails and entering ropes, stood Aaron Fletcher on guard.

"Thou art satisfied at last, Aaron?" said Bess.

"Not yet, but I shall be to-morrow," he replied, whispering, because a sentry must not talk.

She said no more, but passed down the steps and into the boat.

In the afternoon, being in great distress of heart, I went to visit Mr. Brinjes. He was not sleeping, but was bowed over a great number of small packages arranged in order upon the table.

"I have seen the last of him," said I.

"Ay? Is Bess with him?" said he.

"I am troubled about Bess. I think she hath gone distracted; for she weeps no more, and once I saw her laugh. She catches her breath, too, and is impatient."

"For her distraction I will answer. I have a remedy for it, and that remedy she shall have. As for the catching of her breath, that too shall be cured. As for her impatience, I cannot help it, because it was impossible to complete the job before to-day."

I asked him what he meant.

"Hath not Bess told you, then? Why, she was to have told you that morning before she broke the thing to Jack. 'Tis a good girl who can keep a secret. It is not true, mind ye, that no woman can keep a secret. Where their lovers are concerned they can keep fifty thousand basketfuls of secrets, and never spill so much as a single one."

He began to open the packets, and to count their contents. Each contained guineas, about fifty in each packet, and there seemed to be no end to them.

"This," he said, "comes of twenty years' honest industry. If a man takes in his shop six half-pennies a day, and spends only one, in twenty years he shall be master, look you, of no less than four thousand pounds."

Heavens! could he really be the owner of so great a property? When he had counted the money he dropped it in three or four leathern bags, which he tied to a belt below his waistcoat. "Now," said he, "if we capsize, I shall go straight to Davy's Locker. Give me the skull-stick, my lad—so!" He looked at the horrid thing with admiration. "I thought at first of giving it to Philadelphy, but now I will not, because she has had to me about the Great Secret, which I find she doth not, after all, possess. So much I suspected. She shall not have the Obeah stick. Besides, Beaton knows whither we are going, or what powers we may want; therefore I shall keep the stick." He wrapped a cloth about the shell, and tied it up so that no one should know what it was. Then he laid it upon the table.

I observed then that everything was ready at if for departure. The shelves were empty; the fire was out; there were ashes of burnt paper in the grate, the famous charts were rolled up and lying on the table beside the skull-stick. What did it mean?

"Why," he said, "since Bess hath not told you, I will not either. But—I think we can trust thee, Luke—surely we can trust thee, if anyone. Thou loves Jack, I know, and Bess too, in thy mild and milky way. Why, a lad of spirit would have carried the girl off years ago, Jack or no Jack. But ever—that is enough. My lad, we want thy help. There is no other that we can trust. It is life or death . . . life or death . . . life or death. Say that to thyself, and *forget not to be here at nine of the clock this evening.*"

"What is to be done at nine?"

"It is life or death, I say. Life or death! Now go, I have much to do. It is life or death. Two lives or two deaths. Life or death. Therefore, fail not."

At nine o'clock I kept my appointment, wondering what would happen.

Bess was there, wrapped in a cloak and hood; in her hand she carried a small parcel. Mr Brinjes was waiting, muffled and cloaked, his hat tied over his ears, and a roll—containing, I suppose, his charts and his famous skull-stick—under his arm.

"Come, lad," he said, "thou shalt hear soon what it is we have to do."

It was a dark and rainy night; the wind blew in gusts; the streets were deserted, save for some drunken fellow, who rolled along, heeling as he went. Mr Brinjes led the way toward the river, and we were presently at the Stairs, where the boats lay fastened to the rings by their long painters.

"Take the outside boat of all," said the Apothecary; "her oars are left in her on purpose. So, hand her to the stairs. Step in, Bess. She is but a little dangey, but she will serve. Luke, you have to row. You may shut your eyes, and keep them shut, if you like, but I shall steer."

I began to suspect that something serious was to be attempted, but I obeyed without question or remonstrance.

Twas then high tide, or a little on the ebb, so that at midnight the ebb would be on its strong set. I untied the painter and shoved off. Then I took my seat and the oars, and rowed while Mr. Brinjes steered.

The river was rough and dark, save for the lights displayed in the ships. The *Calypso* was moored very nearly off the mouth of the dock, but in mid-stream. Mr Brinjes suffered me to row almost across the river, as if he were making for one of the stairs on the other side. Then he put her head up-stream, and steered so that the boat approached the *Calypso*, whose lights he knew, not as if we were boarding her, but as if we were making our way across her bows to the Dog-and-Duck Stairs of Rotherhithe. The precaution was not necessary, perhaps, seeing how dark it was; but the eyes of sailors are sharper than those of landsmen, and the watch must not allow a boat to approach a ship without a challenge. We crossed the bows, therefore, of the *Calypso*, I still rowing, and the boat apparently heading to the opposite shore.

But while we were still under the shadow, so to speak, of the great ship's bows, my cockswain whispered, "Easy rowing—ship oars."

I could not guess what he intended. Twas this.

The *Calypso* lay pretty high out of water. The tide was running strong. Mr Brinjes turned the boat's head and ran her straight under the side of the ship. He then, being as quick and skilful in the handling of a boat as any man sixty years younger, stepped into the bows, and with hand and boat-hook worked the boat along the side of the vessel to the stern, a here he hooked on, and whispered that we must now wait.

"We have more than two hours still to wait. I think the watch will have no suspicion, and 'tis better to wait here an hour or two than to hurry at the end, and so perhaps be seen and the whole plot spoiled. Here we lie snug."

We might be lying snug, but we lie more then commonly cold, and the wind and rain beat into one's face. Bess sat, however, with her hood thrown back, careless of cold or rain; and Mr. Brinjes lay muffled up in the bows. But in his hand he held the boat-hook.

The ships' bells and the town clocks and the Greenwich clocks made such a clashing in our ears, every quarter of an hour, as kept us aware of the time. Never before did I understand how slowly he crawleth. Why, there seemed to me an hour between each quarter, and a whole night between each hour.

When the clocks began to strike midnight Bess looked up, and the old man threw off his cloak. "Oars out," he whispered. "Gently. Don't splash. Bess be in!"

We were immediately, though I knew it not, below the windows of Jack's cabin, which was the Captain's state-room. Below his window were those of the First and Second Lieutenants, and Mr Brinjes had chosen the time of midnight because then the watches would be changing, and those officers would be on deck or else fast asleep. It was as he expected. The end of a rope fell into the water close beside the boat, and then, hand under hand, our prisoner came swiftly down. In a moment he was sitting in the stern. Then Mr Brinjes let go, and the tide, hurrying down the river as fast as a mill-race, carried us noiselessly and swiftly away.

No one spoke, but Mr Brinjes again took the ropes, and I began to row. We were very soon, keeping in mid-stream, past Greenwich and past Woolwich, I rowing as hard as I could, and the ebb-tide strong, so that we made very good way indeed.

Presently we came alongside a small vessel lying moored off Barking Creek, and Mr Brinjes stered the boat alongside, and caught a rope.

"Now, Bess," he said, "quick, climb up."

She caught hold of the chains, and ran up the rude gangway as nimbly as any sailor. Mr Brinjes followed.

Then Jack seized my hand. "Farewell, dear lad," he said. "I thought not to see thee again. Farewell."

So he followed, and left me alone in the boat.

"Sheer off, Luke," said Mr Brinjes, looking over the side, "sheer off, and take her back to the Stairs. Tell no one what hath been done. Farewell. We sail for the Southern Seas."

Then I saw that they were hoisting sail. She was a Dutch galiot, rowing a mast and mizzen mast, with a large gaff main-sail. There, with a stay-sail, a flying top-sail, and one or two bowsprit jibs, would, with this wind and tide, take her down to the North Foreland very quickly, after which, if the wind still continued fair, she might expect to make the port of Rotterdam in sixteen or perhaps twenty hours more.

When I had painfully pulled the boat upstream and gotten her back in her place at the Stairs, and was at last in bed, I began to understand fully what had been done—namely, that a great crime had been committed in the rescue of a prisoner sentenced to death, and that, with my two accomplices, I was liable to be tried and—I fell asleep before I could remember what the punishment would be.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE CONCLUSION.

The next morning my father was astir by six; and I, hearing him, and remembering suddenly what had happened, could sleep no more, but rose quickly, and dressed. He was already in wig and cassock, his clerk in readiness with prayer book, table, and the materials wherewith to administer the Supper of the Lord.

"My son," he said, "the ministration to a dying man is the most awful part of a clergyman's holy duties; and yet it is than which should most fill him with gratitude and joy. Terrible it is at all times to watch the soul take its flight into the unknown regions; most terrible of all when death comes violently upon one still young and strong and in the prime of his day."

Here he would have said; but here we were interrupted by the arrival of the Admiral himself, borne in an arm-chair by his four negroes, his feet swathed in flannel, and himself wrapped in warm cloaks, for 'twas dangerous for him to leave the warmth of his own room.

"Doctor," he said, when the men had set him down, "you are now about to comfort our boy in his last moments." Here he paused awhile, the tears running down his cheeks. "His last moments, poor lad," he repeated. "I could not be said need think that he should die without a word from me. Theodore, though I would not turn his thoughts away from religion, I cannot let him die with never a word from his father's oldest friend. Tweere inhuman. Tell him, therefore, from me, that I now plainly perceive that he was mad. Other men besides himself have gone mad at sea. I know one who went mad and jumped overboard, in a storm, and another who went mad and ran amuck on the quarter-deck with a cutlass, wounding many before he was disarmed; and another—but no matter. He was mad. Tell him that I'm the sat of God there is nothing but resignation. The thing might have happened to any. We are fools to feel our shame in it. As for all that went before and that came after his madness, tell him we are proud of him therefor, and we shall remain proud of him. But, for his own sake, we are grieved that he was not hired in the sweepture of the vessel. Tell him, therefore, mean his death with a robin heart—a brave heart, I know, will not fail him. Take him my last blessing, and my undiminished love. There is no question, tell him, of forgiveness. The act of God must not be questioned. But the pity of it—oh! Doctor—the pity of it!" and with that he fell to weeping like a child.

And then the two old men wept together, for I, who knew what had happened, and that there would be no execution that day, had no tears.

They carried back the Admiral and put him to bed again, and I accompanied my father as far as the Stairs. As I returned slowly, my heart full of strange emotions, the bell of St. Paul's began to toll the passing knell. No need to ask for whom that bell was tolling. At the sound the women came to the doors and began to cry, and to talk together, full of pity, the kind hearted creatures, shrewes on their sex, and flatterers, and drabs. The old men at the Trinity Hospital were gathered together in their quadrangle talking of the boy they had known and loved. The Barber and his four 'prentices were busy shaving, the shop full, everybody talking at the same time; and in his door-way stood Mr. Westmoreland, looking up and down the street, with troubled face.

"Where is she?" he asked. "Mr. Luke, where is my Bess?"

"Indeed, Mr. Westmoreland," I replied, "where should she be if not in her own bed?"

"She hath not been home all night. I have heard talk of her and Captain Easterbrook. But thou poor young man is to be chief this morning. Where can she be? They tell me that she spends the days in his cabin. Sir, you know there hath I faith he hath played her false. Who would have daughters? Yet if she is all day long with him, needs must that she come ashore in the evening, Mr Luke. Who, Sir, I ask you, would have daughters to plague his old age? I thought she might have stayed at the Apothecary's, and I have knocked, but I can make no one hear. Thank you that Mr. Brinjes is dead? He is all ready of a very great old age. That is a terrible morning. That poor young gentleman must die, he must be cut off in the pride of his life and strength, the comelliest man I have ever seen, and he hath stolen my daughter's heart away. Why, what shall I do with her when he is dead? How shall I endure her despair and her grief; how find consolation to assuage her wrath when he is gone?"

I knew very well how that question would be answered. But I could not tell him what had happened.

"It is his passing bell," the Penman continued. "Lord have mercy upon his soul! He is young, and hath doubtless committed some of the sins of youth. The Lord forgive him! He hath often used profane language, and that in my hearing. The Lord forgive him! As for his striking his colors, that will not, I am sure, be laid to his charge. Besides, he hath atoned for this sin by his death. The Lord forgive him for an honest and brave lad! Twas once a joy to me him bain die his lagrathum. Will they bury him in St. Paul's church-yard? Poor lad! Poor lad! What shall I say to Bess to comfort her when she comes home?"

Thus he went on prattling; but I left him.

At the door of Mr Brinjes's shop stood his assistant, knocking.

"Sir," he said, "I am afraid that something hath happened to my master, for I have knocked and cannot make him hear."

I advised him to wait half an hour or so, and then to knock again.

It was impossible to rest. I went again to the Stairs, where the watermen should be hanging about. There was not one man there, nor a single boat. Round the *Calypso* there was a great fleet of ships' boats, and Thames boats, all waiting for the execution. People had come down from London—even, they said, as far as from Chelsea—to see the sight. Why, they could see nothing from the river. True, they might have the satisfaction of hearing the roll of the muskets. There never was so great a concourse on the river, even on the day of Hore Fair.

At eight o'clock—the time of execution—everybody listened to hear the rattling of the guns. But there was silence. Presently, I knew not how it began, there sprang up a rumor—only a rumor as first—that the sentence would not be carried out that morning, then it became certain that there would be no execution at all, and it was spread abroad that, at the last moment, the Captain had been reprieved. About eleven o'clock the boats dispersed and returned again, the people disappointed. It was not until later that it was known—because at first no one, and even my father and his clerk, was permitted to leave the ship—that Captain Easterbrook could not be shot, because he could not be found.

I found the Apothecary's shop open—they had broken in at the back—and the assistant was mixing medicines and prescribing.

"Sir," he said, "my master is gone. He hath not slept in his bed. He hath taken his money and his charts, but nothing else."

"Has money and his charts? How do you know that he hath taken his money?"

"I know where he kept it, and I looked to see if it was gone. Because, I said, if my master's money is still there, he will return. But it is gone, therefore I know that he has gone."

"Whither hath he gone, sirrah?"

"I know not, sir; my mere"—here he looked mighty cunning—"than I know whither Captain Easterbrook hath gone, or Bess Westmoreland, or what you were doing with my master and Bess on the Stairs last night at nine o'clock."

Now I have never learned if this man knew more than the fact that we were upon the Stairs at that time. Certainly he could not know the whole truth.

"I think," I said, "that if I were you, I would continue to carry on the business without asking any questions, until your master returns."

"I will, Sir," he replied; and he did. His master did not return, and this fortunate young man succeeded to a good stock and a flourishing trade, and would doubtless have become rich but for the accident of being killed by a drunken sailor.

When it became known that Mr Brinjes, Bess, and the Captain had all disappeared on the same evening, it was impossible not to connect these three events, and all the world believed (what was perfectly true) that the girl had run away with the Captain, and that Mr Brinjes had gone too, out of pure affection for them.

The Admiral presently recovered from his attack, but he went no more as the Sir John Falstaff, and entirely lost his former spirits, and, as I have already said, within a year so two was carried off by an attack of gout in the stomach. Shortly afterward I was so happy as to win the affections of Castilla. She informed me that, although she was carried away by natural pride in so gallant a wooer as Jack, she had never felt for him such an assurance in his constancy as is necessary to secure happiness, and that when she heard of his infatuated passion for so common a creature as Bess Westmoreland, she was thankful his her release, though she deplored the sad cause of it. "We no longer," she often says, "burn women for witchcraft, but such a girl as Bess, who can so bewitch a gallant man as to make him invoke the curse of Heaven upon him if he prove incontinent, and thereby bring him to

(Continued on page 1[illegible], Supplement.)

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TOBOGGANING IN NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 850.]

SAMUEL GOMPERS, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. M. HYDE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 963.]

MARSHALL P. WILDER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK & CO., BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 963.]

JAMES D. WARREN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MCMICHAEL, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

## JAMES D. WARREN.

THE Republican party of New York State has lost in the death of JAMES D. WARREN one of its most active and prominent leaders. Mr WARREN had been ill since before the November election, and had no hopes of recovering, as he recognized his symptoms to be the same that preceded his father's death a few years ago. Born in Bennington, New York, January 19, 1823, he removed at an early age to the town of Clarence, Erie County, where his youth was spent as an assistant to his father, a farmer, who also kept a country store. He seemed to drift into politics naturally, and while yet quite young he was elected Supervisor of the town. In 1854 he was elected County Treasurer, filling that position for three years. Mr WARREN's career as a journalist began in 1861, when, in connection with JOSEPH WARREN and JOSEPH CARMER, he purchased the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*. A year later Mr CARMER retired, and Mr JAMES MATTHEWS, now proprietor of the *Express*, was admitted into the partnership. In 1877, when Mr MATTHEWS retired from the partnership, Mr WARREN purchased the entire interest in the paper, and retained his position of proprietor and editor up to the time of his death. As the editor of a political newspaper he went into the work of party management and organization with an earnestness which soon brought him the reputation of being a shrewd political leader. He repeatedly served on the different State and National Committees of his party, and has been a delegate to every State Convention since 1872. Mr WARREN was one of the famous 306 who worked so hard for the renomination of General GRANT at the Chicago Convention in 1880, and was equally earnest in his support of General ARTHUR for the nomination in 1884. Although the candidate chosen was far from being the candidate of his choice, yet his position as the Chairman of the Republican State Committee put upon him the chief stress of the canvass in the most important State in the Union, which was also one of the most doubtful. He had fairly earned a continuance of this place by his successful conduct of the State canvass. The plan of campaign pursued did not in all respects meet his wishes. His own services were none the less earnest and skilful, and the defeat of Mr BLAINE was not chargeable to any act or omission on the part of Mr WARREN.

SANTA CLAUS AMONG THE POOR.—DRAWN BY P. S. NEWELL.

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AND THEN, HAND UNDER HAND, OUR PRISONER CAME SWIFTLY DOWN."

## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

(Continued from page 847.)

shame and disgrace, ought to be punished in some condign and exemplary manner." It is not my practice to argue with my wife, especially on points where we are not likely to agree; and as Bess will probably never return, and cannot, therefore, be punished, Cattilla may say anything she pleases about her. For my own part, my heart has always been with that poor girl, who did not seek for or expect the honor of Jack's affections, and whose only witchery was in her beauty and her black eyes.

On the conclusion of peace, in 1762, Aaron Fletcher, with many other Marines, was disbanded, but he was afraid to venture back into Deptford, where his creditors would have arrested him. I know not for a certainty what he did to bring the arm of the law upon him; but I know what became of him; for one day, being at Limehouse, I saw going along the road on the way to the Stairs, where were waiting several slaps' boats, a dismal company of convicts, for embarkation to the plantations of Jamaica, or Barbadoes, or some other West Indian island. There were at least a hundred of them, walking two and two, handcuffed in pairs. Some of these were in rags, some shaking with prison fever, some dejected, some angry and mutinous, some were singing—there are wretches so hardened that they will sing ribald songs on their way even to the gallows. One there was of appearance and bearing superior to the rest, by whose side there walked a young woman, his wife or mistress, bearing a baby, and crying bitterly; another, beside whom walked a grave and sober citizen, the brother or cousin of the convict, the tears in his eyes. But mostly there were no friends or relations to mourn over this outcast crew. And at the head marched a band of fifes and drums, playing "Through the woods, laddie"; and a crowd of boys followed, whooping and hallooing. When the procession was nearly past, I was surprised to see among the men, handcuffed together no other than Aaron Fletcher and Mr. Jonathan Rayment, the crimp. The latter was pale, and his fat cheeks shook, and all his limbs trembled with fever. 'Twould have been merciful to let him lie till death should carry him off. But Aaron walked upright, looking about him with eyes full of mutiny and murder. I know not if he saw me; but the procession filed past, and the band went on playing at the head of the Stairs while the wretches embarked on board the boats. As for the crimes which Aaron and his companion had committed, I do not know what they were, but I suspect kidnapping formed part. I have never learned what became of Mr. Rayment; but concerning Aaron there afterward came intelligence that he could not brook the overseer's lash and the hot sun, and fled, with intent to join the wild Maroons, but was followed by blood-hounds, and pursued, and, being brought back to his master, was naturally flogged. He then sickened of a calenture and died. He was a bad man; but he was punished for his sins. Indeed, it is most true that the way of transgressors is hard.

Lastly, to complete this narrative, I must tell you of a message which came to me five or six years after the court-martial. It was brought even from the Southern Seas. Heard one even

of a message or letter from that remote and unknown part?"

There was a certain old fellow, Deptford born, named Will Acorn by name. This young man, no sooner his apprentice had not delay us, left his native town, where he had been brought up as a shipwright, and went to sea. Nor did he come back again for several years, when he reappeared, the old business being now blown over and forgotten. And presently he came to my house, I then living in St. Martin Street for convenience of business, and told me a strange story.

With some other pointeers of Jamaica, where these fellows are usually found, he must needs try his fortune in the South Seas. Accordingly they got possession of a brig, or barcelonage, as they call this kind of ship in the West Indies, and they armed her with certain carronades and petereaux, and to the number of eighty or ninety stout men, all fully armed, put out to sea. In short, they proposed to go a-gutting among the Spanish settlements, as many have done before them.

It matters not here what was the success of their voyage—Will Acorn, at least, returned home in a very ragged and penniless condition. This, however, was the man's story.

"We sighted one morning at daybreak, being then not far from Mast Fowra, a large buganine flying Spanish colors. She was much too big for us to tackle, therefore we hoisted the Spanish flag, too, and bore away, hoping that she would let us alone, and go on her own course. But that a could not suit her, mother, and she fired a shot across our bows, as a signal to heck sail. Then we did, expecting nothing short of hanging, for she carried thirty guns at least, and we could see that she was well manned, and looked as if she was handled by a few such Captain, under whom even a Creolian Spanish crew will fight. Well, she spoke us when she was near enough, and ordered, in Spanish, that the Captain was to come aboard. Now, as I was the only man who had any Spanish, our Captain bade me to come with him. So I went, and I we thought we were going to instant death, the Spaniards being born devils when they get an English crew in their power.

"Sir," this honest fellow continued, "think of our astonishment when, on climbing the vessel's side, they ran up the pirates' flag, to be sure, we were little else than pirates ourselves; but we knew not what countrymen these were. As for the crew, they were nearly all black negroes, and a desperate fighting lot they looked, being armed with pistols and cutlasses, while the decks were cleared for action, and every man to quarters, and the whole as neat and clean as aboard a British man-o'-war. And on the quarter deck there stood glass to hand, none other than Captain Easterbrook himself, the same as was tried by court-martial, sentenced, and escaped. He was dressed very fine, in crimson silk, with a gold chain, and pistols in his belt. I knew him directly; but his face is changed, for now it is the face of one who gives no quarter. A fiercer face I never saw anywhere.

"But the strangest thing was that I saw lying in the sun, propped up by pillows and cushions, the old Deptford Apothecary, Mr. Brinjes. He looked no older, and no younger; his one eye twinkling and winking, and his face covered with wrinkles.

"'Will Acorn ahoy?' he sings out. 'Will Acorn, by the Lord!'

"When he said this, there came out from the Captain's cabin a most splendid lady, dressed in all the satins and silks you can think of, with gold chains round her neck, and jewels sparkling in her hair. Behind her came two black women, holding a silken sun shade over her head. Why, sir, 'twas none other than Miss Westmoreland, the Planter's daughter, and more beautiful than ever, though her cheek was pale, and eyes were somewhat sunken.

"'Will Acorn?' she cried. 'Is that Will Acorn, of Deptford Town?'

"So with that the Captain called us from the pump. 'Harkee,' he said, 'you seem to be Englishmen. What ship is yours?'

"So we told him who we were, and why we were cruising in those seas. He listened—'tis a terrible fighting face—and heard us out, and then bade us drink and go our way.

"'I sat not with Englishmen,' he said; 'but fan French and Spaniard I know no quarter.'

"He said no more, but his lady—Miss West—touched that one—stepped out to us, and asked me many questions about Deptford folk. And then she put into my hands this parcel, which I faithfully promised to deliver into your hands, sir, should I ever return home again. And I was to tell you that they had found Mr. Brinjes's island, and she was as happy as she could expect to be. And then Mr. Brinjes lifted his head and said, in a piping voice, 'And tell him,' he said, with his one eye like a burning coal, 'tell Luke Anguish, man, that we committed the town of Huaxapill to the flames. I would have done his heart good to see the town on fire, and the Spaniards running like so many beetles at the stake.'"

This was the message. The parcel contained a gold chain and cross, set with precious stones, which I gave to Cecilia, hoping thereby to make her think less hardly of poor Jess. But in vain; though she wears the chain, which, she says—though this is not the case—was sent to her by Captain Easterbrook, in token of his repentance, and his unhappiness with the woman who bewitched him, and his continual sorrow for the loss of her own hand.

It is now more than thirty years ago, and since then we have heard nothing more. I conjecture that either they have long since been swallowed up in a hurricane, Jess dying, as she wished, at the same moment as Jack, or that they are still living somewhere in those warm and sunny islands of which the Apothecary was never wearied of discoursing.

THE END

"A BEAM FROM THE SETTING SUN PIERCED THE STYGIAN GLOOM, AND SMOTE UPON THE POINT OF ROCK WHEREON WE LAY."

# SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

## XXIV

### WALKING THE PLANK.

Next day the mates woke us before the dawn; and by the time that we had got the sleep out of our eyes, and gone through a very perfunctory wash at a spring which still welled up into the remains of a marble basin in the centre of the north quadrangle of the vast outer court, we found She standing by the latter, ready to start, while old Billali and the two bearer mates were busy collecting the baggage. As usual, Ayesha was veiled like the mimic Truth (by the way, I wonder if she originally got the idea of covering up her beauty from that statue?). I noticed, however, that she seemed very depressed, and had none of that proud and buoyant bearing which would have betrayed her among a thousand women of the same stature, even if they had been veiled like herself. She looked up as we came—for her head was bowed—and greeted us. Leo asked her how she had slept.

"Ill, my Kallikrates," she answered—"ill. This night have strange and hideous dreams come creeping through my brain, and I know not what they portend. Come, let us be setting forth, for we have far to go, and before another day is born in wonder bliss should we stand in the place of Life."

In five minutes more we were once more on our way through the vast ruined city, that loomed up on either side in the gray dawning in a way that was at once grand and oppressive. Just as the first ray of the rising sun shot like a golden arrow athwart this storied desolation we gained the further gateway of the outer wall, and having given one more glance at the lone and pillared majesty through which we had passed, and (with the exception of Job, for whom ruins had no charms) breathed a sigh of regret that we had not had more time to explore it, passed through the great mouth, and on to the plain beyond.

After a very brief halt for breakfast we pressed on with such good-will that by two o'clock in the afternoon we were at the foot of the vast wall of rock that formed the lip of the volcano, and which at this point towered up precipitously above us for fifteen hundred or two thousand feet. Here we halted, certainly not to my astonishment, for I did not see how it was possible that we should go any further.

"Now," said Ayesha, as she descended from her litter, "doth our labor but commence, for here do we part with these men, and henceforward must we beat ourselves," and then, addressing Billali, "do thou and these slaves remain here, and abide our coming. By to-morrow at the mid-day shall we be with thee; if not, wait."

Billali bowed humbly, and said that her august bidding should be obeyed if they stopped there till they grew old.

"And thou now, O Holly?" said She, pointing to Job, "best is it that he should tarry also, for if his heart be not high and his courage great, perchance some evil might overtake him. Also, the secrets of the place whither we go are not fit for common eyes."

I translated this to Job, who instantly and earnestly entreated me, almost with tears in his eyes, not to leave him behind. He said that he was sure that he could see nothing worse than he had already seen, and that he was terrified to death at the idea of being left alone with those "dumb folk," who, he thought, would probably take the opportunity to beat out him.

I translated what he said to Ayesha, who shrugged her shoulders, and answered, "Well, let him come, it is naught to me; on his own head be it, and he will serve to bear the lamp and this," and she pointed to a narrow plank, some sixteen feet long, which had been bound above the long hunting-pole of her hammock, as I had thought to make the curtains spread out better, but, as it now appeared, for some unknown purpose connected with our extraordinary undertaking.

Accordingly, the plank, which, though tough, was very light, was given to Job to carry, and also one of the lamps. Along the other on to my back, together with a spare jar of oil, while Leo loaded himself with the provisions and some water in a kid's skin. When this was done, She bade Billali and the six bearer mates to retreat behind a grove of flowering magnolias about a hundred yards away, and remain there under the pain of death till we had vanished. They bowed humbly and went, and as he departed, old Billali gave me a friendly shake of the hand, and whispered that he had rather that it was I than he who was going on this wonderful expedition with "She who must be obeyed," and upon my word I felt inclined to agree with him. In another minute they were gone, and then, having briefly asked us if we were ready, Ayesha turned, and gazed up the towering cliff.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1354.

"Goodness me, Leo," I said, "surely we are not going to climb that?"

Leo shrugged his shoulders, being in a condition of half fascinated, half-expectant mystification, and, as he did so, Ayesha with a sudden motion began to climb the cliff and of course we had to follow her. It was perfectly marvellous to see the ease and grace with which she sprang from rock to rock, and swung herself along the ledges. The ascent was not, however, so difficult as it looked, although there were one or two nasty places where it did not do to look behind you, the fact being that the rock still sloped here, and was not absolutely precipitous as it was higher up. In this way we, with no great labor, mounted to a height of some fifty feet above our last standing place, the only really troublesome thing to manage being Job's board, and in doing so drew some fifty or sixty paces to the left of our starting point, for we went up like a crab, sideways. Presently we reached a ledge, narrow enough at first, but which widened as we followed it, and what is more, sloped inward like the petal of a flower, so that as we followed it we gradually got into a kind of cut or fold of rock that grew deeper and deeper, till at last it resembled a Devonshire lane in stone, and had as perfectly from the gaze of anybody on the slope below, if there had been anybody to gaze. This lane (which appeared to be a natural formation) continued for some fifty or sixty paces, and then suddenly ended in a cave, also natural, running at right angles to it. I am sure that it was a natural cave, and not hollowed by the hand of man, because of its irregular and contorted shape and course, which gave it the appearance of having been blown bodily in the mountain by some frightful eruption of gas following the line of the least resistance. All the caves hollowed by the ancients of Kôr, on the contrary, were cut out with the most perfect regularity and symmetry. At the mouth of this cave Ayesha halted, and bade us light the two lamps, which I did, giving one to her and keeping the other myself. Then, taking the lead, she advanced down the cavern, picking her way with great care, as, indeed, it was necessary to do, for the floor was most irregular—strewn with boulders like the bed of a stream, and in some places pitted with deep holes, in which it would have been easy to break one's leg.

This cavern we pursued for twenty minutes or more, it being, as far as I could form a judgment—owing to its numerous twists and turns, no easy task—about a quarter of a mile long.

At last, however, we halted at its further end, and whilst I was still trying to pierce the gloom a great gust of air came tearing down it, and extinguished both the lamps.

Ayesha called to us, and we crept up to her, for she was a little in front, and were rewarded with a view that was positively appalling in its gloom and grandeur. Before us was a mighty chasm in the black rock, jagged and torn and splintered through it in a far past age by some awful convulsion of Nature, as though it had been cleft as stroke upon stroke of the lightning. This chasm, which was bounded by a precipice on the hither, a (I presumably, though we could not see it, on the further side also, may have measured say width across, but from its darkness I do not think that it can have been very broad. It was impossible to make out much of its outline, or how far it ran, for the simple reason that the point where we were standing was so far from the upper surface of the cliff, as base fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, that only a very dim light struggled down to us from above. The mouth of the cavern gave on or a most curious and tremendous spur of rock, which jutted out in the gulf before us in midair for a distance of some fifty yards, coming to a sharp point at its termination, and resembling nothing that I can think of so much as the spur upon the leg of a cock in shape. This huge spur was attached only to the parent precipice at its base, which was, of course, enormous, just as the cock's spur is attached to his leg. Otherwise it was utterly unsupported.

"Here must we pass," said Ayesha. "Be careful lest giddiness overcome ye, or the wind sweep ye into the gulf beneath, for of a truth it hath no bottom!" and, without giving us any further time to get scared, she started walking along the spur, leaving us to follow her as best we might. I was next to her, then came Job, painfully dragging his plank, while Leo brought up the rear.

In a few minutes we had crossed some twenty paces of this awful bridge, which got narrower at every step, and then all of a sudden a great gust came tearing along the gorge. I saw Ayesha lean herself against it, but the strong draught got under her dark cloak, and tore it from her, and away it went down the wind, flapping like a dying bird. It was dreadful to see it go, till it was lost in the blackness. I clung to the saddle of rock, and looked round, while the great spur vibrated with a humming sound beneath us, like a living thing.

The whole position was so tremendous and so absolutely unearthly that I believe it actually halted our sense of terror, but ever this hour I often see it in my dreams, and wake up covered with cold perspiration at its mere phantasy.

"Oh! no!" cried the white form before us, for now the cloak had gone. *She* was robed in white, and looked more like a spirit riding down the gale than a woman; "on, on ye will fall and be dashed to pieces. Keep your eyes fixed upon the ground and closer hug the rock."

We obeyed her, and crept painfully along the quivering path, against which the wind shrieked and wailed as it shook it, causing it to murmur like a vast tuning-fork. On we went, I do not know for how long, only gazing round now and again, when it was absolutely necessary, until at last we saw that we were on the very tip of the spur, a slab of rock little larger than an ordinary table, and that throbbed and pumped like any over-engined steamer. There we lay on our stomachs, clinging to the ground, and looked about, while Ayesha stood leaning out against the wind, down which her long hair streamed, and, absolutely heedless of the hideous death that yawned beneath, pointed before her. Then on new why the narrow plank, which Job and I had painfully dragged along between us, had been provided. Before us was an empty space, on the other side of which was something, as yet we could not see what, for here—either owing to the shadow of the opposite cliff, or from some other cause—the gloom was that of night.

"We must wait awhile," called Ayesha; "soon there will be light."

At the moment I could not imagine what she meant. How could more light than there was ever come to this dreadful spot? While I was still debating in my mind, suddenly, like a great sword of flame, a beam from the setting sun pierced the Stygian gloom, and smote upon the point of rock whereon we lay, illuminating Ayesha's lovely form with an unearthly splendor. I only wish that I could describe the wild and marvellous beauty of that sword of fire, laid across the darkness and rushing mist-wreaths of the gulf. How it got there I do not to this moment know, but I presume there was some cleft or hole in the opposing cliff through which it pierced when the setting orb was so a direct line with it. All I can say is that the effect was the most wonderful that I ever saw. Right through the heart of the darkness that flaming sword was stabbed, and where it lay there was the most surpassingly vivid light, so vivid that even at a distance one could see the grain of the rock, while outside of it—yes, within a few inches of its keen edge—there was naught but clustering shadows.

And now, by this ray of light, for which *She* had been waiting, and timed her arrival to meet, knowing that at this season, for thousands of years it had always struck thus at sunset, we saw what lay before us. Within eleven or twelve feet of the very tip of the tongue-like rock whereon we lay there arose, presumably from the far bottom of the gulf, a sugar-loaf shaped cone, of which the summit was exactly opposite to us. But had there been a summit only it would not have helped us much, for the nearest point of its circumference was some forty feet from where we were. On the lip of this summit, however, which was circular and hollow, rested a tremendous flat stone, something like a glacier stone—indeed, perhaps it was one for all I know to the contrary—and the end of the stone approached to within twelve feet or so of us. This huge boulder was nothing more or less than a gigantic rocking-stone, accurately balanced upon the edge of the cone or miniature crater, like a half-crown on the rim of a wineglass; for in the fierce light that played upon it and as we could see it oscillating in the gusts of wind.

"Quick!" said Ayesha; "the plank—we must cross while the light endures; presently it will be gone."

"Oh Lord, no!" grunted Job, "surely she don't mean us to walk across that there place on that there thing," as in obedience to my direction he pushed the long board toward me.

"That's it, Job," I bellowed in ghastly merriment, though the idea of the plank was no pleasanter to me than to him.

I pushed the plank on to Ayesha, who deftly run it across the gulf so that one end of it rested on the rocking stone, the other remaining on the extremity of our trembling spur. Then placing her foot upon it to prevent it from being blown away, she turned to me.

"Speed last I was here, O Holly!" she called, "the support of the moving stone hath loosened somewhat, so that I am not sure if it will bear our weight and fall or no. Therefore will I cross the first, because no harm will come unto me," and, without further ado, she trod lightly but firmly across the frail bridge, and in another second was standing safe upon the heaving stone.

"It is safe," she called. "See, hold then the plank! I will stand on the further side of the stone so that it may not overbalance with your greater weights. Now come, O Holly! for presently the light will fail us."

I struggled to my knees, and if ever I felt sick in my life, I felt sick then, and I am not ashamed to say that I hesitated and hung back.

"Surely thou art not afraid," called this strange creature in a lull of the gale, from where she stood poised like a bird on the highest point of the rocking-stone. "Make then way for Kallikrates!"

This settled me; it is better to fall down a precipice and die than be laughed at by such a woman; so I clinched my teeth, and in another instant I was on that horrible, narrow, bending plank with bottomless space beneath and around me.

Then came Leo's turn, and, though he looked rather queer, he came across like a rope-dancer. Ayesha stretched out her hand to clasp his own, and I heard her murmur, "Bravely done, my love—bravely done! The old Greek spirit lives in thee yet!"

And now only poor Job remained on the further side of the gulf. He crept up to the plank, and yelled out, "I can't do it, sir. I shall fall into that beastly place."

"Let the man come, or let him stop and perish there. See, the light is dying! In a minute it will be gone!" said Ayesha.

I looked. She was right. The sun was passing below the level of the hole or cleft in the precipice through which the ray came.

"If you stop there, Job, you will die alone," I bellowed; "the light is going."

"Come, be a man, Job," roared Leo; "it's quite easy."

Thus adjured, the miserable Job, with, I think, the most awful yell that I ever heard, precipitated himself lose downward on the plank—he did not dare, small blame to him, to try to walk it, and commenced to draw himself across in little jerks, his poor legs hanging down on either side into the nothingness beneath.

His violent jerks at the frail board made the great stone, which was only balanced on a few inches of rock, oscillate in a most alarming manner, and, to make matters worse, just as he was half way across, the flying ray of hard light suddenly went out just as though a lamp had been extinguished in a curtained room, leaving the whole howling wilderness of air in blackness.

"Come on, Job, for God's sake," I shouted, in an agony of fear, while the stone, gathering motion with every swing, rocked so violently that it was difficult to hang on to it. It was a truly awful position.

"Lord have mercy on me!" ballooned poor Job from the darkness. "Oh, the plank's slipping!" and I heard a violent struggle, and thought that he was gone.

But just at that moment his outstretched hand, clasping in agony at the air, met my own, and I hauled—oh, how I did haul, putting out all the strength that it has pleased Providence or give me in such abundance—and to my joy in another minute Job was gasping on the rock beside me. But the plank! I felt it slip, and heard it knock against a projecting knob of rock, and it was gone.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "How are we going or get back?"

"I don't know," answered Leo, out of the gloom. "'Sufficient or the day is the evil thereof.' I am thankful enough to be here."

But Ayesha merely called to me to take her hand and creep after her.

## XXV.

### THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

I did as I was bid, and in fear and trembling felt myself drawn over the edge of the stone. I sprawled my legs out, but could touch nothing.

"I am going to fall!" I gasped.

"Nay, let thyself go and trust to me," answered Ayesha.

Now if the position is considered, it will be easily understood that this was a greater demand upon my confidence than was justified by my knowledge of Ayesha's character. For all I knew she might be in the very act of consigning me to a horrible doom. But in life we sometimes have to lay our faith upon strange altars, and so it was so.

"Let thyself go!" she cried, and, having no choice, I did.

I felt myself slide a pace or two down the sloping surface of the rock, and then pass into the air, and the thought flashed through my brain that I was lost. But no. In another instant my feet struck against a rocky floor, and I felt that I was standing on something solid, and out of reach of the wind, which I could hear singing away overhead. As I stood there thanking my stars for these small mercies, there was a slip and a scuffle, and down came Leo alongside of me.

"Hollos, old fellow!" he called out, "are you there? This is getting interesting, is it not?"

Just then, with a terrific yell, Job arrived right on the top of us, knocking us both down. By the time that we had struggled to our feet again Ayesha was standing among us, and bidding us light the lamps, which fortunately remained unimpaired, as did the spare jar of oil.

I got out my box of Bryant & May's wax matches, and they struck as merrily there in that awful place as in a London drawing room.

In a couple of minutes both the lamps were alight, and a curious scene they revealed. We were huddled up in a rocky chamber, some twelve feet square, and scared enough we looked. But to, except Ayesha, who was standing calmly with her arms folded, and waiting for the lamps to burn up. The chamber appeared to be partly natural and partly hollowed out of the top of the cone. The roof of the natural part was formed of the swinging stone, and that of the back part of the chamber, which sloped downward, was hewn from the live rock. For the rest, the place was warm and dry—a perfect haven of rest compared to the giddy pinnacle above, and the quivering spur that shot out to meet it in mid-air.

"There," said *She*, "safely have we come, though once I feared that the rocking stone would fall with ye, and precipitate ye into the bottomless deeps beneath, for I do believe that the cleft goeth down to the very womb of the world. The rock whereon the stone resteth hath crumbled beneath the swinging weight. And now thou he," nodding toward Job, who was sitting on the floor, feebly wiping his forehead with a red cotton pocket handkerchief, "whom they rightly call the 'Pig,' for as a pig is he stupid, hath let fall the plank, it will not be easy to return across the gulf, and to that end must I make a plan. But now rest awhile, and look at this place. What think ye that it is?"

"We know not," I answered.

"Wouldst thou believe that once a man did choose this very nut for a daily habitation, and did here endure for many years, leaving it only but one day in every ten to seek food and water and oil that the people bought, more than he could carry, and laid as an offering in the mouth of the tunnel through which we passed hither?"

We looked up wonderingly, and she continued:

"Yet so it was. There was a man—Nout, he named himself—who, though he lived in the latter days, had of the wisdom of the sons of Kôr. A hermit was he, and a philosopher, and skilled in the secrets of Nature, and he it was who discovered the Fire that I shall show ye, which is Nature's blood and life, and also that he who bathed therein and breathed thereof should live while Nature lives. But like unto thee, O Holly, this man, Nout, would not turn his knowledge to account. 'Life,' he said, 'was it for man to live, for men was born to die.' Therefore did he tell his secret to none, and therefore did he come and live here, where the seeker after Life must pass, and was revered of the Amahagger of the day as holy, and a hermit. And when first I came to this country—howsoever then how I came, Kallikrates? Another time will I tell thee—it is a strange tale—I heard of this philosopher, and waited for him when he came to fetch his food, and returned with him hither, though greatly did I fear or tread the gulf. Then did I beguile him with my beauty and my wit, and flatter him with my tongue, so that he fed me down and showed me the Fire, and told me the secrets of the Fire, but he would not suffer me to step therein, and, fearing lest he should slay me, I refrained, knowing that the man was very old, and soon would die. And I returned, having learnt from him all that he knew of the wonderful Spirit of the World, and that was much, for the man was wise and very ancient, and by purity and abstinence, and the contemplations of his innocent mind, had worn aside the veil between that which we see and the great invisible truths, the whisper of whose wings at times we hear as they sweep through the green air of the world. Then it was but a very few days after I met thee, my Kallikrates, who had wandered hither with the Egyptian Amenartas, and I learned to love for she first and last time, once and forever, so that it entered into my mind to range hither with thee, and receive the gift of Life for thee and me. Therefore came we, with that Egyptian who would not be left behind, and, behold, we found the old man Nout lying cut upon the floor. There he lay, and his whole beard lay on him like a garment," and she pointed to a spot near where I was sitting, "but surely he hath long since crumbled into dust, and the wind hath borne his ashes hence."

Here I put out my hand and felt in the dust, and presently my fingers touched something. It was a single human tooth, very yellow, but sound. I held it up and showed it to Ayesha, who laughed.

"Yes," she said, "it is his sikhout a doubt. Behold what remaineth of Nous and the wisdom of Nout—one little tooth. And yet that man had all life at his command, and for his conscience' sake would have none of it. Well, he lay there nearly dead, and we descended whether I shall lead ye, and then, gathering up all my courage, and counting death that I might purchase unto me glorious a crown of life, I stepped into the flames, and behold! life such as ye can never know until ye feel it also flowed into me, and I came forth undying, and lovely beyond imagining. Then did I stretch out mine arms to thee, Kallikrates, and bid thee take thine immortal bride, and behold, as I spoke, thou, blinded by my beauty, didst turn from me, and throw thine arms about the neck of Amenartas. And then a great fury filled me, and made me mad, and I seized the javelin that thou didst bear, and stabbed thee, so that there, at my very feet, in the place of Life, thou didst grown and go down into death. I know not then that I had power to slay with mine eyes and will, therefore to my madness slew I with the javelin.

"And when thou wast dead, ah! I wept, because I was undying and thou wast dead. I wept there in the place of Life so that had I been mortal any more my heart had surely broken. And she, the swart Egyptian—she cursed me by her gods. By Osiris did she curse me and by Isis, by Nephthys and by Hekt, by Sekhet, the lion headed, and by Set, calling down evil on me, evil and everlasting desolation. Ah! I can see her dark face now lowering o'er me like a storm, but she could not hurt me, and I—I know not if I could hurt her. I did not try; it was enough to me then; on between us we bore thee hence. And whereward I and her—the Egyptian—ran through the swamps, and it seems that she lived or bear a son and to write the tale that should lead thee, her husband, back to me, her rival and thy murderess.

"Such is the tale, my love, and now at the hour at hand that shall set a cream upon the things on the earth, is it [illegible] of good—more of evil th[illegible] and will in letters of [illegible] naught hath I hid [illegible] And now one shi[illegible] thy trial. We [illegible] Death, for Life [illegible] or, and—who [illegible] should separ[illegible] I am but a [illegible]

[illegible] tell m[illegible] heart. [illegible] were [illegible] She [illegible] voice seem[illegible] I know that th[illegible] than her words, [illegible] womanly. Leo, too, [illegible] ere he had been fascinate[illegible] judgment, something as a bird [illegible] snake, but now I think that all th[illegible] and he realized that he really loved and glorious creature, as, alas! I love. At any rate, I saw his eyes fill with tears, stepped swiftly to her and sealed the gauzy and then took her by the hand, and, gazing into her deep eyes, said aloud:

"Ayesha, I love thee with all my heart, and as far as forgiveness is possible I forgive thee the death of Cetane. For the rest, it is between thee

"ONE AND ALL OF US, SAVE *SHE*, WHO STOOD UP AND STRETCHED HER HANDS TOWARD THE FIRE, SUNK DOWN BEFORE IT, AND HID OUR FACES IN THE SAND."

and thy Maker; I know naught of it. I only know that I love thee as I never loved before, and that I will cleave to thee to the end."

"Nay," answered Ayesha, with proud humility—"now when my lord doth speak thus royally and give with so free a hand, it cannot become me to lag behind in words and be beggared of my generosity. Behold!" and she took his hand and placed it upon her shapely head, and then bent herself slowly down till one knee for an instant touched the ground—"behold, in token of submission do I bow me to my lord. Behold," and she kissed him on the lips, "in token of my wifely love do I kiss my lord. Behold," and she laid her hand upon his heart, "be the sun I named, be my lonely sanctuary of waiting wherewith it was swept out, by the great love wherewith I love, and be the Spirit—the Eternal Thing that doth forget all life, from whom it ebbs, to whom it doth return again—I swear

"I swear, even in this first most holy hour of exalted Womanhood, I swear that I will shun [illegible] and cherish Good. I swear that I will [illegible] thy voice in the straightest [illegible] that I will eschew Ambi[illegible] length of endless days [illegible] guiding star to lead me [illegible] of the Right. I [illegible] will cherish thee, [illegible] the wave of [illegible] be very end, [illegible] my beau[illegible]

[illegible] old [illegible] be [illegible] the [illegible] away, [illegible] thy silence. [illegible] storm, come [illegible] come life, come [illegible] be undone. For of a [illegible] to, and being done, in done [illegible] be altered. I have said—Let [illegible] all things may be accomplished in [illegible] and taking one of the lamps, she [illegible] toward the end of the chamber that [illegible] to be the swaying stone, and beked. [illegible] followed her, and perceived that in the wall [illegible] the zone there was a stair, or, to be more accurate, that some projecting knobs of rock had been so shaped as to form a good imitation of a stair. Down this Ayesha began to climb, springing from step to step like a chamois, and after her we followed with less grace. When we had descended some fifteen or sixteen steps we found that they ended in a tremendous rocky slope, running first outward and then inward, like the slope of an inverted cone or tunnel. The slope was very steep, and often precipitous, but it was nowhere impassable, and by the light of the lamps we went down it with no great difficulty, though it was gloomy work enough travelling on thus, none knew whither, to the dead heart of a volcano.

For a long period we travelled on thus, half an hour I should say, till, after we had descended for many hundreds of feet, I perceived that we were reaching the point of the inverted cone. In another minute we were there, and found that at the very apex of the funnel was a passage so low and narrow that we had to stoop as we crept along it in Indian file. After some fifty yards of this creeping the passage suddenly widened into a cave, so huge that we could see neither the roof nor the sides. We only knew that it was a cave by the echo of our tread and the perfect quiet of the heavy air. On we went for many minutes in absolute awed silence, like lost souls in the depths of Tartarus, Ayesha's white and ghost-like form flitting in front of us, till once more the cavern ended in a passage, which opened into a second cavern much smaller than the first. At length this cave ended in a third passage, through which gleamed a faint ray of light.

I heard Ayesha give a sigh of relief on this light dawned upon us.

"It is well," she said; "prepare to enter the very womb of the Earth, wherein she doth conceive the Life that ye see brought forth in man and beast—ay, and in every tree and flower."

Swiftly she sped along, and after her we stumbled as best we might, our hearts filled like a cup with mingled dread and curiosity. What were we about to see? We passed down the tunnel; stronger and stronger the light beamed, reaching us in great flashes like the rays from a light-house, no one by one they are thrown aside upon the darkness of the waters. Nor was this all, for with the flashes came a soul shaking sound like that of thunder and of crashing trees. Now we were through it, and—oh, heavens!

We stood in a third cavern, some fifty feet in length by, perhaps, as great a height, and thirty wide. It was carpeted with fine white sand, and its walls had been worn smooth by the action of I know not what. The cavern was not dark like the others, it was filled with a soft glow of rose-colored light, more beautiful to look on than anything that can be conceived. But at first we saw no flashes, and heard no more of the thunderous sound. Presently, however, as we stood in amaze, gazing to the wonderful sight, and wondering whence the rosy radiance flowed, a dread and beautiful thing happened. Across the far end of the cavern with a grinding and crashing noise—a noise so dreadful and awe-inspiring that we all trembled, and Job actually sank to his knees—there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow, many-colored, and, like the lightning, bright. For a space, perhaps forty seconds, it flamed and roared thus, turning slowly round and round, and then by degrees the terrible noise ceased, and with the fire it passed away—I know not whither—leaving behind it the same rosy glow that we had first seen.

"Draw near, draw near," cried Ayesha, with a voice of thrilling exultation. "Behold the very Fountain and Heart of Life as it beats in the bosom of the great world. Behold the substance from which all things draw their energy, the bright Spirit of the Globe, without which it cannot live, but must grow cold and dead as the dead moon. Draw near, and wash ye in the living flames, and take their virtue into your poor frames in all its virgin strength—not as it now feebly glows within your bosoms, filtered thereto through all the fine strainers of a thousand intermediate lives, but as it is here in the very fount and cast of Being."

We followed her through the rosy glow up to the head of the cave, till at last we stood before the spot where the great pulse beat and the great flame passed.

We reached the head of the cave, and gazed at each other in the glorious glow, and laughed aloud—even Job laughed, and he had not laughed for a week—in the lightness of our hearts and the divine intoxication of our brains. I know that I felt as though all the varied genius of which the human intellect is capable had descended upon me. I could have spoken in blank verse of Shakespearian beauty, all sorts of great ideas flashed through my mind; it was as though the bonds of my flesh had been loosened, and left the spirit free to soar to the empyrean of its native power. The sensations that poured in upon me are indescribable. I seemed to live more keenly, to reach to a higher joy, and sip the goblet of a subtler thought than ever it had been my lot to do before. I was another and most glorified self, and all the sconces of the Possible were for a space laid open to the footsteps of the Real.

Then suddenly, whilst I rejoiced in this splendid vigor of a new-found self, from far, far away there came a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Nearer it came, and nearer yet, till it was close upon us, rolling down like all the thunder-wheels of Heaven behind the horses of the lightning. On it came, and with it came the glorious blinding cloud of many-colored light, and stood before us for a space, turning, as it seemed to us, slowly round and round, and then, accompanied by its attendant pomp of sound, passed away I know not whither.

So astonishing was the wondrous sight that one and all of us, save *She*, who stood up and stretched her hands toward the fire, sunk down before it, and hid our faces in the sand.

When it was gone, Ayesha spoke.

"Now, Kallikrates," she said, "the mighty moment is at hand. When the great flame comes again thou must stand in it. First throw aside thy garments, for it will burn them, though thee it will not hurt. Then must stand in the flame while thy senses will endure, and when it embraces thee suck the fire down into thy very heart, and let it leap and play around thy every part, so that then lose no moiety of its virtue. Hearest thou me, Kallikrates?"

"I hear thee, Ayesha," answered Leo, "but, of a truth—I am no coward—but I doubt me of that raging flame. How know I that it will not utterly destroy me, so that I lose myself and lose thee also? Nevertheless will I do it," he added.

Ayesha thought for a minute, and then said:

"It is not wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Kallikrates, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Yes," he answered, "I will enter, even if it slay me. I have said that I will enter."

"And that will I also," I cried.

"What, my Holly," she laughed aloud; "methought that thou wouldst naught of length of days. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth me to taste of the flame and live."

"It is well," she said. "Then art not altogether lost in folly. See, now, I will for the second time bathe me in this living bath. Pain would I add to my beauty and my length of days if that be possible. If it be not possible, at the least it cannot harm me.

"Also," she continued, after a momentary pause, "in there another and a deeper cause why I would now again dip me in the flame. When first I tasted of its virtue fell on my heart of passion and of hatred of that Egyptian Amenartas, and therefore, despite my strivings to be rid thereof, hath passion and hatred been stamped upon my soul from that end hour to this. But now is it otherwise. Now is my mind a happy mood, and filled am I with the purest part of thought, and so would I ever be. Therefore, Kallikrates, will I once more wash and make me clean, and yet more fit for thee. Therefore, also, when thou dost in turn stand in the fire, empty all thy heart of evil, and let sweet contentment hold the balance of thy mind. Shake loose thy spirit's wings, and take thy stand upon the utter verge of holy contemplation; ay, dream upon thy mother's kiss, and turn thee toward the vision of the highest good that hath ever swept an silver wings across the silence of thy dreams. For from the germ of what then art in that dread moment shall grow the fruit of what then shalt be for all wrecklessness time.

"Now prepare thee, prepare even as though thy last hour was at hand, and then want about to cross to the land of shadows, and not through the gates of most glorious life. Prepare, I say!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A Wonderful Mule.**

This is a picture of a wonderful mule. He is not handsome, but he is a knowing mule. His name is Judge. He judged that Mrs. Brown did not treat him quite considerate and he spilled her to the mud.

Look at Judge. He appears as innocent as a lamb. Look at Mrs. Brown. She was badly mussed. She was also very mad.

This was the way it happened. Sarah Ann—that is Mrs. Brown, had a baby. It was a rip roaring crying baby. He had colic, bowel complaint, fever, worms and lots of other things.

Of course he cried. He had cried and pined for several months. Mrs. Brown couldn't sleep. As for that matter, neither could any one else sleep in that house.

Mrs. Brown had tried doctors. She had also tried medicine. Still baby cried. He was a sick baby. She knew that she should go crazy. She believed that her baby would die. It looked just that way.

Mrs. Brown had a brother. He was a doctor. He lived in Kansas. Just then brother James wrote Sarah Ann a letter. He wrote about a wonderful medicine for children. A medicine that had cured all the babies in Coyote City and nearly bankrupted him.

He believed that that medicine would cure Sarah Ann's baby. That's what Doctor Jim wrote.

So Judge had been taking Mrs. Brown to get some of that medicine. It was Castoria. It rhymes with Francoria, Lenoria and Genoria. Mrs. Brown's baby's name was Genoria. Singular that she hadn't heard of Castoria.

It rained. Judge wanted to get home. Mrs. Brown thought he was going pretty fast down the Dike hill. She jerked the lines and said "Whoa, Judge."

Judge did "Whoa." In a jiff Mrs. Brown was sitting in the mud. She yelled. Most women would have cried. But Mrs. Brown yelled. Yelling was better. It brought Brown. Mr. Brown too: Mrs. Brown to the house.

It was an awful time. Baby was crying hallelujah. Mrs. Brown was covered with mud and ready for hysterics. But baby took some Castoria. He seemed to like it. Babies generally do like Castoria.

You may not believe it—but that night baby slept. Mrs. Brown slept, and everbody in the Brown house slept. It was their first good sleep for months.

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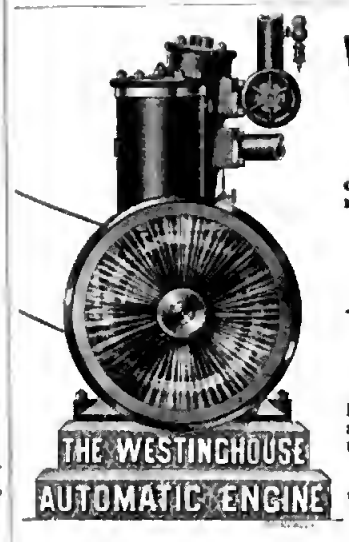


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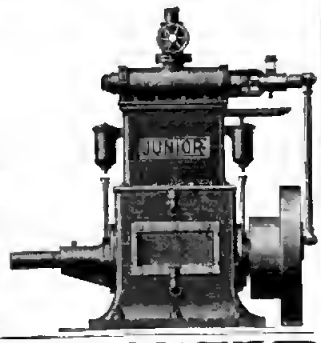


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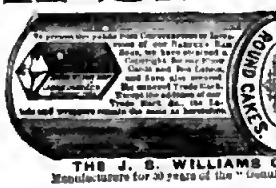


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